

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

[From Henry W. Longfellow.]

Patience is power.  
Ah, the souls of those that die  
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.  
Nature is a revelation of God; art, a  
revelation of man.  
Thy finer sense perceives celestial and  
perpetual harmonies.  
He only is utterly wretched who is the  
slave of his own passions or those of others.  
Every great poem is in itself limited by  
necessity—but in its suggestions unlimited  
and infinite.  
In great cities we learn to look the  
world in the face. We shake hands with  
stern realities.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.  
Surely it is a characteristic thought of a  
great and liberal mind, that it recognizes  
humanity in all its forms and conditions.  
The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.  
Thus from the distant past the history of  
the human race is telegraphed from generation  
to generation, through the present to  
all succeeding ages.

O glorious thought! that lifts me above  
the power of time and chance, and tells  
me that I cannot pass away and leave no  
mark of my existence.  
Look not mournfully into the Past. It  
comes not back again. Wisely improve  
the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet  
the shadowy future without fear and with a  
manly heart.

Oh, how wonderful is the human voice!  
It is indeed the organ of the soul! The  
intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon  
his forehead and in his eye; and the heart  
of man is written upon his countenance.  
But the soul reveals itself in the voice only.

What is time? The shadow on the dial,  
the striking of the clock,—the running of  
the sand,—day and night,—summer and  
winter,—months, years, centuries. These  
are but arbitrary and outward signs,—the  
measure of Time, not Time itself. Time  
is the life of the soul.

Great men stand like solitary towers in  
the city of God, and secret passages run-  
ning deep beneath external nature give  
their thoughts intercourse with higher in-  
tellects, which strengthen and consoles  
them, and of which the laborers on the sur-  
face do not even dream of.

Dan Rice, the old circus clown, has set up a  
claim to the whole island on which stands the city  
of Galveston, Tex. Mr. Rice has in his posses-  
sion an old Mexican land grant, obtained from  
Daniel McLaren an original Spanish settler, which  
covers the claim.

The cutaneous exhalation of Alexander the  
Great, according to Plutarch, had an odor of  
violets. A smell of prussic acid is said to be  
given off by dark-complexioned individuals, while  
blondes are said to smell slightly of musk.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Given through the mediumship of Mrs.  
E. L. Watson at Metropolitan Tem-  
ple, Sunday, Sept. 20th.

[Reported for the GOLDEN GATE by E. G. Anderson.]

Mr. Chairmen, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Here are several question together, so  
closely related that we shall answer them  
as one.

QUESTION.—I understood from your answer re-  
garding suicide, last Sunday, that however in-  
visible it might be, there was no natural law af-  
fecting the spirit's condition, any more than by  
natural death. I was told by a medium in the  
city, that the person committing the act in an ob-  
sessed (not insane) condition might be ages in de-  
veloping out of it? [Developing out of what?] Is  
not the spirit as capable of asserting itself after  
passing out by suicide as by natural causes? Would  
it not be proper for a person growing more  
susceptible to take his own life before seeing his  
brain and body pass completely from his control?

ANSWER.—This question, or these ques-  
tions, are sent up by some one who is  
sick, who is perturbed in spirit, who  
needs a wholesome balsam, who requires to  
be lifted out of the conditions of depression  
and despair, which seem to be almost horri-  
ble in its agony. What shall we say to such a  
one? Do you understand what is  
meant by obsession? That seems to be  
the idea that possesses you, and yet, have  
you ever considered what is done when  
obsession takes place, if such a thing is  
possible? The obsession, possession or  
control is, and must necessarily be, of a  
mental and psychological character; and  
when a spirit controls in this way, it is  
simply a subjugation of the person's will  
to the will of some disembodied intelli-  
gence; hence control is a spiritual and  
mental act, rather than one of physical  
environment; and the physical body is  
permeated by the spiritual body, which  
wears it as an envelope, and makes it the  
medium for the communication with the  
interior consciousness.

The will, then, is the main point of at-  
tack. Or to put it plainer, the obsessing  
spirit must subjugate the will, which is the  
executive part of the soul of the subject;  
and if a person is so subjugated, he must,  
himself, labor to bring about a change in  
his mental constitution. As I have said,  
there is no positive evil in the universe.  
There are what are termed evil spirits, but  
they are precisely the same as ignorant  
human beings here on the earth. Human  
beings embodied, and human beings disem-  
bodied differ only in the locality they, for  
the time being, occupy. There are laws of  
mind, which enable anyone to repel an  
enemy, and if one is, to any extent, sub-  
jugated, by what you term an evil spirit, he  
should immediately inquire into the mo-  
tives which actuate that spirit. What does  
the spirit want? What does it expect to  
gain by this enforced association, with one  
yet in the body? For if this association  
can be forced upon you now, do you think  
the mere throwing off the physical body  
will be of any assistance to you, in getting  
rid of a psychological control. No, my  
friend, do not deceive yourself with the  
idea that you will better your condition by  
going to spirit life voluntarily. But now I  
am impressed to say to this person, that it  
is rather his physical condition than the  
mental which needs attention at present.  
He is suffering from loss of nervous equi-  
librium, and needs to consult a physician;  
one who is thoroughly conversant with the  
laws of psychological control, as well as those  
governing the physical body. One who  
can give him tonics, as well as minister to  
a mind diseased.

Now in regard to the question, as to  
whether there is any natural law affecting  
one who goes out by suicide, different from  
that affecting those who die a natural  
death; there is not. All are governed by  
the same law, and the idea that one spirit  
can unduly obsess and keep another  
spirit in darkness, and that ages may pass  
before such a one can develop out of such a  
condition of despair, is a monstrous one.  
Suicide is the result of a diseased physical  
body; for no one takes his life unless his  
nerve forces are in state of aberration, and  
thus prevents the mind from properly con-  
trolling its organization; and the medium  
who told you that it might take ages to de-  
velop out of an obsessed condition, is himself  
or herself in great need of medical at-  
tendance. The idea that one spirit can thus  
control and subjugate another, and keep it

in a state of darkness for ages, is a proposi-  
tion too monstrous for consideration.

Q.—Is the spirit life beautiful because it is  
spirit life? That is, does one who is spiritual have  
to experience vicissitudes in this life? Is a spirit  
who has persecuted others in this life so confined  
to his own sphere in the spirit world as to be un-  
able to trouble those, who, in this life, were afraid  
of him.

A.—The spirit life is subject to condi-  
tions as to happiness and beauty, just as is  
this life. Not because it is spirit life, but  
because of the immutable laws governing  
the two worlds, and it is beautiful or other-  
wise according as the person is unfolded or  
developed. The vicissitudes through  
which we pass in this world, are every one  
of them lessons and are necessary to the  
further development of the spiritual attri-  
butes.

As to the other question, no one will be  
permitted to annoy another perpetually,  
even though he had the power to do so in  
this life.

Q.—What are astral bodies?

A.—Theosophists claim that astral bodies  
are composed of particles of sublimated  
matter, drawn together by force of spiritual  
laws, and are an envelope for the spirit es-  
sence. It is claimed by theosophists that  
it is these astral or sublimated bodies which  
spirits use when they present themselves to  
human vision.

Q.—It is possible for one to be perfectly happy  
without all being in the same condition.

A.—Happiness and misery are not abso-  
lute, but only relative terms. Consequently  
one person might be happy, relatively speak-  
ing, in a given condition, while another would,  
in the same condition, be quite the reverse.  
But, in general terms, we would say that  
perfect happiness—that is perfect harmony,  
can not exist while there is an imperfection  
anywhere in the universe. But relative  
happiness and relative perfection may,  
and often do, exist in individuals. It is  
not possible for us to realize perfect happi-  
ness, for that belongs to God alone.

Q.—If matter and spirit are one and the same  
thing, as has been stated from this platform, what  
is the need of using separate terms?

A.—We will not spend much time upon  
this question this morning, for we have  
many times before attempted to define  
the terms matter and spirit.

The spiritual body, as we understand it,  
is a refined material substance which forms  
the organization or medium through which,  
or by means of which, the conscious in-  
telligence manifests itself, while the physical  
body is a coarser form of material used  
for the same purpose, and out of which  
the spiritual body is evolved, and each of  
them acting as mediums for the manifesta-  
tion of what we call mind, or intelligent  
force.

Q.—Does prayer bring the soul nearer to the  
Divine soul of the Universe, or to that of individu-  
alized spirits? What is prayer?

A.—To our understanding, prayer is  
the aspiration of the earth-bound soul  
toward the Divine, a beckoning to heaven  
in the confident belief that heaven will re-  
spond in tenderness to our earnest desire.  
For prayer is that earnest desire of the soul,  
and it is this which brings us into com-  
munion with the great fountain of all  
good. Hence, prayer must, by the very  
aspiration it brings to the soul, lift us up  
to a loftier plane of unfoldment, and in  
that it brings a harmonious state of the  
mind, which is itself an attribute of the Di-  
vine. It brings us into a state of recepti-  
vity for the influx of the good and the pure,  
and when we have arrived at that state of  
mind in which we continuously, in pray-  
er or aspire for the good, then will our  
children be conceived in that harmony and  
love which is the highest fruition of prayer;  
and they will, from their innate apprecia-  
tion of the harmony of their constitution,  
obey the laws which brought them into ex-  
istence.

Here are several questions of a personal  
character sent in which it would not be  
advisable for us to answer even if we  
could do so. One asks if he shall win his suit.

Our answer to that would be that if it is  
right, if his cause is just, and truth and  
honor are upon his side, then let him  
pray to win it; but if on the contrary, his  
case is not sustained by these, then let him  
pray for his loss even if it beggars him to  
do so; for it is a thousand times better to  
be good and true with not a change of  
raiment than to revel in all the wealth of  
Croesus acquired in an unjust cause.

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.

## THE TRUE ASPIRATION.

Is it wise in us to petition the exalted  
intelligences of the highest spheres to come  
and pour into our minds and souls the  
floods of wisdom and inspiration which en-  
rich their natures? Could we comprehend  
the vast scope of their minds and the far-  
reaching preceptions of their powers if  
they should? What would be thought of  
the wisdom of that mind that sought to  
teach the infant abedarian the higher  
branches of mathematics before it had  
even learned the value of the simplest  
numbers; or what would it know of the  
the forty-seventh problem of Euclid after  
it had been fully explained to it? Evident-  
ly, nothing; it would be time thrown  
away for naught, and the effort of both  
would be lost in vain and fruitless endeavor.  
We are but little children in spiritual  
intellect, and should ask for and seek  
those things that we are most in need of  
now and that are within the range of our  
powers to grasp; those thoughts and ideas  
that will benefit and bless ourselves and  
those around us most. We must not seek  
to bound from the dawning Alpha of Com-  
prehension to the golden-crowned Omega  
of Wisdom at once. Each letter and char-  
acter, syllable and sentence, must be un-  
derstood in their order, as we go along;  
the experiences of each hour in the day-  
school of being, are essential to the un-  
foldment of individualized power within,  
and must be earned by honest, earnest ef-  
fort, to secure that exalted and ennobling  
freedom which the soul craves.

Whoever begs for that which they have  
ability and capacity to earn, prove them-  
selves unworthy of the boon they crave,  
and should meet with prompt and absolute  
refusal. We should no more beg of the  
angels than of mortals. Physical labor is  
good for the growth, strength, health  
and happiness of our bodies; so is  
mental effort for our minds and spiritual  
effort for our souls. The great round drops  
of perspiration that are brought to the  
broad, white brows of our selfhood, by  
the performance of unselfish duties will  
enrich us here and in the future more than  
all that celestial spheres could bestow upon  
us as vagrant suppliants asking alms, that,  
if given, would be like jewels in the snouts  
of swine. We are all spiritual infants just  
entering the primary department of indi-  
vidualized being in the great school of ex-  
perience. When we have made the neces-  
sary advancement we will be promoted to  
the intermediate, and from thence to the  
high grammar department where the lan-  
guage of the divine life will be taught  
and thoughts shall flow in rythmical num-  
bers from our souls, as they now do from  
those ancient minds, that once inhabited  
earth, but now have ascended the ladder of  
unfoldment until their intuitions illuminate  
and robe them in beautiful garments of  
truth, wisdom and divine love. Let us as-  
pire to be something more than the mere  
mouth pieces of other intelligences; let us  
be men and women on the basis of indi-  
vidual worth and merit. Let us cease to be  
the parrots, that have only power to repeat  
what some other mind has evolved, the echo  
and sounding boards of others. Let us be  
men and women in the highest, noblest  
and truest sense, unfolding fountains of our  
own that boil and bubble with eternal  
truth and practical common sense. Let  
illuminating powers of the soul shine forth,  
hallowing all within, beneath, above and  
around us. Then will we be justly and  
worthily honored by the exalted of the up-  
per world, and their benign benedictions  
will fall as gently as the refreshing dews of  
heaven upon us. And silver winged harmo-  
ny will bear to our spirits the melodious  
anthems, that are chorused on the golden  
shores of celestial life, by heaven's sweet-  
est choristers.—

We may not reach the point of our desires  
And the final goal of aspiration find.  
We may not touch or feel those deeper fires  
That glow and burn in the eternal mind;  
But all we need, and all our souls can use,  
Will come when wisdom bids. Nor once refuse.  
—C. C. Peet.

An association of pharmacists has been  
discussing the old question of the influ-  
ence of plants in bedrooms upon the health  
of the occupants. The conclusion is that  
the plants are beneficial, especially to con-  
sumptives; plants without flowers being  
preferable to those in bloom.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

## MIND YOUR BUSINESS.

It would seem that when one has learn-  
ed his life's work thoroughly, success should  
follow as a matter of course; but learning  
one's business and minding it, are quite  
different things.

The world is almost demoralized by the  
one evil of meddlesomeness, which always  
means that some one is neglecting his own  
business. At close of day it is common  
to hear the expression—"Well, the day is  
gone; I have done nothing." The feet  
have trudged around from morning till  
night, the hands doing this and that, the  
person neglected, and the tongue tired  
with worrying, yet "nothing done." We  
should say much had been done, but to no  
good purpose, and the consciousness of it  
brings forth the discouraged words.

Strictly minding one's own business, is  
no very easy matter in this world of so  
many leisurely people who have never  
found any business of their own to mind,  
and are, therefore, interested in that of  
others. They call upon you to tell you the  
"news," which is invariably personal,  
and personal conversation is generally of a  
gossipy character, and all gossip is demor-  
alizing and thought-destroying; and how-  
ever indisposed one may be to listen to  
"small talk," it is contagious and is liable  
to attack the most healthy and vigorous  
minds, though it need not prove fatal if  
proper treatment is at once resorted to.

There are so many interesting and beauti-  
ful topics flowing from the fountains of  
science, art, literature, domestic economy  
and the grand, new philosophy, that it  
seems incredible there should be those  
without a knowledge of some one of them  
that would furnish such a quality of men-  
tal and spiritual food as quite to displace  
the aliment of hulls and husks on which  
thousands of souls are existing, seemingly  
without a suspicion that there is anything  
better. Minding one's own business  
means improvement in all respects, and it  
is at the same time helping others to mind  
their's, since all but fools profit by a good  
example.

While intent upon our own affairs, we  
should not be deaf and blind to the oth-  
er's needs, but ever with tender hearts and  
ready hands, give assistance in times of  
trial and woe, that are the opportunities  
given us to exercise the better faculties of  
our being, by helping those who cannot  
help themselves.

When one has learned to mind his own  
business, he is a benefactor, for then he is  
able to help others in the best and fullest  
sense.

M. PULSIFER.

## Daniel Webster's Speech in Virginia State House.

[Baltimore American.]

The late Col. Munford, who was at one  
time Secretary of the Virginia Common-  
wealth, was in his office at the State House  
one day, when a distinguished-looking man,  
accompanied by a young lady, came in and  
asked if they could see the legislative cham-  
bers. Col. Munford at once recognized,  
from portraits that he had seen, the face of  
Webster, and wishing to see as much of the  
great statesman as possible, offered to ac-  
company him through the State House.  
The young lady seemed to be a relative of  
Webster, and was very bright and piquant  
in her conversation. There was a constant  
fire of clever repartee between the two, and  
when the party reached the Senate Chamber  
the young lady, turning to him, exclaimed:  
"Now, every one says you are a great man  
and can make a speech without any prepa-  
ration. I want you to prove it." As she  
said this, she moved to the rostrum and took  
possession of the President's chair. "The  
house will please come to order. The gen-  
tleman from Massachusetts has the floor."  
"Webster," says Col. Munford, relating the  
incident, "took, as if by instinct, the most  
favorable position in the room, so that his  
voice could best be heard, and for ten or fif-  
teen minutes he spoke with an eloquence  
that I have never heard equalled. He re-  
ferred to Virginia's past, and alluding es-  
pecially to her distinguished sons, he point-  
ed out their portraits that hung on the walls,  
and described their traits in the most beau-  
tiful language imaginable." Col. Munford  
frequently told his friends that it was the  
best speech he ever listened to.

## EXPERIENCES OF THOMAS R. HAZARD.

(From the Philadelphia North American.)

NUMBER EIGHT.

\* \* Some two years previous to the decease of the late Henry Seybert I called with him and a mutual friend by appointment at the rooms of A. H. Phillips (the well-known slate-writing medium) in Philadelphia, and held a seance with him. The room was well lighted from two windows looking out on a broad street. Phillips sat about midway on one side of an oblong table, myself opposite to him, Mr. Seybert at one end, and our friend at the other. Mr. Phillips claimed that his attending spirit chemists furnished their own slate pencils. Certain it is that there were none on the table nor in sight within the room. Mr. Phillips sponged and wiped dry two slates of medium size, and laid them side by side midway of the table, directly opposite to where he and I were sitting. We then all four laid our hands flat on the surface of the table, and sat quiet. Soon we heard the sound of writing on the slate that was at the medium's right hand, and my left. The sounds were so clearly located and distinct that I think neither one of us three sitters would have hesitated to affirm to their coming from that slate on the medium's right, before a judicial tribunal. On the usual signal being given, I lifted the slate on my left hand, expecting to read what was written upon it, when to the surprise of us all three the slate was perfectly clean and free from a scratch. "Try the other slate," said Mr. Phillips. On lifting it and turning it over I found thereon a written communication of several lines addressed to me, and signed by one of my daughters. This ventriloquous trick was no doubt a ruse of the spirit chemists to remove any positive or skeptical thoughts, should any exist, from the slate on my right, so that they would not operate as a bulwark against their approach; thought, as is well known to experienced investigators of the phenomena, if positive, being often as impenetrable and impassable to spirit power as walls of stone are to physical. On hearing something fall on a distant part of the floor, Mr. Seybert left his seat and picked up his eye-glasses, which had been abstracted from his side pocket by some playful spirit. A toothpick had also been taken from my vest pocket and thrown on the table before us.

## THE BLIGHTING EFFECT OF SKEPTICISM.

Speaking of the deleterious effects produced by over-positive and unreasonably skeptical or captious minds on spiritual manifestations, I may here say that I have known quite a number of individuals so organized in these respects that it seemed next to impossible for spirits to manifest through any but the most powerful mediums in their presence, and even then but faintly or falsely. Some years ago I was in the practice of sitting with a writing medium, who held his seances in a room adjoining a bathing establishment that a gentleman in the neighborhood occasionally visited. Though of unblemished character, not a line could be obtained through the medium's hand whilst he was in the house or bath-room. Nay, whilst receiving communications with the greatest freedom and facility—everything being perfectly quiet around—I have, on several occasions, seen the pencil fly suddenly from the medium's hand without any visible cause, when, after awhile, we would hear the street-gate and then the outside door open, and in would walk Mr. Marplot, whose approach had been detected by the spirit-guides of the medium, and all the manipulations squelched, whilst the gentleman was out of mortal's hearing, on his way over an unpaved sidewalk many rods from the house, thus exemplifying the truth of the adage when applied to the spirit-philosophy, "Coming events cast their shadows before."

## SLATE AND AUTOMATIC WRITING MEDIUM.

I narrated, in a communication printed in *The North American* of May 18th, an instance analogous to that given above, wherein two gentlemen of the Seybert Commission obtained a positive test of the power of spirits to write between closed slates, and also to convey solid matter through solid matter in the presence of Mrs. Patterson, though not an inkling of the kind could be obtained whilst two other gentlemen of the Commission of equal good moral, but of a more skeptical and more positive character, were present. Viewed in connection with her automatic writing powers, I doubt whether there is a slate-writing medium in the field, superior to Mrs. Patterson, provided she be accorded the necessary harmonious conditions. But there seems to be a limit to the forbearance of our spirit friends in their intercourse with mortals of an over-skeptical and unreasonably exacting turn of mind, as I know was most strikingly exemplified by the spirit guides and chemists, who attend on Mrs. Patterson, in an instance that occurred in Philadelphia, not many months since, wherein a party of scientists, who had already received tests of the power of spirits to write within securely-screwed and sealed slates, and to pass solid matter through solid matter, as unquestionable and conclusive as were the tests accorded by the spirits to two of the members of the Seybert Commission, but who nevertheless remained so unsatisfied, that they submitted to Mrs. Patterson two securely locked, screwed, bound and sealed slates, within

which they entreated the poor medium, both by word of mouth, and by repeated adjurations by letter, to make some writing come, anything the spirits pleased, mere scratches, or any earthly sign that could be given. To cap the climax, and force, as it were, her spirit guides to comply with their demands, the learned and titled conclave reminded Mrs. Patterson and her guides, that in the ill-judged course they were pursuing, they were not only holding Mrs. Patterson's reputation in peril, but also that of every other slate-writing medium. But all entreaties and threats proved alike vain, and had no more effect than had Balaam's coaxing and belaboring, by turns, his mediumistic beast, and for a like reason, the spiritual vision of neither party being sufficiently developed to perceive the angel that on both occasions stood in the way, and alike forbade their medium to proceed. So after leaving the slates with Mrs. Patterson for six months to no purpose, the learned investigators brought them away; but not long after, at the suggestion of one of their number, who had some trifling experience in mediumistic lore, the conclave prepared two other new slates in like manner as the first, and left them with Mrs. Patterson, hoping to meet with better luck in this second experiment than in the first.

## MRS. PATTERSON AND THE COMMISSION.

Mrs. Patterson's method of slate-writing is to place a small piece of slate-pencil between two fast-locked or screwed slates hung on hinges, and hold the slates in her hand on or just under the edge of the table until the pencil appears on their upper side, when they are opened and the writing is found on one or both the slates. It is obvious that the most remarkable phenomenon of the two consists in the passing of the pencil through the slate, which cannot be accomplished by any human device or trick without first unclosing the slates, after which any amount of writing could be executed on the surface of either or both slates without difficulty by a tricky or mortal hand without assistance of any kind, whether physical or spiritual. Well, after some six months, more or less, these learned would-be dictators to both mundane and spiritual powers were notified by the medium that she thought her guides had at last succeeded in writing on the sealed slates, and taken the enclosed pencil away, as on shaking them she could hear no sound! When thus notified of the apparent triumph of the synod in the exuberance of their joy, the counsel dispatched a message to a spiritualistic friend, informing him that a full meeting of the conclave would be immediately called, in whose presence the slates would be carefully unlocked, unscrewed and unsealed, and the supposed written communication read. In reply to this communication the experienced spiritualistic friend replied that he had strong doubts of the verity in full of Mrs. Patterson's supposition, but rather thought from what he had learned of the spiritual philosophy and phenomena, and its methods, that the guides of the medium had removed the pencil as another conclusive test of spirit-power, but had forborne to write anything on the slates as a rebuke of the captious and unreasonably skepticism and unbelief of the learned body of investigators. On removing the complicated fastenings from the slates, this view of the situation of things was, to the indescribable disgust of every member of the body, found to be literally correct. "On opening the slates," said one of the conclave to a friend, "there can be no doubt that there was no pencil inside, nor was there any writing—not a scratch." So in their stolidity these manifestations of spirit-power, which when weighed in spiritual balances, convey much more than ordinary tests, were set down in the conclave's records as a failure, and peradventure, a fraud on the part of both medium and her spirit guides.

## MESSAGES ON THE SLATE.

In the winter and spring of 1884-5, I held some fifteen to twenty seances with Mrs. Patterson, at nearly or quite all of which I obtained automatic communications, and generally slate-writing, except at the four I have before referred to, at which the two objectionable members of the Seybert Commission were present. The communications given on the slates were nearly all quites hort. Those written automatically were on an average much more lengthy. I think the latter were written in the handwriting of the communicating spirits, as the chirography of them all, including the signature, is entirely different. I copy the following specimens of slate-writing from a memorandum made immediately after each seance, selecting some of the shortest so as not to burden your columns:

"I left my body in Wilmington, yet I still live."  
JOHN HARLAN, M. D.

"No germ of life can die. We go on through a limitless space."  
EPES SARGENT.

"I am Wendell Phillips. I have found life, home and happiness."  
W. P.

"One thing is certain: time and so-called death will be sure to force this truth on their notice."  
HENRY SEYBERT.

(Mr. Seybert here alluded to the Seybert Commission.)

"Kilgore used to tell me that I believed too much; but it is better to believe enough so that we may have no regrets."  
HENRY SEYBERT.

"Well, I will do better for Gordon. He is a true medium."  
SHADDOCK.

Shaddock, who was some years ago by accident on a Vermont railroad, is the chief spirit-control of Henry C. Gordon's seances for materialization and transfiguration, in which phases of the manifestation, especially the latter, Gordon is equalled by few mediums and excelled by none.

"Dear Father—Did it depend upon you, we could bring fruits and flowers from the furthest lands; but others are not so harmonious as you."  
ANNA.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Vaucluse, R. I. July 27, 1885.

## WATER FINDING—IS IT ELECTRIC?

The following article, from the Illinois *Mirror*, was called out by the reports of water-finding by Cyrus Fuller of Livonia, Michigan, Mr. Fuller has over 300 wells on his list, found by forked twigs bending over the springs beneath the ground, and no failures, as he says, save in three or four cases where rock was found and boring given up. The *Mirror* writer, J. M. Berry, says:

"To apply what we know of the nervous system, its susceptibility to the slightest electrical current, we know that water is one of the best conductors of this element. We have learned by observation and experiment that there are electrical currents passing from the earth to the atmosphere, and that these currents are formed in most instances in connection with these water veins through the earth, so that when a person susceptible to a slight electrical current approaches and passes over with a rod as suggested the electrical current causes the rod to twist. Some persons are so susceptible to this force they need no forked stick; others use but one rod. That these are electrical currents I have substantiated to my own mind by the lightning which passes from the electric cloud to the earth, always through these electric currents and as often, perhaps, from these currents to the cloud. The safety of every building, hay or grain stack, depends upon its location away from these currents. If buildings are located upon them, they should be well rodged to the current of water or other electrical attraction over or near where they set. I could cite pages of instances which have come under my observation. One of my neighbors informed me that he had a hay stack struck and burned by lightning this fall; he had put his stack over the current of water which I had designated, two years ago. A small twig of a tree, standing thirty feet from my own house, was cut down by an electric stroke, the house escaping, the current upon which I dug and found a good supply of water passing directly under this tree. In witching for water I often ask if lightning has struck in the vicinity; twice on one farm it had struck fences. I was successful in finding the post down which the lightning passed into the ground. In both these instances I was not made aware that the lightning had struck, but was put to the test to see if I could locate a current near such a fence and down the side of the pasture. The location of the current, as the farmer stated, crossed the direction of the fence and the very post, as he came to examine, where the lightning passed down. A strange coincidence this, if not the true philosophy.

"We have designated these as electric currents under the law of natural philosophy; they may be produced by the friction of running water and sand in the ground; or there may be other causes, not so well understood, which generate these currents, and here comes in consequence a failure by the water-witch. As near as I can estimate it proves to be water veins in nine cases out of ten. In this occasional failure the disbeliever denounces the whole thing as a humbug, even to that force acting upon the rods. A surveyor, trusting to his compass, is sometimes carried away from a true course by some cause, which perhaps he may not understand; and then again, in surveying, as in water-witching, the electric currents are much stronger some days than others."

Egg-shells crushed into small bits and shaken well in decanters, three parts filled with cold water, will not only clean glass and silver ware thoroughly, but make the glass look like new. By rubbing with a damp flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discolorations may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked. Again, are all of us aware that emery powder will remove ordinary stains from the white ivory knife-handles, or that the lustre of morocco leather is restored by varnishing with white of egg? Nothing, it is said, is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia, finishing with a little whiting on a soft cloth. When putting away the silver tea or coffee-pot which is not in use every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow fresh air to get in, and prevent the mustiness of the contents familiar to hotel and boarding-house sufferers.

It is predicted that buffaloes will soon be a curiosity in any part of Dakota. The overcoats made of buffalo hides have nearly doubled in price since last year. They have been generally worn Dakota, but will soon rank in price with sealskins.

## IS THERE A SIXTH SENSE?

(Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

The Toronto *Mail* asks that question, and then goes on to say that some months ago an article or two appeared in that paper respecting the power—be it clairvoyance or, as the early missionaries contended, diabolism—by which the Indians of the plains are almost instantaneously made acquainted with events occurring at points far too distant to admit of the belief that they acquire the information from runners or by means of signal fires. In India this extraordinary faculty is known as the secret mail, and European residents have long attempted to solve the mystery of it, but without much success. The theory of telepathy, of communications or impressions being conveyed from one mind to another by molecular action or some such force, appears to find favor with the *Mail's* correspondent. It is accepted by many European scientists of note, and has recently been the subject of several papers in the *Nineteenth Century*. It may be well to explain, for the benefit of those interested in this new branch of metaphysical research, what the Indian of the northwest really believes about the so-called visions he sees, usually after undergoing a ten or twelve days' fast. In the first place he holds that one spirit, as he terms the mind, can establish communication with another by channels other than the two senses of seeing and hearing. Then he says that when this line of communication has been established, the mind of the receiver conveys to the eye of the receiver, or throws upon the retina of his eye, a picture or vision of the subject-matter of the communication from the sender. Thus, an Indian whom we shall call A is just being drowned in the Bow river at Calgary. His spirit, by this unknown process, opens communication with the spirit of B, his brother, who at that moment is five hundred miles away at Fort Qu'Appelle, B's spirit being in a proper condition to receive the message. Forthwith the message is depicted upon B's sense of sight, and he sees a representation of the drowning of A—of the upsetting of a canoe, of his struggles for life, of his final disappearance, of his wet garments and death-struck face. The receiver, B, does not, be it noted, actually behold the drowning, but merely the image or representation of it as cast upon the retina by some occult system of photography, the instrument being, he knows not what, but the message transmitted from the spirit of A being the primary cause as well as the subject of the vision. Holding this belief, the Indian sorcerer or medicine man is able to place implicit faith in some of the ghost stories told by white men, and to account for them on grounds which, if telepathy be a fact, are scientific. Thus a white man who avers, as scores have done, that he saw a friend standing by his bedside in the night with dripping clothes and pallid face, this friend having been drowned in mid-ocean at or about that precise moment, is at once asked if he is weak enough to suppose that the friend, existing as a disembodied spirit, could possibly make his way from the other world to that bedroom in those wet clothes; also if he could possibly do so without being observed by others. This rude question has disposed of many a vision of the kind, the person who saw it being driven to conclude that it was a delusion. He argues that it is easier to believe that it was a delusion, than to believe that a drowned man or his manes could perform such an exploit; ergo, a delusion it was.

But medicine men would say that he did not see either the drowned man or his ghost; that, in fact, there was no such figure in the room; but that the drowned friend had flashed to him the fact of his death and the circumstances attending it, and that the subject-matter of this communication had been thrown upon his sense of sight. It was not necessary, therefore, that the spirit of the person drowned should have come from the other world in wet clothes or at all, or that it should have been visible to others. The *Mail* says in conclusion that:

"Whatever modern science may think of the poor Indian's theory, it certainly affords a more plausible explanation of appearances after death, admitting that they are possible, than any our superior civilization has been able to invent."

## The Chinese Belle.

(Cor. Chicago Tribune.)

A Chinese belle is a curiosity to Chinamen, as well as to Christians. Even her own countrywomen look upon her with as much wonder as admiration. One reason of this is her rarity. No ordinary community can afford the luxury of possessing more than one or two such dazzling charms. As speech with the male sex is of course forbidden, her features, eyes, cheeks and silent lips must all be eloquent. Her skin must have great firmness of texture to endure the continual coating of white paste and vermilion paint which the laws of her being enjoin. Her feet must not exceed three inches in length, or one inch in breadth. The finger-nails of her last three fingers must be as long as the fingers. These last two points are the especial glory of Chinese fashion. Her daily life does not differ much from that of a lady of fashion in the days of Peeps or the younger Walpole. Suspicious of the

morning mists, she never rises before noon. Breakfast is served in her own room by her servants. This languid meal over, she begins the serious business of her life. Hair by hair, supported by three or four hairdressers, she attacks the tangled locks in whose adornment she finds her chief pride. Both mistress and maids labor for three or four hours, with snatches of rest, and thoroughly exhausted with their task, at six o'clock sit down to their dinner. Each province has its separate method of dressing the hair, eighteen in all, and the fashion of the woman's hair betrays her residence. The handsomest coiffure is worn by the women of Khan Lu, that boasts the beautiful cities of Son Chow and Shanghai. Strangely enough, the belle is the only woman in China who has a shadow of freedom. She is allowed to go to theaters, and even pay visits, with far less surveillance than her less favored sisters. There is something in the black patch which she wears next her left temple, or by the corner of her mouth, that checks any attempt at impropriety. A belle, of course, never walks, and rarely waddles, but is almost always borne in a sedan chair. She is an adept in the language of the eyes, and through these silent windows can signal more persuasive arguments than fame with her hundred tongues.

## AN EXPERIMENT WITH A STRANGER.

(New Hampshire County Journal.)

Our reporter had another sitting with Dr. Slade this week, to satisfy himself more fully regarding the reality of the phenomena he had before witnessed, and understood that the doctor would give Northampton people an opportunity before long to witness the peculiar manifestations. Some strange physical phenomena were witnessed at our reporter's second sitting. His own chair, while he occupied it, was pushed violently backwards from the table about ten inches, the slate was snatched, as at the previous seance, from Dr. Slade's hands, and reappeared on the other side of the table, four feet away, and another slate was snatched under the table and a hole broken through the middle, as though a bullet had been fired at it. Looking under the table, we could discover no projecting object which could make such a hole. Further directions were given as to the amelioration of the reporter's deafness, and one of the messages was given on the reporter's closed slates, while he held them on the floor under his feet, for about the space of thirty seconds. Finally, the reporter asked the privilege of trying one of Prof. Zoellner's experiments, as described in his work, "Transcendental Physics." The doctor rather demurred at this, saying he had not tried it since returning to this country, and he doubted if it could be done. He, however, held a slate with a pencil partly under the table, about five seconds, and took it out with the words thereon written, "We will try." The reporter then took two clean slates, placed one on the top of the table-leaf, at the corner, with its edge even with the table-edge, and another slate under the table-leaf close to the edge, in the same manner. Under the slate on top had been placed a short piece of pencil, and the object was to see if writing could be obtained under the slate, on which there was no pencil. Dr. Slade grasped both slates and evidently held them firmly against his side of the table-corner and the reporter did the same on his side. Scratching was heard, and in less than a minute both slates were removed. Writing was found on the slate under the table-leaf, while under the slate on top was found the pencil placed there. The message read: "We cannot do more now. Let this be proof." Comment would seem to be needless. If the reporter ever had his senses actually awake he thinks he did then.

Dr. Slade expressed his surprise at the success of the experiment, and Mr. Simmons, his agent, told us afterward that he was more surprised at his allowing the trial, as he seldom consented to experiments of any kind with strangers. If they could not be convinced by the simpler phenomena, they would not be, though an angel from heaven appeared, he said.

Our venerable friend, Prof. J. B. Turner, of Jacksonville, Ill., in a recent "log cabin sermon," said: "Our three great log cabin men—Lincoln, Garfield, Grant! What a trio! What a triumph of the log cabin over all the other palaces of the globe! The toil of whose lives saved the Republic, and whose tragic deaths did more to unite in one solid brotherhood of hearts these fifty millions of people than all the policies of their lives. They thus give an eternal lesson of highest import and inspiration to every man on this continent, young or old. I would impress it as the great lesson of the passing hour. I wish every young man here to-day to perpetually heed and remember it, and realize that he, too, was practically born in a cabin; came naked into the world; and can clothe himself with nothing worth keeping except as, following in the footsteps of these great leaders, he schools himself to some one of the multitudinous forms of hard work indispensable to the conquest of the world, the lack of which no birth, no genius, no patrimony, can supply."—*The Index*.

## SLATE-WRITING AT CASSADAGA.

[A correspondent of the *Buffalo Courier*, writing from Cassadaga during the Camp-Meeting, gives a very pleasing description of the place and the people. After naming the inducements held out for those who know and those who do not know the truths of Spiritualism to visit the Camp, he says:]

"So in flocks the tide of humanity with its earthly bundles and baskets, with its soul-burdens and heart-aches. Here comes the sneering doubter, putting in his cry of 'humbug,' everywhere, so as to make sure he shall say it at the right time.

'Be a little less positive and a little more discriminating,' says Cassadaga; 'you destroy conditions, my friend.' 'Oh! humbug; these conditions what are they?' says our doubter. 'Conditions,' says Cassadaga, 'are the universal laws that govern physical phenomena. Would you have butter? Get your cream in a proper receptacle and then agitate in proper manner, and in due time investigate and find your butter separate and visible. So these phenomena of spirit intercourse have laws to be observed. Agitate by all means, and investigate in accordance with these laws, but don't make a bomb shell of yourself and scatter all possibility of finding the truth.'

After describing other visitors, the location of W. A. Mansfield is reached. An account of his mediumship is given as follows:

"Around the entrance to his room there is always a throng. Men and women carrying slates, going in with eager expectancy, coming out, some puzzled, some weeping with joy, but all satisfied that they have seen manifestations of a power strange and unaccountable under any known natural law. Let us investigate. We will go to the store and buy two new slates, and taking them to the pump, scrub and wash off every mark and blur. We go to his room, a bare, unplastered one, well lighted, door and window wide open. Examining carefully we find no chance for hidden machinery. We are told that here is a kind of telegraph station, and we are to write messages to our spirit-friends. We take a little slip of paper, write thereon the name of some one in spirit-life and a question. This slip of paper we fold and roll into a hard pellet. We are allowed to write five or six of these. They can be prepared as well before coming, and on your own paper. These (you still holding the slates to prevent all chance of fraud) you mix up until they have no more individuality to you than sugar-coated pills. While you are thus engaged, Mansfield is out of the room spinning over the gronnd, joking with one, racing with another friend. By the time the pepper-pellets are prepared, he rushes into business. A power seizes him. He breaks off a morsel of slate-pencil not larger than a wheat-grain (you can bring the pencil if you choose), tells you to hold it in your closed hand for a moment and then place it between your slates yourself. At his bidding you pick up one of your paper-wads and hold it in your closed hand. Now he asks, where will you have the slates—over on a board fastened at the side of the room for a shelf, in the middle of the table, or where? No; you will hold them as you have been doing all the time. You lay them on your arm, holding them there with your hand. Mansfield touches them lightly with his fingers, or if the power be strong, leaves them to your entire guardianship. In a moment you hear the sound of hurried writing between the slates. You feel the pressure on your arm, then come three distinct raps on the slate. The medium says the paper ball in your closed hand is a question asked of some spirit-friend, speaks that friend's name, says you will find the answer to it on your slates; and asks you to look between them. You do so, and find on those slates, so conscientiously scrubbed, so devoutly clung to, a written answer to one of your questions on paper, and the name of the spirit you addressed signed to it; sometimes even the *fac simile* of your friend's penmanship. You unroll the paper you have been holding in your hand all this time, and find the question and name tally with the answer on the slate.

"If the communication is a long one, you find the slate-pencil nearly gone. This is no mind-reading, no psychometry, no juggling trick, for you have had it all your own way much more than if you had been dealing with a common telegraph office. If you send a telegram from one point to another on our earth, and your answer comes to you from the person you telegraphed, do you doubt, do you suspect the operator? Do you think the pure electric fluid sent back an intelligent answer to your message? Or is it not according to common sense to suppose that your reply comes through another operator at the other end of the line, and if it be an answer to your question, do you not believe it to be dictated by the friend you addressed? Do you know of any telegraph operator on any line on earth to whom you can take a sealed message rolled up in a hard package, held closely in your hand and addressed to a distant friend in a distant place, who will read that sealed communication in your shut fist and obtain an appropriate answer? Yet here this is done many times a day. Can it always be done? you ask. No, sir. The battery may be weak, and the seeker of an angular, caviling disposition, such as infest the world and make it uncomfortable to all who come within hailing distance. To be a medium is to wear your nerves on the outside; to a

sensitive organization these human nettles blister and exasperate beyond control. We all know of those whom we had rather miss than meet, who pin us to the wall and strike us dumb. Conditions must be favorable, but you will get no fraud. If Mansfield cannot get *en rapport* with those on the other side, he says so, and no bribes can induce him to try. That he is honest, no one doubts. That this slate-writing, exactly as described, takes place, there are thousands to testify. But what is it? Not loose electricity, not formless psychic power. No intelligence can come from force of any kind that is not subject and under control of intelligence. We leave you this time with the conundrum—what is it?"

## Photographing the Invisible.

[Light, London.]

The latest, or rather the supposed latest, triumph of science is photographing the invisible. Objects too faint to produce visual impressions on the human retina leave distinct impressions on the sensitized dry plate, and gelatine and silver accomplish more than the most sensitive human eye. The practiced eye of the astronomer, aided by the highest telescopic powers, observes millions of stars that are invisible to the unaided vision, but a mechanically-arranged telescope, with a sensitized photographic plate as a retina, registers the existence of myriads more, too far removed from earth to produce visual impressions on the most sensitive eye, aided by the most powerful optical instruments.

All this is very interesting, very wonderful, and possibly very true, but other facts, probably, more interesting, wonderful, true and important are turned from with open or ill-concealed disdain, more important because the former have special relation to physical and biological laws of terrestrial importance, whilst the latter not merely refer to the phenomena of this life but point to a future state of existence of which this is but the transitory preliminary stage.

If the alleged phenomena of Modern Spiritualism be true, they appeal to precisely the same kinds of evidence as those by which ordinary mundane facts are established, and their solution is more important because they foreshadow, if they do not prove, a condition of existence the outcome of the present, and possibly, though not demonstrably, of limitless duration.

If psychography, which may be observed in the full blaze of daylight, and in any apartment, be genuine, and thousands of honest, creditable and competent witnesses affirm that it is so, why do not the leaders of scientific research, the men who profess to seek truth for truth's sake, carefully and courageously examine the phenomena, which may be had under conditions that render imposture impossible?

## The Sexes.

The Hebrew women are the longest lived and the colored men the shortest. It appears from the gathered statistics of the world that women have a greater tendency to life than men. Nature worships the female in all its varieties. Among insects the male perishes at a relatively earlier period. In plants the seminate blossoms die earliest, and are produced in the weaker limbs. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman endures longest, and will bear pain to which the strong man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than female. Deverga asserts that the proportion dying suddenly is about 100 women to 700 men; 1,080 men in the United States in 1870, committed suicide to 285 women. Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, hydrocephalus, affections of the heart or liver, scrofula, paralysis are far more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption, on the other hand, is more deadly to the latter. Females in cities are more prone to consumption than in the country. All other countries not disturbed by immigration, have a majority of females in the population. In royal families the statistics show more daughters than sons. The Hebrew women are exceptionally long lived; the colored man exceptionally short lived. The married state is favorable to the prolongation of life among women. Dr. Hough remarks that there are from two to six per cent more males born than females, yet there are more than six per cent of females in the living population, from which statistics we conclude that all women who can possibly obtain one of those rapidly departing men ought to marry, and that, as men are likely to become very scarce they cannot be sufficiently prized by the other sex.

The most recent light on the unsettled question of the precise manner in which coal was formed is furnished by the researches of Mr. Edward Wethered, who has been convinced by a microscopical study of coal from English mines, that the beds were not formed by forests, but that fossil trees, so familiar to botanists, grew in them. The coal itself—that is, the plants which ultimately formed it—he regards as of aquatic habit, growing in a manner similar to modern bogs, though of much larger extent.

## MATERIALISM.

Editor of Golden Gate:

There is so much incredulity among all classes in reference to the departed appearing a material form, and that skepticism is but increased by some professed medium attempting to procure them, that it would be desirable to have convincing proofs of the fact.

I will briefly narrate what I have seen, with a hope that it may have some effect in removing that incredulity. Having attended several seances of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes—it will be remembered that they were said to have been exposed by a woman in Philadelphia, who induced Robert Dale Owen to believe that she had personated Katie King for them; and he was much distressed about it in this life, but it would appear he attained a clearer perception of it in his present life.

Col. Olcott, however, having investigated it, and found conclusive evidence that the woman had practiced the fraud in consideration of \$1,000, received from the Christian (?) Association, yet the first report was effectual in breaking up the exhibition of those good medium and worthy people.

General Lippot, of Washington, D. C., having witnessed their mediumistic power, and being well satisfied that great injustice had been done them, was instrumental in getting them to visit Washington, and give some seances. It was in a private residence, where all the conditions were carefully guarded against deception; the first demonstration was in the parlor, in the dark, when Mrs. Holmes was controlled by an Irish woman with a full, rich, unmistakable brogue, and then by a boy of a lively, precocious turn, musical instruments floating through the room. The guests were patted. The boy gave me a perceptible punch, with the exclamation: "How are you, California," but the more remarkable feat was placing a large ivory ring on my arm, while I was holding both hands of the medium. The cabinet seance was more remarkable; Mr. Holmes being locked up in a box, in a small room, the only opening into the lighted parlor, curtains intervening; there were two of my acquaintances appearing and fading away in a greenish light before they closed the curtains. One, my dear son, who had but recently passed over, the other, a dear friend; both appeared twice, but for a short time.

But the most wonderful test now occurred. My friend, General Lippot, requested me that if Jack King appeared to ask him to write him a note. A tall, fine-looking man came out of the cabinet into the lighted parlor. I was informed that he was Jack King. I asked him if he would write a note to his friend General Lippot. He replied in a full, loud voice, "I will try." I gave him an envelope and pencil; he returned into the cabinet; the curtains coming together leaving no light in the cabinet; he soon came out, gave me the card upon which was written, "Be of good cheer, my portrait will soon speak." When I showed the envelope to the General, he said the writing was much the same as that on a former occasion. "But what does it mean?" "Well, come to my house and see." He then showed me a very good likeness of Jack King; the same black eye, black beard, painted on white satin; gaudy plumaged birds, old ruins with inscription in the back grounds, a beautifully drawn female nude figure ascending in the distance. "Well, who painted it?" I will tell you all I know: Jack King instructed me, through the medium at Philadelphia, to get the satin, the paints, brushes, etc., and place them in a room where I lodged, lock the door, and allow no one to enter until instructed. I did so, and in ten or twelve days was instructed to go in, there I found the picture as you see it. If he did not paint it no one else could.

At other seances I witnessed many materialized forms. Benjamin Franklin came out in the room, as perfect as life, and I doubt if any living person could personify him as we saw him. A tall, bearded, fine-looking gentleman came out, jeweled belt and small sword, which he drew from the scabbard with deliberation, and with infinite grace held it up, with the same deliberation replaced it. He returned to the cabinet, and came out again repeating the same act. No one knew who it was. Mrs. Holmes said he never appeared before. The question was put if he could make himself known, responsive raps said yes by alphabet; it spelt o g e l, and then an interception. He then came out and with difficulty pronounced "Ogelthorpe." He evidently had not attained that proficiency which practice had given Jack King.

There could be neither collusion or deception in those seances, and all must be convinced of the reality of materialization who witnessed them; yet one lady in the audience said it was a fraud, because she put up her foot, when in the dark seance, when she was patted on the shoulder and felt nothing, she evidently thought it must be a material body. All I can say is, that if that ring was not put on my arm without a solution of continuity, and those persons were not embodied spirits, I shall be as much at a loss to know

as the fellow, who wrote coughphy for coffee. If it didn't spell it, what in— did it spell? LIGHT.

## The Theodore Parker Spiritual Fraternity.

[The Secretary of the above society, Mary E. Wallace, contributes the following to the *Banner of Light*.]

On the 19th of March last was organized in New York City the Parker Spiritual Society, the promoters of which have since changed the name to the Theodore Parker Spiritual Fraternity. Since the 12th of April, services have been held regularly every Sunday. These now consist of a free conference in the afternoon, and a discourse, followed by tests from mediums, in the evening. I here append a brief statement of our purposes and principles.

The objects and aims of the T. P. S. Fraternity, as stated in our certificate of incorporation, is: "To teach a reverence for the Supreme Being, and Spiritualism as the basis of an exalted religious faith and life"; but these are amplified in a card issued by the Fraternity.

No. 4 of the card contains the following: "To establish a more profound and reasonable respect for the Bible and other sacred books." This has been particularly criticised in some quarters as showing too much regard for the Bible; and in reply I would suggest the following:

1st. A reasonable respect logically implies a respect for only that which is reasonable; hence we practically and substantially put the Bible in the same category with any other text-book, and eschew any and everything which cannot conform to the laws of correct thought and established facts. Can Spiritualists afford to take any other position? Can we afford to be unreasonable? Are the leaders of our glorious dispensation prepared to give an unreasonable respect for "sacred" literature, or to declare that no respect should be shown pages aglow with the inspiration of past ages?

2d. Here as elsewhere great numbers of good people formulate their religious belief from the better portions of the Bible, and refuse to critically consider its errors or absurdities. To reach these people we propose using the only weapon which the theological schools employ to fetter the reason and misdirect the religious nature of nominal Christians. From the churches we obtain many of our best Spiritualists, and we can the more readily reach them by demonstrating to them that the Bible is only valuable as a record of spirit-communication; that all else is mere human inference, human guess-work or human error; that when we have abstracted Spiritualism proper from the Old and New Testaments, we have left only a grinning skeleton. The old deacon put the "fiddle" in the choir, because he said, "it had served the devil long enough, and it must now be made to serve the Lord"; and we propose employing the Bible to serve the cause of Modern Spiritualism, because it has, in the hands of our enemies, too long fettered freedom of thought and the aspirations of good souls, who would respect truth if they could be made to see it. Can any true Spiritualist complain of this? Is it unwise or inadmissible to turn captured guns upon our enemy?

The services of our Society are conducted with dignity, propriety and liberality. The morning and evening discourses, in culture, research and profound religious thoughts and experiences, are not inferior to those of the best pulpit orators of this city. Our membership includes such names as Prof. Kiddle, whom Spiritualists all over the continent regard as a wise teacher in spiritual matters, and who has paid the price of modern martyrdom in obedience to the behests of his immortal friends. Our membership includes mediums who have "won their spurs" by firmness and forbearance in the face of opposition, as energetic as it has been unwise.

I trust I am not misunderstood. Our Fraternity lays no claim to martyrdom; we are humble, unpretentious workers, and invite the sympathy and co-operation of Spiritualists everywhere. We have chosen a special line of duty, and are very hopeful of a large fruitage. Our fashionable churches are honeycombed by believers in Spiritualism. They only want an excuse to be classed as our friends, and we propose paving the way that their transition may not be harmful to their self-respect or social standing. Our old-time leaders have rendered yeoman service in our cause, but a time may arrive when a husbandman needs other tools than a breaking plow. Spiritualists should do more than scold, they should teach. Many do. Critics may be wise, gentle teachers, and they may be mere "pudding-sticks," only fitted to excite a commotion, without reference to results.

Of the future of our Fraternity, we are very hopeful; without lessening the numbers of other societies in this city, we anticipate a large increase of our own. At present we are rich in all the elements of a devoted and united membership. Spiritualistic papers, and other literature are to be had at all our services. Our weekly conferences and sociables are well attended and interesting, and we hope, by humble, untiring and devoted work, to deserve the respect and sympathy of Spiritualists everywhere.

To you who have done so much to wed the angel world to ours, I hope the above may not be uninteresting.

## A SOMNAMBULISTIC WONDER.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

A special dispatch from Montreal, Canada, says: The residents of a little village not far distant from this city are greatly excited over the strange actions of a young lady who is at present stopping at the residence of her uncle. It appears that within the last few months she has exhibited all the symptoms of somnambulism. While apparently asleep she would rise, and with her eyes tightly closed would walk down stairs in perfect safety. It was found that after performing these singular feats she would return to her bed, and on awakening in the morning could not recall the circumstance to mind. A short time ago her friends, who regard her present state with great anxiety, tried an experiment. One evening recently, when she was found walking in her sleep, a gentleman, procuring pen and paper, requested her to write a letter. She obeyed mechanically, and sitting down, wrote a note to an absent friend, correct in every respect, although her eyes at the same time were closed. A singular fact was that the writing throughout was excellent, the words being written precisely along the lines. At times she converses while in this state quite correctly. Recently, though exhibiting the same symptoms, she has kept her eyes open, which, however, only give a vacant stare. On one occasion, while starting out for a drive, she became unconscious, and the next moment revived only to be found in her old state. She was asked to drive, and at the bidding of a friend took the reins. On returning home she became herself again; and when acquainted with her strange actions felt greatly surprised. The young lady is about 18 years of age. Several doctors have expressed themselves as puzzled with the case, and she will be taken to Boston to visit some of the lights of the medical profession to see if any relief can be afforded.

## ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Annie Chambers Ketchum has been appointed to the chair of Belles Lettres and Elocution in St. Mary's Institute, Raleigh, N. C.

Mrs. Ramabhai, a (Hindoo) widow in India, instead of cremating herself on her late husband's funeral pyre, has gone into business as a book-seller.

Miss Adelaide Rudolph, of Cleveland, O., has been selected as the Latin professor at the State University of Kansas. She is a niece of Mrs. Garfield.

Miss Alice Gardner, a student of Newnham Hall, Cambridge, England, has been elected out of twenty candidates professor of history in Bedford College, London.

Miss Caroline W. Hall, a Boston girl, daughter of architect John R. Hall, recently took the second prize for oil painting in the academy of fine arts at Milan, Italy.

Miss Leona Call has filled a Greek professorship in the Iowa State University so acceptably since her brother's death that it is likely she will be formally elected his successor.

Kate Field's repertoire of lectures this season will consist of talks on "the Mormon Monsters," "An Evening with Charles Dickens," and her well-known entertainment which she has styled, "A Musical Folly; or, Eyes and Ears in London."

Helen Hunt Jackson had in her literary style all the robustness of a man and all the delicacy of a woman; her mind was enriched constantly by study and travel; her talents were most versatile and her pen most ready.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

Miss Julia Pease, a Vassar graduate, and daughter of the late ex-Governor Pease, has charge of 6,000 acres of land in Texas. Her home is at Austin, with her mother, where, in addition to her other duties, she superintends the education of the three children of her dead sister.

Frau Emilie Hirsch, the Target Queen of Germany, is dead, at the age of thirty-four years. She carried off a first prize at the grand shooting festival held in Vienna in 1880, and thereafter was so uniformly successful that not a few societies paid her the honor, unprecedented in the case of a woman, of excluding her from their competitions.

Mrs. Mary Safford, of Detroit, Mich., gains a comfortable income by making and selling mince pies and English plum pudding, the real old-fashioned kind, such as our grandmothers made. The puddings, put up in three and six-pound packages, will keep for months in good condition, and commands a ready market, not only in Detroit, but in many Eastern cities.

One of the English railway companies has supplied all its employes with red neckcloths, the wearing of which is to be compulsory. The object of this regulation is to furnish porters, guards or switchmen with red flags that are always at hand, and can be employed in the event of any sudden accident, or the derangement of the regular signals.

We would say to the healthy man who is seeing hard times in Kansas this year, "Emigrate." No man in good health need see hard times this year unless he was born tired and never became rested.—*Nickerson, Kansas, Register*.

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## THE GOOD TIME COMING.

It has been the dream of the prophet, the poet and the sage, in all past ages, that some time in the dim future the earth would be inhabited by a higher order of humanity; that a time would come when all weapons of carnage and death shall be converted into implements of husbandry, and "nations shall learn war no more." We are yet far from that halcyon period of universal justice and harmony; but the portents of better things are multiplying on every hand, and the heart of the philanthropist—of every enlightened soul—is made pulsant with the foretaste of that "good time coming."

If the worse than wasted energies of society—and by this we mean all the appliances of warfare, either of men or means; all the machinery of law for the punishment of crime, and the means for the maintenance of asylums for the insane, sick or poor; all the useless professions of law, medicine and theology—if all of these diverted or wasted forces were directed in channels for man's highest good, as they will be in that golden future, what a living joy would not the work of the world become!

Not that the exercise of these energies is not necessary now, in the various directions intimated, but in the coming time the occupation of the soldier will be supplemented by the arbitration of moral forces. Man will deal justly with his fellows; hence, there will be no use for courts of justice, or for prisons; and as enlightened science, wedded to human affection, shall dominate all phases and periods of life, sickness, insanity and poverty will disappear from the world, and the occupation of the doctors of both body and soul will be gone for ever more.

This must be the outcome of humanity, else all evolution is a delusion of science, and Nature, in her wonderful unfoldments, is a stupendous falsehood. The revelation of the rocks, telling us of crude and extinct forms of life that were the prophecies of higher forms now inhabiting this planet; the unfoldment of the planet itself from star-dust, and its start on its fiery swirl through space; its gathering and cooling crust, and its millions of cosmic changes eons of ages before the first crude cell pulsated with being; the eternal creative force ever pushing upward through the lower forms of life, till man at last stands erect with brow radiant with the light of reason—all these, we say, are but figments of an idle fancy, else the sun will yet rise on a world redeemed—not through the blood of a crucified God, but by and through the eternal workings of nature's omnipotent forces in the realm of man's spiritual and intellectual being.

Although seemingly far away, the duty of all true souls is to faithfully work and patiently await the glorious fruition. And the more earnestly and harmoniously each does his allotted duty, the sooner will come the dawning of that glad day.

## NOT IN PUBLIC.

"Why," inquires a correspondent, "do not you Spiritualists bring your mediums before the public, in some of our large halls, and give the people a chance to investigate the phenomena which you claim can be witnessed in their presence. Facts are what the people want."

For the reason, we answer, that in large halls, and in the presence of promiscuous crowds, is not the best place to witness or investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. In such places will usually be found numbers of carping and unreasoning skeptics, together with many indifferent and idle spectators, who care nothing whatever for the truths of Spiritualism. These people bring retarding and oftentimes vicious magnetism, which operate as a bar to spirit manifestation.

The right place to investigate the phenomena is in the small circle, and in the privacy of one's own home. Here may be found honesty of purpose, and those conditions of harmony which are absolutely essential to the best manifestations of spirit power.

There are many persons who seem to think that it is a matter of great importance to the spirits and to Spiritualists that they should be convinced of the truth of the spiritual phenomena. They seem to think that it is the duty of mediums to go out of their way to produce the evidences of spirit existence for their particular benefit. They remind us of the story of the consequential colored preacher, the Rev. Quako Strong, at the gate of St. Peter. He thought his very title and influence while on earth, were sufficient to secure for him a ready entrance to the Celestial City; and that St. Peter would stand obsequiously, with hat in hand, to bid him welcome. He soon found that he was not of the slightest consequence in the Saint's eyes. After having been kept waiting for a long time, while a mighty terror chilled the marrow in his bones, he was finally permitted to creep in, glad enough to acknowledge himself the good-for-nothing, no-account darkey that he really was.

So it is with some of our arrogant, would-be investigators into spiritual things. When they

shall learn to lay aside some of their pride of intellectual smartness; when the somewhat humiliating thought is permitted to enter their heads that there are some facts and phenomena in the universe, that possibly they are not familiar with; in short, when they shall become humble and earnest searchers for the truth, then may the angels conclude to remove the scales from their eyes. Until then it matters little to spirit or mortal whether they believe or not.

## BARBARIY.

"Some of the coast negroes of Africa still worship the shark, and regard its stomach as the road to Paradise. At most once a year they try to propitiate it by offering it a ten-year-old child. The little victim is bound to a post in the sands at low water and left to the tide and the shark."

That is one kind of barbarism. Civilized people have another. They turn not one but half a dozen little boys and girls out of each family on an average, into the public streets and by-ways to amuse and instruct themselves according to chance, which is never propitious.

If some monster floating on this tide of danger should swallow them at once, it would be infinitely better for them and this world, but they are not so fortunate. They have their freedom in the sands, and plenty come along to instruct them how to propitiate the great fish without being eaten in a hurry. But they are eaten all the same; vice in all its hideous forms lays hold on them, and they are pinched and torn and dragged about until they more resemble monkeys than human children.

Great stress is laid on barbarity abroad, while worse is tolerated and unrepulsed at home. The children of our own country are being devoured, and who shall save them?

## OUR ASYLUM.

The Poles, the Jews and the Jesuits, seem to be the despised of the world. The dismemberment of Poland is a blot upon Russian history that time can never erase. Russia is a persistent persecutor of the Jews to-day, and Austria is expelling Polish subjects from her empire; all classes alike are being cast out. But the Jesuits are subjects of particular aversion. Since 1570, when Venice banished them, they have been driven out respectively from Holland, France, Spain, Russia, England, Germany, Italy, and also by the South American Republics and Mexico, while France has just outlawed them a second time. The United States has been more than an asylum for the oppressed and persecuted of earth. The only class ever yet excluded are the indigent of the old world.

Just how long the North American Republic can maintain itself in peace and prosperity against the comers of all nations, is a growing question; for it is a fact that foreigners are the chief disturbers and complainers against the government, laws and regulations of our country. Coming from lands where they had few or no rights at all, their minds run daft on the subject in a free country, where good wages soon improve their physical conditions above their mental capacities; what they cannot appreciate nor understand, they would pull down and tear to pieces.

## DEAD MEN'S BONES.

Great men's bones are a source of endless bother. When one dies his body must be long guarded by soldiers to keep off the human ghouls that hover round like buzzards for their prey; and then after long years their bones may be missing, and the real trouble begins. Since newspapers were invented, they have abounded in graphic description of the resting place of Christopher Columbus. Now, there has been a lively dispute going on between Cuba and San Domingo about the bones of the great discoverer, both claiming the honor of possessing them. On the 10th inst. there was held a convention at San Domingo under the auspices of the President of the Republic, at which the evidence upon this subject was to be considered, and it is to be hoped the dispute is settled for all time. The bones of A. T. Stewart are still on their travels, but the world is not much concerned. In fact human bones are of no value above the purpose of phosphate or anatomical study. It is not in human nature to love and cherish a skeleton; flesh and blood often constitute a very precious being, but when the soul is fled we follow its flight and forget the perishing form. A hundred years hence, there will be little ado over bones of the dead, when there will be less interment and more cremation.

## THE NEW STAR.

The scientific world has recently been startled by the sudden appearance of a new star in the constellation, Andromeda, which may be thirty million times as large as our sun. Dr. Harting, the famous Russian astronomer, confesses that he does not know what to make of it, and Richard A. Proctor, the English star-gazer, is equally non-committal. All they know is that the star at once blazed into life, and that it appears to be a new agglomeration of matter and force suddenly created, or brought together by laws not yet even to be guessed at by our science.

Should this star turn out to be a sudden creation, then what becomes of the nebular hypothesis of Laplace? By this hypothesis, ages of slow accretion of star dust would be required before such a blazing sun could even be thought of.

We are inclined to think that our astronomers are at fault, and that no such sun has suddenly flashed upon the world. We shall wait for further light from that quarter before we shall consent to abandon the well-established nebular theory of world-building.

Dr. Perkins, magnetic healer, and Mrs. Perkins, trance medium, have returned from their trip to the country, and re-established themselves at No. 36 Geary street.

## JUSTIFIABLE SELFISHNESS.

Governments, like individuals, can only prosper, in a temporal sense, except in proportion as they are selfish—or, in other words, except as they look out for themselves.

In the present undeveloped condition of humanity, there could be no such thing as individual acquisition of property, without the exercise of selfishness. Who would recognize the Brotherhood of Man, in its broadest and deepest sense, must necessarily share with his less fortunate brother; and, as the family household has many of this class, it is easy to be seen that no one could get far ahead, in the accumulation of property, if he honored all the fraternal claims and demands upon him.

Self-preservation is a law of individual as well as of national life. It is always justifiable in either. In the former it prompts to the acquisition of property as a protection against the calamities of life—as a shield from the necessities of old age. In the latter it suggests those measures that shall best perpetuate and protect. And this, too, more or less regardless of the comforts and wishes, not to say rights, of others. This is justifiable in the nature of things. It is far from being the highest or truest order of associate or individual life; but then we must remember that we have not yet reached, by many degrees, the highest order of living.

This thought may be illustrated in the condition of a person clinging, in mid-ocean, to a log with just buoyancy enough for his own needs. Whoever would seek to appropriate this log from the original claimant would do so at the peril of both; hence, as but one could survive, and that only by the seeming cruelty of drowning the other, it would require no nice sense of justice to determine which should go under.

This brings us, by a roundabout journey though it be, to the application of the principle of justifiable selfishness to the question of Chinese immigration.

Asia with her arrested development and effete civilization, possesses, nevertheless, the numbers and the ability to overwhelm this country and take possession of her industries. Would it be wise or well for us to allow her to flood this land with her surplus millions of busy, thrifty workers? Have we not already been too liberal in this regard, not only with Asia but with other nations? This is our log. We found it drifting in the vast ocean of time, and took possession of it. It may be very good in us to be willing to share it with all the world; but it would indicate a great lack of worldly wisdom, especially if through our liberality we are compelled to take water. Besides the world would never thank us for it.

Aside from all considerations of justifiable selfishness in the exclusion of the Asiatic from this country, there is an insurmountable social objection which should determine our course in this matter. The two races cannot assimilate or interblend with each other. They never have in past ages, and it is too late to expect them to begin now. The Chinaman comes here for no such purpose, but simply to make the most he can out of us, and then gather up his bones and return to the "Flowery Kingdom." Although his labor may help to enrich our country, yet we regard it as too dearly bought riches to warrant us in continuing it.

Hence, it is well that we have put up the bars to further accessions of that race. Those already here we cannot in honor deny the right to live by the labor of their hands. We must either do this or else support them as criminals or paupers. Intelligent selfishness would naturally suggest the former.

## FREE GOSPEL.

The question is often asked, Why not make the Sunday ministrations of Mrs. E. L. Watson at Metropolitan Temple free, like those of other religious societies of the city?

We may answer for the Board of Managers of said meetings, in our own way; first, that other religious meetings are only free to those who have the moral obtuseness to shut their eyes, or look the other way, when the contribution plate is suggestively placed before them. No collections are taken at the Temple, the moderate admission fee of ten cents being considered a more satisfactory method of meeting the expenses of the meetings. Besides, any person desirous of attending the meetings, who cannot afford the admission fee, will be freely and most willingly supplied with admission tickets upon application to Mr. Dodge or any other member of the Executive Committee.

Another answer to the question is, that many ignorant people regard these Spiritual meetings as a sort of a monkey show, where they may expect to see something to excite laughter or wonder. And so, if the meetings were free, numbers of such people would drop in from idle curiosity, and finding no cabinets, or array of stuffed curiosities, to amuse them, they would soon slide out, to the annoyance of the speaker and audience. Such has been the experience heretofore with free admission to these meetings.

We may add that the Temple meetings attract large, cultured audiences, of people who attend to be instructed, and who prefer to pay a uniform admission fee rather than submit to the annoyance of a contribution-box.

The same answers will apply to the Washington Hall and other Spiritual meetings of this city, where a like fee is exacted.

## SPIRITUAL BOOKS.

We have received from the gifted inspiritual lecturer and author, Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, copies of two of her best works, "Mysteries of the Border Land, and the Golden Key," and "The Phantom Form." The former is a large and elegant volume of about 550 pages, which, from a casual examination, we find to consist of a series of thrilling narratives of a spiritual character. The latter is a volume of less pretensions, as to size—just of the right compass for a single evening's perusal. It is the story of a selfish and

jealous woman's life on earth, and her after experiences in spirit life, written by herself through Mrs. Fox's excellent mediumship. There is a fascination about this book that will hold the reader's closest attention to the end. Indeed, all of Mrs. Fox's writings are of this character. She wields a truly gifted pen. "The Phantom Form," and, we believe, several others of her works, first appeared in serial form in the *Spiritual Offering*, of which she, with her husband, Col. D. M. Fox, are editors. Spiritualists will find many jewels of thought in the above works.

## STILL AT IT.

Under the above heading the *East Side Times*, published at Millville, Shasta county, Sept. 19th, has this to say of the renewed manifestations of the "Shasta Ghost":

From recent reports from Fisher ranch it is ascertained that the great "Spook" is still at work. The manifestations are as usual quite varied, rock throwing being, however, the principal attraction. It is said that tracks are to be found in the vicinity of the house which do not resemble those of any known animal. The "Spook" has also become communicative, and now writes answers, on a closed slate, to questions asked by the girl Annie. A picture was also drawn on the slate and the words "this is me" written under it. Not having the opportunity to visit the Fisher place this week we are not prepared to further explain the present manifestations. From the character of these later manifestations it would seem to bear out the doctrine of Spiritualism or Spiritism.

IMPOSSIBLE.—"When mind has gone just as far as it can, it has come to God." So says an eminent divine. Since there are as many grades of mind as there are human beings, it follows that there must be a vast variety of conceptions of the Divine Being, and if God is willing to be worshipped under the multiplicity of forms and ideas of his simple children, then he must be equally satisfied with those great minds who have sought him all through the ages, and failing to find him have cried out, "There is no God!" Minds that have gone just as far as mind can go, have found it impossible to conceive of a God, which is the best evidence of His existence. God is not for man's comprehension, and when one undertakes to tell what he knows about God, he is simply blaspheming.

HARPS OUT OF TUNE.—"All human bodies are like delicately constructed Aeolian harps, moved by the slightest air that blows upon them."—And by what rude blasts most of them are made to pour forth their melody! Often it's delicate chords are broken, and life seems devoid of joy and sweet sounds, but the varying airs that make our joys and sorrows come safely at intervals, and find the torn harp mended and ready once more to vibrate in concord. Poor human bodies! They are at the mercy of not only the fitful elements, but of the deadly forms of life borne upon their softest breath. Inhaling the fresh draughts of heaven, we take into our house of clay, hosts of the enemy that sooner or later cast out the rightful occupants, and the harp is no more set to the wind.

FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.—The current number of this excellent bi-monthly is at hand, and, as usual, is richly laden with good things, editorial and otherwise. There is a spirit of genuine liberality permeating the pages of this magazine that we much admire, and which should commend it to all Spiritualists. This, we regret to say, is not a virtue in very lively practice among average freethinkers or liberals; hence, we prize it the more when we see it illustrated as it is in the *Freethinkers' Magazine*. Spiritualists are naturally freethinkers, with the difference that they have attained to a positive knowledge of a future life. Given the necessary amount of proof and all freethinkers must necessarily become Spiritualists.

OLDEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.—The oldest paper in the world is the *Pekin Gazette*, having been established in the year 911, and published regularly since 1351. It has lately taken a new lease of life, and under the new management it issues three editions, being, respectively, the official gazette of the middle kingdom, the commercial journal, the third being composed of extracts from the two first editions. The total circulation of the three issues being fifty-one thousand copies. With all this, and much more, China is almost a changeless land, and this is no better shown than in its one hundred and fifty millions of women and girls who are wholly uneducated and cannot read its *Gazette*.

CHOLERA.—There is a strong probability of the United States having a visitation of the cholera, and the possibility of its ravages in a great city like New York is fearful to contemplate. It is asserted by the best authority that the death rate in that city exceeds its birth rate year after year, and that if it were not constantly recruited with fresh material from Europe and the rural regions, it would soon be as desolate as Palmyra. Over a thousand deaths weekly is the record of New York city; add to this the mortality that cholera would cause, and it would only require a few days to vacate every tenement house it contains, that in themselves are villainous death-traps.

HIS DAUGHTER MARY.—John W. Marshall lived to old age; he told and retold the story of the discovery that made his name famous, and saw it oft repeated in print. Since his death the legend has taken a new version: Mr. Marshall did not himself find the first piece of gold, but his daughter Mary; and hence Mary Marshall's name will in time supplant that of her father's in California history. Just how her name was kept out of the matter all those years, and how it is now before the world, remains yet to be told. The newspaper world will get a morsel of something new and interesting in this woman and her relations to the most fascinating tradition of our State.

Fifteen hundred telephone instruments in Buffalo, N. Y., are supplied with electricity made by the water-power of Niagara Falls.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Back numbers of the *GOLDEN GATE*, containing Mrs. Watson's funeral discourse, and her answers to questions at the Temple; also Mr. Allyn's account of the "Psychic Girl of the Sierras," can be had at this office.

By request, the editor of the *GOLDEN GATE* will deliver his lecture, "The Better Way," (lately delivered by him in Oakland), before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, at 2 P. M. Sunday, Sept. 27th.

A social will be given by the First Spiritual Union on Friday evening next, Oct. 2d, at the lower hall of the Metropolitan Temple, on Fifth St.; entrance on Jessie St. Mrs. Watson will be present and an invitation is tendered to all.

Mrs. E. L. Watson's lecture next Sunday evening, at Metropolitan Temple, on "The Ideal Home," is one of the lectures she recently delivered in the East, and which received the highest encomiums of people and press. It is said to be one of her grandest efforts. Everybody should hear it.

The lecture by Mrs. Clara S. Foltz, last week, at Irving Hall, on California's grand but dead orator, Col. E. D. Baker, is spoken of by the city dailies in high terms of praise. She had her theme thoroughly at heart, and spoke with a grace and vigor worthy of both herself and subject.

Charity for others faults should be a cardinal virtue engrafted upon each Spiritualist. We are preachers of purity, honesty, liberality, love and charity. Let us try to practice what we preach. Let us try to live the higher life as much as possible.—*Light for Thinker*.

That is the true gospel, Bro. Kates. If Spiritualists would only act upon this principle, what shining lights would they not become to the world.

It is evident that the farmers of California will have no good cause for complaint on account of crops this year.—*Exchange*.

That is not what's been the matter. The crops have been too big for the market and prices, and they are likely to be so the present season. What farmers need everywhere these times, is a sufficient diversity of crops in all farm products, that would enable them to constitute an exchange among themselves, and not sell at all. This would bring up the prices and help them to a different living. The Grangers undertook to do this, but the average farmer is not benefited by their operations.

Arnama is the name of a new colony being established in Tulare county, three and a half miles west of Hanford on the branch railroad. The land is offered at seventy-five dollars per acre, lowest price.—*Exchange*.

The association and history of this locality are not very inducive to new-comers, and if they are considered, its accession of settlers will be slow. Railroad lands are always valuable, and the opportunity is probably a safe one to invest in land, if not for a home, to sell when the towns shall have grown and values increased. When all other business ventures are unsafe, one may invest in land and be sure of getting full, if not increased, returns.

Georgia proposes taxing bachelors two hundred and fifty dollars per year.—*Exchange*.

This in itself is good, but whether its result would be so, depends upon the appropriations of the money thus collected. There are so many channels in which money can go—public channels, those leading to the city and State government, in which officials swarm like bees, that it would more than likely find its way into the receptacles of bifurcated government, and be doled out in ten-cent pieces for drink and cigars. There is a numerous and growing class of people to which money should rightfully be donated—not the Benedictines, as one suggests, but unmarried women who neither drink, smoke nor chew.

"Much learning shows how little mortals know."

And thus should the wise be modest, as the truly learned are. The main difference between the ignorant and intelligent is, that the former know so little that they think they know everything, while the latter know just enough to see that they know nothing, comparatively. When we reach this point on the road to learning, we have gone a great way, and are in a situation to comprehend more and advance. Ignorance is loquacious; knowledge is still; one talks and the other thinks. But there are exceptions. Some have a great, yet unostentatious, way of displaying their learning, while others as successfully conceal it. It is easy to distinguish between that which flows from an empty head and what comes from intelligent mental activity.

"MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE."—At Washington Hall, on Sunday last, Mrs. Minnie Kasten delivered an able discourse on "Marriage and Divorce," in answer to Mgr. Capel's recent lecture on the same topic. It was an eloquent plea for the uplifting of woman in all directions of her nature, and especially in the marriage relation. The celibacy of the Catholic priesthood, and the position of the Church on the question of divorce, were sharply criticised. She made many telling points which were roundly applauded. We had expected to publish most, if not all, of her discourse; but the manuscript furnished us is not in a shape for the printer, being more especially prepared for the lecturer's use than the printer's. The lecture was listened to most attentively, and the speaker created a most favorable impression in her behalf.

BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENT.—The Spiritualists who meet at the small hall, in Metropolitan Temple, on Wednesday evenings, have appointed a committee to prepare a special programme for their next Wednesday evening's meeting, the same to be given for the benefit of Mrs. Pet Anderson and her invalid son. The latter is very ill, and the anxious mother is giving him her entire attention, and of course to the neglect of the practice of her mediumship—her only method of obtaining a livelihood. Remember Wednesday evening, September 30th, and, if possible, attend.

## NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

A shark will kill a negro, but will not eat him. Artificial human ears made of celluloid are new.

Krupp is at present chiefly manufacturing guns for China, Turkey, Japan and Egypt.

The Orleans family subscribed 50,000 francs for the cholera patients at Marseilles.

China is said to have lost 100,000 men in the Tonquin war and France only 10,000.

Central Park in New York is becoming noted for the number of suicides on its grounds.

Subscriptions to the Grant Monument fund in New York last week amounted to \$50,000.

German geologists estimate that the Dead Sea will be a mass of solid salt a thousand years hence.

The Mexican National Railway Company is negotiating a loan of \$30,000,000 in London and Paris.

Nebraska shows its increase in population, since 1880, of about 290,000 souls—from 452,402 to 740,000.

In France all the cows are milked on the left-hand side, and the off-horse is always called the night one.

Tobacco grows wild in various parts of Nevada, being merely a weed among the universal crop of sagebrush.

There are in the United States over 45,000,000 head of swine, which are valued at more than \$226,000,000.

St. Petersburg has now over seventy miles of horse railway. The first car was started just twelve years ago.

A stage line established 100 years ago between Skowhegan, Me., and Quebec, a distance of 200 miles, is still maintained.

In a row between factions of a Polish church at Milwaukee last Sunday a number of persons were cut with knives and bruised with stones and clubs.

Over 750 Chinamen have arrived at Delta to work on the California and Oregon Railroad extension, and everything is life and bustle in that town.

There is much excitement in New Mexico, Texas and Arizona over the discovery of a vast silver deposit in the Sabinas Mountains in Chihuahua.

The proprietors of the Black Diamond coal mine, near Seattle, have given orders that all Chinamen employed therein be discharged and white men employed in their places.

Since the importation of ostriches to Southern California began, the Government of Cape Colony has put on a \$500 export duty, in order to keep the birds and the business at home.

St. Paul and Minneapolis, practically one city, contain together over 25,000 people, and are among the most striking illustrations of the phenomenal growth of American cities.

On the continent of Europe railway locomotive engines give only one short, low whistle on approaching a station. In England they keep up a soul-piercing scream for several miles.

Of 615 successful candidates for matriculation at London University, in June, 100 were women. Three of the women received prizes for proficiency, and one of them headed the honor's list.

A Professor at the University in Berlin having tried it, says that it takes ten times as long to commit to memory eighty meaningless syllables as it does to master eighty that have meaning.

Londoners are complaining of the dirty condition of the Thames, and the Lea is said to be getting so inky and foul that residents on either of its banks fear it will start an epidemic of fevers.

At Crescent City one day recently the merchants on the principal street had to close their doors on account of a swarm of bees which made themselves a nuisance in their search for sweets.

Grape growers in Los Angeles county advertise for men to pick and dry their fruit. Only whites are wanted and no Chinese need apply. The pay is \$1 per day with board or \$1.50 without. There is an abundance of work for steady men.

England does one-third of all the banking business of the world. The Bank of England holds one-seventh of all the deposits of Great Britain. The total amount held is, in round numbers \$27,000,000,000.

Six of the clergymen who made a recent bicycle tour of Canada traveled a hundred miles in a day. The same distance has been covered by professional riders in ten hours, but on a smooth track with the lightest of wheels.

An Italian doctor recommends the internal administration of borax for cholera in doses of seventy-seven grains each day. He believes that it not only destroys the microbes in the intestinal canal, but also in the blood.

In Harney valley, Or., is a tract of land which was taken up as swamp, but upon which the owner is sinking an artesian well for irrigating purposes. An ex-State official is said to hold a large block of these "swamp" lands, which he informed some possible purchasers was "capable of cultivation if thoroughly irrigated."

The strike among 25,000 cotton operatives in Oldham, England, against the reduction of 10 per cent in wages, which has now lasted almost six weeks, is becoming daily more severe, and many families have entirely disposed of their household goods. Ever since the strike began the trade of the town has been at a standstill, and presents anything but the usual busy appearance.

J. J. Owen, who made the San Jose Mercury a second Springfield (Mass.) Republican, in fame and influence, is now publishing in San Francisco a weekly, called the GOLDEN GATE. It is a splendid specimen of the typographical art, and while its leading object is to elucidate and defend the doctrine of modern Spiritualism, it contains enough of other matter and treats so largely upon other subjects of general interest as to make it a really valuable and desirable family journal—the very best on the Pacific Coast. If it receives only half the support which it merits, it will soon prove to be a power in the field of journalism.—*Berkeley Advocate.*

"THE GOLDEN GATE" is the title of a new Spiritual paper that has recently made its appearance in San Francisco, California. It is a large eight-page paper, and one of the finest appearing journals on our exchange list. The reader is requested to peruse its advertisement in our advertising columns. And we here give notice to the Spiritualistic papers of the East that they must look to their laurels. The Golden Gate, if it continues as it has commenced, will be no mean competitor for subscribers in the Spiritualistic ranks.—*The Free Thinkers' Magazine.*

## GEORGE ELIOT.

[Hester M. Poole in Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

In reading the admirable "Life of George Eliot," we have much that is interesting of the views, as well as the incidents, of a notable person, whose thoughts are always deserving of notice. Among other things about women, she writes:

"What I should like to be sure of, as a result of the higher education for women, is their recognition of a vast amount of social unproductive labor, which needs to be done by women, and which is now either not done at all or done wretchedly. I believe, and want it to be well shown, that a more thorough education will tend to do away with the odious vulgarity of our notions about functions and employment, and to propagate the true gospel, that the deepest disgrace is to insist on doing work for which we are unfit,—to do any sort of work badly."

This is a truth upon which all thoughtful persons agree. Again she writes:

"One must continually feel how slowly the centuries work toward the moral good of man. I believe that religion, too, has to be modified, 'developed,' according to the dominant phrase—and that a religion more perfect than any yet prevalent must express less care for personal consolation, and a more deeply awing sense of responsibility to man, springing from sympathy with that which is most certainly known to us, the difficulty of the human lot."

Here comes a truth which women must sometime learn, in these words:

"We women are always in danger of living too exclusively in the affections, and though our affections are, perhaps, the best gifts we have, we ought also to have our share of the more independent life—some joy in things for their own sake. It is piteous to see the helplessness of some sweet women when their affections are disappointed; because all their teaching has been that they can only delight in study of any kind for the sake of personal love; they have never contemplated an independent delight in ideas as an experience which they could confess without being laughed at. Yet, surely, women need this sort of defense against passionate affliction, even more than men."

In view of the mortifying "re-actions" which are taking place among those who are numbered with progressive people, how wise is this sentence:

"One has to dwell continually on the permanent, growing influence of ideas in spite of temporary reaction, however violent, in order to get courage and perseverance for any work which lies aloof from the immediate wants of society."

Again, how wide and sweet are these views upon religions:

"All the great religions of the world, historically considered, are rightly the objects of deep reverence and sympathy; they are the record of spiritual struggles which are types of our own. In this sense I have no antagonism toward any religious belief, but a strong outflow of sympathy. Every community met to worship the highest good (or God), carries me along in its main current . . . the very nature of such assemblies being the recognition of a binding belief or spiritual law, which is to lift us into willing obedience and save us from the slavery of unregulated passion or impulse. (Mark the expression!) And with regard to other people, it seems to me that those who have no definite conviction which constitutes a protesting faith, may often more beneficially cherish the good within them, and be better members of society by a conformity based in the recognized good in the public belief, than by a nonconformity which has nothing but negatives to utter. Not, of course, if the conformity would be accompanied by a consciousness of hypocrisy. That is a question for the individual conscience to settle."

Unfortunately, George Eliot declined to consider at all the power of mind over mind, or the subtle power of mind in the realm of clairvoyance and spirit communion. The influence of George Lewes was against it. But Mr. Cross indicates her own condition in the following extract: "In all that she considered her best writing, she told me that there was a 'not herself' which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit, as it were, was acting."

Was not this "not me" a real inspiration, in which, for the time, she was lifted into the condition of the characters she was describing?

Mr. Cross continues: "Singularly free from the spirit of detraction, she was always anxious to see the best and noblest qualities of human beings or of books."

Her whole soul was so imbued with, and her imagination so fired by the scientific spirit of the age, that she could not conceive that there was, as yet, any religious formula sufficient, nor any known political system likely to be final. She had great hope for the future, in the improvement of human nature by the gradual development of the affections, and by the 'slow, stupendous teaching of the world's events,' rather than by means of legislative enactments."

"She was keenly anxious to redress injustice to women, and to raise their general status in the community. This, she thought, could best be effected by improving their work,—by ceasing to be ama-

teurs. She was, and wished to be, above all things, feminine, so delicate with her needle and an admirable musician.' She was proud, too, of being an excellent housekeeper, an excellence attained from knowing how things ought to be done, and from an inborn habit of extreme orderliness. Nothing offended her more than the idea that because a woman had exceptional intellectual powers, therefore, it was right she should absolve herself from her ordinary household duties."

"It will have been seen from her letters, that George Eliot was deeply interested in the higher education of women, and that she was among the earliest contributors to Girton College. . . . In her view, the family life holds the roots of all that is best in our mortal life. . . . It was often in her mind and on her lips, that the only worthy end of all learning, all science, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love each other better. Culture merely for culture's sake, can never be anything but a sapless root, capable of producing, at least, a shriveled branch."

"George Eliot was neither an optimist nor pessimist. She held to the middle term invented by herself, of 'meliorist.' She was cheered by the hope and belief in the gradual improvement of the mass, for, in her view, each individual must find the better part of happiness in helping another. She desired to impress on ordinary natures the immense possibilities of making small home circle brighter and better. Few are born to the great work of the world,—all are born to this. And to the natures capable of the larger effort, the field of usefulness will constantly widen."

The great lesson of a large and noble life, is compressed into a few sentences: "Try to make the home circle brighter and better." If anything is supremely admirable in the great writer, it is this: she was loyal in every relation, and lifted it into something better than angelic. She lived and she inculcated living faithful to duty. The learning of the world is little compared with this. If she believed less than we could desire, in the future, she made it up by preparing for it in the only way, by doing the work of every moment just as well as her trained intelligence and true heart could do. No egoism allowed her to ride over obligations to others. She lived her life faithfully, honestly, with high objects in view, while all hearts who knew her, were made richer and better by her companionship. That choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world, might well rejoice when her voice was joined to theirs."

## A Wonderful Tunnel.

[N. Y. Herald.]

Deep down under the rustling corn-fields, green meadows and peaceful woods by the faint yellow light of innumerable smoky lamps, and the intermittent cold gleaming from white electric lights, 6,000 grimly men are toiling night and day, so that the water supply of New York may flow through twenty-eight miles of solid rock. It never ceases, this grinding and cranking and whirling and dull booming of powder explosions, save for two hours out of the twenty-four, when 3,000 men, drowsily, crawl out of the dim shafts on the surface of the earth, to eat their meat and bread, and to go to sleep, while 3,000 other men take their places. Since the first of the year these cold, trickling caverns and shafts have been drilled and blasted continuously. Hundreds of powerful steam-drills, driven by streams of compressed air from wonderful shining engines, eat into the hard rock like so many steel parasites, and mountains of torn gneiss and shining mica have been piled up around the shafts as the work went on. In two years from next September a tunnel of thirty-one miles will stretch from Croton Lake to the reservoir in Central Park, through the brick and stone lining, of which will gush a body of crystal water, more than enough to supply the metropolis plentifully. For all these blessings and the proud distinctions of owning the longest rock tunnel in the world, the city will have to pay at least \$33,000,000 or perhaps \$60,000,000. The Mount Cenis tunnel is seven and one-half miles long and cost about \$15,000,000, while the St. Gothard tunnel is nine and one-fourth miles long and cost very little more. Few people in the city have any idea of the marvelous rapidity with which the aqueduct tunnel is being made. Over 8,000 men are employed in the work—6,000 underground and 2,000 on the surface. At the bottom of the shaft the miners work in two directions, so while one set of men are drilling southward, there is a set of men in another shaft working northward to meet them. These shafts are about one mile apart, yet so delicate and accurate are the plans of the engineers that in no case, they declare, will the line of the tunnel be more than one inch out of the way when the miners in the different tunnels meet each other underground.

It has been discovered that the famous tree from the bark of which quinine is obtained furnishes no quinine except in malarial regions. If the tree is planted in a malarial region it will produce quinine. If it is planted in a non-malarial region it will flourish, but will not produce quinine. It is therefore claimed that quinine is simply malarial poison drawn from the soil and stored up by the tree.

## INDIAN MAGIC.

[Abridged from "Gassell's Saturday Journal," July 18th.]

"I was travelling through Anam with a party of German officials when we stopped one night where a number of musicians were resting. There were six, four men and two women, all small except one, who was gigantic. I made their acquaintance, as I was then interested in legerdemain, and won their good-will. They were eager for me to show my skill. I did so, but in every case they caught me and laughed at my efforts, excepting in one trick—the 'Pharaoh's serpent,' so much in vogue some years ago."

"After I finished, the doors were closed, and only those admitted who paid a small fee, and soon, the apartment being filled, the magicians began. The audience sat on the floor around them, so that the performers had no way of concealing themselves or of hiding anything. At their request I satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the enclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators. The light was now lessened, and the woman's face became gradually illumined by a ghostly light that extended over her entire body. She then moved round and round, uttering a low, murmuring sound, gradually quickened the pace until she whirled about like a top. Then the light that had clung about her, seemed to be whirled off and assumed a pillar-like form beside her; then she stopped, turned, and began to mould the light with her hands until it assumed a form, with face and headgear. She next called for a light, and, all the candles being relighted, there stood a stranger, seemingly evolved out of cloud-land. He stepped forward and grasped my hand; his hand was moist, as if with perspiration."

"The lights were lessened, but not so much that we could not see; and in a few moments the new figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar, or form of light, and then, attached itself to the woman, was seemingly absorbed into her form. All this was done before, at least, fifty people, and not ten feet from myself. The woman appeared exhausted."

The gigantic man next took his place in the ring, and, handing a sabre to me, said: 'In five minutes I wish you to behold me.' I objected, but he said it had been done many times; so I finally agreed. In the dim light he twisted himself about, grew perceptibly smaller, and finally stood before us so gauzy, that I thought I could see through him. The five minutes past, I took the sabre and struck his neck a light blow, when, to my horror, the blood squirted, and the head fell upon the floor; then the body stooped, picked it up, held it up in the air, and then placed it upon the shoulders. Full light being restored, there stood the giant grinning."

"The blood? That has faded away. All the party now stepped into the ring, and began to chant and move about. In a few minutes they ceased, and we observed that one was missing, though no one saw him go. A moment after, the whirling was repeated, and another was found to have disappeared, and so on, until in fifteen minutes only the giant was there. More light was now called for, a noise was heard at the door, and on its being opened there stood the five! That ended the performance for the night. I sat up well into the morning, trying to make out how it was all done. The natives said it was magic, and I began to think that it was the easiest way out of my difficulty."

"The following day another performance was given at mid-day. The giant, as I called him, caused the audience to sit on a grass plat, leaving a circle of about twenty-five feet across, and in this magicians took their places, the giant opening proceedings, by taking a roll of ribbon, and, by a dexterous toss, he sent it up fifty feet or so, where we saw a hawk dart at it and carry it up higher, until we nearly lost sight of it. It then seemed to enter a cloud, and there came sailing down the ribbon, a dog, then a snake that wiggled off the moment it touched the ground, but was captured by the men; then a larger object came sliding down, and one of the women, leaping forward, received and held out to the crowd—a laughing native baby. The giant had all this time held the end of the ribbon; and letting it go now, it seemed to disappear in the air; at any rate, we saw it no more."

## INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING.

Mr. Fred Evans, the popular young slate writing medium, by request, will hold a select developing class, every Tuesday and Thursday evening, at 8, on which evenings, Mr. Evans will sit to develop persons for the following phases: Slate writing, mechanical writing, rapping, and other physical manifestations. Mr. Evans will be assisted by Miss A. Hance, the wonderful young trance and clairvoyance, who will develop persons for trance and clairvoyance. We are all more or less mediumistic, and there are many jewels which, if brought to the surface, would lighten the darkness that at present surrounds your future, and help you to look forward to a reunion with loved ones gone before. A select number of acceptable persons required to make up the class. For particulars call or address Fred Evans, 100 Sixth street.

## NEWS AGENCIES.

The GOLDEN GATE may be had of the following news dealers in San Francisco and Oakland:  
Summer C. Blake, 503 Kearny St.  
H. F. Smith & Co., 225 Kearny St.  
J. C. Scott, 22 Third St., and cor. Market and Geary  
J. K. Cooper, 746 Market St.  
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O. C. Cook, cor. Tenth and Broadway, Oakland.  
T. R. Burns, N. W. cor. Ninth and Broadway, and S. W. cor. Seventh and Broadway, Oakland.

## CAPTAIN JONES' GHOST.

[Cleveland Leader.]

"Talking about ghosts," said old Captain Jones last evening, as he cast a wary eye over the dark and stormy bosom of Lake Erie, while making a header against the storm down Bank Street, "I hain't exactly superstitious, you know, but the dismal roar of that treacherous water and the sullen gloom of those storm clouds hanging over it remind me of a similar night long since past, when I was knocking about in an old-fashioned schooner on Lake Ontario. You see I have been a sailor man pretty much all my life," said he, as he tenderly shifted a very large chew of navy plug into the other cheek, "and I have had some mighty tough times of it, you may calculate. Well, as I was going to say:

"One Fall I shipped on board an old schooner from a port on Lake Ontario. We were engaged in the lumber trade. I had heard from some of the older sailors about the port that the vessel was haunted, but I was young, and not being a believer in hosts paid but very little attention to the rumor. We made two or three trips and every thing went smoothly, but one afternoon, while pounding down the north shore of the lake, we detected signs of a storm coming up from the north-west. We made all preparation for a night of it, and if ever a crew underwent a tough one we did. The wind rose as the night came on and the old lake was lashed into a perfect fury, while the darkness was fairly suffocating in its intensity. Of course all hands were on deck, and each man had plenty to do. Suddenly the man at the wheel started from his post, and with a wild and terrified exclamation said: 'Look up there!' All eyes were instantly turned aloft, and the sight which met my gaze was seared and burnt into my memory for all time. Standing erect in the cross tree of the old hulk was one of the most frightful apparitions ever seen by mortal. It was the figure of a man posing as silently as the rock of Gibraltar. A dim, unearthly light surrounded the motionless form and shed a pallor of death over it. Its right arm was raised and the fingers pointed steadily into the very teeth of the storm. The face was white as marble, and a look half terror, half madness, gave it an expression of indescribable horror. Its hair was long and wild, and the furious winds that shrieked through the rigging tossed it in confusion around the head and shoulders. We were fairly benumbed with fright as you can imagine, and every man aboard the vessel stood looking spellbound at the awful visitor. I can't say how long it remained there, but after what seemed an age, the light surrounding it grew fainter, and finally the ghastly specter melted into storm and clouds and was lost to sight. After the first sense of terror had left us, a grizzled old sailor remarked to me that the ship was doomed as sure as fate, and he was right, for we went ashore that night, and all but two of us were swallowed up in the frenzied lake. The schooner was battered all to pieces, and with her cargo proved a total wreck."

"I learned afterward that a sailor had lost his life by falling overboard from the vessel some years previous to her destruction."

"Do I think it was his ghost? Well, if it wasn't no man ever saw one."

Mr. Mosley has retired from the editorship of Macmillan's Magazine. His successor is Mr. Mowbray Morris, a man not so well known by half.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, September 27th; answers to questions at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7:45; subject: "The Ideal Home." A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all. The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 P. M.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy St., every Sunday afternoon at 1 P. M. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

By request, on Sunday, Sept. 27th, the editor of the GOLDEN GATE will repeat the lecture recently delivered by him in Oakland, entitled: "The Better Way."

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 P. M. Contributions of books and money solicited.

## BOOKS WANTED.

A copy of "Art Magic" and a copy of "Isis Unveiled." Please address this office stating price. 9-11.

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## ECCLESIASTICAL EVOLUTION.

[Wm. J. Potter in the Index.]

Slight straws may show which way the wind is blowing in theological as well as in other matters. It is not merely the character of the new *Andover Review*, nor the prosperity of such a paper as the *Christian Union*, nor the progressive theology of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that testify to the fact that Orthodoxy is gradually changing its base. The new and more liberal theology seems, indeed, to be in the atmosphere, and to be absorbed thence by people who seldom read what scholarly men are writing, and who never even heard of the *Britannica* nor of the *Andover Review*. People all over the country have been reading the crude reports by telegraph in the Monday newspapers of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons on Evolution as representing the true method of the world's creation and history, and yet apparently have received no shock therefrom. The doctrine of the sermons themselves, compared with the old Calvinism, is really revolutionary; and yet so largely has Calvinism been undermined in the popular thought that nobody, except a few fossilized Presbyterians, seems to suppose that anything extraordinary is happening in the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn. What is happening there is, in truth, only a somewhat more conspicuous illustration of what is going on pretty generally in orthodox Christendom. The old religious foundations are breaking up. The churches do not adhere with the old strictness to the theological creeds which were once regarded as their sole bulwarks.

Another straw showing how the authority of the old creeds is falling was visible in the little town of Jackson. This town has a location of exceptional beauty, even in a region where beauty is lavished on all sides with a generous hand. It is situated just within the gateway of the high mountain ranges which Mt. Washington crowns. It is justly drawing more and more visitors each year. This whole town has but one small church, which is called a union church, though the prevailing belief among the regular inhabitants is that of Free-will Baptists, and the settled pastor is of that denomination. The understanding is that the pulpit is to be free to any denomination, the adjective "Christian," probably, being tacitly implied; and, in the summer season, this freedom is practically illustrated by ministers of different creeds being invited to occupy the pulpit from among the guests who are enjoying the pure air and restful scenery of the town. A "union church" (though not always) is apt to be confined to representatives of evangelical societies, but the pulpit of the Jackson church has been as freely open to Unitarian and Universal as to Orthodox ministers. The settled preacher keeps a sharp look-out at the hotels, and, if he lights upon a clergyman, has him, if possible, in his pulpit the next Sunday. It so happened that, while the senior editor of the *Index* was recently rusticated in this charming mountain town, it got noised abroad somewhat that he was also pastor of a church; and anon came the Baptist minister with a cordial invitation to him to conduct the services in his church. Of course, neither the Baptist nor his flock had ever heard much, if anything, of the Free Religious Association, and were utterly innocent of any knowledge of the "Year-book" controversy, and of debates over the constitution of the National Unitarian Conference. Yet not wishing to receive countenance under the mask of a Unitarian, and possibly thereby involving the good minister in trouble, and not being quite ready, too, to give up the freedom of a Sunday on the mountain-side, we handed him several copies of the *Index*, and asked him particularly to note our "creed," as published in one of the numbers several months ago. If he should still wish us to speak in his church after thus learning our position, we answered that we would do so, but that we should count it no discourtesy if, after a better understanding of things, he should conclude that the freedom of his pulpit did not signify the admission of one who does not even call himself a Christian. He sent word in due time that the invitation still held, and that he had announced its acceptance at his service the preceding day. So the freedom of the Sunday for us had to be sacrificed to the freedom of this Free-will Baptist union pulpit. In a subsequent conversation, this minister said that, though he had his own views, agreeing mainly with those of his denomination, yet he believed in the largest fellowship, and was ready to work with any persons who wanted to work for the prevalence of right. No friction or trouble, he said, arises in his church from working on this plan.

Considering these and kindred evidences of progress, of a progress going on silently in pews as well as more demonstratively in pulpits and religious newspapers and reviews, is it too much to hope that the Churches of Christendom, at least of Protestant Christendom, may yet be emancipated from the thralldom of a superstitious theology, and that their immense power may be put to use for the instruction of people in a rational philosophy of religion and in a genuine practical uplifting and ennobling of their lives? The possible good which churches thus emancipated might do is of infinite scope. They would be in a

condition to organize the highest thought and the most heroic sentiment and purpose, so as to bring them to bear directly upon the moral, mental, and physical well-being of humanity. There is, of course, a great deal of superstitious theology remaining. Creeds that have survived for centuries do not fall in a day. And evidence may be found, without searching far, that even Calvinism is not yet dead. But the people, generally, are not hearing it from the pulpit, as once they did; and, to the rising generation, it is fast becoming an obsolete system of thought. Science, common sense, general enlightenment, and a finer sentiment of justice and humanity are winning the day.

## "Educated" Vice.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

What shall be said of the "education" of the men of wealth and leisure, who find their highest pleasure in the most criminal and ruthless forms of vice? These men have passed through public schools, perchance through universities; some are said to be doctors of medicine; others to be eminent at the bar or on the bench; and some even to wear the livery of the church. In what shape can life have been presented to such men? What sense can they ever have gained of the organic unity of society? What respect can they have been taught for the temple of their bodies, or for the cardinal institutes of nature and of society? What regard for others can ever have been inculcated upon them when they think that money can atone for the utter degradation of a fellow-creature? Surely it is time to cry aloud and spare not, when men can pass for "educated" to whom the very elements of a true science of life are unknown, and who, with all their literary, professional and social acquirements, are willing to descend in their daily practice to the lowest depths of infamy. Think of the two things—"education" and brutal, merciless vice—going hand in hand! Alas! it is not education; it is that wretched, sophistical veneering of accomplishments, which usurps the name of education. It may embrace—in the case of medical men must embrace—a certain amount of scientific instruction; but what it lacks is the true scientific grasp of life as a whole. We are no fanatical believers in the saving efficacy of a little smattering, nor even of much special knowledge, of physics and chemistry; but we are firm believers in the moralizing effects of a true philosophy of life, supported and illustrated by constant reference to veritable facts. All sciences are but parts of one great science, and the highest function of universal science is to teach us how to live.

## Our Highest Joys.

[Los Angeles Express.]

Rev. Mr. Ellis at the Presbyterian Church, Sunday evening, with much force, inculcated an admirable lesson in regard to the spiritual life, which after all, as he showed, is the true life of man. The tendency of this materialistic age is to cut us off even in this world, to say nothing about another, from the higher and better spiritual or ideal life. The philosophy that teaches that there is nothing real or tangible but what we can clutch with our bodily senses, or measure with a two-foot rule, or that there is no good but material good, tends to reduce man to a level but a little above that of the animal. For without high spiritual ideals, wherein is human life better than a slightly advanced sort of animal life? Auguste Comte in his philosophy taught the world the much-needed lesson, that in the search for truth and in the conduct of life each step of our advance should be only on positive or solid ground. But what solid ground can there be on which to posit the best and truest happiness of man than on his spiritual nature? What Positivist, even of the strictest sect, shall say that man's spiritual and intellectual nature is not as real as his animal nature, and that his welfare in this world, even on the theory that death ends all, depends at least as much on the development of the former as of the latter!

It is Positivism run to seed to ignore our spiritual natures and reject the lofty ideals held up for our admiration and guidance by Jesus Christ, by Plato and by Socrates, because things spiritual cannot be weighed in a grocer's scales or tested by chemical analysis. Whatever our belief in regard to a future life, or whether we believe that there is such a thing as a moral government in the universe or not, it still remains true that our highest joys in this life are spiritual and not material.

Moral education is the basis of reform. The surest way of suppressing an evil is to begin with the children. Fourteen states have adopted laws requiring temperance instruction in public schools. The additions the present season are Pennsylvania, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, Wisconsin, Alabama, Missouri, Maine and New Jersey. This is going about temperance reform in the right way.—*Evening Express*.

An old lady who does not believe in the coeducation of the sexes was rejoiced the other day to find that, although the boys and girls in a large seminary seemed to be playing some sort of a game together, the school authorities had wisely hung a long net between them.

## TRUE DEVELOPMENT.

[The following from *Medium and Daybreak* is an extract from a discourse recently delivered by John C. MacDonald, in London.]

True development means something more than that which is comprehended in the promotion of a sensitized condition, which gives you the direct intercourse with spirits. This may do much if rightly governed and directed with intelligence, controlled by a will which is the reflection of a sound and strong mind. The person who pursues the matter thus is sure to become a blessing, but woe to the trifler who undertakes this work merely to obtain the gratification of morbid curiosity or sense. Let it be understood that it is not essential to perfect work, that the medium should be a person of strong mind and will; but that the conditions to which they often, nay, are largely subjected, make it more certain that the medium will pull through, if he or she possess those attributes; and as the spirit of the individual thus influenced will, when development is going forward, afford his surroundings the protection which is needed to maintain conditions; and thus become sooner a more perfect instrument of the spirit sphere. Take your own personal experience in those matters, as the guide of your conduct, and it will give you the best estimate of what is needed for true communion with the disembodied people who wish to reveal the light. True development is, then, to call into action the spirit within; thus all will attain by self-examination, in connection with the work of life, a guide to that knowledge which lifts you above the power of the ideas that man is no more than a mere body and soul. Religious systems have ever sought to make you bow down to tutelage, by telling you only of a mere dual condition.

Spiritualism reveals unto man that he is a body of organic matter, so completely fitted in its complex structure to the work involved in this union with its sentient condition, that it is the wonder of Nature's work. Soul, or the animating principle, a *spirit-matter* combination, which furnishes the conditions of active life to the body, and enables it to take its place among all animated being. But we reach out to another and more important condition, that of the Spirit, the Divine part of man, and give to it the prerogative of creation—an idea that all orthodox systems seek to shut out of view, for good reason. Once admit this truth, then farewell to all forms of dogmatic religion. Your divinely-appointed ones will cease to act the part of superiors, for who shall dictate to the God within, more than to the God without man, when his development enables him to reveal the true presence of the Divine Nature, individualized and involved equally in every member of the human race?

We may be asked, if God be a part of the human, why does not this divine quality demonstrate its presence more effectively in the human race, if the divine be the ruler of all being? It is because the lower, or soul nature, may gain ascendancy, by the aid of conditions and subtle influences which have a power to environ the immature being, and press forward the development of the lower nature, while the spirit is left infantile and subordinate to it; the spirit depending upon sympathy with its conditions for its growth and rise, being left to work out its destiny, while it is devoid of the omnipotent powers which gave rule to the All-good. The spirit is the fountain of good, and it gains its victory over the animal by the influence of the divine attribute of love; every thought, word or deed of love, prompted by the spirit, brings its forces into play until the soul, bending to the will of the spirit, the divine element, subdues the lower nature to its rule, and lifts man to his true standard.

As all the virtue in life is the inherent quality of the spirit, its power is ever manifest in those promptings of the better part, and that soul may dwell in heaven whose will it is to do the work of the God-nature within. But as its time must come for development, it is the undying part of our nature; it forces nothing but waits, and when superior, it at once indicates its presence and power, by those marvellous conceptions of thought which it draws down from the fountain of wisdom and power.

Who can contemplate a Jesus, without realizing the presence of a developed nature? Yet Christianity has placed him with the man-made Gods, and thus deprived the man of his power of loving brotherhood to the rest of the race, by giving to him the ideal of the unattainable it has created in varied modes of life; its active forces are called into play, but while it is the dominating power in the lower animal, it was never—though admirably fitted for all his purposes—intended to be the dominating principle in man.

Let us look a little narrowly at the manner by which this spiritual growth may be attained. Cease to give to others your work of thinking; note and compare all you come into contact with, but subordinate all you gain to self-examination, to the end that you may have self-knowledge. Looking back into your past life, as you review that field of personal experience and mark its points and issues, carefully noting successes and failures, and their relative causes and the resultant effect upon others and also your own life, you will open up a way to general knowledge of the strength and weakness of the character, to mark the reflex of the spirit or the soul, or the

harmony which comes of a union of the parts. But especially must you bring into play those omissions or failures of your life, which will again return to you, giving a sense of time lost or wasted, wrong done or opportunity to do good set aside, in order to satisfy a sense of indolence, to meet an exigence of business, or to gratify a lust. And thus, with an unfoldment of a strong estimate of the right and wrong, you become prepared to meet the demand of that spiritual monitor, who, as the work of development goes on, becomes more powerful to refine the sensibility of the conscience.

Have you wronged a friend? hasten to repair that wrong if possible, and a ray of warmth will pass through your nature, which will speak peace to your troubled soul. Can you find some deed of love to do which may alleviate the pangs of a despairing soul? Let the fire of your love go out to that nature, and the spirit will move you to joy and happiness. Look at this picture. Moving near to the earth, among men in the body, as we do at this moment, we enter at a wayside station, the compartment of a railway carriage, along with a medium who is traveling. As he becomes seated, his eye is caught by a woman who is suckling an infant upon her breast, and he at once notices that she is poor and in great despondency. The lineaments of her face bear the mark of a vicious life and accompanying remorse, united with grief, the result of troubles, which have descended upon her from no fault of her own. And as those marks of wasted life and its despair impress this medium, his whole nature is moved with a loving pity for this down-trodden nature, and we see pass from his soul such a volume of magnetic aura, as seems to envelop the whole nature of the poor soul on the opposite seat; and as the warmth and glow of its wholesome influence takes possession of the woman, she becomes a changed being; the dark cloud of despair is dispelled, and the glow of hope irradiates her countenance, and lifts her, as it appears to us, into her better self; stirring the spirit within her, calling before her the promise of better days. And yet our friend, who seems to wish he could, in some more tangible way, help her, little knows the amount of blessing his very sympathy, so manifest in those beautiful drops which well over his eyes, have conferred upon this troubled life.

This shows most strikingly the power of that love which comes from a being whose spirit is in the ascendant. But society is so constituted, says some one, socially and commercially, that it is impossible to gain such a spiritual altitude. Social position, commercial success, literary, scientific and art renown, will not bring peace within, unless every thought and deed done thereon are guided by the spirit towards the good of all. A developed spirit is the best leader to success, in spite of the apparent failure because of opposing influences, and sacrifices you may be called upon to make. Were life to end in this probationary stage in which you now live, it might constitute an argument against this view; but it is not so. Every fibre of your nature says Nay! your apparent failure to-day may be the foundation upon which you build the temple of future success in your life on earth; that sacrifice made in love for humanity, may lead you on to great achievements; and if not in your earthly career, you lay the foundation of a life which will enable you to revel in a wealth of joy in ages which will roll by when you have cast aside the garment of life here.

Soul is inherent to all animated beings, conditioned to the varied modes of life; its active forces are called into play, but while it is the dominating power in the lower animal, it was never—though admirably fitted for all his purposes—intended to be the dominating principle in man.

The Spirit, the eternal *ego*, is the immortal part, and must yet sooner or later rule the life of the being whom Creative Wisdom designed to rule the earth by his spiritual energy. And as the ages which have become recorded in memory of the soul, or upon the page of history, has shown to you who live in flesh to-day, the spirit-power as a progressive principle, so will those lessons of its power bring into play its forces to the conquest of the mere earthly, and give to the man the reflex of the God in those inspirations which to-day we speak of as the works of Genius. Man raised in spiritual ascendancy by development, will no longer need a comparative term, for all will reflect that which you call Genius, True Spirit. All will be creators of thought, and will make the world blossom where now it is a wilderness. The impossible of to-day will become the accepted of the hereafter. "Utopia," says some short-sighted child of the present;—so said his father before him, and yet you have attained to what was impossible to your father. The works of science, engineering and art of the past century, have made the cry, "Utopia," like the laugh of the fool, to the mind that watches the progress of ages. To God all things are possible. Therefore develop—first, by deeds of love—the God within, which is better than becoming the medium, or reflector of any other spirit force, and the possibilities will soon rise before you of lasting joy and blessing.

We call to witness the status of God's children of the spheres or worlds, for you are not the only humanity in the universes,—and as we watch them passing from

stage to stage in their life, we see the attainable in you. The people of those worlds are beginning the race of life; they are reaching out towards your standard. Some have passed beyond your stage, and attained a spiritual state which leaves no reflections of what you call death, their intercourse being perfect in its completeness. And towards this last are you marching; and as you pursue the spirit's guidance, so will you the sooner overcome the powers of selfishness,—when every form of oppression will crumble before the breath of the spirit; and man, a law unto himself, shall live in true communion with the God, made manifest in his Brother!

## Too True.

[New Northwest.]

More than one erring sister can testify to the truth of the following from the *Heppner Times*:

"When a fast youth goes astray, friends gather around him to restore him to the paths of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him in order to bring him to manly grace. No one would suspect that he had sinned. But when a poor, confiding girl has been betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the paths of virtue. The betrayer is honorably received, but there is no place for her this side of the grave. Society has no loving, helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. There is a deep wrong in this, and fearful are the consequences. And yet, to our shame be it said, in this Christian land we boast of our humanity and kindness to women."

There must and will come a remedy some time for this unjust condition of society. Woman Suffrage will not bring it at once, but perfect equality before the law between the sexes will ultimately give woman the right to demand the same standard of rectitude from man which is now exacted by him of her. With this equality will also come less of harshness from society toward erring women and more toward "fast young men"; in short, there will be a grand average struck between the extremes of society's present treatment of the sexes, which will operate to the advantage of all concerned. When this time does come, such an arraignment as the above of a Christian people for its treatment of either factor in its society's composition will be impossible.

## Scientific Miscellany.

A mass of lead in an elevated furnace in Paris was completely dissipated by a stroke of lightning, no trace of the metal being found afterward.

The Greenwich Observatory in England calls for a large telescope. This most famous astronomical establishment in the world is behind many observatories in the size of its instruments, its largest refracting telescope having an aperture of only twelve and three-fourths inches.

A new French experiment consists in placing two similar black paper figures—two crosses, for example—quite closely together, at about three inches from the eyes. When so held before a sheet of white paper, three separate crosses will be seen. The phenomenon, illustrating the principle of the stereoscope, is explained by the simultaneous vision of the two eyes. If figures of complementary colors, as red and green, are used upon a dark background, a white figure will appear in the middle.

Trial trips at Nice with the submarine boat of the naturalist Toseli have indicated that the vessel will render valuable service to science. It can penetrate to a depth of 800 feet, and its powerful electric lamps make easy a minute inspection of the sea.

An apparatus for showing under the microscope the combustion of metals by the passage of the electric spark through them has been exhibited to the Royal Society of London. The apparatus is a very interesting one, most beautiful color effects being yielded by the different metals in burning.

## Sawnie's Objection to the Queen.

The Queen, as he who wishes may read, has often made visits both of pleasure and policy to her estates in Scotland, being at such times more than heartily welcomed by the canny Scots, who, almost without exception, highly reverence her and indorse all that she does.

On the occasion shortly after a visit to her castle in the outskirts of Balmoral, Mr. Irving, who was traveling through the country, met an old Scotch woman with whom he spoke of her majesty. "The Queen's a good woman," he said.

"I suppose she's gude enough, but there things I canna bear."

"What do you mean," asked Mr. Irving.

"Aweel! I think there are things that even a Queen has no recht to do. For one thing, she goes rowing on the lake on Sunday—and it's not a Chrestian thing to do!"

"But you know the bible—"

"I know," she interrupted angrily. "I have read the Bible since I was so high, and a know ev'ry word in't. I know about the Sonday fishing and a'other things the Lord did, but I want you to know, too, that I don't think any the more, e'en of Him for adooing it!"—*New York Graphic*.

## "Facts are Chieftains that Winna Ding."

(Light, London.)

Recent experiments with what are designated "homing pigeons" have fully confirmed the fact that the birds will fly, with great speed and the utmost precision, distances of hundreds of miles and reach their respective homes after flying many hours at the average rate of forty miles an hour. The how of this marvellous feat is unknown, but the fact is undeniable.

Living organisms as small as flies or gnats are incomprehensible to the most learned; their mechanisms are as perfect in their degree as are those of man, but the complexity of the mechanism, associated with their minuteness, would, if the phenomena were not daily visible, be inconceivably marvellous; only less marvellous than are monads and bacteria, the length and width of whose bodies are the thirty-thousandth of an inch, and the vibratile flagellæ by which they swim, being less than the two-hundredth thousandth of an inch in diameter, and yet these almost invisible threads possess great vital activity. Careful observation alone will gradually reveal the marvellous mysteries of nature, and no alleged phenomena, however improbable, if testified to by many credible and capable witnesses, should be contemptuously rejected under the supposition that such phenomena are contrary to natural laws and of impossible occurrence.

All the common phenomena of nature, apart from experience and logical inference, would be thought impossible. Take for example gravitation, a property of all substances, and the influence of which, as far as is known, is instantaneous in its action at any distance, or, at least, if not instantaneous, its speed has never been calculated, as have been the speeds of light and electricity; a force not exhausted by incalculable space, which acts as certainly on objects a billion of miles apart as one mile; an energy that cannot by any means be intercepted either by vacuum or solid; that holds every atom in the universe in its relentless grasp, a dew-drop being equally under its control as a nebular cluster, containing millions of suns and systems.

Take light, traveling by undulation only, and not by progression, through a hypothetical boundless ether—this is unexhausted by distance, and is a form of force without being an entity; is produced by vibrations in a hypothetical something, the existence of which is only the necessity of theory. Luminiferous ether is theoretically denser than a diamond, and millions of times more elastic than steel, and yet offers not a phantom of resistance to the faintest and most attenuated gas.

These myriads of other theories of science, are generally accepted by the learned as the most satisfactory modes of explaining every-day phenomena, and yet there are scientific men, who refuse to observe facts that can be made as palpable as that two and two make four, or that the moon is seen by the reflected light of the sun.

The latest, or rather the supposed latest, triumph of science is photographing the invisible. Objects too faint to produce visual impressions on the human retina, leave distinct impressions on the sensitized dry plate, and gelatine and silver accomplish more than the most sensitive human eye. The practiced eye of the astronomer, aided by the highest telescopic powers, observes millions of stars that are invisible to unaided vision, but a mechanically-arranged telescope, with a sensitized photographic plate as a retina, registers the existence of myriads more, too far removed from earth to produce visual impressions on the most sensitive human eye, aided by the most powerful optical instruments.

All this is very interesting, very wonderful, and possibly very true, but other facts, probably more interesting, wonderful, true, and important, are turned from with open or ill-concealed disdain—more important because the former have special relation to physical and biological laws of terrestrial importance, whilst the latter not merely refer to the phenomena of this life, but point to a future state of existence of which this is but the transitory preliminary stage.

If the alleged phenomena of Modern Spiritualism be true, they appeal to precisely the same kinds of evidence as those by which ordinary mundane facts are established, and their solution is more important because they foreshadow, if they do not prove, a condition of existence the outcome of the present, and possibly, though not demonstrably, of limitless duration.

If psychography, which may be observed in the full blaze of daylight, and in any apartment, be genuine—and thousands of honest, credible, and competent witnesses affirm that it is so—why do not the leaders of scientific research, the men who profess to seek truth for truth's sake, carefully and courageously examine the phenomena, which may be laid under conditions that render imposture impossible?

**MARBLE CAKE.**—Dark part: One cup molasses, two cups flour, ½ cup butter, ½ cup sweet milk, yolks of 3 eggs, even teaspoonful of soda, cinnamon and cloves to taste.

An Englishwoman to whom a tract was handed by a street missionary the other day, sweetly replied: "Thank you, but I am already saved."

## GLIMPSES OF THE IMMORTALS.

(Virginia Moor in Light for Thinkers.)

A few months ago, when lying alone in my bedroom with the new baby in my arms, my little spirit boy came to me and said: "Mamma, I made a big racket on the stairs, and made pa open the door." I at once called my husband, and asked him if there had been a noise on the stairs that morning. He said, that just as he sat down to breakfast, he and the others, who were seated at the table, heard a noise which sounded like a child running down stairs, and pushing against the door to get out. Thinking it was my sister's child who slept up-stairs, he got up and opened the door, and not seeing her there, ran up-stairs and found her fast asleep.

The house in which I live seems to be the haunt of some earth bound spirit, or spirits, who open the stair door, walk up and down stairs, rap on the stove pipe and on the head-board of my bed, and walk back and forth on the walk in front of the house. My little boys frequently call my attention to the walking with, "listen mamma, there's our old man again."

A few days since, I filled the vases with fresh cut pink pansies and verbenas; in the evening myself and family were chatting with a friend who had dropped in for a few minutes, when I saw, clairvoyantly, a beautiful spirit friend go to one of the vases, deftly manipulate the flowers for a few moments, and extract, as it were, a number of spiritual flowers from the material ones; a part of these she distributed to those present in the room, the remainder she carried with her. But the strange part of this to me is, that in the morning every flower that she touched hung limp and faded, and those that she passed by, remained fresh and beautiful as when first cut.

Our Indian Philosopher explains it by saying: "You no more can expect a material flower keep fresh after its spirit be picked out, than you can expect a material body to keep on going after spirit be gone out." He also says: "Spirit friends much like to see a plenty fresh flower on medium's table, but spoil heap lot of them if they not think it make mediums feel bad to have flower die so quick;" but with a comical glance at me, "little Dippus medium got heap lot of flowers outside lodge; guess she no care, if spirit friends do take some out of the little water jugs."

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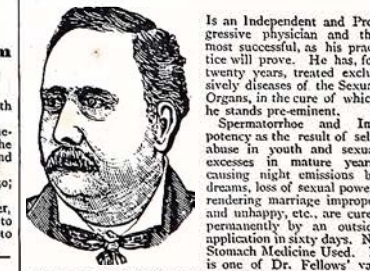
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[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]  
NOW.

Give us our pleasures here, and now, we cry—  
Life's precious chances while we prize them most;  
The garnered harvests, rich abundance give,  
Ere yet the power to value them is lost.

Now, while the blood flows quickly through the veins  
And hope goes forth to meet the yet to be,  
And Nature's radiant tints of skies and fields,  
Fill all the glad young hearts with ecstasy—

Give us our pleasures ere they come to bear  
The taint of bitterness, the marks of strife.  
Soon we shall learn they were as vain as brief  
Beneath the dull cold gray of later life.

Now can we sit beneath the lash and scourge,  
In patient waiting for some hoped for good,  
Which mocks us, till at last if it shall come  
It scarce were prized or little understood.

How can we tell the harbor's shelter waits,  
When the wild waves are dashing us about,  
How can we hear the cheering voice of Faith  
Through all the cruel mutterings of doubt.

The pain or pleasure of to-day is ours,  
Ours to enjoy, or bravely to endure,  
The future's promises may be fulfilled,  
But just to-day is all we hold secure.

—Mary W. McVicar.

EPITAPHS.

On an Amateur Angler.

He angled many a purling brook,  
But lacked the angler's skill;  
He lied about the fish he took,  
And here he's lying still.

On an Actor.

Ambition's part he oft essayed,  
But never won renown;  
And in the last great act he played  
Death rung the curtain down;  
For fame he longed; it kept afar,  
And life was full of jars;  
But if he failed to be a star,  
He's now above the stars.

On a Temperance Man.

A noted temperance man lies here,  
The green turf o'er his head;  
No man e'er saw him on his bier  
Till after he was dead.

On a Policeman.

Pause, stranger, pause, and drop a tear;  
To pass would be a poor way  
To show respect—a cop sleeps here  
Instead of in a doorway.

On a Dude.

Go, stranger, go, to yonder mound  
And grief's sad tribute pay there;  
"Ah! there," he to the girls would say;  
When living, in a giggling way;  
So when we placed him 'neath the ground,  
We murmured softly, "Stay there!"

On an Honest Baker.

No bread he needs, he kneads no dough,  
He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking;  
He did much baking here below,  
But now he's gone where there's no baking.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Every morn is the world made new,  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
Here is a beautiful hope for you;  
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,  
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,  
Yesterday's errors left yesterday cover;  
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,  
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,  
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,  
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never  
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,  
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,  
Cannot undo and cannot atone;  
God in His mercy, receive, forgive them;  
Only the new days are our own.  
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all brightened brightly,  
Here is the spent earth all reborn,  
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly  
To face the sun and to share with the morn  
In the chime of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,  
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,  
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,  
Take heart with the day and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

"An Unknown Man Respectably Dressed."

BY THE LATE HELEN JACKSON ("H. H.")

"An unknown man, respectfully dressed,"  
That was all that the record said;  
Wondering pity might guess the rest;  
One thing was sure, the man was dead.

And dead, because he'd no heart to live;  
His courage had faltered and failed the test;  
How little the all we now can give,  
A nameless sod to cover his breast!

"Respectably dressed," the thoughtless read  
The sentence over, and idly say:  
"What was it then, since it was not need,  
Which made him thus fling his life away?"

"Respectably dressed!" How little they know  
Who never have been for money pressed,  
What it cost respectable poor to go,  
Day after day, "respectably dressed!"

The beggars on sidewalks suffer less;  
They herd all together, clan and clan;  
Alike and equal in wretchedness,  
No room for pride between man and man.

Nothing to lose by rags, or by dirt,  
More often something is gained instead;  
Nothing to fear but bodily hurt,  
Nothing to hope for save daily bread.

But respectable poor have all to lose;  
For the world to know, means loss and shame;  
They'd rather die, if they had to choose;  
They cling as for life, to place and name,—

Cling and pretend and conceal and hide;  
Never an hour but its terror bears;  
Terror which slinks like guilt to one side,  
And often a guiltier countenance wears.

"Respectably dressed" to the last; ay, last!  
Last dollar, last crust, last proud pulse beat;  
Starved body, starved soul, hope dead and past;  
What wonder that any death looks sweet!

"An unknown man, respectfully dressed,"  
That was all that the record said,  
When will the question let us rest,  
Is it fault of ours that the man was dead?

—N. Y. Independent.

TELEPATHY.

The Sixth Sense Viewed From a Scientific Standpoint.

[Toronto Mail.]

The theory has been advanced that one mind exercises an influence over other minds by means of a connection caused by molecular action of some kind between the brain and nerves of the person influencing and those of the one influenced. It is the only theory that will explain all the facts. There are many kinds of molecular action, which are only manifest to particular senses. Light is manifest to the sense of seeing; air, heat, and electricity to the sense of feeling; and the molecular action which proceeds from the decomposing body of a dead animal is only manifest to the sense of smell. Were it not for the olfactory nerves we should not know of such action. But there is a particular kind of molecular action that is not manifest to any human sense, such as magnetism and nerve force. We now know that when molecular vibration reaches a certain point it then becomes supersensory.

Heretofore, all things or causes which were supersensory have always been held to be supernatural. There can be nothing supernatural in a scientific sense. If mankind could not restrain its passions now any more than in past ages, we would be able to see just as many ghosts as our ancestors did. No doubt they suffered greatly from excess, but if they did not, where would have been the legends, the poetry, the lore, and many of the sciences, dark and otherwise. From the Eleusinian mystery to the last spiritual seance, many are content to attribute all supersensory causes to the supernatural, which has in the past been the greatest obstacle to investigation.

The physique part of man is a machine, the stomach being the furnace. This is not a metaphor, but an actual fact. The chemical change occasioned by combustion in an ordinary furnace is not any different from the change caused in the stomach. Matter is simply changed, and turned into force or energy in both. The brain, through the nerves, operates the machine. Certain nerves running from the brain to the exterior of the body, or at different apertures, give exterior perception. This has been the puzzle of ages. How the soul took cognizance of exterior objects has never been satisfactorily explained. When one begins at a supernatural theory it is difficult to get down to common sense. So long as the brain and nerves are considered dead matter, exterior perception is inexplicable. A picture is formed of an exterior object on the camera of the photographer—why does not the surrounding matter have sensation? If the brain is mere dead matter, there is no more reason for a sensitive on a picture being impressed on the retina than there is for a sensation in the dead matter surrounding the camera. The matter of the brain is living matter—that is, molecular vibration in it is millions of times faster than in ordinary matter. The image of the exterior object is only impressed on the human retina, but on the periphery of the optic nerve, that is on the matter of the brain.

Certain portions of the brain are the seat of certain sensations. These are the nerve centers, or those portions of the brain where the termini of the different nerves merge in the brain matter. A tumor in the visual center destroys the sight; a lesion in the auditory center destroys the hearing; and injury or disease in the motory centers gives paralysis. Any one center may be destroyed without materially injuring the others; but the action of one center affects others. The centers may be operated by other means than the ordinary nerves. The auditory nerve is the usual channel of operating the auditory center; but this center can be operated or reached through the teeth. Light is the ordinary stimulus of the optic nerve, but take two men in a dark room and excite the optic nerve of each with electricity and the sensation of each will be light. No one will therefore venture to say that the only way of reaching the visual center is through the optic nerve.

As the nerve centers may be operated by other means than the ordinary ones, so they may be operated on by forces from within the organization. Not only so, but they may be operated by the neighboring centres. Physicians only are aware of the visions, nightmares, and false tastes to which pregnant women are subject. It is the same nerve stimulus that is used to conjure up a vision of the imagination, or to place a thing "in the mind's eye," as it is that brings the figure of the exterior object to the visual center. Doubtless, when the object is raised from the interior there are illusions; but these happen on the exterior as well. Not to speak of hundreds of trivial ones, sound, color, time and distance, are all illusions—there are no such positive things. If there were no ears and auditory nerve and center, we should have no sound. There would be vibrations of air, doubtless.

There is no color in any object; it is contained in the light. Time is the succession of ideas, or rather it is this that gives the sensation. We cannot fancy there is such a thing as time to the horse or the ox, and there can be no such thing as distance in an infinite where there is no

fixed point. They are all human conceptions; nature knows nothing of them.

Man lives in a medium as fishes live in water. All kinds of matter are adapted to the animals that live in it, as the animals are the same thing but a little more highly organized; they are formed from their surroundings. Man, out of the air, gasps and dies as a fish out of water; air is his natural medium. It is composed of many things. If a drop of water were shaken it would not doubt affect all the animalcule in it. If a dynamite cartridge be thrown into a pond, and an explosion takes place, fishes turn up dead rods away. If a gunpowder factory explodes, men are stunned and windows are broken half a mile away. If a man close by is spoken to in a low voice he hears it; to reach a man at a distance the voice must be louder to cause greater vibration of air; but let the vibrations caused by the utterance of a word be but communicated to a current of electricity, and only for the induction of the earth the word would be heard around the world. Electrical vibrations pass through the human body. Put a glove on the left hand and place the hand on the ear of another, then connect the right hand with a telephone receiver by the wire, and the voice of one at a distance will be heard by that other. If such vibrations are so heard how much less vibrations would be required to give molecular action to a nerve centre in the brain and so cause involuntary thought—infinities.

Visionary hallucinations are caused in two ways, injury to the optic nerve or to the visual centre. If an individual with both of them unimpaired, and nothing abnormal, has a vision there must be a natural cause. The objects seen by the drunkard suffering from delirium tremens, or those seen by the exhausted debauchee, seem to them as real as the objects of ordinary vision. The sensation of seeing an exterior object is caused, no doubt, by the molecules of the visual centre placing themselves, or being placed, in a certain manner or position. When disease, or injury, or continual fasting, weakens the parts of the molecules of the centre assume the position when the object is only thought of strongly and continually. Hence religious and other visions. Now if the strong character can effect the weak, which we see every day—that is, the strong cause the weak to think as they do—much more so can one in difficulty—a parent and son—affect a weaker one. Personal identity, consciousness, are predominant ideas of the strong. Then one can understand one man's impressing himself on another so that the other shall continually think of him; and that the continual thought, acting on an impaired visual centre, will ultimately bring visions of the one thought of which will seem as real as the objects of ordinary vision.

Now grant for a moment the theory of the connection of nerve matter by molecular action, and that one can be made to think like another and the mystery of second sight disappears. No doubt this is the question to be solved. It is plain it is no proof that it does not exist because we have no sense able to recognize it in any way. If that were so, the world of the microscope has no existence. Take the following fact: A physician amputates an arm and buries the severed limb. The patient complains that he is unable to sleep by reason of the fingers of the severed arm being doubled up, cramped and painful. The physician explains that the feeling is caused by the irritation to the nerve in the body caused by the cutting. It does not allay the feeling of pain however. The physician then goes to a brother practitioner, tells him the circumstances, they set their watches together, one goes to where the limb is buried, the other goes to the bedside of his patient. In a short time the patient gives an exclamation of relief from the pain, and the physician notes the exact time. He afterwards sees his brother practitioner and is informed that the arm was exhumed, the fingers found as described, and that he straightened them, noting the exact time of doing so. The time was found to correspond exactly with the time the patient expressed relief from the pain.

Again, place an iron nail within two inches of a magnet. In a short time the nail is magnetic. In this case we know molecular action takes place between those two bodies; yet we have no sense telling us of the fact. We only know it by its effects; that is, by the nail having a magnetic quality which it did not have before being placed near the magnet. This nail retains the magnetic quality for some time no matter to what distance it may be removed from the magnet; its molecules are affected by absorbing part of the magnet. It is reasonable to suppose that the connection subsists between the two bodies so long as the magnetic quality remains in the nail. As we have no sense to recognize the transmission of this quality, we cannot recognize the connection.

Any molecular action that can be recognized by any of the human senses must be very powerful. When one remembers the powers of the microscope, one can understand what a clumsy instrument the human eye is; and when there is not the faintest hope that a microscope will ever be constructed capable of discerning a molecule of matter, one cannot help believing that the supersensory world is far more extensive than the world of sense.

However, vast efforts are being made

every day to demonstrate the new force. Mental contagion in panics, the transmission of vital energy from old to young people, and the careers of great men, are some proofs of it. If science has not told us what it is, she has shown us what it is not. Lord Lindsay, in England, created a magnetic medium in which a piece of iron fell as if falling through thick mud; yet such a medium had not the slightest effect on the human brain. The experiments of Galvani have shown a certain affinity; and the revival of experiments on corpses with electricity have shown that the nerves may be made conductors—but nothing like assimilating any known force to the life-giving force has taken place. We should not wonder at this when after four or five thousand years we have not yet the faintest idea of what nervous action in the living body consists of.

There is an immense force that governs and keeps the universe in order. We do not know what it is; we only know its effects. It is called attraction of gravity; without it chaos would reign. There is a mental force equally and similarly demonstrable. Its effects are too vague yet to call it a science. It is possible that nature intended man to be an animal only. She has given him sufficient coarse senses to enable him to live as such. He is continually improving on them. Already the telescope, microscope and telephone have wonderfully improved two of them. Whether the other three will be so improved is a question for the future; but we are fully certain that we have not a sixth sense; and we are equally certain that we very much need one.

To those higher intellects who believe in the efficacy of grace, and the influence of the devil-theory enunciated will, no doubt, appear ridiculous. But these gentlemen should pause and think. The advocates of telepathy do not seem so absurd as the early reformers did at the time. Disease was formerly a visitation of God; it is now certain that many diseases arise from germs produced by filth. The time may not be far distant when the instigation of the devil as a cause for crime will also cease. There is every reason to hope that full demonstration will be made some day either by the aid of improved photography or some other scientific instrumentality. At present we can rest satisfied at seeing the first glimmering of a new science that may yet revolutionize the world.

No notice whatever is here taken of the Boston School of Science tests, nor of the doctrines upon which that school is founded. The metaphysical theory of Giordano Bruno is clearly out of place in a purely scientific article.

Sympathetic Bruises.

[St. James' Gazette.]

At the last meeting of the French Academy of Medicine, Dr. Brown-Sequard related a very remarkable instance of the power of sympathy which came within his recent observation. A little girl was looking out of a window in a house in the Batignolles a few days ago. The lower sash was raised, and the child had placed her arms on the sill. Suddenly the support on which the sash rested gave way and the window fell with considerable force on the little girl's arms, inflicting a severe bruise. Her mother, who was in the room at the time, happened to look toward the window at the moment of the accident, and witnessed it. She fainted with fright, and remained insensible for a minute or two. When she recovered she was conscious of a severe pain in both arms; and, on examining the seat of it, she was amazed to find on each arm a bruise corresponding in position to that left by the accident on the child's, though more extensive. Coming from a less accredited source, such a story would only provoke a smile of incredulity; but Dr. Brown-Sequard's position in the world of science does not permit of this summary mode of disposing of a statement for which he vouches.

How To Cook POTATOES.—Don't peel your potatoes and throw away the best part of them, but prepare them nicely "with their coats on," steam them until done; remove their skins with a knife and fork; place in a tureen or platter; spread butter on them quite freely, sprinkle with salt and pepper; set in the oven one moment to melt the butter; then pour over them a liberal quantity of sweet cream; serve immediately.

FISH PUDDING.—Boil three pounds of any sort of boiled fish with two cups of milk, a large piece of butter and a tablespoonful of flour, mixed smoothly with two tablespoonfuls of cold milk. When done, let it cool and add to it the yolks of seven eggs and the beaten whites, mix thoroughly, adding salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste. Put it in a buttered dish and bake one hour in a good oven. Serve with a caper sauce.

Last year the Dead Letter Office at Washington received 4,843,000 missives, of which 3,719,380 were sent thither because not called for. In the letters opened were found \$33,770.17 in money and \$1,576,948.13 in drafts, checks and money orders; while 84,088 contained postage stamps; 34,399 receipts, paid notes and canceled obligations of all sorts; 38,348 photographs, and 25,554 articles of merchandise.

BEYOND THE VEIL.

A Path Which Can be Traveled but Once.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The sun, as it lingered on the edge of the horizon, sinking so slowly that one might say that it regretted to leave the world in darkness—lighted up his face until the grandchild asleep on his knee would hardly have recognized him had she opened her eyes.

Old and feeble and gray—ready to bid farewell to earth—he was a child again, and his mind had the thoughts of a child. The sun had gone down and the dusk had come on for him tens of thousands of times without question, but this time he felt afraid and whispered:

"Oh! sun, do not leave me just yet. Wait until I am a man, and I shall not care whether it is day or night."

And the sun whispered back to him: "I have seen you pass from childhood to manhood and back. You cannot travel the path again."

"But wait a little longer. When I have grown to be a youth the coming of night will have no terrors for me."

"Alas! old man," answered the declining sun, "a grand old tree can not become a shrub again. It may be splintered or uprooted by the hurricane, but it must die as a tree."

"Then remain with me!" pleaded the old man. "My limbs are feeble, and your light will safely guide my footsteps."

"That I cannot do, but I will send the moon to cast her rays upon the earth and soften the darkness of night."

And when the moon came the old man's locks were changed from the gold of sunset to the silver of evening, and the furrows of age were melted and softened until they could no longer be seen. And he whispered to the moon:

"Do not leave me to-night." "I cannot stay beyond my fixed time," answered the moon, "but when I go I will send the stars to keep you company."

"I had a wife—children—friends. Bring them back to me from the mysterious unknown."

"Alas! but the dead are dead!" And the moon went away and the stars came, and the old man pleaded:

"I am old and lonely. Bear me company during my brief stay on earth."

And one bright star answered for all the rest:

"A hand greater than man's controls our movements. Look beyond us."

And the stars drew aside the mystic veil, and the old man's eyes looked behind it. They lighted up with the fires of youth—of hope—of anticipation—of deep satisfaction. His aged face grew young—his limbs regained their strength—his blood coursed as in the veins of a man in his prime. The stars held the veil aside but a moment, and yet he had seen enough.

The child slept on, but the arms around it gave up their strength.

The night-winds toyed with the old man's gray locks, but he gave no heed. A hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice whispered in his ear, but he gave no sign. The grand old tree had given up its life on earth to begin anew behind the veil.

MISCELLANEOUS.

When a Massachusetts postmaster gets a letter addressed to somebody, "K pan," he at once chucks it into the mail bag for Cape Ann.

Powdered cinnamon will scatter black and red ants effectually. If strewn in the cracks of cupboard shelves and along the edges of the cake boxes the pests will soon disappear.

Women are coming to the front in the educational contest in all parts of the world. At Copenhagen recently seven of them successfully passed the examinations required for admission to the university.

The Waterbury, Conn., watch factory makes about 300,000 watches in one year. Most of the work which requires the finest touch and the most delicate manipulation is done by women. Their wages average about \$1.50 a day.

A life of Bismarck is being written by Mr. Lowe, the Berlin correspondent of the London Times. Mrs. Cassell announces its early issue in two volume form. Mr. Lowe has been quite severe upon Bismarck in his correspondence. But he is writing his life. This to the Iron Chancellor is a consolation cup.

Col. Ingersoll advises people to keep on courting the same after marriage as before. He says: "Think how you used to talk, and how full of life you were when you went to see her; now you go moping, and you wonder why it is that your wife is not in raptures. It applies to both sexes. It is not necessary to be a king to be happy, provided you are the king of one heart."

A water-color painter, Mr. W. W. Fenn, who has recently become blind, writes: "The difference between the sleeping and the waking state is not so marked as might at first be expected, for, unless by an effort I remind myself, that I am blind, I see my friend, after a fashion, while I awake and talking to him nearly as vividly as I should at times in a dream—the fact that in reality I cannot see him in either state being scarcely more present to me in one than in the other."