

LIGHT IN THE WEST.



“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

VOL. VI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., WEEKLY—SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1886.

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NOTICE.

In accordance with the request of its many friends "Light in the West" is now changed from a Semi-monthly to a

WEEKLY

publication. The advance subscription price will not be changed until December 1st. See notice.

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Free and open discussion is invited on all questions which tend to advance truth and right. Writers will be held responsible for their theories. Names must always be attached to communications as a guarantee of good faith, but may be withheld by request.

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SPIRITUALISM is no new thing.

"Good character like good blood will show itself."

TRUTH never changes; it is ever the same.

If the sword of truth does not conquer, it has not been held by a brave soldier.

TOLERATION should be a banner unfurled to the breeze on the tower of the temple of Spiritual Philosophy.

LET us worship principles and not personalities; then to the God embodying these principles, we will have no trouble in saying, "Abba, Father."

FIRMNESS in maintaining convictions searched out by intelligent self investigation is moral courage; while a rigid adherence to another's opinion is simply stubbornness, and should be treated as such.

SHAKESPEARE has Polonius say in his advice to Laertes:

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

No one, then, who is false to his friend or his neighbor can be true to himself.

THIS world's history demonstrates that progress is exhibited in mental and spiritual knowledge, and that revelations of a divine order have been given, and in due time may continue to be given to meet the requirements of an advanced, intellectual age.—*Watson.*

WHAT we are and the things we do in this world are our entries in the day book of life. The balance sheet will be drawn off "over there." What a time many of us will have reviewing and correcting omissions and mistakes before the accounts will balance.

In some of the systems of so-called Christianity there is so much money and machinery needed to save the soul after the man dies, that but few of the friends left are able to pay the bill; when according to the express statement of the One whom they profess to follow, salvation is free, "without money and without price."

CLEAR GRIT.

IT is a fact that our neighbors and friends hear our words and see our actions and that we are more or less careful to talk and act so as to receive their approval and commendation; while the real purposes of our hearts are concealed from them. This is deception,—falsehood. If we could only imbue our minds with the fact that it is of small moment what people think of us, but that it is all important to us how the innumerable number of invisible beings consider us. It is true they can not hear our words or see our works with natural ears and eyes, but they

can perceive the thoughts and designs of our hearts, in our individuality of purpose. Let us rather, then, cast aside the masks and garments of the actor on this stage of human life, and realize that we stand as it were naked, in the presence of this invisible host and of the all seeing eye beyond them, and strive to live so that in the presence of this audience we may receive commendation. The very hour that we assume this position we will realize that we are free from the condemnation of our neighbors, if we stand approved in this higher presence, and that it will profit us nothing though we be commended by our friends while we rest under the condemnation of spirit sight. New desires and purposes will at once spring up in our hearts, and motives control our actions. We will care less and less what our neighbors say, but we will value more and more what that power thinks who is able to behold us as we are.

MODERN SKEPTICS.

"He hath a devil," was the cry the priesthood raised against the works of Jesus, and naturally enough their lineal descendants at the present day stand aloof with hands uplifted in holy horror. Looking backward they call the brother priesthood of that day Saducees, Pharisees, hypocrites—just what they were—and, looking forward at the spiritual manifestations of the present day they say, "Behold the works of the devil." In that day they incited the multitude, the rabble, to cry out, "away with him; crucify him." They did not fear this humble man, but they were afraid of the principles which he inculcated. They knew that those principles would unmask their hypocritical professions and overthrow the false doctrines which they had craftily engrafted upon the truths that had been so carefully delivered through similar spiritual influence

to their fathers, hundreds of years before.

What is the character of the opposition that is to-day manifesting itself against Spiritualism? Does it not savor a little of the old malice? If people will take time to examine the nature of the spirit which hindered the truth then and would have crushed it, and then observe the attitude and study the character of those who array themselves against Spiritualism to-day they will surely discern the similarity in the opposition, and thereby discover one of the strongest reasons why they should investigate its principles. "He came to his own, and his own received him not." That is, truth knocked at the doors of the temples where its advocates professed to dwell, but they would not open the doors of their hearts and receive it, and not only rejected it, but would have crushed out that truth, and they crucified its personality. So it was plainly evident that the spirit of truth witnessed against their spirits that they were none of His.

True Spiritualists to-day are asking all people to search for the truth in their philosophy, for themselves. They do not ask them to accept the mere materialization of spirit forms in the flesh, (which is so often and so easily made deceptive), as anything but evidence, or rather, the illustrated truth of the immortality of the soul. This accepted, the truths pertaining to and involving the growth of the soul in that spiritual existence become the questions of paramount interest. Then these modern skeptics need not be surprised if they discover that the first principles in this truth to be learned are some of the old story that they have been preaching to others, but not practicing themselves; that they must cast off their robes of self righteousness and come down as little children to the humble work of 'doing as they would be done by.' They will learn by glimpses into the spirit land that unless this spirit is assumed while on earth the soul of man must take the position of the ancient Pharisees, Sadducees and hypocrites. Only this day did we hear from one who suddenly passed into spirit life from St. Louis here several years ago; and he says now, that it has been only a short time since he could bring himself to say in his heart, "I forgive that man who shot me."

THE natural religion of humanity is one God, one Father, with no intermediates; but priestcraft stepped in and shut the door between God and His children, teaching

them that only through the instrumentality of holy water, holy virgins, holy priests etc., could they be saved. The result is, that the world is overrun by a class of imposters in the guise of priests, medicine men and pretended mediums, who take advantage of the ignorance of the masses.

LIKE BEAST LIKE MAN.

We are apt to look at the beast of the forest with horror as he tears limb from limb his prey, or the serpent as it winds itself coil after coil around its victim, and say, it is terrible for one species of animals or reptiles, to torture and devour the other; but when we think they are carnivorous in their nature and do these things, that seem so horrible to us, so as to sustain their own lives, there is some palliation for what they do.

And while it is true, that civilized man does not now literally tear his brother man, limb from limb, still he *lies in wait for him*, in another way, and by his subtle and often deceptive course, if he does not take his life, he so manages to deprive him of his hard earned productions, or the large part of his daily earnings, that he might about as well take not only his life but that of his wife and children.

It is a game of "heads I win, tails you lose" between the often too greedy, avaricious capitalist, and the poor slave that does the work.

Money is considered more than an offset to labour, to the bone and muscle, to the sweat and life forces, of the laborer, who barely ekes out an existence, winding up a physically decrepit wreck; while the capitalist heaps up his millions to be hoarded as long as he lives, and then to be fought over by his too often worthless children, who have been ruined by expectancy of his ill gotten gains.

O, yes, man is not a cannibal in human flesh, but he is in human greed, in devouring and destroying human happiness. He lives and gloats over his gains, in degree as the lion does, over the harmless deer, or gazelle that becomes its prey. The one takes the life, the other, the means of livelihood. The one makes short work of it, and puts the poor victim out of his pain; the other draws it out by giving his victims just enough to eke out a miserable existence.

Is this an over drawn picture? We think not; it is only too true, and the time is at hand when more exact justice will have to be done the producer, and the laborer, or anarchy, confusion, and wholesale destruc-

tion will follow. This is no threat of a communist, nor one in sympathy with them, but the conviction of one who claims that "the laborer is worthy of his hire;" that capital is not dealing justly with the laborer, but is taking the lion's share, and leaving him barely enough to keep life in his body from day to day.

This war has been going on for ages, and many may think it will go on for ages yet to come. But if we compare the intelligent mechanic or laborer of this country with the serf of Russia, or the under-ground colliers of England or Wales, we will find that here is intelligence that will in time demand its rights; and while it may make the demand and fail, yet it *will not down*. It must be met and must be settled, in such a manner that every man shall enjoy the fruits of his own labor, instead of the mere crust for himself and family, as now.

There will rise up some really true philanthropist, that will espouse the cause of the down trodden working man, and his brain, with *justice for his motto*, and with the working men in solid phalanx at his back, will carry all before it; and woe to the man or set of men or government that will oppose it, for it will have the power to "grind them to powder."

Oh, no, cannibalism is not practised any more among the civilized nations of the earth; but *deceit, fraud and selfishness* have taken its place and they well nigh accomplish the same thing. Don't say that the "*law of might*" does not yet prevail over the *law of right*, so long as the money shark is not hedged in by laws that will hold him in check, at least to hold him responsible for laying lying traps for his fellow men. Selfishness is marked on everything and the wail of the poor and unfortunate is drowned by the howl of the money hyena, on 'Change, or in the street. But the tide must and will be turned in time, as the screws are put on tighter, and tighter. The Israelites of old, when told they must make brick "*without straw*" revolted and asserted their rights, their freedom; so will the poor honest laboring man assert his rights, when he finds another Moses to lead him, and such a one is to be brought forth, for as nature "*abhors a vacuum*" she will furnish one in time of need, to rectify so great a wrong to humanity and God speed the day. B.

SHADOWS.—In a notice of this book in another column, we neglected to give the price, which has been reduced to *one dollar*. Address as per notice referred to.

ON THE BATTLE-GROUND OF EL MOLINO DEL REY.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

[CASTLE CHAPULTEPEC, MEXICO.—The King's Mill. An armory now; but you still hear the faint rumble as of the stones and water-wheels as far out on the battle-field as the little monument set up by President Diaz. Lying here in the short brown grass one day last winter, some crickets crept up out of the ground and grass and began to sing under my feet and all about me the old familiar hearthstone songs of home. The Castle of Chapultepec lay below, a cannon's shot distant; the spires of Mexico City rose above the stately moss-swept cypress trees, only a league distant. Behind and above for many miles, lay a sloping field of maguey, where many Mexicans were busy gathering pulque in pig skins, which they bore on their ragged and wretched backs. After awhile a woman, leading a large-eyed and lovely but starved child, came out from an adobe hut on which sat many vultures. She was half naked; and the little girl almost entirely so. She began cutting the short, dry grass with a small hook and putting it in a bag on her back; the child feebly pulling a few spears with its little, bony hands, and helping all it could. Such is the hardest fought battle-field of the Mexican War to-day.]

Some black-clad crickets, and a far, faint sound;
Some volleys of smoke down the valley blow;
The great gray walls, that are walled around,
The great gate-posts, that are peaks of snow!

Walk on in the grasses; and wander around.
Ah! pity and tears *El Molino del Rey*—
A brown, sweet babe on the blood-soaked ground,
And its half nude mother a-mowing hay.

O crickets, sing on with your mournful sound
This lesson of war to the latest day—
A gaunt brown babe on the battle-ground,
A half nude mother a-mowing hay!

My country's gift to a neighbor drowned
In blood and in tears of her natal day—
A mute brown babe on a battle-ground,
A mute starved mother a-mowing hay!

Oh! pity I say, and a shame profound
For the brave old flag and that battle day
That won a babe on the blood-soaked ground;
A hollow-eyed mother a-mowing hay.

Yea, boast of this fight! Let the toast go round
In the vast rich land that is far away;
But a nude brown babe on this battle-ground
With its half nude mother is mowing hay!

Let proud men vaunt with a boastful sound
Of the destined course of the stars. I say
A starving babe on your battle-ground
With its starving mother is mowing hay!

—N. Y. Independent.

For Light in the West.

BOSTON LETTER.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

I still have to go out of town to gather matter of interest for a letter, even from this spiritually wide awake locality. The various campmeetings have drawn off all the—*cream*, I was going to say, but *celebrities* will be the better expression. Onset, Lake Pleasant and Sunapee are at this writing, the latter half of August, in the full tide of their summer activity. I have just been talking with Mr. and Mrs. Eben Cobb, who were at the latter place lately; they say it is *the* campmeeting, throwing

all others into the background for natural camping attractions; I rather think Mrs. Eben set it a little high. Her husband has been speaking there, and as the weather was exceedingly fine he, and she too, were in good condition, and probably felt the magnetism of gratified audiences of some three thousand or more, so spoke as he felt; while with equal honesty another might say the same thing of Onset or Lake Pleasant. From what I hear generally Sunapee must be both an attractive and a growing place.

Mr. Eben Cobb manages the little meetings in College Hall in this city. He is a popular chairman, and knows just what to give his audience, which is always as large as the hall will hold. Mr. Cobb was absent the last two Sundays, at Sunapee, and Frank T. Ripley acted as chairman. The platform tests at these meetings are quite a feature, and among the number who occupy the time in giving them no one surpasses Mr. Ripley. He is very happy in the tests he gives, which are often in every sense of the word *tests*. He goes next to Washington to fill an engagement, and from thence to some points in the West. Mr. Ripley hails from the state of Maine, I think, and has been a medium for twelve or more years; but in speaking and in giving tests he has improved very much since I first made his acquaintance, several years ago.

I can hardly write from Boston at this season of the year without speaking of Onset; it is so near, only a two hours' ride, and seeing as I do so many who come and go, the place is often in my mind. I have so often been there, and have written about it so much, that even a dearth of city news is hardly an excuse for writing an Onset letter; yet that locality seems to fill my thoughts more than anything else, though I have not seen it these two weeks or more. Something about the place is so much in my mind that it will muddle anything else to which I may seek to give expression, so perhaps I had better be "onsetish" and see what it wants. I have it now; it is something of a sensation, and yet I have not seen it written of by anyone—perhaps it is the wish of the influences that I should write of it, and have taken this method of bringing it about—at any rate I will give it:—

When I was at Onset last season there was a lady by the name of Mrs. Dis de Barr who was there most of the time at Wickett's Island, one of the Onset contiguities. She was a remarkable medium,

unique in her way,—generally the production of pictures in such a manner and under such circumstances as to be unmistakably the work of supermundane power. It was generally whispered in connection with these unmistakable phenomena, that she was a dangerous woman,—some going so far as to say, "she must be a devil." I of course paid no attention to that, as the gossip, or at least the whisperings, at a campmeeting must be taken *cum grano salis*. Those who knew her best told me she claimed to be a daughter of Lola Montez, who was a celebrated character forty or more years ago. She was a danseuse, a beauty, and the reputed favorite of the king of Bavaria. I hardly think anyone would claim descent from such a source if it were not so—and if it is, heredity, with some slight mixture, might account for both "whisperings" and phenomena which (the latter, of course) surpasses in its novelty almost any phase I have seen. Epes Sargent and myself were very much interested in Colchester's manifestations, some twenty years ago, which were in many respects similar, though Mrs. Dis de Barr in condition and execution rather surpasses them, as the reader will see.

The lady is the sensation at Onset again this season. Hundreds have had sittings, and the phenomenon is simply wonderful. I will relate one case, and I could just as well cite a dozen,—one hardly gives an idea of the marvelous variety—no two being alike, but each one produced carrying on its face the evidence that it was not done by mortals. The one case which I relate is no better than numerous others I could name, but a coincidence connected with it is suggestive, and it may be interesting to the reader,—if I dare make this article long enough to add a few words about Lola Montez, who is supposed to have been the maternal source of this medium. I will first, however, relate the "case," giving the reader some idea of the nature of this phenomena:

A friend of mine from Montreal, editor of the *Leisure Hour*, secured a sitting with Mrs. Dis de Barr, and she having no objection to anyone bringing his own material, he provided the cardboard,—more for the sake of saying so than for any additional test, as the conditions are such that the cardboard the lady may have on hand is just as good as that freshly purchased would be. But my friend's piece of cardboard was new, white and clean; he did not allow it to go out of his hands, or

anyone to touch it. The pictures are obtained in various ways; that of my Montreal friend was produced in this way: he held the card before him in his hand, and for convenience while holding it, rested his wrist on an upright book; not for one moment did he take his eyes off it. The room was perfectly light, as the day was clear and bright. While looking at the card he noticed a spot or two appear on it, like a daub done with a brush; but no brush was used. The spots, or daubs, came of themselves, increased, ran together, began to take form and at last became a finished picture,—a portrait of the well known, venerable poet of New York, William Cullen Bryant. While this was being done the medium spent the time, which was only a few minutes, in walking to and fro, as if she were talking with some one; then she stopped and said, "It is done." The picture which came on the card, which a moment before was new and white, was an artistic production—in fact an artist would have spent several hours at what was done in a few moments by intelligences on the spirit side of life.

I think it will be interesting to draw a little from my memory, and say a word about Lola Montez. I remember the distinguished woman very well, in the latter part of her life; I have seen her dance and have heard her speak. When I knew her, now nearly thirty years ago, she was a Spiritualist, and I dare say a medium. A very bright woman she was, and in many ways attractive. She was once very favorably impressed with the action of a Rev. Mr. Hoyt, an Episcopal clergyman who fed and clothed the poor instead of giving them tracts, and she gave a lecture one evening for his benefit, which produced quite a sum. The bishop and some of the clergy censured Mr. Hoyt for receiving aid from Lola. At the close of her lecture she referred to the reverend censors and her words, very eloquent and very severe, were printed in the *Evening Post*. The same paper also published a letter she wrote to the editor, over her own signature, and which I copy off a clipping I find in my note book:

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1886.—May I ask the favor of a small space in your paper? I perceive that some of the papers are casting reflections upon the little donation which I offered to make for the purpose of rebuilding a church for the free use of the poor: I had never seen the rector, Mr. Ralph Hoyt, but I had heard it stated that his practice is to distribute food and clothing among the poor during the winter months. The idea of a clergyman in these selfish times giving food and clothes to the freezing and starving instead of feasting them on tracts impressed me as being a rarity, and I felt a strong desire to give my mite toward building a church for such

a novel and Christian purpose. Nor did I for a moment imagine that there was to be found even in the benighted regime of clerical bigotry and intolerance one so stupid and so shameless as to find fault with a truly philanthropic clergyman for his willingness to receive a donation from me to feed and instruct the poor. I did remember that it was the doctors of theology and the pious folks who crucified the Master, and my wide experience has taught me that it is not to that class we may generally look for good and charitable deeds; but I was not prepared to expect such an insulting interference of bishop and clergy in what was only an humble offer of mine to help the poor. But I am content to leave it with thinking people to decide which is the better Christian—myself, or the cold, heartless Pharisees who would crush me, or anyone else, for doing good? As I have seen it stated in some of the papers that under the circumstances I might refuse to lecture for that object, I deem it proper to say over my own signature that I will lecture as advertised, at Hope Chapel, on Wednesday evening, and all the proceeds will be handed over to the benevolent object before named; and to my lecture on Rome I shall add a postscript in relation to such anti-christian intolerance, which, as it appears, is also used to rob the poor and divest man of his natural rights. With pity for the poor, and many prayers for the sinners of Zion I am your obedient servant.—LOLA MONTEZ.

I think no one need feel ashamed of being even the illegitimate daughter of such a woman of grit, as the writer of the above letter. And now for the coincidence: When it is remembered that the editor of the *Evening Post* at that time was William Cullen Bryant, and his portrait being the picture thus produced,—it is a little singular, to say the least; and it almost makes me feel as though the medium's claim of pedigree might be correct. I will not dare to suppose that the poet and editor took this way of identifying himself through my memory and pen; and yet, who knows but that it may be so, and was, therefore, the cause of my having Onset on the brain when I began to write this Boston Letter!

Transcribed for Light in the West.

EVIL SPIRITS.

BY SPIRIT JAMES PROCTER, THROUGH MRS. SCOVELL.

The idea of evil spirits is fast gaining ground, even with the more enlightened class of Spiritualists; and right here Spiritualism will have one of the hardest fights yet known, in order to counteract this influence. There is a gradual giving away by mediums to what many term *Jesuitical influences*. Now to those thus impressed we would say, use your reason and will power to overthrow this idea. It is not of our world but born from your own brains; you become *self* obsessed instead of *spirit* obsessed. Mediums draw about themselves those which are most congenial to them; if evil influences come near and you cannot help them to progress, do not let them pull you down into their condition of life, eventually depriving you of reason's light. Assert your own will

power, and if they will persist in trying to lead you astray, send them back to spirit land until they understand that their mediums have rights as well as they. Mediums, you do yourselves and the spirits an injury when you yield your organism to such controls.

Insanity (obsession) becomes a disease in time, and when mediums become imbued with the idea that evil spirits have sole control of them, they should be looked after by their friends and no longer be allowed to use their gifts; it is the same as falling into bad company in earth life; we must use restraining measures in one case as well as the other. Some mediums become convinced there is a Jesuitical influence over them, and they become obsessed with an idea and not the influence. Then in a short time they become irresponsible as to what they say or do, claiming everything that comes to them or through their organism as an artifice of the Jesuits to entrap them. It does not matter how beautiful the vision of the other life, or how sweet the spirit music that falls upon their ears; they fear to listen to it or glance at the beauties of our clime, fearing, in their blindness, that it is only a trick to gain possession of them, as instruments for some bad use, and to carry out evil designs.

Reason guides us safely through it all; we have need to use our reason on this side of life as well as on the earth plane. We have a subtle sense that warns us of the near approach of evil, and when we yield to that, we are always guided aright; if mediums are influenced by those that have passed out in their wickedness, and the medium's hand has not the requisite strength to keep them away, then earth friends must come to the rescue and save the mediums from this control. The time is past when mediums can place all their own sins on the shoulders of their spirit friends. There is strength within themselves whereby they can withstand bad or ignorant controls. True, entranced sensitives are not responsible for the actions of a spirit after it once gets possession of their organism; but the mediums and their friends are responsible for not finding out all about that control before they allowed it to come in. The medium's guides must be consulted when new influences come around, and only with their permission may new ones come in.

We have met mediums that ascribed every ache and pain of the physical body to some obsessing influence; this comes very near true insanity. If we break nature's laws we have to suffer for it, and aches and pains are a natural result; therefore, do not visit your own imprudent actions on the head of some poor spirit, but accept it as a just punishment for what you have brought upon yourself.

This craze in regard to evil spirits, and especially *Jesuitical* spirits, has reached mammoth proportions in your ranks, and unless something decisive is done it will be the downfall of Spiritualism, through their only agents of communication with us, viz.: our mediums. Mediums just developing are more susceptible to these influences. Also, through the teach-

ings of older mediums that these spirits (evil) have a controlling influence on our side of life, the new sensitives become self-obsessed, and are driven, as it were, out of themselves by an *idea*, and not a reality at all. Look to it, Spiritualists, that you combat this folly wherever encountered, or Spiritualism will become a thing of the past, or only to be remembered with a shudder of horror at the thought of some loved one whose reason is forever gone through this idea of evil spirits. Do not allow evil spirits, Jesuits or otherwise, to become the bugbear of the Bible, or in other words, do not let this idea become the Devil to frighten mediums (like children once were) out of their senses and also their life work. Fight it on all sides, and my word for it, evil spirits will vanish like mist before the sun.

Inspirational.

(Transcribed for Light in the West.)

COMMUNICATIONS FROM Y. E. S.

FEBRUARY 28, 1885.—The thoughts will try to explain the benefit undeveloped spirits derive from mixing in a circle when the mediums are truthful:—

When a spirit devoted to earthly gain or pleasure is separated from its mortal body, the thoughts are confused. They were individuals, their memory on this subject is keen; they are still individuals, but they are changed. Everything is strange; they never saw,—they never heard of the sights, the scenes that are opened to their view. They feel, too, as if deprived of all that constituted their pleasure. They recognize those they remembered in earth life; but they cannot partake of their joys, they cannot understand them: the universal language of thought is not understood by them. The one thing they wish for, is communion with those still on earth; and those benevolent spirits who take delight in assisting the new-comers seek for an opportunity to gratify that wish; for they can then make them observe the difference between using the organs of speech in the earthly frame and the superiority of thought communing with thought. All the painful misunderstandings, the wilful misconceptions, the deceptions, the double meanings of words, are of no use; the thoughts are known, while the words of mortals are frequently so expressed as to conceal the real thoughts of the individual.

These neophytes on the spirit side begin in such communion to realize that they have new powers that they must learn to use; there is something for them to do. They must submit to instruction, and gradually, slowly, they will understand the truths, and acquire a taste for spiritual

pleasures; thus a communion with spirits still encased in flesh if truthful are of great assistance to those newly freed from the bonds of mortality, and mediums should be willing to allow their powers to be used for the benefit of those needing spiritual help: for they in their turn must enter the unknown region, and account for the use of those talents which have been entrusted to their care. The band urge this duty on their earth friends for the sake of inducing them to be well prepared for the change, by fulfilling every duty for which circumstances or talents may cause them to be responsible.

MARCH 24, 1885.—(The thoughts think it will be unnecessary to make any remarks on the late exposure of the fraudulent medium, as the punishment of mortification will be sufficient; the poor woman is the weak tool of a low, unscrupulous man.) The band wish to impress their teachings on the minds of all who truly and earnestly wish to prepare themselves for the society of pure and noble spirits in spirit life:—

In earth life circumstances may throw people into the company of those with whom they cannot enter into intimate, confidential intercourse; they may sympathize with them in their joys and sorrows, but cannot confide as soul with soul. They cannot see any thing in the same light; what one thinks sacred and solemn, the others consider of no importance. How can those whose wishes are bound by the acquisition of earth's treasures, enter into the feelings of those who looking beyond the little span of mortal life, earnestly endeavoring to elevate themselves above all the little grovelling of earth, that with tastes refined by spiritual culture and the higher qualities of manhood and womanhood developed by the constant exercise of benevolence, loving-kindness, and charity, they may be fitted to become associated with spirits who like themselves seek their happiness in benefiting their fellow creatures? Now, it is self-evident this education of ourselves must be begun on earth; for there is no change in the tastes, the desires, of the spirit, when it enters spirit life: the selfish are still absorbed in self, pride, obstinacy, self-will. All the bad as well as the good qualities are displayed, for there is no change, deception or concealment here: no frauds can be perpetrated; no enmity under the mask of friendship—all is seen in the clearness of spirit light. And those who are truly elevated enjoy the greatest possible happiness in the society of those whose talents, powers and views harmonize; and always progressing higher and higher, their possibilities for happiness are continually increasing. Are not such hopes enough to induce the thoughtful believer to devote his time, his talents, to forward the interests of his fellow mortals; endeavoring by example and precept to elevate all who come within the sphere of his influence?

MARCH 14, 85.—The thoughts will try to give their experience when first entering spirit life:—

The first experience is sometimes the appearance of beautiful scenery; sometimes for awhile all is darkness; some see the friends that have preceded them to the true life. Various are the ways of recognizing that the change has occurred: to those who have studied our teachings, the change though astonishing has no terrors. They are troubled by no false fears; they look for help. They are surrounded by loving friends who take charge of the newly born spirit till it feels its own powers, and finds by a law of nature what sphere or society it has prepared itself to enter; then the work of spirit life begins to be understood, and each one takes the work it is best fitted for. From this condensed account mortals may learn the importance of training their thoughts while in earth life to the love and the exercise of the highest qualities of manhood; the strictest integrity in business, with mercy and generosity to those who are in a state of dependence; to discard from the thoughts any approach to the meanness of jealousy, or envy at other's prosperity; to raise the desires above all that is ignoble, and remember the noble destiny awaiting each mortal and prepare for it by cultivating nobility of thoughts. For true progression is the continual elevation of the mind above the narrowness of selfishness, and consequently, the thoughts are imbued with charity to every fellow creature, with gratitude, eternal gratitude, to our Heavenly Father; keeping the mind pure, calm and truthful; seeking to become nearer and nearer to Him in His heavenly attributes. The band do not wish to describe the agony of remorse which must be endured by the selfish, the haughty, the careless, the trifling, the indifferent, for it is a terrific change to them; they feel that they have made their own condemnation; they gravitate to their own level, and having acquired no taste for spiritual pleasures in earth life, they see no prospect of happiness. And not until true repentance and humanity have done their work, can the star of hope begin to glimmer in their darkened thoughts; but thankfulness will fill their being when they are sufficiently advanced to perceive that their sufferings are necessary to cleanse and purify the thoughts from the stains, the impurities, acquired during their sojourn on earth.

MARCH 21, 1885.—The thoughts will consider the wisdom of attending to the repeated warnings of the approaching change:—

To those who are ready and willing to enter into the life so continually taught by their spirit friends,—to those who are thoroughly convinced of the truth of spirit communion, the warnings of disease, the infirmities of age, are harbingers of approaching happiness. The body may suffer, but the spirit is at rest; no fears disturb its calm, for it knows that nothing can separate it from the love of our Heavenly Father, in whom all its trust is confided, all its hopes are centered and to whom

all its aspirations are directed. Supported and encouraged by spirit friends whose thoughts are congenial and harmonize with its own, it can calmly and patiently await the call to higher mansions. This is not being in a state of indifference. Many say: I have no fear of death; it is a change which comes to all. Therefore they accept the inevitable; but this is a very different state of feeling from that which we have endeavored to describe.

The true believer whose daily actions are regulated by the earnest desires of the thoughts to be fitted for spiritual life with the pure and noble, is constantly elevating himself above the mean and little cares of the world. While never neglecting an earthly duty, still the motives of action are higher than are those whose views are bounded by earth alone. It is true that no mortal can attain perfection. That only belongs to the great Source of life and light, and it is the constant aim of the more advanced spirits to draw nearer and nearer to the likeness of the great, the eternal center and life of all. In spirit life there is no stagnation; all is movement and progress, and as each spirit is cleansed and prepared for happiness, so it gradually perceives the beauty, the harmony, of all the different movements, sounds and scenes.

FROM THE INNER CIRCLE OF THE SPIRITUAL UNION, ST. LOUIS.

BY THE BAND.

August, 1886.—The SLANDERER, and those given to evil speaking:—

In all ages, and in all countries, the crime of murder has been amenable to human laws. Even the most barbaric nation has its rude ideas of justice, and visits condign punishment upon the criminal, though it may not be according to the improved methods of civilization. But what human law can reach that vilest of all assassins—the slanderer? The murderer's vengeance may be appeased when he has slain the body, when the victim of his fury has no longer power to confront him in the flesh: he has taken his small revenge, and the feeble life of the body is all that he asks to satisfy his relentless purpose. To his conscience is left the silent monitor that will give him no rest, but will pursue him in his path through life, lashing him with thongs and whips, goading him on to fresh crimes, as the drunkard flies to his cups to escape the tortures of memory.

The slanderer's tactics are more wary, his approaches more treacherous, his attacks more cowardly; for only a coward will stab in the dark. The most refined cruelty distinguishes the slanderer. He usually aims at a shining mark, and his weapons are directed against those quali-

ties of soul of which he is totally devoid. A pure, noble, upright life is a constant reproach to him. Since he cannot rise to noble heights himself, he seeks to drag down to the mire of his own level the things he cannot reach—those pure souls that have climbed the heights. He forgets that though the pure gold may be befouled and trampled upon, it is pure gold still, and that nothing can defile or change the unalloyed metal.

The assassin of character and reputation is always a liar; and a liar is the most abhorrent object in the sight of God. His heart is a nest of vipers; his tongue the fang of a serpent. He is never found searching among the weaknesses and foibles of human nature for the possible good; but as filth and slime are his native element, he is constantly looking for them, in obedience to the law of assimilation. Nothing is sacred, nothing secure from his polluting touch. He invades the privacy and sanctity of lives that hold up unblemished pages to the world, and strives unweariedly to soil the stainless record with suspicion, innuendos and aspersion.

His base nature knows no recoil; he pours his venom out with brazen effrontery, and leaves its poisoned trail upon the heartstones of the homes he has invaded.

The slanderer always has "proofs" to sustain his assertions: but when they are demanded he finds it inconvenient to produce them, or lays the burden of his wicked charges upon the broad shoulders of—"They say."

The assassin of character is no epicure: like the carrion crow he haunts ill smelling places, and feasts upon the offal that cleaner birds have rejected.

A stainless reputation, a pure mind, an honest soul are the recognized prey of the slanderer; for in their brightness is reflected the hideous deformity of his own pigmy nature; and the thing he cannot imitate, he must destroy.

A poet from his hurt heart coined the words—
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God!"
 And flung the golden sentence on the world
 For swine to trample. Sometimes a fair soul—
 Unworldly, truthful, stoops to the mire foul,
 And gropes with patient fingers for the gem;
 And when he finds it, binds it on his breast
 For shield and talisman. The grovelling swine
 Lift reeking nostrils to the sun bright thing,
 And cry "unclean!" Their brutal instincts rage
 Against the whiter, purer light that bars
 The heights they cannot reach: and so they seek
 To drag down to their common level, all
 Who wear this matchless jewel, Honesty.
 Suspicion, calumny, malevolence,
 Rise like foul scum, and breath their poison o'er
 The surface of each action. Thus they prey—

These greedy scavengers—on good men's names
 And tread their glorious brightness out.

As the careful man bolts and bars his dwelling against the possible entry of midnight robbers, so should he bar and bolt his ears against the slanderer, and whisperer of evil thoughts. Avoid all personal contact, lest the serpent's trail is seen in the gardens of your own souls. Repel his treacherous communications with the silence of contempt, and let them flow back to their own filthy source. Consort not with the defamer of character, the thief of reputation, the moral assassin, to whom the wise laws of the higher intelligence will administer justice, exact in weight and measure. For he who will entertain you with defamatory reports of your neighbor will, at the first opportunity, empty the same garbage back into your own pail.

The serpent may be charmed into harmlessness; the tiger may be tamed into submission; even the hyena may be taught to sheathe his claws and tremble under the authority of a mightier will; but the slanderer, until he is ground in the mills of the gods must grovel in the depths of his bestial condition, until the evil powers that hold and control him are put to flight, aided by his own efforts to rise. Remember, that nothing clean can dwell in such a temple, no matter how fair the seeming, no matter what the pretensions. The eyes of the angels can search the hidden depths, and though they may weep and strive with him they must shrink back appalled from a condition and an atmosphere they cannot penetrate.

In those exalted spheres of the angels where all is peace, love, and harmony, where every gentle thought is projected in the dazzling light of a purified atmosphere, seraphs and angels veil their faces in shame and sadness to see the impenetrable clouds and stench of evil speaking, and evil thinking, overspreading the earth plane, and barring their shining way to the children of earth.

Therefore, set a seal upon the door of your lips, and keep your mouth from speaking guile. Be charitable, be just, be true. How many who call themselves Spiritualists, give rein to the tongue that o'erleaps itself? To them we would say: Why will you, who are human and frail yourselves, sit in judgment upon the frailties of your fellow beings? Of what avail are your professions, if you degrade that profession by uncharitableness, hatred and malice? Do you think you are offering

acceptable service to the Divine Spirit, who loves, and cannot hate,—who pardons, and will not persecute? Are you like the Pharisees that stand afar off crying, 'I am holier than thou?'

"The things which proceed out of the mouth, come forth out of the heart; for out of the heart proceedeth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, railings; these are the things which defile the man."

Therefore, let your bodies be the temples of the living God. Let your eyes be the windows of the soul. Let your lips be the gateways of wisdom, charity, kindness, forbearance, humility and all spiritual graces; and let your souls be shrines consecrated to a pure and holy worship; that your lives may be glowing illustrations of your spiritual faith; beyond reproach in the eyes of men, and a noble commentary upon its principles and teachings.

COMMUNICATIONS PUBLISHED BY JUSTITIA.

April 5th, 1869.—Zion is about to arise and put on her garments of holiness. God has heard her cry, and He has said in his word that Zion should arise out of the world and become a 'city set on a hill,' and that the Lord will cleanse and purify the temples of God; then shall the Zion of this earth rejoice in God. I tell thee that the daughters of Jerusalem are this day preparing to arise and assert their rights, and take a part in God's work. The time has come when the women of this world will work, and the spirit world is pouring out the spirit of Christ all over the earth. As woman received Christ when He was on earth, so shall they receive the spirit of Christ in these days; for He says He has a chosen people on earth and so He has. I tell thee He has chosen the women of this age to help build up the church of Zion. We are raising women all over the world as mediums in this great cause, and in a few years of time woman will become a power, and man will have to yield to her. Then will the high priests of the world clothe themselves in the garments of humility; then will they make clean the temples of truth. . . . We have men in the field who will welcome woman to this work, men who are not too proud to listen to her voice, men of godliness who are not jealous of her right to teach the laws of God and humanity. . . . I tell thee not one word in God's book was ever meant in vain. Not one word that was ever spoken by the mouths of inspired men and women shall go unheeded, for God is not given to vain and foolish boasting, and He says 'every knee must bow and every tongue confess.' . . . This world has sinned against the laws of God long enough and there are men who will come up and put down the sins of ungodliness, having the love of God in their hearts, laying aside all selfishness; and

this man-fearing and man-pleasing spirit will be destroyed. . . . The human mind is hungering for the bread of life of which Christ told them to eat and be filled, and the professed followers of Christ have withheld this bread long enough. Mankind is starving morally and intellectually for the bread of life. Man, in his inhumanity to man, has withheld this bread from God's poor, to enrich the store-houses of this earth; but God is about to tumble down their gods of mammon and erect store-houses of knowledge, and feed His people. He has heard the wails of sorrow, and woe, and misery, caused by the dark waters of sin and iniquity, which flood this earth, and all spreading their waves of bitterness over all the fair face of the world.

Do men think that God can turn a deaf ear to His children? I tell thee nay. The time has come for man to awake to the sins of ignorance and slavery.

Do men think that the blood of Christ was shed in vain? I tell thee nay. His blood is crying daily to the people to take up His cross and follow Him.

Do the men of this world who profess to follow Him drink of Christ's cup? I tell thee nay. Was Christ robed in purple and fine linen? Did He fare sumptuously every day? I tell thee nay. The birds of the air had nests but the God of the world had 'nowhere to lay His head.'

Would the high priests of this day go around teaching men how to be saved from their sins if men did not clothe them in purple and fine linen? Nay.

I call upon woman to arise, and throw off the yoke of ignorance and false pride which man has thrown on her. . . . I tell thee the Great Spirit of this world will not suffer it to be so much longer. When man shall go hand in hand with woman, the God of justice and mercy will reign triumphant in this world. Look at the men in high places who are sworn to protect the great body politic: do they regard their oaths? Nay. They will sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. What protection have the great mass of people from such wrong and injustice? None. . . .

April 7th, '69.—The time has come when the people must arise and shake off this bondage which has held mankind so long. God says, 'I am about to pour out my spirit on this earth and the sins of the people shall rise up as a great smoke of torment.' . . . Man must take heed to the sayings of His chosen ones, for through the mouths of the holy prophets did He speak in ancient times, and through the mouths of the mediums of this day shall He speak to the world. Let mankind beware and take heed to His sayings, for He is this day speaking through the mouths of His sons and daughters to the children of this world to save them from the woe that will come upon them. . . . If men were permitted to carry out all their diabolical plans, which they are this day forming, the whole human family would be swept from off the face of God's

footstool in two centuries; but He will not suffer it to be so. The spirit of Christ is filling the hearts of His chosen ones, and He will stay the hands of the slayers of His children.

. . . Behold the day cometh when the door will be shut, and man will suffer in this life for the sins committed in the body, and it will take ages to progress out of those sins. Man cannot escape punishment for violating the laws of God, but if he would follow the teachings of Christ, then could he become a fit heir of God, and dwell with Christ in His father's Kingdom. It will be a long time before he will be fit to dwell in Christ's Kingdom, and all his prayers are as 'sounding brass and tinkling cymbals,' in the sight of God. . . . The angels weep over the sins of mankind;—why will they not heed the warning voices of God and His angels. The seventh angel of God stands weeping over the nations of this earth, waiting for man to listen to God for He said, I will spare this people a little longer if they will take heed.

MEETING OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The sixth meeting of the Spiritualists of St. Louis came to order at 8 p. m. Aug. 23rd, by placing Mr. Fay in the chair with Mr. Thompson secretary.

The minutes of last meeting being read and approved, the meeting proceeded with the regular business, viz.: the adoption of constitution and rules. Articles relating to the names and duties of the officers were revised and adopted. So also those relating to the number and times and kinds of meetings, assessments, committees, and other matters were adopted. While there was much of this business yet unfinished a motion was made and agreed to, that the meeting adjourn to meet again on next Monday evening, August 30th. The utmost good feeling and harmony prevailed throughout the deliberations.

Miss Lillian Whiting in her editorial department of the Boston Evening Traveller: Indeed, when once we emancipate ourselves from that dreary teaching of the old theology that life is "a vale of tears," and "a passage to the grave," and a transitory state to be endured rather than enjoyed, and all that rubbish,—then we may begin to live truly and adjust ourselves in harmonious relation to nature and to humanity. The deeper truth that we are spirits now, though encased in material form; that eternity is here and now; that we are living, or that we may live, by spiritual forces and amid spiritual realities, is a truth that is permeating life. The truth that every noble power that is strengthened or developed; every aspiration that is realized; every good that is achieved, aids us to advance toward the divine state we have named heaven, and perhaps erroneously located as beyond death rather than possible on this side of it—this truth is one that is penetrating all conscious life and giving it higher vantage ground.

George V. Cordingley, the well known medium of St. Louis has recovered from his illness, and has resumed his professional duties.

For Light in the West.

THE SPIRIT OF LIGHT.

BY DELAVAN DE VOR.

STANZA V.

Thus the mineral world, by the central fire
Fretted, as a focus formed, contracting
As it fell from off the most central sun,
And blazing in fervent heat, melted
And molded into form (as time gave birth
To matter) thus to become solidified
All worlds.

In the cooling age, the floating mass
Full grown contained elementary law
That equalized attraction, the median line
Reflexed, from hidden light within, and thus
Spiral shoots sent out, a counterpart
Equatorial, balancing and holding
By virtue of the given law, each sphere
Intact and firm.

From the shifting sands rocks, mountains, rose
And leaped with joy, not animate within,
But from without fell rays illuminated,
And intelligent; cohesive law wrought
Entities to fill out all space and things
Within the spheres of each revolting world.
Each central sun in shares absorbed the light,
And grafted in the rays that from above
Shone down in lavish waste, inherent
With creative power, that by degrees
Of time, each cycle spent, unfolding laws
Progressive, until cereal life began.

From the centre of earth the pennants of light
Waved in fourfold force, radiating
Latitudinal, and toward the poles.
That when the margin reached, took root and grew
Clothing the earth in verdure, putting forth
Buds and blossoms, nutritious and fragrant
With savory smell, upon which animate
Light should be sustained.

Unfolding as the day, the elements
Revolved; and from the womb of earth pregnant
With life, from the centre of the inner
Circle given the motive power of clay—
Inanimate—animate nature sprung.
And nursed upon the bosom of the spheres
Emitting life in order, and in accord
With the great First Cause, grew in all
The multitudinous forms, thrifty;
And by years in evolution spent, retained
Power, without knowledge thereof, until
Jehovah, as a crowning act, in part
Fulfillment of His law first framed, took on
His counterpart and gave life to man.
In mould and form like unto the father,
His likeness multiplied; erect he stood
A ruler and a King, a combination
And essence of all before created,
And with a share proportionate to himself
Received a dowry, monarch of the mind,
Reason, a lighted lamp, to guide, and from
The inner circle sent, whereby he could
Within himself the law unfold and grow
In wisdom, and in due time the hidden
Mysteries of earth's life explore.

With unspeakable joy, groping his way
Under the bright sun of life, man trod.
Pushing forward he plants his standard down
And raised his voice to praise Jehovah's name,
Whose counterpart he holds; while on his ear
Soft whispers fall: "I am the vine, and ye
The branches are," and thus creative will
Communion held congenial, and with souls
Of earth. Ripening, the spirit of mankind

In form and power sought affinities:
Connubial love, and Eden's garden,
The world, new and refined, bloomed with light,
And love and harmony was restored.
Onward! Upward! the spirit strived and earth's
First circle formed.

(To be Continued.)

* WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

BY B. O. J.

CHAPTER XIV.

I shall now approach a phase of Spiritualism that to me is the most incomprehensible, the most difficult to understand and the hardest to believe; and yet I have had proofs in this direction that on any other subject in everyday life I would consider incontestible. There is an old adage, that "seeing is believing;" but I have had this proof and still I cannot fathom it. I had been told many years ago that "line upon line, precept upon precept" and proof upon proof would be added by the spirit world, until man would be cognizant of "walking with the angels," as did Abraham of old; and I must admit I have seen and tested so many phases of mediumship or modes of communication, that the promises of the spirit world have been literally fulfilled, so far as I am concerned.

I have sat and talked with spirits through more than fifty mediums, in different parts of the world, as one man would talk with another; and I have often argued with them, in regard to certain statements of theirs, for the purpose of a better elucidation of the subject. I do believe there is no subject under the sun, or that my mind could grasp, which I have not discussed with them. I have talked with spirits fully as illiterate as any person in the form could be, and I have conversed with, as I believe, some of the most exalted spirits—whose names, should I give them, would excite incredibility—whose language and thoughts, aspirations and descriptions were so transcendently beautiful, that I have sat for hours thinking of what God, the All Father, has in store for His children.

I have sat and listened to descriptions of other planets which were so beautiful, that my most exalted ideas of heaven faded before them, and I felt like falling down and worshipping the Author of so much that is beautiful, yet hidden from man in his present state.

But I am wandering from the subject I have chosen for this chapter, viz.: Materialization, and will now enter upon it.

It is true, that in the case of Jesus of

Nazareth after his crucifixion Thomas would not believe unless he could "place his fingers in the prints of the nails, and his hand in the side" of Jesus; and we are told that Jesus gratified that wish, which shows materialization pure and simple. I formerly supposed the case of Jesus to be an exception, never once thinking that his saying, "Greater works than these shall ye do," might apply to materialization as well as to other of his wonderful works. I confess I was inclined to believe in apparitions, for I had talked with many—among them my own father,—who declared they had seen them; but in all these cases they seemed to be shadowy, unreal substances, that vanished at the touch or even the sight. When, therefore, I was told of the materialization of real, tangible personalities, years ago, I scouted the idea; and it was a long time before I would consent even to examine into it, considering it all a fraud.

And when I heard that a certain slate-writing medium, whom I had visited as such, could also produce materialized hands, I did not believe it. But one day at about two o'clock in the afternoon, I happened to go with a friend to test her slate writing powers; and while that was going on to our entire satisfaction, I casually remarked to the medium:

"I hear that you can produce materialized hands."

"Yes, sometimes," she said.

"If you are in earnest I would greatly like to see it done."

She then asked the spirits, through the slates, and they answered 'they would try.' Now the table at which we sat was a small, four-legged, white deal affair, such as some boy could make, so simple was it. The medium took a small black shawl from off her shoulders and threw it over the table; then we both sat down, the medium placing both hands *on the table*, while I sat opposite. In about ten minutes something came out from under the table and grasped my knee quickly and, seemingly, nervously; the medium then said to me: "Put your hand under the table and see if they will shake hands with you." I put my right hand down as she requested and some hand grasped mine *under* the table, shaking and pressing it. Still I was not satisfied, and I said:

"Can they not shake hands with me out from under the table?"

"Perhaps if I soften the light in the room a little they will be able to do so." The medium then got up and closed the

curtains somewhat, shutting out the sun, which had been shining brightly in it, but still leaving good daylight. I was all anxiety to see as well as feel the hand, and I was fully gratified when, a few moments later, a hand came out nervous and quick, yet perfectly plain to the eye, and took hold of my hand and pressed it. It was the hand of a man, but whose I never asked—I was so dumbfounded. I paid my dollar and left the room perfectly nonplussed. There it was,—at two o'clock in the afternoon of a bright, sunny day; a little deal table weighing not four pounds, that I had turned up and examined, with nothing on it but the medium's shawl,—no chance of fraud whatever, the hands of the medium being in plain sight.

I pondered o'er the problem a great deal; but the more I thought about it the more was I obliged to confess to the truth of the phenomena. Still, thought I, they may materialize hands; but to produce a whole human form with vocal organs, conscious brain power, etc., is quite another thing,—that is impossible. And this was the attitude I held for years.

I even went to a full form materialization seance; but to my disgust it was a fraud from beginning to end. Still I could not forget the hand, which I had both *seen* and *felt*; and I was in a quandary to know how they could materialize a hand and manage it without the body. At this time a friend who knew the condition of my mind on this subject, said to me:

"I saw a materialization last night, where they dematerialized, and where the conditions are such, that there can be no doubt about it; I advise you to go and be convinced of this fact."

As I had a good deal of confidence in my informant, I concluded to go. The medium, a delicate little woman, had been in the city a week only, and had taken rooms over a store in the central part of the city, making them quite public and accessible. The cabinet was made with a dark curtain in two parts, opening in the centre, and it hung on a wire about seven feet from the floor, and across one corner of the room. I went in and examined this improvised cabinet thoroughly: there was no opening in it of any kind whatever, except the curtains in front—the floor was bare. I then put, by request, a common cane seated chair inside, the medium seating herself upon it. By request I then tied her hands to the back of the chair, also her neck, waist and ankles, as well as I knew (and I know how). Then

letting down the curtain, we left her and waited for developments,—the circle comprising about ten persons. I have omitted to state that I invited a materialistic friend to accompany me. He believed in no hereafter, of course, and had often lectured against Spiritualism: we sat near each other, so as to compare notes.

We had been waiting not five minutes, when a tall, female form came out and beckoned to a lady and gentleman in the circle who, came forward and claimed to recognize in her their daughter; in like manner several others (one a man) came out and were recognized. Then it came my turn: a tall but slight female form pointed to me, and I gladly went up to her; but after looking carefully at her I said, "I do not recognize you." "No, I am your daughter's gaurdian," she said, "she cannot materialize yet, and I have come to convince you of this beautiful phenomena." We walked up and down the room several times while conversing. Presently the spirit said, "now come with me into the cabinet and be convinced that I am *not* the medium. With this she held open the curtain, while I went in, finding the medium precisely as we had left her, tied to the chair. The spirit then told me to 'put my finger across the mouth of the medium, that I might *know* she was not speaking,' also to 'examine the tying,' all of which I did to the entire satisfaction of all. Great drops of perspiration stood on her brow, and her hands felt like wood, so shrivelled and hard were they,—as if all vitality had gone out of them. All this time the spirit was talking, and tapping me on the shoulder said, "Oh, we will convince you before we are through."

We then came out of the cabinet, the spirit still talking, and as we stood in the middle of the room, in full view of the circle, I holding one of her hands and with my other hand on her shoulder, *all at once* she dropped out of my grasp, and down, down, until only from her waist up was visible; then that seemed to melt into a vapor, and pass *under the curtain like smoke*. I went and sat down beside my atheistic friend, intending to say nothing, as I feared I had been psychologized, or something of the sort; but my friend immediately said to me:

"Well, did you see her dematerialize?"

I was still noncommittal, and answered, "Why; did you?"

"Certainly I did—we all saw it."

"Well, then," I replied, "I saw it as well as you; but I hesitated about saying

so, for fear my own senses were deceived.

From that time on, my friend was a firm believer in the immortality of the soul.

Truly, as the immortal Shakespeare wrote, "there are more things in heaven and earth than we dream of, in our philosophy. Who knows what there is behind and beyond this world of materiality. We but see "through a glass darkly." Our senses are fitted for the physical conditions of to-day; but as we grow more into the spiritual we will find our vision opened to a new state of existence, transcending far the things of earth, and the duty of our lives should be to so live that when we come to throw off this "mortal coil," we will have little to hinder us in our progress onward and upward.

This life is short, transitory and unsatisfactory, because it is crude and undeveloped, abounding in "thorns and thistles" by the way; but if we make it one of unselfishness and usefulness, we will find it all treasured up in the "Over There," in that rich garden of the soul which in earth life we may prepare and beautify for ourselves in the happy summerland.

(To be Continued.)

For Light in the West

MAGNETISM, INFLUENCE.

Every man and woman thinks, they are free, to do and think as they please, and that they do so think and act, but there are influences, seen, and unseen, that have a potent influence, and often control, over each and every mind, that is little understood.

Did you ever think, when asking the advice of anyone in whom you had great confidence, how often they have swayed you, in your judgment and decisions, nor is it always necessary for them to be actually present, to have an influence over your mind, for unconsciously to yourself, you will mentally think, "what, will such or such a one think, of what I am about to do.

The woman of the world, how she is swayed by what she thinks, "mother Grundy" will say, and the politician no less by what he thinks, public opinion will be.

But this is not all, there are other and more subtle influences constantly at work on the human mind, for good or for evil, that are but little understood, and are therefore the more dangerous if evil, and should be guarded against.

Disembodied thought often thrown off by some mind permeates the very air we breathe, seeking for a lodgement in some

congenial or sympathetic brain, and it behooves every human being to watch well their way, and see that they are not led astray by these unseen influences.

By the aid of the *Telescope* we have had opened above us, Worlds upon Worlds that before its advent were aglow, and no doubt filled with life, yet all unseen to us. And by the aid of the *microscope*, we have opened to us infinitesimal life, of which before no man had the slightest conception. We assert through information from spirit sources, the surface of the earth, the air, all space, is peopled with life, and that life is acting and reacting upon itself, and upon each other.

The humanity that peopled the earth in long ages before any historical period, is still alive and in many cases not far removed from the earth plane. Death brings no metamorphosis, it only removes the person from one stage to another, with just what proclivities and knowledge they had, and except what they may have acquired since passing over, they are just what they were before the transit, and there is no law *forcing* or *forging* them ahead, only as their aspiration prompts them to reach out, for higher conditions.

The slums and dens of earth, are frequented by the degraded spirit, nominally in spirit life, with just as much zest, as they used to feel while living in the form, and until they aspire to something higher by having lived out that low condition, by and learning there is a higher and better way they will continue to infest such places with their presence, and influence more or less, those in the form who frequent such localities.

As we have already said, "On the spirit side of life, there is no compulsion to cease evil practices," only so far as the evil, carries with it, its effects, or punishment, which is the result of violated natural law.

The earth bound drunkard in spirit life, can go on and inhale the fumes, or spirit of the liquor made in earth life, and feel all the exhilaration for the time, that liquor gives here, yes, and all the *horrors of the damned intensified*, when the effect goes off, and as the higher and purer intelligences have to use a Medium in the form, through which to come in rappo with physical life, so as to voice their thoughts, so has the debauchee to have a Medium, with which to come in Rappo with degraded physical life, so that it will be seen, that many may be, and are, the tools of degraded spirits, who are using them, to continue their low

habits and practices; and while this is a humiliating thought, and seemingly unfair, or unjust, it must be borne in mind, that all God's laws are uniform, not for one, but for all, and woe to the one who misuses them, not that an angry God is waiting with torch and faggot to consume the offender, but there is immutably fixed to each law, for the violation of it, a penalty, that is as unchangeable, as any other law that governs the universe, which are unalterable and eternal. If we could see with the clairvoyant or spiritual eye as some do, the myriads of disembodied spirits, that still inhabit the earth surface, we would hardly be able to tell the disembodied, from the embodied, so gross and physical are many of those who have parted with their body only.

How long will humanity be satisfied, with the mythological, theological heaven, that does not offer one attribute to satisfy an intelligent, progressive aspiring soul. How long will they be satisfied with a materialistic heaven, made to please the sordid, sensuous, and selfish, with its streets of gold, and gates of pearl, with nothing to take place to call out the energies and aspirations of the soul but to bow down the head through all eternity, before the great white throne. Rather let us take a more real, a more natural view of the case, and listen to the teachings of the spirit world, by which we are told, that everything in spirit life, is reached by the spiral stair of progression, of progress. Not of the body, by climbing steepes of physical mountains, but by climbing the heights of mental and moral development, by engrafting into every act of our lives, the "Golden Rule," with "charity for all, and enmity for none."

Every man, woman and child, is throwing out an influence, for good or evil, every day of their lives. Some persons carry with them, an aura that is like the perfume of the flower, distilling fragrance, refinement and elevation along their path, while others, like the upas tree, cast a blight, a moral poison, upon every one they meet.

There are moral, as well as physical lepers, beware of them, go not near them, lest they permeate you with their corrupt breath, their very atmosphere breathes moral degradation, and before you are aware of it, you will be as one of them, will be permeated, with their corrupt influence. *Bad magnetism*, is no myth, no illusion, it is catching as the plague, it is blighting as the Sirocca. There are human, as well as animal vampires. Eternity only will re-

veal, how many have been *poisoned to death*, with foul fetid magnetism, many a poor wife has been murdered, by the fetid, magnetism of a tobacco chewing, whiskey drinking husband, who through the laws and customs of the land, has been chained to him, for her natural life.

O, there are more murders than come to light, or are expiated on the gallows.

The spirit world can see and hear, the agonizing groans of the martyred millions, that are poisoned to death, *by putrid magnetism*. What a living death, what slow torture is that.

Magnetism, is a power, for good or evil. Under the law of adaptation, it is a power for good, a healing balm, almost a life giving principle, but when of a degrading order, moral and physical it is degradation and death, to moral and physical life, it is the upas tree on foot, and though all unseen, it is none the less deadly. Beware of low, degrading influences, inside and outside of the body. Be an individual, stand up for the right, in other words, "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you." B.

MISTAKES OF CHRISTIANITY—No. 3.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

I wish to place before your readers the testimony of the Jewish historian, Josephus: A. D. 59 to 90. Extract from the "History of the Jews," Book 18, Chapter 3, verse 3:

"Now, there was about this time, Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such man as received the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many Gentiles.

"He was (the) Christ, and when Pilate at the suggestion of the principle men amongst us had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him, for he appeared to them alive again on the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these, and a thousand other wonderful things concerning him.

"And the tribe of Christians, so named from him are not extinct to this day."

QUESTION:—Did Josephus write the above?

ANSWER:—"This is a strange question to ask a Jew, and stranger that through the lapse of centuries I am summoned to answer it.

"Is it likely that I should have penned so short a paragraph about so important a matter when I gave chapters to things of less?"

"No! I did not write that paragraph, for I had never heard of any such person, nor would a Jew of my age and station be ignorant, for I was well acquainted with all the principal events of my nation both in that and previous generations.

•• The resurrection or appearance of spirits

from the dead was no wonder to me for I was well versed in the doctrines of all sects, and it would have required some more striking manifestations than this to prove a man Divine.

"I know not who the author of this paragraph may be; but the early writers of the Christian Church can tell if they will. Certainly I never placed it there and the world should know from this, that, however skillfully a lie may be concealed, truth eventually will uncover it.

"Vespasian favored me with his friendship and I gave him a correct history of my nation which he placed among the archives of his Empire, and there the addition was made by those who needed forgery to supplement fraud. It is there you will have to look for the truth about it.—Josephus."

From Nero, the emperor of Rome from 54 to 68, A. D.:

"This is the time for confession, and I come to add my testimony. It has been the fashion to paint me as a monster of iniquity and the great persecutor of the Christian church.

"I have no defense to make as to my personal at crimes but as for persecuting any obscure sect, whatever called, I should have been ashamed to have noticed such trivial foes. There were no persons of that sect known to me in my day in Rome, and all that I ever did toward persecution of any on account of religion was to give the Pontifex Maximus authority to suppress the worship of those sects in Rome alone, who interfered with the worship of the gods according to the ancient customs. To show how false such charges were I will say that it was the policy of Rome to acknowledge all gods as sacred, and it was only when this principle was denied that any opposition was ever manifested by the Empire.

"The Jews were a turbulent and aggressive race, and sometimes assailed the Roman gods as false deities, and it was upon them that persecution fell if it was exercised toward any.

"Personally I cared little about the quarrels concerning religion, and all the tales about my cruelties to Christians are pure inventions of the priests in subsequent centuries to give credence to their claims for the existence of their religion, when if it existed it was so obscure that I knew nothing of it.

"I put some criminals to death in the usual manner and if I was ever guilty of excessive cruelty toward any one it was because of the spirit of that age which delighted in such scenes. If my character had been truly given in history I would not care to come back.

"I was more of sensualist than a warrior or persecutor, and my crimes were of the former character. I was no worse nor better than many others and if my crimes were heinous my punishment in being regarded for centuries as a monster must partially atone for them.

"I have long since ceased to care about the judgment of mortals, and as a spirit I can truly say that my fate has been such as I deserved. I was not sanguinary nor ferocious by nature but rather careless and unmindful of my duties as Emperor, and many of the deeds of my subordinates have been attributed to me as if I was personally responsible.—Nero."

E. P. GOODSELL.

"Light in the West" we view as one of the ablest of the publications devoted to Spiritualism and new thought and liberal reasoning methods. Its management combined with excellent writing ability, first class efficiency as practical publishers—the latter being a more important qualification than non-professional

people may suppose. It sweeps over a broad field of thought in its editorial matter and selections, and is, therefore adapted to all, and satisfactory to the most comprehensive minds. It is well printed and contains sixteen pages.

—*World's Advance-Thought.*

RETROGRESSION AND DEVOLUTION.

BY E. D. SLENKER.

Some weeks ago I promised some more facts on things going backwards instead of onwards and upwards, a proof that evolution is no more true than devolution. As a rule, things on our earth are evolving, because our planet is probably growing more and more towards the height or limit of its capacity for producing life. Worlds, like other growths, have a childhood, a maturity, an old age and a death. Therefore, all growths upon them follow the same rule. But all along any existence there may be times when it stands still, and makes no growth, and even goes backwards,—some growths will again take a forward start and others stand still till death ends all, and still others devolute into some lower form like the sea-squirt. Nations, cities, towns and villages are often examples of this and in mining districts we sometimes see it exemplified within a few brief years. A city will be born, have its short day, and as gold gives out, it will drop into decay and finally the last inhabitant disappears.

There is a saying among scientists and it is plainly illustrated in Darwin's "Descent of Man," that development repeats descent, that is, each living being is "a summary of its evolution and descent." It holds within itself the steps by which it came up through other organisms from a speck of protoplasm to its present unfoldment. A frog is at first a "tad-pole;" or gill-breathing fish, and then leaves the water and becomes a land animal, but holding still within itself proof of its descent from some primitive fish stock. Birds and reptiles never breathe by gills, but in their embryotic state they have gill arches, showing they are descended from aquatic ancestors.

Every existence is modified by the circumstances surrounding it. If these are favorable it improves; if unfavorable it degenerates. Some forms hold their own from the remotest times, and others evolve, branch out, and change into not only new varieties, but new species so different from the primitive stock, that it is only by tracing back we can realize they are branches of the same tree. Nearly all our improved stock of fruits and animals would go back to their primitive ancestral types, if the weath should become depopulated of its inhabitants, and plants and animals be left to their chances of evolution or degradation. Now I will quote a few examples of degradation (condensing as much as possible) from Dr. Andrew Wilson, in *Popular Science Monthly*, June and July, 1881. You would understand better if you could get the magazine and see the plates. The *Sacculina* is a bug-like growth attached to the body of the hermit crab, and sends its net like processes into the liver of its host. The only sign of life it gives is a mere pulsation of its body, into and from which water flows by an aperture. Cut it open and you will find nothing in it but eggs. But watch an egg. It develops into a little animal with three pairs of legs, generally a single eye, but no mouth or digestive system, for it is descended from a parasite. This little larva is called *nauplius*, and it develops a hard or bivalve shell, the two hinder pairs of limbs are cast off and replaced by six pairs of short swimming feet, while the front pair of limbs grow into two organs whereby the young *saculina* will shortly fasten itself to a crab. This being done the feet fall off and it becomes only a sac and a PURE DEGRADATION!!

There are dozens of low crustaceans which, like our little *saculina*, in their young days; have legs, eyes, and all the belongings of a happy, active, playful animal, but finally they degenerate into a simple pulsating bug, drawing its sustenance from some higher being,—a low down and despised parasite. The common ship-barnacle, when young is a species of *nauplius*, a three legged, free-swimming, one eyed animal, possessing a mouth and digestive apparatus. Then it grows six pairs of swimming feet, and two enormous

front legs or feelers, and two magnificent compound eyes; finally they fasten to a ship or some other place and stay there for life. The eyes become only an eye spot, and the whole animal is *degenerated*. There is a highly organized animal called *stylops*. When it leaves the egg it is an active six legged being and crawls about on the body of a bee. Finally it crawls off the bee and goes to a larva or young bee and bores into its body, and once housed there, it casts its skin and becomes a footless grub and has no digestive system. Degenerated and degraded into a mere existence. Mites, ticks, skin-worms, etc., all show the same marks of being degenerated animals transformed into parasites.

Our own old age is simple *degeneration*. Every thought we think degenerates and decays the living tissues. By and by each one of us will be degraded into dead matter, so far as our individual identity is concerned. Nature will no more receive us as individuals, than she will the *nauplius* or *tape-worm*.

MT. PLEASANT PARK CAMPMEETING.

CLINTON, IOWA, AUGUST 22.—This week at camp has been one of variety; somewhat exciting at times, but in the main pleasant. On Monday morning, August 16th, Mrs. H. S. Lake delivered an interesting lecture, but the audience was rather small; in the evening J. H. Randel, of Chicago, delivered a discourse. On Thursday morning the campers were apprised that death had stolen among them under cover of darkness and taken little Irene Estelle, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. V. F. Marshall of Chicago, Ills. She was aged four months and seventeen days and was sick some time before coming here. Pneumonia finally terminated her earthly existence. In the afternoon Moses Hull, assisted by Mrs. Frankie Cole and the choir, conducted the funeral services; the body was placed in the Haywood vault at Springvale cemetery, near Clinton, but will be removed to Forest Hill near Chicago at the close of the camp meeting; the parents are much prostrated and have the sympathy of the whole camp.

Wednesday was given up mainly to business discussions, and it is expected that next year we will have a hotel erected which will be a much needed addition. It is also expected that the meeting will be eight weeks instead of four. We have had two hops this week which attracted a large number of Clinton people and were very enjoyable.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings Prof. E. A. Hamilton, of Des Moines, Ia., gave two interesting lectures on electricity and magnetism, illustrating them with an extensive apparatus. Friday morning Jim G. Anderson, of Richmond, Mo., related his experiences while investigating Spiritualism and "Why He Became a Spiritualist." Saturday forenoon was given up to the annual Meeting of the association, and the following officers and committees were elected for the ensuing year:

Pres.: Jim G. Anderson, Richmond, Mo.
Vice Pres.: Mattie E. Hull, Des Moines, Ia.
Sec'y.: Jay Chaapel, Clinton, Ia.
Treas.: Elizabeth Harding, Clinton, Ia.

Committee on speakers:
Mrs. M. F. McCarroll, Ottumwa, Ia.
Mrs. Ollie A. Blodgett, Davenport, Ia.
B. B. Hart, Clinton, Ia.

Committee on music:

Mrs. G. C. Larkin, Oskaloosa, Ia.
Mrs. Frankie Cole, 644 Fulton St. Chicago.
Col. H. H. Roberts, New Boston, Ills.

Committee on transportation:

Chairman: E. C. Read, 16 N. Ada St Chicago.
S. F. Gilman, Davenport, Iowa.
Jim. G. Anderson, Richmond, Mo.

Committee on Advertising:

Moses Hull, Des Moines, Ia.
Dr. J. C. Batdorf, Jackson, Mich.
Dr. O. G. W. Adams, Newton, Ia.
Dr. A. B. Dobson, Maquoketa, Ia.

Several new by laws were laid over to be acted upon at the semi-annual meeting to be held March 31, '87, place of meeting not yet determined.

The selection of officers, etc., is good, and there is no doubt that the next camp-meeting will be the Banner one, for we shall all cooperate to make it such.

Among the arrivals this week are:

J. H. Randall, Lecturer, Chicago, Ill.
H. G. Pitkin, Memphis, Mo.
Mrs. M. A. Howes, Medium, Boston, Mass.
Mr. McCarrall wife and daughter, Ottumwa Ia.
Miss Dott Longly, Davenport, Ia.
Mrs. M. Ohl and daughter, Chicago, Ills.
Mrs. Dr. E. Parker, Savanna, Ills.
Miss Hawkins, medium, Hannibal Mo.

Sunday, Aug. 22, opened bright and beautiful, and there is a large number on the grounds,—in fact the largest attendance yet. J. H. Randall delivered the morning lecture, followed by Mrs. H. S. Lake in the afternoon and Moses Hull in the evening. Two mediums' meetings were held in the pavilion, which were largely attended and our mediums gave a large number of good tests. The last week starts in with the promise of a large attendance and a pleasant terminal. E. C. R.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Some time ago we announced that up to September first we would take subscriptions for "Light in the West" at the rate of one dollar per annum. Our friends have been so industrious and successful in securing names that we have decided to lengthen the time and now announce that the price will remain at ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE to all subscribers who *subscribe and pay in advance* before December 1st, 1886.

Hereafter, LIGHT IN THE WEST, of St. Louis, Mo., will be published as a weekly, instead of semi-monthly. It is one of the leading journals of Spiritualism in the West and Southwest, and has a wide circulation.

—*Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer.*

The World's Advance-Thought.

Published at Salem, Oregon, a spiritualistic monthly paper of which we have made mention and from whose pages it does us good to copy frequently, can be had in connection with LIGHT IN THE WEST, the two papers for

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS.

Send to them for a sample copy and then send

to us for both papers. There are lively spirit; workers up there and many of us need a refreshing breeze from the North Pacific Coast.

BOOK AND OTHER NOTICES,

SHADOWS

Is the title of a book of nearly three hundred pages, written by John Wetherbee, Boston, Mass., "being a familiar presentation of thoughts and experiences in spiritual matters, with illustrative narrative." To Spiritualists we would say, read *Shadows*; to those wishing to learn the truth concerning Spiritualism, and to those who want to know much of what they will believe after they become Spiritualists, we would say, read *Shadows*. This author does not tear down any structure on the ruins of which, or at the cost of which, he erects his own. He uses his experience to elucidate facts. He draws upon these facts to illustrate truths. There is no struggle with abstruse problems, making the reader feel as though he were trying to make water run up hill; but there is that refined, gentle flow of spirit, that carries conviction with it. There are but few who can with so much refinement and minuteness, picture a circumstance, using so little verbiage. The elegance of his style is only equaled by the masterly manner in which he keeps his subject ever before the mind. He does not so much address himself to the proud and arrogant, nor seek to storm the self-secure citadel of the skeptic; but to the searcher after truth, his stories are as gentle showers upon the tender plants, causing them to spring up with new life. The book, in words of tenderness is dedicated, he says, "To Louise, the wife of my youth, who is also my wife and inspirer now in my maturity." Though our space is limited, we can not close this notice without quoting the three verses from its dedication. The whole work is sunshine as it were from "Summer Land."

"Oh, philosophy! destroy not the charm

That cheers thus our hours of sadness;
Dissolve not the spell, 'tis but a dream,
That changes our sorrow to gladness.

"These little soft raps, we now and then hear,

I feel are the voice of my daughter;
They seem to be saying: "Dear mother, I'm here,"
Though they sound like the dropping of water.

"Our two little boys when they hear these raps,

Too young, like us, to have missed her,
Look up with a smile, and say: "Do you hear
The voice of our dear little sister?"

THE WISCONSIN STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Will hold its Third Annual Meeting at Omro, Wisconsin, Sept. 17, 18, 19, 1886.

Prof. A. B. French and other speakers are expected to be present. A number of first-class mediums will be in attendance. The Misses Cora and Vinnie Philips will furnish the music. Officers will be elected for the ensuing year.

The Wisconsin Central will return for one-

fifth fare, all that pay full fare to Oshkosh on this line. Those coming via Wis. Central will take trains due at Oshkosh at 2:20 p. m. The Omro stage will be at the depot and will carry passengers the round trip for 75 cents. Those coming via the C. M. & St. Paul, C. & Northwestern, and Lake Shore & Western will buy round trip tickets.

The Northwestern House will board all delegates at \$1.00 per day.

Please notify the Secretary if you expect to attend, that necessary arrangements can be made for all.

PROF. WM. M. LOCKOOD, Pres.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

THE BOOK OF ALGOONAH has been received from Mr. C. F. Newcomb, through whom it was written and by him published. It has 353 pages, price \$1.50, well printed and bound in cloth, and could be improved by indexing and giving modern names to the countries where these people came from, and where they traveled. It is claimed as "Inspirational" and was dictated by Algoonah, the king of these people. As a novel it would be very interesting and if true it is intensely so, any men of science and antiquarians will find it of great interest. In a modern sense and using modern names we find these people originated on the coast of Asia Minor; becoming shepherds they go into the mountainous country of Afghanistan and establish a nation there. After many ages they are driven out of their country by the Assyrians, a portion of them going toward the sea where they build the city of Salem, afterward called Jerusalem. The main part of the nation with their flocks and herds travel through India, then crossing the mountains into China they pass through China to the coast. The King of China gives them the now Japan Islands; from here they send out three ships to explore; striking the Behring current they land on the Yukon coast then go south to the California coast; leaving their ships they cross the Rocky Mountains and explore the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. After this they return to their King and report their discoveries taking products of the soil with them. They finally arrive safely on the Pacific with their families and substance and name this the land of Mezzinarath, i. e., a land where we rest. This book gives the incidents of their travels, the death of their first King Kaiah. Algoonah succeeds him as King. He reigns about 65 years in the City of Algoonah now the city of St. Louis. Provinces were established in Ohio, Miss., Florida, Iowa, California, Mexico etc. These people were purely an Agricultural race, and according to this book a very wise one, being of the Patriarchal age, and they came here about the same time Abraham went to Jerusalem. The book is historical, not religious. The poem of Hodrah on the creation is well written. The third ruler grandson of Algoonah had the dividing of nations in his hands thus peopling Europe from this land making this the old instead of the new world. It will pay to read it, it is interesting and of more than ordinary merit. Mr. Newcomb tells us that the Book of Kinar (that will follow this) proves that we are descendants of these people and that the influence of that old nation has moulded our own and we follow them closely in many things.

We have made arrangements with the publisher of the "Book of Algoonah" to furnish our readers with the book at \$1.00 post paid, or for \$1.75 we will give the book and one year's subscription to LIGHT IN THE WEST. This will hold good only until October first.

SHEET MUSIC.

Prof. C. Longley, vocalist and composer, will send Inspirational Sheet Music at 25 cents each to any address. He is the composer of Over the River and other popular melodies. Among others now offered there are Gathering Flowers in Heaven, by Longfellow, set to music; The Golden Gates are Left Ajar; We'll Meet Again in the Morning Land; The Old Man's Spirit Welcome, etc. A list may be had by addressing C. P. Longley, 45 Indiana Place, Boston, Mass.

SPECTACLES are pair o' sights on the nose.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Again we must refer to terms and say that the subscription price will remain until **SEPTEMBER 1st AT ONE DOLLAR**

per year in advance but we will not send the paper to any person without payment in advance unless with a distinct understanding as to terms of payment—\$2.00 if not in advance and we will not send it longer than the time paid for unless requested to do so at the above rates. The date with the address on the wrapper shows the subscriber when the time paid for is to expire.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We will send a specimen copy to any one and will take it as a favor to have list of names with addresses sent to us. Any person so receiving the paper will please accept it as an invitation to send along the dollar and try us a year.

CLUB RATES.

We are asked about this and here again we respond and say that to any one who sends us seven dollars and fifty cents for ten subscribers we will credit that person with one copy free, one year, as club agent. There are hundreds of circles in which a person with a little effort could secure the required number of names in an evening. Who will try? Send us the names you want specimen copies sent to and we will help you. Now since the paper is to be a weekly, there is no paper that offers such inducements and for which subscriptions can be had readily.

From this time on the paper will be printed so as to reach most of our subscribers in the large cities by each Saturday morning mail. Any who do not get their paper regularly will do us a favor by writing us a letter or a postal card at once, stating what is wanted.

DIRECTORY COLUMN.

This column will be prominent and kept near to reading matter for purpose of making it a **READY REFERENCE** where persons can have their Name Address and short notice of business. Each Card will have space of one-half inch uniformly set in small type with the name only displayed. Rates: One-half inch inserted one time for \$1.50 six times \$6.00, 12 times \$10.00, one year \$15.00 payable monthly or quarterly in advance.

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Thayer, Mrs. M. B. 323 West 34th st., New York City. Seance every Thursday eve. Manifestation of flowers. Independent Slate Writing.

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Send six cts. postage, name, age, sex, leading symptoms and receive diagnosis of your case with directions that will lead to recovery. **MAGNETISED SILK** that has the miraculous power of giving relief to painful disorders, sent for 15 cts. per sheet, 4 for 50 cts, 10 for \$1.00.

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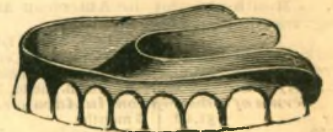
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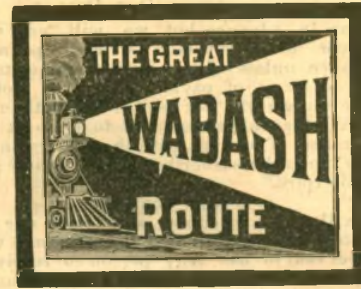
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