

The Lyceum Banner.

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"O, I WOULD CLIMB ANY WHERE IF I COULD ONLY GET POOR GIP BACK AGAIN" Page 341

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

MOSIE OAKWOOD;
OR,
LOST AND FOUND.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

CHAPTER II.

REBECA NYE, in answer to the summons of Mrs. Lyon, walked in. She had come to learn if any new light had been thrown upon the mysterious affair. Nothing had, as yet, been heard; the only revelation was the discovery of a tiny gold locket, in which was a girlish face of great beauty, fastened by a ribbon which was once blue, round the little one's neck. On the outside of the locket were engraved the words, "Our Darling."

"How nonsensical!" said the matter-of-fact Rebecca. "If they had put her name and where she lived on it, she might have been found, but just to be sentimental, they've marked something on the locket for which no one will ever be the wiser. This world is all a fleeting show any way," and the practical Rebecca closed her very unsatisfactory call with a short sermon on the vanities and follies of this wicked world.

In two weeks from the day of the discovery, the following notice appeared in an obscure corner of *The Hillsboro County Reporter*, a paper with a circulation of nearly five hundred:

FOUND!—On the bank of Swamscot River, in a clump of bushes, a child about two years old. Whoever will prove property, pay for this notice, and the board of the child, may take her away.

Ah, little did the cold-hearted man who penned these lines know of the valuable "property" he was advertising! How little he knew of the anguish that was rending somebody's heart for the loss of said property; and little did the cold, calculating Rebecca know of the despair, the desolating darkness that had settled upon one home, deserted forever by "our darling." They could never know these things. There are men, and women, too, so destitute of all the finer feelings that beautify humanity, that the dear pet names, so appropriate, and worn so naturally by some, appear to be but the follies of a disordered mind. But in the beautiful hereafter, it is hoped that such earth-lings may fully realize the beauty of these endearing names, and of that tender affection that makes all there is of heaven on earth.

For days and weeks, Joe Lyon's house was in commotion on account of the advent of the new

baby. School-children flocked in morning, noon and night to beg a kiss, to dandle the baby, or take her out into the sunshine. Their bappy faces were a great joy to Mosie, forming, as they did, a strange contrast to the gloomy house and discontented looks she was accustomed to see. To some of these children Mosie was particularly attracted, while from others she would shrink with almost a cry of pain. Some of them called her a little stuck-up gipsy, because she obstinately refused to kiss them, while she would throw her arms around the necks of others in great glee, and indulge in all sorts of baby pranks.

Mrs. Lyon, not understanding the law governing such strange manifestations, insisted that Mosie should show no partiality, but should bestow her favors alike upon all, even yellow headed Tom. Mosie understood her rights in this respect, and maintained them with all the firmness and dignity of a true woman.

There are too many Mrs. Lyons in charge of delicate, sensitive children. This departure from good taste and common sense cannot be too strongly condemned. Children, like adults, have their likes and dislikes, and there is no justice in urging them contrary to the dictation of their own pure tastes.

Nearly all who called to see the baby had some marvellous story to relate of lost children who had been picked up somewhere, brought up and educated to be bright and shining lights in the community, till Mrs. Lyon actually believed that half the children in the world were foundlings. "But, dear me," she would say; "I wish the little thing was back in the bushes again, and could be found by somebody besides me, for I'm possessed with the idea that she will come to some bad end.

One day, in the busy farming season, Mosie was sick. She fretted more than usual. Mrs. Lyon had to devote all her spare time to amuse her. When Mr. Lyon and the boys got home from the farm at night, tired and hungry, the house was in worse confusion than ever before. Cobs and blocks were scattered over the kitchen floor, the chairs were tied together with the clothes line, Mrs. Lyon was in tears, and worse than all, supper was not on the table. What were father and sons to do in such a case? Pick up the cobs and blocks and baby? Speak comforting words to the weary mother, and thus bring order out of confusion? No! Joe and the boys were not made of any such womanly stuff. They were not going to show any such weakness; and so they set their faces sternly against Mosie, de-

clared her an intruder in their hitherto peaceful home, and treated her ever after accordingly.

Long years passed by, and no sun shone upon the little girl's life. Kind words and pet names seldom fell upon her ear. The light of loving eyes never guided her young feet into pleasant paths. True, Mrs. Lyon petted her in a sickly, feeble way; but Mosie felt the want of vitality and real heart-sympathy in these caresses, and she repelled them as she did everything that did not meet her fullest approval. The boys were the torment of her young life, and how to rid herself of their annoyances was her constant study. Tommy's chief delight—was in doing little things to annoy her.

She found her doll one morning sitting in a chair by her bed, just dripping from a bath, and the paint all off its cheeks; her flower-patch that she had spent all her spare minutes cultivating, was hoed up, and potatoes planted instead. Her pet kitten disappeared suddenly. She teased Tom day after day to bring it back to her. He promised her that he would, and though she had no confidence in his promises, she could not help hoping that little Gip would come back to her. One day Tom told her that her kitten was in the barn, and if she would go out he would find it for her.

"Will you, truly, Tom?"

"Of course I will—that is, if you can climb a ladder."

"O, I would climb anywhere if I could only get poor Gip back again."

Tom ran on ahead, and when Mosie was nearly to the top of the ladder, trembling with fright, he pointed to a beam overhead, and said: "There, don't you see your kitten?" Mosie looked up, and saw nothing but a great owl, winking and dozing in the daylight.

Mosie was too angry to cry; her sense of justice and honor was outraged, and so she gave vent to her feelings in dencuncing Tom as a wicked boy that she would hate as long as she lived.

"There is no fun about it; it is down-right cruelty to treat me so, and I'll go straight in and tell Mamma Lyon all about it."

When Mosie told her grief to Mrs. Lyon, she only answered, "La, that's Tommy's way; he don't mean anything by it."

Mosie stamped her foot indignantly, and said: "If I had a boy I'd teach him a better way than to steal a little girl's kitten, and then tell a story about it." Then she turned around, a strange light came into her eyes, her whole frame quivered or an instant, and she was still. In a moment she was heard to say, as if talking to some one

near her: "Patience, darling, I see a bright path before you, and will help you to walk in it."

(To be Continued.)

Written for the Lyceum Banner.
FORTUNE WITHOUT GENIUS.

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT night John reposed on a luxurious couch in a room more elegantly furnished than he had ever seen before. In the same room was another bed for Eustace that he might have him directly under his care. He gazed around him in amazement. "I wonder if I aint dreaming" queried he of himself. I've had just such dreams as this lots of times. Once I remember of seeing Maggie in just such a room. as this, and she was so pretty and good! Oh, I hope she'll see such fine things as these sometime!" He passed his hand over the marble top of the bureau, fingered the lace curtains, wondered what kind of wood the bedsteads were made of, as he had never seen anything like it in New York, walked several times across the room to enjoy the soft carpet, and after making all his investigations, crawled into his bed and was soon dreaming of Jane, Tom and little Mag.

Months glided by bringing great improvement to John in looks and manners, while Eustace preserved the same pinched features, puny limbs and infantile mind. In addition to John's salary he was allowed two hours schooling each day from a private teacher who never wearied in his efforts to advance him in his studies and thereby gain the good will of so good a paymaster as Col. Daly. He learned to read and write readily, and his letters to Aunt Ruth elicited many compliments, even from that misanthropic lady.

"It beats all, how well he's doing," said she as she turned over and over again, the gold eagle, a portion of his first month's wages. "He wants me to forgive him for running away, and I suppose sent this to make it all square. But he'll have to send a good many I guess before I shall tell him I think he's done the fair thing. He's better than boys will average no doubt, but I'd as soon attempt to train a drove of wild colts as to manage the best of them." She was very careful however to reserve her censure for the ears of the household, and fill her letters to John with terms of gratitude slightly bordering on praise.

After Eustace fell asleep, John's evenings were spent in the library, reading the evening paper to

Col. Daly. By this means his mind was stored with useful knowledge, and he was much improved in reading. One evening as his eye ran down the column of locals, the following item arrested his attention. "The schooner Iago from New York came into port this morning having on board the officers and crew of the unfortunate Starlight, which was wrecked eighteen months ago and all reported lost. They succeeded however in reaching an island and remained there until they arrested the attention of the officers of the Iago who humanely took them off."

John sprang to his feet and in an ecstasy of joy exclaimed, "Oh Father, Father." It was with difficulty that Col. Daly could restrain him from going to the wharf that night, hoping to be able to board the Iago and learn of his father's whereabouts, if he still lived.

When Mr. McCoy was told by John that his mother had been dead a year, the strong man who had suffered privation and toil for many months without a murmur, burst into a passionate fit of weeping. "Poor, dear Jane, poor mother, what will become of our little children?" John turned comforter in this hour so fraught with grief and gladness, "I know Aunt Ruth will do every thing she can for them, and I send her ten dollars every month to help her along." Here John produced a pocket full of letters in proof of Aunt Ruth's fidelity and their prosperity.

Mr. McCoy soon found an opportunity of shipping around Cape Horn, and a few months more found him in the midst of his little family.

Long years of labor, faithfulness and fortune passed with John. One great grief came to the house. Eustace passed away from the loving ones who guarded him so tenderly, to another home where physical imperfections and mental diseases are treated by angelic practitioners who never fail. Mrs. Daly's heart was wrung with anguish. She called John to her room. "You have been more than a friend to my poor Eustace and me," said she, her bright eyes filling with tears, "and I can never repay your kindness or fully express my gratitude. And I wish to become more fully your debtor. You can heal in a measure the deep wound death has made—will you do it?"

John never refused his kind mistress a request, and at once promised to do anything in his power for her happiness. "Give me your sister Maggie. I will take her to my heart and home, and do for her as I would for Eustace had he been like other

children and lived. I shall take pride in making her both accomplished and a true lady."

That night a light might have been seen in John's room until midnight. Plans for the future were matured, letters written, and all the necessary arrangements made preparatory to sending for Maggie. "Why not all come?" he mused as he reread his letters to Aunt Ruth. A sudden thought to John, but as he turned it over in his mind to give it every possible shade and light, he continued - "Milly and I will soon be housekeeping for ourselves. Father has gone to sea again. Maggie will leave the rest and they must all come. Col. Daly has helped me to a nice little fortune, and thank my stars I have been able to help myself. What would Aunt Ruth say if she knew I was about to be married when she declares in every letter that she can never think of me, except in a ragged round about with shoes down at the heel and out at the toes? I'll give her a little surprise when she gets here;" and John went to sleep with visions of mystified aunts and happy brother and sisters.

Go with me to New York, and in a tidy little cottage we may find Aunt Ruth, poring over the letter that John dispatched next day. She has grown gray and wrinkled. Care and time have performed their tasks faithfully in the years since John left, but her nature is still unchanged. She rubbed her spectacles on the corner of her apron, unfolded the letter and read again, as she had done on that trial day of John's departure.

"What does that wild boy think we are all going to do in that terrible country I wonder? I should want to be well armed against grisly bears and robbers, for Mary Jones who came back from there a few years ago, says there's no knowing when you are safe on the principal streets of San Francisco. The boy's been dreaming I suppose just as he used to. Well, well, I hope we shall sometime have a chance to rest in the cemetery until they want to cut it up into city lots. No peace for any of us this side the grave as I can see." She was really better pleased with the prospect of the pleasant home which John had offered her than she would have her listeners think, but she was so accustomed to complaining that her greatest pleasures were expressed in a fault finding manner. Preparations were speedily made for the journey and the little family bound together by no common ties set out on the same journey their loving brother had performed years before.

Tom was a sprightly, gallant young man, well posted in the fine art of travelling, but Aunt Ruth

had filled her satchel with John's letters, some of them containing information with regard to the journey.

In every emergency these sacred letters were referred to, much to the amusement of the young people. "No doubt you will do as well as you know," said she in an apologizing manner to Tom "but its an awful country and John's been the route and knows all about it."

"Yes Aunty" answered Tom playfully "but you know his baggage consisted of a bundle tied in a red cotton handkerchief which he carried over his shoulder on a stick. We are too stylish to do that way you know, so his directions can't apply to us."

"Fortune favors the brave," and as our little party of adventurers were every one as brave as so many soldiers, they had in a few weeks the good fortune to find themselves in John's own house, surrounded by all the comforts and many luxuries of life. It was indeed a joyful meeting! The boys had grown to manhood, noble in soul and form, the girls good and beautiful. Two elegantly executed oil paintings, gifts of Mrs. Daly adorned the parlor walls. One represented the little group the evening before John left New York. John seems in a thoughtful mood with baby Maggie in his lap, watching the soap bubbles that Tom blew up from an old clay pipe, for her amusement. Jane in another corner of the dingy room is amusing herself in a similar manner. The other represents a beautiful country residence embowered by fruit and ornamental trees, in the picturesque and fertile Napa Valley. The golden sun is sinking behind the hills, and its last rays illuminate a happy looking group on the portico of the house.

John, the thrifty owner of the premises and his handsome young wife, occupy the center of the group and are surrounded by Aunt Ruth, Tom, Jane and Maggie. These twin paintings Mrs. Daly has named, "The silver lined Cloud" and "Fortune without Genius."

As soon as John was able to find a pause in the conversation he drew a letter from his pocket which he had received that day, and asked the privilege of reading it aloud, as it might interest more than himself.

"My dear old Chum, I have just learned by a gentleman from California, that you are not only living, which I ceased to believe years ago, but that you are one of the rising men of one of the rural districts of your wonderful state. I hardly knew whether to pray or shout for joy on learn-

ing this wonderful price of good news. I hope in your prosperity you have not forgotten your old play fellow and fellow stroller, who drew cuts with two pine sticks in New York city to see which one would get an advertised situation, and which should starve. I got it, thank my lucky stars, and if reports are true you have come wonderfully short of starving!

I'm a plain well to do farmer, not like your California farmers to be sure, who reckon their ranches by the league, but earn my living by the sweat of my brow and am as happy as a king, and if I mistake not am contented. For six months I have been the devoted, worshipful husband of a dear, merry little woman, Julia Russ, formerly a school mate of mine. I won her by my unparalleled stupidity, to which I attribute all my good fortune! She is pleased to call the quality truthfulness and honesty, and I never undeceive her.

This is but the early salute of a long buried friendship. Shall wait with great impatience for at least twenty pages from you. Much love to the dear ones of your household from your old friend Peter Bennet."

Great was their joy and surprise to hear from Peter who was not forgotten even by Maggie who had not seen him since her baby-hood. It seemed to John like a long lost brother returned to him, for in all his career he had never ceased to remember with gratitude his words of encouragement and wisdom, that "leapfrog, jack stones and soap bubbles didn't pay."

Dear readers of the LYCEUM BANNER, do some of you work hard and have few play days, do you wear patched clothes and shabby boots, do you stay from school because your parents are too poor to send you, and do you sometimes feel that your lot is harder than you deserve and there is nothing in life to look forward to hopefully? Never despair, but like Peter and John "act well your part," and you may yet force the world to be proud of you.

— "William, thee knows I never call names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee.'"

— The first day a little boy went to school the teacher asked him if he could spell. "Yes, sir." "Well, how do you spell boy?" "Oh, just as other folks do."

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ON THE WING.

AT Cheyenne I left the railroad for a trip to the Rocky Mountains. Our conveyance was a six horse coach. Nine of us were to ride inside; without, as many as could cling to the top and sides of the coach. I was the only woman mountain-bound. This was the time to which I had looked with fear and dread. I had read of ruffians in filth; rakes in ermine; of profane, bloated wrecks of souls coming this way in the public coach. Their right to an inside seat was quite as good as mine. Yet I feared lest I meet such wrecks of humanity. I waited my destiny in hope and silence. The packing commenced at eight o'clock, P. M. I was stowed on the front seat between two men. Six large men were wedged upon the other two seats, and their boxes, bags and blankets were chinked in until we were as fast as inlaid work. The clouds being low, the rain poured, and only darkness was visible as we turned Colorado-ward. Out of Cheyenne we are out of anywhere. All is still save the peeping of frogs and the occasional call of the night-bird. There is no human habitation for miles and miles. If a few turf-cabins, a log house and a saloon make a town we passed through some three or four between Cheyenne and Burlington a distance of eighty-five miles. Every ten miles a sort of war whoop from our driver notified us that we were nearing a station for changing horses. There was music in this even underworld sound; it reminded us of a fresh breath, and of a stretch of limbs. We all rushed into the open air, took a look into the darkness and repacked for another ten miles.

Toward morning the clouds cleared away and the stars came out of the deep, clear blue, so bright and sparkling that one half believes in the old dogma of a heaven overhead. In these high lati-

tudes the air is so light and clear that one can see much farther than in lower latitudes.

With the sunrise all the glory and grandeur of the world seemed outspread. Overhead the fleecy-white, golden-edged clouds floated like fairy ships almost within hand reach.

We were coming South. All about us there was spread a wide prairie country, teeming with insect life, with here and there a cluster of trees; beyond was table land free-h and green, six thousand feet above the sea level. Still on westward we saw vast piles of scraggy rocks piled mountain high. From the rocky crevices great pine trees were growing. This picture was green and gray. Still on were deep gorges; then the mighty snow ranges lifted their white heads to greet the soft clouds that brooded above. Upon this snow-mountain, sixteen thousand feet high human feet have never trod. They should be called the Holy Hills. From the heart of these mountains rise the streams that water and irrigate all the valleys round about. This vast region of snow and of flower-fields; of great rivers and rich farm lands; of parks and boiling springs; this land of agate and alabaster; of gold, silver, iron and of all precious metals is "The Great American Desert," on the old maps. The next generation will find instead of the "desert" the "New Garden." As yet I have had but a glimpse of Colorado, so I'll go on and write of things I do see.

"Breakfast" was the cry. We all responded "breakfast!" Our good driver halted at the "stage house" on the Big Thompson river. Here we overtook Dan Castello's circus and menagerie. His party of performers, with mules, wild beasts and elephants were on the way to Burlington, our destination. Like us, they had been all night on the road; like us, too, they wanted hot coffee and beefsteak, but our host could not provide for so many; the result was that Castello's company rested by the wayside, breakfastless. I was so sorry for them, and wondered how they would bear the fasting. One of the company, a driver, sat down by the Big Thompson, dipped his dry bread in the water, ate, and tried to enjoy the repast by fragments of song. He was no great singer, but his voice once rose sweet and clear. I distinctly heard:

"And he frightened old Virginia till she trembled through and through,

They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew.
But his soul goes marching on."

From this I concluded the boy was a lover of John Brown.

The breakfast house was a small log house. The roof was hay and turf. The keepers—one man and one woman—managed to give the inside a cheerful look. Sheets and quilts were tacked overhead to save the table from the falling straw and dirt.

At noon we reached Burlington, Colorado. Fifteen hours from Cheyenne, and forty-four hours from Omaha. The circus was advertised there at the same time. It was the first show that had been in the territory, so all the country about had collected. The two hotels, both small, were about as full as our coach had been, but we could find standing room, which was a good change. My coming was as well advertised as was the circus and I must add that a *public* lecture from a woman was a novelty next to seeing a woman ride a "wild horse." I soon learned that I was not looked for for a day or two; that Mr. Hinman, a ranche man living some six miles distant, would send for me as soon as he heard of my arrival. When and how would he hear, were, to me, important questions. I wanted a bath, I wanted a bed; two things quite out of the question in Burlington. I was relating, in a sort of confidential way, my wants and misfortunes to a stage acquaintance. Fortunately a young man overheard my complaints, and coming a little nearer, he said: "I am Mr Hinman's son, and will send you out to the ranche." Was there not joy in my heart? Before sundown I was set down at the door of strangers, but friends. Mrs. Hinman had crossed the plains, so, like a sensible soul, she took me to a room where there was water and a bed. I blessed her helping hands and womanly heart, and took refuge in sleep.

B.

BOUND FOR EUROPE.

Mr. Peebles addressed the Spiritualists of this city in Crosby's Music Hall, morning and evening of Sunday last. The audiences were unusually large. Present at the Progressive Lyceum, in the afternoon, he spoke earnest words of cheer and encouragement to the officers and children. The last of this month he sails for Europe to attend the "Peace Congress" in Switzerland, commencing early in the fall. We hear he purposes visiting France, Italy, and other portions of the continent. A journal of his journeyings will appear weekly in the *Universe*.

— A cross, with pencil, and date on our paper indicates that the time of subscription expires with that number, and also asks for a renewal.

PARAGRAPHS.

— Moses Hull will lecture in Crosby's Music Hall, July 18 and 25, morning and evening.

— The Chicago Progressive Lyceum will hold their annual picnic, July 16. J. M. Peebles, Moses Hull and other eminent speakers will be present. All desirous of enjoying a day in the woods are invited to attend, and bring not only their baskets but their friends.

— We are indebted to Mrs. V. Drury, Adelaide Comstock, Mrs. Sarah Kouts, Susa A. Williams and Mrs. A. H. Colby for new subscribers.

— Thanks to our sister editor for a bouquet gathered 11,000 feet above sea level.

— M. Milleson, spirit artist, is astonishing the investigating public with his beautiful spirit likenesses. They may be seen at 16 North Green street, Chicago.

— Our correspondents need not consider the non-appearance of their articles in our paper evidence of their want of merit. Many well written articles are rejected because they are too long. "Pack your thoughts." It requires a genius to write a short article—anybody can write a long one.

— *The Present Age* has received a valuable acquisition to its editorial corps. J. S. Loveland has become associate editor of the Western department.

— Mrs. S. E. Warner will make engagements to lecture in Ohio, Pennsylvania or Western New York during September and October. Those desiring her services may address her soon at Davenport, Iowa, Box 329.

— Particular attention is called to our premium list.

LYCEUM REGISTER.

Want of space compels us to condense the items in this department, so as to be able to give all a place. With the past arrangement, the names of most of the officers, and some entire Lyceums, had to be omitted. By condensing, we have space for general news from Lyceums that will be of benefit to the readers.

PREMIUMS.

For \$1.00 we will send one copy of the LYCEUM BANNER and one Song Bird. Lyceums will do well to avail themselves of this liberal offer.

REVIEWS.

THE QUESTION SETTLED. A Careful Comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism. By Rev. Moses Hull.

This book, recently issued by Wm. White & Co., publishers of *The Banner of Light*, is the laborious effort of our old and valued friend, Moses Hull, an intelligent scholar and effective laborer in the vineyards of the living gospel of to-day.

There are thousands of people, scattered all over the Christian world, who have been taught to believe that the bible is the inspired word of God, and contains all that is necessary for man to know of science, morals and religion. These people are in the habit of referring the decision of all doubtful questions to the Bible, and its authority is deemed by them indisputable.

It has been, and is now, common for reverend gentlemen, and orthodox people generally, to denounce Spiritualism as the rankest infidelity, originating with and propagated by that most mysterious personage called the Devil. It will astonish these people to learn what an immense mass of testimony the Bible contains, tending to establish the great truths of the existence and communion of spirits. To extract the testimony, put it in shape, and confute the orthodox world with unanswerable arguments from its own most valued authority, is the main object of this book. To do this work, and to do it well, there is no man better qualified than Moses Hull; he is a thorough Biblical scholar, familiar with the Bible from Genesis to Revelations. The volume before us is not only a great accession to the literature of Spiritualism, but will prove a text book for all who desire to know what the Bible says about it.

ALICE VALE: A Story of the Times. By Lois Waisbrooker, is published by Wm. White & Co., *Banner of Light* Office, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.25; postage 16 cents.

This a good book for Lyceum libraries—one that may safely be put into the hands of the young, without fear of theologic taint. It contains many good thoughts that will be read and remembered, because they are presented in the form of a story. The author has done herself great credit, and given additional proof to the reading public that woman's sphere is whatever she has the ability to make it. I would not have married Addie Graves to Edward Winchester, for no better reason than to "do her justice." My ideal woman must be so true to her womanly nature as to set aside the customs of society that demand a union for life

with her betrayer as the penalty for being deceived.

The following conversation between Alice and her mother, as she was nearing her eighteenth birthday, should be read by all who believe that sin is less sinful in man than in woman:

"Alice, I think I must give you a party on the tenth."

"And why on the tenth, mother?"

"Why, don't you remember that it is your birthday?"

"Indeed, I had forgotten it; but will it be convenient, mother, for us to have it at that time?"

"As much so as at any other; but what a strange girl you are, Alice! Another than yourself would be delighted at the bare mention of the thing, instead of stopping to start objections."

"I am pleased with the idea, mother—glad that you think me worthy of such a favor; but, if the party is to be for me, I shall claim the privilege of selecting the guests."

"All right, child; go and make out your list, and I will talk with your father this evening about the necessary preparations."

"Thank you, mother," said she; and, sitting down at the desk, the required list was soon ready, and handed to Mrs. Vale for her inspection.

"Why, Alice, I do not see Edward Winchester's name here."

"It is not there; I do not intend to invite him."

"Not invite Edward Winchester!"

"Upon one condition I will."

"And what is that?"

"That Addie Graves be invited also."

"Addie Graves! You are crazy, Alice: every other girl would leave, should she come."

"Why, mother?"

"Why! A girl that is a mother, and not a wife!"

"And Edward Winchester is a father, and not a husband."

"Oh! but that is different."

"Different only in the fact that he is the aggressive party, and therefore the most to blame. Addie never sought him; and, if he had left her alone in her innocence, she would not now be a mother and an outcast from society."

"But the world does not look upon it in that light."

"The question is, not what the world thinks, but what is right."

Giving to a grateful man is putting money out to usury.



For the Lyceum Banner.

BURGLARY.

THIS morning I took up the "Bummerton Gazette," and read the particulars of a most appalling burglary. It was headed in large type, with wonderful exclamation points, and looked ugly, even on paper. The splendid suburban residence of Squire Tiptop had been entered at dead of night, by some person to the writer unknown, and he had taken therefrom Miss Amelia Tiptop's gold thimble, a silver cup presented to Master Absalom on his christening day, a gold ring marked "G. T.," half a dozen spoons, and other articles of less value. Bummerton was in a blaze of high-toned indignation, and the country was to be scoured for the perpetrators of this most audacious crime.

It was not until the middle of the afternoon that I ventured to close my own unpretending little cottage, for my usual walk in the fields. I have no gold thimble nor baptismal goblet, yet other things to me quite as precious, which thieves might easily appropriate. There was my hair bouquet, woven from locks of those who are dearer to me than gold; my china cup and saucer, the last gift of a friend who went to sea and never returned—the gilt letters, "We meet again," have stared at me long, long years; my little case of stuffed birds, with gay plumage and glass eyes; my beautifully bound volume of the "LYCEUM BANNER,"—these are some of my treasures, that might tempt a thief of taste as well as the gold and silver of neighbor Tiptop.

I closed doors and windows securely, but left

the curtains up, to give the house an inhabited look, and went into the orchard. I found a bird's nest. It was a cunning little nest, skillfully built of sticks and strings and lined with pretty soft moss. A loud blustering and scolding attracted my attention to the nest. There sat the disconsolate little lady bird, on the edge of her house, moaning sadly in her throat, and with the female look of despairing submission in her face. Her lord screeched and scolded on a branch near by. What could it all be about? I crept up softly to the nest, and found a burglary had been committed there too. Mrs. Bird had left her house but a moment, and a bold burglar had entered and carried off one of her speckled eggs.

"One, two, three," said little Birdie, as plainly as ever bird said it. "One egg gone! Oh dear! what a world of trouble!

She moaned and whined, and her husband still kept up a loud screaming. "I'll leave this place in the fall, and never come back; that's what I will! Pity there's no law to protect us against burglars. They'll get no more singing from me—that's settled." The meek lady kept saying, "Oh dear! oh dear!"

I left the afflicted pair and pursued my walk. "Good morning, marm," said a fine-looking little boy, coming up the lane, with his hat in his hand. "Just look in my hat, miss, and see what a cunning little egg. I found a nest with four, and only took one for my collection. The old ones will never miss it."

"Why, Absalom," said I, "didn't you miss the silver cup the burglars took, though you had ever so many fine things left? Didn't Amelia miss her thimble, and your mother the spoons? Little birds have hearts and minds, and souls, too; and all they possess in this world is a nest and five little eggs, and you have robbed their house, and they are crying bitterly about it, just as you did for the cup."

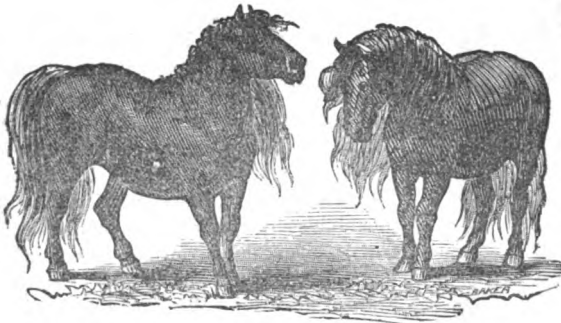
Absalom looked thoughtful. "What had I better do?" he asked.

"What had the thief better do who stole your cup, do you think?"

He thought a moment, looked wishfully at the speckled egg, and the last I saw of him he was running hard toward the nest again.

S. E. NORRIS.

— Another good story, by F. M. Lebel, has been received. It will be commenced August 15. Look out for a treat.



For the Lyceum Banner.

KITTIE AND NELL.

DEAR CHILDREN OF THE LYCEUM BANNER: Did you ever think that animals partake of the dispositions of those who take care of them? Did you ever see a little dog go snapping, snarling and growling at every one around? When you do, watch closely and see if its owner ever snaps and snarls. I have seen farmers whose cows had to have knobs on their horns and boards over their eyes, whose horses had to have fetters on their legs, whose geese had to be yoked, and whose hogs squealed from morning till night. I have seen other farmers with all these animals who had no trouble with them. I know a little girl who has a kitten that is always mewling; she scratches everybody who attempts to play with her, and is a terror to the whole house. This kitten has a sister belonging to another little girl. She will lie in the sun, stretched out, and purr for hours. She never puts her head in the milk pail, or in any way disturbs the quiet of the house. These little kittens are like their owners.

But it is of two ponies that I began to tell you about—Kittie and Nell. They were twin ponies, but one got the start of the other a little in growing, so they do not look much like mates. Col. Day and Capt. Green, the two richest men in Salisbury, bought these little black ponies for their sons, Henry and George.

Henry was slow, patient and sweet-tempered. When his pony was a little unruly, he coaxed and petted her into obedience, never allowing her to be touched with a whip. When he called "Kittie," she would raise her head proudly and start off on a brisk trot to her young master; then he would lead the way, and she would follow him to the barn.

George was fractious, nervous and high-tempered. When Nell got a little unruly, he would

jerk her about and use some pretty hard words and blows. That, instead of quieting Nell, only enraged her; so that when she was harnessed into the buggy, or carried Master George on her back, there was no certainty whether he would be landed in a ditch or carried safely through.

What is true of animals in this respect is true of all, children as well. If any of the boys and girls, or the older people, think differently, will they send their thoughts to the LYCEUM BANNER? I am sure Mrs. Kimball will think the subject worth talking about. The peculiarities of animals could be discussed to advantage in the Lyceum.

All who would like gentle and affectionate animals have only to treat them kindly. Those who are cross and cruel may expect their pets to show the same disposition.

ROSA B—.

Troy, N. Y.

DEAR LYCEUM BANNER:—Your readers will be pleased to learn that our Lyceum has just celebrated its third anniversary, by a very successful entertainment. On Thursday evening, the 10th inst., a large and highly appreciative audience convened at Griswold Hall to witness the exercises, which consisted of a variety of tableaux, vocal and instrumental music, recitations, &c. Our conductor, in an opening address, stated the objects of the organization of the Lyceum. The programme was quite long, lasting until eleven o'clock, but the audience did not seem wearied in the least. Where all the performers did so well, it would be unfair to make special mention of any. The anniversary was indeed a proud occasion for our Lyceum, and one that will be long remembered with pleasure by all who have an interest in the welfare of the organization.

C. E. F.

— "Sir," said an old Scotch woman to her minister, "I didna ken a part of you sermon yesterday." "Indeed, what was it?" "You said the Apostle used the figure of circumlocution; and I dinna ken what it means." "Is that all? It's very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a periphrastic mode of diction." "Oh! ah! is that all?" said the old woman. "What a pair fool I were not to understand that."

— Why does a clergyman call his congregation brethren?

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO.

You're starting to-day on life's journey,
 Alone on the highway of life;
 You'll meet with a thousand temptations:
 Each city with evil is rife.
 This world is a stage of excitement;
 There's danger wherever you go;
 But if you are tempted to weakness,
 Have courage, my boy, to say No.

The syren's sweet song may allure you;
 Beware of her cunning and art;
 Whenever you see her approaching,
 Be guarded and haste to depart.
 The billiard saloons are inviting,
 Decked out in their tinsel and show;
 You may be invited to enter;
 Have courage, my boy, to say No.

The bright ruby wine may be offered—
 No matter how tempting it be;
 From poison that stings like an adder,
 My boy have the courage to flee.
 The gambling halls are before you,
 Their lights how they dance to and fro,
 If you should be tempted to enter,
 Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety
 When you the long journey begin,
 And trust in a heavenly father
 Who will keep you unspurred from sin.
 Temptations will go on increasing,
 As streams from a rivulet flow.
 But if you are true to your manhood,
 Have courage, my boy, to say No.

A GOOD NAME.

Children, choose it,
 Don't refuse it,
 'Tis a precious diadem;
 Highly prize it,
 Don't despise it,
 You will need it when you're men.

Love and cherish
 Keep and nourish,
 'Tis more precious far than gold;
 Watch and guard it,
 Don't discard it,
 You will need it when you're old.

LYCEUM SONG BIRD.

Owing to the unexpectedly large demand for this charming little songster, *the first edition is entirely exhausted!* An unexpected delay in receiving our paper has prevented the second edition from appearing on time. Those who have already ordered copies will receive them in a few days.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATION.

If you cannot on the ocean,
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet;
 You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchored yet within the bay,
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey
 Up the mountain steep and high,
 You can stand within the valley,
 While the multitude go by;
 You can chant in happy measure,
 As they slowly pass along;
 Though they may forget the singer,
 They will not forget the song.

If you cannot in the harvest
 Garner up the richest sheaf,
 Many a grain both ripe and golden,
 Will the careless reaper leave;
 Go and glean among the briers,
 Growing rank against the wall,
 For it may be that the sludgew
 Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
 Prove yourself a soldier true—
 If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
 There's no work for you to do;
 When the battle-field is silent,
 You can go with silent tread,
 You can bear away the wounded,
 You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
 For some noble work to do;
 Fortune is a fickle goddess—
 She will never come to you.
 Go and toil at any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare;
 If you want a field of labor,
 You can find it any where.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Economy should be practiced by all, but it should show itself in denying ourselves, not in oppressing others.

Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent.

Laws should be framed, that the public would find it more to their interest to keep them than to disobey them.

How often laws have created the evil which they are afterwards supposed to check!

Sorrows gather around quiet minds as storms do around mountains.

Do not ask if a man is rich, but is he honorable? Seek after the wealth of mind and heart, rather than of the purse.



For the Lyceum Banner.

THE BLUE JAY.

THIS elegant bird is easily distinguished by its beautiful plumage, which is much more brilliant than that of the other members of the same family, the whole upper parts being light blue or purple, with a black collar passing down each side of the neck, and forming a crescent on the upper part of the breast. The under parts are white, and the tail long, and of a light blue color, tipped with black. The head is ornamented with a crest of blue, or purple feathers, which he can elevate or depress at pleasure.

His principal food is acorns and corn, but he sometimes feeds on bugs and caterpillars, and often plunders orchards and cherry trees. He is a notorious thief, destroying the nests of other birds and sucking their eggs wherever he can find them. The jay is not only bold and boistrous, but possesses considerable talent for mimicry, and takes great satisfaction in mocking and teasing other birds, particularly the sparrow-hawk, imitating his cry whenever he sees him, and screaming out as if caught.

A blue jay which was brought up in the family of a gentleman in South Carolina had all the tricks and talkativeness of a parrot; would steal everything he could carry off, or hide, answered to his name when called, and could speak a number of words quite distinctly. D.

Chicago, Ill.

If it be true that spirit life is superior to this, why is it wrong to commit suicide?

As the beautiful butterfly, with its bright, variegated colors, and its sparkling, shiny wings, is considered superior to the loathsome caterpillar from which it originates, so I look upon spirit life as superior to this life. Our life here may be considered as a primary school, in which we develop ourselves, and the longer we live in this world the more knowledge we obtain. Therefore, to take away our own life before it is fully matured prevents us from accumulating as much knowledge here as we otherwise would. We know that if a caterpillar killed itself while in a worm state, it would never have the wings of the butterfly. Committing suicide might prevent us from getting our angelic wings, and when we get over into the spirit land, instead of being able to fly like a humming-bird, or soar like an eagle, we might have to creep like a worm or crawl like a snake.

LEWIS C. ANDREWS, Beacon Group.

THE GRAND PEACE JUBILEE IN BOSTON.

Doubtless many of the young readers of the LYCEUM BANNER are aware that recently there was held in Boston, Mass., the largest and most successful musical festival ever known in history. Its object was to celebrate and commemorate the end of war and the return of peace. There were over one thousand instrumental performers and twenty thousand singers, gathered together in one building, built on purpose, and called the Coliseum.

On the fifth and last day of the jubilee, the children of the public schools of Boston, to the number of ten thousand, sang together in chorus, before an audience composed of more persons than live in some large towns, or even cities. The effect of their singing was so beautiful that it could not very well be expressed in words; but thinking you would like to read what was said by those who heard it, I send you the following account, taken from the Boston *Commonwealth*: "To our mind the Peace Jubilee received its final and most beautiful crown, its purest baptism, when these happy-faced children, clothed in white, came in at its closing hour, and in those pure strains which the church has hitherto consecrated to itself, and which penetrated every portion of this sacred temple of concord, united with organ and viol and trumpet in an invocation of Peace."

GEO. A. BACON.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 14 letters.
 My 7, 8, 14 is a vine.
 My 11, 1, 6 is a masculine noun.
 My 11, 2, 6, would be oftener seen if we had 1-ss of my 3,
 12, 7, 5, this season
 My 8, 4, 11, 9, is an ornamental dish
 My 9, 10, 18, is said to be human.
 My whole was a happy occasion.

PERCY.

I may be either alive, dead, or inanimate. In the first case I can be either curved, straight, or crumpled; in the second I may be of any form, but especially hollow; in my last my appearance is rather circumscribed, but it is the most pleasing of my forms. I wear no coat, yet sometimes I have a button, and a cape is named after me. I have no head, but am possessed of a mouth, and sometimes of a tongue, and can give utterance to sounds without the latter; and truly, I must be a poor one of my kind if I cannot speak. In one sense I am generally in pairs, and in another never can appear in more than twenty-six weeks of the year. I can, when alive, inflict severe wounds; and when inanimate, in bad hands, can cause pain (to the ear.) In one sense I give light, in another I protect it. I am not averse to gaiety; for I used often to appear at festive boards; no band is complete without me, and I am often mentioned in connexion with plenty. But for all this, in my natural state I am sometimes rough, always sharp, and have been the death of several people, and a place merely bearing my name seemed to have such terrors as to cause a gallant captain to desist from his voyage.

“ From six take nine,
 From nine take ten,
 From forty take fifty,
 And six will remain.”

From—SIX,	IX,	XL
Take—IX,	X,	L.
Remain—S	I	X

I consist of 18 letters.
 My 8, 9, 4, 2, is a noun of the feminine gender.
 My 3, 12, 6, 11, is quarter of an acre.
 My 18, 9, 5, 10, is a young lady.
 My 2, 7, is a preposition.
 My whole should be heeded.

CHARLEY.

NEW BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

“Seers of the Ages,” by J. M. Peebles. Price, \$1.75. Postage, 25c.
 “Tale of a Physician,” by A. J. Davis. Price, \$1.00. Postage, 16c.
 “Planchette or, The Despair of Science,” Cloth \$1.25. Paper, \$1.00.
 Alice Vale by Lois Waisbrooker, \$1.25, postage 16c.
 “The Question Settled,” by Moses Hull, \$1.50, postage 20c.

Rochester, N. Y.

What is true courage?

Courage, when considered as a separate quality of mind, consists in a blind, persevering will force, which is very useful and good if directed and controlled by judgment, patience, and spirituality, but very bad and dangerous when directed by pride, impatience, and ignorance to accomplish an evil purpose, as is the case when two boys or two dogs are fighting, or when men flock together by the thousands and march in battle array for mutual destruction, for when man's courage is directed by wisdom and spirituality, he will never choose a cruel and brutal means to accomplish a great end. One of the best tests of moral courage in individuals is when they know a truth to proclaim it, or when they know that a certain course of action is good and wise to persevere in it, though every friend should forsake them, or by so doing they should gain the disapprobation of the world.—*J. W. Steward.*

In every effort we make to do good we exercise moral courage, and in every effort we make to injure another we exercise immoral courage.—*Hattie Post.*

Good courage consists in persevering for the right.—*Ella Hicks.*

There is more moral courage in one kind word or deed than in a hundred brutal victories.—*Isaac Huggihem.*

There is moral courage in patience, self-denial, and in every effort that is made for the happiness of ourselves and others.—*Harris Marks.*

Being kind to those whom others forsake.—*A. Bein.*

In bearing popular prejudices we exert true courage.—*J. Marks.*

True moral courage is that characteristic of the mind which enables us to hold fast to our earnest convictions of right.

To speak the truth on all occasions.

It is true courage to rise and respond to the question.

A four years old cherub in Fountain Group, Maud Gates, said it was true courage “to always tell the truth to my grandma.”

SPECIAL NOTICES.

— Spence's Positive and Negative Powders for sale at this office. See advertisement on second page.

— We will send the LYCEUM BANNER and *The Universe* for \$3.00; or the LYCEUM BANNER and *The Present Age*, one year, for \$2.50.



PREMIUM LIST.

A Premium for Every Subscriber!

The only means by which the circulation of any paper can be extended is by individual effort. Could we leave for a while the management of THE LYCEUM BANNER in other hands, we could soon double the present number of subscribers. Well knowing that there are others equally interested, who need only to know that their efforts are appreciated to make the required effort, we offer the following Premiums. The articles offered are all they are represented, and well worth the price at which they are entered.

For two dollars and one yearly subscription, either of Mrs. Greene's Cottage Stories, a Child's Drama, Cabinet-size Photograph (selection from descriptive list), or the Lyceum Song Bird.

For two dollars, a beautifully colored Photograph, cabinet size (choice from descriptive list), either of Dickens Works, or a Sensitive Fish.

For five dollars, Emerson's Binder, Lyceum Banner size; a boxwood Flute, German silver key, Ivory-tipped, with box; Stella Key, Planchette, or any one dollar book.

For eight dollars, Robinson Crusoe, a handsomely bound volume of the Lyceum Banner, or a Harmonica worth two dollars, best make.

For ten dollars, a Gold Pen, holder and case; Pocket Microscope; Seers of the Ages, by J. M. Peebles, or any other two dollar book; ten copies of the Song Bird, or the new game of Ring Toss.

For fifteen dollars, Holmes Stereoscope (best made) and half a dozen views; a boxwood D Flute, four German silver keys, ivory tipped, with box, or fifteen Song Birds.

For twenty dollars, five one-dollar books for library, fifteen Manuals, Prang's Chromo of Whittier's Barefoot Boy (\$5), a companion picture of same size and price, or twenty Song Birds.

For twenty-five dollars, a rosewood Accordeon, ten keys, double row, price \$5, or a Guitar with patent head, same price, or twenty-five Song Birds.

For thirty dollars, a Music Box, two airs, with sculptured case, \$10.

For forty dollars, a Piano Stool, iron frame, finely upholstered—\$10, or forty Song Birds.

For fifty dollars, Webster's Dictionary, 8,000 Illustrations; the celebrated chromo oleograph of "Mamma in Heaven," a splendid picture for the parlor or Lyceum Hall—\$15, or fifty Song Birds.

For sixty dollars, a silver hunting-case Watch; a splendid Snare Drum, brass hoops, Prussian model, with sticks, or sixty Song Birds.

For seventy-five dollars, Library Books to the amount of \$18, forty-five abridged or twenty-five unabridged Manuals, or seventy-five Song Birds.

For one hundred dollars, a Violin (genuine Glass make) with bow and case—\$25; a rosewood Guitar, fancy inlaid and patent head, with case, same price, or one hundred Song Birds; or—

For one hundred and forty dollars, we will send one hundred copies of the LYCEUM BANNER for one year, and one of Estey's five-octave Melodeons, in portable walnut case—price \$100.

For one hundred and seventy-five dollars we will send one hundred and twenty-five copies of the LYCEUM BANNER and a four-octave Estey Cottage Organ, two stops and double reeds, worth \$145.

Persons sending names at different times must be particular and say they are for the Premium List. The names need not all be sent at once, or from one post office. A faithful account will be kept of all money received, and the premium sent as soon as the last dollar is paid. Specimen copies free to canvassers. Address this office.

Progressive Lyceum Register.

- Battle Creek, Mich.*—Wakeless Hall, 12 o'clock.
Beloit, Wis.—Spiritualists' Free Church at 12 M.
Boston, Mass.—Springfield Hall, at 10½ a. m. Webster Hall—Webster street, East Boston, at 10½ a. m. Mercantile Hall, at 10½ a. m.
Brodley, Maine.
Breedsville, Mich.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sawyer's Hall, at 10½ a. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Lyceum Hall, at 2½ p. m.
Charlestown, Mass.—Lyceum No. 1, Washington Hall, 10½ o'clock.
Chelsea, Mass.—Library Hall, at 10 a. m.
Chicago, Ill.—Meets every Sunday at Music Hall, at 12½ p. m.
Clyde, Ohio.—Kline's Hall, at 11 a. m.
Corry, Pa.—Good Templar Hall, 10 o'clock.
Des Moines, Iowa.—Good Templar's Hall, at 2 o'clock p. m.
Dover and Exceat, Me.—Merrick Hall, at 10½ o'clock, at Dover.
Evansville Wis.—Harmony Hall, at 1 o'clock p. m.
Foxboro, Mass.—Town Hall, at 11 o'clock.
Geneva, Ohio.—Meets at 10 o'clock a. m.
Hamburg, Conn.
Hammonton, N. J.—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.
Johnson's Creek, N. Y.—Meets at 12 M. every Sunday.
Lansing, Mich.—Capitol Hall, at 4 p. m.
Lotus, Ind.
Lowell, Mass.—Lee Street Church.
Lynn, Mass.—Cadet Hall, at half-past 10.
Milan, Ohio.—Sessions 10½ a. m.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Lyceum No. 1, meets in Bowman Hall at 2 P. m.
First Spiritualist Lyceum—Singer's Hall.
New Boston, Ill.—Roberts' Hall, at 2 p. m.
New York City—Everett Rooms, corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, at 2½ o'clock, p. m.
Oswego, N. Y.
Osborne's Prairie, Ind.—Progressive Friends' meeting house.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lyceum No. 1. Lyceum No. 2—Thompson Street Church.
Painesville, Ohio.—Meets at 10½ a. m. in Child's Hall.
Plymouth, Mass.—Meets at 11 o'clock.
Portland, Me.
Providence, R. I.—Pratt's Hall, Weybosset st., at 10:30 a. m.
Putnam, Conn.—Central Hall, at 10:30 a. m.
Richland Center, Wis.—Meets at 1 p. m.
Richmond, Ind.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865.
Rochester, N. Y.—Schlitzer Hall, at 2:30 o'clock.
Rock Island, Ill.—Norris Hall, Illinois street, at 10 o'clock.
Springfield, Ill.—Meets at 10 a. m.
Stoneham, Mass.—Harmony Hall, at 10½ o'clock a. m.
Springfield, Mass.—Organized Nov. 18, 1866.
St. Johns, Mich.—Clinton Hall, at 11 a. m.
St. Louis, Mo.—Mercantile Hall, at 2:30 p. m.
Sturgis, Mich.—Free Church, at 12:30 p. m.
Sycamore, Ill.—Wilkins' new Hall, at 2 p. m.
Toledo, O.—Old Masonic Hall, at 10 o'clock.
Troy, N. Y.—Harmony Hall, 2:00 p. m.
Vineand N. J.
Westville, Ind.—Meets every Sunday at 11 o'clock.
Williamantic, Conn.—Bassett's Hall, at 10½ a. m.
Washington, D. C.—Harmonial Hall, at 12½ o'clock.
Worcester, Mass.—Horticultural Hall, at 11:20 a. m.

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