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Mental Pictures from the Past.

NUMBER FOUR.

CHARLES DICKENS GIVING HIS FAREWELL READING.

The cut on this page is a reduction from a drawing made by an artist now about 25 years ago, when it was our great good fortune to be in London at the time Charles Dickens gave his farewell readings from his own works. We have preserved the drawing from that day to this, and it is now given in America for the first time. It is a valuable picture, because it is a correct portrait of Dickens, and also because it represents his very striking attitude when reciting that most delightful of little stories, "The Christmas Carol."

Dickens' head was long and narrow, the Idealistic group strong and active, which, coupled with a preponderance of the Mental Temperament, rendered him artistic to a degree seldom equaled, enabling him to portray character in word pictures so vividly that the reader sees his subject standing before him living, breathing men, women and children. He never lacked for words to describe people, places or events. His Benevolence was so large as to make him sym-

pathetic and to cause his readers to weep in pity as he depicted the death of little Nell. His Mirthfulness was so strong and active that he convulses the most stoical who read of Pickwick's performances or the funny sayings of the elder Weller. Mr. Dick and Tommy Traddles always

keep the reader in smiles, while Mr. F.'s aunt, Mrs. Wegg, serve to keep us in the best of humor as we read his inimitable description of their sayings and doings.

His intellect was very large, as can be seen; the Perceptive faculties immensely so, which enabled him to gather his facts and marshal them before his hearers and readers, while Comparison and Human Nature were also very largely developed, giving him analytical power and an insight into human nat-

ure rarely possessed by any man.

Dickens had a high sense of moral rectitude, and never stooped to mean actions. Although companionable, he was at times imperious, which caused him to be misunderstood by those who knew him least. His domestic life was not the happiest, but this was largely through incompatibility of disposition between himself and his wife, for which neither could be blamed.

We once visited the region of Gad's Hill, his home. When our author was a little boy he accompanied his father to Gad's Hill, and then



resolved that when a man he would possess that very house, which resolution he never lost sight of until he was master of the premises. This trait of persistency in his character is manifest in the height of his head over Firmness, which towers above all other faculties, he knowing no such word as fail.

A friend of ours who was privileged to visit the house at Gad's Hill, told us that his study was ornamented with bric-a-brac of the finest kind. A fresh bouquet of flowers was placed on his desk every morning. His penholder was ornamented by two frogs with swords and shields, engaged in fighting a duel. From his study window an extensive view was had of green, grassy lawns and flower-bedded knolls, altogether an enchanting scene; all showing that his nature was in touch with all that is refining and ennobling. He was a philanthropist and reformer.

His "Little Dorrett" was the means of abolishing imprisonment for debt in England, and "Oliver Twist" of repealing the offensive poor laws which were a burden to the poor and a disgrace to his country.

The following speech, with which he brought his ever-memorable farewell reading to a close in St. James' Hall, London, is full of feeling and pathos, and will, perhaps, be read for the first time by our readers:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—It would be worse than idle, for it would be hypocritical and unfeeling, if I were to disguise that I close this episode in my life with feelings of considerable pain. For some fifteen years, in this hall and in many kindred places, I have had the honor of presenting my own cherished ideas before you for your recognition, and, in closely observing your reception of them, have enjoyed an amount of artistic delight and instruction which perhaps it is given to but few men to know. In this task, and in every other I have undertaken as a faithful servant of the public, always imbued with a sense of duty to them, and always striving to do his best, I have been

uniformly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous sympathy, and the most stimulating support. Nevertheless, I have thought it well at the full floodtide of your favor to retire upon those older associations between us which date from much further back than these, and henceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art that first brought us together. Ladies and Gentlemen, in but two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter, in your own homes, on a new series of readings, at which my assistance will be indispensable; but from these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with one heartfelt, grateful, respectful, and affectionate farewell."

Thus passed from mortal sight this greatest of character writers who made us laugh and cry, and who made the world better for his having lived in it.

OH! HOW SAD, BUT HIS LETTER CONTAINS GOOD CHEER.

A friend and old subscriber to HUMAN NATURE writes from the country as follows:

"My father, at 83, has met with a fatal accident; he fell out of a wagon. My sister, whose nerves were shattered by the news of the calamity, had to be taken to an insane asylum.

"No less than three of my mother's sisters have been mentally affected previously, while a brother has been committed to the asylum several times.

"Now, dear Professor, all this mental trouble was caused through ignorance of your beautiful science.

My grandfather, who was an author, poet, musician and linguist, made the fatal blunder of marrying his first cousin.

"In my younger days I had the misfortune to love a first cousin, but retraced my steps after I had ascertained the operation of nature's laws, and now I am lonely. I live, however, to make others happy.

"I must now close with best wishes for your welfare and the success of HUMAN NATURE; what a prize it is to be sure. I wish everyone would read it and heed it; the world would soon grow immensely better."



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HYPNOTISM WITHOUT SUGGESTION.

PHRENOLOGY PROVED BY HYPNOTISM.

BY WILLIAM MASON, B. S. C., HYPNOTIST AND PHRENOLOGIST.

WRITTEN FOR HUMAN NATURE.

Doctor James Braid, the English eye specialist and surgeon, began to investigate Mesmerism to expose it; while investigating he discovered that Mesmerism was a reality and built on the structure of the human mind. He became convinced that Mesmerism could be used for the benefit of mankind; but to use the old name it would not be so useful; he *rebaptized* the mysterious child, and called it Hypnotism, from the Greek "*Hypnos*." Hypnotism is the most marvelous and incomprehensible of all phenomena. We are often astounded at the display of ignorance of many persons who combat that which they do not understand.

"Without suggestion," says a late opponent in a medical journal, "you cannot hypnotize." Let us see whether there passes from man a force that can be known to the hypnotized subject. There are no two organizations alike; we all differ, mentally and physically.

I have at different times proved that there emanates from the operator a power over the hypnotic subjects which many of them have been unable to resist. Let us illustrate: We will take several persons and blindfold them, not informing them what kind of experiments we are going to perform. Blindfold them so that it is impossible for them to see what mode of procedure we are about to make. Having done this, place their hands flat on a table; take two or three persons into your confidence; tell them what you are going to do; do not tell the subjects your intentions; make hypnotic (*i. e.*, Mesmeric) passes over their hands. You have informed your confreers that you

would hypnotize the first fingers of each hand. When you believe you have hypnotized the fingers of each hand, ask your subjects to close their hands. In many cases the subjects will find they are unable to close all their fingers. Those fingers which you designated to your confreers, are in a rigid condition, and refuse to obey the will of the subjects. I ask my readers to explain this phenomenon. Is it thought transference, or is it an independent force, like the force of a magnet? You can take a large magnet and groove out a place between the two poles for a place so that you can put the finger, it will produce the same effect. You cover the magnet from the sight of your subject. You believe there is a magnetic force which attracts smaller bodies towards itself; you see the same power in individuals, which you call attraction, built upon the principle of the magnet. There are people who can tell the different poles of a magnet by their color, and see the light emanating from the poles in the dark.

The careful student will travel new paths cautiously; he will blaze the path that others may travel in his footsteps. We should leave our marks on the newly discovered trails as we climb the rocky mountains of these mental phenomena.

Can animals be hypnotized? The lobster, does it understand suggestion? The horse can be easily brought into this condition. Dogs, rabbits, pigeons, hens, cocks and lions have been brought under perfect submission; so have snakes.

Dr. J. Ochoronics, in "Mental Suggestions," tells us: "One day I brought together six of my best subjects in a hall of the Polytechnic school, from which every ray of light was excluded in order to test the alleged discoveries of Baron Reichenbach. Reichenbach asserted that 'the influence of a magnetizer upon his subject is manifested in a dark chamber by luminous rays emanating from him.'" The quotation is too long to insert here; I refer the reader to page 28

"Mental Suggestions," also to the *Arena*, for December, 1895. "Wonders of Hypnotism." Many years ago I was convinced that there emanated from the operator to the subject a power that acted on the sensitive as true as the force which oozes from the magnet. It was a hard matter to get other people to believe, or even understand, this, because I had no instrument whereby to measure. Physicians regarded my power as "impressions," "unconscious imitation," "expectancy," "belief," and many other unknown mysteries, which they were unable to explain. I was often told: If it were not for the belief that the people had in hypnotism, I would not be able to influence anyone.

I was giving a course of lectures in the State of Missouri on the subject of Hypnotism, and in the city there lived a sharp and shrewd doctor. He called on me at my hotel, and informed me he was very much interested in the subject, but was not convinced as to its reality. In talking on the subject, the Doctor said to me: "The people who visit you believe you have the power to control them; that is not evidence to me."

I as willing to try any test that was made in a fair manner, and agreed to almost all the propositions made to me by the Doctor.

A screen was made, and we were not to inform the person selected for the hypnosis what method was to be pursued. The selected person was placed before the screen, and without speaking or seeing my subject, I was to make hypnotic or magnetic passes, and if I hypnotized him, the doctor would be convinced as to the reality of a magnetic or Mesmeric power. The person selected was not to see me until after he had been taken from the magnetic sleep. I made magnetic passes for about seven minutes, when the subject began to snore; the screen was removed, and the subject was put through many experiments. The Doctor was convinced, and several times since I have furnished him hypnosis for surgical operations, also for the cure of nervous diseases which he had failed to cure with medicines.

Dr. J. Ochorowicz says in "Mental Suggestions : " "There exists in magnetism a phenomenon little studied by the hypnotizers—that of *magnetic attraction*, so-called ; it is enough to bring near the arm of the endormed subject ; at once that arm goes out in the direction of the hand and follows all its movements. Though the magnet produces the same phenomenon, one must not suffer himself to be deceived by the analogy."

I have used the word Hypnotism and Mesmerism as having the same meaning ; so they have in a certain sense, but not in the full meaning of the science. Magnetized subjects make better subjects than hypnotized subjects ; they are more sensitive.

There are many things I would like to say on this subject, but knowing the value of your space, and fearing I may weary your readers whom I regard as the most intelligent class of American students and teachers, I will be brief. Allow me to say, we have much evidence that many sensitives have been endormed against their will, and not knowing that the operator was making a test of his powers. You may call this "mental telepathy." Quite true. What is hypnotism but mental action ? Just as true as a large magnet will draw and hold the armature to itself. If I ask you, "What is magnetism ?" you are unable to tell me ; yet you see the action of its force.

A great deal depends upon the hypnotist and subjects. A hypnotist may have good subjects, and be a poor hypnotist ; this was clearly seen in Aspen last month, when a certain hypnotist came and gave two entertainments in our city. One subject was the best that I have seen for a long time, "a self-inflicting physical subject ;" another was a clairvoyant ; yet the Doctor failed to hypnotize a single subject the first night, and I was told he only partly hypnotized one the second night. He informed the physicians and myself that he "was not a mental hypnotist." He has much to learn.

The brain is, comparatively speak-

ing, a dark continent to the cerebral geographer. We have well named many of the faculties, and know the country as an open book.

Braid tried to verify the assertions of the Phreno-Mesmerists on the Mesmeric subjects. He left his discoveries in his work. Dr. Bothey said : "The only fault one can find with Baird is that he wishes to make his discovery promote the doctrines of Phrenology."

Braid proved, by touching the different organs that they corresponded to the science. Nay, more ; some subjects do not need to be touched. By simply pointing his finger at an organ Braid got nearly the same result. Certain individual differences were noticed ; one person could act better than another, and always the best operator is the one that knows most about Phrenology. Braid experimented on forty-five persons one after another, hardly any of whom had any notion of Phrenology, and who, therefore, could not simulate. He substituted in place of the finger a glass rod, glass being a bad conductor of electricity and magnetism, and then in place of the glass rod he used a cork ; but the results were the same ; the subjects still underwent the action of the organ that was touched.

The doctors and professors of hypnotism will have to get into the Phrenological chariot to ride on the royal road of truth ; there is no escaping it, and is as plain as the midday sun in the heavens of truth.

A Phrenological Examination.

In giving a Phrenological examination, we study the constitution, temperament and "breed," or quality, of organization.

Give a piece of wood to a French polisher ; he looks at the grain and sees whether it will polish to a smooth surface. A practical Phrenologist knows whether a subject is susceptible or not to a "polish" or education in literature, science, art or handicraft. He notices the form and shape

of the head and condition of the body, and decides whether the body and brain are well nourished. He takes into account the proportions of body to brain, and *vice versa* ; ascertains which are in the ascendancy, the animal propensities or the intellect ; the moral and spiritual faculties or the passions ; whether the subject has a tendency to mechanism, art or literature, etc., and how much or how little ambition there is.

There are men with great talents and only moderate desire to rise in the world, yet others with great ambition, but only moderate talents, who go in to win and succeed. A Phrenologist sees their traits of character at a glance on the head, face and body, and decides accordingly.

Put a young man into a calling for which nature adapted him, and he will succeed. Let him by force of circumstances get into an occupation for which he has neither taste or talent, and he will fail.

Millions of men make a failure in life because they are not in their *natural* occupation, hence never succeed, and are truly unhappy.

One dollar spent with a practical Phrenologist of repute is worth a thousand times its cost ; but a poor examination is worse than nothing.

The responsibility of a Phrenologist is great. He ought to be employed by the State, so that he can give a verdict, not to please, but to benefit.

Another very important feature in a Phrenological examination is the adaptation in marriage. Marriage is a failure when temperaments are not adapted to each other. A positive man should not marry a positive woman ; there will be too much harshness and stubbornness in the family ; nor should two negatives marry ; there will be a want of strength and character.

Intemperance has wrecked millions of homes, but no more than incompatibility of disposition and temperament.

A Phrenological examination by a competent Phrenologist reveals the true method of securing good health by advising a strict adherence to nature's laws. Phrenologists are naturalists.

FROM THE LECTURE FIELD.

HEADS, LARGE AND SMALL.

BY PROF. D. C. SEYMOUR.

No greater mistake has ever been made by the non-professional world and the amateur Phrenologist than in the saying, "Little head, little wit." Thousands of people think if they wear a 7½ or 8 hat they were born to rule the world, while every veteran of Phrenology knows that many of the men who help sway the world have a 22-inch head, or less. I have measured many heads that were over twenty-four inches in circumference, the owners of which were mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water; for men of talent with only 22-inch heads, the fineness and activity of the whole physical and mental man counts very much more than mere bulk, when the bulk is coarse and slow. Now, activity means motion; more activity more motion; and this quickened motion and activity means more thought, and if trained and educated, higher and grander thoughts. No person so dull or idiotic as he who is coarse (low organic quality) low and indolent.

Take two human brains to a good Phrenologist or physiologist, and they will tell you at a glance which one was the active thinker, and which the dolt, though they both may measure just the same. They will first measure the depth of gray matter on the surface of the brain, then the depth of the convolutions (furrows); the more gray matter, and deeper the furrows, the greater the intellect and intelligence and the more motion (activity). The lower we go in the scale of human and animal life, the more shallow become the convolutions and depth of gray matter. On the surface of the animal brain we find very little of either. But in the brain of the man of genius, the furrows dip far down towards the brain centers, thus making very much more surface, thus redoubling the amount of gray matter and power of thought.

Lord Byron had but a 22-inch head, while Napoleon Bonaparte carried a 24½-inch cranium; both were geniuses in their way. Byron's head was lofty—of the three-story kind; hence his mind was given to literary work and poetic rhythm, while Napoleon's brain was largely developed in the basilar and anterior lobes, with an enormous perceptive intellect, both apparently having about the same activity of mind and body, quality, etc.

Divine energy is always apparent by matter in motion; the greater the speed, if regulated and controlled, the greater the result, and the more is accomplished. Of course, the very nature of some things requires a slower motion than others. There is no such thing as inert matter; all things, organic or inorganic, are hurled forward with an energy that is surprising; by this means creation takes place. Out in the realms of infinite space, where floats etherialized matter, or matter in gaseous form, not an atom is in a state of rest. Infinite energy is moving with resistless force and creative wisdom. Creation did not begin 6,000 years ago, or at any other time, but has always been a fact in nature. Creation (formation) never had a beginning, and will never have an ending, always was in operation and always will be. All matter, all spirit always existed, always will exist.

"All are parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Only by motion can creation take place. Motion is infinite energy. Motion ever causes friction; hence, all the sublime phenomena of nature. The motion of the sweet-scented zephyr cools our fevered brow; but the rushing of air in the hurricane and cyclone, by the friction they produce, howls like a mad demon and sweeps away all before them. Motion sets free the electric current which becomes our obedient servant and slave to do our bidding, or it may rend the heavens with its zig-zag flash, and give us peal on peal from nature's grand artillery in the skies. Motion purifies the air after dissipating its poisonous vapors, leaving our earth a fit place for mortals to dwell. Motion gives the restless waters of the sea all their beauty and grandeur, and without it old, sparkling ocean would become a cesspool of festering filth. The motion of fire, water and air

formed our rock-ribbed mountains, our level plains and sunlit valleys, and made the world, all worlds, what they are to-day. They paint the seven-hued rainbow on the scroll of the bending sky; tint the sweet, modest flowers with all their artistic beauty, and fill the sparkling eye and rosy cheek with all their heavenly beauty. Motion has written in the rocky tablets of Mother Earth the grand history of all the past, and painted with the hand of a divine artist the wondrous scroll of beauty to be seen in a western sunset sky. It has lifted, through a million ages, atom by atom, all the grand forests of our terrestrial globe, and carried every drop of water from the foam-capped, billowy sea, high into the ambient air, to return it to our whirling globe again. Motion uncaps the lofty, silent mountain, and lets loose the pent-up volcanic fires below. It shakes with earthquake power the terrestrial globe, and quivers in the voice of song.

So in the motion of the brain, thought is born. It leaps from this womb of nerve matter, and flashes round the world, and scintillates through all the cycles of the spheres. It whispers words of love in willing ears, and utters the awful cry of combat and war.

If Approbativeness is set in motion by some, perhaps, trivial circumstance, one may strut like a peacock, showing off his fine feathers, or, like the humble dog, caress your hand, hoping for more praise and notice.

Veneration, viewing a picture of a Christ nailed to a cross, vibrates and thinks of the God that doeth all things well. We see in a dream the form of a dearly loved friend gone to the immortal shore, and our organ of Spirituality is set into activity, and we may be climbing the heights of celestial, super-mundane glory, reveling in heaven's sweetest bowers, and we become enthralled with the joys of the higher life. Thus, the more active the brain, and the greater the depths of the folds, the greater the capacity for mental work. All this the true Phrenologist senses by the quick and sparkling eye, the fine, silky hair, fine cuticle, quick movements, etc. There is as much difference in people mentally, though physically very similar, as between a bar of pig-iron and the mainspring in a lady's costly watch.

Reading character is the highest art and noblest science this life can give. It is the royal road to knowledge, and leads on to glory in the immortal spheres.

THE MILLER, THE CHEMIST AND BAKER.

We have three classes of men in every community who tamper with "the staff of life." The miller strips off the bran from the wheat and feeds it to the hogs. The chemist, knowing the great nourishment there is in bran, also takes this *refuse* of the miller, renders it through a chemical process, and sells it as "Maltine" at \$1. per bottle! The baker finds it easier to knead and raise the *white* portion—the *inner* portion of the grain—than he does the whole wheat which contains gluten, and puts on the table of the American people bread that is not fit to eat; it is not only tasteless, but contains no nourishment whatever.

Hector Waylen paid a visit to this country recently; writing to *Natural Food* (March number) he says:

"From New York to San Francisco the *bakers' bread* is the worst I ever met with; light, white, nasty, tasteless stuff, getting positively nasty after it is stale."

It is a fact, bakers' bread one day old is not fit to eat. Everybody knows that five-cent loaves can be bought at four loaves for ten cents when it is one day old, because such bread is really unfit to eat; but only those who bake their own bread from Advent flour, which contains the whole grain (except the outer, smutty shell) know that Advent flour bread is as good at the end of eight or ten days after baking, and really better the second and third day after baking than when taken out of the oven.

Isn't it funny that some people eat white bread and then give a dollar a bottle to a chemist in order to get the bran, the wheat-grain originally contained? Wouldn't it be cheaper to have the "Maltine" in its original form—in its natural state—as found in the Advent flour, than to pay 1000 per cent more in a disorganized form?

Use Advent flour for bread; it is wholesome and cheap. You can buy it from any grocer on the Coast, or order it direct from the Del Monte Milling Co., 107 California Street, this city.

NATURAL FOOD LITERATURE.

The following pamphlets and leaflets issued by Natural Food Publishing Company, London, sent to any address at following prices:

"All The Year Round Anti-Cereal Cookery Receipts," 10 cts.

"An Exposition of the Non-Starch Food System," 10 cts.

"Food of Paradise," 2½ cts.

"Curative Action of Regimen," 2½c.

"Dr. Allinson and Dogmatism," 2½ cts.

Natural Food (a monthly magazine, 50 cts. per year) sample, 10 cts. HUMAN NATURE office, 1016 Market San Francisco, Cal.

OUR GREAT OFFER FOR THIS MONTH.

The Phrenological Journal is now reduced to one dollar per year.

Our great offer to new or old subscribers is, one dollar for *The Phrenological Journal* and HUMAN NATURE for one year. If you want both, and already subscribe to one, you can order the other sent to any of your friends. Order now while the offer is still open. For other clubbing offers see page 13.

Natural Food is a London monthly magazine devoted to health and the higher life. Contents for March: "Food of Monkeys and Men;" "Tabloid Food Nonsense;" "Luxury of a Daily Fast;" "What Must I do to Get Well." Sample copy, 10 cts.; Annual subscription, 50 cts. HUMAN NATURE office, San Francisco.

RUB IT IN.

That's all you have to do to stop and cure Rheumatic and Neuralgic aches and pains. Simple, isn't it? Yes. It's the simplicity that *does the business*.

DR. SMITH'S CALORIC VITA OIL is a "Heating and Life-giving Oil," pure, harmless, and sure to cure, because it *penetrates* quick and deep, *circulates* the blood, *lets down* the tension, and *takes off* the pressure while you walk or sleep; pain and soreness stop—vanish as if by magic."

See advertisement on page 16.

Natural Food is published in London by Dr. Densmore, an American. HUMAN NATURE is published in San Francisco by Prof. Haddock, an Englishman.

Dr. Densmore has evolved into a Britisher, and Prof. Haddock into a Yankee. The two countries are now even up, and need not go to war.

LESSONS IN THE ART OF CHARACTER READING.

If you wish to know how to Read Character, come to our office; we are ready to teach you.

Our method is simple; we do not confound you with medical or technical phrases, but teach Nature's great truth's as revealed by the science of man.

Some of our former students had "read up" a great deal and conceived false theories. We had these to remove. Much better students are they who come with a mind open to receive the first light from a teacher. It is surprising how some students without any previous experience have grasped the fundamental principles of the science in a few lessons, so that they could before the course was through, give remarkably correct examinations.

Business men are taking up the subject of character reading; it enables them to know whom they are dealing with.

One of our students formerly relied on his "intuition." He lost \$300 by it. After taking a course of lessons, he saw where he had made a mistake, and saved himself \$500 by knowing just how to take another customer. This gentleman is a wholesale merchant in San Francisco.

Lawyers, ministers, teachers, business men, workmen, and every class of men and women may profit greatly by this knowledge of human nature.

For the modest outlay, it affords more real pleasure than any other science, as it relates to man and reveals his nature.

Those desirous of taking up a Diploma course for professional work, will receive, in 45 lessons, considerable practical work in personal examinations, and a Diploma or certificate which is recognized by all Phrenological societies in the world, and the public everywhere.

Our students have the free use of Jordan's Museum as well as our own charts, skulls, diagrams, portraits, etc.

Small Course, 8 lessons, . . . \$10.

Middle Course, 22 lessons, . . . \$25.

Diploma Course, 45 lessons, . . \$50.

Each lesson takes one hour. Some students take two lessons per day, others one, others still only one per week. In these *private* lessons, students may choose their own time.

THE REVELATIONS OF A WAX TAPER.

It is a wierd story, but it is in nature's own handwriting, and interesting to all who love to learn her teachings.

One of our lady students brought into the office, carefully wrapped in brown paper, a skull, accompanied with a polite note which read as follows :

"MR. HADDOCK, *Dear Sir*:—I send you this valuable relic. If you correctly describe its character, it is yours.

[Signed] ———, M. D."

We pulled down the office blinds, lighted a wax taper, and lo! the whole character was revealed.

Nature never errs; she had done her work well here; and in less than one hour the following note was sent to the Doctor :

"*Dear Sir*:—This is the skull of a woman thirty to forty years of age. She cannot be classed as either intellectual or moral. She lived in the basement of her skull, for it is well illuminated. The dignified, the moral and intellectual rooms were fairly furnished, but untenanted; their walls thick, rendering the interior dark and gloomy; in other words, this woman was base, sensual, cunning, selfish, gluttonous, musical, and a woman of the world—the lower world—probably a blackmailer and prostitute.

Yours truly,

ALLEN HADDOCK."

The next day came the following note from the Doctor :

"PROF. HADDOCK, *Dear Sir*:—The skull I sent you yesterday is that of Madame — who died in this city many years ago after a long and lingering illness. She was a base woman, a blackmailer in her time, and a prostitute.

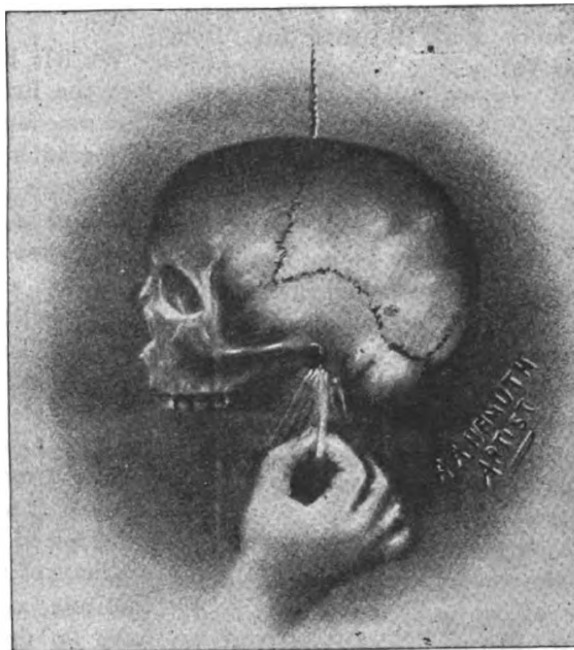
Your description of her character is strictly accurate and a strange revelation to me. I make you a present of the skull. You are welcome to it.

Yours sincerely,

———, M. D.

For obvious reasons, we have suppressed the Doctor's name, but the above is a true copy of his letter.

Our readers will notice that the skull is thin and transparent in the region of Amativeness, Parental Love, Secretiveness, Alimentiveness, Tune, Locality, etc., denoting great activity of all the lower or animal portion of the brain; but the walls are thick and dark in the region of the higher faculties, known as the Moral or Intellectual group, indicating that Conscientiousness, Spirituality, Veneration, Benevolence, Causality, Comparison, etc., were inactive or asleep, seldom, if ever, exercised, and that the person when living must necessarily have been just such a person as we had described her to be.



Let our philosophers not only turn the light of Phrenological science on the dead but on the living, and they will discover stranger things than ever they dreamed of in their philosophy.

The skull above referred to is one of the rarest in our collection, and never fails to call forth exclamations of surprise and admiration from our students and visiting patrons.

The *San Francisco Call*, in reporting the recent lecture of Dr. Case upon Phrenology before the Young Men's Christian Association, spoke of the exhibition of this skull (which we had lent for the purpose) as of dramatic interest.

The lesson it teaches is that by exercising our moral and spiritual facul-

ties, we may garnish the rooms in the chambers of our dwelling as did this unfortunate woman the basement of her abode of thought. Who would not prefer living above the dust and din of the common street? The voice of Phrenology is heard calling us to come up higher.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

Prof. J. C. Fairfield, Phrenologist, walked into our office some time ago, and took an examination. Of course, he was a stranger, but we hit him off all right. He had just returned from a tour in the South Sea Islands, and brought back six native skulls. Some of the skulls had been buried hundreds of years, but the teeth in everyone are sound and white. The natives never knew a vaccinating officer; he had not landed there when the Phrenologist left. Rotten teeth follows the cow-pox inoculation.

Prof. Fairfield says: "The natives are of the Zule tribe of Indians. Their habits are polygamous, like the patriarchs of old. The price is—a wife for a cow! There is no limit to the number. Rich men have many wives and many cows."

The natives have a heavy base of brain and large back-head, which accounts for their affection, but their foreheads, as in all semi-civilized races, are narrow and contracted. The collection is interesting as illustrating the principles of Phrenology or brain development in relation to their character and well-known habits.

Examinations at Your Home.

You desire to know what your children are adapted to in life. Or you have some friends and would love to give them a nice entertainment; then send for us, and we will come out to your house, if within ten miles of the office, for \$5.00, any evening you wish, except Monday and Thursday evenings. We charge nothing extra for five to ten Phrenological examinations.

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—IN ADVANCE.—

ALLEN HADDOCK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

C. P. HOLT,

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

PROF. HADDOCK is the author of and accepts responsibility for all unsigned articles and paragraphs. The *Moral* responsibility for *signed* articles devolves upon the writer whose name is attached.

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San Francisco, Cal., April, 1896.

Some Phrenologists Reveal Character
As It Is, And Do Not Flatter.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH., March 5, '96.

PROF. HADDOCK,

Dear Sir:—Your delineation of my two photographs received, and I was very much pleased with the honest, straightforward way in which you pointed out my faults. I am heartily tired of paying money to Phrenologists for mere flattery. Some of them seem to think they must emphasize the good qualities and skim over the shortcomings of their clients in order to make business for themselves. The manner in which you delineated

my character is certainly commendable, and I hope to profit from your advice.

Yours very truly,
G. C. WALLACE.

EL RANCHO,
GRASS VALLEY, OREGON, Feb. 27, '96.

DEAR PROF. HADDOCK:—

Your delineation of Frank Williams came all right, and it was quite correct. It gave great satisfaction, and by many was considered wonderful. Of course, there is nothing wonderful in it to those who know how to interpret Nature through the science of Phrenology. I am sure you will get more work in that line from Grass Valley.

Yours for progress,
JOE TROWNSON.

OUR LESSONS BY MAIL.

Of course, there is no method of teaching equals personal instruction; but we have prepared an unique course of lessons to be sent by mail to those students who are unable to come to our office. They are type written, and a practical Phrenologist who is taking a mail course, says in a letter just received.

"Your lessons are O. K. They get into the smaller details more than I have seen in books that I have read."

Our lessons TEACH HOW TO READ CHARACTER.

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We call the particular attention of Phrenologists to this Chart, which is the best extant. HUMAN NATURE office.

Subscribe for HUMAN NATURE;
50 cents per year.

REV. DR. CASE EXPLAINS.

PROF. HADDOCK,

Dear Sir:—In a new list of testimonials recently published by me there is one from you. Underneath your name I took the liberty to state that you were a "Graduate of the British Phrenological Institute." How I got this impression I cannot tell. I now learn from you that in this matter I was in error. I hasten to make the correction, lest someone should think you were sailing under false colors. The error is mine, and you are in no way responsible for it. I very much regret my mistake, and ask you kindly to insert my explanation in the next number of your excellent publication.

Cordially,
W. W. CASE.

We left England several years before the British Phrenological Institute was founded, therefore could not be a graduate of that institution; but Dr. Case's error is pardonable; he had read in HUMAN NATURE about our taking lessons when a young man from that veteran Phrenologist, Prof. L. N. Fowler of London, thirty years ago, and last June we published a letter from Prof. Fowler's secretary which stated that "Mr. Fowler was gratified to know of such satisfactory results from his work after many years." It will thus be seen, although a disciple of Mr. Fowler's, we are not a graduate of the British Phrenological Institute, and, as Dr. Case says, we have no desire to sail under "false colors."

EVENING CLASS.

Our next evening class for instructions how to read character will begin Thursday, April 9th, 8 P. M.

Students wishing to join will please communicate with us on or before above date. Terms, \$2 per month, in advance.

When a sample copy is sent, it is as an invitation to subscribe, at fifty cents per year.

If we have no agents near you to collect your subscription, and you intend to subscribe, kindly send at once to Allen Haddock, 1016 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

SICK MEN AND WOMEN.

We are effecting great cures by mail. (Distance no object.) Send us a portrait and leading symptoms, and we will put you on a natural bill of fare that will cure you.

Doctors pour drugs down the throats of their victims, or feed with milk and whisky to keep up the strength (?) which is all wrong. The fact is, we all eat too much; nature cannot throw off the load. Sick men and women who cannot assimilate their food need hygienic treatment; no drugs, no whisky.

We insert the following extract from a letter, not for the love of approbation, but to show that our method is successful:

"I thank God that he has sent you and your beautiful science to my rescue. You have restored me to health and happiness. May God bless you, and prosper your science. Your advice to me has been worth more than all earthly things. I am deeply grateful to you."

Modesty prevents us publishing more of this gushing letter; we get many such; but a sick man made well ought to be grateful. Our excuse for publishing this excerpt is to show that we can and do cure, not by drugs or whisky, but by proper feeding and hygienic treatment.

There would be no money in healing the sick if doctors adopted our simple plan, because people get well, and keep well, which they can never do by drugging.

Our plan is simple, and based on nature, therefore effectual, and costs less than a visit to a doctor or drug store.

With proper food, suitable for the ailment, plenty of water inside and out, with directions how to secure a tranquil state of mind, and nature does the rest.

Let those who still believe in drugs suffer; we can only pity them.

HOW NATURE CURES.

Dr. Densmore's great work, "How Nature Cures," which is creating such a sensation everywhere, is for sale at HUMAN NATURE office. Price \$2. Postage paid to any address.

ON A LECTURING TOUR.

Two of our students, Prof. Geo. S. Dove and Prof. C. F. Sprague, start out together on a lecturing tour this week, taking Stockton as the first town.

We consider Mr. Dove one of the ablest delineators of character in the field to-day, and Mr. Sprague is the best "read-up" student ever we had, and also a good speaker; he possesses a thorough knowledge of the science; both are first-class Phrenologists now with considerable experience. We know they will do their work conscientiously and well, therefore we highly recommend them to the public.

Andrew Jackson Davis and Phrenology.

"With a delight well nigh ineffable, do we acknowledge the nineteenth century to be under profound and grateful obligations to Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, Fowler, and to several industrious scholars of their school, not only for exercising their Samsonian energies in staying mighty errors and hoary-headed superstitions, but more especially for the world-revolutionizing facts associated with Nature's own immortal principles."—"The Great Harmonia," page 380, by Andrew Jackson Davis.

"DEMOLOGY."

In order to clear out this, the latest work of Dr. A. O'Leary, a well-bound book of 320 octavo pages, we now offer one year's subscription to HUMAN NATURE free to every purchaser. The price of the book is \$1.50, *postage paid* to any address. You may send HUMAN NATURE to any of your friends as a present, if you wish.

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State height, weight of body, size of head, measuring by tape around and a little above ears in inches. Height over crown from opening of ear to ear in inches.

Send color of hair, eyes, skin, education, present occupation, name and address, and enclose \$1 for a marked, printed chart, or \$2.50 for a correct, type-written delineation, and we will describe your character and disposition, your leading traits and talents; indicate your natural occupation, trade or profession, and temperamental adaptation in marriage; which organs to cultivate and which to restrain, together with best advice on health and morals.

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Will our subscribers kindly show their friends "HUMAN NATURE. It is a good plan to secure subscribers. HUMAN NATURE is a success; its circulation is increasing, and just as soon as we can afford we shall enlarge it to twenty pages, but still keep it at fifty cents per year. Some good things are in store for our readers.

Please give us your orders for *books* and the *Phrenological Journal*. You get them at the same price and the orders leave us a little commission which enable us to carry on our work.

PHRENOLOGY.

"The editor of this magazine has no hesitation in pronouncing Prof. Haddock one of the best delineators in this country. He is also editor of HUMAN NATURE; subscribe for it, 50 cents per year. Tells all about the science of Phrenology and many other interesting subjects."—*Calderswood's Magazine*.

MY LOVER'S GOOD-BYE.

BY LEONORA BECK.

IN THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

I am about to reveal to you a part of my inner life—the brief part into which was compressed all of joy and woe, of mad happiness and agonizing grief, that in most women's lives is spread over the period from girlhood to old age. To many, a portion of this history will seem unbelievable. To them I have nothing to say. Being truth itself, it stands independent of belief or unbelief.

When I was nineteen I had been in love with Philip Gilman two years, and I had known that he loved me all that time. I did not need the full joyous words in which he outpoured his heart to me that night among my white jessamines in the little garden. I did not need them, I mean, in order to understand his passionate devotion; but for the completion of my bliss, the consummate blossoming of my flower of gladness, I did require them. And when those words were said, and he held both my hands up to his warm lips—when a splendor from the stars had dropped into his eyes, and a joy from the heavens into my soul—I was calmly conscious that it was the supreme moment of my existence; that whatever the future held, I had touched the zenith of emotion. Among the jessamines, heavy with their sensuous scent, and alive with fire-flies and the midsummer melody of mocking-birds, he left me, taking with him my plighted troth and my heart, and leaving his ring of promise on my finger, his kiss of faith on my lips, his words of trust and tenderness in my memory.

After a month of meetings like these, a month that held all of Eden for both of us, Philip told me one day that he thought it time to speak to my father and also to announce to his family our marriage as determined upon for the next spring. I was vaguely troubled. My father was poor and proud: Philip's proud and rich. We lived in a dovecote

among the blossoms and the murmuring waters of the valley: they in a mansion on the grandly wooded hill. Each morning I could lift my humble eyes to the shining turrets of Philip's house: each evening he must guide his feet along a devious way, by rill and bush, to find the worn old stile that admitted him to my tiny jessamine garden. Was it strange, then, that I pleaded for a little longer space of blessedness?—"Just a month, Philip, just one more month, with the secret all our own."

"But, Honora, we will be yet happier when they all know and join in preparation for our marriage. I want to claim you before the world."

I knew that love had blinded him, but I said no word to shake his faith in the future. My noble boy, who always thought to find each nature he touched respond in nobleness to his own! When next we met there was a stormy trouble in his eyes, and a throb of passionate pain in his voice. He cried:

"Give you up, my love? Not for all the fathers, all the wealth, all the pride in all the universe. Not in time, not in eternity, Honora!"

The story is well nigh as old as Adam's exile. His father would never consent for him to wed me, a pauper, and if Philip persisted would cut him off from the estate. My father would never, never consent for me to wed him, a rich man's son, without the sanction of his family. He would lock me up first, and save his name the disgrace. I asked my lover to wait a little, and let us try Time's gentle mediation. He fretted, pleaded, yielded. With one long kiss of love and pain we parted, each safe in the other's faith, secure of a union some day to be, but bitterly burdened by the present parting. Soon I learned that another bride was chosen for Philip, and was even then in his home, the guest of his beautiful sisters. My father had already sternly commanded me never to see my lover, and to receive encouragingly the attentions of Ethan Hall, a neighbor's son, poor as ourselves, industrious, kind, and sturdy. I obeyed him in

so far as not to write to Philip for the time being, and I was never rude to Ethan. But I kept the poor fellow at too great a distance ever to call my cool courtesy encouragement.

Months passed, and spring was rearing. Philip had been away, I heard, but had returned; and again Evelyn Glade, the heiress chosen for him by his father, was visiting his sisters. I trusted him perfectly, and yet this trust could not rescue me from the wretchedness of our situation. It was a day of April frowns and smiles—billowy avalanches of cloud-snow suddenly overwhelming the blue and obscuring the brightness, and just as suddenly the glory bursting back. I had been down to a neighbor's, half a mile away—on an errand for my mother—and was returning slowly, drinking in Nature's spring sweetness like new wine. Adown the deep slope I was coming, bonnet in hand, basket on arm, and a song of gladness bubbling unconsciously on my lips, for the year and I were both young, and I was in love, even if not happy. Hoof-beats pulsing through the leafy reaches stopped my song. I soon saw the horse and his rider. It was my lover mounted on Lontine, the most magnificent beast I have ever seen, but one I had often begged him not to ride because of his wild, uncertain ways. Philip did not see me at first, as with madly beating heart I stepped quickly aside from the path and among the shadowy beech-trunks. He was riding moodily, hat over his brows, looking down at the toe of his boot, which he was tapping mechanically with his whip. But Lontine's eyes, quick as those of his Arab sires of the wild, glimpsed me, and he gave a sudden lurch which somehow loosened the girth. His master, sitting carelessly, barely escaped a serious, perhaps fatal, fall. Alarmed for him, I forgot everything and darted forward from my hiding-place. There we were, by none of our own seeking, face to face—my lover and I. This much good had fate provided. "Philip," I cried, "what made you ride him? I begged you not to. He will hurt you some day.

You frightened me so." But his strong arms were around me. "Sweet-heart, sweetheart," he was murmuring, "I have you now, I can never let you go again."

Noosing the bridle rein about a sapling, he left the horse contentedly devouring the young grass and leaves within reach, having escaped without punishment or even a word of rebuke for his bit of bad conduct. A little of the old happiness and heart-lightness came back to us as we sat there upon the turf beneath the murmuring leafage. But soon Philip began to entreat me to marry him secretly and let him go away and work for me. I could not do that. "No, dearest, let us wait," I begged. "We are young; our love is perfect. Time will in some kind way alter our circumstances." Then he said, solemnly:

"Honora, I must go off. I cannot stay on in this way. The inaction kills me. I will go away with only your plighted word, and by my individual efforts I will make a little home for you. Then I will come back and nobody shall prevent me from taking you to it; not my father, not yours, not even yourself. Do you not see, my darling, how impossible it is for me to live on in this fashion? My father thinks the silence you have imposed upon me is a tacit yielding. He has my sisters to keep this girl here; she is very beautiful and good, and they say she loves me. If that be true, to stay is dishonor, for she thinks me free, as they have told her, while I am eternally yours, sealed heart and spirit yours, yours. Let me go, my love, and come back for you."

Just then we heard the laborers coming along the path, to their noon-day meal. We parted with one swift, sweet good-bye. Ah, that unreasoning fibre in woman's heart that makes praise of another woman from the lips of our lover unpalatable spirit food! All that day, all of many days, I heard those words echoing and re-echoing: "She is indeed beautiful, and she is good, and they say she loves me." I could not escape

this haunting sentence. I tried to feel that I wished him to stay, to grow interested in this lovely girl, to let me free him to wed her and make his people happy. She would be happy, too; and he—why not? Do not men soon learn to love where they are loved, if beauty and goodness are found there too?

One wild thought of self-sacrifice rose in my mind—to write him that I had yielded to my father's desires and would marry Ethan Hall. It would make matters so smooth for all concerned, I tried to argue. But I repelled the idea and told myself that Philip's true happiness, as my own, could only be secured by our being faithful to these best feelings, highest loves, of our natures. Let everything else yield to this. In those few days I came to hope that he had gone, that he had understood my consent, and was already working to lay the foundation of that future home in which we two were to find the sweetest joys of earth. I had heard no mention of his name since that day in the beech-wood, and I never asked questions about him.

April closed, and my birthday came—May-day. We had dreamed, during those blissful summer nights now almost a year in the past, that this should be our wedding day. I went that morning to visit the same sick neighbor to whom I had carried my mother's basket of food in early April. But I came home by the highway instead of through the beech-wood. Perhaps it was an inexplicable impulse that guided my feet; perhaps I dreaded the memories haunting that green slope. There was no song on my lips this time for the hoof-beats to startle away. But as I gazed at the two riders my heart grew faint within me. My lover looked a little pale and thin, but he was smiling brightly into the fair young face beside him, and Lontine was moving along magnificently. Evelyn Glade—I needed no intuition to tell me it was she—was indeed beautiful to look upon, attired all in pale green, broken only by gold bands on her skirt and the massed gold of

her hair. The spirit of May she seemed to me, the delicate creature, sitting so proudly on her white horse, yet looking up so worshipfully into the dark eyes bent upon her. He did not see the shabbily dressed, dusty figure by the roadside until he was directly opposite. Then he lifted his hat in grave salute, and a dark flush mounted to his brow. Her lustrous gaze swept me wonderingly one moment's space, and they had passed. "Beautiful and good, and she loves him," a voice within whispered, adding maliciously those words he had never said: "Moreover, she is his equal, and his father's choice, and certainly he has already a tender feeling for her!"

It was a many hours' battle I fought for my faith in my lover, but I won. With a perfect trust in him I fell asleep near midnight. I awoke with an oppressive sense of something imperatively summoning me to arise. I opened my eyes, collected my faculties, but could not explain away the sensation any more than I could comprehend it. At any rate, I was wide awake, as much so as if it were sunrise and I had enjoyed a full night's rest, although the old clock in the sitting-room was only striking twelve. No need to try to sleep again at once. I arose, and throwing a shawl about me approached the window and threw it open. The moon was full, and in the clear light I saw a figure standing in my little garden. It was Philip. I wondered why he was there. He drew nearer, stretched out his arms to me and said: Good-bye, my own, my love! I thank you that your faith in me is as perfect as my troth to you. I will come back for you, darling. Good-bye, good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Philip," I replied; "I love you always, and will be ready when you return for me." With a radiant smile and a last murmur: "Farewell, Honora, bride of my spirit!" he was gone.

I stood there musing long. It all seemed so mysterious, and yet I could but be glad. He was true, and he had gone to make our home; he

would come back to me. Nothing else need be considered, nothing else was of any significance. I was too wide awake to sleep again; so I sat there watching the moonlight upon the white narcissi and the flowerless jessamines. I sat there lost in tender thoughts of my lover and our beautiful love until the first auroral blush in the East drove me hurriedly to seek a little sleep.

At eight o'clock I was very busy in the dairy, when mother stepped out to the gate at some one's halloo. She returned soon, with a pale face and a frightened look in her eyes. "What is it, mother?" asked I, leaving off my cream-skimming. "Philip Gilman was thrown yesterday by that skittish black horse of his. He was riding along the mill-road where the big rocks are, and oh, Honora! he died last night at midnight!" It meant that, then—the strange, sweet thing that happened to me last night! Curious I had not thought of it before. It was terribly hard to bear at first; but I was not long in realizing that it was well. Everything was smoothly adjusted now. My lover would return for me in the fulness of time, and yet my father and his could preserve their pride intact.

I have lived many, many years now, with only the dear memories of him to light my path. Something has told me of late that the time is very near when he will come back for me. And how gladly I will go with him to our blissful, eternal home!

An aunt (Mercy) of John G. Whitier (the poet) had an experience almost identical with the above, only her betrothed came riding on a horse whose hoof-beats were noiseless. In that same hour he passed to spirit life. She was true to his memory through a long life. That was as it should be.

The comfort lies in the thought that

"There is a future, O, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part;
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, Oh! there 'tis heart to heart."

C. P. Holt.

REVIEWS.

By C. P. Holt.

The California Medical Journal, 1422 Folsom Street, San Francisco; \$1.50 per year.

However we may decry drugs and revile the drugging system, it is well not to get too bigoted. The infidel who will not attend church or read the Bible is a bigot, as is also the Christian who shudders at the mention of Thomas Paine, Voltaire, Volney or R. G. Ingersoll, and would burn rather than read "The Age of Reason;" similarly the hygienist who refuses to study the medical journals is a bigot, and a stupid one at that. The current issue of this Journal is up to its usual excellence, which is praise enough.

"Hypnotism," by Chas. Clark, M. D., gives pointers on that subject worth reading. The article on "The Hygroscopic Feature of Clothing," by Henry T. Deimel, M. D., suggests that woolen undergarments are not all people suppose them to be for excellence. He says: "Wool absorbs moisture, especially in the form of vapor, in a very slow and reluctant manner, but is capable of holding great quantities. It is also slow in eliminating moisture. To dry two ounces of wet wool requires the same amount of heat which is needed to melt one pound of ice. Hence wool answers admirably the purpose of outer-clothing in humid climates, but is unfit for underwear."

Having read thus far, I began to wonder if it were best to go back to the apron of fig leaves for garments, when I came upon the Doctor's description of a fabric called "linen-mesh, a uniformly porous product of flax," which just fills the bill.

The Popular Phrenologist, London, England, is a new candidate for patronage among Phrenological readers. The current number contains many good articles, among the best of which is one on "Brain Waste." There are no long articles to wade through, and everything in these pages seems to be boiled down, so that "He who runs may read."

Progress, 1236 Market Street, San Francisco, is a weekly paper devoted to "The Harmonial Philosophy and Advance Topics of the Times." Its pages are interesting.

The Harbinger. From far-off India's coral strand, or, to be precise, from Lahore, Punjab, India, comes every fortnight a sixteen-page magazine with the soothing title *The Harbinger*, advocating Monotheism, Vegetarianism, Temperance, Philanthropy, Yoga, Sanscrit and Scientific Study, commerce, manufacture, agriculture, social reform, giving a translation of the Rig Veda and important news, which is enough to keep one editor busy, and this Mr. Duraga Prasad seems to do to perfection. *The Harbinger* is unique. Success to it.

The Anti-Vaccination News, 19 Broadway, New York. This magazine should visit every home in the land with its earnest protest against the superstitious rite of compulsory vaccination. The number before me has the following unanswerable argument: "It is undeniable that for the past thirty years every scientific man, without an exception, who has investigated the subject on the basis of truth, has denounced vaccination, and proclaimed it to be blood poisoning productive of foul disease and death. In the epidemic of small-pox in 1870, in Cologne, 173 thoroughly vaccinated persons were siezed before a single unvaccinated person was attacked; in Bonn, 43 of the vaccinated before one unvaccinated; and in 1871 in Liepnitz, 224 vaccinated were siezed before one of the unvaccinated. In Bavaria, in 1871, out of 30,472 cases of small-pox no less than 29,429 were officially confessed to have been 'successfully' vaccinated. It is well known to every honest scientist who has investigated the subject, that vaccination is no protection against small-pox, but that it frequently conveys loathsome diseases, is a prolific cause of infant mortality, and not infrequently developing latent disease germs, entailing life miseries or causing premature death." Down with compulsory vaccination.

The Phrenological Journal. This, the longest established and pioneer magazine, devoted to Phrenology and all that pertains thereto, came late in March, and I had to look twice before I recognized it in its new form and dress. However, like the revolutionary musket, described by the old lady, which had received a new lock, stock and barrel, but was "the same old musket still," so this great champion of Phrenology, under a new management, with cultured, progressive Dr. Edgar C. Beall as editor, and retaining as contributors those war-stained veterans in the science, Prof. Nelson Sizer, Dr. H. S. Drayton and Mrs. Charlotte Wells, remains, despite its metamorphosis, the self-same old Phrenological musket which has done such good service in demolishing error in the past, and is destined to continue storming the stronghold of ignorance and superstition.

The price has been reduced to \$1.00 per year, so that everybody can take it now, and grow wiser and better from its perusal.

Our New Humanity, published quarterly by Our New Humanity Publishing Company, Topeka, Kansas; \$1.00 per year.

If everybody in the world who has common sense, and has reached the age of maturity, would read this earnest, honest, radical magazine, and use that common sense in determining the truth or error of the principles treated in its pages, then apply the proven truths in every-day life, in less than twenty-five years we would have a New Humanity on earth for sure.

Books.

WE RECOMMEND ALL, OR ANY OF THESE BOOKS TO STUDENTS OF PHRENOLOGY.

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Revelations of the Face. Paper, 15c.
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Improved Phrenological Bust. Porcelain, large size, \$5.00

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