



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.

There is no school that disciplines the mind
And broadens thought like contact with mankind.
Elia Wheeler.

Man's life was made, not for men's creeds, but men's actions.—Owen Meredith.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Calamity falling on a base mind is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it.—Geo. Eliot.

As light is for those that have eyes to see, so truth is for those that have souls that can comprehend.

Wisdom does not concern herself about our beliefs; it is what we know that most interests her.

He who raises a hill of corn, is greater than he who gives thousands for charity that he never earned by his own industry.

Our structure, both external and internal, is full of imperfections. Yet there is nothing in nature but what is of use, not even inutility itself.—Montaigne.

As an oak tree's roots are strengthened by its shadows, so all defeats in a good cause are but the resting places on the road to final victory.—Charles Sumner.

There is nothing more visible than what is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute. Therefore, the superior man is watchful over himself when he is alone.

It seems to me that much that mars life is what we call infamy; and that when we die we leave behind us many things that we call faults, and follies, and sins, as the trees shed their leaves when winter comes.—From Arabula.

Solitude, the safeguard of mediocrity, is to genius the stern friend, the cold obscure shelter where moults the wings, which will bear it farther than suns or stars. He who would inspire and lead his race must be defended from traveling with the souls of other men; from living, breathing, reading and writing in the daily, time-worn yoke of their opinions.—Emerson.

Every life has its apogee—a period during which the causes which operate are in exact proportion with the results they produce. This high noon of existence, in which every moving force is in equilibrium and is manifested in its highest state, is common, not only to organized beings, but to cities, nations, institutions, all of which, like noble families and dynasties, spring up, come to perfection, and fall.—Balzac.

Who of us that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, who has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child? Who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man, and tell him in a way which all else he has read or heard never could. How paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart.—R. H. Dana.

AMAZING PHENOMENA.

[We copy from the Philadelphia North American the following from Thomas R. Hazard's third article on Spiritualism, furnished for that journal.]

I have, in company with a gentleman whom I know to be a friend of truth, under the pledge not to divulge the names or whereabouts of the mediums, been permitted within the last three weeks to be present at three seances for form materialization, held under the following conditions: The reason why the mediums, together with their angel guides, insist upon this restriction is because of the bitter persecution and gross, malignant abuse mediums of their class are particularly subjected to, not only by the civil authorities and the public at large, but also by a large number of professed Spiritualists. The seances were conducted in two moderately-sized rooms, opening into each other by means of sliding or folding doors, which were allowed to stay open from the beginning to the close of each, and the seances held on three separate evenings by two lady mediums, who were seated one on my left hand and the other on my friend's right. We all four sat alone in a continuous row at the end of one of the rooms directly under the gas-burner, the only door of exit and entrance of the other room being securely locked and the key in my possession. This room was set apart exclusively for the materialization of the spirit-forms, and the windows were so darkened with curtains that all the light that entered came through the open folding doors from the gas-burner that gave light to the apartment in which we four were sitting. Everything being arranged, and the gas turned about half-way down, we all four were requested, by the medium's guide, to clasp hands and remain quiet until the manifestations were fairly inaugurated, after which this condition was not required and our hands were left free. Almost simultaneously with our becoming quiet, a fully-dressed male spirit, seemingly of middle age, emerged from the materializing room and stood in front of us. On being asked if he could bear more light, the spirit-form nodded assent, and the gas was turned up to a point that rendered everything in the room clearly visible to all. The spirit now spoke and told us he was a doctor who once lived in Providence, R. I., and was known to my friend and myself. Although his whole form and features were quite distinct, neither of us could recognize the spirit. After the doctor retired, some fifteen or twenty female spirits presented themselves to us, mostly draped in fine white garments, although some were dark. They one and all had their faces hidden beneath veils, which they declined allowing us to raise, for the reason, as they intimated, that they became too weak to remain on encountering the rays of light. Several of these forms claimed relationship with us as wife, daughters and sisters, and manifested affection by kisses through their veils and caresses. There can be but little doubt that they were the resurrected forms they claimed to be, but we failed to identify any one of them to our full satisfaction.

At our second seance the manifestations had greatly increased in power. A female spirit, claiming to be Marie Antoinette, came, dressed in magnificent robes, wearing a crown, or rather coronet, of dazzling brightness, made of sparkling jewels and precious stones. The light was raised almost to its full height, without seemingly annoying the spirit, whose person and features were as distinct and well defined as those of any mortal in the room. The Queen's face though good looking, was not what might be called beautiful, and I thought her countenance wore rather a sorrowful expression. After Marie retired, a joyous girl, of some fifteen summers, bounded into our room, her beautiful countenance radiant with life and happiness. She stayed with us a considerable time, the light not seeming to affect her at all. This spirit was not recognized as a relative or acquaintance by either my friend or myself, nor did she, if I recollect right, claim to be. Soon after she had retired into the materializing-room a female matron presented herself accompanied by two little girls of some six or seven summers, the one draped in white and the other in dark garments. They were both

very closely veiled. I called and coaxed them to come to me, which after some coyness they did, and sat on my knees separately. After a good deal of coaxing they both permitted me to raise their veils and exchange kisses with them. The one in a light dress was rather plain in feature, but the other in dark was surpassingly beautiful. After these little girls retired with their care-taker into the materializing-room quite a number of beautifully draped female forms presented themselves, most of whom claimed to be near relatives, but still notwithstanding they generally permitted us to raise their veils and inspect their features, we failed to recognize any striking resemblance to those they claimed to represent in a single instance, such as I have witnessed numberless times in the presence of other materializing mediums.

But if we failed in getting full satisfaction at either of the two seances named, we were abundantly compensated by what followed at the third, which, it really seems to me, must have exceeded in transcendent glory and beauty everything of the kind that has transpired in the presence of mortals. Whilst the gas was turned up to nearly its full height, so that we could read fine print and my friend could and did make entries in his note-book, a female spirit of great beauty and richly dressed, accompanied by a little angel girl of some seven years, came from the materializing room, who claimed to be the late Princess Alice and her daughter. Much is said in some quarters about mortal confederates playing the part of spirits at materializing seances. Sure I am that there is not a man or woman living, of common sense and honesty, who would not, had they been present on the occasion, have scouted the idea that a creature so beautiful, graceful and perfect in every respect as this little angel girl could be found in all the realms of mortality to personate her. On her first appearance, standing by the side of her mother, a concert of exclamations burst forth from all present, including the two mediums, expressive of unbounded delight, admiration and wonderment, which was again and again reiterated, the mediums declaring repeatedly that in all their wonderful experience they had never before witnessed any phenomena that in the least compared with this in glorious beauty. After some coaxing I finally succeeded in enticing the beautiful angel to come and sit on my knee. Her weight was that of any mortal child of like dimensions. Her eyes were dark, though not black, and as clear and brilliant as the purest crystal. Her skin and flesh seemed made of infinitely finer mold than those of mortal. I pressed her again and again to my bosom, as we exchanged kisses as natural and loving as I ever gave or received from any of my own daughters, either before or after their ascension to spirit-life. Her golden, waving hair fell down on every side below her waist, and was of incomparable beauty and fineness. She permitted my friend to cut off a small lock, which he now has in his possession. We were told that the spirit-name of this beautiful angel was "Sunshine," and certain I am that no mortal artist that now lives or has ever lived on earth could paint a portrait at all like her unless he had the art to extract tints from the rays of the sun.

The little darling remained with us some minutes, and before retiring asked if we would like to hear her sing. On our replying that we would be delighted, she stepped gracefully a few paces back, and sang a little ditty in the sweetest voice imaginable. The angel child's mother now approached us, and at our request removed from her head a white turban, or covering resembling one, and showed us her fine hair, a little darker than her child's, and arranged with great art and taste. Her left arm, which was perfect in every respect, was entirely bare from her shoulder down, including her small and beautiful hand. On this arm she wore what seemed both to sight and touch, a gold bracelet of elaborate workmanship. After the alleged princess retired, my daughter Constance, who passed from earth life whilst in infancy, but has nevertheless grown to womanhood in the spheres, manifested her presence clothed in beautiful, fine, white garments, elaborately worked, as is her usual wont. Her left arm, which, like the Princess Alice's, was bare from the shoul-

der down, and including the hand, were of incomparable symmetry and perfection. I clasped the beautiful rounded arm in my hands, and realized that both to the sight and feeling the limb throughout was constituted of earthly mold of surprising fineness. As a contrast to the lovely creations we had been favored with, a Chinese woman was now presented, whose evident Eastern features no one could mistake. She attempted to converse with me in what I supposed to be what is called pigeon English, but, very few words of which I could catch or understand. Lastly, came again the Providence doctor, who, in answer to our leading questions (his responses for that reason not being so reliable), told us that he was known when on earth as Doctor Okie, a homeopathic physician of that city.

A Man Who Hanged Himself Appearing Nightly at a Window.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The upper section of Reading, Pa., is greatly excited over a spiritual revelation in the shape of a suicide's ghost. Henry Kissinger and family resided in a two-story frame house. Last Saturday afternoon Kissinger was found dead in his bedroom. He had fastened his suspender to the bed-post and around his neck, and slowly strangled himself. He was found kneeling in front of the bed in a praying attitude. Mrs. Kissinger and the children and many of the neighbors declare that the house is now haunted. Large crowds gather nightly in the vicinity of the house, and many declare that they have seen Kissinger at the upper window, without a coat and wearing dark pantaloons, with a strap around his waist, just as he dressed while alive. The crowd last night was very demonstrative, and there were cries of "There he is," "How do you do, Henry," and similar expressions. The people say that the face which appeared at an upper window was ghostly white. Several women fainted, and Mrs. Kissinger, who had opened the house to let in a little fresh air, nearly went into hysterics. The people who were on the first floor heard strange noises up stairs, but upon going up saw nothing. They say that there are stifled moans, death rattles, and loud thumpings on the floor as if some one was struggling desperately. Mrs. Kissinger says that one evening her brother was sitting against the door of a stair, leading up stairs, when they were startled as if a ton weight was coming down stairs, but nothing was discovered. The crowds have become so dense that policemen have been summoned to disperse them. Fifty persons are willing to swear that they have seen Kissinger's ghost at the upper window, with his eyes starting from their sockets, his tongue protruding, his neck stretched to great length and his face a ghostly white.

Wonders of the Body.

Suppose your age to be fifteen or thereabouts. You have two hundred bones and six hundred muscles; your blood weighs twenty-five pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats seventy times per minute, 42,000 times per hour, 100,800 per day, 36,792,000 a year. At each alittle over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 inches. Each square inch contains about 2,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little draining tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the surface of your body of 88,541 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost seventeen miles long.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

[We copy the following from the Banner of Light as coming from the controlling intelligence of their circle room:]

Ques.—[By S. W., California.] We are told that we pass into the spiritualistic state precisely the same person, morally speaking, that we are here. If this be the case, do those persons who were subject to drunkenness, gluttony, etc., while in earth life and could find their gratification only through the body, find themselves still cursed with those appetites?

Ans.—Death does not necessarily change the moral aspect and condition of man. He who lays himself down at night to enjoy hours of bodily repose does not find that he has changed in moral tendency when he awakens in the morning. He who lies down at death to pass on to another stage of existence does not necessarily find himself changed in any inward condition when he awakens in the spirit-world. Man is to-day what he was yesterday, unless he has experienced a regenerating process internally; unless he has become convinced that he has been treading an evil pathway; that in the indulgence of his appetites, of his passions, he is doing himself a grievous wrong, besides injuring his fellow beings and society. If such a regeneration takes place in his breast, he may be said to have advanced and overcome self or selfish instincts and desires. Many who pass through the change called death are hardly aware that such an experience has come to them. Those who have indulged themselves in sinful passions and appetites have not lost the tendency to that indulgence just because they have sloughed off the mortal form; on the contrary, their thoughts tend toward those things. They know nothing of spirituality; they do not aspire to spiritual conditions; they are thus held in contact with earthly scenes and physical surroundings, and still continue to have a craving desire to express themselves by the indulgence of their passions.

There is much to learn in connection with this vast subject; a psychological law outlines it all, and if mortals would but study and understand it, they might be able to prevent much suffering which is known to humanity at the present time. Let all aspire not only to association with the highest powers of angelic life, but to the acquirement of individual culture and refinement of spirit, and dispossess themselves of carnal, selfish attributes and habits; then they will attract to themselves bright and beautiful beings, who if they bring to them any spirit who is selfish and carnal-minded, will only do so that it may receive benefit and instruction, and by bathing in the pure light of the spirit that is emanating from such an inspirational soul, become cleansed of their impurities and be advanced on the road of progress.

Thought reading, mesmerism and Spiritualism, will soon have another revival for the credulity of the public. A youth has been discovered in China who is gifted with powers of vision greater than can be acquired even with the assistance of the strongest telescope. The boy, it is alleged, can see what occurs hundreds of miles off, and though he was born in the provinces, he has been giving, by command of the Emperor, a seance at Peking, the result of which, if true, certainly stamps him as one of the prodigies of the age. His method is as simple as that of a fortune teller on a race course. He looks on the palm of his hand and sees battles which are raging three days' journey away. Nor is his talent confined to such important objects as war, for he, with equal ease, observed a party in an adjoining street partaking of a humble meal of macaroni. Certainly he must now make a detour of London drawing-rooms and give entertainments in the West End halls, if indeed he is not anticipated by other geniuses who, having heard of his performances, will learn to do the trick as well as he does before he has time to reach our shores.—London News.

The Hon. Lambert Tree, recently appointed Minister to Belgium is the wealthiest lawyer in Chicago.

Man is a sort of tree which we are too apt to judge by the bark.

OPINIONS OF LEADING SCIENTISTS, ETC.

[J. P. Dameron.]

Darwin could not see anything behind blind matter, forcing up the vegetable and animal life, but the "survival of the fittest." Herbert Spencer thinks that matter is impelled by the active forces in nature, to evolve all forms of life according to its environments; Huxley admits that there is an "unknowable" force back of or in the atom that impells it to assume certain forms. Agassiz thought all matter was impelled by an invisible intelligence, but would not admit that it was done by the spirit forces; still he believed in a God—a Supreme First Cause—that caused all matter to evolve under certain laws. While on the other hand, we have the illustrious names of Alexander Aksakoff, Robert Chambers, Hiram Corson, Augustus de Morgan, J. W. Edmonds, Dr. Eliotson, I. H. Fichte, Zollner, Prof. Ulrich Halle, Camille Flammarion, Herman Goldschmidt, Dr. Hoffme, Robert Hare, Lord Lyndhurst, Robert Dale Owen, Victor Hugo, W. M. Thackeray, T. A. Trollope, Alfred Russel Wallace (a naturalist and scientist, a contemporary with Darwin), Nicholas Wagner, Archbishop Whately, Pasteur, the author of the germ theory, and Professor Crookes, who stand high in science and learning, all are firm believers in Spiritism, and that the departed from this life live, can and do return and hold communication with mortals. These men have placed the mediums under the strictest test. Prof. Wallace, Crookes and Zollner took the mediums to their own homes and placed them under the strictest test conditions. On one occasion, Mr. Varley, the electrician, by means of a galvanic battery and cable-testing apparatus, showed to the satisfaction of all present, that the medium was inside of the cabinet, while the supposed spirit form was visible and moving outside. Prof. Crookes says: "It was a common thing for seven or eight of us in the laboratory to see Miss Cook (the medium) and 'Kate' (the spirit) at the same time under the full blaze of the electric light." William Crookes, after making many tests with such mediums as D. D. Home, Kate Fox, and others, says that "the spirits can move heavy bodies. That they can make sounds and raps; that they can alter the weight of bodies, and move bodies when at a distance from the medium; raise tables and chairs off the ground; the levitations of human beings; luminous appearances; the appearance of hands writing; phantom forms and faces."

SPIRITUALISM OLD AS THE HISTORY OF MAN.

It appeared to Adam in the Garden of Eden; it directed Noah how to build the ark; Moses saw it in the burning bush; the spirits (angels) often appeared to Abraham, and at one time ate with him in his tent; Saul saw the spirit (or ghost) of Samuel at the Witch of Endor; the spirit closed the mouth of the lion when Daniel was thrown into the lion's den; Jesus saw Moses and Elias on the mount of the transfiguration, and they talked with him; St. Paul heard voices and was liberated from prison by them; St. John had trances and saw the New Jerusalem. Take the Spiritualism out of the Bible and it would be a tame, dull history of the Jews; but read through the light of Spiritualism it is full of interest and grandeur. Spiritism is the basis of all religions and the only way man has got any knowledge of a future existence. It manifested itself in the Delphic oracles as well as to the Hebrew prophets, if we are to believe the Greek authors. Socrates says he received all his knowledge from his little demon (spirit) that whispered it into his ears. The Platonic philosophy was but little different from that of Modern Spiritualism. Homer is one grand poem of the gods (spirits) taking a deep interest in the affairs of nations and individuals. The Greeks lived close to nature and held communion through the oracles, with departed heroes and sages. The Romans held their sybiline books and vestal virgins, who held communion with the dead. Cicero was a firm believer in spirits, and was a medium; his orations burn with the fire of inspiration.

Every age has had its spiritual manifestations; every period has witnessed something of the kind; every farside has its ghost story, and every family has something of its wonders to relate. It is nothing new. In the year 364, in the reign of the Roman emperor Valens, mediums conversed by the means of rappings and employed the alphabet, as also the spirit pendulum. It finally passed into disrepute as a black art and was denounced by the priests as the doings of the devil. Independent slate writing was known to the Chinese over a thousand years ago. Trance mediums were known to the ancient Hindoos, Persians and Greeks; so was that of healing, clairaudience and clairvoyance; they saw and heard spirits.

Christ was a medium of the highest order; he made his appearance to battle against the materialism of his day; he was invested with wonderful power to convince the wicked world that he was sent from God to teach reformation, but they would not believe him but crucified him. Luther had wonderful mediumistic power. He saw spirits and threw an inkstand at the head of an evil one. The Rosicrucians were invested with wonderful power and were scoffed at by the materialists fan-

atics. They led a most singularly isolated, pure life. The Huguenots were persecuted on account of their spiritual disensions from the Catholic church. The Quakers, whose leaders were George Fox, and others, claimed a revelation from the divine mind. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was one of its followers. The Shakers, an advanced class of Quakers, so called from their shaking and nervous twitching. They were led to follow their peculiar life of celibacy from the teachings of Ann Lee.

In more modern times it manifested itself in Caines and Marvels in France in 1686. Swedenborg alleges that he was in full and open communication with the spirit world, and daily conversed with spirits and angels.

In 1829, the Seeress of Prevost startled the world with what she saw, and mysterious raps were often heard around her.

In 1830 the French Mesmerist Billot and Deleuze say they saw and felt spirits, and there was a possibility of communicating with them.

Modern Spiritualism had its origin in the rappings of the Fox sisters and in the writings of A. J. Davis, who published "Nature's Divine Revelations; a Voice to Mankind," in July, 1847, in which he enunciated the doctrine of evolution ten years prior to that of Darwin.

About the same time in the little village of Hydesville, N. Y., in a small, unpretending dwelling lived Mr. Fox, his wife and two daughters. Kate, the youngest, about 9 years old, was the first medium to detect and recognize the raps, which for some time amazed the family. With the assistance of her mother she was the first to establish a system of signals by raps, though they had been heard often by different persons.

Rev. John Wesley's daughters were similarly annoyed by a spirit who answered to the name of "Old Jeff," but Wesley requested it to leave and let his children alone; at last it disappeared, and he lost the golden opportunity to make the discovery. But the manifestation of the spirit attended his religious revivals in another form—that of shouting.

It is not a religion covered with moss and rust of past ages, but one that is fresh and new in keeping with the progress of the age.

WHAT IT IS AND IS NOT.

It has, no synods, conferences or ecclesiastical councils, to fix up with creeds and dogmas to declare what is the word of God. It has no priests, bishops or popes, to grant absolutions and forgive sins. It has no head or leader. The medium may be a child uneducated; if the communications do not bear the strictest scrutiny and test they are rejected. Every one is the judge, none being required to believe unless they wish; all are at liberty to criticize and comment whether it is truthful or false. The spirit is cross-questioned and examined, and if it does not stand the test it is discarded. It denounces all leadership, all individual *man worshiping*, making every believer rely solely on himself and seek his own salvation through his own exertions. It teaches individuality—"I am a man and you are another." Every individual is his own priest; if he has sins he must confess them to himself, and he must work out his own salvation. It believes in good works; short prayers, for God is not captured by eloquent words and long prayers, but is pleased with a pure heart and a forgiving disposition. Good deeds and kind words are worth a thousand prayers.

It is little over a quarter of a century old, and now numbers over 25,000,000 of believers, making way amongst the most intelligent and most wealthy classes—emperors, kings and queens. Though not demonstrative it is undermining all the older forms of religion that had their origin in the night of the past. It is a religion that is making rapid progress with the intelligent and thinking masses, for it is in accord with science and the laws of evolution. It carries conviction to all who will investigate it with candor and honesty of purpose. To the fair-minded man who is not steeped in prejudices of the old theology, there is evidence given, if he will examine, to convince him that there is an invisible individual intelligence that sees and understands him and lets him know that his departed friends are not dead but present and holding converse with him. The severest tests are given, that no one can explain save that it is the spirit of a departed acquaintance, friend, mother, father, brother, wife or child.

Man needs not external revelations but an internal illumination whereby he can understand the relations he sustains to himself, his brother man and the physical world. Such an illumination is bestowed on, though not perceived by all; that myriad hosts of the angel world are around us; they mingle in the affairs of men; their atmosphere is an exhaustless fountain from which we draw our thoughts and aspirations.

General Longstreet, in his article on "The Seven Days' Fighting about Richmond," in the *July Century*, after discussing the Confederate leaders, says: "Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln." A significant recognition from a significant source.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

Pacific Society for Psychical Research.

(Continued.)

It is expected that many Spiritualists will not approve of such a society because they will not appreciate its objects and methods, or perceive its ultimate results. Some may think it will hamper the free exercise of mediumship—put it in a straight jacket—and obstruct its way with materialism and scientific ignorance. They say, with some truth, that a man may be well versed in the knowledge of stars and stones, or even gases, and know nothing of psychical or spiritual laws.

These and many other puerile objections will give way before well-directed, persistent associated effort. It must be remembered that the best of us know comparatively little in regard to the laws of spirit existence and intercourse. If this is true of those who have studied the subject for a decade, or a half century, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that scientists coolly inquire if ghosts can be investigated. This very question may be answered in the language of Scripture: "He that answereth a matter before he hearth, it is folly and shame unto him."

None need be frightened at the term science, which is little more than the application of practical common sense to the investigations of obscure matters. The object of associated efforts is to combine resources so as to command the best possible facilities to elicit truth, and so place it before the world as to command the credence and respect of all honest, fair-minded investigators. We may have some trouble with some pseudo scientists who will insist on applying their little bit of the laws of dead matter to the living spirit. Those willing to learn will soon see that the realm of psychical laws is somewhat distinct from the laws of dead ponderable matter, and that the object of such a movement is to learn the laws and mode of existence pertaining to this realm.

It is not intended by ignorant criticism, or stupid obstructions to place mediums in a straight-jacket, but rather to relieve them from the hindrance of catering to ignorance for means of daily subsistence.

Perhaps I cannot do better than to make a few quotations from the address of Dr. Jackson, president of the Western Society for Psychical Research, at its first general meeting, June 30, 1885:

"While among our members may be found persons representing all phases of belief and disbelief concerning the subjects which it proposes to consider, by far the greater number are seekers after knowledge, who have no bias, who have reached no conclusion, and who have accepted no explanation,—a fact which should afford a guaranty that, as a Society, it will enter upon its mission with a single desire to ascertain the truth,—so far at least as this may be attainable.

"Individual efforts directed to the ascertainment or elucidation of psychical manifestations have rarely been conducted according to scientific methods, by competent, trained observers, or wholly without prejudice, and they have consequently been unsatisfactory. * * We believe that in our union there will be a degree of strength, of systematic action, and freedom of judgment not otherwise attainable.

"In order to prevent any possible misunderstanding, it may be well to formally state that our object is purely and only what it purports to be, namely, scientific research in the psychical domain; and in no conceivable form an attack upon any theological dogma or religious belief.

"There is unquestionably much truth that is not in obvious continuity with our present admitted knowledge. It would be presumptuous to think otherwise. All the facts in every department of science were once in this position, and without a niche to receive them until their number made classification possible.

"We fully appreciate the discredit into which these occult subjects have fallen by reason of the charlatanism and trickery which have surrounded them. But we do not regard this as a reason why they should be permitted to remain in this humiliating position. * *

"It is generally conceded that these uncommon phenomena alluded to as supernatural, would possess scientific importance provided their importance could be established. Yet with few exceptions, scientifically educated persons throughout the world have not deigned to use necessary means to prove or disprove their existence or import. * *

"Not a few seem to consider the phenomena alluded to as supernatural, meaning thereby something outside of, and not amenable to the laws of physical sciences. Such a belief cannot be looked upon otherwise than as a pure assumption. * * On the contrary, it is reasonable to suppose that all observed facts are subject to law and order, however remote such law and order may be from our present knowledge.

"The question in any case of honest inquiry should be, Is this a fact? If so, it must be in accord with other facts. All truth must be in accord with other truth. * *

"As a rule, those who deny the facts which it is our purpose to investigate, or the correctness of the conclusions which have sometimes been deduced from them, have done so without giving adequate thought or study to the subject. They have substantially taken the ground that no facts

can exist of which they have not knowledge; or they assert a presumption against any facts which do not harmonize with those already systemized. If this stubborn refusal to accept a new discovery or idea had always prevailed, the world's present stock of knowledge would be, indeed, eager."

The Western Society divided the subject into five sections, and appointed a committee to attend to the collation of facts under each section, to be presented to the society. These sections are:

1. Thought Transference.
2. Hypnotism, Clairvoyance and Somnambulism.
3. Apparitions and Haunted Houses.
4. Physical Phenomena Not Referable to Physical Causes.
5. Psychopathy or mind-seers, Magnetic Healing.

JOHN ALLYN.

An Architectural Wonder.

The French are the people of ideas, and as a consequence lead the world in many departments of science and art. They know more about the construction of the drama than do the writers of other nations, and they are constantly furnishing novel conceptions in painting and statuary. The Bartholdi Statue is one instance of this. But they have another project on foot which promises to be one of the marvels of the world. Mons. J. Bourdais, a French engineer, proposes to illuminate all Paris by what he calls a "Sun Column." It is to be 1,180 feet high. The ground floor will be a permanent museum of electricity; superimposed will rise a six-story column, surmounted by a promenade capable of accommodating 2,000 persons. The center, a granite core, will be sixty feet in diameter, and will be surrounded by a highly artistic framework of iron, faced with copper. This will be divided into six stories each, containing sixteen rooms, sixteen feet in height, and fifty feet square. These rooms will be used for what is known as aerotherapeutic treatment. Patients will find here a purity of air equal to that upon the highest mountains. The central core of this giant monument will be hollow to permit the use of scientific experiments. On the top will be placed an enormous electric lamp that will cast a flood of light over all Paris; it will have an intensity equal to 2,000,000 Carcel burners. Above all will loom up a statue representing the Genius of Science. This wonderful building, when finished, will be the most striking edifice in the world, and will add greatly to the attractions of the French capital.

Trinity's Clock.

The clock in Trinity church tower is the largest in America. It might seem that in its construction an effort was made to ascertain how much metal could possibly be planted in a clock. The frame stands nine feet long, five feet high, and three feet wide. The main wheels are thirty inches in diameter. There are three wheels in the time train, and three each in the strike and chime. The winding wheels are formed of solid castings, thirty inches in diameter and two inches thick, and are driven by a "pinion and arbor." On the arbor is placed a jack, or another wheel, pinion and crank, and it takes 850 turns of the crank to wind up each weight. It requires 700 feet of three-inch rope for the three cords, and the work of two men for over an hour to wind the clock. The pendulum is eighteen feet long, and oscillates twenty-five times per minute. The dial is eighty feet in diameter, although it looks little more than half that size from Broadway. The three weights are about eight hundred, twelve hundred, and fifteen hundred pounds respectively. A large box is placed at the bottom of the well, which holds about a bale of cotton waste, so that in case a cord should break the cotton would check the concussion.

Notes of an Ocean Traveler.

[New York Sun.]

Like everything else, going to sea for pleasure is falling into a profession. It is remarkable how large a proportion of the passengers have been over before. There is an ocean-ferry public who know the merits of all the rival ships, are never seasick and won't stop their game to see an iceberg.

Still, there are greenhorns, and one infallible sign—one more infallible than to talk about going "up stairs," or to ask the captain in mid-ocean when he expects to sight land—is to keep a diary.

Feeling is getting worse and worse aboard ship. It seemed almost shabby, finally, to overlook the watch who reefed topsails on a windy night. That was a piece of work better worth a shilling than sweeping the hurricane deck or bringing B. and S. to the smoking-room.

A fellow-voyager, an experienced man who had grown gray in travel, sat placidly on the dock at Liverpool amid his luggage, with his purse in his hand. "It saves me the trouble of constantly taking it out," explained this indolent man. "This is the land of the shilling."

What in the old version was call "leaving" is in the new version termed "lying or falsehood." The real estate agents have brought this on themselves.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

ON THE FORMATION OF CIRCLES.

[Dr. Coon, in *The Liberal*, gives the following directions in the matter of the formation of circles for the manifestations of spiritual phenomena:]

First, have you a medium that promises greater development than any other one in the circle? If so, select that one and place them in the center of the circle, the friends joining hands around them. We would advise ten persons to form the circle and never more than fifteen at the outside, as too many is apt to produce inharmonious either by thought or deed in some way. The object of having the medium in the center is a two fold one; the development being more rapid, and mischievous spirits are kept out by the combined power of spirits and mortal forming a circle of strength around the subject. The term subject is used as a mesmerist would, from the fact that they are for the time subject to mesmeric influence, and if left unprotected may be overcome by outside influences, but with the circle and spirits to help them, they become subject to spirit influence in contravention to earth controls.

Never try to develop two or three mediums at the same time. The influences are like on earth; one control waits for another, and so on, until there is nothing accomplished; and after your medium is developed so that they are competent to teach others, let them step aside and out the circle; if not altogether, sit outside the ring formed, that your band may keep charge of you while another is being developed. It is best though to retire from the circle intoto, as your band may not through the other influences be able to protect your organization from being controlled; therefore give another medium the same chance you have enjoyed of being developed for the good of others. The circle will do for every phase of mediumship except cabinet and table-tipping seances. That requires the following changes: 1st, the materializing medium requires a somewhat stronger circle, and the number fifteen would be advisable. Place the cabinet or curtain as best suits you, but after once placed never change it. Place two chairs in the cabinet, one for the medium and one for any other use the spirits may require. A glass of water may be placed on a small shelf there to receive it. Now let the medium enter. After seeing that they are seated comfortably, the light and music regulated by yourself or controls present, sit yourselves in a circle, the last two touching the edge of the cabinet with their fingers. Be careful to be seated in comfortable positions so that there be no moving around or uneasy twitching about, as that distracts the thoughts of both spirit and friends from the work at hand. And now let me impress this on your minds: Have patience. Do not think because there are no demonstrations there is nothing being done. The work is being perfected as fast as the spirits can collect material and substance to work with. Another thing to be remembered in all your seances is promptness. Have a certain hour to commence and a certain hour to quit. Let that rule always be obeyed. Should there be a medium under control or a spirit form present when the hour strikes, let someone proclaim the seance closed, drop hands, and wait quietly a few moments for the spirit to dematerialize; for whether in the body of a medium or fully materialized, the same process of dematerializing will have to take place and must be recognized. Table tipping or physical demonstrations, as they are called, require a solid substance that spirits may by this noise call attention of friends to their presence. Many times this is the only way the spirit can make known its presence and desire to communicate. Arrange the seance the same as for an ordinary seance, with the table in the center. Arrange positive and negative, alternate, gentleman and lady. And here is another matter we wish to impress on the minds of all. You are seeking for a high and holy object; the interchange of thought with friends gone before. Do not let the seance degenerate into a disgraceful farce, but be earnest in your inquiries and note the answers carefully, that through this somewhat imperfect way of communicating, you may receive and digest the truth contained therein. Let one of your number stay outside the circle with book and pencil to receive the communication, that the circle may remain unbroken after once formed. The medium for this manifestation must sit at the head of the table with another chosen by the control as a strong magnetic battery at the foot. Never change places under any circumstances after your circle is formed. Let nothing but sickness or death in the family keep you away from your post, and should either of these causes occur, place the chair belonging to the absent party at the usual place, and the hand of the next two touching the post of the chair; thus forming a spiritual chain with the absent person. Let the person away think of the circle friends earnestly, and the spiritual chain will be all the stronger.

It takes a Melrose boy to get at first principles. At a recent exhibition in that suburb the clergyman asked: "What does God give us to guide every one's daily life?" Of course he thought the scholars would say the Bible, conscience, etc., but one little fellow shouted, "Common sense."—*Boston Globe*.

PHANTOM SHIPS.

Odd Stories Showing the Hold the Imagination Had on Ancient Mariners.

[Frank H. Stauffer, in Current.]

We are not surprised that the Ancient mariners peopled the sea, in their quaint mythology, with imaginary creatures, or invested the most common things and occurrences with prognostic influences. Following them with their sea-faring delusions, came the monks of the Middle Ages, pretending to chronicle, with scrupulous accuracy, saintly interpositions at sea, etc., etc. The sailors were excusable, on account of their ignorance and credulity, but the same apology cannot be offered in behalf of the monks. It is not our purpose, in this article, to enumerate the superstitious, and still less to speak of the curious legends, only in so far as they may be directly connected with the title of our article.

In a very rare book entitled "Otia Imperialia," written by Gervase of Tilbury, in 1211, is a very odd story, related with all the soberness of fact. In substance it is as follows:

As the people were coming out of a church in England, on a dark, cloudy day, they saw a cable dangling from the clouds, and, upon examination, found it attached to a ship's anchor which had caught in a heap of stones. Suddenly the cable became taut, as if an unseen crew were trying to haul it up, while clamorous orders issued from the clouds overhead. To their surprise a sailor came sliding down the cable, and was suffocated by the thick atmosphere in the presence of the gaping crowd. His shipmates cut the cable and sailed away. The anchor which they left behind them was made into fastenings and ornaments for the door of the nearest church. Whether they still exist, in commemoration of the wonderful event, we are not prepared to say.

The phantom ship was an object of firm belief to the Norman fishermen, and would be driven into port whenever the prayers for the souls of their lost kinsmen had failed to be efficacious. In "Credulities Past and Present," is an account of what follow such a mysterious visitation. The widows and children and friends of the seamen who were supposed to have been drowned, would rush to the quay. Cries of recognition would arise, but no returning cry would be heard from the crew. The bells would sound the hour of midnight, and a fog would steal over the sea, amid which the vessel would disappear. Amidst the sobs and cries of the spectators of the phantom ship the warning voice of the priest would be heard: "Pay your debts! Pray for the lost souls in Purgatory!"

There is a legend of a Herr Von Falkenberg who was compelled to beat about the ocean till the Day of Judgment, on board a ship without a helm or steersman, playing at dice for his soul with the devil. It was common for seamen who traversed the German Ocean to declare that they had met the phantom ship. Some legend of the kind suggested to Coleridge his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." There is a spectre ship in it, and dice are thrown for the souls of the crew,

"Her lips were red, her locks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was white as leprosy,
The night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold."

The Flying Dutchman was a name given to one of these phantom ships. It scudded before the wind under a heavy press of sail when other ships were afraid to show an inch of canvas. She was generally declared to have been seen in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, and was always regarded as the worst of all possible omens. Her crew committed some atrocious crime; the plague broke out among them; no harbor would consent to shelter them; the apparition of the ship still haunts the seas in which the crimes were perpetrated, etc. The superstition originated with the Dutch, though the English sailors put the most faith in the legend. Sir Walter Scott alluded to the ship as a harbinger of woe:

"Or, of that phantom ship whose form
Shoots like a meteor through the storm.
Full spread and crowded every sail
The demon-fragate braves the gale!
And well the doomed spectators know
The harbinger of wreck and woe!"

It was probably no uncommon occurrence in early times for seafarers to fall in with ships abandoned to the winds and waves, with corpses on board. Such instances may have suggested the legends. On the other hand they may have had their origin in the looming up, or apparent suspensions in the air, of some ship out of sight—a phenomenon sometimes witnessed at sea, and caused by unequal refraction in the lower strata of the atmosphere.

We close our article with a Cornish tradition of a phantom ship as related by Mr. Hunt:

One night a gig's crew was called to go to the westward of St. Ives Head. No sooner was one boat launched, than several others put off from the shore, and a stiff chase was maintained, each one being eager to get to the ship, as she had the appearance of a foreign trader. The hull was clearly visible; she was a schooner-rigged vessel with a light over her bows. Away they pulled, and the boat which had been first launched still kept ahead by dint of mechanical pow-

er and skill. All the men had thrown off their jackets to row with more freedom. At length the helmsman cried out, "Stand ready to board her!" The sailor rowing the bow-oar, slipped it out of the rowlock and stood on the forethwart, taking his jacket on his arm, ready to spring aboard. The vessel came so close to the boat that they could see the men, and the bow-oar man made a grasp at the bulwarks. His hand found nothing solid, and he fell, being caught by one of his mates, back into the boat, instead of into the water. Then ship and lights disappeared. The next morning the Neptune, of London, Captain Richard Grant, was wrecked at Gwethian, and all on board perished.

How Artificial Teeth May do Damage.

[Sir Henry Thompson, in Popular Science Monthly for August.]

Another agent in the combination to maintain for the man of advancing age his career of flesh-eater, is the dentist. Nothing is more common at this period of life than to hear complaints of indigestion, experienced, so it is affirmed, because mastication is imperfectly performed for want of teeth. The dentist deftly repairs the defective implements, and the important function of chewing the food can henceforth be performed with comfort. But, without any intention to justify a doctrine of final causes, I would point out the significant fact that the disappearance of the masticating powers is mostly coincident with the period of life when that species of food which most requires their action—viz.: solid animal fiber—is little if at all, required by the individual. It is during the latter third of his career that the lighter and softer foods, such as well-cooked cereals, some light mixed animal and vegetable soups, and also fish, for which teeth are barely necessary, are particularly valuable and appropriate. And the man with imperfect teeth, who conforms to Nature's demand for a mild, non-stimulating dietary in advanced years, will mostly be blessed with a better digestion and sounder health than the man who, thanks to his artificial machinery, can eat and does eat as much flesh in quantity and variety as he did in the days of his youth. Far be it from me to undervalue the truly artistic achievements of a clever and experienced dental surgeon, or the comfort which he affords. By all means let us have recourse to his aid when our natural teeth fail, for the purpose of vocal articulation, to say nothing of their relation to personal appearance; on such grounds the artificial substitutes rank among the necessities of life in a civilized community. Only let it be understood that the chief end of teeth, so far as mastication is concerned, has in advancing age been to a great extent accomplished, and that they are now mainly useful for the purposes just named. But I cannot help adding that there are some grounds for the belief that those who have throughout life, from their earliest years, consumed little or no flesh, but have lived on a diet chiefly or wholly vegetarian, will be found to have preserved their teeth longer than those who have always made flesh a prominent part of their daily food.

A Slow Boy.

Texas Siftings.

The German school-teacher is very poorly paid for his wearisome work of imparting wisdom to his pupils, if many of his pupils are like the one described in the following dialogue.

The boy found it difficult to understand simple arithmetic:

Teacher—"Suppose, Fritz, you have a stocking on one foot, and you put another stocking on the other foot."

Fritz—"I never wear no stockings."

Teacher—"Suppose your father has one pig in a pen, and he buys another pig, and puts it in the pen, how many pigs will there be in the pen?"

Fritz—"Dad don't keep no pigs."

The teacher blew a heavy sigh from his tired lips, wiped the perspiration from his scholastic brow, and went at it again with renewed courage.

"Suppose, Fritz, you have one jacket, and at Christmas your father makes you a present of another jacket, how many jackets will you have then?"

Fritz—"He ain't that kind of a father. He never give me nothin' for Christmas."

"Suppose your mother gives you one apple, and you have one already, what will you have then?"

Fritz—"Stomachache. 'Our apples are cookin' apples.'"

The teacher was not the man to be discouraged by trifles. He began to suspect that Fritz was not well up in arithmetic, but he resolved to make one more effort, so he said:

"Fritz, if a poor beggar boy has a cake, and you give him one more cake, how many will he have?"

Fritz—"I dunno, I eat my own cakes." Then the teacher told the children to go out and play.

Young Wife (Reading). "A machine has been invented in Troy which makes 24,000 perfect matches in a minute, and 20,000,000 in a day of ten hours."

Young Husband. "But Chicago will be fully equal to the emergency, provided they run their mill on full time."

"I don't understand, dear."

"The divorce mill, my love."

CHANGE OF IDEAS.

[It is amazing how many of the orthodox clergy are coming into Spiritualistic ways of thinking. From a funeral discourse recently delivered by Rev. W. J. Spaulding, LL.D., President of the Wesleyan College, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, we copy the following:]

When first we come upon this planet in our young boyhood or girlhood, in our young manhood or womanhood, how bright the world appears, how far away stretches the path of life and how distant death and the grave and the eternal world seem to be. How far reaching our life plans; how abiding our homes, our business, our associations with our friends. How strong the attractions of earth. How absorbed in earthly pursuit. How intent on earthly conquest. How hedged about are we in our thoughts and feelings by the boundaries of earth and the strong pressure upon heart and mind of sensuous things.

And yet this is not the world of enchantment and reality which we conceive it to be. Nor are we so much citizens of this world as citizens of the world beyond the tomb.

The abiding world, the home of the spirit, the world which is not tangible to the bodily senses, but tangible only to the vision of the soul, is the world unseen which environs earth and stars, extending beyond the boundaries of our present thought and feeling and encompassing all space.

There is a world upon which our eyes open when our spirits pass beyond the tomb, and into which we fully enter when the soul is freed from its habitation of clay—a world of brightness and beauty and boundless expansion it may be, or of unlifted shadows and sorrow—a world of spirits now unseen into which all the population of the earth has gone, and in which are the countless intelligences of God's universe who have gone not by the way of the planet upon which we tread—a world of homes and cities and widely populated territories and governments and activities and wide intercourse—a world environing the globe upon which we dwell and where we made our advent and existence.

And as we journey on through life away from childhood, away from young manhood, we come more and more into the consciousness of this great truth, more and more into the feelings of the substantial reality of this realm and the nearness of friends and loved ones, and the seraphic intelligences of the spiritual world and of their sympathy and interest in all our joys and sorrows and burdens, and of their guardianship and helpfulness and the part which they take in all that belongs to an earthly destiny in all the happenings of the life without and the life within.

As the spiritual vision opens through the experiences coming to all in the world sooner or later, the delusion of our early life vanishes and we stand face to face with the sublime realities of the spiritual world, and move on with fixed and wondering gaze 'until death comes to close our earthly vision and open the eyes of the soul fully to the things of the world to come.

We come into the feeling that we are strangers here on earth. Earthly pursuits fail to satisfy the deepest longings of the soul except for a season. This planet grows too narrow for the unfolding spirit.

How quickly do we pass over the path leading from the cradle to the grave. Bright in the anticipation, how shadowy become all those years which have passed away. How little surety of all we hold dear. How evanescent all our earthly joys. How soon fades away all the glories of our earthly victories. How little anticipation of what sorrows and burdens shall come to us, to our homes and loved ones. How surprised at the approach of death though his steps may have been long delayed.

We are strangers on the earth, sojourners as all our fathers were, pilgrims passing over the plains of earth to the land of spirits as have all the generations of the centuries gone by.

This is the solemn fact which passes upon our attention, upon our thought and feeling as the days of our years go by, by what we see in our homes and community and by what we intuitively recognize as a necessary fact of our existence.

Undeniable Evidence.

[Mrs. T. Atkinson, of Baltimore, writes to the Banner of Light as follows:]

"I am sixty-two years of age, yet an infant of a few months in Spiritualism, born into it by an experience with a medium, who, I think, is deserving of mention in the Banner. I came to Baltimore six months ago from West Virginia, in great trouble and anxiety of mind. I had just lost my husband, and in two weeks following, my daughter. Speaking to a friend with whom I am stopping of my losses, and how impoverished I was, she suggested that I consult a medium, saying, at the same time, she had no faith in them, but I might get something. I finally decided to go with her to Miss Maggie Gaule, of West Biddle street. As soon as I went in, I said, 'Miss Gaule, can you promise to give me satisfaction if I pay you?' Quick as a flash, she said, 'No, ma'am, I promise you nothing; no pay is required if you get no satisfaction.' So having seated ourselves in a lighted room, she began to cough, and much like my child, but I said nothing. Presently a voice said to me, 'Mother, oh! mother, Magdalena, your daughter, is with you, and brings papa.' I said, 'This is strange, indeed. Who is

papa?' and soon the voice spoke again. 'Do not deny us, we are not dead; there is no dead. My father went before me. I soon followed.' I said, 'Oh! papa, give me your name, and tell me something to ease my mind; for I knew if he was with me he could see what I wanted.' And he answered, 'Martha, why do you grieve? you are not penniless, as you think. I am your husband (giving his name), and I am going to help you.' Then he told me of many things in our family that my own children did not know, and which I was satisfied were correct; and oh! how could I doubt? Better than all, he told me where there were papers and effects that would amount to three thousand dollars. This I doubted at the time, but have since found it is true.

Lakes of Solid Salt in Asia.

[From a paper read by Sir Peter Lumsden before the Royal Geographical Society.]

Yarolian means "the sunken ground," and no word can better describe the appearance or the valley of these lakes. The total length of the valley from Kangruai road on the west to the Band-i-Dozan, which bounds it on the east, is about thirty miles, and its great breadth about eleven miles, divided into two parts by a connecting ridge which runs across from north to south, with an average height of about 1,800 feet, but has a narrow, which rises some 400 feet above the general average. To the west of this ridge lies the lake from which the Tekke Turcomans from Merv get their salt. The valley of this lake is some six miles square, and is surrounded on all sides by a steep, almost precipitous descent, impassable for baggage animals, so far as I am aware, except by the Merv road in the northwest corner. The level of the lake I made to be about 1,430 feet above the sea level, which gives it a descent of some 400 feet from the level of the connecting ridge, and of some 950 feet below the general plateau above. The lake itself lies in the center of the basin, and the supply of salt is apparently unlimited.

The bed of the lake is one solid mass of hard salt, perfectly level and covered only by an inch or two of water. To ride over it was like riding over ice or cement. The bottom was covered with a slight sediment but when that was scraped away the pure, white salt shone out below. How deep this deposit is it is impossible to say, for no one has yet got to the bottom of it. To the east of the dividing ridge is the second lake, from which the Saryks of Penjdeh take their salt. The valley in which this lake is situated is much the larger of the two. The valley proper is itself some fifteen miles in length by about ten miles in breadth. The descent to it is precipitous on the north and west sides only, the eastern and southeastern ends sloping up gradually in a succession of undulations. The level of this is apparently lower than that of the other. I made it out to be some 800 feet above the sea level. The salt in this lake is not so smooth as in the other and did not look so pure. It is dug out in flakes or strata, generally of some four inches in thickness, is loaded into bags, and carried off on camels for sale without further preparation.

Mrs. Livermore is reported as saying: "In her winter's travels she met an intelligent brewer and held much conversation with him regarding temperance reform. Among other things he said: 'Let me tell you how we stand here in Nebraska. If to-morrow we were compelled to choose between a woman suffrage or a prohibitory amendment to our constitution, we should take the latter. For you can get around any prohibitory amendment that men can make. With the aid of good lawyers, you can carry cases up to the higher courts, and delay decisions, you can pick flaws in the evidence, and break down the witnesses, and all the while if you're smart, you can do business on the sly, until you worry your prosecutors clean out, and they'll give up trying to enforce the law. But when you give women the right to vote, a prohibitory amendment is sure to follow, and women haven't a grain of sense on the temperance question. They are crazy fanatics on that subject, and they wouldn't stop till the whole liquor business was destroyed, root and branch. That is why we shall never give women the ballot in Nebraska.'"

A merchant who had repeatedly dunned a man, sent him a bill of the amount due. In addition to the necessary rule and figure work, the merchant added the following: "I am becoming tired of the indifference with which you treat this matter, and I desire to hear from this bill at once." Several days afterward the merchant received the following written on a postal card: "Accept my thanks for the bill which you were kind enough to send. I have never troubled you about the matter. When I owe a man it is my disposition to treat him kindly, but firmly. I never hang around him. Well, whenever you haven't any thing else to do, send me another bill."—Arkansas Traveler.

There are times in a man's life when the whole sky seems rose-colored, and this old, dull world a paradise. One of these is when he has discovered a quarter in the lining of his last summer's vest.—Boston Post.

SCIENTIFIC PRETEXTS EXPLODED.

[The Spiritual Offering.]

The English *Journal of Science*, having controverted A. R. Wallace's positions in his article, recently published in this country, on the "Harmony of Spiritualism and Science." Dr. Wallace has made a reply to the strictures of the *Journal* with his characteristic ability and logical acumen. The objections which he has been called upon to answer are of the usual character, the general drift of them being that, if Spiritualism is true, there can be no such thing as science, inasmuch as the surrounding spirits must interrupt the operation of physical laws to such an extent as to render the tracing of a law impossible. The writer says:

"It seems to me that before any harmony can be shown between Spiritualism and science, it must be ascertained what are the limits of the powers of these 'spirits,' and under what conditions can they be exerted. In that manner only can a basis for science be saved."

Such an objection, it is shown, has no force. Personal volition and vital energy are constantly interfering with the operation of physical force; and, indeed, physical forces intervene continuously to counteract each other, but this never has, and never can, obstruct the progress of scientific induction. The "basis of science" needs no salvation from any such an absurdly-anticipated danger.

These *a priori* objections are, however, intrinsically illogical. The only question in regard to this matter is, are these alleged phenomena facts? If they are, as they most truly and demonstrably are, physical science must take account of them as far as is needed, and suffer such modification of principles and methods as the truth demands. If its "basis" cannot be saved by the truth, it is not worth saving.

"Then," says Dr. Wallace, "we have the bugbear of the 'creation or destruction of energy' in Spiritualistic phenomena brought forward, and we are told that scientific men will seek for 'precise answers' to the question where the power comes from 'before they can accept the Spiritualist theories.' But nobody asks them to accept the Spiritualist theories before they have investigated the Spiritualist facts."

Dr. Wallace urges, with a great deal of logical force, that "it has usually been the boast of science that it accepts, and coordinates, and studies, all the facts of nature in order to explain them; but with respect to our facts it applies a different rule, and asks for a complete theory—a 'precise explanation' before it will even begin to study them. We are informed that, in order 'To establish a harmony between Spiritualism and science, it will be necessary to show the origin of the energy which is at the disposal of spirits.' But science itself does not yet know the 'origin of the energy' of gravitation, yet the theory of gravitation is its proudest boast. Science only guesses at the 'origin of the energy' of the magnet; and in tracing all terrestrial energy to the sun, it only removes the difficulty one step, and cannot do more than make more or less probable guesses as to where the energy of the sun comes from."

This reply is exceedingly cogent, and will serve to illustrate the effect of prejudice in clouding the reasoning faculties of scientific men while engaged in opposing a new and unwelcome truth, and also to show the strength of the Spiritualist's position, when such shallow sophistry is all that an eminent scientific journal can bring to bear against it.

I know of no more arrant despoiler of all good, ravager of the public wealth, and disturber of the public peace—deserving of execration—than he who manufactures and vends the "cup of devils," introducing discord into every household where it is used as a beverage, clothing the children of its victims in rags, throwing a dark veil of sorrow and disgrace over the brow of the wife and mother, unnerving the arm of industry, robbing the artisan of his skill, the scholar of his genius, the physician of his discrimination, the lawyer of his clients, the clergyman of his wisdom and grace, the victim of his manhood, the home of its comforts and joys, the young of their rights to education, effectually closing the doors of the school-house and church against the poor, while the gates of the prison, jail, penitentiary and madhouse are thrown wide open.—Dr. J. H. Hanaford.

On a clear night about 3,000 stars are visible to the naked eye. A like number in the opposite hemisphere make a total of about 6,000 that can be seen without a glass. These are divided, according to apparent brightness, into six classes, 20 ranking as first magnitude stars, 65 as second magnitude, 200 as third, 450 as fourth, 1,100 as fifth and about 4,000 as sixth. The telescopic stars, unseen by the unaided eye on account of their remoteness, are classified as high as the fourteenth magnitude, and their number is vastly greater being reckoned as high as 20,000,000.

A tropical gooseberry, which is cultivated in Florida, grows on a handsome tree from ten to fifteen feet in height. The fruit is rather smaller than the Siberian crab apple and the shape a flattened globe. It contains one hard seed. The fruit is only moderately valuable, but the tree is ornamental.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1885.

MORAL FATALISM.

There is a species of fatalism prevalent among liberal thinkers, which, it seems to us, if generally believed in, could not operate otherwise than as a bar to human progress. It is the idea, that man is an absolute slave to environment,—to birth, education and conditions;—that he does the best he can; hence, is without moral accountability. Let us consider where this assumption will lead us.

Now, all sound thinkers must admit that man is a free moral agent only in a very limited sense, if at all. Birth and education will generally shape his character, but not always; and in the exception to the rule is involved the very essence of the principle of evolution. Thus children born under bad conditions, and reared amidst unfavorable surroundings, sometimes evolve noble characters—but not often. We well know that the reverse is more often true—that is, men and women frequently go to the bad, who have been most carefully reared and educated.

Teach a man—badly organized and badly educated, if you please,—a drunkard, a thief, an avowed enemy to society,—that he is doing his best, or all that society has a right to expect of him, and is it not true, that to his undeveloped understanding, you are furnishing an incentive to continue in his evil ways? He finds in this belief an excuse for his conduct. He can see no use in putting forth special effort for reformation, when he is already doing his best in that direction; but best or worst, it is all the same to him. Whatever he does, it is just the thing he is compelled to do and for which he is neither deserving of blame, nor entitled to credit!

Who does not see that such a doctrine makes of man a mere shuttlecock of irresistible fate, with no more self-control than the senseless clod that floats away upon the surface of the river? One of his highest inducements to reform—that is, the feeling or belief, that in the judgment of his fellow-beings he is *not* doing his best—is removed. He comes into sympathy with a new code of morals—a code that recognizes his utter helplessness to help himself, and that ceases to blame him for any kind of wickedness he may choose to perpetrate.

When sinful man is thus wholly released from the wholesome restraint of moral accountability, then, in our judgment, will be put far away the day of his reformation. To the spiritually minded, the humane, the lover of righteousness, no restraints are necessary. He has become a law unto himself, in obedience to the higher law of his nature.

Now, while we would hold all badly organized and badly educated humanity to a strict moral accountability for their transgressions,—not only for their own good, but the good of society,—we would at the same time, in no sense, release society from its duty to each individual member, nor from its responsibility in the matter of obstructing the channels of public morality, by oppressive laws, by thrusting temptations in the way of the weak, by abuses of the right of ownership in the public lands, and in various other directions. Neither would we abate one jot or tittle of tender and loving sympathy and humanity in behalf of the erring ones. We would lead them in kindness up and out of their low and dark conditions, into the beautiful light of day—the light and joy of anoble and useful existence.

It is a fearful responsibility society assumes when it attempts to regulate public affairs. By allowing the sale of intoxicating liquors it puts a dagger in the hands of the maniac and robs the widow and the orphan of their natural support. Society must be wise and just, very much so, before it can claim exemption from a share in the responsibility for the iniquities of the people.

But to come back to the question: We trust the time will never come when man shall be made to believe that he is not, to a large extent, the arbiter of his own fate—that he has it not in his power to cease to do evil and learn to do well. For it is only thus that he can respect himself.

UNEASY.

The Mormons in Utah seem quite convinced by this time that they are standing on dangerous ground; at any rate they are looking abroad for new localities in which to plant themselves. They have cast wistful glances upon the Mexican State of Sonora, and with the main object in view, they, some six months ago, made a treaty with the Yaqui Indians that largely inhabit that part of Mexico, and founded a colony of Saints at Cruces. However, the recent victory of the Mexican troops over this tribe renders the treaty of little use. Their next thing to do under these circumstances was to buy from Mexico the land they thought to have secured by treaty. Just why these people look to Mexico as an asylum is not clear, since Mexican laws do not countenance polygamy. Mormonism would be likely to meet with stronger and more prompt opposition in that land than it has in the United States.

Its only hope is beyond the bounds of civilization. If they can find such a spot their possession and enjoyment of it would be brief, as the star of empire is still moving westward and with increasing ratio as the distance lessens. They had better abandon their objectionable practices and settle down to a respectable monogamic existence.

CLEAN NEWSPAPERS.

Connecticut has always maintained stringent State laws, and seems determined to continue them. Those upon whom they impose too much restraint may seek greater freedom elsewhere; therefore no one should complain.

Its new law against objectionable literature just gone into effect, "imposes a fine of fifty dollars or less, and imprisonment for three months or less, or both, at the discretion of the court, upon every person who shall sell, lend, give or offer, any book, magazine, pamphlet or paper devoted wholly or principally to the publication of criminal news, or pictures and stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust or crime." If the above statute does not give Connecticut a wholesome press, it has other measures that will.

That such benefits and blessings as the newspaper world is capable of casting abroad to humanity, should be turned into curses and still find support, is beyond the understanding of the average rational mind; for it is claimed and believed that our laws are the outcome of the best intelligence of the land.

It has always been a matter of surprise to us that *respectable* papers will devote one or more columns to the narration of daily events that can be productive of nothing but harm. Familiarity with crime, by narration only, is hardening and degrading.

The minds that call for a knowledge of it through the public prints, require it doubled and intensified each day to satisfy for a few hours their depraved mental appetites. Soon it fails to meet the demands, by which time these carnivorous and sanguinary gormands of the daily newspaper are in many cases ready to set out on the same line of conduct and amuse themselves.

We have not a doubt that the constant reading of crime makes criminals, not directly, but by stimulation. All the evil in young, and old natures too, is kept alive and nurtured by the average daily newspapers.

Not only is the evil thing itself set forth, but the means employed, manner of procedure with no detail omitted, so that the young boys and girls of our streets find ample instruction for any wrong course of life they may fall into.

If the adult public desire such things, it needs regenerating, and if the press dare not, or cannot undertake to do it alone, the law should help it. If the many willfully bad sheets were suppressed, others that have been forced to modified imitations, "in order to suit all classes," would in most cases gladly change their tone and come over on the side of those papers that would rather die than turn their columns into avenues of pollution to the home and the homeless.

NIAGARA.

It must be a general satisfaction to the public to know that at last our greatest natural wonder is free to all the world. Since 1879 steps have been tending to this end, but it seemed at times the object would be abandoned.

It is stated that no other accessible great natural wonder in the world has been visited by so few people and for so short a time; but it is not strange, when every bit of ground from which the Falls could be seen, was owned by private individuals, who took tolls from all comers. The scenery of the Falls was being marred and destroyed by those who could see no relation between the grandest of scenes and the frame in which it had been set by Nature. The destruction of the primeval forest is to be regretted, but the growth of years will in a degree atone for it, and the mighty cataract will yet see some of its old grandeur renewed.

The mean buildings removed, streets obliterated, toll-gates and ugly fences taken away, together with all other evidences of man's greed, will do much toward restoring the natural beauty of the surroundings of these mighty waters. It was indeed a fit occasion to celebrate, when the desecration of this wonderful exhibition of Nature's power had ceased. That it should ever have been permitted, will constitute one of the world's wonders.

OUR SENSES.

Sense is nothing until educated. One in possession of the recognized five, does not perceive this, but rather thinks he hears, feels, tastes, sees, and smells, because he must.

Of these we depend mostly upon sight, but if lacking, or lost by accident, touch and hearing supply its place, particularly the former. A lad in the State Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, at Romney, Hampshire County, W. Va., born with a double cataract, recently underwent a surgical operation that resulted in the perfect restoration, or rather production, of his sight.

During his almost fifteen years of life, he had depended upon other senses for all his impressions of the outside world, so that the new sense of sight was at first a useless one to him. The most familiar objects were not recognized until he could touch them. He did not know a key from a book by seeing it only. His eyes were the same as those of an infant, and beheld things with the same vague and wondering expressions. Thus will it be, we fancy, with those who in this life are blind to spiritual things, when they have laid off the material garment of flesh.

The officers of the State Association of Spiritualists, having in charge the arrangements for the next State meeting, should place themselves in correspondence with speakers and mediums of the East, with a view to securing the best talent attainable for our meeting. By commencing in time a grand success will be assured.

A BROAD GAUGE RELIGION.

A good ministerial friend, large-hearted and liberal, and who really has some friendly leanings toward Spiritualism, is nevertheless inclined to think the field of work upon which we have entered too narrow for us. He would doubtless change his opinion if he saw through our eyes, or had had like opportunities with ourselves to study, not only the phenomena, but the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism.

Hampered and limited by no stereotyped creed, Spiritualism is broad enough to embrace all that relates to man's intellectual and Spiritual unfoldment. It teaches that eternal progression is a law of the soul principle of man; and it comes forth like a new revelation to help him on his upward way. It condemns whatever retards the spirit's growth, of earthly appetites or lowly impulse or desire. It will never rest satisfied so long as evil exists in the world. It holds to the equality of the sexes in the matter of civil, social and political rights. It believes in beautiful homes, where love presides, and happy children grow up in nobility and goodness of character. It insists that the laborer is entitled to the just fruits of his labor, and that government should deal honestly and impartially by all. It would give every poor man a home, and dot this earth all over with beautiful things. It would remove far away the necessity for insane asylums, prisons and poorhouses. And then, when every earthly good is accomplished, it would lead the spirit, all bright and chastened by the experiences of earth, up through the golden gateway of the change called death to a home immortal in the Summer Land.

What would our brother have broader than this? Is there a church in the land that would or could do more? Is there one that can demonstrate the fact of a future life by living witnesses? Spiritualism stands forth as the Living Church of the New Dispensation—the church that has brought life and immortality to light, by evidences that come home to the heart and the understanding, and not by faith founded on ancient tradition.

It will not do for church members to judge of Spiritualism by alleged exposures of mediumship, or by the occasional disorderly conduct of believers in its phenomena. The vast numbers of black sheep in their own flocks should teach them charity in this respect. Who does not know that human nature is weak, and temptation often very strong. We should all learn to be charitable and magnanimous in our conduct toward others. It will not retard our own spiritual growth. Neither will it retard the growth of those with whom we come in contact.

DEMONSTRATED TRUTHS.

The truths of Spiritualism do not depend upon any one medium nor fifty. They have been demonstrated for many years through thousands of media all over the world, and under conditions absolutely impossible of fraud or deception; and that, too, with vastly increasing powers and distinctness. Clairvoyance, clairaudience, the independent voice, the trance, spirit personation, transfiguration and materialization, independent slate writing and automatic writing, together with the more common phases of rapping, table-tipping, etc., are now as familiar to millions of Spiritualists throughout the world as the simplest facts in the universe. No scientist has ever yet undertaken to investigate the spiritual phenomena in a spirit of fairness, or with any reasonable degree of persistence, who has not been compelled to admit their genuineness. To deny them is an evidence of ignorance. To attribute them to the devil or to evil spirits, is an indication of weakness. The fundamental facts are not only increasing in certainty and importance, but they are spreading with unprecedented rapidity throughout the thinking world. The church is honey-combed with the new gospel, and multitudes who had come to reject the Bible and Christianity altogether, have been compelled to give in their adhesion to the claims of Spiritualism. They have a hope now in a future life—nay, not simply a hope, but irrefragable proof thereof. What a change to this is to groping in the gloom and darkness of materialism.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN SWEDEN.

Sweden is in some respects ahead of us. Though not granted Parliamentary suffrage, its women have a voice in naming the electors of the County Council, who choose the members of the Upper House, and a vote for municipal councilors and parish clergymen. A woman also holds a professorship at its chief university, the first instance of the kind in modern times. One thing at a time, and all by and by. Every concession to woman is taken wide note of. If the franchise had been dealt out by bits to the emancipated negro, the nation would have been seized by emotional insanity. Kings are not supreme, else Holland would not be credited with a public lottery. The King would abolish it, but the Dutch legislators are oppositely determined, deferring only so much to his majesty as to substitute State for Royal, so calling it the State Lottery. That a legislative body of note should favor so objectional an institution as a lottery against the prevailing sentiment of the day, can only be explained on the ground of revenue, which is held as a reason when no other would be listened to. The Dutch State Lottery is said to pay 490,000 florins yearly into the national treasury.

HARD TIMES.

There seems anything but a kind Providence regulating the affairs of this world in general, though we are often led to acknowledge special instances to the contrary.

It does seem that the toilers and cultivators of the earth, should be the ones to profit by their labors, but it is not so. They are the ones upon whom "hard times" comes with deepest meaning, for they are seldom provided for such seasons.

They are taxed to such an extent, that all they can accumulate over and above a simple living, is swallowed up to pay county, and State officials. True, these workers have appetites and habits that the poor cannot afford; but that is no reason that they should not receive honest and fair compensation for their work and its products. The ten thousand landlords in Great Britain, without toil, receive from the soil more than twice as much as the total wages paid to eight hundred and fifty thousand laborers, for working twelve hours through the seven days in every week. The same thing is going on all over the earth to-day, in different ways and degrees. Just how long it can continue without a revolutionary outburst, is a question that is interesting many thinking minds who think they already see storm-clouds darkening the horizon.

LONGING FOR THE EVIDENCE.

FRESNO, July 29, 1885.

MR. AND MRS. OWEN:—A few days ago we took from the postoffice your paper, the GOLDEN GATE, addressed to us. It is just the paper I want now, I think, for I am longing, as only a broken-hearted mother can, to be convinced that Spiritualism is true; that our loved ones can and do come to us after they have left this form; that we shall see and know them again. We lost one little girl nine years ago from the effects of vaccination, and now our darling baby has gone; she was not two years old. We thought we watched her all of the time, but we missed her Thursday, the 16th of this month. It didn't seem as if she had been out of sight a minute. We all started in search for her, and found her in the ditch in front of our house. We did all we could to bring her to life, but all to no purpose. She is gone from our sight, and O, how we all miss her; how we want to see our pet again. What I want now more than anything else in this world is to be convinced that the spirit lives and is cared for by loving spirit hands; that she is happy, and I shall see and know her again. Hoping that your paper may help me in my search for light, I enclose \$1.25 for six months. I hope to be so much pleased with it that I shall continue to take it as long as it is published.

MRS. F. M. B. MORSE,
Fresno City, Cal.

Yes, sister; it is when death robs us of our loved ones, and our hearts are heavy with a great sorrow, that we want something more substantial than faith to lean upon. It is then we feel that we *must know* that they live again, that they know and love us there, and are waiting to welcome us to their home in the land of souls. Spiritualism brings the positive knowledge of a future life. The way has indeed been opened, the river of death has been bridged, and the white-robed messengers—the spirits of those whose earthly forms we have consigned to the grave—come back to assure us that they are not dead. Your little one is in careful and loving hands. She will grow in beauty and wisdom, and will ever cling to you in this life, and be ready with outstretched hands to welcome you when it shall be yours to pass over the silent river.

A strange circumstance, connected with the death of this child, will be interesting to all mothers who have lost children. The wife of the writer—our assistant,—who, by the way, was for several years a teacher, and has great fondness for children,—was sitting with Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the test medium, of this city, about ten days ago. Mrs. Whitney was entranced and said: "There is brought to you a little child about two years old, whose dripping garments indicate that it has very recently died from drowning. She is resting on a pillow of flowers. There comes to me the name of Mathews; but that is not the name of the mother. I see the name Zola or Zona among the flowers. The last syllable of the name is partly obscured with flowers. You do not know the child, nor its mother. But you will hear of its death soon by letter, and something will appear in your paper concerning it. Knowing your love for children, it seems to have been brought to you, by the spirit having it in charge, to obtain strength." Mrs. Owen thinks the name of this spirit was given as Mary; although she is not positive on that point.

We will add that a little poem, on the death of the child, accompanied the foregoing letter, in which its name was given as Zona, and the surname of the writer as Mathews. The parties were all unknown to Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Owen.

Contrary to the oft-repeated assertion that libraries are patronized mainly by readers of light and profitless literature, it is stated that of the two free circulating libraries in Philadelphia, that of the Friends in Germantown permits no work of fiction upon its shelves, and yet loans nearly fifteen thousand volumes a year, and about twenty-five thousand people come annually to read in its rooms. But Germantown, like Vineland, N. J., is one of the choice spots upon our earth; what is true of them could hardly be expected largely so elsewhere. In these two communities, the better class of minds have so far prevailed that none others are attracted. Elsewhere there is a mixture.

In Germany a man has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for intending to preside at a Socialist meeting. When that gentleman has earned his bodily freedom he should emigrate to a free country. In the glorious American Republic intentions are not punished unless criminal, and then not much or any, if the interested person has money or moneyed friends. Liberty of the press and that of the tongue are fully enjoyed here, but the results of the latter often become such that the indulgence is likely to become unwise if not unsafe in the immediate future. Too much freedom is proving quite as bad for some as too little.

Miss Rosamond Dale Owen, the talented daughter of Robert Dale Owen, who is as enthusiastic a defender of the truth of Modern Spiritualism as was her illustrious father, has just returned from England, where she had a brief but conspicuous career as a lecturer. After a few weeks' rest and recuperation, it is announced that she will take the rostrum in behalf of the cause so dear to her heart. It is hoped that she may visit the Pacific Coast.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There were 83 suicides in San Francisco, during the year ending June 30th. The times must be fearful of joint that produce such havoc of life from self-destruction.

There is a genius that gives life and activity to all other intellectual gifts: it is that which discovers new points of view for old and familiar objects, and the power and habit of intense and concentrated thought.

Mrs. Watson, the eloquent inspirational speaker, is winning golden opinions in the East. One writer says: "Mrs. Watson speaks wholly under inspiration, and is, without doubt, one of the most able speakers upon the spiritual rostrum to-day."

Geologists say that the coal beds of the earth will be exhausted in ten thousand eight hundred and seventy years. Trusting that kind Providence has made provision for such an emergency, we will not borrow trouble until our growing timber is all used up.

There is nothing which helps us to feel that our life has been worth living, as the humble and grateful reflection that we have aided some other soul to fulfill its earthly destiny. For this consolation the dying miser would probably then give all his gold, could he but get a reprieve from death.

We are told that San Bernardino has a street that is so overgrown with sunflowers as to obstruct travel thereon. This must confirm what we have always heard regarding the people of that country—that they are decidedly esthetic. The growing disciples of O. W. would fall on their knees and strike an attitude there.

The good people of Los Angeles county, including the city and San Gabriel valley, are very much surprised by the orange trees blossoming out of season. Nature is such a steady-going, staid old dame that the least variation on her part is always a matter of surprise. But what must she think of her children, who are constantly perverting and abusing her laws?

The demand for the proofs of a future life was never so pressing as at present. Our mediums,—of which we have many excellent ones in this city,—inform us that their time is almost wholly occupied with earnest seekers after the truth; and some of them have more calls than they can attend to. And so the good work is progressing—not only in the city, but throughout the State and nation.

That alone is good for us of which we make good use. To be poor is fraught with humiliating disadvantages, but if courageously borne, the discipline it carries one through, more than affects them. Wealth is freedom, but it is also care. The responsibilities it imposes are seldom conscientiously discharged, because the glitter of gold in most cases has the effect of blinding one to all save self.

In Shasta county there is a toll-road on which the charges are over twenty-one dollars for a six-horse team to go forty miles. This reminds us of that infamous broad road upon which there is a still greater toll, collected of all travelers at the end. It is a greater pity it were not exacted on the start, then it would lessen the vast throng, many of whom set out for mere pleasure, but almost all go on to misery and the full extent of the toll.

An intelligent audience listened very attentively to the practical lecture by Mrs. F. A. Logan in Albion Hall, Alcazar building, O'Farrell street, last Sunday evening. The meeting was opened with instrumental music by Mrs. Rodway, of Topeka, followed by Annie Higgs (now Mrs. Kimball) who thrilled the audience with her pathetic songs. The meeting closed with ballad tests, by Mrs. Seip, to be resumed by the same ladies next Sunday evening. See notice elsewhere.

In considering a problem there is nothing like viewing it from all sides, that the subject may be fully compassed. The *Call* thus looks at the question of demand and supply in our own country, expressing much in a few words: "The very fact that we import \$100,000,000 of goods that we could manufacture in this country, shows that home industries have not yet got possession of the entire home market, consequently home industries cannot have outgrown the home market."

Santa Barbara County pays a bounty of \$2.50 on coyote scalps. Men that are able to tramp, begging for food, and say they can't get work, would do well to go to Santa Barbara and turn coyote-hunters. These animals are said to be very numerous in that section, and likely to last. The bounty offered is a good day's wages, and the man that could not secure at least one coyote a day, could hardly earn his board at anything else. Hunters find it profitable to destroy them, and the field is open to all comers.

The Jamaica ginger dodge having failed in its late results, the Prohibition towns of New England have many ingenious toppers, who have found a way of obtaining their "bitters," by means of peppermint essence, which, being in a solution of alcohol, is diluted down to a drinking degree and imbibed with satisfaction, since it produces the desired state of imbecility. Peppermint essence being about as bad for the stomach as alcohol is for the brain and system in general, those poor victims will find their "bitters" not promotive of morning or any meal-time appetite.

The Oregon man who has hollowed out the stump of a huge tree in the fashion of a room, cut a door and windows in it, and lives in it, won't get a bit of credit for being romantic, ingenious, thoughtful, prudent, sensible nor anything else, but just laziness and shiftlessness that prevented him from accumulating lumber enough to build a natural house. This is because he is not a novelist, nor a poet, nor a politician, nor an editor, but just a plain Mr. Somebody of Oregon, who was doubtless disappointed by experimenting on perpetual motion, and at last became satisfied with a stump.

NEWS ITEMS.

At a late pow-wow the Umatilla Indians positively refused to give their consent to the opening up of the reservation.

Georgia has become as much of a temperance State as Maine or Kansas. Whisky is a scarce article, and a drunken man is a rare sight.

The polygamists of Utah now introduce one woman as "the wife" and the others as her "companions," and the law is put out over the trick.

A watermelon weighing 178 pounds and measuring 3 feet 4 inches in length is on exhibition in Los Angeles. It will be preserved in alcohol and sent to Boston.

Walt Whitman, the venerable poet, while sitting on the steps of his residence in Camden, N. J., the night of July 20th, was prostrated by heat and fell to the pavement.

Roman Catholics are estimated at 184,000,000 and Protestants at 148,000,000, but the latter claim a gain of 250 per cent during the past century to 50 per cent for Rome.

Helen Taylor who has accepted a nomination to Parliament and who has long been an active member of the school board in London, is a step-daughter of John Stuart Mill.

A man went down to Rome, Ga., from Atlanta and opened a female barber shop, but before the place had taken in 35 cents a crowd of 100 indignant wives had made a wreck of it.

Eastern capitalists propose to construct a cable road from Los Angeles to Pasadena. Work will begin next month, and the road will be in running order within ninety days thereafter.

It is reported that large numbers of sheep are dying this season from the operations of a parasite that infests the liver. There has also been great mortality among hogs from cholera.

A colony of Mennonite families, consisting of ninety-three persons, arrived at Gridley, Butte County, a few days ago. Their agent is seeking a suitable location in Shasta County for them.

Fear of being given permission to take a permanent vacation is keeping more Washington department clerks at their posts than are commonly found there at this season.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Hattie Dennison has been confirmed by the United States Senate as postmaster of Vancouver, W. T. This is the first instance in the Territory where a woman has been appointed to a presidential office.

The Mormon Bishop, Snow, has been in Mexico to negotiate for the purchase of large tracts of land in that country for the occupation of colonies. We should think that Mexico would be too hot for Snow.—*Times Siftings*.

There are 15,000 anthracite miners organized in Pennsylvania. The bituminous miners are fairly organized. The work is soon to be completed, and a general strike will follow as soon as the urgency for coal will allow it.

According to Supervising Examiner Banks there are hundreds of men upon the pension rolls who served in the Confederate army, but afterward enlisted under the Union flag, and "pensions are granted to such people every day."

In Quitman, Ga., the Allen House has been turned into a college for colored girls, and this fact creates considerable comment. Mrs. Allen, widow of the former owner, who is an enthusiast for negro education, has set the house aside for this purpose.

The same mysterious and fatal illness which prevailed at The Needles last year has appeared again and a number of white persons have already died, while such others as can get away are leaving for the mountains. The Indians do not seem to be affected.

It is said that the Astors have paid at the rate of \$6,000,000 per acre for land in Wall street. The land for the Drexel property, corner of Wall and Broad streets, which was bought during the highest period of inflation, cost at the rate of \$14,000,000 per acre.

In Lima, which has a population of about 100,000, there are 126 Catholic churches and 12 monasteries and convents. People attend mass in the morning, and go to bull-fights, cock-fights, and similar entertainments in the afternoon. It is more or less so all over Peru.

It is well known that corn grows tall in California, but the Colusa *Sun* mentions some stalks grown on Butte Slough, which reach up a little higher than is usual. These stalks run up to a height of 15 feet 8 inches, and on one of them a large ear grew 8 feet from the ground.

The town of Pullman, near Chicago, has been visited lately with an epidemic of diphtheria, and many of the residents have been forced to leave the place from the dread of the disease. As Pullman is a model town in drainage, as in other respects, the epidemic seems unwarrantable.

"India-rubber-clads" are to be tried in place of ironclads in the navy of the future. The first series of experiments will be undergone by the British war vessel Resistance, which is to be coated with India rubber to a considerable thickness, and shot and shell will be fired at her.

There are now about a dozen bridges across the Thames at London, and the corporation has just decided to build another. Two centuries ago London Bridge was the only one, and the bold proposition to throw across another as far up as Putney was kicked out of the House of Commons.

The Niagara Falls hackmen, having managed to secure a generous representation on the Board of Village Trustees, the hotel managers have found it necessary to "stand in" with the jehus. Between the two the public may, therefore, continue to be squeezed as tightly as ever.—*Boston Transcript*.

Suit for \$500 damages has been brought against a Wisconsin beekeeper by a sheep farmer, who claims that his animals are so annoyed when running at pasture by the bees as to injure his flock of thoroughbreds to the extent of the above amount. Much interest is manifested in the result of the suit among beekeepers.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson of New York, well known for her many charities, has a new scheme in progress. It is to organize traveling bands of singers of religious music, to give concerts in halls and public places, in order to awaken religious sentiments. These companies are to be trained and fully equipped for that purpose.

It is stated by a telegram from Madrid, Spain, under date of July 18th, that every one of the forty-seven nuns who were inoculated to prevent cholera by Dr. Ferran has since died of that disease. After fifty thousand people had fled from the infected districts and "cholera vaccination" had become quite general, the cholera cases increased to sixteen hundred per day, and the deaths to eleven hundred!

LABOR AGITATION.

It is the duty of rich and poor alike, to deal justly with each other. He is no friend of either who would countenance wrong or violence on either side. And yet, this is precisely what some of our so-called labor reformers are doing—if not openly, then by hint and covert insinuation.

The laboring man seldom stops to consider the grave questions of supply and demand, of labor-saving machinery, of over-production, and various other factors, going to make up the sum of the world's work. He only realizes that wages are lower than he has been accustomed to receive, or, being thrown out of employment, that want is staring him in the face; and this too, perhaps, while his present or former employer is provided with an abundance; and he naturally concludes that he has been wronged in some way. He seldom takes into his calculations the very common fact that this same employer was once, perhaps, a poor man like himself, who by prudent economy, hard work, and patient perseverance, obtained a start in the world, while he, himself, was carelessly negligent of those thrifty virtues.

And so the blame is by no means all on the side of the rich and well to do, that the laboring classes are not well paid, or that the times are hard, and the poor man has all that he can do to keep his head above water. The following timely words from the *Boston Index* are in the line of our thought:

Socialist leaders who urge workmen to resort to violence to secure concessions from their employers, do harm to the cause of labor, and are the worst enemies of Democratic institutions. Lawless violence makes an arbitrary use of legal force, which often appears at the time heartless and cruel, a necessity. What would result, if, at any time, dissatisfied men could at pleasure defy law, destroy property, and dictate terms to the established authorities? There can be no industrial prosperity, no popular reform, no extension of freedom, no progress, without security of life and property, which is necessarily imperiled or weakened by every act of lawless violence that goes unpunished. The self-constituted leaders of workmen who urge them to acts such as were committed recently in Cleveland, direct their influence against the very conditions of society that are the most important to popular freedom, education, and advancement. Intelligent workmen, looking beyond the moment, instead of restricting their own liberties and opportunities by encouraging mob law and riotous demonstrations, will trust to education, agitation, and the ballot for reforms which some in their ignorance and short-sightedness imagine they can secure by coming together, arming themselves with clubs, and making raids upon private property. There is nothing that gives greater satisfaction to those who have no sympathy with the masses, and who rejoice whenever anything occurs to which they can point in seeming confirmation of their theory that the working class must be "kept under with a strong hand," than the very acts of lawlessness which these poor sons of toil, in their simplicity, think will redress their grievances and right their wrongs.

THE DEMAND MET.

A writer in *Mind and Matter*, over the date, "San Bernardino, June 27th, says:

Why is it, that in this great State of California with its tens of thousands of professing Spiritualists, that a weekly paper the size of a one-dollar greenback, advocating Spiritualism, can not be sustained; or, is not sustained? Is there not a cause for this? Men are usually intelligent and always ready to subscribe to all the wants of their fellow men except to interest themselves in spiritual labor and duties. Is this not repudiating by their own acts the cause they should so gladly promulgate? This is surely the work of the unseen opposition and should be looked to. Nothing is gained without labor. An army going forth to battle without a well supplied quartermaster's department is not complete, and the chances are that it will whip itself by selling itself to the enemy for a mess of pottage.

Seest thou not, my brother, that the GOLDEN GATE has come to meet the demand? The field is ripe for the harvest. Come forth, ye reapers for the new gospel, and thrust in your sickles.

A gentleman residing on Pine Ridge, in this county, sent a colored man with two horses to sell down in Franklin county, with the expectation of disposing of the animals. The man was to return in five days, but he failed to do so. Inquiry was made as to the cause of his absence, and the fact appeared to have been developed that the Negro was suspected by parties in Franklin county of having stolen the horses and was hanged.—*Natchez Democrat*.

A very serious mistake surely, for the poor Negro. It seems that down in the Natchez country they give the State—or mob, rather—and not the alleged culprit, the benefit of the doubt in criminal cases.

The meeting of the 1st Spiritual Union of San Francisco, held on the evening of August 3d, at 8 o'clock, at the residence of J. M. Matthews, No. 538 Twenty-fourth street, for the election of officers, was continued two weeks, until the evening of August 17th, when it is hoped that a large gathering will be present.

The *Carrier Dove*, published at Oakland, Cal., has just closed its second volume. From small beginnings the paper has come to be a large, twelve-page monthly, with a circulation that makes it self-sustaining. It is a welcome visitor to many a Spiritualistic home. Success to you, Sister Schlessinger.

Mrs. Watson was to leave Meadville, Pa., on the 7th inst., for San Francisco, to enter upon another year's engagement, made with the 1st Spiritual Union of San Francisco, holding their meetings at the Metropolitan Temple and commencing on September 6th.

We are informed that Gerald Massey will leave New Zealand next month for England, stopping in California several weeks in October, during which time, he will speak at the Metropolitan Temple, relieving Mrs. Watson.

We shall print in our next issue the interesting discourse delivered on Sunday last by Mr. John Allyn, before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Of many letters received, complimentary of the GOLDEN GATE, we copy the following:

SAN LUIS OBISPO, June 28th.
MR. OWEN:—Dear Sir: When I listened to your announcement regarding the new paper, at Mr. Wilson's, on the evening of the ordination of Mrs. Payne, my first impulse was to proffer an immediate subscription, but a second thought suggested the wisdom of waiting its appearance, and so afford some of the Spiritualists of this place, an opportunity to share the same privilege. Mr. S. B. Clark, of your city, has kindly forwarded the first issue, for this purpose; and in every instance, where I have presented it for inspection, I have been pleased to discover that the name of J. J. Owen was a sufficient guarantee for the very best results.

I feel sure that the GOLDEN GATE will be a publication we will all take pride in sending to the most fastidious and critical of our orthodox friends, without the slightest fear of defeating the ends we are so anxious to attain, and it seems superfluous to add, that we rejoice in its advent, as a valuable acquisition to the Spiritualistic literature of the age.

I take pleasure in enclosing money order for \$15.25 and a corresponding list of addresses. I am aware the number seems meager for a town of this size, but the liberals are very much scattered, some of them too remote to be reached at present, but hope to make some subsequent additions. Several who would gladly indulge in the luxury, complain of dull times and limited means.

With best wishes for your prosperity and success, I am very fraternally yours,

MRS. S. M. KINGSLEY.
With a few such workers as Mrs. Kingsley, in the field, the hinges of the GOLDEN GATE would never creak for lack of lubricating oil.

AUBURN, Cal., July 26, 1885.
DEAR MR. OWEN:—Please to accept my sincere thanks for the two delightful numbers of the GOLDEN GATE which have come to hand. The name is beautiful, and the paper well like very much, and hope it may meet with the success it so eminently deserves. Very truly, etc.,
MARY E. PULSIFER AMES.

ST. HELENA, July 30, 1885.
J. J. OWEN:—DEAR SIR: We have just received the initial number of your paper, entitled GOLDEN GATE, and we like it very much. The heading is beautiful in its design and ingenuity of construction. The selections are good, the poetry is splendid, especially "The Golden Gate," by Madge Morris. Such a paper is much needed, and should meet with a hearty support, and we hope that it will. Endorsed find, etc.
Yours very respectfully,
MRS. D. K. DILLE.

YREKA, Siskiyou Co., July 21, 1885.
EDITOR GOLDEN GATE:

Dear Sir: Returning home after an absence of two weeks I found the first two numbers of your paper with which I am well pleased, for its high moral tone as well as its clear and beautiful print, for which you will find inclosed two dollars and fifty cents, my subscription for one year. I will use my influence to increase the circulation of the same. Yours with respect,
N. W. EROST.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Before us lies the GOLDEN GATE. Not the Gate through which pass to and fro the mighty ships laden with treasures from foreign shores, or bearing away our treasures to other lands. No! this GOLDEN GATE is one through which come the soft whisperings of our "dear departed," from their homes beyond the "harbor bar," beyond the sunset of life—from that mystic country whither we are all hastening. Through this open gateway their glad songs and sweet inspirations are wafted to the uttermost parts of the earth. Receptive mortals will gladly welcome the sweet messages of love and truth, and earnestly strive to exemplify the exalted teachings they convey, through their external lives. We are thrilled with delight to see this beautiful GOLDEN GATE arising and shining through the clouds and mists of superstition which hang like a pall over our dear Golden State. May its radiance illuminate and dispel the moral darkness, as does the grand electric light the physical darkness of the great city. May its open portals beckon and speak to those who are nearing the close of life's sad day, of a glorious sunrise which ushers in that brighter day for which they have yearned and waited so long. May it bring tender, loving words of comfort to those bereaved ones who still tarry outside the gates through which their beloved have passed. May it ever stand firm and unshaken against the tempests of ignorant opposition which may beat against it, for its foundation is Eternal Truth. May he, who has opened this golden gateway for angel communication with mortals, be sustained and upheld through every emergency, by all brave, true souls on the mortal and immortal sides of life, who are laboring for the enlightenment and elevation of humanity. And may the sweet consciousness of work well done, of battles for truth and justice nobly fought, fill his life's afternoon and sunset hours with peace and joy ineffable, until the golden gates of life eternal, shall swing wide open, and angels bid him joyous welcome to the sunny slopes where shine the golden harvests which await his reaping, the seed of which he is sowing now.—*Carrier Dove*.

OPINION OF A VETERAN SPIRITUALIST.

Rev. Herman Snow, a gentleman well-known in San Francisco, where he formerly resided, says of Spiritual phenomena:

"In the spring of 1852, while temporarily supplying one of our vacant New England pulpits, I was favored with an excellent opportunity for investigating the claims of the new faith, entirely within the limits of the family which had been assigned as my home. Here, after several weeks of the closest attention to the subject—under conditions utterly precluding the idea of fraud or even a desire to mislead—what I had begun as a repulsive duty ended in a conviction that the leading claim advanced was founded on the truth; and from that down to the present time, having all the while made this rather a specialty of my efforts, I have found no occasion to reconsider my decision. I still believe that amid all the wonderful advancements and discoveries of the age, immortals of the Beyond have discovered a method of sending, through material instrumentalities, something like telegraphic messages to those in the mortal body—a method which, though still imperfect, may yet become so far perfected as to be of inestimable value to our race."

The GOLDEN GATE is unexcelled in typographical beauty and skill in arrangement of contents. It is evidently edited throughout; that is, everything in it is arranged and displayed to the best advantage by an artist in that line, instead of being thrown together higgledy-piggledy, as is the case with many journals. But Mr. Owen has the time, means and capacity to put up a paper in good shape, and he is bound to do it.—*Western Watchman*.

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS.

"Have you decided to go to Ojo del Mar, Sarah? What does Rufus think of the plan?"

The two married sisters (one having half grown daughters) were sitting on the piazza of a certain house on Russian Hill; enjoying the ever lovely view of San Francisco Bay, and having a little private chat, now that the visitors, or rather guests at an afternoon Tea had departed.

"I cannot quite settle the question," the other replied. "I hear such terrible tales of the young girls down there,—girls belonging to respectable families, you know. I have to consider Jane and Mahala. They seem as happy now, if they can only borrow the Shield baby for an hour, as some girls would be dressed for a party. But Rufus is sure that Ojo del Mar is the place for his business.—The climate is lovely and I need not talk to you about the scenery."

"No, oh, no! That's so," replied Mrs. Brosson. "But, Sarah, it's a fearfully hard task to bring up girls in California. The reckless customs of the majority are so dead against you. It keeps you on a strain of resistance all the time. Why I could astonish you if I should tell you all I know about the young people in Ojo del Mar. You see we were there nearly three years, and David being a physician I learned more of what was going on than would otherwise have been the case. I never mention names; indeed I pity the poor girls who, for want of safe guidance, lose their self-respect and are talked of slightly before they are out of their teens."

"David says that matters are worse in small towns than in a large city, since everybody knows everybody else in places of 3,000 or 5,000, and all the scandalous proceedings circulate through the entire community; whereas, in the city there are cliques of different grades, and a young man can find his level if he wishes to do so. But here comes David! Is he not a young looking man of his age?" she observed parenthetically. "Still," she continued, "I can not see why girls are so much worse here than at home."

"Why, my dear, the cause is as plain as day, if you will only look at it," the doctor exclaimed, seating himself on the edge of the piazza. "In the first place, the climate and other conditions of California are extremely favorable to physical life. Animals here are remarkably vigorous and mature and produce their kind earlier than they do at the east. The human animal follows the same rule, and the instinct of sex is developed while the girl is a child in intellect and character, in reason and judgment and especially in self-control. Then," he went on in a tone of impatience, "these children, between fifteen and twenty are allowed to go to dancing school with boys, yes, to church societies, fairs and public dances with mere boys under twenty, who are in the same precocious condition as themselves, only more so. What can you expect? Sarah, let me give you a piece of advice. Keep Jane at home until she can claim the attention of a decent man. Never trust her to a boy. Yes, I know I have boys myself and I call them good boys. Nevertheless, I repeat the warning."

"The fact is," he began again, taking out his handkerchief and wiping the moisture from his forehead. "The fact is, if women were not such fools (excuse me, ladies; 'present company,' you know, etc.), they would instruct their girls as well as their boys concerning their own organization, before there has been any time for temptation. Tell them the truth, viz.: that they have passions as well as the rest of their sex, and that it is your duty to see to it that they are protected from temptation as long as they continue girls—not women. Teach them to pity those poor children who, placed in direct temptation, lose their self-possession and are now looked on askance, their names bandied about among the young fellows they know. They were as good as any till they received this terrible check to their self-respect and natural ambition. Advise them that the passions—most important in the human economy, not by any means to be despised—must yet be kept always under the control of the higher faculties; that during youth, it is imperative that they be held in abeyance, i. e., while the body and front brain are approaching completion, and they should know that the woman is not mature until after twenty."

"If it were not for the idiotic, false modesty of the mothers, one might hope to see things mend," he continued. "This makes a gulf between them and their daughters which is most disastrous, for where there is intimate confidence between the two, little is to be feared."

"If anything makes me sick it is to have a mother tell me that her daughter is so innocent; in fact, she knows absolutely nothing about 'such things.' As if ignorance always implied purity or ensured safety! As if it were not a mother's business to inform her daughter concerning the laws of her own being! The truth lies on the other side—intelligence is the mother of purity. The young have vague emotions, which, sooner or later, in one way or another, result in mischief, if plain talk from a mother or friend does not lift them into the region of the intellect, where the whole subject should be freely considered."

"A glance at one of these innocent

girls often tells a tale the mother does not dream of.

"Then she should be taught, among other things, what the words, 'animal magnetism' meant, and how, by just holding her hand, one of the other sex may flood her with his sensual magnetism until she has no power of resistance. Tell her, too, that some girls are full of this base influence which they will use to drag men down. Physiological truths are no more gross in character than chemical ones, and what the mother says, looking her child full in the face, is received in the right spirit."

"Yet, for all this, Sarah, keep your girls home of evenings, unless, occasionally when you go with them yourself. Conventional rules should be more strictly obeyed here than in colder climates, for the reasons I have stated."

"Yes, I am convinced that all you say is true, and your advice is excellent, still a mother needs to possess superhuman firmness if she has girls to bring up in this State."

"If you are thinking of going to a country town, Sarah, you'd better prepare yourself for the ordeal. Your girls will be invited by ladies to surprise parties, and even to take buggy rides."

"Please don't talk nonsense, Jenny. The very idea rouses indignation."

"It will all come about very naturally," her sister explained. "You will be acquainted with the youth's parents, and have considerable respect for them. He has called at your house often and you rather like him. Maybe Jane will be dying to go and will feel that to refuse such kindness will be most ungrateful."

A set, defiant expression came over her sister's face and she said severely, "Jenny, he would never invite her a second time."

"Oh, Sarah, of course I know that. But I wish you could see how good, hard-working women go on under such circumstances. In the first place, they look on their girls with admiration. They dress in better style than they ever did themselves, and have more the air of ladies, they imagine. To suspect them of indelicate behavior, to fancy that they were in danger, would never occur to such an one. When some young fellow comes with a buggy and asks if her daughter may go to ride with him, she is flattered by the attention, and sees an avowal of love, and her child a bride at no distant day. Alas! if she could only have understood the probable ending of such attentions!"

"Well, I've decided to stay where we are till Jane and Mahala have passed the dangerous period," her sister concluded. "I have not the courage to face the difficulties you conjure up. No doubt I shall need all my firmness here, in time. So, good-bye." And taking one more survey of the broad landscape, she descended the steps 'a sadder and a wiser' woman than she ascended them.

G. B. K.

An enthusiastic lover of chocolate affirms that "for those who wish to keep the imagination free and vigorous, chocolate is the beverage of beverages. However copiously you have lunched, a cup of chocolate immediately afterward will produce digestion three hours after, and prepare the way for a good dinner. It is recommended to every one who devotes for brainwork the hour she should pass in bed; to every wit who finds he has become suddenly dull; to all who find the air damp, the time long, and the atmosphere unsupportable; and, above all, to those who, tormented with a fixed idea, have lost their freedom of thought." But it is by no means the proper caper for those who, already fat, fear becoming fatter.

PASSED ON.

MORSE—From Fresno City, July 16th, Zona, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morse, aged about two years.

A note of sadness sweeps the wires,

'Tis borne with bated breath;

The last eve lamb from out the fold

Is silent, still in death.

O angels! fold her tenderly

Within your loving arms,

And we will know that she is free

From all earth's cruel harms.

—Mrs. Lavina Mathews.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy St., every Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

E. G. Anderson, of San Francisco, will give the opening discourse, Sunday, Aug. 9th; subject, "The Evils of the Times and the Remedy." Mrs. J. J. Whitney will give texts from the rostrum.

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.

THE NEW SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.—This Society meets in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar Building, 114 O'Farrell St., each Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, and evening at eight o'clock. Dr. Wilson Dunlap, President; Dr. G. F. Perkins, Organist. This is the Christian branch of the Spiritualists; and many mediums are in harmony with them, among whom are Mrs. Maynard, Aitken, Perkins, Gentry and Hoffman.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN will lecture on mesmerism and clairvoyance in Albion Hall, Alcazar building, 114 O'Farrell street, Sunday evening, August 9th, at 7:30 o'clock. Instrumental music by Mrs. Radway; songs by Mrs. Annie Riggs Kimball; ballot tests by Mrs. Seip. Admittance only to cents.

LAUREL HALL, 34 O'FARRELL STREET School of Psychic Culture at 11 a. m., conducted by Mrs. Anna Kimball; 8 p. m., lecture by George Chainey.

JULIA DAVENPORT'S RIDE.

Mrs. S. G. Pratt in Chicago Weekly Magazine.

John Crawford Davenport* some forty years ago was one of the richest and most influential men residing in Michigan. He lived in a log house as did all the early pioneers, but of lands he had acres. He owned the only saw and grist mill within a radius of eighty miles; he also had a cabinet shop that supplied all the demands of the then "West," from which came rare specimens of workmanship and of the beautiful woods of the country; many of which articles may be found isolate, now surrounded by modern art in palaces of the West of to-day, cherished and valued souvenirs of antiquity.

He owned also nearly all the mail routes in Michigan, consequently Mr. Davenport was a man widely known. He was one of your ready, quick energetic men who never let a loose end slip, for want of a pair of hands to tie it, and that was the secret of his great success. If a man failed in the saw mill, Mr. Davenport was on the spot and could drive the log as well as his workman. If one was absent from the flour mill, because of a sick wife or child, Mr. Davenport could take his place and turn out his grist just a little faster and neater than the employee. To see him to-day walking the streets of San Jose, Cal., with cane in hand, the crown of ninety winters upon his head and his white beard flowing free, one cannot but be reminded of Raphael's beautiful picture of St. Jerome and can hardly realize the volumes of experience this grand, noble man's three-fourths of a century of life could furnish, and it is only when we stand in the presence of such men and hear their tales of adventure, success and privation, that we can realize the marvelous growth of our vast country, or conceive that but fifty years ago the centre and great grand "West" were comparatively unknown.

Mr. Davenport was then and now beloved by all who knew him; genial, true hearted, great hearted, he carried warmth into the homes of many a struggling pioneer and scattered blessings and cheer all along his way.

Mrs. Davenport was of that type of excellence which manifests itself in justice, exactness and moral pride, all virtues rarely understandable to impulsive childhood.

Julia Davenport, their youngest child, loved her father to idolatry, for he comforted all her girlhood sorrows, he knew her wild imperious ways, her head-strong will, her sensitiveness and pride; in a word, he understood her, and never was Julia so happy as when she shared her father's rides and pleasures and even his cares. Nothing was hardship to her but to be separated from him, and when he was absent from home she was never quite at rest.

It was one of those early summer days when nature is vocal, when the pulsing throb of life is felt throughout all created things, that one of Mr. Davenport's mail carriers met with a serious accident, which prevented his doing duty. Mr. Davenport's men were all busy, and few of them knew the route or were competent for the task, for mail robbers were not then unknown even in that wild country, men possibly grown desperate for want of bread as is too often the case with criminals of the present day. Mr. Davenport, as I have said, was always ready to catch up the loose ends. He had planned other things for to-day, but not of importance except to Julia. So when her father said he must ride the thirty miles with the mail there was one heart sad at least, for Julia did not like to be absent from him, especially on this her tenth birthday, and there was no reasonable excuse for her accompanying him. As he rode away her heart was lonely in spite of her gay "good-bye," shouts and laughter, and the thoughts of the regular mail carrier's recent encounter would obtrude itself upon her. But she comforted herself, that her father was too well known to meet with harm and too strong to be overcome if met by a stranger.

The day was longer to Julia than most days, and as it passed she longed for the hour that should bring her father home. The sun was just going down behind the hills touching everything with red and gold and lighting up the heavy dark green of the forest with a glow that made Julia feel that wherever her father was in the wood he must see the brightness and think of her at home. She felt a slight uneasiness, unexplainable even to a mature child as Julia was, that she vainly strove to drive away; she was restless and anxious and could not stay in doors.

Far, far away the road by which her father must come emerged from a deep forest, which now, in spite of the golden light, or because of it, looked more dense and lonely. Julia watched in vain, he did not come. It was an hour past the time he should be home. She climbed to the top of the house to have a freer view, and as we catch our first glimpse of her womanly figure, fine and full, her long, golden hair sweeping back, and see the glow that intense excitement gave to her youthful cheek, as she stood upon the house top, her hand placed lightly over her tremulous heart, and all the force of her

being concentrated in her burning eye, she scarcely needs the glory of the sun's rays to make her seem a youthful goddess, or equal to any task. She stood there breathless, still and expectant for a long time, then with a fanciful sigh of energy, that must express itself in action, she bounced to the ground, gave a furtive look to the door, to see if her mother had observed her, as though in fear of a command, and ran as swift as an Indian to the barn, where Zip, a large negro man, of near two hundred pound's weight was doing up the chores.

"Zip," she said in a suppressed and frightened tone, "I want you to saddle Dick quick, I'm going for my father."

"Dick! Miss Julia, why your father'd no more let you ride Dick than lightning! He never had a woman on his back. No, Miss Julia, I'll saddle any other horse for ye, but not Dick. Massa would kill me sartin sure, stun dead; and Missis! Lord! I'd never want to see her again if I did."

"But, Zip, I must have Dick," said the imperious child. "If you do not saddle him this minute, I shall do it for myself. My father wants me, I heard him say so; I am going to him quick. There's not another horse that will take me to him fast enough."

"You heard your father say so?"

"Besides," continued Julia, not heeding Zip, "Dick and I are great friends. He loves me as well as I do him, don't you Dick?" She put up her hand to caress him, and as though verily understanding the child's question, Dick rubbed his nose on her shoulder.

"Quick! Zip! My father wants him; do you hear? Be quick!"

Julia had, since a baby in arms, been "toted" by her fond Zip wherever she chose to go. He could not disobey her now, when she looked so earnest and beautiful to him. He placed the saddle upon Dick's back with trembling hands, for he felt he was doing wrong.

"He will kill you, Miss Julia. Why he goes like the wind, and the devil couldn't catch him. Oh, Miss Julia! don't go," he pleaded.

"I shall go. My father wants me," said Julia, now calm and self-possessed since she saw that, as usual, she was to be obeyed. "If you have so much fear for me you can follow on Gypsy, but you couldn't keep in sight, for I'm not going slow."

But before Zip had time to think what to do, Julia was off, galloping faster than she had ever done before.

Dick went like the wind, as Zip had said, and the poor frightened negro stood with his hands clasped in fear, and watched until he could only see two streaks—one the golden hair of the child, and the other the long, sweeping body of the coal black horse.

Julia was more excited now, as she thought again of her father's possible danger, and Dick's fastest gait seemed slow to her anxious mind. Seven miles must be ridden before she could reach the wood, and she was conscious, now she had started, that the danger to her father lay in the wood. On they flew, Julia every now and then encouraging Dick with her voice to fuller speed, for she had but one thought—that, how to get to her father in time. They were fast nearing the wood; a few minutes' more of such going, and then—

Just then Julia thought she heard the report of a rifle.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "my anxiety makes me foolish."

Again a quick, sharp shot, not to be mistaken.

"But why need I tremble?" she thought. "Hunters are not infrequent here, and surely the report of firearms is a familiar sound."

But Julia could not put her fear aside; she knew by that inner sense, of which we can give no explanation, that these sounds had for her, peculiar meaning. She leaned forward, and, patting Dick, whispered: "Quick, Dick, we are needed." A half mile yet to the woods. She thought she heard the sound of horses' hoofs beside those of her own; but she could not tell, she was riding at such fearful speed now. Surely there was some one just coming in sight from the wood. Yes, it was Julia's father, with a face like death. Julia checked her horse, turned him, and stood still, waiting. Her father rode up beside her, exclaiming:

"I am glad you have brought me Dick. I need him."

Julia spoke not a word. She comprehended the danger was great and that speech but delayed action. Mr. Davenport rode close beside his child, threw the saddle-bags containing the mail across Dick's shoulders, sprang into the saddle, taking Julia behind him, slipped the bridle from the head of his own horse, turning him loose to follow (the whole change not occupying the space of ninety seconds), spoke to Dick and away they flew. Not another word had been said by the two, child or father, who understood each other so well; we might almost say three, for Dick seemed to understand the situation too, and nothing pleased him better than an opportunity to show of what stuff he was made.

"Can you hold on, my child?" were the only words spoken after for six miles.

Mr. Davenport knew, and Julia seemed conscious of danger yet. Twilight was fast settling down, making every tree and

bush seem double and a possible ambuscade for Indian or low prowling white man. They were approaching the cross-roads where several murders had lately been committed. The river that ran close by was a convenient sewer in which to wash away dead bodies. When they were within thirty yards two figures could be discerned in the thicket upon either side of the way. The intention was apparent. Mr. Davenport felt the chances were against him, but he never was so conscious of his horse as now, and he blessed his precious child for bringing him his much wished-for Dick. This flashed through his mind while rushing to the point of danger. Mr. Davenport did not urge his horse but kept his self-possession and his horse's strength for the trying moment. Two feet more would bring him opposite the villains who were lying in wait for him. Mr. Davenport saw the fatal moment had come; he saw both men make a quick concerted movement. He pressed his spurs deep in Dick's sides, who reared just enough to prevent the bridge being seized, and gave a leap as for life. The men losing their intended grasp, both rolled in the dust, and it was some seconds before they could rise to fire. Infuriated at their disappointment, they wasted time for action in cursing, retarding the chase they gave when they gained their feet. Dick had put space between them, but the firing commenced. Julia, with great presence of mind, laid hold of the leathern bags, and raised them just in time to hear a ball strike them squarely, but for which it must have gone through her father's heart; but the loose horse, that in his freedom had kept them close company, fell wounded by their repeated firing.

When safely housed and Mr. Davenport's family had all anxiously gathered about to hear of his narrow escape, he said:

"While resting at a wayside house I had chosen to throw myself down on the grass in the shadow of a wall to sleep. I heard myself well discussed by a half-breed and a white man, and thus their plans were all revealed. They decided the woods was the place in which to attack me, but lest I slip them they would have two more of their band at the cross-roads, where there would be little danger of my escaping them with a tired horse, as mine would be."

"I lay still long enough to make up my mind what to do and how best to act. You know I am not much given to fear, and I had my six-shooter, though that might not be enough for them, and one good aim at me might have prevented the use of that at all. I wished with all my heart I had taken swift-footed Dick to-day, and thought if my little daughter knew my needs she could bring him to me."

"Did you really think those very thoughts?" asked Julia. "Why, father, it was as though I heard those very words when I stood upon the top of the house, for I ran just as quick as I could for Zip to saddle Dick. Didn't I, Zip?"

"Yes, child. If, Massa Davenport, you could 'er seen your child when she told me to saddle Dick, because she wanted him, and that she was going to take him to you, you nor Misses Davenport would not blame me for lettin' her ride him. She looked just like a spirit, and I couldn't help doin' it," said Zip, able, even in the result of things, to feel only what might have happened to Julia.

"You are forgiven, Zip," said Mr. Davenport, "for obeying this precious child who this time has surely saved my life by listening to that hidden voice that comes to all of us, to which her love for me gave emphasis and expression."

Julia Marie Davenport is one of the finest types of womanhood that may be found in Chicago to-day, and as she walks our streets leaning proudly upon the arm of her husband, the Judge (who is at heart a gentleman, and in manners a true type of the courtly school so refreshing to meet) and you look into her handsome face and see the fire in her eye ready to leap upon occasion, and the sweet expression of her firm mouth, you can easily imagine her as I have described her in childhood, and will not wonder at any adventure she might undertake. And you feel that here walks a true friend to woman-kind and to humanity.

The cocoa leaf of South America has the power to appease hunger and thirst, and is therefore largely used by the natives of Peru in their mountain travels. A physician suggests that this property of cocoa is due to its anæsthetic effect upon the nerves of the mouth, throat and stomach, which nerves are drugged, lulled or put to sleep by the influence of cocoa. Thus, cocoa is not a substitute for food, does not supply nourishment, and those addicted to its use become emaciated, narcotized and generally broken down in health. Men sometimes remark if they have got to go without a meal or tobacco they would prefer the "chaw" of tobacco. This also, probably has something of the same power as cocoa to obtund the sense of hunger, and its effects in the long run are equally disastrous.—*Health Monthly*.

The Indiana editors recently discussed the question, "Is it the duty of a Political Editor to Defend an Unworthy Candidate?" It was finally decided that it all depended upon the value of the county printing.—*Detroit Free Press*.

READING THOUGHTS.

[Epes Sargent in Planchette, or the Despair of Science.]

Emile Deschamps communicates to "Le Monde Musical," of Brussels (1868), the following account of his own experience in psychometry: "If a man believed only what he could comprehend, he would believe neither in God, in himself, in the stars which roll above his head, nor in the herbage which is crushed beneath his feet."

"In the month of February, 1846, I traveled in France. I arrived in a rich and great city; and I took a walk in front of the beautiful shops which abound in it. The rain began to fall; I entered an elegant gallery. All at once I stood motionless; I could not withdraw my eyes from the figure of a lovely young woman, who was all alone behind an array of articles of ornament for sale. This young woman was very handsome; but it was not at all her beauty which enchained me. I know not what mysterious interest, what inexplicable bond, held and mastered my whole being. It was a sympathy subtle and profound, free from any sensual alloy, but of irresistible force, as the unknown is in all things. I was pushed forward in to the shop by a supernatural power. I purchased several little things, and, as I paid for them, said, 'Thank you, Mademoiselle Sara.' The young lady looked at me with an air of surprise. 'It astonishes you,' I continued, 'that a stranger knows your name, and one of your baptismal names; but, if you will think for a moment of all your names, I will repeat them all to you. Do you think of them?' 'Yes, monsieur,' she replied, half-smiling and half-trembling. 'Very well,' I added, looking fixedly in her face, 'You are called Sara Adele Benjamine N——.' 'It is true,' she replied; and after some minutes of surprise she began 'all at once to laugh; and I saw that she thought that I had obtained this information in the neighborhood, in order to amuse myself with it. But I knew very well that I had not till this moment known a word of it, and I was terrified at my own instantaneous divination."

"The next and the next day I hastened to the handsome shop; my divination was renewed at every instant. I begged of Sara to think of something, without letting me know what it was; and, immediately, I read on her countenance her thought not yet expressed. I requested her to write with a pencil some words, which she should keep carefully concealed from me; and, after having looked at her for a minute, I on my part, wrote down the same words in the same order. I had her thoughts as in an open book; but she could not in the slightest degree read mine, such was my superiority; but at the same time she imposed on me her ideas and her emotions. Let her think seriously on any subject, or let her repeat in her own mind the words of any writing, and instantly I was aware of the whole. The mystery lay betwixt her brain and mine, not betwixt my faculties of intuition and things material. Whatever it might be, there existed a rapport between us as intimate as it was pure."

"One night I heard in my ear a loud voice crying to me, 'Sara is very ill!' I hastened to her: a medical man was watching over her and expecting a crisis. That evening Sara had entered her lodgings in a burning fever; she continued in delirium all night. The doctor took me aside, and told me that he feared the worst result. From that apartment I saw the countenance of Sara clearly, and, my intuition rising above my distress, I said in a low voice, 'Doctor, do you know with what images her fevered sleep is occupied?' She believes that she is at this moment at the grand opera at Paris, where she indeed has never been, and *danseuse* gathers, amongst other buds, some hemlock, and, throwing it to her, cries, 'That is for you.'"

"The physician thought I was delirious too; but some minutes afterwards the patient awoke heavily, and her first words were, 'Oh! how beautiful is the opera! but why did that handsome girl throw to me that hemlock?' The doctor was stupefied with astonishment. A medicine containing hemlock was administered, and in some days Sara was well."

The "Mad Cure."

[An old physician has discovered the wonderful potency in madness when scientifically induced in a patient. He says:]

"But the most striking case of my life, was that of a woman who had not left her bed for several years. She ate well, she slept well, her pulse was reasonably regular. But every few days she would send for me in great haste, and I would go and make a slight change in the bread pills on which I was keeping her. Finally I got tired and decided to try heroic treatment. So after hearing her story, I began to laugh heartily. I looked on her and then I began again. I kept this up for a considerable time, and she kept getting more and more angry. She wanted to know what was the matter. I told her that I was laughing at her. The idea was so ridiculous to me that she should lie there day after day and pretend to be sick. 'Why,' said I, 'there is nothing in the world the matter with you but laziness.' I called her every thing I could think of in this line. Finally she became so angered that she sat up in bed. I kept on. She finally reached for her shoe and threw it at me, ordering me to get out of the house. I

pretended to get angry at that, but kept on with my abuse. Then she jumped up and seizing the broom she drove me out of doors. She had not been on her feet before for years and of course was somewhat weak, but she was able to walk and she needed some such effort as this to arouse her. She was a well woman from that moment. She never took to her bed again. Can you tell any thing more wonderful than that connected with faith cure?"

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

[Health Monthly.]

During the latter months of 1884 there came to this country the news of an important discovery of a new therapeutic agent. It was reported that a medical student in Vienna, Koller by name, had discovered an anæsthetic property in the various preparations of an alkaloid called cocaine. He had found that weak solutions of this chemical salt would render the mucous membrane of the throat and mouth anæsthetic—insensitive to pain. He went further, and found that applications of the same to the eye-ball would render that part anæsthetic, so that operations could be performed on the eye without giving ether or chloroform, as has been the rule. The discovery of the anæsthetic properties of such things as ether, chloroform and laughing-gas has been an immense boon to the human race, as it rendered painless the majority of surgical operations, many dental operations, and also mitigated the pains of labor. It is still somewhat a matter of dispute whom we shall thank for the discovery of general anæsthesia; but the young man, Koller, is likely to receive all honor for the discovery of the useful properties of cocaine. A search of past records shows that as long ago as 1860 the article itself as a chemical substance, was obtained, and in 1868 Thomas Morenory Maiz observed that it abolished sensation in the leg of a frog into which he had injected it, and he suggested that it might be employed as a local anæsthetic. It has taken seventeen years for the profession to discover the practical value of this suggestion, for it is now found that when solutions of cocaine are injected under the skin by a very slender, hollow needle, the parts for some distance about are rendered anæsthetic, and so, local anæsthesia can be employed for removal of small tumors, and in other minor operations. Its largest field of usefulness as yet is in operations about the throat and eye, but dentists are employing it in operations about the teeth and jaws, and other specialists are using it to advantage. It has relieved the peevishness of teething infants when rubbed upon the gums; it has benumbed the pain of neuralgia when injected in the vicinity of the pain; but probably it has achieved greatest notoriety because of its employment in the case of General Grant, who is suffering the usual pain in consequence of a cancer about the throat. Cocaine has been the main reliance in relieving his sufferings, and thus the public has become almost as familiar with it as with morphine or chloroform. Morphine is the active principle or medicinal ingredient of the poppy plant or its extract, opium. So cocaine is the alkaloid of a plant called the erythroxylon cocoa, which grows on the eastern slopes of the Andes in Bolivia and Peru, both wild and cultivated. Its leaf is somewhat similar to a tea-leaf, and the leaves are the part used. Like the coffee tree, the cocoa shrub thrives only in damp situation, under shelter from the sun, and the inhabitants of Peru and Bolivia use it as other nations use coffee, tea and tobacco, as a sort of food stimulant. It is said that the Indians who regularly use cocoa require but little food, and are able to undergo great fatigue when they have a sufficient supply of the leaves. But the confirmed cocoa-chewer has an uncertain step, sallow complexion, sunken eyes, trembling lips, incoherent speech and a general appearance of stupidity. He becomes prematurely old, and is in all respects as unfortunate a person as the victim of the opium habit or of drunkenness. So opium and cocoa are great blessings or great evils, according to the use we make of them. Cocaine being a new thing, is so expensive that there is but little danger of abuse if there be a field for abuse. It is also fortunate, considering its expense, that very little of it is required in its sphere of usefulness. Four grains of cocaine in 100 grains of water makes a .4-per cent solution, of which ten drops may be sufficient to render a very painful operation entirely painless. We have lately used only so much of it in operating upon a stricture of the urethra, and the result could not have been more satisfactory. It has been suggested that the use of cocaine as a local anæsthetic should go under the general term of Kollerism, to perpetuate the name of the bright young man who found it out. This would certainly be just and proper.

A clergyman and a professional gambler had a bicycle race in Arizona. The pastor's congregation brought a charge of unseemly conduct against him, and he has indignantly resigned. He says that it is folly to erect too high a standard of dignity in a border community; and, moreover, he doesn't believe that the brethren would have complained but for the unfortunate fact that he lost the race and they bet on him.

* This gentleman, now over ninety years of age, is well known to the editor of the GOLDEN GATE. Tall, straight, with white, flowing locks, his appearance is at once noble and venerable. He is a thorough Spiritualist, and is now patiently and cheerfully awaiting the summons.

ARTISTIC ECCENTRICITIES.

In traversing the grand galleries of paintings in Europe one is constantly annoyed by the astounding anachronisms and ignorance of manners and customs in the times anterior to their own which most of the artists exhibit. Tintoretto, an Italian painter, in a picture of the Children of Israel gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the infant Saviour, and, as aged men in these days wear spectacles, has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick, the lookers on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or, rather, exceed this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the wise men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scripture informs us, he is represented using a more effectual instrument—he is holding to Isaac's head a *blunderbuss*. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin; and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catherine.

A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper, with the table ornamented with tumblers, filled with cigar lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the Garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity.

Feeding Milk to Poultry.

A neighbor of ours whose hens, to our exasperation, kept *laying on* when eggs were forty-five cents per dozen, while ours persistently *laid off* during the same season, on being questioned, revealed the fact that his hens had a painful of skimmed (perhaps clabbered) milk each day, and no other drink. On comparing notes, we each found that our management of our fowls was almost exactly alike, with this single difference—a difference that had put many a dollar to the side of his ledger, while our own was left blank during the same period, and this thing had been going on for years, with the result in favor of a milk diet. Young chickens should be encouraged to grow as rapidly as possible, both for their own good and the pecuniary advantage of their owner. "Sooner grown, less feed," is a sure rule always. To breeders located in a butter-making district, there is no food of more profit for this forcing process than curd made of skimmed milk separated from the whey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The London *Telegraph* pays the farewell and touching tribute to ex-Minister Lowell in the simple eulogy: "He won all our hearts." But when General Schenck left the same place he had won all their hearts, clubs, diamonds and spades, with the accompanying chips.

"Well, Johnny," said his mother, "did you have a pleasant time at the Sunday-school picnic?"

"Naw," Johnny growled, "I didn't get nothin' to eat but a san'wich an' a couple of dry cookies with red sand sprinkled on top."

"Why, what became of the beautiful chocolate cake and chicken salad that I gave you to contribute?"

"The superintendent and the teachers got 'em."

"Are you superstitious, my dear?" said Miss Birdie McGinnis to a newly-arrived stranger in Austin, to whom she had become engaged.

"Not a bit; but why do you ask?" replied the youth.

"Nothing except you are the thirteenth young gentleman to whom I have been engaged."

"I hear that your uncle is dead."

"Yes, he has joined the grand army, the great silent majority."

"Four of them."

"Four testaments?"

"Yes, an old fashioned Old Testament, and an old fashioned New Testament, and the revised edition of each. He kept up with the procession, you bet!"

"My dear," said a father to his daughter, "how long ago was it that George Jackson went West to seek his fortune?"

"Just a year," the girl replied with a blush.

"Was there anything between you and George? I sometimes thought that he was fond of you."

"He was, papa," and the girl hid her face on the old man's shoulder; "I promised George when he went away that I would wait for him for years if necessary."

"I have a letter from him."

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed. "Does he—er—has he—oh, tell me, what does he say?"

"He wants \$20 to get home with."

necessary to include boys in the advice. A boy never gets out of bed hastily—unless he hears an alarm of fire. There are times, however, when a man is obliged to get out of bed hastily. On Sunday morning, for instance, when he hears the last church bell ring, and has only half an hour to dress and reach his pew, he is apt to jump out in a hurry—provided he didn't get up at daylight to go a-fishing. A gruff, ugly-tempered man was having his shoes shined by a boy on the street, and after a stormy time the boy reported the job as complete.

"Got 'em done, eh?" said the man.

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Ten cents, sir."

"Ten cents? Well, it's enough. I'll bet a dollar you've got 'em shined half way to my knees," and he handed over the cash, which the boy took, remarking as he got out of the way:

"What yer givin' us? There ain't nothin' about you that'd take any polish 'cept your shoes, and you have to git that from a boot-black!"—*Gripsack*.

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ROBERT BROWN, M. D.,

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

THE GOLDEN GATE.

In another land is a golden gate,
And through it rolls a jasper sea,
Its blue waves wash the flowery shore,
Where my loved ones are waiting and watching for me.

Oh, beautiful gates! oh, gates of pearl!
Kissed by the sun from the crimson west,
Swing back your doors that my storm-tossed boat,
May enter your harbor and be at rest.

Yes, at rest! oh, how glad when the summons shall come,
And my soul shall be free that has passed 'neath the rod;
I shall see the bright gate with its hinges of gold,
And know that its maker and builder was God.

—Oakland.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

NEVER SURRENDER.

A great man has gone, and the nation is mourning.
But why should it weep when it knows he is free
From sorrow and sadness, from sickness and moaning,
In the home of beloved ones just over the sea.

He could not remain for the trumpet had sounded
A call to appear at the great jubilee
Of comrades and soldiers, who arose when resounded
The clarion notes of the last reveille.

"Forward march!" shouts the captain who marshals the
Army
Of victory and life, against death and the grave;
Our hero responded: "No power shall bar me,
All battles are won, when the soldiers are brave."

'Tis death we must conquer, then on to the conflict,
He's the last of our foes that is left in the field;
We never surrender: we will not be subject;
Death heard and retired, and life stood revealed.

—Dr. C. C. Peet.

THE BLIND SPINNER.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.
I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin:
I only know that some one came
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall, but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race,
My threads will have: so, from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accused.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young:
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign,
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still
And glad and blind, I wait His will.

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread,
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,—
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done!"

—H. H.

VICTOR HUGO'S CREED.

My soul drinks in its future life,
Like some green forest thrice cut down
Whose shoots defy the axman's strife,
And skyward spread a greener crown.

While sunshine glids my aged head,
And bounteous earth supplies my food,
The lamps of God their soft light shed,
And distant worlds are understood.

Say not my soul is but a clod,
Resultant of my body's powers;
She plumes her wings to fly to God,
And will not rest outside His bowers.

The winter's snows are on my brow,
But summer suns more brightly glow,
And violets, lilacs, roses now
Seem sweeter than long years ago.

As I approach my earthly end
Much plainer can I hear afar
Immortal symphonies which blend
To welcome me from star to star.

Though marvels still is plain!
A fairy tale, yet history;
Losing earth, a heaven we gain;
With death, win immortality.

For fifty years my willing pen,
In history, drama and romance,
With satire, sonnets, or with men
Has flowed or danced its busy dance.

All themes I tried, and yet I know
Ten thousand times as much unsaid
Remains in me! It must be so,
Though ages should not find me dead.

When unto dust we return once more,
We can say, "One day's work is done;"
We may not say, "Our work is o'er,"
For life will scarcely have begun.

The tomb is not an endless night;
It is a thoroughfare—a way
That closes in a soft twilight
And opens in eternal day.

Moved by the love of God, I find
That I must work as did Voltaire,
Who loved the world and all mankind;
But God is love! Let none despair!

Our work on earth is just begun:
Our monuments will later rise
To bathe their summits in the sun
And shine in bright eternal skies.

THE SHORTEST LINE.

The faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighten her go.

So man to man; in fair accord
On thought and will the winds may wait;
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bend; he;
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

—John Boyle Reilly.

GHOSTS AND VISIONS.

Some Remarkable Stories That Are Vouched For.

[Boston Herald.]

A lady from the West, who has spent a large part of the past season here, on being asked what she had been most impressed with in her social experiences, replied that it was the fact that she had found the spook to be the most popular individual in Boston society. She did not exaggerate, for in reality that has been the key note of the Boston season of 1884-5. The discussion of what are commonly called supernatural manifestations or psychic phenomena has been the principal feature of conversation at most social gatherings. It has been asserted that striking talk about such things has been strikingly prevalent, it has only been among the superficial, the frivolous and the superstitious; that sensible persons, however, have, as they always have, taken no interest in the matter, but have been quietly amused with the way in which people have allowed themselves to be deluded. Without attempting to define what is meant by the expression of "sensible persons," it may be said that, if the assertion is true, the greater part of representative Boston has been carried away by its folly, for there have been few social gatherings, whether lunches, 5 o'clock teas, dinners, or evening parties, where the topic has not been brought up and discussed with absorbing interest. The interest has extended to classes hitherto but little affected by spiritualistic matters, and has been so widespread that it can only be compared to the transcendental movement of nearly a half century ago, and it has attacked very much the same class of people who were affected by that. In fact, it may be said to be a new phase of the "isms" to which Boston is peculiarly, and almost periodically subject. There is an astonishing number of people, in all denominations and all classes, who have a secret conviction that there must be some underlying truth in the great mass of phenomena connected with Spiritualism. They have, for the most part, hesitated to speak openly on the subject, for fear of ridicule, but now that

SOCIETY HAS SET ITS SEAL OF APPROVAL

On what had been considered "bad form," many intelligent persons have, in sympathetic company, been willing to contribute their own experiences and observations for the general edification. While Spiritualism is, perhaps, gaining some adherents from the movement, the people interested are largely those who perceive the unphilosophical crudeness of that faith, as usually followed, and who see that it is a matter which should receive the application of scientific methods in its investigation. With the mental activity and intellectual alertness which are eminently characteristic of Boston, and which have made this city noted for the earnestness with which it devotes itself to live subjects connected with the physical and spiritual welfare of humanity, there is evident the intention to make the research, now that it is so widely agreed that there are facts worth investigating, a thorough one, so that, if possible certain matters which have hitherto been based upon hearsay, rumor and conjecture, may be demonstrated to be actualities. As an instance of the kind of persons who consider these facts objects of study, it may be said that among them are members of the faculty of Harvard, and that persons who have ranked themselves as confirmed materialists are convinced that there is something more than faith to justify the belief that death does not end all. Within the past few months an American Society for Psychical Research has been organized, with a membership including some of the leading scientists of the country, and it has begun its investigations with activity and energy. No results have yet been made public, but it is said that what has been attained indicates that certain things which have hitherto been denied by science, because unaccountable under any established laws, nevertheless appear to be veritable facts. The few incidents here related are examples of the many which have been told in Boston society the past season. They are the experiences of persons of unquestioned veracity, but, as they would probably shrink from publicity, their names are withheld.

A MOST REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE,

Indicating the power of the soul instantly to traverse space independent of the body, is that of a young lady who has recently developed strong clairvoyant powers. Her husband was last winter travelling to Europe; was in France, and when last heard from was intending to go to Italy. One day she suddenly found herself standing, in spirit, by his side in a room at a hotel just as he seated himself by a table to write her a letter. He dated the letter "Madrid," told how he had decided to change his plans and go to Spain instead of Italy, and described various experiences, writing at length. All this she remembered accurately, and told to an intimate friend, a lady of a high literary reputation, who wrote it down. In due course of time a letter arrived from Madrid, and it corresponded almost exactly with that which had been written down in Boston. Other instances, even more wonderful, are related of this lady, but the foregoing is sufficient.

A HAUNTED BUILDING.

Among the multitudinous instances of ghostly visitations which have been told,

an interesting one is the story of a haunted building on one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. This building is devoted to offices and studios, among the latter being those of two prominent artists. Unaccountable noises have been heard, bells rung and various disturbances made. One of the artists, while making a considerable visit in New York, left his studio occupied by a fellow-artist, who had heard nothing of the phenomena, but who, after a stay of a few days, was made so nervous that he could induce it no longer. Among the things which occurred to him was, when he came in at night and opened the door to his room, the feeling of a ghostly form passing out, with rustling garments.

The artist who regularly occupies the room became so used to his ghostly visitor that he paid little heed to it, and he even came to feel a pleasant sense of companionship when he sat alone, reading, and felt the invisible presence near him, sometimes seemingly looking over his shoulder, and shifting its position with a slight rustling noise from time to time. One time his door was gently opened after he had closed and locked it behind him. When in bed he would sometimes feel the invisible hands touch his head and pass over his face. A dressmaker, who occupied a room on the same floor, had the same experiences, and, being also annoyed by having her bell rung at unreasonable times, she left the building. It might be said that these things could be explained as hallucinations or delusions arising from natural causes, such as noises by rats and mice, the rustling of wind, etc., except for the fact that precisely the same experiences were had by at least three different persons unknown to each other, and who described their experiences independently, their accounts agreeing exactly.

REMARKABLE PREVISIONS.

Some notable cases of prescience, or prevision, are among those told. One of those is that of a lady, the niece of a distinguished scientist, who died about three years ago. Some months before her uncle's death the lady saw in a dream all the circumstances thereof, and of his funeral; how he passed from life suddenly in the midst of his participation in a public occasion, and how, his house being closed for the summer, the funeral took place from the building in which he died.

There is a well known physician in the city who frequently foresees, in his dreams, events which are to happen. One of the most remarkable is the accuracy with which he predicted, in the fall of 1880, that Garfield would be elected, but that he would die a violent death in the first year of his administration. Prevision and prescience seem, from the various instances told, to be generally the result of dreams, but a prominent journalist of this city relates how, one day last summer, he was going down the harbor on one of the Nantasket boats in company with a friend who occasionally was subject to moments of clairvoyance, and with whom he had had some remarkable experiences. As they were looking together over the water and at the shipping, they saw a steamer going out of the harbor. "I am sorry to see that steamer going out," remarked his friend, "for she will not reach port."

"Why, that is the U. S. S. Tallapoosa," exclaimed one of the company.

"Yes, but she will not reach port," was the answer.

In the newspapers of the next morning were the accounts of the sinking of the Tallapoosa by collision with a coal schooner in Vineyard sound.

A DREAM AND ITS SEQUEL.

A curious instance is that told by the wife of a young lawyer, prominent in fashionable society. One night she dreamed that a sailor-like person came to her and took her in a carriage out into the country. They came to a house, among the features of which she noticed was that in the rear the white paint had in places been worn away by the action of the weather, so that the red paint, with which it had originally been covered, showed through. Here they stopped. The sailor went into the house and she followed him. He led the way up-stairs into a room, where he pointed to a large hook in the center of the ceiling, and then he disappeared. The dream was so vivid that it made the young lady nervous, and she told her mother about it. The latter laughed, saying there was nothing in it to be concerned about. Several weeks later she was asked by her mother to drive with her out to Milton to see a friend who had taken a house there for the Summer. When they reached the house, the young lady exclaimed that that was the very house she had seen in her dream, and she asked her mother to step around to the rear to see if there was a place where the red paint showed through. The latter complied, and coming back, said that there was. The young lady thereupon declared that nothing could induce her to enter the house, but she asked her mother to find out about the room with a hook in the ceiling. Her mother asked her friend if there was a room of that description, and the latter, amazed at the question, said that there was, and added that it was said that a sailor once lived in the house, and slept in that room, and, clinging to the habits of the ship, he refused to occupy a bed, but slept in a hammock suspended from that hook.

Occurrences like those of which these

stories are samples, show, it is claimed, the existence of laws of nature outside of those hitherto recognized by scientific authority. One class seems to demonstrate either that the soul of a living person can leave the body and instantly traverse vast spaces, or that in some unexplained way a person can, under certain conditions, become cognizant of things and events at a great distance. Another class shows the existence of powers—though perhaps not necessarily spirits of departed persons, which may physically manifest themselves in an abnormal way. Still another class, in which coming events are predicted, indicates the existence of a law of events. Matters like these appear to be worthy of the serious study which the Society for Physical Research is bestowing upon them, instead of leaving them, as they have been left, to the inquiry of ignorant, marvel-seeking and undisciplined observers.

A Heroic Girl.

[London Queen.]

In the roll of noble women who have sacrificed themselves to save the lives of others, no name should stand higher than that of the young servant girl, Alice Ayres, who recently imperiled and, unhappily, lost her own life in the successful effort to rescue the children of the family in which she resided, from death by fire.

On appearing at the upper window of the burning house, the lower part of which was on fire, she was called on to make the hazardous attempt to save her own life by leaping to the ground. But with a presence of mind worthy of admiration, and an amount of noble courage above all praise, she had determined to make the attempt to rescue the children of her mistress. To throw them onto the pavement would have been fatal; so, returning into the room, she dragged a bed to the window, and, with some difficulty, forced it through.

Having thus provided the means of breaking their fall, she went back for the children, one after the other, and threw them out on the soft bed below. Before she had rescued the third she was herself nearly suffocated by smoke and flame, and the child was so much burned that it has since died in the hospital. It was not until she had rescued all the children that this noble girl thought of her own life. Exhausted by the efforts she had made, blinded by the smoke and fire, she leaped from the window, but, unhappily, missed the means of safety she had provided for others, and, falling on the hard pavement, injured her spine to so great an extent that, from the first hour of her admission into Guy's Hospital, her case was deemed hopeless, and she died on Sunday morning.

A Colored Model.

[N. Y. Herald.]

Odd as it may seem, the prettiest model in New York is a colored girl who lives in Yonkers. She is a perfect type of Africa's golden sand, with a low forehead, jet black eyes, expanded nostrils, thick lips, white teeth, but for all that the most attractive in appearance, with a figure statuesquely superb. She stands straight as an arrow, is twenty years old, weighs 135 pounds and is as full of life and blood and "go" as it is possible for human nature to be. Her limbs are like marble, her bust as if carved in stone. She has never known a sick day in her life and laughs at the idea of a beau, a flirtation or a marriage; her sole duty, as she conceives it to be, is to secure the comfortable support of an aged father and mother and a little lame sister. During the months of October, November, and thence on to May, she readily makes from \$5 to \$10 a day five days in the week. She lives in a modest home quite near the town of Yonkers, is well known to the conductors of the road and the captains of the steamboats, conducts herself with exemplary propriety, has no traits of prudery in her composition, and "means business" all the time. Her story suggests that a reproduction of the lives and sacrifices of the female models of New York and vicinity would make a narrative more interesting than the liveliest and most exciting romance ever born in the brain of curious man.

Medical Advice by Telephone.

[Exchange.]

Husband—My wife has a severe pain in the back of the neck, and complains of a sort of sourness in the stomach.
Physician—She has malarial colic.
Husband—What shall I do for her?
[The girl at the "central" switches off to a machinist talking to a saw-mill man.]
Machinist to Husband—I think she is covered with scales inside about an inch thick. Let her cool down during the night, and before she fires up in the morning, take a hammer and pound her thoroughly all over, and then take a hose and hitch it to the fire-plug and wash her out.
Husband has no further need of this doctor.

Young wife (to husband)—Don't you notice a difference in the milk, dear?
Young Husband—Yes; this is much better than we have been getting.
Young Wife—Very much better. I got it of a new man. He said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure, and so I bought enough to last for a week.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A young artist who was displaying his latest work, a picture of a lion, heroic size, to a lady, said to the latter's little boy, "Don't be afraid, little boy, the lion won't hurt you. He is not alive." "Oh, I'm not afraid," replied the little boy; "he don't look as if he was alive."

As a result of the examinations made by C. Ansell, Jr., of the statistics of families in the upper and professional classes in England, it appears that 1,053 males are born to each 1,000 females. The preponderance of males diminishes as the age advances, and at the age of thirty-four the numbers of the two sexes have become equal. After those ages the diminution in the proportion of males still goes on, so that at the age of seventy there are only 813 males to 1,000 females living.

It is pretty sure that Paris will see Mrs. Mackay no more. She had left the Arc de Triomphe and has gone to London to live for good. Profiting by the example of philanthropic ladies of rank and wealth—as, for instance, Lady Manners, Mrs. Ashton Dilke, and Mrs. Charles McLaren—she is going to espouse the cause of Ireland, and, with the fabulous millions that her husband has collected, will, it is said, do something to ameliorate the condition of Mr. Mackay's poverty-cursed countrymen. The report has caused wailing and gnashing of teeth among impecunious dowagers and aspiring artists.

As long as we keep producing low and animal organisms, or human (and inhuman) machines—so long will society "reap as it sows," and vice, crime, idiocy, disease and death will be the fearful crop. Most folks want to keep people out of hell, but I want to "keep hell out of the people;" or, I want men and women so organized through and by a wise parentage that their machinery (cerebral mechanism) will produce heaven. Shall we make any effort to stop this over-production of crab-apple humanity? Is it not time to speak out on this subject, to educate the people to the end that truth, love and maternal freedom shall reign, and healthy high and noble children be born, and no others.—J. H. Cook in Health Monthly.

How to Boil an Egg.

"Now, girls, how many of you know how to boil an egg?" asked Miss Parloa, as she smiled encouragingly on the fifty neatly dressed young women who attended the training school for nurses in the hospital on Blackwell's Island. Two or three hands went up hesitatingly, and one young woman ventured the suggestion that "you put the egg in boiling water and keep it there two minutes and a half." This was amended by another to read "three minutes," but the amendment was not accepted.

"Now, girls, what did I tell you about alubmen the other day?" expostulated the lecturer. "If you subject it to a heat above the boiling point, it—"

"Coagulates," prompted a bright-eyed listener.

"No, it becomes hard, positively indigestible, just like India rubber; so if you put an egg in boiling water for two and a half minutes you will find part of the white hard and tough and the other part uncooked, a nice thing to put in a sick man's stomach. If, on the other hand, I pour boiling water on an egg and then let it stand where it will be just warm for ten minutes, it will be all cooked through and easily digestible." The experiment was performed and resulted to the confusion of the young women who leaned to the two-minutes-and-a-half theory.

At a society gathering in Pittsburg last April, Christine Nilsson was one of the guests.

A young man, who was not aware of the fact, gave an exhibition of his vocal ability at the piano, and later in the evening was presented to the prima donna, understanding the lady's name to be Nelson.

"I was delighted with your singing, Mr. Smith," said the nightingale. "It gave me mooch pleasure."

"Yes," replied the Pittsburger. "I'm told I possess some talent in that direction. Er—do you sing, Miss Nelson?"

A tired Irishman en route from Coney Island made several attempts to secure a comfortable seat on the revolving shaft of the boat, but the small amount of success he met with was discouraging.

"Begorra," he said, as he picked himself up from the floor for the fifth time, "Oi can't sthand up an' Oi can't sit down. To the devil wid Coney Oisland whiskey!"

"Rebecca," the old lady shouted up the stairs, "vas you goin' to the barty?"

"Yes, mutter," answered Rebecca.

"Vas you gettin' ready?" inquired the old lady.

"Yes, mutter," replied Rebecca; "vill I vash fur a high-neck dress or a low-neck dress?"—Buffalo Express.

A teacher in one of the Altoona schools recently electrified her pupils, who were annoying her with questions: "Children, I am engaged." Noticing the general look of astonishment, she added: "But not to any fool of a man," and the excitement died away.—Altoona Tribune.

A restauranter says the difference between him and the preacher is that he serves his "extra dry" to his customers over a table, while the preacher serves his over the pulpit desk.