

Vol. 1

FEBRUARY 1907

No. 2

THE OCCULT

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

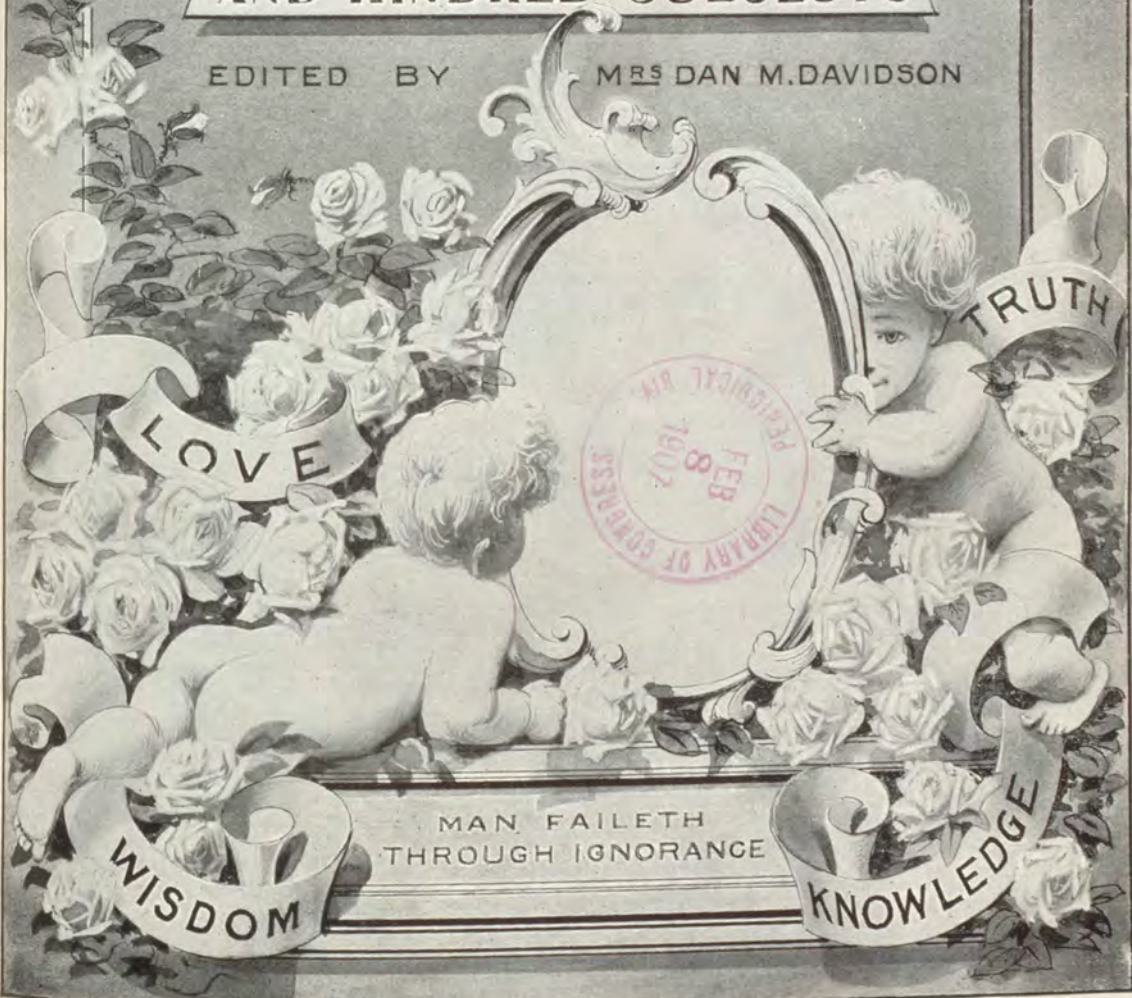
NEW THOUGHT,

PSYCHIC RESEARCH

AND KINDRED SUBJECTS

EDITED BY

MRS DAN M. DAVIDSON



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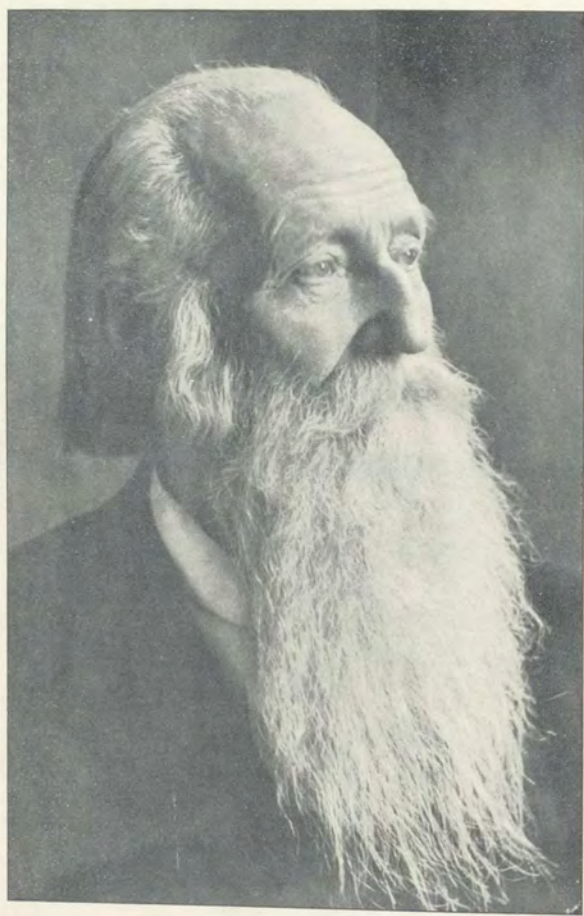
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Price, 10 Cents

The Occult Motto:

*Onward! to progressions
Mountain top.*



J. M. Peebles, M. D.

ODDS AND ENDS.

We are glad to receive articles for The Occult, and hope all contributors will kindly send in their copy at once for the same.

ALL mottoes, articles, poems, etc., which appear in this magazine not signed or quoted are written by the editor.

NOTICE to contributors. In writing for The Occult please remember we do not allow any faultfinding or "kicking at the other fellow."

NEW THOUGHT MOTHERS send us something good for this page. We hope to receive enough encouragement to warrant the opening of such a department.

OUR LETTER BOX: In this department Mrs. Davidson will try to reply to the many hit and miss problems of life, which may be presented to her. All are welcome to the best she can give, hoping thus to lighten the heavy burden of many a wayfarer.

WILL the friends please send us some of their thoughts for success in a letter to THE OCCULT. Let us hear to what heights you have attained. Your very letter may be the means of helping a less fortunate brother or sister. All letters intended for this department should be short and written on one side of the paper.

A few pages of this magazine will be devoted to the study of Antiquarian, Pioneer, Indian, Historical and China relics, also sketches of travels. In these columns will appear many fine cuts. Mrs. Davidson has been a wanderer for years, both in the United States and Canada, and has collected many beautiful specimens which she feels confident will interest our readers.

We are looking for all the good things along this line. Should you happen to have something please do not forget us.

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Seventy-five Cents Per Year.

Ten Cents Per Copy.

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All subscriptions and correspondence relating to this magazine should be addressed to Mrs. Dan M. Davidson, Lock Box 522, Detroit, Mich. All advertising matter should be addressed to Dan M. Davidson, Lock Box 522, Detroit, Mich.

We notify you when your subscription expires (watch your wrappers, it will appear thereon), but we will not discontinue yours unless notified to do so.

It is very important, in changing addresses, that you send both old and new address, writing name and address very plain. If you cannot write plain get some one to do it for you.

All articles, poems, etc., in this magazine are copyrighted, having been written for The Occult unless otherwise stated. Other publications are welcome to quote a portion of any article if proper credit is given The Occult.

The Occult is published monthly at 75 cents per year in the United States; foreign countries, one dollar, payable by international money order. Foreign money, postal notes or postage stamps not accepted. Should a personal receipt be desired, send self-addressed postal card.

Stamps must be inclosed for the return of rejected manuscripts, otherwise they will be destroyed.

All articles, poems, etc., intended for The Occult must be original and written for The Occult.

Our Prizes.

DEAR READERS: Just read some of the letters from our many friends, sending blessings to Mrs. Davidson for the good she has brought into their lives through her lessons.

"How to Unfold Our Psychic Powers, and thereby gain health, happiness and prosperity."

Dear Mrs. Davidson: Excuse me for writing to you when your time is so valuable, but I feel it my duty to tell you how much good I have received since I began taking your lessons. My whole life has changed and I am so happy."—Mrs. C. E. C.

Another lady says: "The lessons are just grand. I could not live without them."—Mrs. H. D. R.

These are only a few of the many letters of thanks.

These lessons Mrs. Davidson has been teaching personally to her pupils for years at \$5.00 per term, consisting of four lessons, but she has now decided to give them printed to any one subscribing to The Occult for the small sum of fifty cents extra. For \$1.25 you will receive The Occult for one year and the same four lessons (quarterly) she has charged \$5.00 for when given privately, and for 15c extra you will receive one of our beautiful satin mottos.

Subscribe now and get your lessons and The Occult and at the end of the year 1907 we will give \$10.00 in gold to the one sending us the largest number of paid subscriptions during the year—and one year's subscription to The Occult free. And to any one sending a club of ten paid subscribers we will give one year's subscription to "The Occult" free and to any one sending a club of fifteen paid subscribers will receive one year's subscription to The Occult and Mrs. Davidson's four lessons free.

Send all money by express or postoffice money orders to Mrs. Dan M. Davidson, Lock Box 522, Detroit, Mich. We will not be responsible for money enclosed in letters.

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THE OCCULT COMMENTS.

Will J. Erwood says:

"THE OCCULT will be a winner. Success must be the watchword."

B. F. Austin, B. A., says:

"Your first number of 'THE OCCULT' is beautiful in appearance, interesting throughout its contents and reflects credit on all concerned in its production."

Tom O'Neill, President of Camp Chesterfield, Ind., says:

"Interesting and instructive from kiver to kiver. Success to THE OCCULT."

E. W. White, Missionary for State of Michigan, says:

"A beautiful, clean sheet with clean writers for the thinking people."

N. H. Eddy says:

"Initial number of THE OCCULT received. The artistic, intellectual and refined expression in which it is presented to the public, shows originality and ability in its designs and presentations. The preusal of its pages cannot fail to please all lovers of humanitarian principles or intellectual and spiritual research.

THE OCCULT will live to benefit all who come in touch with its Love, Truths, Wisdom and Knowledge, as therein presented."

Flora Harding, Millspaugh, Sec'y. Chesterfield, Ind., Camp, says:

"Your magazine received and contents noted with pleasure. I congratulate you upon your initial number, not alone upon your list of excellent contributors, but upon the artistic merit of the front cover, which I believe was designed by yourself, the typography is remarkably superior."

Rev. Alice Baker, Missionary for State of Oklahoma, writes:

"Received THE OCCULT you so kindly sent me. To say I enjoyed reading it would be to say the least. Your editorial has a spiritual and uplifting ring to it that must surely reach all your readers with no uncertain sound. The magazine is spiritual, uplifting, soul elevating, inspiring, and filling a long-felt want; just what the people need. Enclosed please find money order for seventy-five cents for one year's subscription."

The friends of Chesterfield will be glad to read the following letter from Mrs. Frank N. Foster:

My Dear Mrs. Davidson:

Your dear book came to us one day this week past. Thanks to you for remembering to send it to us, it's just grand. I have

enjoyed every word of it and am filling out the form and would like much to have your magazine for the year. What I will be doing hereafter I am not saying now, but you will hear from me again in the near future.

I am pleased to know you are in this work, and every month when I get your book it will be like seeing yourselves almost. Oh, how close you came to me while I was reading this one.

Am glad to know you and Brother Davidson are well. So are Dad and I, happy as two children all the time.

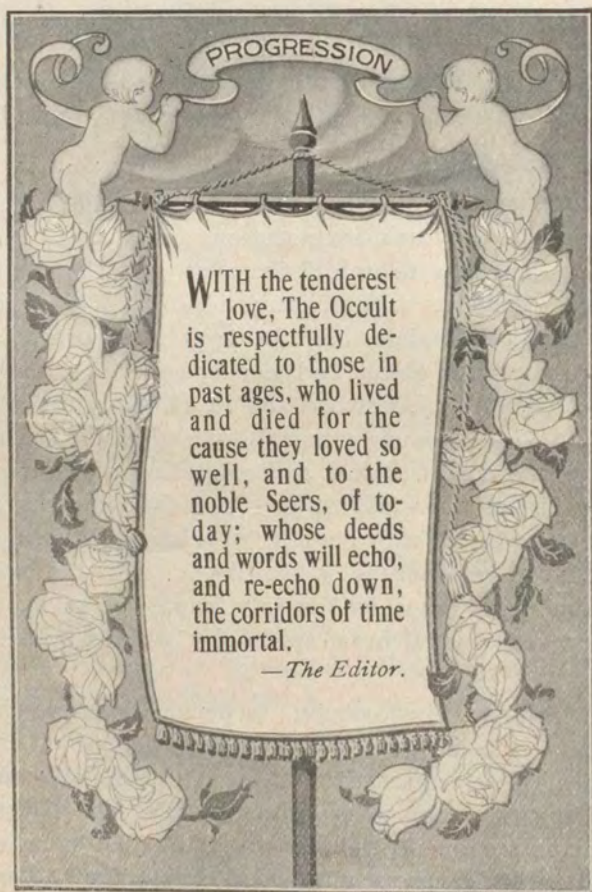
I have thought of you and whispered success ever since I knew where you were, dear. Bless you both, with love from Dad and myself.

M. E. FOSTER.

Lyman C. Howe writes:

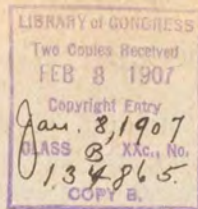
The first number of *THE OCCULT* is full of interest. Dr. Austin's picture is worth a year's subscription, and his pen picture of "Our soul powers and how to unfold them" is worth another subscription. Dr. Peebles thrills us with spiritual ideals and his touching account of his pastoral ignorance, and the appeal of sorrow, melts the icy shadows of sectarian gloom and awakens the inner morning with the breath of love. Will J. Erwood and N. H. Eddy touch a kindred key that vibrate to a common echo. Both emphasize the significance of progress in the emancipation, and exaltation of woman. Annie Gillespie weaves her "Divided" queries into charming rhythm and leaves it with a wonder. A rare gem is "Wisdom and How to Attain It." The sketch of experiences is thrillingly told and full of interest. Those dainty love lines woven into happy verse by Mrs. Dan M. Davidson reveal a loyal heart spiritually attuned to the music of the spheres.

That "Strange Phenomenon" is decidedly interesting, and I am glad to have it in so good relations as it finds in *THE OCCULT*, for preservation. The remark that "Some more superstitious than others claim the spirits are at work" is suggestive. As a last resort, if no other explanation be possible, it might be justifiable to investigate on that line. But without any proof, except that other theories fail to explain, the spiritual assumption is not justified. It reflects against Spiritualism to jump to the conclusion that spirits do everything mysterious, that may happen. There is abundant evidence of the presence and helpful influence of spirits in thousands of ways, and such evidence as conforms to the most rigid demands of scientific exaction, without attributing everything for which the cause is not superficially apparent, to the influence of incarnate spirits. If spirits claim to be "at work" in this phenomenon, it may be well to test the claim. Yours for the cause.



WITH the tenderest
love, The Occult
is respectfully de-
dicated to those in
past ages, who lived
and died for the
cause they loved so
well, and to the
noble Seers, of to-
day; whose deeds
and words will echo,
and re-echo down,
the corridors of time
immortal.

—The Editor.



The Occult.

God helps him who helps himself.

Vol. 1.

DETROIT, FEBRUARY, 1907.

No. 2.

UP THE LADDER.

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

*"Unto each mortal who comes to earth
A ladder is given by God, at birth.
And up this ladder the soul must go,
Step by step, from the valley below;
Step by step, to the center of space,
On this ladder of lives, to the Starting Place."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Chicago American.*

WOULD that it lay in my power to point the way to that spiritual ladder, up which you and I must climb sooner or later. No matter what our lot may be; no matter how high we stand; no matter how low we may have fallen. The time will surely come when we will stop in our mad rush and call a halt, and raising our eyes to that little star of hope, which shines over the pathway of all humanity, dimly outlining the ladder standing waiting for you and me to climb round by round to progression's mountain-top, there to plant upon its summit the beautiful banner of love.

Oh! how little we understand the divine rights of man; our divine rights. How I long to give to the world a clear conception of this wonderful truth; oh! how my soul longs to lift the scales from the eyes of ignorance, to point the way to this spiritual ladder, that all may climb to this higher life. To prove to them the divine right of every soul to reach and enjoy the wonderful beauties of immortal life.

Oh! listen to the sweet voice of love; hark! hear it's whisperings in the soft breezes; in the rushing waters; in the storm; in the early dawn; at the midnight hour; every moment of our lives it is whispering of truth, of light, of hope and love. Oh!

friends! only think what this beautiful philosophy teaches. It teaches the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It teaches that by one's daily life we are, here and now, deciding what we shall be hereafter. It teaches that all our aspirations toward the great ladder of truth only draws to us spiritual intelligences who will help us to fulfill these same aspirations. It teaches that every evil thought we think, or act we do, which is the thought expressed, attract to us evil spirits, for like attracts like, as you think so you will be. Tell me what you think and I will tell you what you are.

Our philosophy teaches that either in this life or the life hereafter we must right the wrongs committed on earth or suffer the penalty of darkened conditions in that beautiful spiritual realm. Fortunate, indeed, is he who makes this atonement, ere he enters that great beyond, where it may take long years of suffering to atone. It also teaches that all suffering ceases with the acknowledgment and the earnest desire to atone for the same.

We are also taught to lean not upon a tortured Christ; to shirk not to the shoulders of another the burdens of our own crimes. Every evil thought, word or act must be erased from the book of life by ourselves and the account balanced ere we bid good-bye to this mundane sphere or suffer the penalty of a spiritual hell, which is no more nor less than a guilty conscience, a condition of remorse experienced by every man and woman who, by living a life of selfishness, thus breaks the law of harmony with the Divine law. While on the other hand it teaches us that when we follow the highest there is within us, ever living up to our own ideal of goodness, we find heaven here on earth, thereby finding a happiness beyond the imagination of the human mind to conscience, and it carries with it the companionship of the highest and best of earth.

This beautiful thought also teaches that after the change called death many a king or queen, emperor or priest are stripped of their rich robes and jewels and clad in the rags of the lowest beggar and the elegant mansions of earth life exchanged for the beggar's filthy hovel; while on the other hand, the outcast, the outlaw, from the laws, of man, or the man or woman who has suffered poverty and disgrace in the cause of truth is honored in the spirit realms.

By the never-failing law of justice we punish ourselves, and that same punishment proves, in the end, to be a blessing in disguise, for it only opens the way for our advancement.

This beautiful truth is daily and hourly working for the moral, mental, and spiritual uplifting of the human race. We were born for happiness not misery, and if we miss our earthly inheritance by ignoring the small still voice of love, we must expect to receive the punishment we have justly incurred.

Friends, the time is fast coming when these great truths will be accepted for the "mills of the Gods grind slowly but surely." Again I say: I long to point the way to this greatest of all ladders that all may climb to its last round, that all may realize every wrong is righted, that the scales of justice are in the mighty hands of wisdom and truth.

WHERE THE PHENOMENA IS PROVEN BY THE BIBLE.

Healing—by the Nazarine.

Matt. viii:5, 13.
Matt. xii:10, 13.
Luke xiv:2, 4.
Mark iii:2, 5.
Luke v:17, 25.
John iv:47, 54.
Luke ix:11.

Healing by Magnetized Articles.

II. Kings iv:29.
Acts xix:11, 12.

Disciples Charged to Heal the Sick.

Matt. x:8.
Luke ix:2.
Luke x:9.

Disciples Heal the Sick.

Acts xiv:8, 10.
Acts iii:1, 8.

Gifts of Healing.

I. Cor. xii:9, 28.

Healing—Old Testament.

Numbers xxi:8, 9.
II. Kings v:1, 14.
I. Kings xvii:17, 24.
II. Kings iv:18, 37.

Materialization.

Genesis iii:8.
Genesis xviii:1; xxxii:24.
Exodus xxiv:10, 11.
Ezekiel xi:9.
Daniel v:5.
Luke xxiv:15, 16, 29, 30, 31.
John xx:19, 30.
Luke xx:30, 31.

Trance.

Genesis xv:12, 17.
Daniel viii:18.
Daniel x:9.
Acts ix:3, 9.
Acts xxii:17.
II. Cor. xii:2.

Spirit Communications in Dreams.

Job 33:15.
Joel 2:28.
Genesis 28:12.
Genesis 31:24.
Genesis 37:5.
Genesis 41.

Spirit Levitation.

I. Kings 18:12.
Ezekiel 3:12, 13, 14.
Ezekiel 8:3.
Acts 8:39.
Matt. 4:1.

Spirit Tests.

Genesis 24:14, 19.
Exodus 4:14, 31.
Judges 6:36, 40.
I. Samuel 1:10, 11, 17, 26, 27.
I. Samuel 10:2, 6, 9, 10.

Spirit Voices—Independent.

Deut. ix:12, 13.
I. Samuel iii:3, 9.
Ezekiel 1:28.
Matt. xvii:5.
John xii:28, 29, 30.
Acts 7:30, 31.
Acts 9:4, 7.
Acts 11:7, 8, 9.

Spirit Writing.

II. Chronicles xxi:12.
Daniel v:5.

Spirit Writing—Independent.

Exodus xxiv:12.
Exodus xxxi:18.
Exodus xxxii:16.
Exodus xxxiv:1.
Deut. v:22.
Deut. ix:10.

Trumpet Speaking.

Exodus xix:13, 16, 19.
Exodus xx:18.
Revelations i:10.

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Deut. v:22.
Deut. ix:10.

Trumpet Speaking.

Exodus xix:13, 16, 19.
Exodus xx:18.
Revelations i:10.

Occultism.

By Abbie Walker Gould.

Written for THE OCCULT.

If all the wonders of earth, and sky,
Could be read by man, as he passes by,
If he could get from the honey bee
The secret it learns from each bush and tree;
If he could gaze in the ant's closest cell,
Who never a thought to her "brood" can tell,
How would occult forces, now concealed,
Like a beam of light be to him revealed.

How do we plodders, in temples of clay,
Hold to false idols, that age and decay?
If man but once lifted the sacred veil,
If with "Wine of Life" his soul did regale,
How would illusions sicken and pale,
And the forces called "occult," concealed within,
Like a distant star would shine on him.

"Occult," we say, yet it is not true.
There is nothing withheld from a wise man's view.
But the soul must bask in the sunlight of God,
Must burst the tomb of the earth-bowed clod,
Must know the "Key" of the spoken "Word,"
And then all power, to man once given,
Like the "three pecks of meal" had in the "leaven"
Will be thus revealed to earth from heaven.



SINGULAR DREAMS AND COMMENTS THEREON.

By B. F. Austin, B. A.

Written for THE OCCULT.

MANY experiences in the waking state are in reality dreams since for a time recognition of surrounding objects is lost and the dream consciousness and characteristics are present.

Goethe in his work on Swedenborg, "Dreams of a Seer," relates the declaration made by the latter, while in Gottenberg, of the fire in Stockholm—50 German miles away. Though this was apparently a waking experience, it is thus ranked among dreams. With this premise we shall relate a number of very singular and well-authenticated dreams and offer a brief commentary on them.

I.

Mr. W. H. Wack, in St. Paul, Minn., dreamt during the night, Dec. 28-30, 1891, that he was on a train journeying from St. Paul to Duluth, Minn.

He had often been traveling over this road, and, looking through the window, he recognized in the moonlight the features of the country. He noticed that he was near the town of Shell Lake, Wis., the train going at high speed, when he heard a piercing shriek, followed by a long moaning. He then felt the train suddenly stop and saw trainmen with lanterns hurrying to the engine. Leaving his

seat, he went out himself and joined the others who were examining the cars. They found blood splashes on nearly all the bearings, and one of the trucks of a forward car was smeared all over with human brains and tufts of hair. They searched the road back for about 500 yards, but did not find any body. All then boarded the train and went on through the burned pine wastes of Northern Minnesota. While pondering over the accident, he awoke, glad in the thought that it was only a dream. On the following morning he told his dream to his family, who found it very ghastly and expressed their surprise that nobody had been found.

On the evening of the same day he read in a St. Paul newspaper (Dispatch), an article headed: "Fate of a Tramp." "Horrible death experienced by an unknown man on the Omaha road," containing a detailed description of just the same circumstances that he had seen in his dream. He also found that he had his dream at exactly the same time as the accident occurred. Later the body of the killed person was found.

After carefully considering the matter, Mr. Wack is now convinced that, although his body was 100 miles away from the place of the accident, he was present in spirit.

The Society for Psychological Research found, after a careful investigation, that Mr. Wack was a very respected and reliable lawyer, and that he had told his dream to several people early in the morning, before the newspapers had contained any report of the occurrence.

A young married lady residing in Cincinnati, had the following singular dream as related some years ago in the editorial columns of the Times of that city.

She dreamed of seeing her brother, who in 1852 left home to brave the hardships of a life in California, that he might secure a competence for himself and his sister. She saw him rise from a bed, in a small, hut-like tenement, and running his hand under the pillow, draw from thence a revolver and a huge bowie-knife, both of which he placed in a belt that encircled his body. The time was not far from midnight, for the embers were yet smoking on the rude hearth; and as they cast their lurid glare over his countenance, she thought that perhaps it was all a dream; but then she concluded that no dream could be so real, and became convinced that all was actual.

While she gazed on his countenance, the expression suddenly changed—it betrayed an intense watchfulness; all motion seemed suspended, and every heart throb muffled, while the eye was fixed on a particular spot near the head of the bed, where—through a small aperture not noticed before—a human hand was visible, grasping a short, keen instrument, looking terribly like a dagger. It ap-

parently sought the head of the bed, for as it touched the pillow it slowly passed down to about the supposed region of the heart, and poised for a second, as if to make sure its aim. That second was sufficient for the brother to rise noiselessly from his seat, draw his bowie-knife from his belt, and advance a single step towards the bed. Just as the dagger descended into the blankets, the knife of the brother came down like a meat-axe, close to the aperture, completely severing the hand of the would-be assassin above the wrist, and causing the dagger and limb to fall on the bed, trophies of his victory. A deep, prolonged yell sounded from without, and on rushing to the aperture and convincing himself that there was but one, the brother unbolted the door and stepped out. The moon was shining, and by its light was discovered a man writhing as if in the last agonies.

The miner drew the body to the door, and turning his face to the fire, beheld the visage of a Mexican who, for some fancied injury, had sworn to never rest until he had taken his (the brother's) life. On examining the man closely, he was discovered to have a wound near the heart, which a long, sharp, two-edged blade in his left hand abundantly accounted for. Failing in the attempt to assassinate his intended victim, he had, with his only remaining hand, driven another knife to his own heart. The lady awoke, and, vividly impressed with the dream, related the substance to her husband, as it is here recorded. Judge, then, of their surprise when, not long after, they received a letter from their brother in California (by the North Star), relating an adventure that occurred on the night of the sixth of December, corresponding in all its particulars with the scene witnessed by the lady in her dream.

In both these dreams the dreamer came into actual knowledge of events transpiring at a distance from the sleeping body. How was this knowledge acquired? Was the dreamer actually present at the scene of the transactions and consequently, "absent from the body" for a time?

No one accepting the Pauline Philosophy can deny the possibility of the ego making temporary excursions from the body while still connected with it. In favor of this view is the fact that dreamers recall very vividly impressions of the environments of the transactions dreamed about—such as would naturally be the result of actual presence on the scene. In another part of this paper we shall also show by authentic narratives that the dreamer has been seen and conversed with at a long distance from where his body was lying in repose.

Or, shall we have to extend the range of the soul's perceptive

powers in sleep very much beyond that of the normal waking condition?

That the soul possesses inherently power of receiving impression of distant events and scenes, we know by many well authenticated experiences in Psychological Research. Such impressions, however, are generally traced to telepathic communications from some mind immediately affected by the transactions and in close sympathetic touch with the dreamer. This might be considered a plausible explanation of the lady's dream, but would not prove so appropriate to Mr. Wack's dream.

On the whole, we favor the theory of temporary absences of the dreamer from the body and his real presence at the scenes witnessed in his dreams.

II.

In the spring of 1870 I had an attack of acute bronchitis, which was very severe, and from the fact that I had a similar attack every winter and spring for several years, I felt considerable alarm, and believed it would ultimately become chronic and perhaps terminate my life. As I was then young, and had just entered on a career of labour which I wished to follow for a long time, I became very dependant at such a prospect. In this depressed condition I fell into a sleep which was not very profound, and the following circumstance, which is still fresh in my mind, appeared to take place. My sister, who had been dead more than twenty years, and whom I had almost forgotten, came to my bedside and said, "Do not worry about your health, we have come to cure you; there is much yet for you to do in this world." Then she vanished, and my brain seemed to be electrified as if by a shock from a battery, only it was not painful, but delicious.

From here it extended to the extremities, where it appeared like a delightful glow. I awoke almost immediately and found myself well. Since then I have never had an attack of the disease. The form of my sister was indistinct, but the voice was very plain, and I have never before had such an experience, nor since.

M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

Dr. De Fleury tells us of a girl who dreams she is pursued by a man, and falls into a ditch and breaks her legs. Next morning she wakes bruised, and declares her legs are broken. It is not so; but her legs are paralyzed (by this dream) for six months. De Fleury tells us of another girl who, dreaming she was outraged, was full of bruises and ecchymosis next day. He says dreams can create physical impressions by momentary paralysis of the vasomotor mechanism.

Here we have clear illustrations of what is generally admitted by psychologists, viz., that mental impressions produced in the dream state, or in hypnosis is very much deeper and more productive of organic results than impressions of the waking state. There seems, therefore, two ways of accounting for Dr. Halbhook's cure: Either his sister actually came to him and imparted the healing influences such as he believed himself to receive, or in some way deep impressions of such an occurrence were made upon his mentality and the cure was wholly mental.

The wonderful power of thought both in the production and cure of disease is daily becoming better understood.

III.

The following appeared in the New York Herald of December, 1887:

About five years ago I lived with my four children, one boy and three girls, on a farm in Massachusetts. This only son, at the age of about fourteen years, lost his life in an accident, about six months previous to this narration. The youngest of the girls was the pet sister of his since her birth. My wife had died some six years previous to this story; being motherless made these children unusually affectionate towards each other. One day I had occasion to buy for my girls each a very small lady's knife, about two and a half inches long. A few days afterwards the girls received company from our neighbors' girls, some five or six of them. My youngest one, some eight or nine years old, was so delighted with this, her first knife, that she carried it with her at all times. During the afternoon the children strolled to the large barn, filled with hay, and at once set to climbing the mow to play, and jumping on the hay. During the excitement of the play, my little girl lost her knife. This terrible loss nearly broke her heart, and all hands set to work to find the lost treasure, but without success. This finally broke up the party in gloominess. In spite of my greatest efforts to pacify the child with all sorts of promises, she went to bed weeping. During the night the child dreamed that her dead, dear beloved brother came to her, taking her by the hand, saying, "Come, my darling, I will show you where your little knife is," and, leading her to the barn, climbing the mow, showed her the knife, marking the place. The dream was so life-like that she awoke, telling her sister that her brother had been here, and showing her where she would find her knife. Both girls hastily dressed, and running to the barn, the little girl, assisted by her sister, got on top of the hay and walked direct to the spot indicated by her brother, and found the knife on top of the hay.

The whole party said that they all looked there many times the day before, and insisted that the knife was not there then. This, I think, is a very remarkable dream. Yours, etc.

Subsequent investigation seemed to confirm the accuracy of the account, as the little dreamer declares she had a vivid recollection of her dream and of being sure in the morning she could go at once and find the lost knife, and the sister who went with her, declares that the dreamer told her on waking, how her brother had come to her in sleep and showed her where the knife was and that she was sure she could find it, as she did.

This dream is typical of a large number in which the dreamer seems to be in actual communication with the departed dead. Who shall say? Who knows enough of the land and law of dreams to dogmatize either way?

(Concluded in March.)

"CAN THE ATOMS THINK? WHAT IS LIFE?"

From the Baldwin Scrap Book.

"MY mind is not a speculative order," said Mr. Thomas A. Edison, "it is especially practical. . . . When I am making an experiment I think only of getting something useful, of making electricity perform work."

"I don't soar; I keep down pretty close to earth. . . . It is my belief, however, that every atom of matter is intelligent, deriving energy from primordial germ. The intelligence of men is, I take it, the same of the intelligences of the atoms of which he is composed. Every atom has an intelligent power of selection and is always striving to get into harmonious relation with other atoms. The human body, I think, is maintained in its integrity by the intelligent persistence of its atoms, or rather by an agreement between the atoms so to persist. When the harmonious adjustment is destroyed the man dies, and the atoms seek other relations.

"I cannot regard the odor of decay but as the result of the efforts of the atoms to dissociate themselves; they want to get away and make new combinations. Man, therefore, may be regarded in some sort as a microcosm of the atoms agreeing to constitute his life as long as order and discipline can be maintained. But, of course, there is

disaffection, rebellion, and anarchy, leading eventually to death, and through death to new forms of life. For life I regard as indestructible. That is, if matter is indestructible.

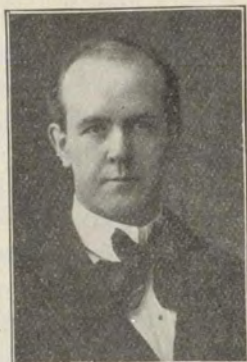
"All matter lives; and everything that lives possesses intelligence. Consider growing corn, for example. An atom of oxygen comes flying along the air, it seeks combination with other atoms and goes to the corn, not by chance, but by intention. It is seized by other atoms that need oxygen and is packed away in corn where it can do its work. Now carbon, hydrogen and oxygen enter into the composition of every organic substance in one form of arrangement or another.

"Very well, then, why does a free atom of carbon select any particular one out of fifty thousand or more possible positions unless it wants to? . . . The atom is conscious if man is conscious; is intelligent if man is intelligent; exercises will power if man does; is, in its own little way, all that man is. We are told by geologists that in the earliest periods no form of life could exist on the earth. How do they know that? A crystal is devoid of this vital principle, they say, and yet certain kinds of atoms invariably arrange themselves in a particular way to form a crystal. . . . Why is there not life in the growth of a crystal? Was the vital principle specially created at some particular period of the earth's history, or did it exist and control every atom of matter when the earth was molten? I cannot avoid the conclusion that all matter is composed of intelligent atoms, and that life and mind are merely synonymous for the aggregation of atomic intelligence.

"When I was in Berlin I met DuBois Raymond, and, wagging the end of my finger, I said to him: 'What moves that finger?' He said he did not know; that investigators have for twenty-five years been trying to find out. If anybody could tell him what wagged this finger the problem of life would be solved. . . .

"I believe that there are only two things in the universe—matter and energy. Matter I can understand to be intelligent, for man himself I regard as so much matter; energy I know can take various forms and manifest itself in different ways. I can understand also that it marks not only upon, but through matter. What matter is, what this energy is, I do not know."

Happiness does not cost anything—why not form the habit?



IN THE REALM OF THOUGHT.

By Will J. Erwood.

Written for THE OCCULT.

I HAVE been requested to write a series of articles along "New Thought" lines for this magazine; while I shall comply with that request to the best of my ability, and to the fullest extent that time and space will permit, I wish to preface the articles with the remark that, as I conceive the situation, there is really no distinctively "new" thought. That is, in the sense that its basis and applicability to life are entirely new.

I recognize the fact that while there are new phrases coined, and perhaps new groupings of ideas—all of which mean substantially the same thing—the **thinkers** in ages far remote from the present era have traversed the ground, and fully understood the real supremacy of the mind of man.

The trouble, I think, with us all is: we are too much inclined to think of our particular concept of things as being the "only" superlative system of thought in the whole world. But, if we would let down the barriers of prejudice, and scan, very carefully, every other system of thought—after we had scraped the label off—we would discover a wonderful unity existing between all ages and the philosophies thereof.

The fact that: "Deeds are thoughts materialized into objective reality—or action—has long since been recognized by the **thinking**

man and woman, as witness the splendid thought of a Plato or a Socrates, a Buddha or a Confucius, as well as the Christs of the ages.

The difficulty, has been, perhaps, not a sufficient number of persons have fully realized the power contained within the mental storehouse; hence the need of the great agitation anent the movement, which for the want of a better name has been designated as the "New Thought." The really new feature it presents is that such great multitudes of people are being awakened, by this agitation, to a realization of the golden possibilities within.

We are beginning to realize the wonderfully great powers which have been suppressed by the system of teaching, which has been in vogue, and are striving for the liberty of conscience and soul, which will give expression to what we know is possible . . . to the God in Man. As one splendid gentleman put it—in a lecture recently—"every man is all of God, not a spark." That is, every man has within him all the potentialities of Godhood. Is this not indicative of growth? And does it not cause courage to rise strong within us all?

And when we have truly learned the connection between the thought and the deed, we will have won much in the battle which everyone has to wage: we will have taken long strides toward self-mastery. I apprehend if every child could be taught to understand—they can be if parents will attend to it—the relationship existing between thought and action, and taught to discriminate between the different classes of thought causes and their subsequent effects, the child mind would the more rapidly grasp the subtle truths which are so needful to the growing soul,—all souls are simply growing souls, that is: souls that are unfolding—and we would have a stronger manhood and womanhood, than is visible today.

In order that we may grow, we must lay aside all preconceived ideas and retain the child heart—eager for knowledge. We must recognize no limitations, for there are limitations only as we make them ourselves. What seem to be such are simply degrees in life that we have not reached.

Sometimes in gazing at a given goal we forget the intervening steps, and as nature is a determined quantity, and says that each successive step must be taken, we are brought up sharply at times, and must needs make good the deficiency—but that is not limiting the possibilities of man.

The child studying the alphabet is limited in his reading—for the time being—to the letters of the alphabet, simply because he is laying the foundations: but given reasonable time, and he is grouping the letters into words and the words into phrases—and almost before he knows it he has mastered all the "limitations" between the A. B. C.

status and graduation, and stands a conquerer with his diploma in hand. Looking back he smiles at the obstacles overcome, and gazing afar forward smiles at the heights yet to climb.

This, too, is true of those of us who have attained the larger growth, if we will but be consistent and learn to apply ourselves in the same earnest way which marks the search of the child for knowledge. We have to know that thoughts are "atoms" of the mind: that out of them we are weaving the web of conscious thinking; and that they are vehicles which convey misery or pleasure into our lives, and the lives of others, and must be rightly dealt with or there is trouble ahead.

It is in the realm of thought in which

"Deeds are marshaled into line,

And works evolved and done."

hence, to use a popular phrase, we must all "get busy" and dig deeply into that realm. We must have concentration of effort, particularly in dealing with the mental man before we can dig very deeply.

We all need to know that there is "light" ahead and look up: we must needs quit "growling" and cultivate sunshine: we must get the cobwebs out of our thinking apparatus and keep it well oiled and in motion, for this is the only way by which we can gain the promised land of master-ship.

Concentration, Optimism, Health, Courage are attributes we all possess, but which some of us have kept dormant; they need arousing, and to waken them, we will discuss them. May we all be so fair and unprejudiced that we will be willing to exchange ideas with our fellows and profit thereby. Everyone can teach every other person something—indeed everything with which we come in contact can teach each one of us something worth while. Let's take the lessons along the highway of life.

The hope of the writer of these lines is to awaken thought—for his own good and yours: and to aid in the dispelling of the clouds—imaginary clouds—by which some of us are beset. We must needs go out into the great, big, sun-kissed world and meet it with a smile, and unafraid. It means victory spelled with a big "V," if we do.

Let us join hands, with the full consciousness of the truth of the inspired words of Rev. Mann, who said: "Every man is all of God." Then let us cut the chains of custom which hold us to the

fearsome anchor of old "authority," and sail away into the realm of thought, fearless, as befits real truth-seekers who hold truth above all else.

Let us know that truths are "stars" which illumine the night of ignorance, and dispel the clouds of superstition and despair: and may we learn that to realize truth is to come to anoasis among the sands of life, while falsehood is a mirage which lures to (mental) destruction. Thus, and thus only, shall we arrive at a full realization of truth, and,

"The Truth Shall Make Us Free."

Seek knowledge, wisdom and truth.

"The lives of great men are our bibles."
—B. F. Austin.

"A thought—good or evil—an act, in time a habit, as runs life's law—what you live in your thought world, that sooner or later you will find objectified in your life."
—Ralph Waldo Trine.

*"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."*
—Lord Tennyson.



THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK CABIN.

A Story of Nome.

By May Kellogg Sullivan.

Written for THE OCCULT.

CHAPTER I.

I AM only a plain and quiet miner, but even these sometimes have sorrows that may be lightened by the sympathies of others. As my experiences are of such an inner nature, however, that it is impossible to share them with another, I am determined to confide all to this friendly journal, hoping it will give me some relief and occupation; at the same time keeping my confidences sacred. That many persons would think my story untrue is, perhaps, one reason for my absolute silence regarding certain happenings which I have ceased to think wonderful or strange, so naturally and frequently do they occur.

This record, then, being written simply for the purpose of passing away the long evenings of an Arctic winter, and of finding what comfort for a sad heart there may be in a pencil and note-book, there is small need of preface or introduction; enough to state that the woman I loved above all others in this world had been my happy wife for a number of years when we decided to come to hunt for Alaska gold.

We lived only for each other. Having been born in the early springtime on the same day of the month, we were, for astrological

reasons, very much alike in sympathies and feelings, having the same intuitions and psychic propensities, as well as similar likes and dislikes. For the same scientific reason our attachment for each other was very great, a feeling which at the first time of meeting sprang suddenly into existence. Why this was so at first we knew not. Later, both being of an inquiring and scientific turn of mind, we learned, through the study of that most wonderful science of the heavens, astrology, the proof and reasons of these and many other things of kindred nature.

Proceeding further with our investigation, after our marriage, we learned of latent possibilities in ourselves which were truly astonishing; but which, notwithstanding our intense interest we kept religiously to ourselves.

We studied and practised thought transference. We experimented along these lines continually even after our novel life in an Alaskan gold mining camp had begun. In winter, during the long dark nights we enetrained ourselves; selfishly, perhaps, but always without ennui, and many curious and even mysterious things occurred.

To develop our God-given psychic faculties we considered it a virtue instead of a vice, as many foolish persons now do; and that a short absence from each other was made more endurable, and meeting again more precious by the use of our new found knowledge, were, with us, established facts.

I have already mentioned our attachment for each other as being very great; but it was beyond words to express. My love for my wife was my ruling passion, my ambition for Alaskan gold being always secondary as were all other earthly concerns.

Her attachment for me was of a like nature, warm and sincere.

My greatest anxiety was her health. Never entirely robust, she had gradually grown less so, even with all my tender care, and as her mind grew and expanded, her body became more frail. At last our physician prescribed an entire change of life and scene. As I was not a rich man, and must, wherever I went, still manage to bring in by business methods enough for our support, it was an important question with us for some time where we should settle.

Olga (for that was the name of my little wife) wished to go to Alaska. There she thought we could together search for the precious mineral only recently discovered in various places; and though the journey was a long one she argued that the change would be beneficial to her.

This question was decided by us in our own unique way.

Several slips of paper were prepared by me, each with the name of a certain place written thereon of which Olga was in ignorance. Each slip was placed in a plain sealed envelope like the others. In a

dark room I was to hand her the envelopes from which she would select the one determining our future course.

It was with a good deal of trepidation that I placed in her hands the envelopes. It meant much to me—as much to her. I hoped no mistake would be made; but I trusted her.

Olga seated herself in a low reclining chair, closing her eyes.

Silently I placed the envelopes in her hands. For an instant she shuffled them, then handed one of them back to me; her eyes still closed. Hurrying into the next room, with trembling hands I tore open the envelope and read the one word Alaska.

Then we came to the northern gold fields. Fortune favored us for two years. Our claims were turning out so well that we planned to build a good house in town soon which would be a comfortable home until, after the further growth of our bank account, we could leave the country forever.

Before that time arrived, however, a thunderbolt had fallen—Olga was dead.

I had gone for two days to my claims on the creeks ten miles away, leaving her alone. At night she was to have the company of a woman friend in order that she might not feel lonely, and the following evening I was to be at home again.

How I hated to leave her! Something like an unseen hand upon my arm held me back; but my men were even then awaiting my orders and I was obliged to go. To remain at home now meant a loss of thousands of dollars as the late rains had so swollen the creeks that sluicing was in full blast after many weeks of waiting on account of scarcity of water.

Olga was in her usual health and smiled brightly, standing in the doorway when I pressed my lips to hers for a goodbye.

“Don’t get lonesome, dear, I’ll be back as soon as possible, and bring a good-sized poke full of nuggets with me too,” said I, hurrying away in the direction of the hills where my claims were situated.

Looking back from the tundra trail which I had been putting behind me as fast as possible for some time I saw her standing in the doorway looking after me, but whether she had remained as I left her, or whether she had returned to the door after going inside, I never knew.

The next time I saw her she was dead.

I had walked ten miles to my claim and superintended the daily “clean up” at the sluice boxes, securing, as I had said I would, a poke full of golden nuggets worth several thousands of dollars. It was a splendid clean-up, but for some unexplainable reason I was restless and uneasy. I had seen so much gold it was getting to be an old story; or my meals had not digested well; or perhaps I was working too

hard—I tried in these ways to account for my indifference. My mind wandered from the work in hand. I looked often in the direction of home and Olga, but the hills were between us. At night I slept fitfully, often waking with a start which disturbed me greatly. At last I looked at my watch. It was past midnight, and I determined to go home.

Going to the creek where the night gang was at work shoveling into the sluice boxes I told the foreman I was starting for home as I believed something had happened.

"You're nervous!" he said.

"I don't care what you call it, I'm going home to see how things are there," and I hurried away towards town.

"Don't worry, Mr. A.," called out the man after me, "your wife's all right, I'm sure," then in a lower tone to himself, "that fellow'll go daffy over his little wife, as he calls her, if he isn't careful. It's a good thing I haven't any, for I couldn't watch her like that if I did have, that's certain," and he turned to the workmen.

I hurried on over the trail, the night being light and clear, the grass dewy, and the sun about to rise; for it was midsummer in Alaska.

Afterwards I remembered these things.

When I had gone about half way home I discovered a horseman coming towards me. He was riding rapidly, and when he drew near I recognized a neighbor.

He reined in his horse.

"Good morning, Mr. A.," said he.

"What is it, Peter, tell me quick! Has anything happened at home?" I cried impatiently.

"Mr. A., I am sorry to tell you, but your ——"

"Don't say she is dead! Don't say that!" I begged.

"Mount my horse, and I'll follow. Go as fast as you can for the animal is fresh," said he; but I heard nothing, saw nothing. I was simply clinging to the saddle as the animal galloped back over the trail.

In a dazed condition I reached home. Our cabin was filled with sympathetic friends trying to assist in some way. As I came in they dispersed, leaving me alone with Olga.

They had placed her upon the couch where she lay with a sweet smile upon her lips; but they were cold when I kissed them—her heart had ceased to beat, and for the first time in all our lives there was no answering pressure when I took her hands in mine.

Oh! the agony of that moment! No tongue can tell, no pen describe the awful loneliness of that hour. She had been a part of my life—of me. I could not live without her; I did not want to try.

Oh, God! How could I bear it? What should I do? I had given her my love, my life, and now she was dead—everything was swept

away and there was absolutely nothing to live for. If I could only die! Dare I take my own life? No, for that would then mean everlasting separation, as she was doubtless now in the happiest place to which mortals could be assigned. I must try to reach her, no matter at what cost. For hours I knelt beside her with her hands in mine, and my cheek beside her cold one.

I was again talking to Olga, as I fondled her face, her hair, her hands.

"Speak to me, my darling," I pleaded, if only once more. I cannot live without you. Why did you leave me? How could you go without telling me? Surely you did not intend to do it, did you, darling?" Eagerly I watched her face hoping to see her blue eyes open and her lips once more move. Could I bring her back by calling her? It might be so; and then I tried, repeating her name again and again, tenderly, lovingly, oh, so lovingly!

Hours passed thus.

The smile on her lips remained.

Presently I listened, my arms about her neck, and my head upon her breast.

I was quiet now. The awful storm which had well-nigh uprooted my very soul was gradually subsiding, I must be ready to hear her if she should come back with a message.

This I believed she would do.

Many times we had talked together of these things, and each had faithfully promised the other to return with comfort and assistance from the mysterious beyond in the event of a separation by death.

Distinctly now I recalled her words. "In order to receive a message from the unseen," she had said. "one must be perfectly passive; there must be no agitation, no wilfulness, no rebellion; but instead, a calm, well-balanced poise of mind, in the attitude of a listener patiently waiting."

I could see her now as she looked while using these words, and then I repeated them many times, growing calmer immediately.

I would listen and wait.

By and by it came.

Only two words spoken with great distinctness in my ear.

"My letter."

Olga's letter! Where was it? I had not seen it—I had not thought to look for such a thing because her departure came so suddenly. A burning building close to our cabin, with wind blowing the flames towards her, had caused the fright and heart failure which deprived me of Olga—but her letter!—I would search for it.

Among her writing materials I found it. A sealed packet directed to me in her own dainty Swedish hand-writing.

I cannot reproduce it here. It was for my eyes only, and written a week previously; but she said she was expecting soon to be called away. She did not wish to worry me with goodbys, and in truth there was no need of saying them for she would be as constantly with me as ever, even though I could not always see her. She did not want me to fail to look for, and call her whenever I specially wanted her, and if I could conveniently manage to keep the poor little body (in which she had lived for nearly thirty years) quite close to me where I could sometimes look upon her face it would greatly assist her in coming to me.

All this and much more she had written, each letter and word of which comforted me as only Olga knew how to comfort, because she understood my very soul.

We had been made for each other. We were souls twinned in creation by a higher power than many know; but it had been given us to understand in her lifetime, and now that she had been called away for a season I must bear it as patiently as possible for her sake, and I would. God helping me I would bear it! I would never detract from her happiness one particle by an unreasoning and wilful grief, but would take her at her word; believing implicitly that what she had promised to do she would do. She had never failed me in life, now I felt certain she would not be less faithful.

Surely the kind Father, whose children we were and whose precepts we had been all our lives trying to follow, would allow my darling, as one of His "ministering angels" to minister to me when in such dire extremity; and because her voice was more familiar might He not permit her to gently guide me along the heavenly way in which she was walking? I was already longing to go to her and might this not be the way? To be sure, it might be only after long, long years of tiresome waiting; but to arrive at her haven at last—oh, the joy of thinking it, and believing!

Suddenly, in this uplifted state of mind, it occurred to me that she had, perhaps, already begun her new mission as a comforter and guide to me whom she no doubt loved as of old, and again I threw myself upon my knees by her side and took her cold hands in mine.

"From the bottom of my heart I thank you, my darling," I murmured. "First I thank you for the letter which is so precious. I knew you would never leave me without a message. I thank you for your explanation, and for the promise of help given in it. You are wiser than I and can guide me safely in accordance with the will of our great Father. Lead me closer to Him and to you." Then remembering how we were accustomed to pray I altered my supplication. "Oh, Father, lead me closer to Thyself and to Olga. We are still Thy children, though Thou hast seen fit to separate us for a time; help me to bear it bravely, to live according to Thy will, and permit me to meet Olga again—here.

The day passed.

In the evening a knock at the door brought me back to my objective senses. I had been oblivious to the outside world all day.

"We thought you might like some coffee and supper, and I have brought it to you," said a kindly miner, who was also a neighbor. "Wife and I will come and stay all night here if you will go to our cabin and get some rest."

I thanked him, declining his last offer, but drank the hot coffee. I then asked him if he would go out and secure the use of the adjoining vacant log cabin for me, so that I could immediately move into it.

This he did, returning in half an hour, asking what further service he could render.

I told him I would move all my belongings into the log cabin, leaving Olga here. This was her house, and was still to be occupied by her.

By midnight this was done. The man had gone home after making me promise to call him when I wanted assistance.

In Olga's cabin of two small rooms there remained only a stove, a couch upon which she still rested, and an easy lounging chair. The door at the front I soon padlocked on the outside, and barricaded within, leaving the back door as the only entrance. Next a man was hired to dig a narrow trench about the whole cabin to conduct all surface water away from the lot. During the hours following I busied myself with the receptacle which would contain the still beautiful, but now discarded body of my darling Olga.

Carefully removing a part of the flooring in the center of the room, I began digging underneath.

The ground was frozen.

A pick and shovel in my hands found their way into the frost-locked earth and gravel; but at a depth of about five feet I stopped.

Her bed was deep enough; also long and wide enough.

It's walls were of ice.

They had dressed her in a robe of pale blue veiling, distinctly suited to her, and upon which rested the long braids of her yellow hair, while her only ornament was her wedding ring upon her finger.

How perfectly serene and happy she looked; I fully expected her to open her lips and speak. When this did not happen, the sense of my awful loss surged back into my brain, seeming almost to take my reason; but another quiet hour by the side of my darling partially restored me.

(Concluded in March.)

WAITING.

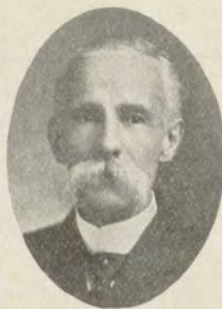
By Mrs. Dan. M. Davidson.

The birds were singing sweetly
In the boughs above my head,
As I sat and listened, dear one,
To the loving words you said.

The echo of their sweet refrain,
Still comes to me in dreams,
Long after all have passed away;
How short the time doth seem.

An angel hand outstretcheth;
And points to love's bright ray;
While the star of hope is shining
To guide me on my way.

I'm sure that thou art waiting;
On the other shore for me,
Where the birds are sweetly singing;
Oh! my heart so longs for thee.



THE RELATION AND INFLUENCE OF THE ZODIAC AND STARS UPON HUMAN LIFE.

By N. H. Eddy.

Written for THE OCCULT.

Astrology is the science of the stars, they have their influence upon all life in its various expressions, it is one of the principles in the great laboratory of nature's universal forces, and it has been learned by study and observation, that each of these planets have a nature of their own like the earth revolving on its axis every twenty-four hours, so does each planet have their own mode of motion and revolution, and it's by their position, aspect or conjunctions with each other, the sun point or earth and especially when stimulated by the aspect of the moon, that there is an expression in result or events. The belief or disbelief as regards the working of these natural principles or forces makes no difference, for in accord with their motion does each one move in their natural orbits of revolution.

The topic of consideration is one that is of interest to all humanity, yet all do not take especial interest in same, still there are many in the vast multitude of earth's pilgrims who are, as time passes on, waking up to the fact that as the saying goes, the world moves, and progress is stamping its magnificent influence upon the minds of human beings, to that extent which expresses itself sometimes in one way and sometimes in another. Some christen it New that or the world's advanced that. Nevertheless, whatever name is given it for people to consider, the same is but the action of universal law.

Astronomy and astrology are but representative parts of the universe which refers to the whole system of created things. Human life and all life is related to these principles in nature's great laboratory of force. Relation; what is it but the act of relating or forming some connecting link between two points or conditions. Influence; what is it but a moving or directing power or that which acts upon. It has been learned by observation that the stars or planets each have a principle or nature of their own. The Zodiac refers to a broad circle in the heavens containing the twelve signs and the path of the sun, which in its yearly revolutions passes through these twelve signs. So do each of the planets have their mode of motion and revolutions, and in their movements pass through these same signs and in their transits or movements do they at times or periods come into aspect or certain degrees of relation with, not only each other, but to the Sun point Geocentrically or earth point Heliocentrically, and in accordance with their nature or force of action do they impress upon all life their expression or influence as per the nature of their own force, but also in accordance with their combined aspect and relations with other planets in their movements through these twelve signs of the Zodiac, and right here let me say in reference to the Zodiac that it has various significations, one of which is that it refers to the human organism. The first sign Aries, refers to the head, Taurus, the neck or positive muscular nerve center of the system; Gemini, the hands and arms; Cancer, the breast and upper chest; Leo, the heart and emotional nerve center; Virgo, the stomach; Libra, the bowels; Scorpio, the generative and constructive section, also termed the negative muscular nerve center; Sagittarius, the thighs and hands; Capricorn, the knees; Aquarius, the legs, and Pisces, the feet, same comprising the whole human organism. These twelve signs comprise 360 degrees, 30 degrees to each sign and each sign has a planet, termed as ruler or significator of that sign. Then there is in the Geocentric system a subdivision of the signs termed Decanates of ten degrees and each Decanate has its planet or significator of ruling force, same either enhances or modifies the action of the general ruler of the sign, hence, discrimination must be used by the student in judging the expression of these different lines and forces, these things are not new to the older students in the science, yet it is the object of the writer to try and interest those who have not made so thorough a study of these lines, also, to try and interest humanity and people in general to search into these truths in nature's forces, that are daily helping to give expression in some form or another, not only upon their physical and mental, but general lines and experiences of life. Each native born into this mundane sphere of existence, is stamped with the magnetic and electric vibra-

tions that are polarized to the birth points, as per the data of natives' birth into this life, and each of these stars or planets having their own nature, give influence accordingly, only as they come separately to act upon a given point, but in combination with other planets, then the action changes somewhat, as per the nature of combined relation of forces that come together by transit or directions, same giving expression or a bearing of influence upon all life, be it in the animal, vegetable or human kingdom of existence. There are those who scoff the idea of the stars or planets having any influence upon them, nevertheless, they who have no knowledge of these forces, are passing through the daily experiences, actuated by these universal laws or principles in nature. Their belief or disbelief does not stop the action of nature's forces. If they would stop and study for a while into the workings and principles of these natural laws of the universe, they would in a little while be like unto the noted Kepler. The following is his quotation, "A most unfailing experience * * * of the excitement of sublunary nature by the conjunction and aspects of the planets, has instructed and compelled my unwilling belief."

I will give a few quotations as follows: "Both lunar and planetary influence are founded on facts in nature, and surely no apology can be expected for calling attention to natural laws."—R. Montgomery Martin.

"We have seen his star."—St. Matt., 2nd chap., 2nd verse.

"Their rule is gone out through all the earth."—Ps. xix, 4th.

"Let them be for signs."—Genesis, 1st, 14th.

"Thy kingdom shall be sure unto thee, after that thou shalt have known that the heavens do rule."—Daniel iv., 26, v ii.

"How often the discoveries of modern days have served to redeem the fancies of mediaeval times from the charge of absurdity. If the direction of a bit of steel suspended near the earth can, as General Sabine has proved, be influenced by a body like the moon, more than 200,000 miles distant from it, who shall say there is anything preposterously extravagant in the influence ascribed to the stars over the destinies of man by the astrologers?"—Dr. Daubeny, the Oxford Professor.

Let those who deny or scorn the idea that the stars have an influence upon life, study these natural forces and they will find that evidence which they cannot refute. The wind bloweth and ye hear the sound thereof, but no one can tell whither it cometh or whither it goeth, yet they know that the wind blows. Again I call attention to the Zodiac and its reference to the divisions of the year—spring, summer, autumn and winter—each sign comprising a part of two months, as per the period when the sun passes the meridian of one

sign to another, constantly forming new aspects or relations with the different planets. Thus time ever marches on in its ceaseless round and brings into life the various lines of experiences which goes to make up the existence of human beings, and the end is not yet. More could be stated, but time at this writing does not permit. I trust that the foregoing may interest some one to search into the truths of these universal forces.

THEY RETURN.

On Christmas day Mr. and Mrs. Davidson boarded a Woodward avenue car, en route to the ferry. As Mrs. D. stepped up on the platform, she said to the conductor, who was gazing about him with a wistful anxious look: "A merry Christmas, my friend."

"Thanks," he replied, "the same to yourself. It has been a long day, but I only have one more trip to make, then comes my Christmas," and his whole face lit with expectancy. Time passed, the incident drifted from the mind of both Mr. and Mrs. Davidson. Several days later they again boarded a car, and as they were about to alight, the conductor said: "Excuse me, lady. Were you not on my car Christmas day?"

"I guess so. Why do you ask?" she replied.

"You wished me a Merry Christmas then," he said, his face beaming with pleasure, "and I want to wish you a Happy New Year, that's all."

"Well! bless your heart, and is that not enough!" exclaimed Mrs. D., stopping to gaze into the face before her.

"Many, many, happy New Years to you, sir," was sent after him as his car moved away, leaving her standing dumbfounded in the street.

Friends, thus all good returns to him who gives. That one wish that she might have "a happy New Year" and the bright smile which accompanied it, will be golden sticks in memory's wood box for many a year to come.



THE PSYCHIC UNIVERSE.

By Lyman C. Howe.

Written for THE OCCULT.

Nature is the omnipresent soul. She occupies and uses the omnipresent body, called Matter. The two are in intimate union, yet quite distinct. Is this unwarrantable dogmatism? Is not the Soul of Nature recognized by latest science? Are not causes recognized as invisible, intangible—to physical sense—yet potential in evolving phenomena?

“Prof. Lockwood’s Molecular Hypothesis” is pretty well supported by facts, and that recognizes the “Soul of things” and invisible modes of motion evolving all the manifestations of Nature. This hypothesis may not be a settled question, but most of the facts in the laboratory conform to it, and by it many things are explained that were hidden mysteries without it. I think the trend of discovery and of scientific speculation are in the direction of this molecular hypothesis. Besides, there are countless testimonials to this invisible, yet powerfully real, supersensuous universe with which we are in close relations every moment. From it all visible phenomena flow. Into its marvelous realms clairvoyance leads the quickened spirit, and a million wonders flash upon the astonished vision, as the obscurations of the physical universe fade into transparent shadows.

The evidence is overwhelming. The Soul of Nature is a glorious and demonstrable reality. Man is an evolution of Nature. He inherits from the Cosmos an individual soul and a body of matter in which to relate him to primitive problems of this primary sphere. We are immortal souls, inhabiting, for a season, mortal bodies. This is the initiative stage of our individuality. It may be objected that no man knows, or can know, that any soul is immortal. Technically that is true. But when we consider the scheme of nature as revealed in the progressive order of evolution, from the simplest Amoeba, or speck of protoplasm, to the wonderfully complex structure of a human body, with all its varied functions, the climax of which is the thinking, reasoning brain, and its associate sympathies impressing every center in the nervous ramifications of the whole structure, and then demonstrate that the reasoning soul persists with all the personal attributes and mental characteristics, after the body of flesh is consumed and vanished away, there seems to be no good reason for doubting that it will continue forever. To begin aright this temporary being should be exercised in such ways as best express and educate the soul for its eternal journey. Every function should be temperately, healthfully employed, and all habits of mind and body trained into harmony with the best balanced individuality which educated ideals can suggest. But rarely is this thought of in this life. To gratify appetite and vain ambition is the dominant purpose with the great majority. Building character is a minor consideration, if it is considered at all. But a glimpse of the psychic universe must inspire the beholder with ecstatic realization of the supreme value of life in its relations to the Spiritual Cosmos and the enduring happiness to be attained by living for it.

Every duty and pleasure of life is illuminated and exalted by psychic experiences and spiritual contemplations. Habitually thinking of nature as an Infinite Soul, and interpreting her varied phenomena as manifestations of its spiritual life, brings us nearer, ever nearer, to a conscious realization of the boundlessness of being, and the supernal splendors that appeal to us in the magic revelations of the Psychic Universe.

*Before condemning the other fellow, just
study the face in the mirror.*

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

By Yram Eezml Yroma.

Written for THE OCCULT.

THE Great Spirit is One, but with dual or polar activities, by which means it manifests itself in its creation, the Universe, which is its expression; which creation, like its Creator, is in essence one, with dual or polar activities swinging, vibrating, forming, transforming, weaving the intricate web of life, 'till such time as the perfected pattern shows forth the Weaver, 'till the design in its utmost perfection and beauty manifests the Designer, when, having performed their labors, the polar activities rest, by coming into equilibrium, balance, union, blending, at-one-ment; the expression being perfected has come into accord and is one with the Expressor; man perfected, is irradiated by Spirit, and becomes of like nature and one with it, a Divine incarnation, manifestation or expression.

Jesus was the first individual on earth to attain this at-one-ment, this unity, balance or equilibrium of his dual forces, of his polar natures, and thereby the perfecting of the likeness to the Creator, with whom by that perfecting he became one.

This is the "absorption into Deity" of the Orientals so little comprehended by Occidentals; not a submergence of the identity, but an apotheosis of it. Through the centuries this so-called mystery has been understood by a few, who have taught it to those who would learn, and in symbol have preserved the knowledge 'till such time as all should ask for it in the need that comes to all men sooner or later of comprehending themselves, and their own whence and whither. Of these symbols one of the most ancient is the Sphinx, a recumbent figure with the body of a lion and the head of a man, or sometimes the head of a ram.

The body of the lion typifier, the Leo or love nature, the feminine or negative pole of being; the head of the man, or of the ram

(Aries), the intellect, wisdom or positive pole of being; the two conjoined, united, blended in one manifestation symbolize the marriage or final union of the two natures, the male and female, positive and negative, man and woman, in every human being.

And the pose of perfect serene peace and rest, of eternal calm of the Sphinx is "the peace that passeth **understanding**" though not **comprehension**, a peace known by the blended, completed, balanced, unified soul that has ceased to be bandied about by its own unbalanced forces. The "helpmeet" he has so long sought outside of himself he has found within, in the blending of his own twin natures now made one, the equilibrium and equipoise of his polar forces. The restless search is over, the unsatisfied longing is met and satisfied, and he "rests from his labors," for he is at peace within, being complete.

The Greeks tell how the Sphinx propounds a riddle: "What is it that walks with four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?" And they tell how Oedipus guessed the riddle, declaring the answer was "Man, because in infancy he goes on all fours; when grown, on two feet; and in old age, with a staff." This answer, too superficial taken literally, bears deeper meaning than appears on the surface. The soul of man in the dawn of his experience manifests in and through the animal kingdoms; he creeps, he goes on all fours, he walks with four feet, 'till more fully grown, farther evolved, he learns to walk upright, he has arrived at manhood. Then, when full of years, of experience and wisdom, he creates for himself a staff and stands upon a triune foundation, no longer supported upon two, but depending upon a third support which supplements the twain whose activities have now become quiescent and their powers limited. In other words, the human being, no longer dualized, but unified by the union of the twain within him, born again into a nature which he has never before manifested, but which potentially has been his from the beginning, the attainment of which has been the goal of his pilgrimage, a nature that comprehends both poles and completes the rounding out of his whole being. No longer simply man or woman, but a whole human being, and in the perfecting of this wholeness he becomes irradiated with the Divine, which is the coming of the Holy Ghost, meaning the coming into perfect expression of his whole Spirit, whereby he becomes "the temple of the living God."

It is not without significance that tradition associates Jesus with the Sphinx; for they embody the same truth, the same work, the same accomplishment. The Sphinx is "the lion (Leo, love, feminine), and the lamb (Aries, intellect, masculine, positive) lying down together," and their unification or blending is the new crea-

ture, the new birth, or becoming the little child," who shall lead them—rule them.

Jesus is called the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and the Lamb; and the Elder Brother (first-born of the Divine humanity), the Way, and the Door, to the goal of wholeness, of oneness.

It is not enough to see or know of and believe in a path being the right path, or a door the right door, we must walk it, enter by it, find the goal each one for himself. Jesus blazed the way and made it thereby easier for all to follow. We are all His younger brothers, when, as in Him, the new self is born of the twain as it must be sooner or later in every soul without exception.

He was the type of the new humanity now on its way, tender, intuitive, feminine, wise, strong, virile, blended to a perfect symmetry and balance.

His appearance was the first coming; the universal incarnation of the Divine in the human, and the making whole of all men will be the second coming, and the signs preceding the second coming are at hand. All compounds are preceded by seething and commotion, "a turning, turning, and overturning 'till He whose right it is to reign shall come."

Not necessarily the historical Jesus come again in the flesh, but the Divine incarnation made universal, and all men grown to Jesus' stature, and become each one as he was, a "temple of the living God."

For untold centuries the sublime but mysterious stone Sphinx of Egypt has awed and puzzled the thousands of mankind who have looked upon it feeling its strange fascination yet unconscious that it symbolized themselves, a prophecy of what every human being is to attain, a symbol of the universal, and perfected humanity that is to be.

And when it has told its message to the world, when it is no longer a mystery, when its riddle is no more a riddle, and mankind fulfills its prophecy, then, and not 'till then, will the great stone symbol crumble and be no more, or sink beneath the sea, as in the legend.

"Every drop of blood spilled in all the wars of the last century, have only been blessings, only a step toward human progress."

—Will J. Erwood.

FORETOLD.

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

It was some where about the fall or winter of 1835, in the good old days of candy pulls and apple bees, when both old and young liked nothing better than to meet at some friend's house, there to enjoy the games of sport or pull the home-made molasses candy, at the same time paring the apples for drying that the housewife may have her winter's supply for the rich pies and the good old-fashioned dumplings.

One evening a crowd of happy hearts met to wile away the time in this way at a farm house situated among the hills of western New York State. Everything went merrily on until someone called:

"Oh, let's have Deloss tell our fortunes!"

Deloss was a young man of some 25 summers, a fine specimen of manhood, standing about five feet eight, straight as an arrow, with black curling hair and deep blue eyes, shaded by heavy brows. And a general favorite. "Alright" called a young lady full of life and happiness. "Come Deloss, here is your hat, you must tell mine first, for I am your sweetheart you know," laughing joyously.

Slowly the young man rose to his feet and taking the hat from the hand of her he loved, his eyes rested for a moment upon the sweet face, then, with a sigh as of pain, they turned and gazed into the inky blackness of the hat he held in his hand; only for one instant did he look, when his face became pale as death, and suddenly throwing his head back he looked the young lady straight in the eyes, exclaiming:

"My God! Don't ask me to do this thing again. I can't; I can't; it's all nonsense anyway," and turning aside he strode to his

seat and no amount of coaxing could persuade him to again take up the hat, and for the rest of the evening it was noticed his eyes followed the girl he loved with a sadness never seen before.

Soon after the party broke up each going their separate way, and that night after young Deloss was seated alone in his room beneath the eaves of the old farm house he penned a letter which he sealed and addressed to the friends of Nellie A. to be opened Tuesday —, 183—; this he handed to a neighbor in the morning to hold in trust.

Time passed, and the beautiful sweetheart of Deloss S——— sickened and died just three weeks from the night her lover had refused to tell her fortune.

After the funeral, the neighbor, to whose care Deloss had confided his letter, was requested to open and read the lines intrusted to his care over three weeks before, of which the following is a copy:

“Saturday, —, 183—.

To Whom It May Concern:

While looking into the hat tonight, in a spirit of fun, I saw the girl I love lying in her coffin cold and dead. I saw the funeral, the mourners, and Mr. B. preaching the sermon, while Will, Ben, Joe and myself were the pallbearers.

Oh! God! pity me, my darling will breathe her last just three weeks from tonight at this hour twelve o'clock midnight.

Oh, tell me what is this strange gift I have of penetrating the future.

DELOSS S———.

The writer knows the people well and can vouch for the truth of the above. Deloss passed to the spirit world almost 25 years ago, where it is to be hoped he met her he loved so well in boyhood days.

“Let the good be ever uppermost.”

—E. Mead.

The Museum.

In this department we hope to interest the Antiquarian, Pioneer, Indian, Historical and China, relic hunters.

SITE OF ANCIENT SUSA.

Interesting Facts in the Memoirs of Jacques de Morgan.

From the Baldwin Scrap Book.

THE French Government has published the first volume of the memoirs of Jacques de Morgan, which deal with his exploitations for the site of the city of Susa. M. de Morgan ran a series of tunnels into a mound at various levels and found traces of five distinct settlements. One of these he found to be the site of the Græco-Parthian city which existed between 300 and 200 B. C. Beneath this he found the Persian city of the Achæmenian Kings, which existed between 500 and 300 B. C., and beneath this the older city, which had been almost wholly destroyed in 640 B. C.

He proved that the city, although wrecked, had not been totally destroyed by the Assyrian, Asurbanipal (Sardanapalus). In the debris he found a cylinder of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, showing that the city had been occupied during the Jewish captivity and possibly that Daniel had visited it, for tradition says that he was buried there.

The memoirs go on to say that the discovery of brick records and charters of the Kassite rulers show that this city probably dated from the year 1800 B. C., or about the time when the Kassite rulers conquered Babylonia. One inscription supplies the whole details of the Corvee system in Babylonia. Inscriptions of much older date were found in one chamber, the most important of which was a fine stele of Naramsin, son of Sardon, who reigned in 3880 B. C., proving incontrovertibly the historical character of the ancient rulers. The King is

represented as wearing a horned helmet, carrying a bow and spear and wearing a long beard. His countenance was of the Semitic type. He has a foot on a dead foe while another is falling, wounded, while trying to draw an arrow from his breast. The work is most spirited.

Further down M. de Morgan found traces of a wooden city, which had been destroyed by fire. This contained stone maces, a flint sickle and hand-made pottery. There was no metal of any kind and no inscriptions.

Still lower, thirty feet above the virgin soil, there was found an older settlement, containing rude flint instruments and pottery. The date of the two primitive settlements M. de Morgan is unable to determine.

A TRIP TO THE PEARL FIELDS OF INDIANA.

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

IT was in the early fall of 1905 I made a brief visit to "Old Vincennes," Indiana, the headquarters for the great Wabash river pearl industry. It was a surprise to learn to what extent this business has developed from an occasional pursuit into a great science.

Thousands of men are engaged in this profitable industry, most of them working on their own responsibility, gathering the tiny little treasure where it is found so cleverly concealed within the shell of the fresh water mussel. One of the interesting features is the constant outlook for pearls, almost every man you meet has his little bundle of pearls wrapped carefully in cotton batting and stored away in some one of his numerous pockets for safe keeping, and in order to be handy in case of an opportunity to sell.

Thousands of clams are opened daily and carefully searched for their pearl treasures, many of which are not larger than a pinhead, while others are found in all conceivable shapes and colors, these are called slugs, and are used mostly for stick pins, scarf pins, broaches and all kinds of jewelry.

One of the pearl buyers, a gentleman from Alabama (whose name I have forgotten), showed me several beauties, one of which attracted my attention in particular. The pearl was an exact repro-

duction of the body of a turtle without the head and feet, about one-half inch in length and pure white in color. This curious little freak of nature the gentleman had mounted in gold supplying the head and feet of the precious metal, and when finished it was as beautiful a stick pin as I ever saw, and was sold for one hundred dollars.

Many thousands of dollars change hands among the pearl industries in one day. The great jewelry houses from all parts of the world are represented here, and when an unusually fine one is found they will flock there in great numbers. The price ranges from one dollar up to thousands.

Can you, dear reader, imagine a bushel of these sparkling little jewels? Well, I have seen piled in one room at one time more than could be gotten into a bushel basket.

The shell of the mussel is used in the manufacture of pearl buttons. This also is a great industry; there are several large factories in the vicinity of Vincennes who thus convert the clam shell into articles of commercial value.

But, I am sorry to say, the pearl-bearing clams are rapidly disappearing from the sandbars of the Wabash, Mississippi and Arkansas rivers at a rate that threatens to make the species extinct in a short time, and unless new fields are discovered the pearl fishing industry of the United States will soon be a thing of the past.

*A loving act; a gentle pressure of the hand;
a tender glance of the eye; a simple gift; a
thought of sympathy, are blessings even the
deaf, dumb and blind can understand.*

Humanitarianism.

With loving sympathy this page is respectfully dedicated to the memory of a faithful friend —my dog.



DAISY "D".

AS I gaze upon the picture of my dear little thoroughbred fox terrier, Daisy "D.," whose half-tone appears above, I wonder how so many can say the dog cannot think or reason. She was presented to me by a gentleman in London, Ont., and was a beauty as the above illustration will prove. She was only three weeks old when I received her. She was brought up on a nursing bottle. Mr. D. and I were traveling at the time, and it was very amusing to the people we came in contact with to see the tiny little thing take the rubber in its mouth and nurse its food.

One day I was fondling her when the thought came, I can teach you to talk; so from that time I began to train the puppy mind to answer when spoken to, and by the time she was two

months old she would reply to my questions by bowing and shaking her head, not alone for me but any one who might ask her a question.

One afternoon I dressed to go out and "Daisy" begged to go. But not wishing to be annoyed with her I said, "You stay at home, sweetheart, and take care of mamma's room, and should any one come you bite them." But this did not meet with her approval, so she sat up in front of me and shook her head. "All right," Miss Daisy, if you do not stay and please mamma she won't bring you any nuts." She immediately nodded her head and jumped to her cushion, where she laid down and watched me as I closed and locked the door.

At the time of which I speak my husband and I were stopping at one of the leading hotels in Jackson, Mich. I was gone for an hour or so, and upon my return I noticed some one had been in the room. Of course this somewhat surprised me, as the dog would not allow any stranger to enter while she was on guard, so I said to her: "Who has been here, Daisy; was it papa?" She jumped and danced around me nodding her head all the time. I then said: "What did he want, sweetheart? Show mamma?" She ran to a small rocker which stood in front of the table and, leaping into it, she put her paws up on the table and ran her nose back and forth on a sheet of note paper which was lying there. "Oh! he wrote a letter, did he?" I inquired. She immediately nodded her head in reply. When my husband came in I asked him to whom he had been writing.

"How did you know I had been writing, or that I had been up here?"

"'Daisy' said you had," I replied, laughing.

One day Mr. D. brought a little puppy home and was surprised to see "Daisy" take charge of it, and show her teeth if any one went to touch it. One morning I noticed her licking the puppy's eyes. Calling "Daisy" to me, I inquired if there was anything the matter with the baby's eyes? She nodded her head, and I asked, "Why, he is not blind is he?" Another nod was my answer, and "Daisy" ran over and bunted the puppy's ear with her nose. "What is the matter with it's ears, he is not deaf is he?" Again she nodded, and upon examination it proved to be a fact. The dog was both blind and deaf.

Friends, if my dear little pet did not have reasoning powers, how could she tell me what she did, and how could I teach her to talk?

There was five words she would articulate plain enough for a stranger to understand; they were "Mamma," "I won't," "No," and "Out."

WITH THE CHEF.

Breakfast.

Canned Peaches and Cream.
Eggs Fried in Butter.

Oat Meal.
Graham Gems.

Coffee.

Dinner.

Velvet Soup.

Celery.
Mashed Potatoes.
Apple Pie.
Nuts.

Potato Salad.
Hubbard Squash.
Cream Cheese.
Raisins.

Tea or Coffee.

Supper.

Cornmeal Mush and Cream.

German Fried Potatoes.

Wheat Cakes and Maple Syrup.

Apple Sauce.

Popovers and Butter.

Tea.

Cake.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Chef Levi, of Windsor, Ontario, for most of the following recipes:

Graham Gems—Two cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 tablespoonful of molasses, 1 egg, 1-3 of a cup of butter. Milk enough to make a soft dough. A pinch of salt. Mix the baking powder in the flour and add all together. Bake in gem tins.

Popovers—Two eggs, 2 cups of milk, 2 cups flour, a pinch of salt. Whip the eggs to a light foam, add the milk, then the flour and stir to a smooth batter. A tablespoonful of melted butter may be added if desired. Bake in buttered gem tins.

Custard Cake—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls cold water, one cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls yeast powder. Bake in jelly tins. Mixture for filling above: One coffee cup of milk, three-fourths cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter; when nearly boiling add three tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in a little milk, and one egg well beaten; stir this until it boils, when cold add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Spread between the layers of cake.

Pie Crust Glaze—In making any pie that has a juicy mixture, take an egg, and with a brush or bit of cloth wet the crust of the pie with the beaten egg, just before putting in the mixture.

Potato Salad—Take 4 or 5 cold boiled potatoes thinly sliced, a small onion, a green pepper, 1 hard boiled egg chopped finely, add a pinch of salt and add potatoes. Serve with salad dressing.

A Nice Salad Dressing.—Beat to a cream 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, then add 1 teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a table-spoonful of dry mustard, 1-4 cup of cornstarch, 1-2 cup of vinegar. Beat all together until smooth, then add 1 pint of boiling milk. Then let it come to a boil and take off and cool.

MRS. WILL LASHBROOK.

Velvet Soup—Three ounces tapioca, two ounces butter, two eggs, three pints water, two cloves, one teaspoonful salt, pepper. Put the water and cloves in a sauce pan over a good fire, and when boiling fast, scatter in the tapioca, stir well, boil for three-fourths of an hour, then add pepper, salt and butter; take it off the fire, beat the yolks of the eggs well, put in a tureen, pour soup over gradually, stirring all the time, and serve at once.

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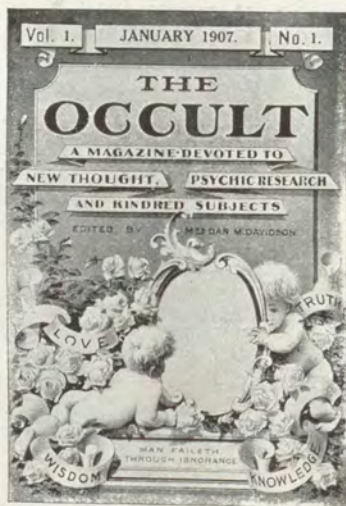
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