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Vol. III.] **NOVEMBER, 1884.** [No. 11.

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F A C T S

Devoted to the Statements of Mental and Spiritual Phenomena.

*"Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law,
 No favor sways us, and no fear shall awe."*

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SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS; \$1.00 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FACTS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
 No. 9 BOSWORTH STREET.
 P. O. Box 3539.
BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:
COLBY & RICH, Publishers of the 'Banner of Light.'

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(Signed)

DR. HENRY SLADE.

NEW YORK, the 5th October, 1883.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light* :

I wish to call the attention of the suffering to the powers of a remarkable healing medium here in Boston, who, during the past winter, has been rendering great service to the sick and afflicted.

I speak from personal experience, and when I say that I do not know his superior in our ranks, as a magnetist and healer, I realize I am saying a great deal. I have watched his methods carefully, and in every case of nervous prostration, rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, the patient has received almost immediate relief.

I therefore am happy to add my endorsement of his powers to the many already given to the public. The name of this gentleman is DR. H. G. PETERSEN, of 33 Somerset Street, Boston.

Yours for the truth,

J. WM. FLETCHER,

Boston, Mass., June 14, 1884.

2 Hamilton Place.

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Taunton, Mass.

Mr. E. D. Lewis and Capt. Austin, of the Globe Hotel,—both reliable witnesses. This article also corroborates our statements, and shows conclusively that Mr. Truesdell is a medium; and we shall attempt to prove by reliable witnesses that the name as published in *Facts* by us of Dr. Silas J. Chesebrough is the correct name, *not Jasebrow*, as stated by “Elmina;” and that the article which was published by us was signed by said Chesebrough in his own hand-writing. Then comes the question: *Why is the name Jasebrow used in this article and in “Bottom Facts”?* Was it to dodge responsibility?

This apparently *scientific investigator* says: “It is all a complete mystery to me how it was done; yet I do not think it is spirits. *I know it is not*, for Mr. Truesdell told us before he began that it was pure legerdemain.”

What a *reason* for a “scientific” investigator to give! As well might we accept all isms, creeds, and dogmas on the same reason,—“He told us so.”

We intend to publish these experiments, with illustrations, and with full and complete descriptions, including statements of other witnesses, as soon as we can get the matter ready. Then the public will be able to judge whether our testimony is reliable, or whether we have taken some other person’s *say so* for *Facts*.

L. L. WHITLOCK.

The above article, published in the *Banner of Light* of Nov. 15, 1884, shows conclusively how little dependence can be put upon the average investigator, and that we have in the ranks of spiritualism persons who will intentionally defraud their neighbors is a truth, and *why not?* When all trades and professions are full of deceivers, and the spirit world is constantly being supplied with such persons from the earth life?

What can we expect from such mediums *but deception*, if by so doing they can make more money by using their mediumship to please people who are opposed to spiritualism, and prefer trickery to honesty? Are we to sit silently, and not defend ourselves? *No, a thousand times no!*

The first principles of mediumship are in keeping with these fraudulent transactions. *Why?* Because every medium of any special value must be a negative individual, and under those conditions only can the spirit world manifest. Therefore, we as sitters should expect to receive such spirits as can control, and if our *judgment and honesty of purpose* attracts or brings to us *honest and truthful controls*, we shall by their influence at last have honest and truthful mediums; but, on the contrary, if we seek and accept only the lower class, as far as moral intention is concerned, we shall develop such characteristics in mediums. This, however, does not in any way injure the *scientific position of modern spiritualism*. A person may be a *liar* and a good medium. The important question is, *what are the facts?* We shall attempt to prove some of them.

FACTS ABOUT SPIRIT-FORM MATERIALIZATION.

Through the mediumship of MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS.

Editor of *Facts* :

Your excellent publication is today occupying an important place in the literature of spiritualism. Presenting as it does an interesting record of well-attested manifestations of spirit power through the various phases of phenomena, it becomes to the student of spiritual science a valuable encyclopedia for information and reference, while the array of solid testimony therein offered has a tendency to disarm prejudice, and to weaken skepticism. *Facts* speak louder than arguments, and have an affirmative potency which no amount of negation can obliterate.

Allow me therefore to contribute a few more *facts* which have come under my direct observation while attending seances at Mrs. M. E. Williams's, the well-known and justly-appreciated medium for materialization in New York city.

Having followed Mrs. Williams's development as a medium for materialization from its incipency, I have observed that, although remarkable and rapid, it has been of a gradual and steady growth, the natural result of acquired experience on the part of her spirit band, and of a constant increase of harmonious relations between the medium and her guides.

The last seance which I attended there was on the 27th of last October; and, though a numerous company was present, every seat in the large seance room being occupied, the manifestations were not only very interesting but indicative of great power. Thirty different spirits took the form on this occasion, all of them with one exception being able to give their names, and many to give tests of their identity.

Ten forms, perfectly independent of each other, repeatedly appeared at the same time; and several of them came out of the cabinet, greeting their friends in the circle, and were by them introduced to the company, as was the case with Laura Snow, who lovingly supported on her father's arm, walked around the room blessing the people as she went.

Bright Eyes, the well-known guide of the medium, made a very convincing manifestation, coming out of the cabinet in the form of a child; and, after speaking to the audience in her strong and characteristic voice, dematerialized in view of all.

Among those who manifested I note Dr. J. R. Newton, the great healer, who spoke to Dr. Dake, assuring him of his assistance. He also addressed Dr. Henry Slade, the celebrated medium, who was present. Rev. Dr. Ewer appeared in his clerical robes, and communicated with a lady who had known him in earthly life. Another male form, a good materialization, came for Mr. Luther R. Marsh, and gave the name of Taylor. Mr. Marsh, greatly astonished, exclaimed: "James B., is that you?" to which the answer came in a deep, strong voice: "Luther R., *this is me!* I see that you are now walking in the light. Keep in that path, my friend," or words to that effect.

Mr. Davis was favored with the presence of several of his relatives and friends, with whom he conversed as naturally and as flowingly as if the abyss of death had never opened between them.

Mr. Hart, a gentleman who had never been in the seance before, acknowledged the presence of his wife, who greeted him with impulsive demonstrations of joy and love, and gave him, as he said, the greatest test he had ever received during a long experience with spiritual phenomena.

During the seance, Prentiss Holland, a guide of the medium in charge of the manifestations, announced that a beautiful spirit would appear, whose grand inspiration had while in earthly life often deeply impressed the people. She would be recognized by a pose familiar to her while in the body. After a few moments a beautiful female form appeared at the cabinet's entrance. She surveyed the assembled company, and then partially bowing her head and lifting up her right hand, as if pointing towards the heavens, remained in that position a most graceful incarnation of female loveliness. In answer to Mr. Holland's question: "Is this spirit recognized?" Dr. Slade stated that the pose was one his wife often assumed while speaking from the platform. Evidently overjoyed at this declaration, the spirit form eagerly extended her arms toward him; and calling him to her, gave her name as Alcinda. "Yes," said Dr. Slade, "Alcinda Wilhelm, whom many will remember as a once well-known inspirational speaker."

Such are some of the incidents pertaining to this seance, which I state as a fair specimen of the manifestations occurring through this medium, for nearly every seance given by her affords characteristics equally remarkable. Sometime ago, Mrs. Carrie M. Saw-

yer, the noted medium for materialization, was seated in the circle, when, as she herself related it to me, her niece materialized, and coming to her took her by the hand and led her into the cabinet. There she not only saw and felt Mrs. Williams occupying her seat, apparently in a deep trance, but also beheld other materialized forms besides the one who had led her in. She concluded her relation of this fact by these words: "If there never was another materialized spirit, surely this was one."

I could fill pages with interesting incidents I have witnessed at Mrs. Williams's seances, tending to prove the identity of the spirits who appear in materialized form through her mediumship. Many of these spirits have been and are daily recognized absolutely by relatives and friends, either because they materialize an exact fac-simile of their former organism or because they identify themselves by positive test, and give indisputable evidence of their individuality. Besides this, however, much happened there transcending to all appearances any knowledge or faculty which the medium possesses, proving to intelligent investigators in a manner not to be questioned the presence and power of intelligent entities outside of the material plane; and also the possibility of their re-appearing again to us in independent material bodies through which they can exhibit in an objective manner the emotions and faculties pertaining to human beings. Among such proofs I may class the materialization of children, which is of frequent occurrence; the power of some of the forms to express their thoughts in dialects and languages entirely unknown to the medium, either *viva voce* or in writing. I have myself translated several long messages correctly written in foreign languages by materialized spirits at these seances. A number of the materialized forms also frequently give masonic tests to such of the brethren who now travel as they did in earth life. I could mention other interesting and convincing features; but this is sufficient testimony to establish the supermundane character of these manifestations, and the reliability of the medial power through which they are produced.

I am happy to note the constant increase of this power, to see that its manifestations are becoming more and more convincing. I am happy to perceive also that increase extending over the whole mediumistic field. Progression there is the law as well as

in other departments of knowledge. The day is not far distant when the *knowledge* of immortal life, for which humanity is now starving, shall be so clearly demonstrated that doubt and opposition shall vanish, engulfed in a tidal wave of spiritual truth. Even now the spirit world is lighting its beacon lights everywhere, whose illuminating power is fast penetrating the darkest abysses of ignorance and superstition, and leading mankind towards regions where love, peace, and justice shall reign in incessant harmony. Let all earnest souls who have gathered of the harvest of spiritual knowledge harmonize their lives to the truth they have received, and labor with a will in accord with the angel hosts, whose regenerating mission, under the guidance of an Overruling Power of love and wisdom, is to make all things new in spiritual beauty and truth.

J. F. JEANERET.

64 Nassau Street, New York.

ILLUMINATED SPIRIT FORMS, INDEPENDENT VOICES ETC. AT MRS. M. EUGENIE BESTE'S SEANCE.

By MRS. LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light* :

During the past weeks I have attended many seances given by the above lady, and desire to bear evidence to their uniform excellence and unimpeachability, every seance and every manifestation carrying, as critical observers advocate, its own surety of genuineness, and giving me the most satisfactory evidences of materialization with which I have ever been favored. My acquaintance with this lady has also been free and full and informal, as we occupy opposite rooms in the hotel. She has other and various phases of mediumship, is *perfect* in psychometric and clairvoyant readings, and in what is termed physical manifestations has no superior. Her paintings, under inspiration, are wonderful, and find ready sale at good prices.

Mrs. Beste's materialization seances comprise three phases, and are at present held in total darkness. They have been given in gas-light, and are likely again to be so conducted, at any moment, by the unseen managers of the evening. A peculiarity of these spirit forms appears in the great illumination of their robes, and sometimes of their faces. This is often very brilliant, and consists

of coruscations of light in points and patches and stars and crescents, added to the general glow which pervades the whole spirit and renders it visible. These often change in place while the spirit stands before one. You cannot tell whether your hand or your handkerchief are any color but black, yet the spirit is plainly seen and all its movements can be well noted. I have seen thirty-five or forty spirits, of all sizes, make their appearance in an evening, her sittings usually lasting three hours, and often exceeding that time. This number is composed mostly of the personal friends of the sitters, who come out from the cabinet (which is formed by curtains across a corner of the room, having solid floors and walls), speak their names plainly in a natural voice — seldom in a whisper — and then, looking around the circle, they go direct to the one they come to meet, and converse with them as friend with friend. This *directness* is most remarkable: there is seldom any hesitancy, and when there is such, it comes from the absence of the friend whom the spirit hopes to greet. It seems that we are recognized by them according to the light which emanates from each of us differently. I have never seen a spirit fail to find its own immediately, when its own was present.

During all this time Tom, the faithful body-guard of the medium, is holding her entranced behind the curtains of the cabinet; he sometimes speaks when spirits are outside to explain some point not understood by the audience, and often asks the spirits who are coming out to return because they “are not strong enough yet,” or “not fully formed.” Tom sits with his lady always in one spot behind the curtain, and does not move during the entire seance. The spirits, except the ancient ones, and sometimes an Indian guide of some one in the circle, make no sound with their feet, but often rustle the garments which are worn underneath their transparent and illumined gauzy robes, in order, as has been explained, to show the heavy silken and velvet fabrics of which they are composed. In the light seances this richness of dress is plainly seen. The ancient spirits of whom I speak come, it is said, from the oldest civilizations of our globe, both historic and prehistoric, and sometimes from beyond this earth’s atmosphere. They are always particularly bright, and often magnificent in brilliancy, and bring strength and power. It is this class of spirits who have been directors in the whole movement of modern spiritualism.

The second phase of the seance is singing by independent voices outside the cabinet, the forms being sometimes fully materialized, and many times it is said only the organs necessary to the formation of sound. These are not illuminated, but often carry a light. They choose their own songs, and one hears all the variety of tone, from the deep bass to a beautiful, sweet soprano. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," reminded me strongly one evening of the lower tones of Myron Whitney of Boston. Each voice is distinct, and clear and natural, not strained nor affected, and no hollowness of tone, as is often heard in the independent voice. They give the separate individualities that belong to as many diverse people. Six or eight spirits will sing their songs outside the cabinet, in addition to the singing from inside, which often joins loudly and distinctly that of the outside circle of earth friends.

The third phase, which is highly prized by frequenters of Mrs. Beste's circles, and is somewhat desired in private ones to the exclusion of the others, is the conversation of Mr. John L. Severance, formerly of Cleveland, who is a constant friend and guide of the medium, under the direction of the higher ancient spirits who direct and control all. When you hear his pleasant, quiet salutation, "Good evening," you are instantly aware of the presence before you of a gentleman of culture; and in his round, full, and manly tones you feel his self-poise and power of instruction and enlightenment. He answers any questions propounded, either through his own ability or by the assistance of those wiser than himself, who are near to aid and inform those who are present, and this makes an exceedingly interesting *finale* to the evening. The lessons of wisdom thus gained are treasured by those who realize their import.

At an impromptu private seance in this house, during the first part of August, at which were present but three persons, Mr. William H. Randall of Boston, Mr. Nelson Huckins, and his sister, Mrs. Parker of the Glen Cove House, Mrs. Beste suddenly required Mrs. Parker to bring to her one of her own dresses. She then proceeded to denude herself of *every article of clothing*, which was all taken away by Mrs. Parker, and Mrs. Beste dressed herself only in the flannel wrap brought by Mrs. P. The seance following was one of the most wonderful on record, both materialization and dematerialization taking place directly at the feet of

the sitters, and five feet away from the cabinet. The robes were exceptionally brilliant.

At another seance which I attended about this time, a daughter of Mr. Robert B. Hare, of Philadelphia, son of Prof. Hare, came from the cabinet, and, passing directly *through the wire railing* between that and the audience, touched her father and mother and talked with them. Mr. and Mrs. Hare spoke again to me of the fact, a few days since, saying that it was only another verification of what they had often witnessed, the passing of matter through matter. The occurrence was unmistakable: I saw the passage of the spirit to her father and mother, who sat two and a half feet at least from the wires, and after her return heard their remarks to the circle.

Mrs. Beste is a lady of refinement, whose social position none who meet her would think to question. One evening I sat with her behind the cabinet curtains for spirit touches. They came in showers while I held her hands in mine, patting and caressing me, often allowing their materialized hands to rest on my head and face and arms for quite a little time. It was a most perfect gem of experience, and a guarantee of the nearness of the spirit world to this,—so near that in the darkness we can stretch forth our hands and join them with those of the loved who have gone before. The precious proofs of their presence which I have received this summer, even, no gold of earth could purchase from me.

I will reply to any questions that are asked me.

Glen Cove House, Onset, Mass., Sept., 1884.

We hail with delight the above communication, as it comes from one we have always honored for her intellectual power, but questioned the methods of investigation which we have always felt she advocated, viz., what is ordinarily known as the hand-cuff system, or better, the system which dictates to the spirit world *how* they shall communicate to mortals. We are glad to know, having been also boarders at the same house, and having attended and heard the opinions of others in reference to some of these same seances, that Mrs. Sayles agrees with others, that these manifestations are indeed not only *fine* but genuine manifestations of spirit power. We hope our good sister will not stop in her work,

but throw her arms of love around other mediums, and in this way so thoroughly gain their confidence, as we know she did Mrs. Beste's, that their spirit guides will be able to prove to her as thoroughly their truthfulness, intelligence, and love, and that her ready pen will be felt in its work for humanity by making such statements of the phenomena as *will prove* the modern spiritualism to be *facts* and not *fancies*, as they must always remain the science of this glorious foundation.—ED.

PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATION OF A LOCK OF HAIR.

By PROF. A. B. SEVERANCE, Milwaukee, Wis.

You have the mental, motive, and vital temperaments predominating, and that gives you a well-balanced organization, with mental and physical power to carry forward fine work successfully. You have a very sensitive nature, more so than you get credit for, for you have quite a positive external nature. But you have a sweet and loving nature that but few realize you have. You are well unfolded spiritually, all interested in spiritual things, and desire to do something to benefit the world and humanity at large. You have good executive ability, and are very persistent, and never give up when you get started in anything. You cannot be put off very easily. You go about anything without much fuss or noise, and generally follow your own intuitions, and do not seek the advice of others very often. You are very fond of the beautiful, and of music, and of fine arts generally. Whatever you take hold of you generally make a success of, for you have *push* and *energy* that wins confidence in others. You have a fine sensitive nature, loving and kind. Have had some very severe social experiences in the past, so that you have great charity for others in social experiences. You generally keep your own counsel, and seldom speak to others about your own *private affairs*.

You do not live to make all the money you can, but you try to do all the good you can. You have worked in the past on purely business principles, but now more for the love of humanity.

In looking into your future, I see that your success will be gradual, and will gain a powerful influence in this *world of work*.

You are under the guidance of spirit direction, and they will co-operate with you as well as guide and direct you, and you will be generally successful.

The above is a fine description of the lady's characteristics to whom the hair belonged, and Prof. Severance had no knowledge in any way of who the lady might be, and although known to the Editor, she refuses to have her name mentioned.—ED.

A LOCAL PAIN TRANSFERRED TO A PERSON AT A DISTANCE.

By MRS. JOAN R. SEVERN, Brantwood, Coniston, Eng.

One morning about three years ago, I woke up with a start, feeling I had had a hard blow on my mouth, and a distinct sense that I had been cut, and was bleeding under my upper lip. I seized my pocket handkerchief and held it (in a little pushed lump) to the part, as I sat up in bed, and after a few seconds when I removed it, I was astonished not to see any blood, and only then realized it was impossible anything could have struck me there as I lay fast asleep in bed, and so I thought it was only a dream; but I looked at my watch and saw it was seven o'clock, and finding Arthur, my husband, was not in the room, I concluded rightly that he must have gone out on the lake for an early sail, as it was so fine. I then fell asleep. At breakfast (half past nine o'clock) Arthur came in rather late, and I noticed he rather purposely sat farther away from me than usual, and every now and then put his handkerchief furtively up to his lip in the very way I had done. I said: "Arthur, why are you doing that?" and added a little anxiously, "I know you've hurt yourself; but I'll tell you why afterward." He said: "Well, when I was sailing, a sudden squall came, and throwing the tiller suddenly round, it struck me a bad blow in the mouth, under the upper lip, and it has been bleeding a good deal and wont stop." "Have you any idea what o'clock it was when it happened?" and he answered: "It must have been about seven." I then told him what had happened to me, much to his surprise, and all those who were with us at breakfast.—*Proceedings of the Society for Physical Research.*

SPIRITS' KNOWLEDGE OF THE MOVEMENTS OF MORTALS.

By MR. LYON, Fall River, Mass.

In March, 1883, I visited the editor of a Fall River paper, who is an Episcopalian, to go with me to Providence and see Mrs. Ross, the materializing medium. He consented to go the following Thursday. We accordingly went; and, after a number of forms had appeared at the curtains, one came and called for me, and gave her name, and said: "Where, where is mamma?" I replied that she was at home. When the spirit form came again, I asked her if she wanted to see my companion. She beckoned to him, and he went to see her. Then she came again and wanted me to ask a lady to whom she pointed, if she might have a rose from the bouquet the lady had brought. The lady consenting, my daughter stepped to the table, and taking a rose from the bouquet handed it to me, saying: "Pa, give this to Byron, for he will be on the train when you go home." I did as requested, gave the rose to Byron, who was her husband. It was strange, for I did not know which train he would be conductor on, as he ran irregularly, but the spirit evidently knew. Her husband could hardly believe it, but the editor, Mr. Ryder, said "Yes, Byron, it is so, for I saw her, myself."

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA UNDER TEST CONDITIONS.

By MR. M. MILLESON, Boston, Mass.

About the year 1874, Mr. Charles H. Reade, the celebrated medium for physical manifestations, was invited by Mr. I. W. Elliott to give a private sitting with some invited friends at the residence of Mr. Elliott, in Toledo, Ohio.

He was tied to a chair. The ends of ropes used were nailed to the floor, rice placed in his hands, and everything done to demonstrate that the phenomena produced could not be performed by him. Steel rings six inches in diameter would be put on his arms, and removed again; chairs placed over his head and removed within the period of a few seconds after the gas was turned off, his hands still remaining tied together, with the rice undisturbed.

Mr. Elliott suggested that if some light could be thrown upon

the medium, these wonderful exploits might be seen in their performing.

The sitters were in a dining room, and on one side was a bedroom. Some one suggested that a sheet be placed over the door leading into this bedroom, and the gas jet be lighted therein, which would illumine the sheet from that side. This was done, and the light turned down so that the sheet was simply a pale-white surface. The medium was sealed in front of this, and where the sitters could see his whole body between them and the white sheet. The light was extinguished in the dining room. The rings would come from a table some five feet removed, and pass upon his arms and leave again, rolling across the floor. Chairs would rise from the floor, settle down over his head, and be removed, and hurled upon the floor, his arms found passed between the rounds of the chairs, etc., his hands still being tied, with the rice undisturbed.

On close inspection with sharper eyes, it was discovered that something, like a shadow, dim and misty, would pass from Mr. Reade's shoulder, reach out to the chair or rings, and seem to bend like an arm, convey the article to his head or arm, and there deposit the object.

Mr. Elliott was requested by the medium to pull one of the steel rings from off the medium's arm. The ring was tested by striking it with another metal to ascertain if it was solid. Mr. Elliott pulled vigorously. Mr. Reade said: "Pull harder." Directly the ring came off. It was found to be solid when examined by several present. Then the medium said: "Put the ring on my arm again." Mr. Elliott pressed the ring against the medium's arm at the front of the bent elbow (right arm), pressing hard. Directly the ring passed in under the folds of Mr. Reade's coat (where it was entirely dark), and instantly surrounded the medium's arm, was tapped as before with another metal, and found to be solid. The spirit removed this ring, and it was thrown across the room.

I may have something more to say of this seance some other time.

Mr. John Wetherbee, a well-known gentleman of Boston, Mass., but perhaps better known to many of our readers as "Shadows," authorized us to say that many similar phenomena had occurred

in his presence through the mediumship of Mr. Charles H. Reade. We hope Mr. Milleson and Mr. Wetherbee will write more of their experience with this medium.—ED.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE AND RETURN OF A PENKNIFE.

By MRS. A. ROBERTS, 18 Cedar St., Salem, Mass.

The following facts are communicated to *Facts* by permission of the parties who experienced the following, and whose names may be learned by addressing the writer.

I will first state that the parties are not spiritualists, and do not believe in the return of those who have left the material form.

A penknife, containing one blade about an inch long, was used to graduate the lower draft of a Stewart parlor-stove, and was kept on the floor beneath the hearth, but was sometimes used by the grandchildren for whittling, with the understanding that it should not be carried from the room, but left in its place beneath the stove.

In December, 1877, a little grandson was sick with diphtheria, and the brother, who was the seventh of a family of eight boys, at that time six years and three months old, slept up stairs with the grandmother. In the morning he was playing with the knife, and was cautioned not to misplace it. After breakfast the knife was missing. In the course of an hour the grandmother went down stairs, and found him in bed feeling sick. She asked: "Where is my little penknife?" The reply was: "I do n't know." At three o'clock the next morning he died of diphtheria, but the brother who was first seized is living now. The knife was not found, and another knife-blade was filed to the required thickness, for the grandmother was very set in her way.

Two years lacking one month intervened. In the meantime the daughter's family moved away, and the grandmother was alone in the house, and her hearing being dull, she kept the two outer doors constantly locked.

The day was bright and pleasant; and, feeling quite well, she did some extra work, and among other things polished her cooking-stove, which, having no fire in it, received special care. After

finishing her work, she thought: "Now, I will get a hod of coal before I change my dress," and went to the cellar for it. She was the only person in the house at that time, and the outer doors were locked. The door at the head of the stairs opened directly into the room, and was opposite the cooking-stove, about ten feet distant. On returning from the cellar, and opening the door, with the coal-hod in her hand, the first thing she saw was the *missing knife* lying directly across the stove plate (or griddle-cover, as she called it) on the top of the stove, which was polished so carefully the last thing before going for the coal.

The knife had been missing, as was before stated, two years lacking one month, and in the meantime the room had been "cleaned" twice, as housekeepers say,—that is, the carpets taken up and the furniture all removed from the room. But there lay the knife, the blade open, as it was last seen, and entirely free from rust. Where had it been all this time? and who placed it on the stove in those few moments that elapsed while the grandmother went into the cellar for a hod of coal? Of course she remained there only long enough to fill the hod, and she was the only person in the house, and all the outside doors were fastened.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

By WILLIAM OSGOOD ELLIOTT, Windham Co., Conn.

Mr. Editor,—In accordance with my promise made you at Lake Pleasant, I will relate a little of my experience with some three or four of our noted mediums.

Being at the spiritualists's boarding-house on Beach Street, Boston, eight or nine years ago, I there met Mr. Frank T. Ripley for the first time. In conversation I said to him that I wished I could get a spirit picture of my wife, having just seen one on the table of President Lincoln; and, to make a sure thing of it, I would like to be assured of her presence before going to the photographer's, and get her to promise to go with me. Mr. Ripley replied that he thought he might help me if I wished him to.

We accordingly had a sitting, at which several of my spirit friends manifested their presence, my wife among the number. She said she would go with me the next day to Mr. Hezleton's

photograph office, and sit with me for our pictures, as I proposed. And, by the way, Mr. Ripley's guide said: "My medium must go, too, and must be there at 11 a.m."

I went according to appointment, and found Mr. Ripley there before me. I thought at the time that it looked a little suspicious, and that there might be an arrangement between the two to play a trick upon me; but the result will show for itself.

I took my seat before the camera, and as Mr. Ripley sat by he remarked that there were three pictures being taken, which remark proved true, as there were three besides my own.

As Mr. Hazleton could not finish the pictures immediately, he took my address, and said he would send them to me by mail. So I settled the bill; and, as I was about to leave, Mr. Ripley said to me that he wished I would write, and let him know how I liked the pictures; and I promised that I would do so.

In about a week I received them as proposed. As I had not very strong faith, I took one glance at them and laid them aside, a little disappointed. I sat down and wrote to Mr. Ripley that I had received the pictures, but could not recognize any of them. He immediately replied that "One of them is your wife sure, for Henry, my guide, says it is. Take it, and look at it carefully, and you will find it so." And he further said that the other two I would find out some time. After receiving such assurance, I concluded I would take another look, and I soon began to feel that I had been a little too hasty in my decision. The picture looked more like my wife than anyone else, but it was very shadowy; although the shape of the face and the parting of the hair compared exactly with a picture my wife had taken a short time before her decease. Some of my neighbors have told me that they should know it anywhere; but the other two did not look like any persons I had ever seen; and, although Mr. Ripley had said that I should find out some time, it was more than I could really believe. But the best part of the story is yet to be told.

About a year afterward I was at Highland Lake, and there met Mrs. Nellie Nelson, the celebrated medium. I had a sitting with her; and, after going into a trance, her guide says: "You have a good many spirit friends around, and you have been in a sort of quandary about those spirit pictures you had taken at Hazleton's; but you need not doubt any longer, for one is your wife, Mary,

another is your daughter, Lucy, and the other is your brother, Joseph, and you have them in your pocket now." At the utterance of these words, the medium placed her hand upon them, as they were then in my pocket. Now, with a little explanation in regard to my brother and daughter, I will close. I remarked to the medium, or rather her guide, that I never had a daughter Lucy. The reply was: "She has got a name now." A premature birth is the only explanation as to the daughter. The brother Joseph was four weeks old at the time of his death, and had been dead more than fifty years. They both appear as full-grown persons. The announcement of those two names could not possibly be mind-reading, for they would have been about the last that I should have thought of, having departed so young and so long ago. Where did Mrs. Nelson's guide get her information unless those spirits were present, as she said they were?

MATERIALIZATION AND PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN THE LIGHT WITH DR. SLADE.

By MR. J. SIMMONS.

In 1872, Dr. Slade and I were alone, for the purpose of getting writing. His hand was holding the slate, and a hand came and stroked my beard. I thought it was Dr. Slade's, for it looked so much like his. He soon took on my feeling, when he began to scold, and said: "I will never sit with you again," and for two years he would not. At the end of that time he said to me one day: "Let's sit down and see what we can get." About three and a half feet from the doctor was a writing-desk, with a clothes brush on it. Almost immediately, the brush came down as though it had been thrown, and began brushing my clothes with a good deal of force, from my knees down. Slade said: "Can you stand that?" He sat at one end of the table, and I at the other, so it was not possible for him to reach me under the table. I answered: "Why not?" and as I spoke a hand came from about the middle of the table bed, and in it the brush. The hand looked just like the doctor's, but he was holding a slate with his hands under a corner of the table.

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Extracts from an article in the Boston Sunday *Globe*, entitled: "MIRACLES, IF SUCH THEY ARE," showing the wonderful power that Dr. R. C. Flower possesses to diagnose disease, and to heal the sick. The writer says, "No professional man is better known; his opinion in critical cases is regarded as final."

A distinguished physician of Boston, of over 40 years' practice, said: "I regard Dr. Flower the most wonderful of living physicians, and one of the most wonderful of men. I have called him at different times to see 21 of my patients, after I, with other physicians, had regarded them as incurable. Of these Dr. Flower, after examination, pronounced four as incurable; the other seventeen, in his judgment, if certain treatment was observed, would recover; and to my surprise they did, while the four died. I tell you, sir, there is a destiny in Dr. Flower's diagnosis of disease; he reads the internal condition of a patient the same as *you* would an open book. As a rule the diseases of the doctor's patients are of the worst kind. I have seen him make over 200 examinations, and all without asking a single question. The doctor treats all kinds of disease,—lameness, cancers, tumors, scrofula, heart, nervous, spinal, kidney, and rheumatic diseases; and all with the same good results."

An educated Frenchman, from Rue Le Duc Nazareth, Paris, came to see the doctor about his rheumatism, from which he had suffered for over sixteen years, and which had twisted his feet out of shape. "Well," said the doctor, "since you have come so far to be treated, we will see if you can be cured in half an hour." After a few manipulations the doctor said, "*You are well now.*" The Frenchman, to his surprise, walked as well as he ever had, and exclaimed, "My God! my God! what have you done?" What sort of a man are you? Where did you come from, and how did you do it? The best physicians at home pronounced my case incurable." He then handed to Dr. Flower 10,000 francs, which was more than double the doctor's fee.

A Mrs. F. C. Baily, from near Memphis, Tenn., who had five cancers, and who had been given up by four of the leading physicians of the south and west, who had said she could not live over sixty days, came and implored the doctor to save her. He took her case reluctantly, but in ten weeks and two days every cancer was removed, and today she is in excellent health.

Another wonderful cancer cure was that of a Mrs. W. H. Shaw, of Portland, Maine. She said: "I wish every sick person could know what Dr. Flower has done for me; for to come into his presence is health, and to touch is cure."

The wife of a leading Unitarian minister, of Boston, writes: "My dear Dr. Flower, I can never express to you my sincere gratitude for your successful treatment of my case. Oh, what a relief I have experienced; my life is a pleasure now."

Rev. J. W. Phelps, a Methodist minister of Chicago, who has been a patient of Dr. Flower's, advised a lady of Bloomington, Ill., who had nearly lost her eyesight by scarlet fever, to visit the doctor. Dipping his hands in water, he held them over the eyes for a few minutes, then taking them off said quickly: "Open your eyes." when, to her astonishment, she saw with both of them, and in two days the inflammation had all gone, and she could see as well as she ever could.

These are but a few of the many, many cases that have been cured by this truly wonderful physician, and are facts given in an unvarnished way. *Until it what you may, but when it comes to a man standing in the presence of a dying patient all eaten up and wrecked with pain, making a prophecy as to the future of the patient, and then go to work to fulfill his own prophecy, which is apparently the changing of natural and inevitable results; I say, when it comes to a man doing this constantly, it calls for the honest investigation of the public, rather than sneering from professional rivals.* Dr. Flower's greatest powers are seen in desperate cases and moments of great emergencies. He is frequently called from the city to various, and at times to distant, points to consult with other physicians, or, as a last resort, to save the life itself.