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"Behold! I Bring You Glad Tidings of Great Joy!"

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Original Contributions.

BOOK REVIEW.

"The Light of Egypt."

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The Light of Egypt; or, the Science of the Soul and the Stars, in two parts, by an Initiate. Illustrated with eight full-page engravings, 272 pp. Chicago, Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, \$3 00.

In all ages of the world the element of mysticism has been more or less present in the constitution of the human mind. Primitive man, surrounded on all sides by mysteries, the solution of which was beyond his grasp, in his then infantile mental condition, and with his meagre stock of knowledge relative to nature and her laws, attempted in his feeble, inchoate way to account for and explain the ever-varying phenomena of existence. The wonders constantly greeting him, the marvels of animate and inanimate being, naturally developed in him that sense of awe and love for the marvelous which we find so predominant in our race's history. As the races of man increased in intellect and mental grasp, a fuller recognition and appreciation of the mysterious and the occult in nature was attained. Consequently upon this wider appreciation of the mighty mysteries of nature, as manifest on earth and in the heavens above, newer and more developed theories arose respecting the occult forces of the world and of the Cosmos. *Paripassu* with the development of man's intellect, grander and more elaborate conceptions arose of the nature and modes of operation of the unseen powers with which early man had in his imagination environed himself; and the same process of mystical evolution has continued in active force to the present day.

The oldest historical records known to man on this planet pertain to the Egyptians and the Akkado-Sumerians of ancient Chaldaea, both extending back to four or five thousand years before Christ. At the time when these two remarkable branches of humankind first came into view, each was possessed of a considerable degree of civilization. Concerning the previous histories of these peoples, ex-

tending over vast periods of time, in their progress, or in that of the sources whence they sprang, from primitive savagery, through the barbaric state, to the partial civilization they possessed when we first meet with them,—concerning this undoubtedly long period of time, we can only surmise. But at the time when these two peoples dawn upon the world's history, we discover among the components of their respective civilizations highly developed systems of mysticism and occultism. Among the ancient Aryans, too, we find in the earliest times of which we have any knowledge, the elements of mystic faith well developed. One of the four Vedas of India, the Atharva Veda, is largely comprised of hymns to be used in magical invocations, spells, etc.

Among the early-developed and more prominent features of ancient occultism was astrology,—the supposed influence for good or ill of the sun, moon, and stars, over human life on earth; and even to-day, in enlightened Europe and America, there can still be found a few persons of intelligence who accept as true the fundamental theses of ancient Akkadian and Egyptian astrology. Also, in an unbroken line of descent, from the superstitions of primitive man to the comparatively enlightened men and women of the present century, the guesses and speculations, born of ignorance, concerning the hidden forces of nature, may be traced. The occultism of the most intelligent American or European is only a modification of the old-time occultism of Akkad, Egypt, and India. The same root-ideas, the same ignorance of the true course of nature's laws and of the real constitution of being, pervade and permeate all forms of occultism, the most ancient as the most modern. Two things constitute the groundwork of occultism in its every phase,—ignorance and superstition; and as long as these twin foes to human advancement endure and thrive, so long will hydra-headed occultism flourish among men.

The steady growth of science and rational philosophy during the last few centuries has done much to overthrow the mystical superstitions and occult speculations so prevalent in the Middle Ages; and until the revival of the exploded fancies of antiquity and of the Dark Ages, under the name of Theosophy, by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, a belief in the crude, unscientific theories of Akkad, Egypt,

and India, of Paracelsus, William Lilly, and Raymond Lully, was rarely heard of among persons of intelligence. Such visionary views of man, nature, and the spiritual realm were rapidly dying out in civilized lands. But through the efforts of one woman, H. P. Blavatsky, there has sprung up a temporary revival of these moribund superstitions; and to the shame of nineteenth-century civilization, a number of persons of more or less intellectual acumen, and well-informed withal, who ought to have known better than to champion such folly, have ranged themselves under the banner of Theosophy, pupils and followers of Madame Blavatsky.

In the earlier stages of Madame Blavatsky's inculcation of Theosophy, it varied in a marked degree from that now advocated by her. In her first work, *Isis Unveiled*, she denied the truth of re-incarnation on this planet, in a positive manner, and Hinduism formed an inconsiderable part of her scheme. Since her prolonged residence in India, where the bulk of the adherents of Theosophy are now found,—Brahmins in Hindustan, Buddhists in Ceylon, who believe firmly in a continued series of incarnations on earth,—she has veered completely around; and her present system of Theosophy includes hundreds and thousands of incarnations for each human being. The Buddhist doctrine of Karma (or more properly the Brahmanic Moksha, in the form of this theory as taught by Theosophy) has also been made a prominent feature in Blavatskyite Theosophy; and various other elements of a Brahmanic origin—including a copious supply of Sanskrit terms—have been ingrafted upon the original Theosophic system of Blavatsky, Olcott, & Co.

The innovations, mostly Hindu, made in the Theosophy of the day, have not been accepted in some of the American schools of occultists; and the work whose name heads this article, "The Light of Egypt," seems to be an epitome of the doctrines of the anti-Blavatsky Theosophists or mystics.

As I see, by a statement in the Dove, that Mr. J. J. Morse intends to write for its pages a review of this work, I shall not, in this article, make mention of the specific contents of this book to any extent, thereby avoiding the possibility of repetition on the part of the two reviewers. The doctrines taught in the work correspond, to a considerable extent, with those taught by Madame Blavatsky

when she first founded the Theosophical Society. It strongly antagonizes "Esoteric Buddhism," and the later developments of Theosophy, including Re-incarnation and Karma; while their disseminators, Madame Blavatsky and her followers, are called practitioners of "Black Magic."

As a rational Spiritualist, and a student of the truths of modern science, I am unable to accept the general teachings of this work. There are some true and good things scattered through its pages; but most of its contents are, in my judgment, devoid of truth or value. I have no sympathy with any form of so-called occultism or mysticism.

The scientifically-demonstrated facts of Modern Spiritualism, and cognate phenomena, in my opinion, constitute the only phase of matters pertaining to the unseen realm, or to the spiritual potencies of nature, that is worthy of investigation by sensible persons. The thousand and one speculations, founded on ignorance and superstition, that form the body of the multifarious phases of occultism, Theosophy, and all other classes of mysticism, are valuable only as illustrations of the vagaries of the human mind, and of the extravagances into which the untrained intellect will plunge. For all forms of the mental disease of which occultism and Theosophy are the outcome, Science is the correct remedy. As Science advances, these, in their every phase, will surely pass away from earth. God speed the day!

From My Window.

NUMBER ONE.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

I am writing in Connecticut in this good year 1886. I have come to ask Nature for a little of the repose that she exhales from blossom and leaf in the country, but denies to human life in the city. Not long since I read of the death of a mule, who twenty years ago was pushed or pulled up into the garret of a leather warehouse in New York, where ever since his daily task has been to walk round and round whenever there was anything to be hoisted. The tendency of commerce is to put every man into a garret, with an order to travel round and round as long as he lives. But inspired by the spirit of the age, I have rebelled, and have compelled commerce to grant me two weeks of freedom.

It is the month of May. I am writing at an open window, and looking out upon an ocean of blossoms. It is a glorious sight, but there is such an unreliability and general eccentricity of conduct about Nature that I cannot but realize that this ocean may not bear upon its bosom even one cargo of ripe fruit. What with tornadoes and cyclones in the West, and freaks of cloud-thrust or drought

in the East, we discover that Nature's "promises to pay" are not always honored at maturity. Still it is the best world we have and it is no use belittling it, though I would that some of its scenes were less saddening.

My window faces the south. Away down upon the lawn is a large old pine stump, kept as an ornament, with vines trailing over it. Nature and time have cracked that stump until in a crevice, a pair of bluebirds discerned a favorable opening for housekeeping, and wove therein a pretty nest cradle. When I first discovered it, five sweet baby birds were their parent's pride and care; so that father and mother twittered and chirped from morning to night, too happy to be silent.

Early this morning, a ferocious tabby cat, whose ears were frozen off last winter, ascertained like the British Lion that there was a sort of Burnah adjoining his Hindoostan, and immediately proceeded to capture Mandelary.

He put in his hand, and pulled out a bird.
And said, "What a smart cat am I!"

He repeated the operation five times, when the new discovery was exhausted and absorbed, leaving the poor parents without even the consolation of a fashionable funeral for their darlings.

Mary, the cook, who worships birds and tries to be their guardian angel, has sworn vengeance. I should not like to be puss in that cat's boots, when Mary and he settle this affair. I have felt it my duty, in the nineteenth century to suggest arbitration. But the cook expects to achieve a victory so complete as to save all necessity for reference to a third party, unless it should be the corner to sit upon a dead cat. So you perceive all this beauty of wood and field is marred by the presence of that bluebird cemetery, with short ears and stalwart paw.

Should not Spiritualism have a word of comfort for these bereaved parents? May there not be five, downy little spirits nestling to-night under the wing of that bluebird mother; coming as angel messengers from a bluebird heaven, where ferocious tabbies are unknown? I have seen a caged Canary with outstretched wings watching a spirit Canary hopping on the floor. For minutes at a time the little songster would seem gazing intently at children, invisible to me; but at last a stranger gifted with clairvoyance saw and described a bird whose earth home for many a year had been in that cage; and who seemed to return almost daily to his old surroundings.

And why should not even the carnivorous tabby have soothing visits from deceased wives and children, or brothers and sisters, murdered by ferocious dogs? And the cook, too, when the demon of indigestion shall have worn away her earth-life with frying-pan remorse, may not she return to her loves and hates, hover gently over the bluebirds' nest, and cast the avenging dish-cloth at the prowling tabby.

This is serious—too serious a theme for country repose—so I close the window, and my letter, hoping for a brighter outlook to-morrow.

Inspirational Teachings Through the Mediumship of L. C. Ashworth.

PSYCHOMETRY.

NUMBER TWELVE.

It has been said that there is nothing new under the sun; and a great modern writer and observer has given as his opinion that the germ of all future discoveries and inventions is found in the sciences and teachings generally of the ancients. To the latter proposition we may assent with some slight modification, but it would seem from the revelations which psychometry has given to the world that there is something new enough at all events to meet with very little evidence or even attention at the hands of those who ought certainly to be among the foremost to investigate. Psychometry has demonstrated one proportion which might be described as a corollary of the main one; viz., that men cannot assert with truth that they do not get new things given to them as quickly as they are ready to receive them, for they are hardly even yet prepared for the deeper mysteries of the wonderful science we are speaking of.

Psychometry has two distinct phases, and the more carefully a distinction is kept in view the better will people be able to comprehend the subject. These phases are the objective and the subjective; that is, we may use such terms to express our meaning. The objective is that which is derived through the object examined; the subjective is the impression received by the medium or psychometrist from spirits who are also aided by the object. Now, this theory is not accepted by many and the time has come when a little more light may be thrown on the matter and thereby an additional interest imparted.

The reason why many, including the renowned William Denton, have rejected the spirit interference theory is because they considered that sufficient cause for the phenomena existed in the object itself; that, in a word, anything outside, or extraneous, was superfluous. This, however, is an error, but not because the object cannot tell its own story, but only because no person on earth can possibly, as yet, have the power to extract that story through his own powers. The ability to do this can only be acquired by long practice and vast experience, and many who have little consciousness of the fact are daily in their habits confirming and assisting the development of this propensity. Were it not so what little has been could not have been accomplished.

But this science, so far-reaching, so universal in its effects must cause a vast revolution in the ways and lives of men, and it is one of the objects of the present day to try to develop means to enlighten the world and to give demonstration of its marvellous power. This we intend to do, but like everything else it is

a slow process because natural. The mediums who may be met with, whose temperaments and general disposition are suitable for this purpose are rare, and a careful discrimination must be made between those whose natural abilities are at variance with their inherent capacity; that is, people who, while having the power of discriminating differences are unable, through bodily infirmities from successfully combating extraneous feelings and compelling their powers to focus themselves on the main purpose.

The acquisition of this wonderful science is as difficult as its results are surprising. We would like to enter more into detail, but it is too early for much to be given accurately on the subject. We can, however, assert with confidence that the wonders that have been brought to light and put on record in the works of Denton, Buchanan and others are as a drop in the ocean of what is to come in this regard. One of the most reliable means of acquiring knowledge among the higher orders of spiritual beings is through this science. It is indeed the autograph of Nature, and the marvellous manner in which she keeps her records is one of the marvels of the universe. Time will show to the world the vast capabilities of this science and we shall see how eagerly men will seize upon it as they begin to find how useful and profitable its services become.

Music and psychometry are closely allied. This will be a subject for future demonstration. The harmony of the Universe is displayed in the physical forces that are at work, grafting on everything its origin, its career in every detail. The principles governing that most intricate process are in absolute harmony and therefore it will be found there is no confusion, no doubt, but only the ignorance or the lack of development in man. Every detail, every little feature contained in that existence is duly registered and will be absolutely discernible by the eternal laws of progress through harmony.

Sublime possibilities! but the workings of nature are full of such sublimities. Our capacities increase and every want is supplied, every longing satisfied as the Universe opens out before us and we find food of every kind and for every want all around. The blessed reward of diligence of virtue, of steadfast adherence to her eternal laws, is the power of comprehending, adoring, and continually exploring into her ever unfolding beauties.

A bright little boy of 7 years in Concord, N. H., wrote to a gentleman in Boston as follows: "Dear Mr. A: I have been asking papa what they do when they join the Masons. Papa would not tell me, but mamma says they ride a boat with shirt wrong side on. Do they?"—*Boston Traveler.*

The Mind Its Own Expositor of Its Continuity of Existence.

BY DR. E. B. WHELOCK.

With some propriety it may be said that it is impossible for man with his external physical senses to fully comprehend, the real—the entirety of himself.

The spiritual essence and elements of himself lie both within and far above the plain of rudimental life. Its possibilities and unfolding destiny is to be sought for and contemplated in the realm of human ideas, and understood only by the law of spiritual unfoldment.

For the want of a little good sense to think, too many persons are irrationally wedded to the opinions of others and consequently become very bigoted and blind in their reverence for authority.

The best education for the world is to make mankind self-reliant and independent of the borrowed opinions of others.

A false education is the continued borrowing of the thoughts and ideas of others and vainly attempting to make them their own.

Deep and magnetic rivers move silent and still while shallow brooks make the greater noise. It is after the noise the unthinking world is inclined to run. It is the flaring show-bill, the murder column and the war and scandal news that most attract the rabble in cities and elsewhere, while sober and honest thoughts and noble deeds go unheeded and unsought for.

No true man should ever suppress his best thoughts and opinions, through fear that they might come in conflict with the popular current of ideas and thereby give offense to some friend or perhaps to some theological dictator.

It is by a wise law that each human mental instrument is differently constituted and hence differences of opinion must exist.

The true rule is that each should be honest with himself and live, and act up to the highest light which God or nature has given him.

As an investigating Spiritualist I would say that the present spiritualistic literature is somewhat conflicting in its statements, respecting the condition of man in spirit life—that life which is supposed to succeed this.

I say supposed, because mankind, as a whole, have not as yet received the convincing evidence that such is the law, or final result of their present rudimental mode of existence. It is said that the happiness of man's future life depends much on the conduct of this life.

Instead of using the word conduct I think by using the word development it would more fully represent the facts. I would further say, that a proper knowledge of the true condition of spirit life would give much peace and happiness to this life, also; for one of the writers of the New Testament hath said, "I would not have you to be ignorant,

brethren, concerning those that are asleep, that ye sorrow not, as those that have no hope."

If the condition of those that are "asleep," that is, have passed to spirit life, is worse than in this life, then, ignorance of the fact would be bliss instead of being a cause of sorrow.

If it be a fact that sorrow is removed by having a knowledge concerning those who have "fallen asleep" it is not evidence that their condition has improved and their existence made better and happier?

Yet there are some few of our Spiritualistic writers who contend that "evil," and even malice extend on through the tomb, there to still blossom and flourish as tormenting weeds in spirit life. Others, and our best mediums tell us that evil (so-called) is but the necessary, or unavoidable result growing out of rudimental, or physical conditions, never inhering or adhering to the human soul, or spirit.

That all social evils are but so many mental misdirections, having their existence and origin wholly confined to the material and rudimental developing causes. Hence, when this rudimental life is perfected and we enter the spiritual, the causes of misdirection pass away and the Divine Illumination which follows shuts out false relations and misdirections and, as a rational sequence harmony and happiness must follow.

With a little common sense thought mechanisms, it would be known that the effects of a misdirected life on earth would not result in physical smart or mental grief in a world of pure spirit. All evils and misdirections here can only produce a lower degree of progressive development in the land of souls. The natural born idiot will not be tormented with misery when reaching spirit life it will only lack development. It may look back to the cause of its intellectual weakness and find it to lie in the misdirected lives of its earthly parents and perhaps see still farther, that the misdirected lives of its parents were the result of causes over which they had no possible control, but the unavoidable result of surrounding conditions.

But could not these conditions have been avoided?

Yes, if all other conditions had been favorable. But the everlasting "if" is just what is the matter every time.

Is it not self-evident then, that no man, woman, or child can act independent of certain conditions?

Consequently, when the human spirit shall receive the illumination which must follow its birth from the rudimental to the spiritual it will wisely comprehend the past, and in the language of Pope exclaim, "All partial evil is universal good."

The true logic and philosophy of Spiritualism is one thing and the assumed spirit communication through some self-mesmerized medium, is quite another thing.

The modern Christian and student claims to have the "gospel of Jesus, the Christ" not as having received it from him direct, but as recorded, or as according to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

It is my humble opinion that there is a large amount of "gospel" among a certain class of Spiritualists that is not in harmony with facts, but according to P. B. Randolph, Frank Smith and Tom Thumb or some other medium. Hence, the stern logic of events, and the principles of Natural Philosophy must guide the work yet awhile in the reception of correct ideas respecting the future life.

By observing the manifestations of Deity in what we call nature we observe the following facts:

That when one form, or mode of life assumes another, the conditions and manner of the new life, though dissimilar are just as natural and just as well adapted as the former. And whatever is natural should be considered justifiable and right. For example; the egg of a turtle is one form of embryonic, or rudimental life. It may lie buried in the sand far distant from the rolling stream; by the warm sunshine and the action of other elements it is made to change its present form of life, and assumes a new shell with protruding feet by the aid of which and without any spasmodic conversion to some system of religion it forthwith moves in the right direction to find the rolling stream or placid lake, its natural and legitimate home.

A hen may incubate the eggs of a quacking duck, but the young ducklings do not become chickens and, however much the hen might remonstrate, as her nature would prompt her to, yet, how soon would her little brood seek the muddy pond, or the sweet flowing stream and proudly swim as their nature would wisely dictate.

No bluster, no alarm, or cackle from the frightened hen would change their nature, or prevent their happy swim. Neither (upon the same principle) can the cackling of a hireling priesthood change the nature or the inherent laws which belong to human spirits as they unfold into the realm of spiritual existence.

For it is by law divine that they thus unfold. The sound of cathedral bells will change no law, or prevent the endless swim of immortal spirits in the great deific sea of divine love and wisdom.

Is it not self-evident that a future spirit life must be at least one remove above the present rudimental one?

As a result both lives may now be contemplated the first and the second, or the old and the new.

And as a spirit it no longer looks through a "glass darkly," but plausibly sees and wisely comprehends that no human being upon the earth plane of life has freedom of action independent of conditions and, like the world's best mediums, it also wisely sees that the

human world is entitled to the broadest charity for all its ills, evils and misdirections and false relations.

It also perceives that each wrong, or the so-called bad conditions are but a stepping-stone in the great stairway of human experience, resulting in universal good.

Knowledge is but the outcome of actual experience. Hence it is impossible for the angel world and much less for our spirit friends to make us fully comprehend our future spiritual mode and manner of life outside of actual experience.

Spiritual and material things do not admit of actualities in comparison.

It is not well known that all communications purporting to come from the spirit side of human life, or from the spirit world have ever abounded with comparisons innumerable of things pertaining to human observation in physical nature, which comparison from the very nature of physical and spiritual things must be incomplete, imperfect, and from necessity deceptive.

No spirit medium can give us the precise truth. The spirit world can only use a medium to reflect certain images in conformity with our capacity to comprehend.

The real, the actual is not presented and, for reason that it cannot be comprehended until we pass over and exist in the realm of spirit.

An old superstition once called witchcraft seems quite prevalent with a certain class of would-be Spiritualists. It consists of the idea that persons in the flesh are often "obsessed," possessed or influenced to do and act in a multitude of "evil" ways by malicious and "evil spirits" whose residence is somewhere above the skies.

Consistent Spiritualists should be just as willing to compare notes with each other, as to constantly criticize those outside of the "faith."

In a spirit of kindness I propose to entertain a few philosophical and logical objections to the "dogma" that "evil spirits" ever affect mankind, or in reality ever "influenced" any (so-called) medium.

Objection first: evil in the abstract—that is, in a positive sense never existed; objection second; God, or good (though sometimes in disguise) is the only active agent in the Universe. All else is relative, or negative. Third, a certain degree of individual sovereignty and of individual identity is a law self-ordained in the constitution of things, and absolutely belongs to human spirits both in and out of the body.

To destroy this sovereignty, or to remove personal responsibility, or to take away individual identity, or the selfhood of any one mind, or spirit, by the substitution of another, or by the "obsession," or the possession of another spirit or mind is equivalent to the destruction of personal responsibility and the loss of individual sovereignty and saps the foundation of divine justice in making one

mind, or spirit which is called good, the unwilling tool of another which is denominated "evil."

Fourth, admitting real evil to exist, it is either natural or unnatural to the disposition and character of those who possess it whether in this life or the next.

To say that evil is real, is natural, then whose fault is it, admitting that God, or good is the producer or Author of nature?

To say that evil is unnatural and that evil spirits exist contrary to nature's law and have the power to obsess, or possess other minds, or bodies contrary to Divine Law and in violation of all the principles of justice and right is far worse in idea than the "dogma;" that God was compelled to kill his immaculate son for the especial benefit of those who were guilty. Nay! In the Providence of the Great Deity methinks every tub should stand upon its own bottom.

And whoever is tempted should not say he is tempted of "evil spirits" outside of himself, for such language gives evidence to my mind that the person so believing has not outgrown the absurdities of pagan mythology.

How does the light and knowledge of the present age look upon the past history of what was called witchcraft?

Was it the "devil or human ignorance that built the gallows and put to so cruel death thousands of innocent human beings.

Let us be more wise. Is it the devil, is it "evil spirits" that influence certain mediums and other persons to make angular manifestations and to live misdirected lives? Or, is it not human ignorance still? When mankind shall better know and understand the ever present and mundane mental forces which surround them they will be more inclined to hunt for weeds in their own garden and less inclined to go to Europe or to some spirit world on a hunt for "evil spirits."

To all such as have had the evidence of a continued life beyond the tomb I would say keep within the sphere of this world for an explanation of wonders until you are forced by evidence to know something of the next.

The only freedom which deserves the name is of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to attain in. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental, or spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.—John Stuart Mill.

The views of every man should be directed towards a solid, however moderate independence—without which no man can be happy, nor even honest.—Sir Philip Francis.

Literary Department.

The Lone Hermit of Wilderness Gulch, or, A Mistake, and What Came of It.

BY S. T. NUBDICK.

(Continued from page 460.)

Thus musing, mile after mile of the wilderness path was traversed. Ten miles from the town he had left was a mining camp. This camp he intended to reach that night, and when he looked up and saw it before him, he could not believe that he had walked so far; the time seemed so short, but the sun was sinking in the west and fully three hours had elapsed since he had left the town.

As he neared the camp, he noticed some twenty or thirty miners gathered under a large tree, and that something very exciting was transpiring.

In the center of the group stood a small, slender, boyish-looking young man, not over eighteen or twenty years of age. He had wavy brown hair and blue eyes; his forehead was high, broad and white; a full, strong, good, Grecian nose, firm-set lips and a well-rounded chin, perfectly free from beard. He was dressed in a neat suit of "store-clothes," and was evidently a "tender-foot."

His hands—small and delicate—were pinched behind his back and around his slender neck a small rope was pulled in a running loop, passed up over a limb of the tree beneath which the group were standing and the other end was held by six stalwart men. A red-headed, villainous looking fellow who seemed to be very angry at the delay evidently caused by the approach of a stranger, was swearing vigorously and urging the men at the rope to "haul away."

The boy stood calm and unmoved, not a muscle quivered as the order came and the rope began to tighten. The men were bracing themselves for a strong pull. "All together now," shouted the red-headed man; but just as the word was about to be obeyed, the deep, stern, voice of Jim Gray cried "Hold!"

The rope slackened, and, "The Hermit of Wilderness Gulch" was whispered from lip to lip. As Jim entered the group wide room was made for him, and in a moment he stood in their midst, his restless, flashing eyes drinking in the scene before him.

The red-headed man was furious. "Haul away! String 'im up," he shouted to the men at the rope.

Quick as a flash, Jim covered him with his trusty revolver and again in a commanding voice said, "Hold!"

Again the rope slackened and he continued; "Gentlemen, I am a stranger to all of

you. Yet coming as I have just at this critical moment, I feel that I, too, have a right to know what this lad has done to deserve such summary punishment. If I find that he has committed a crime worthy of death I shall not further interfere."

"That's fair, that's fair," cried all but the red-headed man. With a dogged air he said: "Well, pard, I reckon I have to stop a while on your account—but not for long. Yer see, this here tender-foot, kilt the old miner what's got a cabin up the mountain ter get his dust; and I almost eech 'im in the act. Bill Dean 'n I wer minin' up the mountain above the cabin; altho' we warn't together jest at the time, but we both heard the 'gun' an' the ol' man holler. We run to the cabin as quick as we could an' foun' 'im down an' this yere chap bendin' over 'im with a bloody knife in his han' which he had stuck into 'im after shootin' 'im. Now I reckon yer satisfied stranger, so boys perseed with the pic-nic—haul away!"

Again came the stern command—"Hold." "Wat d' yer want now?" cried the red-headed ruttian angrily.

"To hear the lad's story," replied Jim calmly. Then, turning to the boy he said: "Now, my lad, give us the truth."

The boy for the first time raised his large, calm, clear, blue eyes, and gazed thankfully, restfully in Jim's face. Something in those eyes made him start. That young face, and those eyes with their long, sweeping lashes looked strangely familiar and peculiarly fascinating, and before he spoke a word Jim knew intuitively that the boy was perfectly innocent.

"I was 'tramping' from the town, back ten miles or so," said the lad in a clear voice, that again made Jim start, "intending to reach this camp by night-fall; but back a half mile or so, I got on a wrong trail that led me past the camp and farther on up the mountain. I heard a pistol shot and some one cried 'Murder.' I ran as fast as I could in the direction of the sound, and as I approached the hut some one ran out at the opposite side and into the brush. I did not see the person but heard the sound of receding feet plainly. As I entered the cabin, the old man was lying on the ground with blood streaming from a wound in the temple and a large knife, plunged to the handle in his breast, at which he was tugging in a vain endeavor to draw it out. He could not speak but motioned me to withdraw the knife. I bent over him and with considerable effort removed it. He tried hard to speak and point in the direction I had heard the man running; then his arm dropped limp at his side, his eyes glazed, and he was dead. Just then, these two men entered, took me as a prisoner and brought me here."

"The knife," said Jim, "where is the knife." No one seemed to know. The mention of the knife caused the red-headed man

to start, and turn pale. Jim was watching him narrowly.

In a moment more, a man who had just joined the group cried out, "here it is," and he pushed his way to the center and held it up. It was a large "Bowie" and was smeared with the life-blood of the poor old miner.

"Does any one recognize the knife?" cried Jim. As the men began to press forward to examine it the red-headed villain began to back out of the crowd; and as some one cried out "I do," he began to move rapidly away. But Jim's eyes were upon him and he shouted, "Stop that man, he is the murderer." "It is his knife! It is his knife," shouted a dozen voices. By this time the man was running like an Indian and in another moment would have passed a ledge of rocks that he was rapidly nearing, and make good his escape, but the commanding voice of the hermit cried, "Shoot him! Shoot him! he is the murderer, don't let him escape." The sound of his voice was drowned in the report of twenty revolvers. The villain sprang high in the air and fell to the ground with a dull heavy thud, his body pierced by a score of bullets.

Jim Gray replaced his pistol in his belt, removed the rope from the young man's neck, cut the things that bound his hands, and then turning to the men he said: "Gentlemen, you came very near committing a great crime. You should never be too hasty in matters of such vital importance."

The rough miners thanked the hermit for his timely interference and his advice, and apologized to the young man for the rough handling they had given him.

The youth—glad that his life had been saved—accepted their rough apology with a kindly dignity, but they could scarcely help noticing that he preferred to keep close to the hermit, and after the evening meal was over—which they hospitably shared with their two friends—and the miners, one after another sought their rough couches for the night, he spread his blanket but a little distance from Jim.

Neither Jim nor the lad slept much that night. Jim's heart and brain were filled with strangely contending emotions, in which alternating hope and despair trod fast upon each other's heels.

And in his short fits of slumber he would murmur the name of Mary Hanson. The youth seemed also greatly disturbed and would lie for hours, in the moon light, his elbow on the ground and his head resting on his hands, his great blue eyes wide open, and watching, and his ears strained to catch every murmured word of his sleeping companion.

Just as the day was breaking next morning, Jim rose quietly and loaded his faithful bronco, preparatory to continue his journey, but before his task was half finished, the youth was at his side, and in that calm quiet voice that so thrilled him and filled his soul

with sweet memories he greeted him, and asked the privilege of accompanying him to his home—wherever that might be.

"My dear boy," replied Jim kindly, "my lone cabin stands in a gulch forty miles back in the wilderness; you would find it but a weary place, and myself a sad companion."

"You saved my life, sir," replied the youth, "and I wish to serve you, perhaps I can be of some use to you."

"You better leave this rough country, and return to the states," said Jim kindly, "this wilderness is no place for a 'tender-foot' like you. No doubt your kind parents or a loving sister are weeping for you this very minute."

"I have neither parents or sister to weep for me," replied the boy sadly. "I have no living relative in the world, and one place is as good as another to me."

Jim gazed long and tenderly at the saddened youth who stood gazing at a bunch of wild flowers that grew at his feet, and which he was gently carressing with the toe of his small, shapely boot, and then asked abruptly, "Boy what's your name?"

"You may call me Jerry," he said as he stooped, plucked the flowers, and placed their tender stems carefully through a button hole of his coat.

There was a quiet dignity in the soft voice that made Jim feel that he was not at liberty to question him further, and he said: "Well, Jerry, you are perfectly welcome to a share in my hut, but you will find it a lonesome place and myself a dull companion."

The miners was astir by this time, and a small group of them had gathered in front of the huts and seemed to be consulting about something, and soon two of them left the group and came over to where Jim and the youth were standing.

After greeting them kindly one of the men stepped up to the boy and gave him a buckskin belt which seemed quite heavy, saying, "Stranger, I recon' this is yours. If you didn't kill the ol' man, an' I believe you didn't, you didn't rob 'im either, and we's don't want 'r rob you. Anyhow, take the dust, lad, an' may it do you good or bad, as ye deserve."

Jerry took the belt and thanked the miner quietly, advising him to search the dead man's cabin, and if he had any gold, no doubt it could be found.

By this time the bronco was ready and after shaking hands with the two miners the small cavalcade moved on toward the wilderness. Jim in the lead, the bronco in the middle and Jerry bringing up the rear.

Jim was thinking of Mary, and he wondered where she could be, and what she was doing, searching for him no doubt; the thought made his heart feel light and glad, but it sank within him when he thought of the little cabin away out in the wilderness, far from human habitation, and then, and there, he determined to dig out a "rich spot"

that he had "struck" a few days before, then cover up his "find" and quit his cabin for a while, and spend the winter at Denver, and if possible find his darling. So busy was he with such thoughts that he had entirely forgotten the youth who was trudging along in the path behind the bronco.

He, too, seemed to be thinking, and his thoughts were no doubt pleasant as ever and anon a smile wreath his lips, and play for a moment over his expressive face, and once, evidently unthoughtedly, he sang a snatch of an old love song in a soft, tender voice, that came near being quite disastrous in its results, for both words and voice seemed to Jim so startlingly familiar that he stopped and turned so suddenly that he received a severe punch in the ribs by the bronco's nose, and the bronco's abrupt pause in turn, brought our friend Jerry in dangerous proximity to that animal's "business end," of which he seemed to have a wholesome dread, judging by the agility with which he sprang aside.

This little episode brought the song to a close, and the two men stood a moment gazing at each other in comical confusion, then Jim apologized by saying, "Please excuse me Jerry, I had entirely forgotten you, and the sound of a human voice in this wilderness, especially when one imagines himself to be alone, is rather startling." Of course Jerry laughingly accepted the apology, and the cavalcade moved on.

That voice, thought Jim, seemed strangely familiar, and the song was a favorite of Mary's. "I am sorry I stopped so abruptly—maybe he will repeat it!" But Jerry remained silent the balance of the journey, and the song remained for ever unfinished.

It was almost dark when they reached the lone cabin in "Wilderness Gulch."

This evening the bronco was not "staked," but relieved of his burden. He was turned loose and allowed to roam at his own sweet will, for the gulch had been his home for almost seven years, he knew every patch of tender grass for a mile on all sides, and when chased by bears or wolves, the little cabin was the place he sought for protection; and he always found an able defender. Many a night when the terrible blizzard howled up the gulch, Jim had shared the cabin with his faithful bronco.

The youth stood looking, first at the little cabin, then let his admiring gaze wander up the gulch to the towering mountain peaks beyond, then his eyes measured the height and depth of the rocky walls of the canon, and finely wandered away down south to where the red sun had just gone to rest in the sea.

Altogether the scene was grand and soul-inspiring in the extreme, and the youth stood and gazed almost entranced.

Jim had entered the hut and hastily prepared the evening meal and now broke

Jerry's reverie by calling his attention to the fact that they had eaten nothing that day.

Jerry apologized for not helping, as he took the proffered stool beside a large box that answered as a table as well as a receptacle in which to store bear meat, venison, meal, and such other articles of food as the country afforded.

Jim sat opposite, and they both partook of the rough food with a relish lent by their long fast and tiresome journey.

The cabin was furnished with an odd lot of things that Jim had gathered up in his seven years' life in the gulch. The box in which he stored food, and which served as a table was an unusual article so far from civilization, and we will tell our readers how Jim succeeded in getting it so far out into the wilderness.

He bought it at a store in a mining town forty miles distant, took it carefully apart, put the nails in his pocket, packed the boards in two piles, tied them with strong twine, then tied the two bundles together and strung them across his faithful bronco, and when he got home he put them together again just as they were before, and found it a great convenience, well repaying him for his trouble.

An unusually large coffee mill was another of Jim's indispensables, for he was quite a farmer in his way and grew his own vegetables and a nice patch of corn in a little valley below the cabin.

This corn as well as his coffee he ground in the little mill.

As both men seemed tired and disinclined to talk they soon retired for the night. Jim occupying the rude bed in one back corner, and Jerry spreading his blanket in the other. The elder of the two soon fell asleep but the younger again laid wide awake as he had done the night before, until long after midnight, listening with a strange fascination to every murmured word of his sleeping companion. All his dreams seemed to be of his Mary. Sometimes he would seem to be with her, and very happy, and again he would mourn her absence or curse her perfidy, and it seemed unaccountable that Jerry should have any interest in his incoherent murmurings, but he listened attentively nevertheless, until exhausted nature could endure no longer, and he too, slept.

Jerry proved to be a great help to Jim, he handled the pots and pans like a French cook; he certainly must have known something of cooking before he thought, for scarcely a day passed but he had contrived some new and palatable way of serving his dishes, and Jerry's shy, quiet way, had a great charm for Jim, and in turn Jim's strong manhood together with a tender sympathy that was almost womanly, made Jerry have evidently a high appreciation of his character.

Thus nearly a month had passed. The

nine was still as rich as ever, and Jim did not like to leave it, but he determined to cover it up and go to Denver and try to find the long lost idol of his heart. He intended to take Jerry with him and get a lucrative situation more congenial to the tastes of one his age, than living in a little log hut in the wilderness. But before he got his plans fully matured an accident occurred that entirely frustrated them and almost cost him his life.

He was cutting a large piece of bear meat on the puncheon floor of his cabin with an ax so as to get it small enough to go into a pot to cook it, and in doing so, jarred his revolver off a shelf high up on the cabin wall. It struck on the hammer and discharged it, the ball entering, and inflicting a severe, though fortunately not a very dangerous flesh wound.

Poor Jerry was frightened very badly and showed so much genuine distress, and solicitude that Jim looked at him wonderingly, and again felt that peculiar sensation at his heart that had puzzled him so many times before.

Jerry seemed to notice the look, and turning away, soon checked the manifestations of alarm he had just expressed, and asked more composedly if he was much hurt.

Jim had got his knife open and was quietly ripping the seam in his buckskin pants and soon exhibited an ugly wound in the calf of his leg which, to calm the boy's fears he pronounced not dangerous.

Jerry got water, bathed the wound tenderly and helped to dress it nicely.

Long weeks ensued, the ragged wound seemed slow to heal, and the winter had set in with unusual severity, the snow piled high in the gulch, and at times almost buried the little cabin in its white folds. Jerry was kind and tender, and Jim often said, "What a providence it was that you came with me. You in turn have saved my life for I certainly should have perished of cold and hunger had I been alone." Many were the tasks that he had to do that seemed too hard for him, such as chopping and bringing logs of wood for the fire, taking care of the broneo, bringing water from the branch below, cutting through snow and ice, etc., but he was patient and even cheerful and never once murmured at his tasks, seeming delighted if he could do anything for the man who had saved his life.

Jim had learned to love him as a brother, and oftentimes called him by that endearing name, and several times during the winter when in a tender, confiding mood, came very nearly telling him the story of his life, at every time when he would be about to overcome an irresistible impulse would close his lips and he would remain silent on the subject.

And a number of times he was almost on the point of asking Jerry to tell him the story of his life, but again that same peculiar

sensation would overcome him and he would turn to some other subject of conversation.

And so the winter passed in the lone cabin in Wilderness Gulch. And as it had started in early and severe it ended early and mild. The snow melted from the mountains above, and the little stream in the gulch swelled into a rushing torrent that almost submerged the cabin on its "shelf" on the mountain's side.

Jim's leg was about well, but he had hunted none during the winter and his stock of dried bear meat and venison was about exhausted.

He was only waiting for the snow to melt and the waters to subside so he could see the condition of his mine and cover it up so no one could find it, when he intended to go in search of his Mary. But in the mean time they must have something to eat, so one fine morning he started out with his gun before daylight, following a winding path that led to the high ground above, and stationed himself at a point where he had killed many a fine buck in the past six years. He had not long to wait, for soon a drove of fifteen or twenty came in sight along the ridge. Jim was almost tempted to shoot a fine buck that passed, but he knew his strength could not enable him to carry it, for his leg was beginning to pain him already from his long walk, up hill most of the way.

So he fired at a small doe that brought up the rear. It sprang into the air as the ball passed through its heart and fell, struggled a minutes and was dead. Jim peeled a few strips of bark, tied its fore and hind feet together, stooped and passed his head through the loop, thus formed and raising up, turned the animal in an easy position on his back, he took up his trusty rifle and started the nearest way for the cabin.

Imagine his surprise on nearing it, to see just outside the open door, the same, gaunt form of a huge bear who thawed out of his winter quarters, had evidently started out in a foraging expedition for something to fill his gut sides after his winter's fast, but had met his death instead of a dinner.

Jim hastily approached, his heart filled with apprehensions with regard to the safety of his young friend, threw the deer across the body of the bear, leaned his gun against the logs of the cabin, and entered. A bloody ax first met his astonished gaze, the floor was besmeared with blood, and as his snow-blinded eyes became more used to the darkness he discovered Jerry lying on the blankets at the further end of the room, where as the bloody trail indicated he had dragged himself after killing the bear.

His face was ashen in its whiteness, his shirt and pants were torn and covered with blood, his left hand and arm were fearfully lacerated and his bowels were protruding through a frightful gash in his abdomen.

Jim knelt at his side hastily with a world

of eager questioning in his glance, and asked, "How is this Jerry? How did this happen?"

Jerry opened his eyes slowly and looked up with a sad smile and made an effort to speak, but his lips seemed dry and parched. Jim placed a spoon to his lips with a little water and he supped it. Then with an effort he said:

"It's all over with me Jim. I am going fast," and then with a shudder, "cover me with the blanket, I am growing—oh so cold." Jim covered him with the blanket, and after a pause, as if to recover his fast failing strength from the effort he continued,

"You see it was this way. When he scratched at the door I thought it was you, and I opened it. He then raised on his hind feet and struck at me as quick as a flash, slashing my breast with his great claws. I sprang for the ax and struck him, splitting his skull, but he got my left hand in his teeth before I had time to withdraw it, and as he sunk down in death he dismembered me with his claws. I killed him—but he has also killed me."

The few last words were gasped out with a great effort and as he ceased speaking a shudder passed over the slight frame, the large blue eyes closed and breathing ceased.

Jim's trembling fingers held his wrist for a moment and then he hastily drew the torn shirt back from over the region of the heart to ascertain if its pulsations had ceased, and revealed the torn and lacerated, though fully developed and beautiful bosom of a woman.

One quick glance at the dark brown wavy hair falling gracefully over the white neck and shapely shoulders, the long sweep of the dark lashes now shaded the blue eyes, the feminine nose, the petite mouth and beardless, dimpled chin, and with clasped hands and a voice in which was expressed a world of pent-up agony he said. Oh my God, it is Mary!

He seemed for a moment dazed with grief. Then tenderly and reverently he replaced the torn shirt over the beautiful bosom, and leaned over until his lips touched hers in a shower of passionate kisses as he waited out in heart broken accents. "Oh! Mary, darling why did you come?"

Slowly like awakening from a sweet sleep, she opened her eyes and looked up with a smile. Jim tried hard to speak, but there was only a husky sound in his throat that ended in a whisper, repenting the question, "Oh, darling, why did you come?"

"To tell you Jim that I did not mean it. Oh, Jim, do forgive me," she cried.

Jim placed his fingers gently on her lips. "No, no, Mary, it was my fault, all my fault. I provoked you to do as you did. You served me just right. But when you told me to go, and shut the door in my face, it made me very angry, and I went right home and climbed in at the window of my room, placed

a few things in my valise and in an hour was on the train bound for Denver, and — "Jim," she said, interrupting him and laying her little hand in his, "Jim I am dying, I feel the chilly embrace, spread the blanket over me—there; now give me a sip of water—thanks; now listen, my time is very short, but I must tell you.

After you left I was heart broken, I knew your temper, and I felt that you would never return to me, and I determined then that sometime I would go and find you, but father was dead and mother was an invalid, and I could not leave her. For five long weary years I nursed and cared for her; then she died and I was free. I sold all the property, drew the money from the bank and came west.

I made Denver my head quarters, and for two years I roamed for city to city, from town to town, and from camp to camp.

I scrutinized every face, but could not find you. My pale, sad face, earnest eyes and slender form won me many admirers, and scarcely a week passed but what some one wanted me for a wife, and piles and piles of gold were laid at my feet but I refused them and their dust. So finally in this desperation, I donned male attire and cut my hair as you see. This gave me more freedom and I went into the mines.

What attraction brought me towards Wilderness Gulch I knew not, but I came to the camp and you found me just in time to save my life. The gold they thought I had stolen was my own. You took me from them at the imminent price of your life, and brought me here. I knew you from the first but could not recall myself to you for very shame's sake.

To be with you, and know I would be of use, was joy enough for me, and I thought, after a while I would persuade you to return to the states, then I would keep track of you, and meet you some place dressed as I used to, and would not tell you until after we were married that I was once your boy 'Jerry.'

I knew you loved me Jim, for you often called my name in your sleep.

But this dream of happiness is all over now Jim, and perhaps it is the best for both of us."

She had talked hurriedly and with some animation, but now she seemed exhausted. A spasm of pain again swept over her and a shudder caused Jim to tuck the blankets closer around her slender form.

Her eyes closed for a few seconds, and it was evident her moments of earth life were few, and the end was near; but she once more raised herself, and again asked for water. Jim raised her head tenderly and placed the tin cup to her lips. She drank and seemed refreshed.

Then she gazed up into the tear-stained face bending over her, and said. "Jim

promise me before I go that you will do what I wish?"

"I promise," said Jim hoarsely. She smiled and said. "Bury me beneath the big cedar, Jim, and then go home to the old folks.

Your father and mother are both living, and need you sadly. They have long mourned you as dead. I promised when I came west to find you, if alive, and send you home. You have gold enough and mine will help you some. Will you do this, Jim?"

"Yes, darling I will do all you say."

Again she looked up in his face tenderly and murmured, "Kiss me Jim."

The kneeling man bent low over the dying girl, and pressed a long passionate kiss, but she knew it not, nor returned his caresses.

Her immortal spirit had returned to the God who gave it, and left only the mortal form to be deposited in the grave he should dig for it beneath the cedar.

Reader, here we might drop the curtain on this sad scene, and close our story, that is already too long, and leave poor sorrow-stricken Jim alone with his dead. And if this was a mere romance we would do so, but if we did you would not still be satisfied for there are some things yet to be told that are so interesting that I am sure you would like to know, but we will hasten.

Sadly and mournfully Jim dug a grave beneath the big cedar, and after wrapping her in a robe of deer skin of his own dressing, and then in another of fur he laid her down to rest on a bed of green cedar boughs, and covered her with the same. Then that the earth might not press on her dear breast he placed two rows of flat stones, one at each side, and let the tops touch each other above her, leaving a space between, these he again covered deep with boughs and moss, and then slowly and sadly filled it up with earth, and rounded it up, and at the head placed a flat stone upon which he scratched the one word "Jerry" with the sharp end of his pick. Then sadly he returned to the lone cabin, tore a leaf from his note book and wrote, "Jerry is dead. I buried him as best I could under the big cedar. I am off for the States. Stranger help yourself to what you see. June 18th, 18— Jim."

This paper he pinned with splinters against the wall near the door. Then he gazed long and lingeringly around the cabin, and with a deep sigh passed out and closed the door after him carefully, saddled his faithful brocade and moved slowly and sadly away.

In his eastern home he found his aged parents sadly needing the help he could give them, and two years later he returned with a party of friends he had brought with him and dug into that lone grave beneath the cedar, removed the stones and then the boughs, then kind hands removed the furbed form, and removed the wrappings from the face, and strange to say it was as fair and beautiful as ever. No sign of decay

had marred those fair features, and the same sweet peaceful smile rested on her lips. Whether it was the dressed skins or the cedar boughs, or both, that preserved her, we knew not. He placed her in a beautiful casket and they bore her many a mile on a light frame work made for the purpose, to the nearest "trail," where they took her by wagon until a railroad was reached.

They laid her down to rest by the side of her mother in the beautiful cemetery, and raised a fair marble above her. Jim is a frequent visitor to the sacred spot.

She faithfully kept her promise, and his life is being made holy by her presence, for he is in full "report" with her sweet spirit. Since her death he has become a writing medium, and has got many messages from her through his own hands, and rejoices in the sweet consolations that spirit communion always brings to those who will take the trouble to investigate it.

Selected Articles.

Connecticut Disgraced by an Inhuman Law.

Here is a case to which the attention of all who will read or listen is earnestly called. An act of cruel inhumanity the application of State force to the arrest and imprisonment of a good man, guilty of no crime or offence.

James Sillars and Agnes Guthrie were raised within a stone's throw of each other in Glasgow, Scotland. They grew up together, as children, and took it for granted that at the proper age they would get married. He was a good, honest, hard-working boy, and she a good, loving, neat girl. In 1855 Agnes came to the United States, seeking honest, remunerative employment. A few months later James came. They each went to Newark, New Jersey, where old friends from Scotland procured for each employment in factories. In June, 1857, they were married, when James declared that as he was able to support his wife, whom he dearly loved, that she should work no more in a factory, but be mistress of their own home, three little rooms into which they had moved, at No. 311 Harrison street, Newark. From this place to where James worked the distance was two miles. His salary was nine dollars a week. He left his home in the morning, worked faithfully all the day; returning at eve he was usually met by his wife about half way, and the two walked home together. A babe came to them. The growing scarcity of money in the country shortened the ability of the people to buy and the merchants to pay. The establishment in which he worked was forced to cut down its force of labor. With others, James Sillars was discharged. His income of nine dollars a week suddenly ceased. Then began the eating into what little his loving wife

had saved from his earnings. He tramped in Newark diligently for two months, seeking employment in and about the city. No vacancies. No men wanted. Discharging men every day. No need for more help. Day after day he walked and enquired, only to be refused. All they had saved went for food and fuel. At last some one told him that in Boston men of his trade were wanted. Bravely he determined to go to Boston. He had no money except forty-eight cents, all of which he left with his wife. He started to work his way to Boston, but did not know the distance. He said he could get along. That he could walk if no one would help him to a ride. That he could do chores on his way for food, and thus reach the city of his hope.

One winter day in February he kissed his weeping wife good-bye and started. He made his way along until he reached the home of Mrs. Ellen Blackmeier, a professed Christian woman living in Putnam, Windham county, Connecticut. At the door of this comfortable two story frame house, on a bitter cold morning in February, James Sillers knocked. Mrs. Blackmeier came to the door. He asked her for a drink of coffee and a bite of any kind of food, offering to pay for the same in any kind of work he could do. All he had to give was labor, and this he offered. But labor is not legal tender. Mrs. Blackmeier asked him his name and where he was from. He told her that his name was James Sillers. That he had a wife and child in New Jersey. That he was lately thrown out of work and was working his way to Boston, where he had been told he could find employment. That he had walked that morning from Willimantic. That he was weary and hungry. That he wished food and would pay it in work.

Then this Christian woman, Mrs. Ellen Blackmeier, in Putnam, Connecticut, told him to call on Mr. Arnold, next door to her house but one, and Mr. Arnold would take care of him. Arnold was a constable, who received fees for arresting tramps and taking them to court and on to prison. Mrs. Blackmeier in a heartless, brutal manner, ran the starving man into the bag of an officer who makes profits from the poverty of others. He at once arrested Sillers, hurried him to jail as a "tramp catch." The next day he cited Mrs. Blackmeier to come to court and testify against Sillers, that he had broken a most damnable, inhuman, monstrous law passed by the State of Connecticut, to the effect that asking for food in that State is a crime, punishable by arrest, fine and imprisonment.

She went into court and testified that James Sillers, the prisoner at the bar, was a criminal. That he had, by his request for food, when he had no money to pay for the same, broken the majestic law of a mighty small-minded State. Sillers was, on her testimony, found guilty, fined and sent to jail. Arnold is a tramp hunter. Mrs. Black-

meier, a New England Christian woman in good circumstances, turned Sillers away as she would have turned Jesus away. She received sixty cents for steering him to Arnold. Judas received thirty pieces for steering Jesus into the clutch of those who found a Son of God a stranger in a country where he had not a place to lay his head—a tramp who was not seeking to wrong any one, but to benefit those who were poor and in need of help, as was the wife and child of James Sillers, as he walked for work.

Arnold pocketed \$1.60 for his act of inhumanity to a far better man than himself, but not till he had let Sillers pass on, thus following him so he could appear as a complainant, and bring forward Mrs. Blackmeier as a respectable witness to the offense.

Sillers was arrested by a currency sharp named Park, who got \$1.06 profit out of the informer's act. He was dragged before Grand Juror Fly, who had a chance to run his nasty proboscis into a little official syrup, and who pocketed \$1.06 as his share of the plunder. On the 27th of February, 1889, James Sillers was duly committed to jail for thirty days for vagrancy, by order of Charles H. Cheesebro, Justice of the Peace, who had his fee. The fees charged against the town by the bloodhounds were as follows: Complaint \$1; warrant 50 cents; subpoena 25 cents; Grand Juror, \$1.06; officers fees, \$4.03, which includes Officer Arnold's perquisites for engineering and assisting in the arrest.

Court fees \$1.50; witnesses 25 cents; service \$3.84; two witnesses, \$1.20. Total grab out of the tax-payers, \$13.75. Justice in Connecticut appears to be a high prized courtizan, but politicians and other bloodhounds must live. The pot is divided between tramp-hunters Arnold and Park, Grand Juror Fly, Justice Cheesebro, and the Jesus, God-loving, heartless woman, Mrs. Ellen Blackmeier, who pocketed sixty cents for her share of the skin.

Sillers was taken to jail, there to be kept thirty days as a penalty for his great crime. His jailer was named Sibley, who, as Warden, bossed the ranch. Sillers was put to work in-doors, instead of being made to carry a ten pound iron ball and chain and set to work in the streets for his board. One day, thinking of his wife and child in Newark, seeing the jail door open, he walked out and made his way to Newark, New Jersey, where he had honestly told his captors, the court and his jailer that his wife and babe were destitute and starving for the lack of the food he could earn them. In time he reached his wife and child. He was faint, barefoot in March, ragged, starving. Close upon his heels were officers from Connecticut, to arrest and return him to Brooklyn, the little county seat town where is located the jail in Windam county, in which Putnam is located. The officers tore him away from his grief-stricken wife, whose life had been one of struggle for food and existence. They

took him across the State of New York, into the Puritan land, and charged all their fees for travel and incidentals, etc., against the county, as earned in the discharge of their official duty in running down an escaped convict.

By this time the matter in all of its infamous arbitrariness became public property, through the press. The State of Connecticut and the little coterie of cormorants uesting like worms in a coffin to suck and fatten on whatever death and disaster sent them, were shamed into opening their trap, and ere March went out James Sillers was at home with his wife and baby, with the Heavenly sinners who are not of Mrs. Ellen Blackmeier's church or ham strung religion, sending in gifts of money sufficient to prove to the deserving people thus benefitted, that there are at least two classes of people in this country.

And yet, Jesus Christ and all who walked with him on earth were tramps. Were they on earth now, and compelled to journey through Connecticut, the fangs of social serpents would fasten into them; the daughters of the horse-leech would fasten into their veins and prison doors would be opened, they would be incarcerated as long as there were thieves in and around courts to arrest, condemn and imprison—at the expense of tax-payers and of public decency.

In the United States law-makers plunge men and women into poverty, then grind them to the earth because they are poor, yet bravely struggling support themselves.

And yet, we stamp on our coins the mocking, blasphemous legend—"In God we Trust."—*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

A book is a bi-metallic friend, it will give you either silver speech or golden silence as you prefer. It is the touch of a vanished soul. Words are immortal because a soul lives in them. A good book is immortal because it is an incarnate soul. Curiosity is a good reader, conscience is a better reader; but love is the best reader of all. And he who reads with neither love, conscience, nor curiosity, does not read at all; he only thinks he reads.—*Light.*

Spiritualism must be taken into business, and make it more honest, into the mart and the workshop, carrying justice and fraternity there. Relief in spiritualism is not the whole, or the most important thing. Science, art, social improvement, all should receive attention, and measures should be taken to reach the children and train them properly for the best usefulness in life.—*Two Worlds.*

Of all the gifts that Nature can give us, the faculty of remaining silent, or of answering *apropos*, is perhaps the most useful.—*Madame Campan.*

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, }

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THE REFORMER.

Spiritualists claim to be reformers. In a certain direction they have made their claim good. Reform means to change—to improve—to make good take the place of what was bad. This is anything but a pleasant, agreeable undertaking. It means that old customs and usages not having the highest and best interest of humanity in their constitution must be defied overcome, and changed to admit of the higher, newer thought of an ever progressing people. All along the highway over which the race has travelled up to its present standpoint are the monuments erected to the memory of its Saviors who lived and taught in advance of their time and gave up their lives for the truth's sake, that generations to follow might walk in the newly-discovered light.

The work of the Spiritualistic reformer in the past has been largely in the domain of theology. The old religious superstitions had to be met and combated with the weapons of truth as revealed by Modern Spiritualism. False ideas concerning God, Heaven, and Hell had to be eliminated from the mind before the seeds of spiritual truth could blossom and bear fruit. For the last forty years Spiritualists have been doing this grand work, and the good work still goes on. The literature of to-day is permeated with Spiritualism, the pulpits are giving utterance to its truths; and the time has past when a real old orthodox sermon would be listened to by an intelligent audience; such teachings now a-days have to be thickly sugar-coated with

the new light of Spiritual truth before they would be taken by the average christian.

The work of the reformer does not stop here; it reaches out in every direction and takes into its all-embracing arms every subject pertaining to the material welfare of humanity. It sees the innumerable ills with which the race is burdened, and which it is striving to overcome; and like the tender, loving heart of a mother seeks to succor and save each child of misfortune, and place its feet upon the solid ground out of the mire and dirt of its unfortunate surroundings. As an individual each has a work of self-development to do alone; but as members of one universal family all must work unitedly and harmoniously for the general good. The reign of co-operation must succeed the reign of competition. The time is fast approaching when the hand of Cain will not be against every man, and every man's hand will not be lifted against Cain. True brotherhood must become a reality and cease to be a dream.

THE CHILDREN.

How many parents in our city to-day whose own little ones are well fed, well dressed and sent to school give a thought to the poor little street waifs who have none of these advantages? How many, we wonder, would give of their surplus a small amount for the benefit of these dependent, helpless little ones? Shall we tell you, dear reader, how you may do a great good even if your means are limited and your purse almost empty? It is this way: There is an organization in this city known as the "Elsmeret Club" composed of ladies, whose great motherly souls see the needs of their children—not their perhaps by ties of blood—but their poor sister women's children who have need of almost everything pertaining to childhood.

These ladies are supporting a free kindergarten where such ones receive gratuitous training; and, also, in a limited way they supply food for the destitute who could not otherwise attend the school. The rooms occupied by the kindergarten are located on Jessie street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, and are inadequate to meet the demands of the school. Another room in the same building can be procured at a very low rent, and another teacher engaged at a reasonable salary; with such extended accommodations the number of children that could be rescued from the streets would number at least fifty more, and the supply would be forthcoming, as many are turned away daily; but the lack of funds wherewith to provide for their accommodation have tied the hands that would have been extended in their behalf. Who will aid these worthy workers by donations (however small) of money or clothing for the furtherance of such humanitarian work? When our law-makers learn that it is cheaper to protect, educate and care for these little unfortunates, than it will be when they are older grown, to arrest, convict and punish them as criminals, there will be no need of these appeals for indi-

vidual charity; but, as that time has not yet come, nor is it likely to until the mothers take part in framing the laws, we must do the best thing towards stemming the constantly increasing tide of crime by doing all we can as individuals to save the babies from becoming street hoodlums a year or two later. Any donations for the above purpose will be received at this office and immediately turned over to the ladies having the work in charge. Let us not feel that we have appealed in vain.

MARIA MITCHELL.

Miss Maria Mitchell, the great astronomer, died at her home in Lynn, Mass., July 2d. Notwithstanding the fact that she was a woman, which, in the estimation of narrow-minded people should have been sufficient reason to have kept her in what they consider woman's sphere—housework—she was one of the greatest scientists of the age. She was also a prominent woman suffragist and bravely advocated the unpopular cause. Her life and its work should be an inspiration and example to the women of the land who are striving to attain higher ground, and larger scope for the divine possibilities of unfolded womanhood. The following brief sketch of her life is taken from Hartford, Connecticut Times:

Miss Mitchell was born in Nantucket. She would have been 71 had she lived till the 1st of August. Doubtless she had not the astonishing mathematical powers of her English predecessor, Mrs. Somerville, in the exploration of the starry heavens and their sublime laws, but she was the world's one great living female astronomer, and had been, for more than thirty years. She may have been indebted for her choice of astronomy as her field, to the circumstances of her having been early an assistant of her father, a Nantucket school teacher, in his astronomical studies. However that may be, she became greatly interested in the study, and gave particular attention to nebulae and comets. For the discovery of a comet in 1847 she received a gold medal from the King of Denmark. Her subsequent work on the United States coast survey, and on the Nautical Almanac, continued for ten years, when in 1857 she resigned it and went to Europe, where she visited all the great observatories and made personal acquaintance with leading European astronomers. Twenty years ago she received the appointment of astronomical professor at Vassar; a position which she held, discharging in an able manner its active duties, until two or three years ago, failing health compelled her to resign. She was a member of the American Association for the advancement of Science, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; and in fact was altogether a remarkable woman. A woman who can calculate eclipses, test the question of the parallax of a fixed star, and give its information concerning the nebulae, may well be celebrated by the advocates of the modern doctrine that women can do as men, at least, and a sublime part, too, of the work of men.

Neatly bound in cloth \$5.00, paper \$2.50, Hertz, by Elizabeth Hughes.

The ever womanly leads us on.—Guthrie.

Address E. Hughes, P. O. Box 1772, Los Angeles, Cal.

MR. DAWBARN'S LECTURE.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn's lecture at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was largely attended and a great deal of enthusiasm manifested. The speaker related what he saw at a cotton mill in Willimantic, Conn. What impressed him most was the perfect harmony existing between employer and employed, and he wondered at the cause. He noticed also that every spare corner was devoted to plants which were carefully tended, and for the use and enjoyment of the working people who were allowed to help themselves if they desired any to beautify their own homes with. One thousand five hundred hands were employed and never a strike in its history. The guide showed him the improvements in machinery and said they were obliged to get them in order to hold their own with other factories, and the advantage consisted in doing more work with a less number of hands. This Mr. Dawbarn said meant cheaper labor and harder times for the poor. Speaking of the condition of the working classes in England Mr. Dawbarn said that all efforts for self-protection were useless. The soil of England was of little value to either landlord or tenant as the taxation covered all the profits. The tenant farmer was no important factor in that country where seventy-five per cent of the profits were used for the support of vast armies and navies to protect one christian nation from another christian nation. A cheap loaf, and mutton and beef means lower wages and greater distress among the poor.

Of America the speaker said: Early development presages early death; and that applies to a nation as well as to individuals. It is well known that the worst class multiply most rapidly and in a country where majorities rule that is to be the probable issue? The civilized world declares that the savage has been left behind, and that in the intelligent man of to-day to traces of his savage ancestry exists. The speaker thought, however, that our present civilization was but a veneering which covered up the old savage, as the christian world maintains vast armies for the purpose of wholesale murder, while their crude ancestors of the savage age did but a retail business.

The hope of the world was in the development of a higher manhood; and to Spiritualists who had received the demonstration of immortality the demand was imperative that they begin, individually, to purify themselves by cultivating the higher, nobler attributes, and suppressing and outgrowing the lower or animal nature; until the Spiritual man should ultimately permeate the savage and the whole world become the home of a regenerated humanity.

We have on hand a number of DOVES of various dates from its beginning, six years ago, which we will send postpaid to any address in packages of from five to one hundred, at the price of two cents per copy. Friends of the cause in good missionary work with these books, at the price barely pays the postage. Many of them are the beautifully illustrated monthlies at sold at twenty-five cents a copy.

A SPIRIT FINDING HIS UNBURIED BODY.

PORT HYRON, January 5: About a month ago little Jimmy Stockford, a newsboy suddenly disappeared and no trace of him could be found.

He was last seen by some of his playmates on the yacht Picket, lying in Black River, behind the second ward bath house.

It was supposed that Jimmy had fallen off the yacht into the river and had drowned.

The boys with him did not see him fall, but heard a splash in the water.

Mr. Stockford visited Mrs. Hamilton, a clairvoyant, who told him that his son was still alive and was all right. Mr. Barrow, a Spiritualist who has been holding seances here, said that little Jimmy Stockford's spirit appeared three different times and asked him to get him out of the water, and told him the exact spot where he would find him.

On Monday, Barrow called on Dan Runnells, and asked him to let him take his diving suit to go down and bring up the boy's body, stating how his spirit had appeared before him. Mr. Runnells did not take much stock in the story. The story was told to diver Chas. Humphrey, who volunteered to go down and look for the body. Humphrey sent for his diving suit and was soon in the water. He was not down but a few seconds when a signal was given to pull him up. When he appeared he held the body of the boy in his arms. He had found it exactly where Barrow had said it was.

An inquest was held Tuesday, and a verdict was rendered that the boy came to his death by falling off the yacht and drowning.—*Detroit Daily Sun.*

CIRCLE OF HARMONY.

Mrs. F. A. Logan has so far recovered from her illness as to be able to resume her meetings in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street.

They had quite a spirited meeting last Sunday at 11 A. M., in which several gentlemen and ladies participated. Mrs. Rutten sang several pieces with piano accompaniment, one of which was "Heaven is My Home."

Mrs. Logan remarked that she agreed to sing it at her funeral, but now that she had been resurrected from her very severe illness by the assistance of the healing guides, it was very acceptable on this occasion. She also said that she realized during the hours that she seemed so near death's door the utter uselessness of gathering together riches or numberless useless toys, hric-a-brac, jewelry, keepsakes and unnecessary clothing, etc., which must in a few short years be left to strangers, or perhaps to friends who would take no interest in them. Rather she said let me live and labor for the good time coming as foreshadowed in Edward Bellamy's book, where all would be comfortably fed, clothed and housed because governmental affairs would be adjusted on a humanitarian and equitable basis.

The two hours passed pleasantly and we trust profitably, to be continued at the same place every Sunday at 11 o'clock.

REPORTER.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight-page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or \$2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

LIFE OF HON. JOHN A. COLLINS.

"Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. John A. Collins," is the title of a pamphlet published at this office, and on sale here for the benefit of Mr. Collins. It contains an excellent likeness of this venerable gentleman, and will prove interesting reading to those who care to know something of the history of the most important reforms that have been inaugurated in this country during the last half century, and of the leaders who were the advance guard in such reforms. Mr. Collins having been associated with, and one of the leading spirits in the anti-slavery movement, his reminiscences of those days are of absorbing interest.

We trust that this little work will find a rapid sale, and that its perusal may prove an inspiration and help to the purchaser, as we are confident the pecuniary aid it renders this "grand old man," will prove to him. Price, ten cents. CARRIER DOVE office, 841 Market St., S. F.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 846 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is \$3 in cloth; or full-morocco, gilt-edges \$5.50. The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for \$5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

DOVE NOTES.

Dr. Schlesinger is meeting with decided success in Washington Ter., and awakening an interest in the cause wherever he goes.

Circle of Harmony meets every Sunday at 11 o'clock in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, for interchange of thought. Tests and developments. Mrs. F. A. Logan, presiding.

Judge Collins returned from Los Angeles, the early part of the week. He is looking much better than when he left, and feels that the trip has benefited him very much.

"Re-incarnation; or the Song of Eve," is the title of a poem by Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger. It is considered by many as one of the grandest productions of her pen, and to those who believe in re-incarnation it will seem indeed an inspired verification of their peculiar theories. We have a few copies on sale at five cents apiece.

The Teacher and Examiner for July contains much interesting matter. On first page is presented a portrait and biographical sketch of Joseph Cook. Then follows Civil Service Department, Memory Gems, Editorials, Bulletins from the Battle-field, Examination Department, Notes and Queries. It is a most valuable assistant to teacher and student.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins will occupy the Metropolitan Temple next Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. Lectures and tests at 11 A. M.; Medium's Meeting at 2:30 P. M. Young People's Meeting at 7:30 A. M.

From letters recently received from Miss Valerie Hieckthier, of Oakland, it is learned that she has been spending a pleasant time of late at her birth place, Parksburg, West Virginia. She expects to return to California about the middle of August. At Deer Park, Maryland, from which place her last letter is dated, she had the pleasure of meeting at dinner President Harrison and family. She will probably visit the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and other points of interest, before she returns home.

The Jessie-street Kindergarten reopened its session, after the usual midsummer vacation, on last Monday, the 22d inst. Despite the fact that a number of the previous session's pupils had been promoted from the Kindergarten to the public schools, the attendance was larger than ever. It was found impossible to accommodate all the children that applied for admission, and a number had to be returned to their parents owing to the lack of room. Increased accommodations for the constantly growing attendance at this school is an urgent necessity; and it is hoped that the subscriptions in aid of the school may be so increased in a short time as to enable the conductors, the Ladies' Els. mere Club, to provide additional room for the schools.

GOLDEN GLEANINGS.

WISDOM.—The end of wisdom is consultation and deliberation. —*Demosthenes.*

Wisdom is only in truth. —*Goethe.*

To KNOW.—That which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom.

—*Milton, Paradise Lost.*

REASON.—Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, lie in three words. Health. Peace and competence. —*Pope, Essay on Man.*

GENTLENESS.—He is gentle that does gentle deeds. —*Chaucer, Canterbury Tales.*

LEARNING.—Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous. —*Confucius, Analects.*

JUSTICE.—Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency in giving them no offence.

—*Cicero.*

Justice without wisdom is impossible.

—*Fronde.*

REASON.—To be rational is so glorious a thing that two-legged creatures generally content themselves with the title.

—*Locke, Letter to A. Collins, Esq.*

FUTURITY.—But ask not hodie doomed to die,

To what abode they go;

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,

It is not safe to know.

—*Davenant, The Just Italian.*

Some day Love shall claim his own,

Some day Right ascend his throne,

Some day hidden Truth be known;

Some day—Some sweet day.

—*Lewis I. Bates, Some Sweet Day.*

Dear Land to which Desire forever flees;

Time doth no present to our grasp allow,

Say in the fixed Eternal shall we seize

At last the fleeting how?

—*Rubner-Lytton, First Violets.*

PHILOSOPHY.—A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

—*Bacon, Essays, Atheism.*

Before philosophy can teach by Experience, philosophy has to be in readiness, the Experience must be gathered and intelligibly recorded.

—*Carlyle, Essays on History.*

REFLECTION.—The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.

—*Cicero.*

The solitary side of our nature demands leisure for reflection upon subjects on which the dash and whirl of daily business, so long as its clouds rise thick about us, forbid the intellect to fasten itself

—*Fronde.*

Women go farther in love than most men, but men go farther in friendship than women.

—*La Bruyere.*

Fear hath the common fault of a justice of peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight circumstance, without examining the evidence on both sides.

—*Fielding.*

The world has no sympathy with any but positive griefs; it will pity you for what you lose, never for what you lack.

—*Mme. Swetchine.*

A present good may reasonably be parted with upon a probable expectation of a future good which is more excellent.

—*Bishop Wilkins.*

Sympathy is a fellow-feeling with any in trouble, it can only be fully developed where like experience exists.

—*A. Ritchie.*

The craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow.

—*J. C. Hare.*

The greatest pleasure of which the human mind is susceptible, are the pleasures of consciousness and sympathy.

—*P. Godwin.*

There is no folly equal to that of throwing away friendship in a world where friendship is so rare.

The man who melts with social sympathy, though not allied in blood is worth more than a thousand kinsmen.

—*Euripides.*

Remember that the great world is a theatre, your part in the play is determined by the poet; but its performance depends upon yourself.

—*Epictetus.*

We are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honor is precisely in proportion to our passion.

When I was a young man, there lived in our neighborhood a Presbyterian, who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the products of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing his frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his own advantage. Now, my friends, mark the answer of this Presbyterian: "God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this, friends—only one journey through this world.—*J. Simpson.*

Just as if the temperature of this northern hemisphere were raised suddenly, and a mighty tropical river were to pour its fertilizing inundation over the country, the result would be the impartation of a vigorous and gigantic growth to the vegetation already in existence, and at the same time the development of life in seeds and germs which had long lain latent in the soil, incapable of vegetation in the unkindly climate of their birth. Exactly in the same way the flood of Divine life poured out suddenly into the souls of men, enlarged and ennobled qualities which had been used already, and at the same time developed powers which never could have become apparent in the cold, low temperature of natural life.—*Robertson.*

Our Exchanges.

HASTE AND HEALTH.

By H. H. PRESTON in *Halt's Journal of Health*.

Now a-days, men begin to die before they learn how to live. There are no more Methuselahs. The race is being railroaded along at steam speed. People are too hurried to think of health—are under too much pressure to pause for physiology. They bolt their meals, race for the cars, jump for the boat.

Those who live fast do not live well. The steady, moderate, methodical man does more work and better than one who tries to do in a day the work of a week. The racer gives out sooner than the plodding draught-horse. There is nothing which can be won by work in this world that can make amends for shortened and enfeebled lives.

The farmer who hurries to his field by early dawn is a fool. The mechanic who works after dark and seven days in the week is a fool. They are simply wasting nature's reserve fund of force, wasting all that is worth living for in this world. They are not only fools, but sinners. Right-living is the only rewarded righteousness on earth. Disease is the devil of this world.

Now, there is no gain in haste and over-work in the long run. The farmer gets tired and gives out at noon. The mechanic is soon unable to sleep nights, and fails at forty-five. The student who sits up nights early long becomes disqualified for study. He shakes and walks tottering. His constitution becomes shattered, and he is obliged to take to his bed. Fret and worry, disease and death, are unprofitable returns for an effort to force nature.

Yet there are people who take things too easy to even keep in good health. There is nothing that shortens life like laziness. A certain amount of nervous stimulus is needful for longevity. A person's life may be so peaceful and his cares so few as to vitiate his vitality. He may decay and become prematurely old from sheer lack of employing his energies, while an active, bustling, business man may be in the full plenitude of his strength.

The Pitcairn Islanders, descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, are an illustration. Living in a land that supplies them all the luxuries of life spontaneously, needing to make no exertion except for enjoyment, free from all anxiety, they begin to age at thirty, and die of natural decay at forty. Among other men similarly situated, those who take part in the government, the architects, astronomers and priests, live almost twice as long as the common people. An extreme of rest is as injurious as one of rush.

THE DANGER NOT PASSED.

Signs of the Times.

Those who imagine that the danger of a Sunday law is passed for the present, simply because the Blair bill is dead, should read both the secular and religious newspapers published throughout the length and breadth of the land. This question is being more widely discussed than ever. People everywhere are taking sides, some for and some against Sunday legislation, and for various reasons the tide seems to be running in favor of some such measure as the Blair bill.

With a great majority this is not a matter of conscience but a matter of policy. It is asserted that the railroads are favoring the cessation of Sunday work because they find that they can do

all their business in six days and do it at less expense than they can by running on Sunday. It is also urged that other branches of business can also effect a saving in this way. Of course this argument, if true, will prove potent, not only with railroads but with many in other kinds of business, and when one man makes up his mind to rest on Sunday it is only human nature that he should want others to rest likewise, for they are not willing that others should conduct business upon days when they are not engaged in it; hence the outlook is not only for Sunday laws, but for exceedingly stringent Sunday laws. It follows that the work of warning the people against the schemes of the National Reformers must be done quickly.

HANGING OF WOMEN.

The Woman's Tribune, Beatrice, Neb.

The frequent recent hanging of women is arousing the nation to the horrors of capital punishment as nothing else could have done. It is a brutal and barbarous way of disposing of a criminal, and civilization will drive such a law from our statute books. Mrs. Whiting, whose guilt seemed most apparent and atrocious from the newspaper report, was hung in Pennsylvania in June. The readers of the *Tribune* who followed the discussion by the medical women specialists of the responsibility of Mrs. Whiting, will always feel that her crimes were the result of periodical insanity, due to exciting causes of a temporary nature. The quiet and seclusion of the prison quieted her nerves and restored her reason, and so repenting sincerely for her misdeeds, with courage and composure she welcomed death. To her, personally, it is the kindest fate that our partial civilization could have inflicted on her, but that does not lessen the awful disgrace and injustice of a judicial murder. The whole machinery of the proceeding was in the hands of persons who, from the nature of the case, could not understand it, and they all refused to heed the voice of women competent to judge.

TRUE LIBERTY.

American Sentinel, Oakland, Cal.

The man that talks about securing liberty for the multitude by means of a law which shall deprive even a few equally deserving persons of their liberty shows that he does not understand the first principles of liberty and justice, but is at heart a tyrant. True liberty knows no favoritism. It may seem to some of the Sunday-law workers that liberty for the people can be obtained only by a law which will deprive some people of their liberty; but they will find in the end that they are grievously mistaken, as did the Jewish people who crucified Christ, on the theory that by putting one man to death they might retain their nationality. Their ideas of liberty, and of gaining it, are just such as were held by Napoleon, who, in order to gain his ends, which no doubt he forced himself to believe were for the good of the people, heartlessly sacrificed thousands of men. When people find that in their supposed march to liberty they are obliged to trample upon the rights of a single individual, they should halt, and take that as a sure indication that they are on the wrong road.

We are accustomed to see men deride what they do not understand, and snarl at the good and beautiful because it lies beyond their sympathy.

—Goethe.

MEDIUMSHIP.

By "M. A. (Oxon)" in *Light*, London, Eng.

I have for many years past expressed and publicly acted upon a conviction that it is a duty we owe to ourselves as Spiritualists to make fraud impossible by the conditions on which we insist, I have also said and felt that we ought to be very sure that what bears on its surface an apparent resemblance to fraud is really and truly false and deceptive. I have found it very hard myself to discriminate in some cases that I have personally investigated. And, in more than one, I have revised, on further experience, an unfavorable opinion that I had at first formed. We want, less of the wonderful and more of the demonstrably true. Mr. Crooks has put the case excellently in a passage in his book, from which I have repeatedly quoted. If mediums would cultivate the power of producing simple, convincing phenomena that no fair mind can question they would do us a much greater service than by starting credulous people with marvels. That they do not do so is chiefly the fault of those who will have a glut of wonders: *la, of* Spiritualists, gapers, wonder-hunters, more than of themselves.

"As Spiritualists we take much for granted." Assuredly we do. It is only very recently that the average Spiritualist has deigned to look facts in the face; and even now the look is fugitive and rather shame-faced. We must avoid this isolation of mind, if we are not to grow cramped. We must not fall into the mistake, which has been sarcastically attributed to the Society of Psychical Research, of approaching everything with an "I doubt" on the lips. We must not rest in a mere gazing at phenomena, and wondering if they be false and fraudulent imitations or perhaps the genuine work of unseen beings, whom we know nothing about, and about whom we do not care to inquire. These ways danger lies. There is no subject that needs for its rational investigation more care than that in which we are concerned, and the *via media* of success is in none of the directions above indicated. May I (in a parenthesis) say the Spiritualists do not "attribute the physical phenomena to the agency of intelligences *other than human*," as the President says in his address to the Society for Psychical Research on January 25th, 1889? The Spiritualist believes the intelligence at work to be *human*. The Theosophist it is who demurs.

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS SOCIETY.

This Society held meetings Sunday at 2 P. M. and evening at 8 P. M., and will continue so to do every Sunday. In the afternoon a Conference meeting was held.

Mrs. A. Wiggins was the first speaker taking for her subject, "The Signs of the Times," which was handled very satisfactorily. Other speakers who took part were Prof. Holmes, Mr. Vintner of San Jose, Mrs. M. Miller and Prof. Adrien Ormerod, who was called to the platform and spoke very acceptably.

In the evening Prof. Charles Dahn gave another of his interesting lectures, the subject being "Rocks Ahead;" he held the attention of the audience for one hour and a half, they showing no weariness; and the Professor himself not realizing the time consumed.

Music was rendered by Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Chapman, and Mrs. Rutter. Next Sunday the subject for evening lecture will be "Men and Animals." Conference and tests at 2 P. M. All invited.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

Correspondence.

YONE SANTO—A CHILD OF JAPAN.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I have read the above work, published by Bedford, Clark & Co. of your city, with a great deal of interest, and for various reasons, one of which is, it illustrates Japanese character in other than from: the missionary standpoint, touches the heart of the reader from the broad ground of our universal humanity.

Yone says to the dear friends, a Boston lady and an English physician, who stand by her dying bed, or, rather, says in their presence to the austere missionary ladies who at this last hour have called to excuse their "seeming" harshness in the name of their religion:

"We are taught in our faith that those who are taken away to heaven are permitted to plead for those who are left behind; and, it, hereafter, I am not unworthy to be heard, I shall have no such happiness as to recall all the good;" and again:

"Why should I mind missing those who are gone," she said with a strange expression in her thoughtful eyes, "it is for such a little time. My doctor knows it will soon be their turn to come to Yone's arms, and then *these* will be the absent ones."

And, again, in talking to the Boston lady, who has been loving as well as kind:

"You know what my doctor has done for me ever since I was a little foolish, ignorant child. He alone is nearer to me than you, my dear, and for awhile he must be; but early in the millions of happy years of our next companionship, our affection will become quite the same."

"Is that the belief of your people?" asked Miss Gibson.

"That is what we learn for truth," answered Yone.

"And do you think—forgive me, Yone—do you think that in time your good-will may extend to all you have ever met, even those who have not cared for you; even such as—those ladies?"

"Oh, surely so! how can you ask me?" replied Yone.

"I will ask no more, dear love; your answers shame me."

So replies the Christian to the so-called heathen, and we must remember that in these last hours it is the religion of her people in which Yone finds comfort.

It is to such a people as this that ignorant, bigoted men and women go in their egotism, as teachers, missionaries. And it is because the writer dares to show up another side than what we usually get, that the church element threw its influence against the publication of the story in book form, after having gone through a magazine as a serial, and mark, carried so much power that the publisher dared not put it in book form, even after having made an agreement to do so.

But while recommending the reading of the book to those who oppose church power, there is another point that carries a lesson which should be impressed upon the minds of all, to wit, the condition of the Japanese aristocracy when the change came which deprived them of their incomes. Yone says:

"I cannot describe to you how poor they were. In one day they saw their incomes taken away, and themselves, with their kindred, cast down to ruin. There was no warning for them; no gradual loss. They fell, millions of them, I have been told, from comfort, ease, content, to the lowest depths of despair. Yet they endured their lot patiently, and without much complaining, for they knew that their rulers were not to blame. They hid their griefs, so far as they could, even from the strangers whose coming had brought the disaster upon them, and who, we have always believed, have kept our people in poverty for their own gain."

"Yone, it cannot be," cried Miss Gibson, "it is incredible. Tell her, Doctor, that she is—that they are deceived."

"It is God's truth; the governments of Europe and America are indeed responsible for the woes of this country," was the reply.

Yone says in giving the history of her friend, Shizu:

"Oh, the torture of those days of hunger and sickness and death, for death came to more than one of them. . . . There were other deaths, not slow, like those which I know of, but hasty and violent enough to distract a helpless girl's mind. The fading lives of all who were left depended upon her; they were famishing, and she could rescue them, (by selling herself to a Christian). Knowing what the people of my country are, I dare not judge her, but I may ask, Marion if I have not the right to love her still?"

"Don't ask me," Miss Gibson cried. "I am horrified at everything I have heard. You tell me, Doctor Charwell, that the Christian nations have combined to desolate this feeble and burdened race, and that is bad enough; but the picture which Yone is drawing has a background so hideous, I cannot bear to look at it."

Poor Miss Gibson! It did not need that she should go outside of Boston to find women—young girls, who are forced to sell themselves for bread. True, it is seldom, if ever, those of a reduced aristocracy, for when it is known that one of that class has been unfortunate, they can get aid from the rich when the poorer of the working classes cannot; but suppose the tables were turned, that all the upper classes were brought down, what then?"

Ah, that is the point! And right here I wish every reader of the Dove could sense as I do the feelings of some who have gone over.

Wendell Phillips when here was always a moutpiece for the poor, the oppressed, but he did not see as clearly as now, that the wrongs which exist are not so much an abuse of our present system of property relations, as they

are its natural, inescapable result. Has he, while here, espoused the cause of Spiritualism, how quickly it would have been noted, and how eagerly you would have listened to him. Listen to him now, as almost overwhelmed with the intensity of the feeling we try to shadow forth something of his meaning.

Dred Scott, the poor slave on whose case the Supreme Court of these United States decided that the black man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect, too, is on the other shore, and though the very stars in their courses have reversed that decision in letters of blood that the ages can read, Dred Scott sees that there are still slaves—that though color does not decide, sex and money do, and with the friends of HUMANITY, he, too, is striving for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, for all.

Feeling them both, feeling their sou-beats, as it were, even till the pressure brings out the keenest feeling, I again ask, "What if the tables were turned; what if the upper classes were all brought down?" James G. Clark in his prophetic poem, "The Voice of the People," presages dire destruction to those who "I have stolen the jewels from labor," says: "The heart of the haughty shall be humbled, and a servant be chief in the land."

That idea is the putting the bottom of society at the top as an expression of justice. *That kind of justice we do not want*; but it is certain to come if the present property and government systems are retained, if our declaration of human rights is not carried out, not only in this (which now it is not) but in all lands.

"Until the human race is free,
On every foot breadth of the world."

And what are some of the conditions of "life's lower strata," which when "heaving" will upset the upper classes, bringing them such suffering as the Japanese aristocracy have been subjected to unless justice is done?

Half a million young men—boys—under twenty-one years of age, in our prisons; one to every forty families, counting four in the family, and an equal number of their sisters selling themselves for bread. If the members of this latter class average but five years of that kind of life before the grave covers them, it gives us a hundred thousand annually of a class for whom Christians tell us there is no hope.

A hundred thousand souls lost and yet, if we question the right of the Vanderbilt family to their four hundred and fifty millions of the nation's wealth, we are counted fanatics; those in the body are, and those who have gone over weep because they cannot find channels to speak through.

Oh, Spiritualists, what are you doing? Will you continue to perpetuate a system that gives the Vanderbilts a sum the interest of which at six per cent would continue to give each of those half million women over five dollars per week, more than many a poor girl gets by working early and late, till weary out soul and body, she yields to the pressure and goes down.

But words are powerless to express the

vail of soul. We of the spirit life who see all this cannot let it go on for ever. The hundred thousand women of your land who come to us annually are beginning to see the causes which crushed them. The spirit friends of those who tramp your hills and valleys, seeking the chance to toil, are aroused; this thing cannot go on; our souls are in agony as we see what the delicate, the refined must suffer, if your rich men do not act wisely.

The interest, the true welfare, of your wealthy classes lies not in distorting, misrepresenting the ideas promulgated by your ultra economic reformers, but in trying to understand and apply. Oh, ye who hold the world's wealth in your hands! oh, that you would be wise in time, for only in a system that secures enough of labor's products for each and all, lies your safety.

LOIS WAISBROOKER,
for WENDELL PHILLIPS, DRED SCOTT and others.

P. S. Permit me to say in explanation, when I commenced the above I sensed the influence of those whose names I have attached, slightly; but, as I wrote, the feeling of their presence intensified, even till the control was so entire that in justice to them I dare not simply sign my own name. L. W.

Children's Department.

CHILDREN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juice
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

A BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hid away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had

ever seen; and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool and, when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened; some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed; but, when they looked up into the organ-loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But, when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind-harp, and all was still. The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

TOMMY'S DREAM.

BY F. H. BOLTON.

Tommy had been to the school treat, away out from the dirty, crowded, hot streets in which he lived, into the beautiful, green, fresh country.

And Tommy had enjoyed the treat; but I am afraid that many of the butterflies and other insects, and some of the birds too, had cause to grieve that Tommy and his little mates had been there to a treat—it was none for them. A great part of the day Tommy had spent in what he thought good fun. He had chased beautiful butterflies, but when he caught them he could do little with them. They were a source of amusement to him for a short time, and then he would let them flutter away with spoilt and broken wings. He had tried to capture the large bees which he saw flying about; but as he

laid hold on one it stung him, so thinking himself badly used, he let it go. Then he had frightened many of the birds by throwing stones at them—only fortunately he aimed badly, and never hit his mark! And when he and some of his companions, wandering through the green fields, had come across a large, scaly beetle, he had siezed it, and in spite of its struggles, had put it in his pocket.

And now Tommy was back from the treat and in bed.

He had not long fallen asleep when he seemed to be again in the fields in which he had played all day. But all the butterflies, and bees, and beetles, and birds seemed to have changed places with him in point of size, for they appeared as large as boys, and he as small as a beetle, and Tommy was terribly frightened.

"Oh," he thought, "I must hide under the sticks, or those great creatures will catch me! Oh dear, I wish I were home!" for Tommy was frightened.

So he hid quickly under some small sticks until all the butterflies and other things should go away; but it was no use. Soon he felt the sticks lifted, and heard something scream out; he did not know what the thing was at first, for he dared not look up.

"Oh, oh! come and look; here's such a funny thing. Four legs! and it only walks on two of them! and such a funny head."

Then Tommy felt himself snatched up and pinched; and screaming and struggling, he looked up at the thing that held him. It was a beetle, of gigantic size it seemed to him.

"Oh!" screamed the beetle again, "come and look what I've caught. Such a funny thing; whatever is it?"

"What have you got?" asked a butterfly, about one hundred times Tommy's size, flying up.

"Why, look here! I don't know what it is." "Oh!" said the butterfly, "It's only a boy. They're common enough. If you didn't live so much under the ground you'd know a boy when you see him. That's only a little one, but I've seen big ones, and I've good cause to remember them, too; they've chased me often enough."

The butterfly spoke very fiercely for such a gentle creature, and Tommy trembled.

"A boy!" shrieked the beetle—"a boy! I know something about him, only I didn't know this was one. Ugh! you little brute!"—shaking Tommy—"you're a boy, are you? I'll pinch you." And the beetle did, and Tommy screamed and kicked; but the beetle held him tightly.

"What's on here?" asked a passing bee. "What have you got?"

"Oh, only a boy," said the butterfly, "and we're only going to pinch him to see him kick!"

"Oh, oh!" screamed Tommy, "you cowards! you wouldn't dare to do it if I were not so small;" but the insects took no notice of his cries.

"Here, hand him over to me," said the bee; "I owe boys a grudge; let me sting him."

"Wait a bit," answered the beetle; "let's have some fun with him first. You'll kill him if you sting him."

"Not I. Besides, boys can't feel."

"They can! they can!" shrieked Tommy, but no heed was paid to his words.

Just as the bee was about to sting its shrieking victim a linnet (to Tommy it seemed the size of an eagle) flew up. The butterfly flitted away sharply, and the bee suddenly became impressed with the necessity of going also, and went. Only the beetle remained, holding Tommy tightly still, for the beetle knew that its scaly coat would protect it against the linnet. But the bee and the butterfly had not such protection.

"What have you got?" asked the linnet.

"A boy. I owe boys a grudge, so I'm pinching him," and the beetle squeezed Tommy again, and again he squealed.

"Will you give him to me? I'd like to take him somewhere," said the linnet.

So the beetle dropped Tommy, who was now quite sore, and the linnet lifted him in his beak.

Dreams are very funny things.

The linnet seemed to be suddenly in the room of a house, and Tommy saw it was his own bedroom.

"What's the matter?" squeaked a funny voice. It was Tommy's white mouse speaking; for Tommy kept a white mouse.

"Why," said the linnet, and it seemed quite friendly with the white mouse, "I've caught a boy. What shall I do with him?"

"A boy? Let me look," said the white mouse, and added fiercely, "Why, it's Tommy!"

"Yes, please, Mr. Mouse," said Tommy, "it's me. You know me, don't you?"

Tommy was afraid of the white mouse, it seemed so big.

"Know you? *You're the boy that fastened me in a cage without any food, and I was hungry. Worse, worse! I was thirsty, and all my water was dried up. My cage has been left unclean for weeks.* Know you? Yes! and now you shall know me."

The white mouse rushed fiercely at Tommy.

But suddenly Tommy awoke, and he was lying in bed, and of his natural size.

"Dear me," he murmured, "what an awful dream I've had! I declare I'll never hurt anything ever again. And when I get up I'll feed my white mouse. *I forgot him yesterday.*"

For Tommy had been so full of the treat the day before that the white mouse had been neglected. *In fact, Tommy often neglected it.*

Then he dressed, and went to the cage to attend to the little creature. But the little mouse was dead.

"Oh dear," cried Tommy, "I must have forgotten it for two days! I'll never be so cruel again to anything."

And he kept his word.—*English "Band of Mercy."*

Men are but children of larger growth; our appetites are as apt to change as theirs.

—Dryden.

Poetry.

Written for the Carrier Dove.

MEMORY.

BY FLORA B. STOUT.

There's a deep, magnetic river,
Winding through the vale of time,
And its waves are ever spaking,
With an utterance sublime.

For within the dell and caverns,
That beneath its waters lie,
Are the lost and buried treasures
Left when life's fierce storms swept by.

Treasures that no more forever
May our yearning spirits grasp;
For the past has borne them from us,
Borne then from our earthly clasp.

Still we must ever remember,
All the bright things that are fled,
Which affection, could it clasp them,
Glorious beams would round them shed.

So we stood by this river,
On its dim and shadowy shore,
Where the flickering lights of memory
Flaeb and gleam forever more.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

TO A FRIEND.

BY ENMA A. FISK.

I wonder if the years gone by
Have brought you joy or sorrow;
If still you sigh for days long past
Or gladly hail the morrow?

Or have you found that every day
Is worth our best endeavor,
And live each hour that it may prove
A joy and crown forever?

We all may find a golden truth
Within our greatest losses,
And gain a comfort passing sweet,
By bearing heaviest crosses.

The richest treasures of the earth
Are gained by labor weary;
And pearls are gathered far below
The deep waves dark and dreary.

So all that's brightest, sweetest, best,
Within each man or woman,
Is brought to light through toil and pain
And woes that prove us human.

But if through sorrow, pain and tears
We learn the lessons given,
We find our footsteps tending towards
The joy and peace of heaven.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

THE CLOUDS UPON THE SUMMER SKY.

BY LOUISE FARLEY SURREICK.

O clouds upon the summer sky; that float,
In tranquil majesty and beauty by.

Ye break the ceaseless, fair monotony,
The sapphire hue of heaven; and like a note

That varied oft, makes sweeter melody,
Converging then diverging far remote,

Ye lead a lovelier aspect to the sky,
And thus it must be with all our lives, I thought,

Tame and insipid would they be, did not
The shifting clouds of sadness hover nigh.

O, summers sky! thrice more inspiring thou,
When fleecy clouds begid by azure brow,

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

PAINTER AND POET.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

Yes, Painter, 'tis a work of art,
A grand historic picture;
The touch of genius in every part,
In figure and in fixture.

It is, indeed a masterpiece,
A scene of solemn splendor;
Charles V. there throned, the "Golden Fleece"
Adorning "Faith's Defender."

While all about him nobles sit,
And princes of the nations,
Arrayed and ranged as best befit
Their dignities and stations.

In gorgeous robes of red and blue,
With gold and ermine borders,
Resplendent prelates bear in view
Insignia of their orders.

Adown the brilliant bannered hall
Are rows of royal faces,
Revealed in flashing gleams that fall
From a thousand torch-lit vases.

Ay, Painter, true you have portrayed
The hero of the hour,
Who grandly stands there undimmed,
Confronting Europe's power.

Stands Luther with uplifted fist,
Defying by his gesture,
Great Charles, the august Romanist,
Robed in imperial vesture.

But 'tis a paltry pantomime,
His grandeur only seeming,
Until we hear his words sublime,
And realize their meaning.

Your picture, Painter, would be dead,
More scenery without merit,
Were we not told what Luther said,
And as we gaze—fain hear it.

"I neither can nor will retract;"
Those words outlast the ages,
And stereotype no inspired act
Upon time's printed pages.

Your canvas, Painter, it will stain,
Your masterpiece will moulder,
While History writes those words more plain
As its wrinkled hand grows older.

"I neither can nor will retract;"
Brave words whose reputation
Sustained the martyr who was racked
Within the Inquisition.

Nerved men to duty from that day down,
An Emmet and a Perry,
And stirred the soul of old John Brown
To march on Harper's Ferry.

Your canvas, Painter, will fade with time,
To shreds in the years will flutter;
I'll be a Poet and hint in rhyme
The words that heroes utter.

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunity for good actions, but make use of common situations. A long continued walk is better than a short flight.—*Goethe.*

When a man is at the foot of the hill in 1 fortunes, he may stay a long while there spite of professional accomplishment.—*Geor. Eliot.*

The beauty of all worldly things is but a fair picture drawn upon the ice, that melts away with it. The fashion of this world pass away.—*Jeremiah Burroughs.*

MEDIUMS' DIRECTORY.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

San Francisco.

THE FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM of Progressive Spiritualists opens every day from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. at 541 Market St., CARRIER DOVE Office. All are invited to avail themselves of its privileges. All the standard spiritual journals are kept on file for the benefit of those who wish to spend a pleasant hour in reading. Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Librarian. Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Ass't. Librarian.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meets every Sunday at 7:30 P.M. at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy St. Charles Dawbarn, speaker. Admission 10 cts.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street. Good speakers and mediums at each meeting. Admission 10 cents.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM meets every Sunday for their usual exercises, at Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, No. 909½ and 913½ Market Street, near Fifth, at 10:30 A.M. New Hall, kind teachers and new arrangements. A general attendance of children and friends is solicited. Come one and all; see for yourselves and help us along.

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The Spiritualist Medium Society meet in Avenue Hall, 159 2d street, at 3 P.M.

Cleveland, Ohio.

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"Only a Thin Veil Between Us."
"There are Homes Over There."
"Mother's Love Protect and Best."
"Open those Pearly Gates of Light."
"They'll Welcome Us Home To-morrow."
"All are Waiting Over There."
"On the Mountains of Light."
"In Heaven We'll Know Our Own."
"Glad that We're Living Here To-day."
"We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land."
"The Angel Kisseth Me."
"We'll All be Gathered Home."

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