

FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*Who dares assert the /
May calmly wait
While hurrying fate
Meets his demands with sure supply.*—HELEN WILMANS.

*I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

Vol. VII., No. 13.

SEA BREEZE, FLORIDA, AUGUST 23, 1899.

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REVIVAL OF BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT.

While Leadville, Col. takes pride in considering itself a progressive, up-to-date community, right in the front rank of Western civilization, some events have occurred during the past few weeks that have caused the old-timers to scratch their heads dubiously and to wonder whether the town is not drifting back to the old witch-burning era of New England. For Leadville has experienced a shock in the shape of a witch trial in one of the legally constituted courts of the county, and the result was a judicial declaration that one-third of the community believed in witchcraft, and that evidence relating to these subjects was perfectly admissible. This assertion may be doubted, but it was pretty thoroughly demonstrated that a belief in the power of witches, the virtue of powders burned at the dread midnight hour, and other spells and incantations is still prevalent in this bounding and untrammelled West.

Some months ago there came to this city a Jewish family, a man and wife and child. The woman was of the beautiful Jewish type, with a certain air of Oriental mysticism that caused her presence in the city to be discussed. The husband was a commonplace tailor, but the mysterious wife soon became quite the rage in a little circle of occultists, most of whom asserted that they were on speaking terms with the spirits of the departed. Mrs. Rothenberg was credited with possessing a "control" of no less importance than the shade of an Arabian sage, and the local Spiritualists were in high feather at having such a valuable addition to their ranks, and pointed at many marvellous tests performed by the Syrian Jewess to confound the unbelievers and skeptics.

One morning the whole community was startled by the report of a brutal assault, the victim being the beautiful Jewess. During the absence of her husband some one had entered the house and had cruelly beaten and bruised her, so that her life was despaired of. The police were not long in discovering the assailant. He was Martin Roberts, and he boldly admitted having committed the deed, but put in a defence which is one of the most unique and remarkable in the history of criminal jurisprudence. In brief, Roberts said he was bewitched, not in the sentimental sense, but under the malignant spell of a witch, who was, he asserted, Catherine Rothenberg.

Under the circumstances a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* might have been the proper thing. But, somehow, no one appeared to look at the case in that light. Roberts is a well-known mining man, and when his wife, his partner in some of his enterprises and a number of neighbors all insisted that he was under the influence of a witch's spell, and when this was backed

up by one of the leading lawyers of the city, who undertook the man's defence, the community was naturally startled and astonished.

The trial proved to be one of the most remarkable on record. Roberts, the defendant, is a man about 36 years of age, who talked and acted as rationally as the sanest man in the courtroom. In fact, the proceedings were conducted on the theory that the man was perfectly rational, and that all the strange occurrences were the result of some sort of unhallowed sorcery practiced by the mysterious Syrian woman. Roberts had always disclaimed a belief in the occult, but had been induced to call on the Rothenberg woman, who had given him some information about a mine in which he was interested. He made her a wager of \$100 that she could not give him certain information concerning another property, but, much to the surprise of the man, she told him what proved to be the exact truth.

The trouble began, according to Roberts, when the woman asked him to place some powder on the doorsteps of a person who, she said, had wronged her. The powder was prepared according to the most approved witch formula, and warranted to bring all sorts of misfortune, sickness and trouble on the heads of those against whom it was used. Roberts refused to have anything to do with the woman's revenge, and, he says, brought her wrath down on his own head.

Robert's wife was not partial to the beautiful Jewess either. The consciousness that her husband called at the Rothenberg house, and was subject to the witchery of those wonderful black eyes, to say nothing of any more occult power, was hardly calculated to insure the good woman's peace of mind. One day she called at the Rothenberg house and told Mrs. Rothenberg she didn't believe in her power.

"You don't?" the woman is alleged to have replied. "I'll show you. I cripple your children, paralyze your husband and make you so that you shall beg your bread."

Then the strange thing happened. Roberts did become ill. He was unable to sleep at night. His actions in the mine were so strange that the men refused to work where he was, fearing for their safety. Roberts described the pains in his head as terrible. "It seems as if there was a buzz saw ripping through my brain," he said, "and that little augers were boring in my eyes." There is no doubt that his condition at the time was very serious. Physicians and friends all agreed at the trial that for several months the man was in mental and bodily distress, and both husband and wife were firmly convinced that the cause was the power of Catherine Rothenberg.

How to break the spell was a problem that long

troubled Roberts. Finally, however, he remembered that the woman had once told him that if the person on whom the spell was cast drew blood from her mouth, at the same time repeating a mystic formula, the charm would be broken. This course Roberts resolved to pursue. His only difficulty was in remembering the cabalistic words. However, he went to the woman's home and there found her rocking a baby to sleep. Roberts seized her by the throat, and then ensued a struggle, in which sufficient blood was spilled to break a dozen charms. But Roberts said he realized that the blood-letting was of no avail without the mystic formula. In spite of the torture to which she was subjected the woman refused to reveal the words, but finally, on threat of instant death, she complied, and crying "My power is gone!" sank unconscious to the floor.

Roberts left the house, as he says, a new man. "I weighed myself next day after a good night's rest and a hearty meal, and found I had gained four pounds," he said joyfully. His friends and the doctor testified to the improvement in his physical and mental conditions, and his appearance on the witness stand was certainly corroborative of the statement that he now was in excellent health.

Robert's attorney, during the progress of the trial, demanded that he be permitted to introduce evidence that the Rothenberg woman was a witch. Gen. Sam Jones, the Public Prosecutor and a former Attorney-General of Colorado, rose wrathfully and objected to such testimony. But Robert's attorney insisted.

"We are prepared to prove that this woman has, by some hypnotic or occult power, put a spell on this man, which he could only break by drawing her blood, and this act I will prove to be perfectly justifiable, simple self-defence."

The Judge ruled that the testimony was competent, as tending to bring to light all the facts, and anyhow as one-third of this community believes this sort of thing, it should all be brought out.

Gen. Jones tried to protest. "Great God," said he, "is this case being tried in Colorado in the nineteenth century, or are we baiting witches in the seventeenth century? I object to this court turning back the clock of time 200 years."

But the clock went back just the same, and a dozen men and women told of the uncanny actions of Catherine Rothenberg. She had made one family sick with the measles by sprinkling earth from a murderer's grave in a water barrel; she had crippled a man who had refused to give her \$5 when she demanded it; she had threatened to bring calamity to the Roberts household, and had been seen in the local cemetery at midnight at the grave of a local celebrity, Si Minnick, who had departed this life at a rope's end in early days. There were other witnesses who saw her eyes roll and shoot pale fire, and Roberts himself had noticed strange blood marks in the corners. This was the testimony duly sworn to and attested in a court.

The attorney for the defence made a remarkable argument, accepting the witch theory with literal accuracy. He asserted that the woman had certain occult powers, and that, having used them to the injury of his client, Roberts was perfectly justified in getting rid of the evil influence in the only way possible, the way she herself had pointed out.

After an extensive argument by attorneys the inci-

dent, so far as the legal proceedings were concerned, ended by the judge imposing a \$30 fine on Roberts "for blood letting," as he put it.

Mrs. Rothenberg denies the possession of the strange powers attributed to her. She is undoubtedly a spiritualistic medium, and while in the clairvoyant state has certainly caused a local sensation by her remarkable utterances, and her friends assert that she is a high priestess in the spiritualistic world. What to them, of course, are highly developed mediumistic powers are to others exhibitions of hypnotism and a bit of clever acting, while others see in the whole business evidences of witchcraft and sorcery.

Roberts himself, a shrewd, wide-awake, typical Western mining man, is firmly convinced that he was under the spell of a witch. "The world can laugh," said he to *The Sun* correspondent, "but I know that for months I was helpless under the hypnotic influence of that she devil. I suffered and would have died but for drawing her blood. If ever there was a witch she is one"—*Exchange*.

GRATITUDE OF A FISH.

A gentleman walking one evening in the park at Durham, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, came to a pond where fish intended for the table were temporarily kept. He took particular notice of a fine pike, of about six pounds weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing it struck its head against a tender hook in a port (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching) and as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, thereby turning the optic nerve on one side.

The anguish evinced by the fish appeared most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boring its head into the mud, whirled itself around with such velocity that it was almost lost to sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on to the bank.

The doctor caught the fish and upon examination found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture in the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver toothpick raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond.

It appeared at first a good deal relieved, but in a few minutes it again darted and plunged about until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time the gentleman did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. The pike continued for several times to throw itself out of the pond, and, with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of trepan for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate.

Upon making an appearance at the pond the following morning, the pike came to the edge of the water and actually laid its head upon the physician's foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary; but he examined the fish's skull and found it going on all right. He then walked backward and forward along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but, being blind on the wounded side of its skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side toward the bank, as it could not then see its benefactor.

Next day the doctor took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as before, and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle and feed out of his hands.

With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are.

This was a most remarkable case of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

BIBLE CLASS.

By C. C. Post.

THIRTY-SIXTH WEEK.

A very remarkable book has recently fallen into my hands entitled "The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ" by Nicholas Notovitch, a Russian. It contains, in addition to a short account of his journey into a portion of Thibet, what he asserts is a translation from manuscript found in a monastery at Himis, and which he was permitted to copy and translate through an interpreter, an account of the residence of Jesus in India as a student and teacher from his thirteenth to about the twenty-ninth year of his age.

This translation Mr. Notovitch claims to have laid successively before several of the most prominent churchmen of Europe, among others, the Archbishop of Kiev and two Cardinals all of whom dissuaded him from publishing it although they did not, apparently, question its authenticity. He also consulted Jules Simon and the noted French scholar M. Renan, the latter of whom offered to lay the translation before the Academy which offer was declined as Notovitch rather naively says, because he feared that Renan would thus secure the honor which he felt belonged rightfully to himself.

Without further evidence as to its reliableness I can but say that the tale bears the impress of truth, and is extremely interesting.

Neither is the fact that churchmen, high in authority, advised against its publication while offering, as is asserted, to purchase the manuscript, any evidence of its spuriousness, but rather the reverse, for while, if true, it not only establishes beyond cavil the fact, coming to be doubted by many, of the existence of the person Jesus of Nazareth, and of his having been a great teacher of morals, and fills in the gap between his infancy or early boyhood, and the time of beginning his public teaching in Judea, it also discloses the source whence he obtained much of the occult wisdom which is attributed to him by the authors of the Bible.

Notovitch asserts that Jesus is known to the Lamas or priests of Thibet as "Issa;" that, as their chronicle affirms he ran away from his people in his thirteenth year, having already at that early age become noted, locally at least, as a youth of great talent and suprising knowledge of many things; that joining a caravan of merchants he traveled, studied and taught in different portions of India, arousing in places the bitter animosity of the Bramans by his condemnation of their treatment of the Soudras or lower classes, and being driven to other localities, finally returning through Persia to his native place, when continuing to teach he was arrested, tortured, and finally crucified at the command of Pilate.

The account as given is much more reasonable in all its aspects than that given by the evangelists, a fact which Notovitch accounts for upon the theory that it was written very early after the crucifixion, being in part the story as it was carried to India by Israelitish merchants who knew of Jesus having spent some years in that country and that his teachings were regarded by many there as in harmony with those of Buddha. In an epitomy covering the general facts as set forth in the manuscript he says:

"The chronicles in question were written before, during, and after Christ; although no attention was paid to Jesus during his sojourn in India, where he came as a simple pilgrim to study the Brahman and Buddhist laws.

"But later, when the events which had aroused Israel were related in India, these chroniclers—after having committed to writing all they had just heard concerning the prophet Issa, whom an oppressed nation had followed and who had been executed by the order of Pilate—remembered that this same Issa had recently lived among them and studied in their midst, and that he had then returned to his own country, a deep interest was immediately aroused concerning this man who had so rapidly grown in importance in their eyes, and they at once began an investigation into his birth, his past, and every detail of his existence.

"The two manuscripts read to me by the lama of the Himis Convent, were compiled from divers copies written in the Thibetan tongue, translated from rolls belonging to the Lassa library and brought from India, Nepal, and Maghada two hundred years after Christ. These were placed in a convent standing on Mount Marbour, near Lassa, where the Dalai-Lama now resides.

"These rolls were written in the Pali tongue, which certain lamas study carefully that they may translate the sacred writings from that language into the Thibetan dialect.

"The chroniclers were Buddhists belonging to the sect of Buddha Gautama.

"The information contained about Christ is oddly mixed, without relation or coherence with other events of that period."

"Once in India, the country of marvels, Jesus began by frequenting the temples of the Djainites.

"There still exists in the peninsula of Hindoostan a sect which bears the name of Djainism; it forms a link, as it were, between Buddhism and Brahmanism, and preaches the destruction of all other beliefs, which they declare to be steeped in error. It dates back to the seventh century before Christ, and its name is derived from the word 'djaine' (conquering), which it assumes as a symbol of its triumph over its rivals.

"Amazed at the young man's wonderful intellect, the Djainites begged him to remain in their midst; but Jesus left them to settle at Juggernaut, one of the principal cities of the Brahmins, and enjoying great religious importance at the time of Christ, where he devoted himself to the study of treatises on religion, philosophy, etc. A cherished tradition claims that the ashes of the illustrious Brahman Krichna are preserved here in the hollow of a tree near a magnificent temple visited by thousands every year. Krichna is supposed to have lived 1580 before Christ, and it was he who gathered and arranged the Vedas, dividing the work into four books: Richt, Jagour, Saman, and Artafan. This celebrated Brahman, who in recognition of this work received the name of Viassa (he who has gathered and divided the Vedas), also compiled the Vedantha and eighteen Pouranas, composed of four hundred thousand strophes.

"A library, rich in Sanscrit books and precious religious manuscripts, is also found at Juggernaut.

"Jesus spent six years at this place, studying the language of the country and the Sanscrit tongue, which enabled him to dive deeply into all religious doctrines, philosophy, medicine and mathematics. He found much to condemn in Brahman laws and customs, and entered into public debates with the Brahmins, who strove to convince him of the sacred character of their established customs. Among other things, Jesus particularly censured the injustice of humiliating the laborer, and of not only depriving him of the benefits to come, but also of contesting his right to hear religious readings. And Jesus began to preach to the Soudras, the lowest caste of slaves, saying that God is one, according to their own laws, that all that is exists through him, that all are equal in his sight, and that the Brahmins had obscured the great principle of monotheism in perverting the words of Brahma himself and insisting to excess on the exterior ceremonies of the religion."

"It is therefore easy to understand the veneration of

the Vaisyas and the Soudras for Jesus, who, notwithstanding the threats of the Brahmins, never abandoned them.

"In his sermons, Jesus not only inveighed against the injustice of depriving a man of his right to be considered as such, while a monkey, or a piece of marble and metal was worshiped, but also denounced the main principle of Brahmanism, its system of gods, its doctrine, and its trimourti (trinity), the keystone of this religion."

"Seeing that the people were beginning to embrace the doctrines of Jesus, whom they had hoped to gain on their side, and who was now their adversary, the Brahmins resolved to assassinate him; but being warned in time by his devoted servants, he fled and took refuge in the mountains of Nepal.

"Buddhism had already taken deep root in this country at that period. This schism was remarkable for its moral principles and ideas on the nature of the divinity, which brought man and nature, and men among themselves, nearer together."

"Jesus spent six years among the Buddhists, where he found the principle of monotheism still in its purity. Having attained the age of twenty-six years he bethought himself of his native country, which labored under a foreign yoke. He therefore resolved to return there. While journeying thither he continued to preach against idolatry, human sacrifices, and religious errors, exhorting the people to acknowledge and adore God, the father of all creatures whom he cherishes equally, the masters as well as the slaves, for they are all his children, to whom he has given his beautiful universe as a common inheritance. The sermons of Jesus often produced a deep impression upon the nations he visited, where he braved many dangers instigated by the priests, but was as often protected by the idolaters, who, only the day before, had sacrificed their children to the idols.

"While crossing Persia, Jesus almost caused an uprising among the followers of the doctrine of Zoroaster. Fearing the vengeance of the people, however, the priests dared not assassinate him, but had recourse to a ruse instead, and drove him from the town during the night, hoping he might be devoured by wild beasts. But Jesus escaped this peril and arrived safe and sound in the land of Israel."

The manuscript contains the statement that Moses was not an Israelite but the younger son of Pharaoh and, despairing of reaching the throne of his father, led what was a virtual rebellion; that is, put himself at the head of the Israelitish slaves and marched them out of the country.

Whether this statement should be accepted as casting doubt upon the Bible accounts concerning Jesus I leave the reader to judge. Personally I do not see that it should, but rather that it goes to prove the existence of such relations between the people of portions of Judæa and those further east as brought to each some knowledge of the principle events, and legends of events, possessed by the other.

The Jews at the time of the crucifixion had been taught, and believed, the Mosaic stories, though as but the few were capable of reading, there were doubtless differing accounts of many things connected with their supposed past history, and such were doubtless repeated to acquaintances in India, curious to know what the strangers claimed for their people, and accounts differing from those in the Bible would quite naturally appear, are in fact what we should expect.

The manuscript offers no new evidence bearing upon the presence of Israelites as slaves in Egypt. It is evidently simply another version of that story obtained from: Israelitish merchants traveling in India, or of Indian merchants returning from Jerusalem and the Medeter-

anean coast with the tales heard there, and must in either case have originated from the same source, namely the Israelites themselves.

If it be true as stated by Col. Robert Ingersoll in one of his published works that there is no word of Hebrew in the language spoken by the Egyptians, and none of the Egyptians in the Hebrew it is to be accepted as positive proof that no considerable number of Hebrews were ever in Egypt for any considerable length of time in any capacity whatever.

It would be a matter of impossibility for two people speaking different languages to remain in close relations for a single generation without each acquiring some words and phrases from the other.

But in relation to the life of Jesus the conditions surrounding the statements said to be contained in the manuscript are different.

We have, first the absence from the Bible of any account of his life from about his twelfth to his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, at which time, by Bible accounts, he suddenly reappears as a teacher and healer of wonderful eloquence and power. Secondly we find his teachings to agree in a great measure with those of the Buddhists.

And Thirdly it is known that a quite extensive commerce was being carried on between the two countries at the time at which it is claimed Jesus lived and taught, and it is not difficult to believe that if any considerable portion of the Biblical story is true, the tale brought by Mr. Notovitch is also true.

There are some facts which I will give later; which appeal to my mind as further sustaining the proposition, facts which had heretofore appeared to cast doubt upon the question of the existence of the Nazarine, but which may possibly be made to sustain rather than refute it.

If any of my readers care to obtain Mr. Notovitch's book it can probably be had by writing Rand & McNally of Chicago, whose imprint the copy I have bears. The title of the book is "The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ," and the price is, I judge, one dollar.

The work is well worth reading by anyone interested in the subject.

"A SEARCH FOR FREEDOM."

"A Search For Freedom," the volume of Mrs. Wilman's personal experiences, is now ready for delivery. It contains Mrs. Wilman's latest picture taken in May, 1898. The book contains 367 pages, and the price is \$1.50 unless taken in connection with some of our other publications. With FREEDOM \$2.00. With "A Blossom of the Century" \$2.00. With "The Home Course in Mental Science" \$6.00. With any of our publications amounting to \$1.00 it will also be put down to \$1.00.

This is a delightful book; it is wisdom made easy of acquirement; not the least admirable of its features is the sense of humor that runs all through it; it makes you laugh while it instructs; and it instructs without any effort to do so. It is a transcript of human nature from first to last; and as such it is graphic, grotesque, tender, earnest, and diffuses from every page the unmistakable atmosphere of freedom. No one can get more for \$1.50 than by buying this book. Address The International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Fla.

I want the name and address of at least one active earnest, Mental Scientist in any of the following counties of this state to make an altruistic, mental experiment for practical purposes: San Luis, Obispo, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, Orange, San Diego, Riverside, San Bernardino, Cal. Yours truly,

B. A. STEPHENS, San Diego, Cal.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

The other day a lady came to see me and she said:

"The thing I like best in the Waste-Paper Basket department of FREEDOM is the evidence of the fact of your hatred of men. Now I have hated men for years and years, and it constitutes a bond of friendship with me to know some one else who hates them."

Well, I looked at her in astonishment. What have I been saying in these simple papers to make any person think me a man-hater!

"And," she continued, "you do give it to Mr. Post so unmercifully that it does my soul good to hear you."

Good gracious! the idea of my giving it to Mr. Post! Why I only have a little fun with him. He is the darlingest fellow in the world. In my opinion he has no living equal male or female. It is sixteen years to-day, this 29th of July, 1899, since I took him in out of the cold, and was legally tied to him by a howling Methodist preacher, to whom we paid \$2 for the job, which was about all we had; and I have not regretted the transaction yet.

And right here while on this subject I want to deny that I hate the men. I love them. My friends know how appreciative I am of everything the least bit admirable; in other words of how big I see people. Well I see men *big*. I seem to see every bit of goodness and greatness in men, often far beyond what they see in themselves; I am an admirer and lover of the whole race, men and women, and I do not discriminate in favor of either sex. At least I try not to, but if I have a preference it is for men. They seem to me so strong in many ways wherein I have lacked strength, and so grand in possibility; and no doubt sex makes a difference; it is the law, and there is no transgressing the law.

But I am a race lover. I know this more and more every day. Everyday I seem to be growing deeper down into the heart of nature and coming more and more into fellowship with the children I have heretofore failed to care for.

For instance, a few nights ago being in Washington for a week on a flying visit to Ada and Jessamine, our room was invaded by bats. It beat everything the number of them, and where they came from is still a mystery. But there they were, and we could no more sleep for them than if we were in Pandemonium. So we got up and began to fight them by striking at them with towels and other extemporized clubs. At last we knocked one down. We took him up carefully, wrapped him in something or other belonging to our widely dispersed wearing apparel, and I told Ada not to let it go but to give it to me and I would kill it.

I have to be very tired of a thing before I can kill it, but I thought I could kill that bat with a good grace.

But Ada would not let me have it. She said "Mamma if you could only feel his little furry back and see one of his little hands with which he is grasping the towel you could not kill him."

Now I did not look at the bat, being busy trying to drive the others out of the open windows, but I saw him through Ada's words.

It is actually remarkable how clearly I saw that poor little innocent thing, without seeing him at all; and how I felt the power of the little hand that was grasping the towel. It was not the towel alone that he was grasping, it was life. How everything clings to life! There

is no bigger argument in favor of the conquest of death than this.

But really there are some folks I cannot live with; and I have to kill them in order to live in peace—such folks as cockroaches and mosquitos. But I know as well as I know I am living that a little farther along in mental development we are going to speak to them from a knowledge of *the law of attraction* and say to them "You and I are not related under the law. I have no attraction for you and we must necessarily separate. Since nothing but the law of attraction can hold us together therefore we do not belong to each other." And this will do the work far more surely than killing them; it will be absolutely effectual. I think I am coming into this power now, even though I failed to make it work with the bats the other night. It is a thing that needs thought in order to develop it.

Referring back to something I said awhile ago, I got a suggestion of the power of words, and was reminded of the different ways people have of using them. Now I am not going to boast, but my kids seem to have been born with a natural facility for using words skillfully. They all seem to get hold of just the very word that fits when they are talking and this is one of the pleasantest adjuncts to conversation that I know of. Little Jess has it too. I was listening to her a few nights ago while she was telling a friend something about her cats and a dog that belongs to the next door neighbor and I could not help laughing at the word pictures she was making unconsciously by her simple fidelity to facts. I don't believe I can give the conversation with half its zest and power but I will try.

It seems that she had two kittens that lived principally in the back yard. The dog which was young and giddy, and whose name was Polly, used to get out of the back window onto the kitchen roof of his own house and bark at Jessie's cats.

"And you ought to have seen the performance," she went on, "it was peculiar. The little cats were huddled together looking up at him with the most innocent faces you ever saw; and there Polly was just tearing herself all to pieces in her effort to frighten them. She trembled all over, and her bark was all churned to pieces by the excess of her feelings. Sometimes it came in little squeals, and sometimes in gutterals; occasionally she would come so close to the edge of the roof on which she stood as to almost lose her foothold, and then with a frightened shriek she would regain her position. It looked like such a violent effort in the accomplishment of nothing that the comparison was too great for description. The perfect repose of the little cats who knew Polly could not reach them and who were used to her hysterics, and the inordinately hysterical dog whose muscles were quivering with eagerness and whose voice run the complete gamut of all the dog notes," etc.

But Jessie's way of telling it, and half acting it, rendering Polly's bark as plainly to be heard as Polly could do it herself, and making the clearest kind of a picture of the whole thing, was good.

And it is this power of putting one's self in one's talk that is great. It is a form of genius well worthy of development.

Jess calls Mr. Post and me by pet names. One of the names she got from a small darky baby. It was the ugliest little monkey I ever saw, and its name was "Sweetie Pearly Dew Drop." Now it is hard to be-

lieve that such a name was ever tacked to anything; but this small colored individual actually figured on the church register with this cognomen, and the neighbors—her own friends were very proud of it. No doubt it represented the poetry of their souls. There was something about it that struck Jessamine with such force as to give it a lasting place in her memory; and so in her loving or rather in her absurd moods, she calls one of us "Baby" and the other "Sweetie Pearly Dew Drop."

Jessie told me of another name, but this belongs to a cat. As I could not remember it I had her write it down for me. She claims to have been personally acquainted with the cat that bore such a distinguished name. The name was Axy Praxy Prucy Alcompany Roxany Matilda Pedro Bangs. It takes a child to remember such nonsense.

But as this is the anniversary of my wedding day I think I may say a few more words about it. It is not everybody who knows that I am married, because I have kept my maiden name through all the years of my life and never wish to resign it. But my personal friends call me Mrs. Post; while all my letters come directed to Helen Wilmans. My marriage has been a most charming relationship. The "slams" I give Mr. Post in these articles are only love spats. I should think all my readers would know that without the need of my telling it. But, what do you think? Here the other day came a letter from a person ordering his paper stopped because he could not stand it to see any one so abused as Mr. Post was. The poor fellow seemed to be exceedingly sensitive to abuse. He must have been an old bachelor. I wonder what he would think of some of the pet names I use on Jess and babies generally, such as Piggawee, Purpy, Pumpkin-head, not to mention Pet and Darling and Ducky and others of this class. I call Jess "Punkey" (which is a contraction of Pumpkin-head) and "Piggy" more now than anything else. She answers to almost anything, as she knows I am always inventing new names for her.

We are naturally a playful lot of people. We are great hands to enjoy everything that can be enjoyed. If we tease each other a little we never carry it to the verge of the unpleasant. We know where to stop. I have never said a word about Mr. Post in these articles that he has not laughed at. What excuse has any one for thinking that he would submit to weekly insult from his wife or any other person?

Well let us drop the subject. I wish there were more marriages as harmonious as ours.

Mr. Post actually did promise to give a description of me when I was in Washington but failed to do it. I guess I will do it myself. As there is much curiosity about my age I will say that I have recently passed into my sixty-ninth year. I am a blond, and I do not look as old as I am. I find that people accuse me of coloring my hair; but it is a pleasure to me to absolutely know for myself even if no one else knows it that my hair is beautiful and young and vital, and that it has within the last ten years turned from white to its original color of pure gold. A very rare color indeed.

I am five feet and three inches in height and weigh one hundred and sixty-five pounds. I do not care to be thinner than this or I would be. I can dance as well as any girl of twenty and feel my weight no more, nor my age either. I do not know whether it is com-

mon for persons of my age to never feel old, nor indeed to think of the matter at all in a way to impede their movements, but I never have done so.

It is not at all embarrassing to me to have it known that I am a good many years older than Mr. Post. I am proud of the fact that I married a young man, and a most engaging and talented one too.

We were both journalists at the time we met and neither of us had anything but our monthly salary.

Sometime I am going to have a word to say about marriages between young men and women older than themselves. I have yet to hear of the first one of these marriages proving unhappy.

H. W.

HOW WILL THE LAST MAN DIE?

The *New York Journal* contains an article with the above heading, which I will print simply to show the difference between the world's old thought and its new:

"Astronomers say that the day must come when this earth will, like the moon, wheel through the heavens a dead and barren ball of matter—airless, waterless, lifeless. But long, long before that time man will be extinct, will have disappeared so utterly that not so much as the bleached skeleton of a human being will be visible on all the millions of square miles of the surface of this planet.

"Unless by some huge and universal cataclysm the whole race is swept at once into eternity, it is but reasonable to suppose that man, like any other race of animals, will disappear slowly, and that eventually there will be but a single human being left—some old, old man, gray headed and bearded, and left to wander alone in a solitude that may be imagined, but not described.

"How will he die, this last relic of the teeming millions that once transformed the face of the globe and ruled undisputed masters of every other living thing? There are many fates that may befall him. He may go mad with the horror of loneliness, and himself end his own miserable existence. He may be eaten by the vast reptiles or giant insects which will then propably infest the solitudes.

"But his fate may be far weirder and more dreadful. Scientists say that as we burn the coal and timber we are still so richly supplied with, we let loose into the atmosphere an ever-increasing volume of carbonic acid gas. Much of this is taken up by plants, but not all. It must increase and eventually poison the breathable air, filling the valleys and mountain slowly to the hilltops, where the last remains of animal life are striving for existence. The last man will climb higher and higher, but eventually the suffocating, invisible flood will reach and drown him.

"Again, it is said that the earth, as it gets older, is cracking like dry mud. These cracks will increase until at last they will let the waters of the ocean and rivers sink into the fiery center of the globe. Then will occur an explosion so terrible as may startle the inhabitants of neighboring worlds.

"Supposing these earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water with devastating explosions. Then the last man's fate will be the worst describable. He will die of thirst. The scene of his death will probably be the great valley in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, off the Brazillian coast, half way between Rio Janeiro and the Cape, where now six miles of green water lie between the steamer's keel and the abyssmal slime beneath. There, hopelessly digging in the ever drying mud, he must perish, and leave his bones to parch on a waterless planet.

"The Antarctic polar icecap has been growing thicker and heavier for uncounted ages. The distance from the South Pole to the edge of this icecap is 1,500 miles. The ice rises steadily from the edge to the centre. At that centre it cannot be less than twelve miles in thickness—twice as thick as Mt. Everest is high. Southern

latitudes are growing warmer, and this icecap is known to be cracking. Suppose it splits. Imagine the gigantic mass of water and ice that will come sweeping up north over the oceans and continents of the earth! Where then will the last man breathe his final gasp? High up in the snows of some great range he will perish miserably of cold and starvation, looking down on a huge, shallow sea, beneath whose tossing waters will lie the whole of the races of the world."

Well! It reads a little like Matthus don't it?

The article stands almost unequalled as the representative of the race's past, and to a large extent, its present thought. Now I wonder what the author of the article thought *men* would be doing all the time old nature was cutting up such shines to work our extermination. There is no account taken in the article from beginning to end, of man and his grandly increasing powers. Is it to be supposed that he is perfectly helpless and that he is going to hold still and be poisoned by carbonic acid gas, or frozen by the cooling of the sun's heat, or dried up by the evaporation of the earth's moisture?

Such an idea could not possibly be based on any other than the old supposition that he is a poor helpless creature just as God made him, and that he must submit to his environments, no matter what they are.

As if man had ever submitted for one hour; as if he had not been bursting and annihilating his environments since his first breath; as if he were anything else except the born ruler of all environment and the born creator of freedom from it!

The idea that the earth will become a dead world is begotten by a brain inoculated with the race belief in death; a brain not sufficiently vitalized by a knowledge of the law of growth to perceive the building power of thought, and the indestructibility of ideas.

What is man for anyhow, if not to build the world he lives in into an indestructible and constantly growing home for himself? He has the material at his command for the execution of every idea he can conceive of. Ideas are always correlated to the external things which will materialize them.

Now I am going to admit freely that looked at with the eye of ignorance which characterizes the race in its present stage of development, the world and everything connected with it seems a very uncertain sort of arrangement upon which to hang any great hope of continued endurance.

Here we find the globe tumbling about between two powers, one to draw it to the sun and the other to pull it out in a straight line, while it seems quite helpless and simply sends forth growing things, as if it had nothing else to do and could do nothing else.

And indeed that is all it can do; it can manifest the unflinching effort of the law of life—the law of attraction—in reproduction.

But this is enough. If there is a power that everlastingly produces new and fresh growths then man can learn to master and direct this power to the world's enlargement and to his own immense advantage.

They say the moon is a dead world. Perhaps it is. Perhaps it never achieved the right conditions for the propagation of life. You may plant a perfectly healthy acorn on a rock where no earth will feed it and no moisture soften it and it will not grow. It may be that the moon has never had what was absolutely essential to the production of life. Anybody can understand this suggestion. But here is the earth whose sole mis-

sion is to produce. It possesses every requisite of immortal growth, everything needed to produce in answer to man's demand, no matter what that demand may be.

But as yet the world's state of growth is on the unconscious plane. Yes, and so long as it remains on the unconscious plane, it exists in jeopardy of many casualties. It may be run over by a comet; it may lose its balance and tumble into the sun. It may grow old and become bereft of its heat, and fill the bill prescribed for it in the article I have just quoted. Anything may happen where intelligent thought, that alone insures safety, has not yet been generated for the purpose of self-protection.

But here in the world to-day life is developing from the unconscious to the conscious phase of expression. Man—earth's highest production—has grown into a power with an intellect that grasps the whole situation and feels its mastery in consequence.

For I say that the brain which recognizes its own creativeness has nothing to fear ever again. It is indestructible, and the conditions essential to its perpetuation and comfort are indestructible also.

Whatever may be the fate of other planets, it is an assured thing that the earth contains within herself the power of endless reproduction—which insures immortal life and never failing growth.

Do you know that the earth is growing larger? It surely is. Do you know that she has already brought forth out of her productiveness a brain that takes cognizance of her power and that can direct her farther manifestations?

And its name is man. There is no room for anxiety in a world where life has passed the stage of unconscious growth, and conscious, intelligent creativeness has begun.

H. W.

TREATMENTS FOR FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

These treatments are really for the upbuilding of business courage, self-confidence, and the vitality that suggests new ideas and new business enterprises, out of which success is sure to come. They are for the overcoming of that doubt men often cherish concerning their own power to do things as great as others have done. The fact is, these treatments for financial success are treatments for the making of men. They strengthen the man all over; they enable him to see his own worth and give him the essential faith to work out his own ideas to any desired result. It was by the strengthening of self that I won the victory over poverty; you should read my book "A Conquest of Poverty." It is a splendid thing if I do say it myself. You will gain force of character from reading it. If you wish to be treated for the qualities I have enumerated as necessary to you in a business career, you can write for terms to

HELEN WILMANS,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

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FREEDOM

WEEKLY.

IN AMERICA : : : : \$1.00 PER YEAR.
IN EUROPE : : : : \$1.50 PER YEAR.

HELEN WILMANS, Publisher.

HELEN WILMANS and C. C. POST, Editors.

C. C. POST, Business Manager.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Sea Breeze, Fla., as second-class matter, August 28, 1897. Removed from Boston, Mass.

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Mr. Geo. Osbond, Scientor House, Norman Ave., Devonport, is agent in England for our publications. Any of our publications can be had of him as cheaply as of us. C. C. Post, Business Manager.

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PLEASE READ.

Dear Friends:—If I should send out a thousand copies of "The Mind Cure Pamphlet" to-day, nine out of ten of the persons receiving them would drop them without reading. But if you were to hand the pamphlets to your friends asking them to read them they would do it. This would double my business in a year.

Right in this spot on this page I asked you to send me addresses to whom I could send sample copies of Freedom. You have sent me at least two hundred thousand. I need no more now, but I do need your help in the other matter. Wont you send to me for as many of the pamphlets as you are likely to use in giving away? I believe you will. I have never yet asked for your assistance without getting it. Your past favors have made me feel your generosity so much that I dare ask for others. Therefore, I ask you to help me distribute the pamphlets which are a splendid advertisement of Mental Science. They cost you nothing. With many thanks in advance, I am trusting your generous kindness. Just think how you responded to my other request! Two hundred thousand addresses! Friends, you are very, very good to me. My appreciation is most sincere. With much love I am your true friend.

*Helen Wilmans,
Sea Breeze, Florida.*

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Next week there will be no issue of FREEDOM, it being the fifth week in the month, and—as the readers will recall—we publish only four papers each month, or forty-eight during the year. So you must not think your FREEDOM has been lost in the mail. It will appear promptly the following week.

THE OUTLOOK OF A BROADENING WORLD.

The whole world up to the present time has been built on the plane of unconscious growth.

And it is an awfully shaky world and liable to any of the accidents predicted for it unless it advances from the unconscious to the conscious state of progression. As it now is, it is just as liable to die as men are. The reason that men die is because they are on the unconscious plane of growth; the fact that they do not understand the law of their growth constitutes their position on the unconscious plane. The world is like the race in this particular; it knows no more than the race; not so much indeed. The race represents the highest thought of the world and is the world's most intelligent evidence of development.

Unconscious growth being that form of growth that does not understand the method of its own growing is always in a very uncertain condition as regards its permanency and farther development. Anything may happen to a creature or a planet that has not reached a stage of intelligence where it can understand and direct its own growing. Our world is in this condition today. It is a baby world and its advancement so far has been all right. But who knows that this advancement will continue unless there comes a state of intelligence out of which shall emerge a godlike race of beings so creative by reason of their superior knowledge that they can direct the forces of the world into channels that will insure her permanency.

That she is not in a permanent situation at this time is easily proven. Look at the fact that the sun's heat is diminishing. Here is a sure prophecy of her death unless her children can find out the method of preventing it. Look at the comets shooting around through space and liable to wipe us out of existence unless men can come into such knowledge as will enable them to prevent it.

As I said before the world is in a very shaky position. She is in the haphazard condition where she simply yields blindly to the law of attraction, thus presenting many abnormal and dangerous conditions, when by a knowledge of the character and power and mission of the law she might learn to control her own destiny, to establish herself in a perfectly secure position and go on developing her resources on a scale of magnificence not yet even faintly imagined by any of us.

When I speak of the world's doing this I include the race of men who are a part of the world; who are the brains and hands of the world; her children whom she has brought forth on the unconscious plane of her existence, and who themselves are on the unconscious plane at this time.

It is through the intellectual growth of her children that the world is going to be developed and established in such permanency that nothing can harm her. With this development—which will result from the conscious plane of thought to be attained by man she will come into a condition of such positiveness concerning her re-

FREEDOM.

lations to the other planets and to her surroundings in general that she will not have to yield herself to any form of destruction.

Through her children the world is even now becoming creative. Scarcely a day elapses that does not witness the correction of some of her ignorant errors, and the establishment of a more harmonious method of life than formerly existed.

Man is the brains of the world, and it is he who is taking his place at the head of things and leading all the manifestations of life up from the unconscious to the conscious plane of growth. That is, to the plane of growth where thought has been born and has solved the problem of how to grow; thus putting life and all its manifestations in the hands of men.

A new era is predicted; partly no doubt because we are stepping across a century line, and partly because there is a quickening of the forces of life everywhere; it is in the nature of growth that this should be.

Our wants are multiplying; our means of gratifying our wants are also multiplying. We are becoming greater and more opulent in all ways. We begin to see that there is a universe of unexplored forces lying within our reach; and we are beginning to know that out of these forces we shall find the necessary things with which to piece out our present conditions of weakness and make them irresistibly strong.

It is a tremendous thing to me—this knowledge of the fact that man created himself, and that he now has the power to apply his creative genius to the world he lives in and make it over after the fashion of his highest ideal, just as a man will make over his house that does not suit him.

The thought has been in the minds of many asking what a man is going to do who has conquered death on this planet; asking what his pursuits will be.

To which I answer that as he is eternally creative, and since material for his creativeness lies all about him, never under any circumstances eluding his search, *he will go to work.*

Men have never worked at anything of worth so far as the power of construction goes. They have worked enough to perpetuate the race and to keep themselves alive; but this is all; their thoughts have never wandered beyond the region of their own personal necessities, and therefore they, as yet, have done nothing. The world lies here fully ready for man's operations; and now at last that his growth has become sufficient to show him a fair measure of his own power he is going to do something.

Man's field of operations on the globe is just spreading out before him; and he has nobody but himself to depend upon to keep the world in her place to all eternity if he wished to do so. He is able to manage her refractory conditions. He can do it as easily as he can direct the movements of his engine on the road; he will do it by knowing how.

Knowledge is the key that unlocks every situation; knowledge is a perpetual guarantee of man's safety under all circumstances. So long as I continue to acquire new truths just that long will I live and have my own way in all things relating to the knowledge I am acquiring.

At this time I am acquiring the knowledge that conquers old age and death; and every day there comes fresh into my mind such new and powerful thoughts on

the subject that I am becoming more and more confident of success. Indeed I can say that I see no obstacle to prevent this great object. Man's power is commensurate with his ability to think. If he thinks properly his power grows and keeps growing until ultimate triumph comes.

Last night I met several strangers, and quite unlike my usual habit I began to talk to them about these great new thoughts that are now coming so thick and fast. I cannot imagine how I came to open out my ideas to them as I did, but I would not be surprised if they themselves, made the demand upon me. I think it probable that they were ripe for the new truth, and that what I said was in response to their silent demand.

At all events when I met these people I was in one of my dullest moods and felt as silent as the tomb. Yet I began to talk to them about the power of thought to create, and gave them instances. The questions they asked me took me back to the subject of evolution, for which I naturally imagined that they were unprepared, the whole crowd being staunch church members. But they accepted what I said with wonderful avidity, and manifested an interest I could not allay in one conversation. I left them with the outlook of a broadening world before them.

Coming home the friend with me said, "How could you do it, was it not unwise?" This question caused me to think a little. I recalled the interest manifested by the persons present; how they kept slipping their chairs up closer to me, and how their eyes shone while they listened, and I concluded that I had done the proper thing. I did monopolize the conversation, which is not a polite thing, and I did give them ideas for which I would have said beforehand they were not ready. But they must have been ready for them, and it must have been their readiness that called forth what I said. It was demand and response. H. W.

WE ARE ALL RIGHT, AS USUAL.

Lest friends, reading of the fury of the storm which devastated Porto Rico, feel anxious about us we write this to let them know that while we have had heavy rains and high winds we are undamaged and doing business at the old stand same as usual.

The storm center past us about midnight on the 13th, Sunday. Up to that time the barometer had been steadily falling for twenty-four hours and the sea was exceedingly rough, indicating the steady approach of the storm. All kinds of rumors were afloat. As early as Saturday noon it was reported that the storm would reach our coast during the day, and at night while the Pavilion was literally crowded with dancers, the reports were circulated that Palm Beach and even Cocoa, the latter only a hundred miles below us, were wiped out. Strange how stories of disaster start and spread and receive credence. There was no such reports over the wires and communication was open between both these places so that those who took pains to inform themselves knew positively that these tales were false, yet many believed them, and when about ten thirty o'clock a bit of wind rose sufficient to make it desirable to close the windows of the Pavilion fronting the sea, even the wisest among us thought the gale had reached us. As, however, this portion of the coast has never been visited by the worst gales, due probably to the inward curve of the land and the outward trend of the gulf stream, no

especial anxiety was felt for our locality, but much for other sections. The wind laid as the night past and Sunday came calm and pleasant, but before the day was over we were made aware of the fact that the storm was working up the coast. The barometer steadily fell, and the wind rose, rain came with gusts of wind and when night came down the sea was a mass of foam and cottagers on the beach began to wonder whether after all it would not be safer to come to the hotel, but none came, and about midnight the barometer began to rise, the wind slowly shifted from southeast to north and finally to northwest, and we knew that the storm center which must have been far out at sea had passed. Rain fell steadily until near noon on Monday, but this was not especially undesirable. We had had no rain for some weeks and rain was desirable rather than otherwise. So far as we are concerned we have no complaint to enter against the elements. A few half-decayed trees, a rust-eaten smoke stack, a rotten pole carrying a telephone or electric wire fallen, is the extent of our damage—only what a good stiff breeze at any time is calculated to do. We are all right.

But the sea.

I wish our readers could see it in its grandeur.

At this writing we have no advices from other points on the coast but fear much that points further north have suffered. If so, our readers will have been advised through the daily papers long before this issue of FREEDOM will have reached them.

C. C. P.

GETTING MIXED.

Are not things becoming a little mixed in some ways?

Out in Colorado they are arguing that physical suffering may be caused by the mental action of another person, or by witchcraft, and the court by the very light punishment imposed upon Roberts for his brutal and nearly deadly assault upon Mrs. Rothenberg, virtually acknowledged the validity of the argument.

In New York and some other states the doctors are trying to secure the passage of laws to prevent people being healed of disease and suffering, by mental process.

Suppose now that the Colorado folks secure the passage of a law forbidding any one to wish another sick and the New York folks a law forbidding any from wishing others well, what kind of a fix will we be in?

The passage of either law, even the assumption by any that such laws would have the effect of accomplishing their purpose, is an acknowledgement of all that Mental Science claims, namely, that thought is the most powerful of all agencies and that an understanding of the law of mentality would lift the race to a plane immeasurably higher than any but the very few have ever conceived as possible.

Perhaps a few arrests and trials for witchcraft would assist in compelling the public to give thought to this matter.

C. C. P.

READY FOR DELIVERY.

The second edition of "A Conquest of Poverty," is now out and being delivered. We regret the delay in getting this edition out but it was seemingly unavoidable. The first edition was not satisfactory to ourselves although it sold rapidly through our agents and was exhausted almost as soon as received. This new edition is larger and more artistic in appearance, is improved in every way so far as printers art is concerned and will, we know, be easy of sale by agents. We expect to sell a quarter of a million copies at least, and that it will do much to awaken thought upon Mental Science lines.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

ALL THE WORLD AKIN.

Why do we publish so many stories illustrative of the intelligence of animals? Because we wish to impress our readers, and everybody, with the fact that the animals are much more intelligent and therefore much nearer akin to us than is generally supposed. We wish to arouse an interest in and love for animals as well as for men in the hearts of everybody, because we know that both what we call "the brute creation," at least our domestic animals, will benefit thereby and that man also will be the better and happier by learning to feel a sort of brotherhood between themselves and the birds and the beasts.

We are not vegetarians exactly, we eat meat and upon the present plane think it well to do so, but we can understand that there may come a time that the race may evolve to a plane when meat eating may not be necessary or desirable. It is, like all things else, a problem in mentality. We need a meat diet because for centuries of generations we have eaten meat. Gradually as the feeling of kinship with the lower forms of animated life is developed the desire for meat will die out and the need of it will die with the desire. We think therefore that we are helping forward the cause of vegetarianism when we arouse sympathy with animal life, while by arousing sympathy with and respect for animals we cultivate our own and our readers sense of the unity of all things and so bring all into more harmonious relations with the law of life, which is altogether harmonious.

C. C. P.

FREEDOM six weeks for ten cents.

MORE YOUNGSTERS.

The noted Indian, Peter Wademan of Prescott, Mich., died May 10, aged 114 years. He was married three months ago to a Polish woman.

Another New Jersey centenarian is brought to notice—Mrs. Phoebe Doty Hedges of Summit, who celebrated yesterday her 101st anniversary. Her father was James Doty, a "minuteman" in the Revolution. Mrs. Hedges is only slightly deaf, while her eyesight is good, and, with glasses of course, she reads large print, knits and weaves rag carpets.

Jonathan Norton of East Lee is 103 years old to-day and his physician says there is every prospect that he will have other years to add to his remarkable age. He seems stronger, if anything, than a year ago. All who wish to call on him to-day will be made welcome at his home at the Strickland house.

Mrs. Almira Milligan of Alford is 102 years old to-day. Yesterday she received quite a number of visitors from her native town and vicinity, who came to congratulate her upon being the oldest woman living in Berkshire.

A. Rappe, an 83-years-old bicyclist of Marinette, Wis., who is riding from his home to Philadelphia, is as peedestrian as a boy. He has been equally ambitious as a pedestrian, but he says wheeling "beats walking all hollow."

The above clippings, apparently from local papers, have been sent us by subscribers who failed to mark them with the name of the papers from which they were clipped. Judging by the number of cases reported it does not appear to be difficult to live to be a hundred years old. Better try it.

We now have to pay 10 cents for collection on every check no matter how small. If you send check or draft add this 10 cents, also two cent stamp on check.

WITCHCRAFT.

The article headed, "Revival of Belief In Witchcraft," to be found on the first page of this issue is of value as showing the peculiar condition of the public mind regarding occult matters.

According to the article referred to we have in this closing year of the nineteenth century a revival of the belief in witches and witchcraft that marked a period in the early history of this country and which has for many decades been regarded as the extreme of ignorant superstition.

If such "trials" as the one described in the article referred to shall have the effect of inducing the more intelligent portion of the public to investigate the law of mind in the light of reason, common sense and logic, it will have served a good purpose.

It may surprise people generally to be told that there exists in at least one city in the Union, and probably in others, persons, even organizations of persons, claiming to be able to exercise the powers for evil attributed to the Jewess, Rothenberg, and that they secretly advertise their readiness to torture by "the black art," or "black magic," any one whom they are paid to torture. Such is the undoubted fact and at least one of the supposed victims of the machinations of such an organization has come under our personal notice and by purely mental processes been relieved of the most excruciating and long continued suffering after a dozen of the best known physicians of the country had been successively tried and successively failed.

And what does all of this prove?

Simply that thought is the most powerful force in existence; that as a matter of demonstrated fact "*as a man thinketh so is he.*"

I do not in the least doubt that a person capable of intense concentration of thought can, if so disposed, cause bodily suffering to a person of more negative character of thought with whom, by any means, mental connection can be established; and mental connection can doubtless be made with any one not acquainted with the law upon whom one capable of intense concentration centers his thought.

In the case of Martin Roberts the connection was easy to make if, as supposed, the Jewess sought to do him harm, by the fact that he already believed in the possession by her of certain occult powers. But this by no means proves the Jewess guilty of the charge brought against her or justifies Roberts in his assault upon her. The acceptance by him of the belief in her power to fulfill her threat was sufficient of itself to produce every effect that followed. He himself and not the Jewess is the real party guilty of the offense, or at the least he is *particeps criminis* with her. He, equally with her, if she was really guilty of an effort to injure him, accepted of a belief in evil. He surrendered his mental personality to her influence; he conceded her power over him and bowed his will before her will, his personality, his "I" to hers.

Had he known his own rightful power and asserted it she would have been utterly unable to have violated his personality. It is only when the "I" of the individual abdicates its throne that another can take possession. The right of the individual to maintain its individuality is supreme before the law, and if asserted under the law is absolutely impregnable by any outside force, no matter how powerful it may be.

While one individual may possess greater power of concentration than another yet if that other rest in perfect confidence in his knowledge of his right under the law to the preservation of his own individuality it is absolutely impregnable. The law is with him, it is his shield and every projectile hurled against it, far from injuring him, will rebound against the one who hurled it. If it be true that Mrs. Rothenberg really sought, by mental effort, or by what is called "black magic" to torture Roberts, and if he had known and reposed absolute confidence in the law which grants him immunity from invasion of his personality the conditions of pain and suffering which she created in the mental atmosphere would have remained with her instead of being transferred to him, but he being ignorant of the law was thereby made negative to her positive thought and rather drew to, than repelled the thought creations which she sent.

But again the fact that he suffered does not prove the guilt of the Jewess. It is quite sufficient that he should himself have created the thought forms that caused him the suffering. Fear is the open door through which all manner of suffering enters, and any of us can produce the things we "fear" if only the fear be not weakened by hope.

As a man believeth so is he. If fear assume a certain form and be unmixed with hope, if fear hold absolute sway over a man's mind, that which he fears has actual existence to him. It can have no more actual existence to him whom it possesses, for it possesses him entirely, even though to a looker on it may seem to be non-existent. Insane people are examples of this. In so far as they themselves are concerned they are what they think they are and suffer what they think they suffer.

The remedy for the practice of black magic, or witchcraft, is not hanging, burning, or incarceration behind prison bars; neither the maltreatment of the supposed witch.

All who believe in the existence of evil, all who desire that evil shall come to another are, to that extent, practitioners of the black art. Thought is a force and thoughts of evil, the desire to injure another, has the effect of an injury proportioned to the strength or forcefulness and directness of the thought, and fails of its direct effect in proportion to the absence of fear in the mind of the one against whom it is directed and of his reliance, consciously or unconsciously, upon the law under which he claims exemption from evil.

The world of men and women must be taught the law.

Every individual member of the race must be made to know that in themselves, as a part of the infinite life resides the power to express their own desires provided, and provided only, that their desires are in harmony with the law, which is good, and good alone, and that the old saw that "chickens come home to roost" is a crude but forceful expression of a most important truth, and that whereas, because of ignorance of the real nature of the law, and of but a half faith in it, the "chickens" are often late in coming home, yet by a perfect knowledge of and reliance upon the law they may be made to remain with the mother that hatched them and never wander from beneath her wings—in plain words that the evil that any seek to do may be made to rebound upon the evil wisher and that not in the tenth or the second generation, but immediately upon the individual seeking to do evil to another.

C. C. P.

ALMOST A MAGIC CHANGE

Has Been Wrought in the Appearance of Mrs. Wilmans' New Book, "A Conquest of Poverty."

The new edition, which is now ready for delivery, is in appearance a vast improvement over the first edition, which has, however, given splendid satisfaction. This new edition is bound to make every one not only pleased, but delighted. A better and thicker paper has been used, the dimensions of the book changed, sixteen pages of new matter added, and now the new book is nearly twice as thick as the old one. Besides, we have employed an artistic designer and all-round book manufacturer, who will make this and all our future publications up to the best standard of book-making. From the standpoint of intrinsic merit, no book ever published by Mrs. Wilmans has received such enthusiastic applause as the first edition of this. In its new dress it is destined to have a sale probably unparalleled in the history of book selling. We can hardly see a limit to it. Surely every home in the English speaking world should own a copy of the present edition. It will soon be translated into German and later into other foreign languages. Its vital truths will in time be within the reach of every home and intelligible to every tongue. We confidently expect our representatives to easily sell three copies of the new edition where they have been selling one of the first edition. Many who refused to buy the other edition will, on a second call, buy this. We expect very many will order the new book and act as agents for it, at least among their friends, who did not purchase the first edition. As previously announced, the terms are \$1.50 for each eight copies ordered, our Association to pay the cost of delivery. The eight copies retail for \$4.00, leaving the agent a profit of \$2.50 on each investment of \$1.50.

The following letters are only fair samples of hundreds which have been received from those who have purchased the work. The entire edition of FREEDOM could easily be filled each week with enthusiastic letters received both from agents who have ordered and are selling the book, as well as from those who have purchased copies from our representatives. We would like to publish many, but space forbids:

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I have read your book "A Conquest of Poverty." I can now doubly assure you I appreciate its value. Permit me to say to you that it has no price—it is beyond value. Let me give you from myself one earnest, heart-felt thank you for this splendid book. Very respectfully,
 — Beauvoir, Miss., Aug. 2, 1899. R. U. DINGMAN.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—We have had excellent success in selling your "A Conquest of Poverty." It sells to the majority of people on sight, as it well deserves to do. Yours truly,
 MRS. JOHN GARDNER,
 Nevada, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your last book "A Conquest of Poverty" is the best, truest and most useful book I ever read. My wife and I have caught the spirit in which you wrote it, and hence our chief reason for handling the work is that we may spread the great truth among the class that need it most. Please send 100 copies by return express. Yours truly,
 H. J. YOUNG,
 Seattle, Wash., July 29, 1899.

And now, if you who are reading this article have not already sent in a trial order, do not put it off any longer. Send for from 8 to 24 copies any way, keep one for your own use, and, if you do not care to distribute the balance personally, hire some one to do so and at a profit to you, thus getting a copy free, making a profit beside, and at the same time giving some one something to do. Aside from all this, the truths of Mental Science are in this way spread by your efforts, in a way more effective than any other.

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 SEA BREEZE, FLA.

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Since July 20th our terms to agents selling "A Conquest of Poverty" are \$1.50 for each eight books, or eighteen and three-fourth cents each, we to pay cost of postage, express or freight.

It is costing more to conduct the selling of books through agents than we estimated, and owing to certain mechanical changes in the make up of the book, the next edition will cost more to manufacture, hence the necessity of the change in terms to agents. Since we prepay the charges on the new basis each representative can figure his profit exactly. The eight books retail at \$4.00 and cost the agent \$1.50, leaving a net profit of \$2.50 on each investment of \$1.50.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
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OUR PUBLICATIONS.

Aside from the Wilmans' "Home Course in Mental Science," our most important publication, we issue the following. All are works of the best authors upon the lines of thought which they treat:

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- A Conquest of Poverty, Helen Wilmans, paper. New Edition..... 50
- A History of Theosophy, W. J. Colville. Paper. Cloth..... 1.00
- A Blossom of the Century, Helen Wilmans. Cloth. 1.00
- Oh World! Such as I Have Give I Unto Thee, Helen Wilmans and Ada W. Powers. Two volumes, paper, each..... 50
- The Beginning of Day—A Dream of Paradise, by Helen Wilmans..... 25
- The Universal Undertone, by Ada Wilmans Powers, paper..... 15
- A Healing Formula, by Helen Wilmans, paper. Both of the above together..... 25
- Metaphysical Essays, C. C. Post. Paper..... 30
- Francis Schlatter the Healer. Paper..... 50
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- Congressman Swanson. (Fiction), C. C. Post. Paper..... 50
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- A Search for Freedom, Helen Wilmans. Cloth 1.50

The titles of the above books indicate their character, except the one called "A Blossom of the Century," this is a Mental Science book and really should be called "Immortality in the Flesh." It is a powerful appeal to reason and in substantiation of the belief that man can conquer death here on earth.

The price of every book on the list is very low in comparison with its value. Address all orders to

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"Freedom" is the only paper published whose leading and constantly avowed object is to overcome death right here in this world and right now. If you want to learn something of the newly discovered power vested in man which fits him for this stupendous conquest read this paper, and keep on reading it.

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The following property will be sold very reasonably to the right man who will contract to run a first class livery, such as is needed and will pay, in connection with the Hotel Colonnades.

The property consists of a large carriage barn 45x60 feet with storage lofts above, stables connecting with stalls for fourteen head, also feed room with room above for stableman, and six room cottage adjoining, all erected within the last 18 months painted and in perfect repair. Also seven head of horses and mules, all good stock and sound of wind and limb. Running gear will be sold separately if wanted, but of this not much is suited to livery.

Price for the entire outfit including ground \$3500. I am offering this because I do not wish to add further to my business cares and because a livery is a necessity in connection with the Hotel.

Will only sell to good man who will add a fine line of carriages and more stock, including Omnibus to meet trains. C. C. POST, Sea Breeze, Fla.

"SOMNAMBULISM" a new book by Arthur Webb and Dr. Sidney Flower. Gives full, plain and practical instructions in the art of Hypnotism. Price 25 cents, William E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass. august 9-4*

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Do you know of anyone who is adapted to agency work and whose time will permit him or her to take up the sale of our publications? Everyone knows of such people if time is taken to think about it. Young men can get a good training and make money at the same time in this way. We will have various publications for them to sell from time to time. Just now they can do very well selling "A Conquest of Poverty."

It is not at all necessary for the agent to be a Mental Scientist. We will appreciate it thoroughly if every reader of FREEDOM will send us at least one name of a likely agent. We would be glad to have each reader send us as many as possible. It may result in doing the person whose name you send us a gift favor and it is by this means that the truths of Mental Science are to be spread rapidly.

We thank the readers of FREEDOM in advance for their favor. THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION. Sea Breeze, Fla.

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RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

In response to a demand we have gotten out an edition of a pamphlet Mrs. Wilmans wrote some years ago. It is called "A Healing Formula." Some of our friends assert that it is the most helpful thing she ever wrote. The price is 15 cents.

Also a pamphlet by Mrs. Ada Wilmans Powers, called "The Universal Undertone." It is one of the most beautiful things ever written. Price 15 cents. The two 25 cents. Address International Scientific Association, Sea Breeze, Fla.

TO THE SICK AND DISCOURAGED.

The mind trained to a knowledge of its own power can cure every form of disease. The potency of right thinking has never been measured. There are divine attributes from higher realms entering into it that are of themselves so elevating and ennobling, and so positive to the lower conditions wherein disease and misfortune and inharmony lurk, that there is nothing too great to expect from a contact with it. This is true to such an extent that the very elite of the world's thinkers are putting their strongest faith in it, and advocating its efficacy above all other systems of healing. I give a list of a few out of the thousands cured by the mental method:

Mrs. R. P. W. P., Omro, Wis., of nearly every disease in the catalogue. She says she is "so well and happy." In this same place a boy was cured of secret vices after nearly ruining himself. Many cases like this have been perfectly cured when every other effort had failed. Also sex weakness in many forms; loss of vital power, impotency, etc.

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C. A. R., Rutledge, Mo., says: "I will discontinue treatment now. My health is better than for years." He had consumption.

M. T. B., Kearney, Neb., says: "Grandpa and grandma both used to wear glasses, but they neither wear them now. Grandma's hair used to be white, but it is gradually turning into its natural color."

H. W., Menlo Park, Cal., was cured of hemorrhages of the lungs.

O. S. A., Malden, Mass., was cured of chronic constipation, throat trouble, and other things.

J. S., Eureka Springs, Ark., was cured of the use of tobacco by the mental method. He is only one of many so cured; not only of the tobacco habit, but also of drunkenness.

W. S. R., Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "I wrote for treatment for a near and dear friend who was in an alarming condition from nervous prostration. Now, I am delighted to say, in one month's time the nervousness is almost entirely gone. And, the grandest feature of all, the old beliefs (insanity) are fading from his mind. The work of healing is going on rapidly."

Mrs. F. C., Earlville, Iowa, was cured of heart disease; also of liver and kidney trouble and a tumor in her side.

M. C., Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn., was cured of dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and sensitiveness.

Many persons are being cured of mental and moral defects; such as lack of self-esteem, lack of business courage, and other weaknesses that stand in the way of a successful career.

I. S., Sedalia, Mo., writes: "Under your kind treatment I am entirely recovered from nervous dyspepsia. And this is not all. I have regained a marvelous mental change. My memory is better and my power stronger. Mental Science has breathed new life into me. Such strength and courage as I now have are beyond price."

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D. B. P., Arlington, Vt., writes: "For four years I made every effort to get relief from a trouble that finally reduced me to a deplorable condition, but without the slightest success. Immediately after beginning the mental treatment I was benefited in a way that drugs do not have the power to approach. Now, after a study of Mental Science, it is very clear to me why my cure was not effected by the old methods. Understanding the law by which cures are worked through the power of mind over matter, it is easy for me to believe that the most deeply-seated diseases can be cured as easily as the slightest disorders. Too much cannot be said for this method of healing; and an earnest study of Mental Science is finding heaven on earth."

Miss I. D. Edmonds, Wash., was cured of ovarian tumor; and dozens of cases of cancer cures have been reported, as well as others of every form of disease recognized by the medical books.

These testimonials—the full addresses of which will be given on application—have been taken at random from hundreds of letters, all testifying to the wonderful power of mind healing. A good many other letters, wherein the addresses of the writers are given in full, have been published in a pamphlet called THE MIND CURE TREATMENT, which is sent free to all who want it.

Persons interested can write to me for my terms for treatment, which are moderate as compared with those of the medical practitioners. Each one so doing may give me a brief statement of his or her case, age, and sex. The address should be written clearly, so there may be no trouble in answering. MRS. HELEN WILMANS, Sea Breeze, Florida.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

—ALSO—

An Arrangement Outlined Whereby Any One in Good Standing in His or Her Community Can Transact Business With Us on a Large Scale.

One of our representatives has been doing such an enormous business that we asked him recently to tell us how he did it. Many are doing well indeed, but the orders for 100 books at a time began to pour in so very rapidly, and then a little later when these were increased to 200 at a time, and they coming very often, we took particular interest in his methods, and he has kindly given us the benefit of his experience.

He states that his first work in each town is to distribute 50 copies, leaving one with every possible customer, rich and poor alike, on a given street or streets, either business or residence. He hands out the books with a pleasant request that the parties to whom he hands them will read the introduction, dedication and preface, making the statement that he will call again within a short time. Having distributed fifty books carefully in this way, making exact note of each name and address, he begins to call again in the order in which he has given the books out. He states that thus far he has succeeded in selling six out of every ten books thus placed, or thirty to each fifty. He seems to have the faculty of so interesting the people by very few words that they will read the dedication, introduction and preface while he is gone, and he states that he finds this sufficient in six cases out of ten to make the sale. No wonder that since he is making the sale of this book a regular business his orders come frequently and for from 100 to 200 at a time.

NOW AS TO OUR PROPOSITION:

Fortunately, this gentleman was so situated from the start that he could order a large number of books and pay cash for them. Some have written in that they are handicapped in their work by lack of funds. In order to give every one a chance to do a large amount of business, we have decided to send books on letter of credit, in lots of fifty copies or more. Any one with a good reputation for honesty can get a reliable business man in his or her community to sign a letter of credit for so small an amount as is necessary to secure even 500 copies. No one who is to make a regular business of this work should order less than fifty copies at one time. Owing to the distance the books have to be sent, it is far more advantageous to the solicitor to be able to order in lots of 100 to 300. No one need order in greater quantities than in lots of 500. The price of the book in lots of fifty or more will be 18 cents each instead of 18½ cents, which is the price when ordered in lots of eight or more copies, but less than fifty. No orders for less than eight copies will be accepted at the wholesale price. If you desire fifty or more copies and cannot send cash, it will therefore be necessary for you to have a letter of credit for 50 copies, \$9.00—100 copies, \$18.00—200 copies, \$36.00—300 copies, \$54.00—400 copies, \$72.00 or 500 copies, \$90.00.

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Date.....189

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will become responsible to you for the amount of his indebtedness thus incurred to an amount not exceeding
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Signed.....

Address.....

Witness.....

This agreement must be signed by some individual, firm or bank with a satisfactory rating in Dun's or Bradstreet's agency book, in order that we may have some means of verifying the mercantile standing of the guarantor.

It must be remembered that this offer has reference to the new edition of "A Conquest of Poverty," which is described in another column of this issue. Mechanically, it is a vast improvement over the first edition, and is bound to have a sale aggregating hundreds of thousands.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION,
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The knowledge of the life principle which is unfolded in these lessons is nothing less than the law of all organization, of all growth, to understand which puts a man in a position of unrivaled power with regard to his own body and his surroundings. With the understanding of this law there will be no more weakness of any kind; no more fear or anxiety or despondency; no more failures in any department of life; no more poverty, no more of the sorrows of existence, but only its joys, its triumphs, its happiness. Careful study will enable any one to master Mental Science through these lessons. They should be in every home in the world. Thousands of letters like the following have been received:

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RENA CLINGHAM,
care Ladies Home Journal,
Metropolitan Building, New York City.

I am filled with thankfulness and love to Mrs. Wilmans for these lessons of priceless truths which are meaning so much to myself and husband, and I would especially thank you for the response which I am sure you gave to my request that you would waft a thought of desire that they might be of much good to him, my husband.

That "truth shall make you free" is becoming now to me a fulfilled promise, a possession entered into, though as yet I have but crossed the threshold, but oh, how expansive the view before me. Truly and lovingly yours,

MRS. HENRY UMBERFIELD,
Highwood, Conn.

[Cut this out or copy it and mail to-day.]

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

Sea Breeze Fla.

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Time Table No. 21—In Effect June 11, 1899.

South Bound (Read Down)			North Bound (Read Up)		
No 39 Daily Ex.Su	No 35 Daily		STATIONS.	No 78 Daily	No 32 Daily Ex.Su
4 05p	9 20a	Leave	Jacksonville	Arrive	7 30p
3 15p	10 30a	Arrive	St Augustine	Leave	6 20p
7 09p	10 35a	Leave	St Augustine	Arrive	6 15p
7 07p	11 10a	Leave	Hastings	Leave	5 30p
6 37p	11 55a	Arrive	Palatka	Leave	4 50p
5 45p	11 00a	Leave	Palatka	Arrive	5 40p
7 35p		Arrive	San Mateo	Leave	7 30a
	7 30a	Leave	San Mateo	Arrive	7 35p
6 15p	11 30a	Leave	East Palatka	Leave	5 20p
7 43p	12 56p	"	Ormond	"	3 47p
7 55p	1 08p	"	Daytona	"	3 36p
8 05p	1 18p	"	Port Orange	"	3 26p
8 26p	1 55p	"	New Smyrna	"	3 05p
8 51p	2 18p	"	Oak Hill	"	2 22p
9 30p	2 55p	"	Titusville	"	1 45p
	3 26p	"	City Point	"	1 15p
	3 34p	"	Cocoa	"	1 07p
	3 38p	"	Rockledge	"	1 04p
	4 09p	"	Eau Gallie	"	12 33p
	4 18p	"	Melbourne	"	12 24p
	4 47p	"	Roseland	"	11 48a
	5 01p	"	Sebastian	"	11 43a
	5 52p	"	St. Lucie	"	10 55a
	6 15p	"	Fort Pierce	"	10 48a
	6 41p	"	Eden	"	10 05a
	6 46p	"	Jensen	"	10 00a
	6 56p	"	Stuart	"	9 50a
	7 26p	"	Hobe Sound	"	9 18a
	7 39p	"	West Jupiter	"	9 07a
	8 13p	"	West Palm Beach	"	8 33a
	8 39p	"	Boynton	"	8 06a
	8 48p	"	Delray	"	7 57a
	9 37p	"	Fort Lauderdale	"	7 07a
	10 20p	"	Lemon City	"	6 24a
	10 30p	Arrive	Miami	"	6 15a

BETWEEN NEW SMYRNA AND ORANGE CITY JUNCTION.
Daily Except Sunday.

No. 3.	No. 1.	Station.	No. 2.	No. 4.
3 05pm	10 10am	Lv. New Smyrna.	Ar. 12 55pm	5 50pm
3 50pm	11 21am	Lv. Lake Helen.	Lv. 12 10pm	4 40pm
4 02pm	11 39am	Lv. Orange City.	Lv. 12 00pm	4 24pm
4 05pm	11 45am	Ar. OrangeCity Jcn. L.	11 55am	4 15pm

BETWEEN TITUSVILLE AND SANFORD.
Daily except Sunday.

No. 11.	Stations.	No. 12.
7 00 am	Leave Titusville	Arrive 1 25pm
7 13 am	" Mims	Leave 1 12pm
8 28 pm	" Osteen	" 11 57am
8 50 pm	" Enterprise	" 11 35am
9 00 pm	" Enterprise Junc.	" 11 25am
9 30 pm	Arrive Sanford	" 11 00am

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