



Progress, the Universal Law of Nature: Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

VOL. 13.

CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1896.

NO. 324

THE SECULAR PRESS.

EXTRACTS THEREFROM, ILLUSTRATING THE GRAND WORK IT IS DOING FOR THE CAUSE.

SPIRITUAL TRUTHS

As Illustrated by the Editor of the New York Herald.

HE PORTRAYS IN VIVID LANGUAGE THE EVILS OF THE WICKED TONGUE, AND ASSERTS THAT VIRTUE IS CONTAGIOUS.

"And their tongue is deceitful in their mouth."—Micah, vi:12.

The one thing to be guarded most carefully is the tongue. Deceitful tongues have done more harm than all the wars that have ever been waged. Cities have been ravaged by the sword, but reputations are ruined by the tongue. As a weapon of revenge, slander and gossip are surer than poison. They are more cunning than the subtlest drug, and more effective, for while the one produces death, which is a matter of very little consequence, the others result in despoiling a life, which is a matter of infinite moment.

There are two crimes which stand side by side at the head of the list—to speak evil of your neighbor, and to listen to it. The listening ear and the slanderous tongue are the two organs of the human body upon which the devil chiefly depends for the accomplishment of his purposes. If you will give him your ear and let him find the tongue to fill it, heaven will grow sad and the pit will rejoice.

One of the highest virtues the heart can cherish is the virtue of a dull ear when slander croaks. Slander is never backed by a good motive. It is only a base heart that can say base things. The homes are countless that have been wrecked by loose talk which had no more foundation than "the baseless fabric of this vision," and he who denies it does what he can to enrich himself, but makes some else poor indeed. As a general thing, when one slyly distills an evil rumor in your ear, it is because he hopes it is true. If the rule of Christ were followed, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone," slander would sink away and hide itself as did the accusers of the Magdalen in the olden time.

How precious may a few words be if rightly and opportunely spoken; if they take the form of encouragement; if they have a warm and generous impulse behind them! What miracles they may work in one's life! "I have dreamed a dream!" cries the hopeful youth as he faces the future. Someone hears him and replies: "made my dream come true, and you can do the same." How changed that future is and what fresh inspirations are added to that soul just getting a glance at the reality of things! "Nay, nay," says the saintly matron to the young girl who is about to step aside from the path of virtue, "this is God's world, and we must do God's will at any cost to ourselves. A temptation becomes bitterest, and opposite the best lies the worst. What can the mind conceive more unworthy of an immortal soul than a phrase so framed that it bears discouragement to him who hears it? A sentence that contains an intemperate may cause more evil than can be measured. If a man is trying to get out of the pit such a sentence is like a heavy hand placed on his shoulder pushing him back. To spread a rumor of evil concerning any one, and especially concerning any woman, is to do an act at which the angels weep, and on which the very heavens frown. It is hard enough to do right under the best of circumstances, and he who adds to the difficulty may perchance make it thereby impossible to do right, and so seal the doom of a struggling fellow-creature. Words are sometimes as light as a feather in the wind, but at other times they are as heavy as lead, or they may even crush like an avalanche.

We should be helpful, not hurtful, to each other. It is one of the primary demands of the Christian religion that we shall love our neighbor, and where love is there is always pity for the falling, but never a word that shall make it easy for them to slip further down. Open your mouth to say all the good you can of every one, but seal your mouth against the utterance of a sarcasm or a captious word. Let it not be said in the future when we shall see face to face, instead of through a glass darkly, that you pressed any soul back by an ungenerous utterance; for words are things, words are piercing swords, words are blizzards that tear trees up by the roots, words are lightning bolts that strike sometimes to kill.

If you can say nothing good say nothing at all. Remember the legend of the stranger who stood unknown in the crowd that was curiously gazing at a dead dog. The poor creature had many blemishes and they were all enumerated by the lookers-on, but one mild voice

was heard saying: "He had beautifully white teeth." They turned in surprise, and a woman whispered: "It must be the Christ, for He alone could say anything good of a dead dog." The example is worth following.

And how much better the world would be if in lieu of speaking evil we should either utter words of praise and encouragement or maintain a charitable silence.

VIRTUE IS CONTAGIOUS.

"Let him do likewise."—Luke xiii:11.

Some one has said that if he were able to create a world, he would make virtue contagious instead of vice.

A small degree of observation will show that his efforts in this direction would not be necessary, for the Lord has already done so.

It is not as bad a world as the pessimist would have us think, for the general trend of things is toward the good and not toward the evil, and you look into the matter carefully you will find that what you call contagion inheres in the pure and noble quite as much as in the impure and ignoble. If it be true that tainted and successful vice allures a great many it is also true that an honest and knightly life does the same thing.

The career of a business man who brushes aside the restraints of moral principle, who is little more than a highwayman at heart, and who boldly robs, under cover of law, until he counts his millions, is certainly very demoralizing. No one may measure the extent of its unhappy influence. It is startling and dazzling and enticing. A proportion of our youth become bewildered as they look upon it, and forgetting that there is a moral law which forces a man to pay his debts either before death or after, they pursue the tactics of their idol. There is undoubtedly, an appealing inspiration in the life of even the wildest adventurer, who defies fate, challenges the world, and by dint of audacity, if not of courage, achieves what he calls success. I have no inclination, therefore, to ignore the fact that there is contagion in a life which is brilliant, even though it be at the same time criminal. But I insist that there is just as much contagion in a good deed as in a bad one—that the holiness of one life conveys itself into another life and produces the same results there.

In physical experiences the agent of communication is a germ or a microbe; in spiritual experiences it is an idea. I have heard physicians say that the contagiousness of a disease depends largely on circumstances. If you are in a thoroughly healthy condition your system closes every door and the germ cannot enter. You enjoy absolute immunity from danger. If, on the contrary, you are susceptible, predisposed, or the malady, then the germ takes root and you become ill. Whether or not you catch the disease is determined by the weakness or strength of your own body. Nurses may watch over the dying and never feel the effects of the ailment which saps the life of the sufferer.

It is the same in the moral world. Contagion depends on yourself also, and to a far greater extent. If you lack spiritual strength and ambition, if your sense of honor is only slightly developed, if your self-respect is at a low ebb, then the example of the man who wins a fortune by nefarious means—like the microbe of typhoid—finds a lodgment in your soul, is cherished and multiplied by its environment, until at last immortality has the restless sweep of a blizzard and tears up by the roots every heavenly and every manly aspiration.

If you had impregnable uprightness of character, if nefarious methods were abhorrent to you, there would be no attractiveness in vicious deeds and they would have no more alluring power than the fire has which may coax you to touch it, and to a far greater extent. If you lack spiritual strength and ambition, if your sense of honor is only slightly developed, if your self-respect is at a low ebb, then the example of the man who wins a fortune by nefarious means—like the microbe of typhoid—finds a lodgment in your soul, is cherished and multiplied by its environment, until at last immortality has the restless sweep of a blizzard and tears up by the roots every heavenly and every manly aspiration.

There is contagion in goodness provided you are in a condition to receive it. A grand and glorious life rouses you to imitation. The reputation achieved by honest methods so affects us that we build a monument to the man who possesses it, and tell our boys to go and likewise. I don't believe that the influence of a pure life can be reckoned, so far-reaching, so inspiring is it. It is said that the pregnant wives of the Athenians used to spend hours gazing at some beautiful statue in the belief that something of its beauty would be transferred to the child that was coming into the world. Beauty was contagious, and the little one, slumbering amid the mysteries of a new life, caught it.

When Damien died among the lepers of the Sandwich Islands his heroism and self-sacrifice were so contagious that scores of applicants prayed for the privilege of continuing his work, with the certainty of death as the result. Such is the influence of his lonely, saintly and Godlike mission that it was considered a boon to be immured within those leprosy walls and to fill at last a leper's grave.

It is a mistake to talk of the contagiousness of vice and to ignore that of virtue. This would be a queer world if one could catch the impulse to evil, but not the impulse to good. It may serve the purpose of the orator, who seeks a telling period, to tell us this, if he is willing to sacrifice truth to rhetoric; but the stern and glorious facts give an emphatic denial to the statement. Man-kind are nobler and truer and more moral than ever before. Public opinion is more generous and more just. We have a larger faith than our fathers, and more true religion than has heretofore been found on the planet. Why is this? Simply and only because truth and honesty and purity and all the noble qualities of character are contagious and because the contagion of

vice is growing less dangerous year by year.

It is safe to conclude that, after all, this is God's world. For that reason the light of righteousness should be on the flood, while the tide of vice should be on the ebb, and a little observation will show that this is true.

GEORGE H. HEPPWORTH.

CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

This Gifted Lady in the Capital City.

WHILE THERE SHE WRITES A COLUMN FOR THE WASHINGTON DAILY TIMES.

About forty years ago, possibly not more than thirty-five, Lord Brougham said in England: "A little cloud has appeared in the west, not larger than man's hand, which will overshadow the entire earth; that little cloud is Spiritualism."

Modern Spiritualism, that little cloud, was almost unheeded. Many of Lord Brougham's contemporaries sneered at the vagary of a diseased mind, and turned away from watching that little cloud in its rising.

It has gone forward overshadowing the earth. Its manifestations appeared almost simultaneously in many parts of this country, and later in Australia, and even in the east. It spread to England, France, Russia and Germany; touching crowned heads and peasant alike; touching men of science and philosophy. Its indications have always been the same, its manifestations and announcements have been similar. It has been heard in the form of small raps, and from those to the loudest trumpet-tongued voices of music; it has been witnessed in appearances that correspond to the visions of ancient seers. It has revealed itself in the familiar faces, forms, voices and minds of the loved ones of the household; it has spoken to the world with no uncertain sound, in the name of wife, husband, father, mother, brother, sister, child and friend; it has taken the name of philosophers; it has given the identity of statesmen; it has enricheled and overspread the earth with its light.

Like all periods of human thought, it has revealed itself in the familiar faces, forms, voices and minds of the loved ones of the household; it has spoken to the world with no uncertain sound, in the name of wife, husband, father, mother, brother, sister, child and friend; it has taken the name of philosophers; it has given the identity of statesmen; it has enricheled and overspread the earth with its light.

It is not a subject any longer that requires to give the proofs of its existence, the "cloud in the west" has enlarged to include such portion of human interest and attention, such various, and in many ways complex, phases of human thought, that the whole world of science and philosophy is, at this moment, affected by it, while the realm of religious thought is steadily being molded by it to the theme of inspiration.

This "little cloud" has presented a new proposition to science. When substances, supposed to be solid, or as solid as substance can be, that adhere to each other, and are held together by cohesion, are instantly separated and reunited without any visible or palpable violence or any adequate physical or dynamical change in those substances, it compels a new statement about matter.

When forms, apparently solid, possessing all the properties of solid bodies, as solid as any human body, appear out of the apparently empty air, possessing, seemingly, vital functions, the appearance of flesh, and all the attributes of the human form, and then disappear, as they have in hundreds of well attested cases, leaving out all that are called fraudulent, or that are even doubtful, in this statement, and only accepting those that have been witnessed without the shadow of a doubt, by minds qualified to judge—when these forms appear give every evidence of existence, and disappear as mysteriously as they came, it compels a restatement of science.

It has made a restatement of philosophy, and has revealed the fact that what cannot be evaded nor gained in any system of human thought. That statement is penetrating more and more into the mind of the age. The thinking world at the present moment has more thought concerning those philosophical propositions that relate to Spiritualism than to any other system or phase of thought. It is true that it has come, in many cases recently, in the form of what is called theosophy, and lately in the form of that which is called "metaphysics," "Christian science," "spiritual science," "mind cure," "faith cure," and the like, but every human mind of any degree of intelligence knows that there never was a thought, either in Europe or America, until after the advent of Spiritualism. This "little cloud" has not only overshadowed the literature and the art of this day, but it has taken its place in the pulpit. It has caused a restatement of life and death; it has taken away the terrors and horrors of that change called death. It had not been for the advent of Spiritualism, nearly fifty years ago, a parliament of religions in 1893 in Chicago would have been impossible. Many say it was the result of liberal thought. Let me correct their language. It was the result of spiritual thought, brought into the world by the message of modern Spiritualism, which has divided the world with the success of securing a week with the teachers and others who thronged a large hall to listen to her and study the exhibition of the art work of the children of the Chicago public schools. It was a revelation to the New York educators. LULIAN WHITING.

eternal ceremonies, are primal truths and it shows where Christianity itself! the latest revelation of religious thought until the present time, when robbed of its eternal fetters and shadows, becomes the statement of a pure, perfect, spiritual proposition.

If Spiritualism was taken utterly and absolutely from the thought of the world it would be like turning out all the upper lights, and everybody would know that a great calamity had happened. It is the vital, spiritual sunning of to-day, the essence of the philosophical thought of to-day. The vital scientific undercurrent of to-day is found in the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Was he not a true prophet who said that "This little cloud, not larger than man's hand, will overshadow the entire earth"? It is doing this to-day; not in the statement of the multitude of believers, not in the external hands of material power, not even in the organization of its forces, though that is an expression of its strength, but in the mighty dominating spirit of the upper world that moves like a "cloud of witnesses" upon the earth.

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

Occult Gotham Largely in Evidence.

A FLOOD OF LIGHT HAS FLOURED IN ON THE WORLD, AS EVIDENCED BY LILIAN WHITING'S LETTER IN THE CHICAGO INTER OCEAN.

When a well-known Boston clergyman went to Emerson at one time to say that he felt he must withdraw from the communion in which he had lived and worked, as he perceived larger ideas outside his church, Emerson replied: "Stay where you are; reform from within." The counsel holds typical truth. Always reform from within.

It can hardly be denied that a flood of new light has poured in on the world from the wide propagation of occult ideas. The secret of the occult is the secret of the Christian. Theology, as a science, never explained the mystery of life with any clearness or coherence, to the general intelligence. To "do good" and to live one's own life were largely separate factors until a clearer revelation of the very nature of the spirit entered the truth that to do good is life, the only reason for living. The power of Phillips Brooks was simply that he constantly affirmed this great truth. The only life—the life of all greatness and gladness and gain—is the life of the spirit.

The test of life is to live the days as a poet must—"to hold the passing day, with its news, its cares, its fears—to hold it up to a divine reason." All one sees that has purpose and beauty and is related to the eternal order of the world. Then, indeed, "the dry twig blossoms," then is one "calmed and elevated."

To live this life of the spirit which would make every day in the year a Christmas day, one thing is essential—is all essential; and that is a daily margin of silence and solitude for spiritual concentration. If one wished to learn a new language, or acquire proficiency on the piano, one would give to the study of practice definite daily hours. He would not expect, some way and some time, in the ordinary pursuits of the day, to become a linguist or a pianist without the devotion and concentration and study. The same law rules the development of the spiritual nature. It requires the definite time as surely as does the development and enlargement of the intellectual life.

LIVING IN THE SPIRIT.

No one can live in the spirit who neglects this period of silence and solitude in perfect receptivity to the divine message. To dress, to breakfast, to rush hurriedly into the midst of activities without that margin of concentration and consecration, is to invoke disaster; is to fall in poise, in fineness of perception, in spiritual sensibility. Take a little season from the "eat, drink, and be merry" while the day still lies before one, to stamp it with what impress he will, and "hold it up to a divine reason" till he sees it to have a purpose and beauty, and be related to the eternal order of the world. It is to-day that is important.

To-day is a king in disguise; To-day is the special test.

Is not this, then, the lesson of the Christmas tide—that life, as a whole—not merely on certain dates—is to be lived as unto the Lord; lived in serenity, in elevation of spirit, in radiance of energy, in the manifestation of the generous and wide and tender sympathies. So shall this be the most beautiful and blessed of Christmases.

Occult Boston has always offered a theme to the student of latter-day conditions; but occult New York certainly equals or exceeds it. The classes here led by some latter-day mystic or prophet are truly desecrated. Swami Vivekananda is here with a most flourishing array of pupils and devotees; and among other leading ones is a singularly interesting woman, the Countess Norraikow, the widow of a Russian; though herself Canadian born, and a cosmopolitan by residence. She has traveled widely, has crossed the ocean eighteen times, and has in her forty years or so of life concentrated the experience of a dozen lifetimes. Mme. Norraikow is a natural mystic, and has been clairvoyant from her cradle. She says that she sees around, all the time and any time, as many persons who are invisible to the eyes of others as the flowers of those of the visible world. She insists that she knows very little difference between those visible and those (to others) invisible; that the companionship of the one are as real to her as the other. The Countess is a writer and is one of the editorial staff of the new Metaphysical Magazine.

Miss Josephine Locke, of Chicago, has been lecturing in New York this past week with the success of securing a week with the teachers and others who thronged a large hall to listen to her and study the exhibition of the art work of the children of the Chicago public schools. It was a revelation to the New York educators. LULIAN WHITING.

ANOTHER MESSIAH.

Strange Power of a Picturesque Person.

J. C. MONTGOMERY, A PERMANENT MAYOR, FINDS HIMSELF IN POSSESSION OF REMARKABLE HEALING POWERS LIKE THE DENVER MESSIAH—FROM A CHARLESTON (W.VA.) CORRESPONDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

People in this county and Fayette have wondered for years why J. C. Montgomery, mayor of the town of that same name, located on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, in the heart of the soft coal region, should be the most popular man in the whole section, and how he came to be elected mayor of his home town term after term in succession, till no one can remember when he was not at the head of the municipal government.

That Montgomery had qualities which always render their possessors popular could not be denied. To begin with, he is a giant in stature, standing over six feet, having a splendidly proportioned body, head and limbs. He wears a heavy red beard and a slouch hat, and is quite good-looking. He is rich, good-natured, easy-going, knows every man, woman and child in the valley and calls them by their first names, and is a good fellow in every reputable sense of the word. The squire is modest, too. He is a Democrat, and the town gives 300 republican majority, but that makes no difference in the certainty of Montgomery's election every time a mayor is to be chosen. He has had opportunities to go to Congress and the Legislature, but he has refused all of them, preferring to rest content with modest honors among his own people. The squire owns half a dozen farms, business blocks, half a hundred cottages and property of all sorts; but it is doubtful if it brings him in as much as half the wealth would bring another person.

He has never posed as the miner's friend, but he has more influence with them than any one else in the county. During a difficult year he dispersed a mob which even a show of bayonets would not quell. His charity is large, and is the sort that hunts out the needy without the aid of a bureau or a brass band.

But now, although these qualities are good reasons for popularity, the true reason for Montgomery's power over his fellows is coming out. Montgomery is a hypnotist. He did not know it, but he had never used his force voluntarily till about a year ago, when he became interested in a peculiar case of blindness, where a poor miner had lost his sight in the mines, on account, as the doctors said, of the degeneration of the optic nerves from constant work in the dark. Montgomery tried his influence upon the man. He decided that, if his will power and that of the patient could be sufficiently controlled and directed toward restoring the lost sight it would be accomplished. Montgomery called at the miner's home next day and expatiated on his theory to his patient, till at last there was a partial return of the sight. Montgomery was kept up for fully a month, until the miner was able to work, and now he can see very well with the aid of a pair of spectacles.

His second case was that of a man afflicted with rheumatism, who had not been able to walk for several years. Montgomery tried rubbing the patient's legs with his hands and concentrating his thought on a belief that the work would be done. The rheumatism was not cured, but he was relieved so much that he could walk about, and the pain almost disappeared. A physician's remedies were applied, and now the patient is almost sound.

The next person to be relieved by the healer was Judge Brazie, of the Fayette County Criminal Court. After the mine strike of last year he was completely broken down and forced to take to his bed from nervous prostration. He had eminent medical attention, but it did little good, and a trip for health did not revive him. Mr. Montgomery, a close personal friend, called on Brazie one day, and said he believed he could do him good. He held Brazie's head in his hands for half an hour, stroking it gently and rubbing the back of his neck. The next day Brazie was so nearly well that he notified the temporary Judge in charge of his court that he would assume his duties again the following Monday, which he did. He has been a well man since.

A few days after, the mother of Miss Annie Brown, a near neighbor of Montgomery, asked him to do something for her daughter, who had been subject to epileptic fits constantly for seventeen years. The young woman was unable to leave her home, and Montgomery went to see her. She was in a fit when he arrived. He took her in his arms, and by stroking her head and face soon had her in her normal condition. He called every day for a week, and at the end of that time, without the use of any remedy except his magnetism, Miss Brown was restored to health, and today is a bright, hearty girl, having recovered her strength and youthful spirit.

From time to time others come to be healed of rheumatism and other common ills, and in nearly all cases Montgomery was successful. However, there were many cases in which he was not entirely successful, and in some no relief was given. He made no pretensions, and promised no one to do more than try his power, asking that as little as possible be said about his work, as the people calling on him seriously interfered with his personal desires to do good. He was being successful in most cases, and always using the same methods. The local newspapers have been printing news of his work from time to time, and quite an interest has been created among prominent people. At the re-

quest of several prominent men and two or three newspaper men he was last week consented to give an exhibition of his powers, provided the spectators would furnish the patient. The editor of the Evening Mail suggested John C. Herrmann, who, as every one about here knows, has been confined to his bed most of the time for two years with rheumatism. The party repaired to Herrmann's house on the South Side, without notifying him they were coming. Herrmann was found in bed, groaning with agony and drawn almost double. Montgomery, who had never met the patient, went to the bed, threw the covers back, bared Herrmann's limbs and began rubbing them. Herrmann and his wife hardly knew what to think of the performance, but they allowed it to go on under assurance from those present that it was all right. After perhaps ten minutes Montgomery told Herrmann to get up. Herrmann smiled in credulously, but made no effort to move. Montgomery insisted, and Herrmann tried. He rose without difficulty, and stood on the floor, amazed. Montgomery then told him to dance. In a minute the invalid realized that he was not being trifled with, and began hopping about the room in ecstasy. He could jump, run, and skip about like a boy, and so happy was he that he could not control his desire to use his legs and arms, and screamed and laughed with joy the while. Herrmann went to work in three days, and has had neither pain nor stiffness since. Ex-Governor E. W. Kersom was a companion of the party which saw this cure.

KICKS BACK EARNESTLY.

A Prominent Manufacturer Has His Say Concerning an Alleged Criticism of Spiritualists by a Minister.

HE CONSIDERS IT FOOLISHNESS FOR PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE IN THE BIBLE TO DENY THE POSSIBILITY OF COMMUNICATING WITH THE SPIRIT- WORLD, AND SO WRITES TO THE BULLETIN, OF ANDERSON, IND.

To Elder Harkins and the Members of the Christian Church:—In the Daily Bulletin of January 16, is an article signed "A Lady There." It is not necessary for me to state the article, as most of all the people have read it. But one sentence I wish to call attention to: "Elder Harkins says all the deniers of the Bible would be Spiritualists were it not for the fact that the Bible is not a good book on the head."

Such language seems uncalled for from any source, much less from an elder of the church.

I am not a member of the Christian church, but my wife is, and I have contributed freely for the last six years, in many different ways, to help the church financially. I have never refused my horse and carriage at any time to do work for them, and I doubt if any member's horse, in the last four years, has done any more work for them than I have done with mine. I have felt all the time that I was doing them a favor and working for a good cause. But if it has been so, as the Christian spirit that Elder Harkins shows in his statement against me, I have made a mistake. I say against me, because I'm a Spiritualist. I am a Spiritualist because I believe it is possible to communicate with the Spirit-world. I have just as good proof that the departed dead do communicate with us, as I have that the telephone and telegraph transmit a message correctly, or that the street cars in Anderson are run by electricity. I cannot see the force of either, but believe them to be true.

Now, I want to know if the elder and his Christian members wish to pay me off, for what I have done for them, with a club. If they do, they will see good sleighing in July before they get my horse and carriage, or any of my money. The Bible says: "Ye may have everything, but without charity ye have nothing." I do not understand all of the Bible, I confess, but I wish my Christian friends would answer this statement in the Bible in a common sense way, so that I can understand it correctly with my limited amount of knowledge. I consider it foolishness for people that believe in the Bible to deny the possibility of communicating with the Spirit-world. If it were utterly impossible, what would be the force of such a command as this one found in Deuteronomy: "There shall not be found among you a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer." And it is asked: "As that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." If it were not possible, such a command would be foolishness. And to say that those doing these things "are an abomination unto the Lord," would be worse than foolishness.

This is one of a thousand proofs in the Bible of communication with the Spirit-world. If the church would attack Spiritualism as an evil, they might have a foundation of some support, but when they call it an untruth and an impossibility they deny the statement of the Bible.

The Christian church does not have to go outside of its own walls to find a medium. And still one elder calls his own flock fools, knaves, etc.

Brother, I call thy sister or brother a fool, I call thy brother or sister a knave. I do not think a man has any claim on Christianity that cannot call any man brother, no matter what he believes.

My wife, Mrs. S. E. Farmer, is a medium. Not because she wants to be one, but because she has to be. And if you elders only knew one hundredth part of sorrow and affliction that she and hundreds of others have passed through, you would not slander her or any other medium. She will tell you under oath that she hears spirits talking to her often. Can you believe her, one of your own church members, as well as one of the writers of the Bible that you never saw? Ask her and find out. Don't take my word for it. And in the meantime throw down your club and let us all use reason and good logic and good sense. My motto is "Good will and love to all humanity." Yours, S. E. FARMER, Supt. Knife & Bar Co.

FAKES AND FRAUDS,

And How They Are Regarded by M. F. Hammond.

VARIOUS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

TO THE EDITOR:—I came to Elkhart, Ind., on November 2d last, and was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Truman Kinyon, veteran Spiritualists of forty years. They opened their parlors for a few invited guests, and at the close of the lecture I was invited to speak in a hall on the following Sunday. This I consented to, with the result that I continued to speak through the month of January, with continually increasing audiences. Until last Sunday there were hardly seats enough to accommodate the audiences.

The best result of my labors in this town is shown by the organization which was formed on January 14th, to be known as the Spiritual Union of Elkhart, Ind., with twenty-four names on the list, embracing some of the wealthy and most popular business men of the city, with the following officers: Stratford Maxon, president; Wm. G. Forward, vice-president; Myron Cole, secretary; H. McLachlan, treasurer; Louis Bishop, Mrs. Anna Stamm and Mrs. Evelyn Welty, executive board. They will immediately apply for a charter from the Indiana State Association and the society bids fair to continue its meetings with success. While like most new societies it has not, as yet, a large treasury, it is growing and I believe for the consideration of all good speakers who have the good of the cause at heart to correspond with Secretary Cole and see if they cannot go and help them for this is a good and great field for a good worker. But if any so-called medium who wants to gull the public by advertising to heal the sick, tell of lost fortunes, bring the separated lovers to each other again, find lovers, and sell charms to ward off evil—I say if any of the above-named fakes think of going to Elkhart, they had better hesitate, for there have been several of these "bravurers of eternal truths" in the town within a few weeks, and all have had to leave with little or no benefit to themselves and a disgrace to the cause; the most notable of which was a troupe of four or five with a Madame Oneida as the figurehead. Not securing a place to show they had to leave the town in rather straightened financial conditions. I am not acquainted with this troupe, but am told by one who said he knew nothing of Spiritualism, that "he was told some great truths by them."

Now, this is not what I want to find fault with, but it is this: Why, if these people are true mediums for the expression of the high and holy truth of the fact that our fathers and mothers still exist beyond the veil, will they make of themselves, and this, the only truth that has ever been taught of immortality—why, say, will they make a circus or plaything of it, and only to the curiosity of the gaping crowd that will collect at some opera-house to jeer and gloat them with coarse ribaldry, and often with curses, and many times, disgraceful fights?

The only answer to the above is, "money," and until the Spiritualists themselves grow to that plane when they will give up the curiosity-hunting and take the solid truths of the philosophy as it is given by our able mediums who may be developed in our own families, or those who are already developed, or the almost innumerable able lecturers, they may expect that fakes will continue to thrive. The Spiritualists have no right to condemn others for patronizing these fakes, for there is hardly a town where the Spiritualists have the courage to say a word against them; but if they have a duty, and if when they say they wish to elevate the tone of this dear philosophy they are honest, then everyone will strive to expose every fake they find, and by so doing they will surely elevate, and do that which most Spiritualists prate so much about, that is, make the cause of the people in this town are in advance of most towns, for they will not patronize fakes, and usually their stay is short.

My stay in Elkhart has been most pleasant, marred only by one small cloud. I was called to speak the last evening of words over the remains of the daughter of Mrs. H. McLachlan, who passed away on the 1st inst. at Elkhart, Ill., on January 22d. Our spirit friends talked in such a consoling manner that the many friends of the deceased who were present said that it has been a great source of consolation since, and was the means of calling out the two largest congregations on Sunday, my last day here, that have had, this being the first spiritual funeral in this town for many years.

I got to Grand Rapids, Mich., for the month of February, and would like to make engagements for March with any society that is wanting a speaker. Address me in care of Mrs. C. H. Huckle, room No. 81, Hermitage Building. M. F. HAMMOND.

Walk in the light and thou shalt see thy path, though thorny, bright.—Barton.

Features—the great soul's apparent seat.—Bryant.

Heaven, the treasury of everlasting joy.—Shakespeare.

Fashion must be forever new, or she becomes insipid.—Lowell.

The virtuous home is the basis of all national prosperity.—Anon.

Be more prompt to go to a friend in adversity than in prosperity.—Chilo.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.—H. W. Beecher.

God oft descends to visit men, unseen, and through their habitation walks, to mark their doings.—Milton.

All our actions take their hues from the complexion of the heart, as landscapes their variety from light.—Bacon.

The brightest blaze of intelligence is of incalculable less value than the smallest spark of charity.—W. Nevins.

The great men of the earth are but marking-stones on the road of humanity; they are the priests of its religion.—Mazzini.

Hopp writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man.—Emerson.

... DUAL LIVES ...

OR LIFE ILLUSTRATED IN VARIOUS PHASES.

In Which Practical Divine Lessons Are Taught, Which Spiritualists Should Consider.

BY LOUISA BIGGS READ.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Papa," said Maggie Howard, one lovely afternoon three years after their removal from the old cabin in Nevada to San Francisco, "papa, it is so fine to remain in doors; let us go out."

"Where do you wish to go, daughter?"

"To Golden Gate or Deer Park, Sutro Heights, the gardens—any of those beautiful places."

"I am sorry I must go this afternoon to Proctor. Perhaps you would like to go with me there?"

"I detest machinery and the humdrum of business. Then laboring men never seem to me to be happy and I was never happy when we lived in—when we were poor," she said, hesitating to say what she felt, for she knew her father wanted her to live a useful life and not to ignore the poor.

"My dear, the laboring people are not happy. I know it is said they are the happiest people on earth, but it is false. They try to make the best of their few advantages, but they have too many cares, anxieties, struggles and deprivations to be happy. Their nature is no more servile than the wealthy class, yet they must curb their pride and obey their superiors. I was once poor and very, very unhappy. Your mother was an invalid and I wanted to provide for her the comforts our more fortunate neighbors enjoyed but could not even get her necessary things. My fortune changed but came not by economy or hard labor, though by persistence and ambition, which are closely allied to both. I became rich in one hour but no one knew it but your mother and she did not live long enough to enjoy it. I kept my tongue and worked on, occasionally finding glittering dust in the sand until you grew up and your old nurse and housekeeper died. Then I decided to enjoy my treasure with you by purchasing a home in a city where we could obtain the luxuries our earth affords us."

"Mr. Howard's wealth was a surprise to his daughter and protegee, Nellie Warren. With characteristic eccentricity he purchased and furnished a home, then took them to it and told them of their amazement and supreme delight it was their home."

"Oh, Nellie, it is a wonderful as Aladdin's palace," Maggie exclaimed, as they went through the richly-furnished rooms.

"True, my good friend," she replied, "and your father is quite as wonderful as the good geni. I once dreamed of such a home and awoke to find it a delusion. I am half doubting its reality now."

A year later she became Nellie Dawson and went with her husband to reside in another portion of the city, but never failed to visit the "home folks," as she called Mr. Howard and his daughter, at least once a week.

Maggie went to Golden Gate park on the afternoon mentioned. As the car sped along old times and scenes filled her thoughts. The old cabin and its desolate surroundings would have made her mental picture desert compared with her present situation had not an oasis loomed up in the form of a pair of the handsomest blue eyes she had ever beheld and to her belief wore the handsomest that ever existed. As they had looked into hers she experienced an emotion she could not define. Some girls might have called it love and pined for the possessor as devotedly as the possessor did not seem to have devotional tendencies, at least toward her, she tried to erase all thought of them from her mind.

After walking about the park to an hour, enjoying the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, she retired to a grotto or summer-house to rest and examine the book she purchased on the way, before returning home. She was almost hidden by the vines and intensely interested in her novel when a gentleman, busily engaged cutting the leaves of a magazine, took a seat very near her. He was aware of the other's presence. Both were somewhat startled, their eyes meeting involuntarily.

"Pardon me," he began as he arose and lifted his hat but stopped at the gleam of recognition brightening his eyes.

"Mr. Middleton, I believe," she said smiling bewitchingly, yet betraying no emotion—not even surprise.

"Miss Howard, I am delighted to meet you," he said impulsively. "I have wished—really, what a lovely day," he stammered, checking his speech and feeling very foolish.

"Delighted, indeed," she said, as she consulted her watch. She was surprised to find the hour-hand pointing to six o'clock, which was her father's invariable supper time.

"I must go at once," she said rising. "Time slips away when one gets interested in a book." She did not wish to appear rude, but she would not keep her father waiting his supper.

"Allow me to accompany you," he said, mastering the thought that perhaps she wished to avoid him, which made her go so soon.

"Papa would be pleased to see you, I am sure," she said simply. "He usually accompanies me when I go out."

He felt like saying that he was not so much interested in her papa's pleasure or displeasure as her own. Her reply made consent at least, so he said nothing and gallantly offered her his arm to the car.

Mr. Howard welcomed him warmly, but did not fail to remind Maggie that she had kept him waiting a half-hour for his supper, which was now cold, no doubt, he said, unless the cook had been so good as to take it back to the stove.

"I always eat my supper punctually at six o'clock," he said turning to Joe Middleton, "and I call it supper, too. Those who wish may call their evening meal dinner, but I take my dinner at noon. I should be tempted to scold you, little daughter," he said, looking toward Maggie, "if you did not bring me so pleasant a visitor."

"There was no escape. Joe wondered if he would have to stay all night. The thought might have been pleasant enough but he feared he would appear ridiculous to Maggie. He would like to have made the old gentleman understand that his visit was not especially to him, but was no way of doing it, so decided to savor him by allowing him to think that it was."

After the meal was over the old gentleman said to Maggie, much to her surprise and Joe's disappointment and vexation.

"Now, little girl, you may go to your room and practice one of your new

pieces. Joe and I will take a cigar while we enjoy a friendly chat. It makes me think of the old mining days to have a neighbor call around and sup with me."

Maggie arose, said good night to both and withdrew.

"You speak as though you had enjoyed life in the mines very much," said Joe.

"I have enjoyed the mines."

"But your present pleasant home much more, I suppose?"

"I am not sure of that. After my good fortune began I liked mining. One is always expecting good luck. It is like fishing—one always has hope. But mines are not the place for women and old folks. I am too near the port of eternity to wish to gather more treasures. I must soon embark for the better land or the Plutonian regions. I care not which place it is so I may meet my friends there."

"You are despondent and without reason for being so, as it seems to me you have too happy a home to think of giving it up yet," Joe said, soothingly.

"My wishes are not consulted in this matter. According to the course of nature my earthly span is nearly run. I do not mind that, save for one reason. It is not my wealth. Were I alone I would as soon be back in the old cabin frying criddle-cakes and venison as in this mansion with its tapestries and bric-a-brac. Women love those things and I enjoy them because they make them happy. A man is selfish and his highest pleasure is not in seeing his family happy. If a man loves his wife and children he is willing to sacrifice some of his pleasures for the sake of theirs. I have more friends on the other side of life than on this, but I know Maggie will miss me and I want to stay here till I find her spiritual protector."

Joe smiled in spite of his effort to look grave. He felt flattered by the old gentleman's confidence.

"You are over-anxious for her, Mr. Howard," he said.

"No, parents can not be too anxious for their children's destiny. Before I go I hope to find for my daughter an honorable husband."

"That is certainly an important thing to do, but women make their own choice anyway."

"My daughter will never take that liberty," he said, positively, interrupting his speech. "I shall choose Maggie's husband if I am spared to do so. She will not object. I will not consent to her alliance with a lawyer, for they are untruthful; nor a doctor, for many reasons; nor a banker, for their mental picture desert compared with her present situation had not an oasis loomed up in the form of a pair of the handsomest blue eyes she had ever beheld and to her belief wore the handsomest that ever existed. As they had looked into hers she experienced an emotion she could not define. Some girls might have called it love and pined for the possessor as devotedly as the possessor did not seem to have devotional tendencies, at least toward her, she tried to erase all thought of them from her mind."

After walking about the park to an hour, enjoying the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, she retired to a grotto or summer-house to rest and examine the book she purchased on the way, before returning home. She was almost hidden by the vines and intensely interested in her novel when a gentleman, busily engaged cutting the leaves of a magazine, took a seat very near her. He was aware of the other's presence. Both were somewhat startled, their eyes meeting involuntarily.

"Pardon me," he began as he arose and lifted his hat but stopped at the gleam of recognition brightening his eyes.

"Mr. Middleton, I believe," she said smiling bewitchingly, yet betraying no emotion—not even surprise.

"Miss Howard, I am delighted to meet you," he said impulsively. "I have wished—really, what a lovely day," he stammered, checking his speech and feeling very foolish.

"Delighted, indeed," she said, as she consulted her watch. She was surprised to find the hour-hand pointing to six o'clock, which was her father's invariable supper time.

"I must go at once," she said rising. "Time slips away when one gets interested in a book." She did not wish to appear rude, but she would not keep her father waiting his supper.

"Allow me to accompany you," he said, mastering the thought that perhaps she wished to avoid him, which made her go so soon.

"Papa would be pleased to see you, I am sure," she said simply. "He usually accompanies me when I go out."

He felt like saying that he was not so much interested in her papa's pleasure or displeasure as her own. Her reply made consent at least, so he said nothing and gallantly offered her his arm to the car.

Mr. Howard welcomed him warmly, but did not fail to remind Maggie that she had kept him waiting a half-hour for his supper, which was now cold, no doubt, he said, unless the cook had been so good as to take it back to the stove.

"I always eat my supper punctually at six o'clock," he said turning to Joe Middleton, "and I call it supper, too. Those who wish may call their evening meal dinner, but I take my dinner at noon. I should be tempted to scold you, little daughter," he said, looking toward Maggie, "if you did not bring me so pleasant a visitor."

"There was no escape. Joe wondered if he would have to stay all night. The thought might have been pleasant enough but he feared he would appear ridiculous to Maggie. He would like to have made the old gentleman understand that his visit was not especially to him, but was no way of doing it, so decided to savor him by allowing him to think that it was."

After the meal was over the old gentleman said to Maggie, much to her surprise and Joe's disappointment and vexation.

"Now, little girl, you may go to your room and practice one of your new

pieces. Joe and I will take a cigar while we enjoy a friendly chat. It makes me think of the old mining days to have a neighbor call around and sup with me."

Maggie arose, said good night to both and withdrew.

"You speak as though you had enjoyed life in the mines very much," said Joe.

"I have enjoyed the mines."

"But your present pleasant home much more, I suppose?"

"I am not sure of that. After my good fortune began I liked mining. One is always expecting good luck. It is like fishing—one always has hope. But mines are not the place for women and old folks. I am too near the port of eternity to wish to gather more treasures. I must soon embark for the better land or the Plutonian regions. I care not which place it is so I may meet my friends there."

"You are despondent and without reason for being so, as it seems to me you have too happy a home to think of giving it up yet," Joe said, soothingly.

"My wishes are not consulted in this matter. According to the course of nature my earthly span is nearly run. I do not mind that, save for one reason. It is not my wealth. Were I alone I would as soon be back in the old cabin frying criddle-cakes and venison as in this mansion with its tapestries and bric-a-brac. Women love those things and I enjoy them because they make them happy. A man is selfish and his highest pleasure is not in seeing his family happy. If a man loves his wife and children he is willing to sacrifice some of his pleasures for the sake of theirs. I have more friends on the other side of life than on this, but I know Maggie will miss me and I want to stay here till I find her spiritual protector."

Joe smiled in spite of his effort to look grave. He felt flattered by the old gentleman's confidence.

"You are over-anxious for her, Mr. Howard," he said.

"No, parents can not be too anxious for their children's destiny. Before I go I hope to find for my daughter an honorable husband."

"That is certainly an important thing to do, but women make their own choice anyway."

"My daughter will never take that liberty," he said, positively, interrupting his speech. "I shall choose Maggie's husband if I am spared to do so. She will not object. I will not consent to her alliance with a lawyer, for they are untruthful; nor a doctor, for many reasons; nor a banker, for their mental picture desert compared with her present situation had not an oasis loomed up in the form of a pair of the handsomest blue eyes she had ever beheld and to her belief wore the handsomest that ever existed. As they had looked into hers she experienced an emotion she could not define. Some girls might have called it love and pined for the possessor as devotedly as the possessor did not seem to have devotional tendencies, at least toward her, she tried to erase all thought of them from her mind."

After walking about the park to an hour, enjoying the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, she retired to a grotto or summer-house to rest and examine the book she purchased on the way, before returning home. She was almost hidden by the vines and intensely interested in her novel when a gentleman, busily engaged cutting the leaves of a magazine, took a seat very near her. He was aware of the other's presence. Both were somewhat startled, their eyes meeting involuntarily.

"Pardon me," he began as he arose and lifted his hat but stopped at the gleam of recognition brightening his eyes.

"Mr. Middleton, I believe," she said smiling bewitchingly, yet betraying no emotion—not even surprise.

"Miss Howard, I am delighted to meet you," he said impulsively. "I have wished—really, what a lovely day," he stammered, checking his speech and feeling very foolish.

"Delighted, indeed," she said, as she consulted her watch. She was surprised to find the hour-hand pointing to six o'clock, which was her father's invariable supper time.

"I must go at once," she said rising. "Time slips away when one gets interested in a book." She did not wish to appear rude, but she would not keep her father waiting his supper.

"Allow me to accompany you," he said, mastering the thought that perhaps she wished to avoid him, which made her go so soon.

"Papa would be pleased to see you, I am sure," she said simply. "He usually accompanies me when I go out."

He felt like saying that he was not so much interested in her papa's pleasure or displeasure as her own. Her reply made consent at least, so he said nothing and gallantly offered her his arm to the car.

Mr. Howard welcomed him warmly, but did not fail to remind Maggie that she had kept him waiting a half-hour for his supper, which was now cold, no doubt, he said, unless the cook had been so good as to take it back to the stove.

"I always eat my supper punctually at six o'clock," he said turning to Joe Middleton, "and I call it supper, too. Those who wish may call their evening meal dinner, but I take my dinner at noon. I should be tempted to scold you, little daughter," he said, looking toward Maggie, "if you did not bring me so pleasant a visitor."

"There was no escape. Joe wondered if he would have to stay all night. The thought might have been pleasant enough but he feared he would appear ridiculous to Maggie. He would like to have made the old gentleman understand that his visit was not especially to him, but was no way of doing it, so decided to savor him by allowing him to think that it was."

After the meal was over the old gentleman said to Maggie, much to her surprise and Joe's disappointment and vexation.

"Now, little girl, you may go to your room and practice one of your new

pieces. Joe and I will take a cigar while we enjoy a friendly chat. It makes me think of the old mining days to have a neighbor call around and sup with me."

Maggie arose, said good night to both and withdrew.

"You speak as though you had enjoyed life in the mines very much," said Joe.

"I have enjoyed the mines."

"But your present pleasant home much more, I suppose?"

"I am not sure of that. After my good fortune began I liked mining. One is always expecting good luck. It is like fishing—one always has hope. But mines are not the place for women and old folks. I am too near the port of eternity to wish to gather more treasures. I must soon embark for the better land or the Plutonian regions. I care not which place it is so I may meet my friends there."

"You are despondent and without reason for being so, as it seems to me you have too happy a home to think of giving it up yet," Joe said, soothingly.

"My wishes are not consulted in this matter. According to the course of nature my earthly span is nearly run. I do not mind that, save for one reason. It is not my wealth. Were I alone I would as soon be back in the old cabin frying criddle-cakes and venison as in this mansion with its tapestries and bric-a-brac. Women love those things and I enjoy them because they make them happy. A man is selfish and his highest pleasure is not in seeing his family happy. If a man loves his wife and children he is willing to sacrifice some of his pleasures for the sake of theirs. I have more friends on the other side of life than on this, but I know Maggie will miss me and I want to stay here till I find her spiritual protector."

Joe smiled in spite of his effort to look grave. He felt flattered by the old gentleman's confidence.

"You are over-anxious for her, Mr. Howard," he said.

"No, parents can not be too anxious for their children's destiny. Before I go I hope to find for my daughter an honorable husband."

"That is certainly an important thing to do, but women make their own choice anyway."

"My daughter will never take that liberty," he said, positively, interrupting his speech. "I shall choose Maggie's husband if I am spared to do so. She will not object. I will not consent to her alliance with a lawyer, for they are untruthful; nor a doctor, for many reasons; nor a banker, for their mental picture desert compared with her present situation had not an oasis loomed up in the form of a pair of the handsomest blue eyes she had ever beheld and to her belief wore the handsomest that ever existed. As they had looked into hers she experienced an emotion she could not define. Some girls might have called it love and pined for the possessor as devotedly as the possessor did not seem to have devotional tendencies, at least toward her, she tried to erase all thought of them from her mind."

After walking about the park to an hour, enjoying the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, she retired to a grotto or summer-house to rest and examine the book she purchased on the way, before returning home. She was almost hidden by the vines and intensely interested in her novel when a gentleman, busily engaged cutting the leaves of a magazine, took a seat very near her. He was aware of the other's presence. Both were somewhat startled, their eyes meeting involuntarily.

"Pardon me," he began as he arose and lifted his hat but stopped at the gleam of recognition brightening his eyes.

"Mr. Middleton, I believe," she said smiling bewitchingly, yet betraying no emotion—not even surprise.

"Miss Howard, I am delighted to meet you," he said impulsively. "I have wished—really, what a lovely day," he stammered, checking his speech and feeling very foolish.

"Delighted, indeed," she said, as she consulted her watch. She was surprised to find the hour-hand pointing to six o'clock, which was her father's invariable supper time.

"I must go at once," she said rising. "Time slips away when one gets interested in a book." She did not wish to appear rude, but she would not keep her father waiting his supper.

"Allow me to accompany you," he said, mastering the thought that perhaps she wished to avoid him, which made her go so soon.

"Papa would be pleased to see you, I am sure," she said simply. "He usually accompanies me when I go out."

He felt like saying that he was not so much interested in her papa's pleasure or displeasure as her own. Her reply made consent at least, so he said nothing and gallantly offered her his arm to the car.

Mr. Howard welcomed him warmly, but did not fail to remind Maggie that she had kept him waiting a half-hour for his supper, which was now cold, no doubt, he said, unless the cook had been so good as to take it back to the stove.

"I always eat my supper punctually at six o'clock," he said turning to Joe Middleton, "and I call it supper, too. Those who wish may call their evening meal dinner, but I take my dinner at noon. I should be tempted to scold you, little daughter," he said, looking toward Maggie, "if you did not bring me so pleasant a visitor."

"There was no escape. Joe wondered if he would have to stay all night. The thought might have been pleasant enough but he feared he would appear ridiculous to Maggie. He would like to have made the old gentleman understand that his visit was not especially to him, but was no way of doing it, so decided to savor him by allowing him to think that it was."

After the meal was over the old gentleman said to Maggie, much to her surprise and Joe's disappointment and vexation.

"Now, little girl, you may go to your room and practice one of your new

pieces. Joe and I will take a cigar while we enjoy a friendly chat. It makes me think of the old mining days to have a neighbor call around and sup with me."

Maggie arose, said good night to both and withdrew.

"You speak as though you had enjoyed life in the mines very much," said Joe.

"I have enjoyed the mines."

"But your present pleasant home much more, I suppose?"

"I am not sure of that. After my good fortune began I liked mining. One is always expecting good luck. It is like fishing—one always has hope. But mines are not the place for women and old folks. I am too near the port of eternity to wish to gather more treasures. I must soon embark for the better land or the Plutonian regions. I care not which place it is so I may meet my friends there."

"You are despondent and without reason for being so, as it seems to me you have too happy a home to think of giving it up yet," Joe said, soothingly.

"My wishes are not consulted in this matter. According to the course of nature my earthly span is nearly run. I do not mind that, save for one reason. It is not my wealth. Were I alone I would as soon be back in the old cabin frying criddle-cakes and venison as in this mansion with its tapestries and bric-a-brac. Women love those things and I enjoy them because they make them happy. A man is selfish and his highest pleasure is not in seeing his family happy. If a man loves his wife and children he is willing to sacrifice some of his pleasures for the sake of theirs. I have more friends on the other side of life than on this, but I know Maggie will miss me and I want to stay here till I find her spiritual protector."

Joe smiled in spite of his effort to look grave. He felt flattered by the old gentleman's confidence.

"You are over-anxious for her, Mr. Howard," he said.

"No, parents can not be too anxious for their children's destiny. Before I go I hope to find for my daughter an honorable husband."

"That is certainly an important thing to do, but women make their own choice anyway."

"My daughter will never take that liberty," he said, positively, interrupting his speech. "I shall choose Maggie's husband if I am spared to do so. She will not object. I will not consent to her alliance with a lawyer, for they are untruthful; nor a doctor, for many reasons; nor a banker, for their mental picture desert compared with her present situation had not an oasis loomed up in the form of a pair of the handsomest blue eyes she had ever beheld and to her belief wore the handsomest that ever existed. As they had looked into hers she experienced an emotion she could not define. Some girls might have called it love and pined for the possessor as devotedly as the possessor did not seem to have devotional tendencies, at least toward her, she tried to erase all thought of them from her mind."

After walking about the park to an hour, enjoying the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, she retired to a grotto or summer-house to rest and examine the book she purchased on the way, before returning home. She was almost hidden by the vines and intensely interested in her novel when a gentleman, busily engaged cutting the leaves of a magazine, took a seat very near her. He was aware of the other's presence. Both were somewhat startled, their eyes meeting involuntarily.

"Pardon me," he began as he arose and lifted his hat but stopped at the gleam of recognition brightening his eyes.

"Mr. Middleton, I believe," she said smiling bewitchingly, yet betraying no emotion—not even surprise.

"Miss Howard, I am delighted to meet you," he said impulsively. "I have wished—really, what a lovely day," he stammered, checking his speech and feeling very foolish.

"Delighted, indeed," she said, as she consulted her watch. She was surprised to find the hour-hand pointing to six o'clock, which was her father's invariable supper time.

"I must go at once," she said rising. "Time slips away when one gets interested in a book." She did not wish to appear rude, but she would not keep her father waiting his supper.

"Allow me to accompany you," he said, mastering the thought that perhaps she wished to avoid him, which made her go so soon.

"Papa would be pleased to see you, I am sure," she said simply. "He usually accompanies me when I go out."

He felt like saying that he was not so much interested in her papa's pleasure or displeasure as her own. Her reply made consent at least, so he said nothing and gallantly offered her his arm to the car.

Mr. Howard, a woman who has a right to the name of woman, would not want to go to such places," said Joe, in horror at the thought.

"Why would they not?"

"They are too refined, too pure, too angelic, too—"

"Enough. If a woman is too pure to go where a man does, she is too pure to associate with a man's sphere, she should have a separate one. If women are born angels and men devils, they should live in different worlds. Why should a pure wife have a rotten husband?"

"Husbands ought certainly to be true to their wives. Men should sow their wild oats before marriage," said Joe.

"Joe, would you marry a girl after she had sown her wild oats?"

He made no reply, so the old man continued:

"Of course you would not. A man has no more right to his wild oats than a woman. I will never allow my daughter to marry a man who has sown his wild oats. They might sprout and come up to be sown over again. If a man is a libertine he need not need a wife. If he has ever had wild oats, he is tainted and has no right to a pure wife."

"A man may have sown and regretted it; you would give him a chance to reform, would you not?"

"I would, conditionally. If he were willing to take a wife who had made the same error, overlook it, and acknowledge her purity and his equal, I should then see in him reform. But he would not do it. You say a man may have sown, were you pleading for the opposite sex. What you call error in man is sin in woman."

"I must admit the justice of your reasoning, Mr. Howard. I have put this matter before me in a different way from what I have seen it. Yet, if your plan of giving purity for purity, taint for taint, was strictly adhered to, but few men would find wives in this generation, though it might be a wise rule and have a salutary effect on the generations to follow."

"Yes, it would have a salutary effect. If women were particularly about choosing virtuous husbands as men are virtuous wives, the world would soon be reformed. Mothers make it a point to teach their boys to select a wife whose character is unquestioned, who is virtuous beyond a doubt; but she never thinks of giving that advice to her daughter, because, if she did, her daughter would remain an old maid. You say a woman forfeits her right to that name when she enters those evil places habituated by men. I say yes, and so does a man. He should no longer be called a man, but a brute. I have raised Maggie to respect my wishes. I have never treated her harshly or been unreasonable. She will obey me, and I demand that she become an old maid, or marry a man whose honor is unquestioned."

"You are right," said Joe, rising to go. "Maggie deserves all the truth and honor man can give her. You have given me a few things to think about. It is late—I must bid you good-night."

"Good-night," said the old gentleman; then chuckled to himself, as he watched Joe walk rapidly from the gate. He thought, I would give the young fellow a basket. They can't love me, have known they were in love with each other ever since they first met in the old log cabin. But I'll show him that my daughter is not so easily won. I have not laid up my gold to be given to a master over my little girl, and that seems to be a husband's prerogative these days.

A figure of a man entering his gate opened his soliloquy. It was Dawson on his night patrol. He had stopped for the glass of champagne Mr. Howard never failed to have ready for him.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Ethel Arlington found she could not support the comical theory of the Bible, she concluded, like the Catholics, that it was not intended to be understood, and, if read at

The Kalamazoo People's Church and Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll.

THE REV. CAROLINE J. BARTLETT TELLS WHY SHE WOULD FELLOWSHIP HIM.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:

AT Kalamazoo, day before yesterday, I was shown over the People's Church by Miss Caroline J. Bartlett, the pastor. This church has no creed. All are welcome, whatever their belief may be. The doors are open to Jews, Infidels, Agnostics, Atheists, and even to orthodox Christians.

The object of this church is to make better people, kinder, and nearer, just by developing the brain and civilizing the heart. The church is a character-builder. It wants to do something for this world, to help the poor, educate the ignorant, and do away with crime.

This church building is open all the week. There is a kindergarten, where sixty poor children are taught and given a dinner every day. There is also a gymnasium for girls and boys, fine baths, a good kitchen, rooms for parties and concerts. The auditorium is beautiful, will seat six or seven hundred, and there is a fine organ.

Miss Bartlett, the pastor, is a remarkable person. She has intelligence of the highest order, great industry, and that divine thing called enthusiasm. I like that church.

Toledo, Ohio, January 12.

EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE:

THE People's Church would fellowship Col. Ingersoll for precisely the same reason that it offers fellowship to any man or woman, Catholic, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Jew, Agnostic, Atheist, or Mohammedan, who wishes to join it with the expressed purpose of making this world a better place for men, and women, and children to live in.

The principle of fellowship of the People's Church is based upon the conviction that the things which divide well-meaning people are superficial, while the things which unite them are fundamental. The passion for righteousness, the impulse to spend one's self for others, is the essence of all religions that ever existed. The Presbyterian and the Agnostic, the Catholic and the Jew, the Christian and the Buddhist, who have this in common, are nearer akin to each other than are two men of precisely the same theological opinions who lack this vital bond—"the sympathy of religions."

Opinion is not religion; nor is religion dependent upon opinion. The Atheist whose heart burns with indignation against wrong, who would take God's vacant place, if he could, to right that wrong, is a religious man, because he believes in and reveres and serves the good (which others call God). The most orthodox Christian believer who, having wronged his neighbor, complacently counts on escaping the moral penalty by pleading the merits of Jesus, is a mean-spirited infidel to all that fills the name of God with divine significance.

The church which wants to help the world now and here cannot afford to draw lines against any who are willing to co-operate. The unutilized moral and religious forces of the world are the despair of the world.

For instance: The physical and moral evil in the world prevents Col. Ingersoll from believing in God. I am sorry. But Col. Ingersoll does believe in good, and wants to lessen this physical and moral evil—"would like to see this world without a crime or a tear," and so would you and I. Why should we not all join in the effort to make it so?

I take especial pleasure in stating that the People's Church would fellowship Col. Ingersoll, because few men have been more misrepresented and maligned. I believe him to be an honest, earnest man, who righteously revolts against a false and cruel theology. I would rather he sometimes couched his thoughts in milder language, but he has had little enough consideration taught him by his opponents. The charge against him of blasphemy is untrue. He only speaks against a God of cruelty (such as the God of Genesis and the imprecatory Psalms), and even were there such a God in existence it would be a religious act to denounce him.

He does not decry the Bible, but only the wrong use of the Bible, which enslaves men's souls. He pays a noble tribute to the real Christ, while saying that the world would be better off if the theological Christ had never lived. His generous heart is more akin to the man of Nazareth than the heart of the theologian who, because he cannot answer Col. Ingersoll, misrepresents and calumniates him.

My personal theological beliefs are far from being those of Col. Ingersoll. I believe in God and immortality and prayer, and I revere the name of Jesus of Nazareth above all other human names; but if I had to choose between the theology of Col. Ingersoll and the theology he combats, I would stand with him. If I could have, after this life, heaven for myself and the few, knowing that hell was for the many, I would choose, rather, dreamless eternal sleep for us all. And if there were no church which would fellowship an honest man of fearless utterance, like Col. Ingersoll, I would never be minister or member of any church.

Kalamazoo, Mich., January 21.

STORY OF OFFER OF FELLOWSHIP.

The story of how the question of the fellowship of Col. Ingersoll in the "People's Church" of Kalamazoo comes to be raised is interesting, and, while familiar to the readers of the Tribune, is worth re-telling more in detail.

In the first place, the Christian Endeavorers, who are several hundred thousand strong in the United States, made up their minds that by prayer they could convert the great infidel. They therefore united in prayer to that end. This fact was published, and provoked much comment and discussion, and naturally caused "Pope Bob's" utterances to be more closely watched than ever for "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."

January 10th it seemed as if the prayers of the Christian Endeavorers had been answered. Col. Ingersoll was delivering a lecture at Kalamazoo, Mich. As his subject was "Lincoln," and as the name was dear to the public, the lecturer's audience was large and made up of the best people in Kalamazoo.

In the course of his remarks he spoke of his visit to the People's Church of that city during the afternoon, and created a sensation by saying:

"It is the grandest thing in your State, if not in the United States. If there were a similar church near my home, I would join it, if its members would permit me."

Of course the newspapers printed this utterance of the great agnostic as a choice morsel, and the Christian Endeavorers proclaimed that Ingersoll was converted by the power of their united prayers.

In response to an inquiry from the editor of the New York Journal, Col. Ingersoll made the statement printed herewith over his signature. It will

be noticed that he evades the question with a lawyer's skill, while saying a good word for the pastor and her church.

Now comes the pastor, the Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, and, at the request of the editor of the Chicago Tribune, makes a signed statement of the reasons why she would fellowship Col. Ingersoll. It will be noticed, also, that there is no evasion in her statement, while she is, in turn, kind in her allusions to the great infidel.

It seems that the pastor and lecturer met for the first time on the occasion of the latter's visit to Kalamazoo. They talked of the ideal free church, and the pastor showed him the People's Church. Then she said:

"I believe in God and immortality and prayer, but I grant perfect freedom to every member of the church to believe what is believable to him. If I could stand your prayerlessness, Col. Ingersoll, could you not stand my prayer?"

"Yes," he said, heartily, "if all churches were like this—free, always open, and working to make people better every day—I would never say one word against churches or religion. If I lived here I would join this church, if it would receive me."

Thereupon the pastor offered the lecturer the right hand of fellowship then and there.

MISS BARTLETT A REMARKABLE PERSON.

Even his bitterest opponents and harshest critics do not attempt to deny that Col. Ingersoll is a brilliant man and an interesting figure in the public eye. It appears, also, that the Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett and her church are decidedly interesting, and that Col. Ingersoll knew what he was saying when he characterized her as a "remarkable person."

It seems that Miss Bartlett's first training for her mission in life was on

a daily newspaper, having filled responsible positions in Minneapolis and Oshkosh.

Then she became the pastor of the Unitarian Church of Kalamazoo. This denomination was twenty-eight years old in Kalamazoo, and was at a standstill, if not worse. She induced the organization to take up daily work on educational and humanitarian lines, and it immediately prospered. Then she began to talk of a new church edifice. Silas Hubbard gave \$20,000, which he said he had saved in twenty years by abstaining from tobacco and liquor and investing the nickels saved.

The new church was begun. Then Miss Bartlett proposed that it become an absolutely unsectarian in name as she had tried to make it in fact. The name "People's Church" was chosen.

This is the bond to which those who join the church are required to subscribe:

"Earnestly desiring to develop in ourselves and in the world honest, reverent thought, faithfulness to our highest conceptions of the right living, and love, and service to our fellow-men, we join ourselves together, hoping to help one another in all good things, and to advance the cause of the pure and practical religion in the community. We base our union upon no creedal test, but upon the purpose herein expressed, and welcome all who wish to join us to help establish truth, righteousness and love in the world."

It will be seen that even if Col. Ingersoll should join the "People's Church," the Christian Endeavorers have converted him to "decent humanity," rather than strict Christianity—and Col. Ingersoll would claim that "decent humanity" has always been the basis of his belief, or, rather, unbelief.

Whether or not Col. Ingersoll accepts the right hand of fellowship extended to him by the "People's Church," the "bond of union" of the church is broad enough to embrace a great variety of religionists. Every Sunday may be seen in the congregation Jews, orthodox and reformed, Spiritualists, Unitarians, Ethical Culturists, Universalists, Agnostics, and representatives of almost every other shade of belief and unbelief.

OPEN EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

The church, with its furnishings, cost \$50,000. It seats 700. There is no debt. All seats are free and no collection is taken. Voluntary contributions sustain its work. The building is open every day in the year and the work goes on daily. There is a gymnasium for women and children with a paid instructor, a kindergarten with a corps of instructors and seventy-two pupils from the factory districts, and on Sunday morning a creche is maintained while the mothers worship. Of course there are the usual parlors and kitchen. The Frederick Douglass Club, which meets each week, is the result of an invitation to the young colored people of the city to use the parlors. In all, there are twenty-seven meetings each week in the church, and a school of domestic economy for the young and a singing school for working-girls are among the features planned.

Only one preaching service is held each week, and that is on Sunday morning. Miss Bartlett's sermons are models of diplomacy, as is necessary with such a congregation. Her sermons are usually not on theological subjects, though she is fearless in her utterances. "Comparative Religion" is one of the studies of the Sunday-school, and the creeds of the various sects and denominations are systematically studied on the ground

that there is good in every religious belief.

It is not necessary to give up membership in another church in order to join the "People's Church," in fact, a number of its members still retain membership in other religious organizations. The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, frequently occupies the pulpit, and so does Rabbi Emil Hirsch. The Rev. Allan W. Gould, of Chicago, preached there last Sunday.

Perhaps the thing that best shows the democratic equality that is taught within its walls is the fact that when the new church was dedicated, December 19, 1894, the occasion was in the nature of a house-warming, in which every one who had taken part in the work, from hodcarrier up, took part in the exercises. The toasts and responses were unique, and the affair as a whole is probably the only one of its kind on record.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH.

It Will Do Inestimable Good.

The second volume of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, is before me, and although I have not given it a careful perusal, yet I am convinced, after a casual examination of its contents, that it richly merits all the praise from a discriminating public that have already sent their flattering testimonials to you, and will add another valuable contribution to our Spiritual literature and research after truth. Your large and very interesting collection of facts, and their accurate statements and data, make the subject fascinating reading and carrying conviction to the thoughtful mind, which must do an inestimable amount of good in the dissemination of knowledge on this most important and all-absorbing theme, the soul of man and its destiny. You have inspired the public with full confidence in your ability to deal with this subject, and to feel, in the grand success of your first and second volumes, the prophecy of the third volume yet in store, awaiting your patrons and the world.

For which I subscribe myself your grateful friend,

BISHOP A. BEALS.

Summerland, Cal.

A GREAT CHEMIST'S SPIRIT.

Startling Effort to Determine His Identity.

C. A. Gaines, of Grand Rapids, Mich., tells a strange story of a spirit's attempt to establish his own identity. It seems the spirit wrote a letter, using the hand of Dr. Smith, of Fruitport, but no one in the house could make head or tail of the contents. Finally the spirit told the Doctor to send the biographers to Holland, Mich., where "J. Bush" at once identified the script as German and wrote the following letter:

"Mr. Smith—Dear Sir: I received the German letter and contents noted. It is a very strange letter, coming from the spirit of one of whom I have a work in my library, on chemistry, written in Baden Baden, Germany, by him, Prof. Dr. Hessler. It is the best work on chemistry now in print."

"The spirit, in his letter, referred me to the book in my possession, some other things in regard to magnetism. He told me the page it was written on, page 20. He spoke of the spleen, page 15. None but his spirit could know. I must say I am interested."

The medium, Mr. Smith, knows nothing of the German language, and knew nothing of Mr. Bush until he received the above letter.

A SUPPOSABLE CASE.

A Man From Another Planet Visits the Earth

And Investigates the Religious Sects.

There is consistency in all things; in matters of religion as well as secular affairs. There is consistency in believing from demonstrated facts wherein our eyes and our ears bear silent testimony as witnesses.

There is inconsistency in believing from faith alone, which is the universal foundation of all great religious sects. They ask us to accept as true overstrained and unreasonable theories, incompatible with our better judgment. As an illustration, we will concede, for argument's sake, that a man from a certain neighboring planet strayed to earth, while searching for the truth of the claim that man lives after physical death. The stranger, being critically inclined, inquires of each religious sect concerning their creeds and faith, so as to arrive at some definite conclusion regarding the immortality of the soul.

Each religious sect sets forth its claims as popularly understood by the heads of the various churches. The stranger interviews each distinctively, and to each says:

"Friends, I am searching for truth and enlightenment. On the planet whence I came we have no religious sects, and we know nothing concerning the immortality of the soul."

"My people have sent me hither with instructions to investigate thoroughly, and bring them knowledge of the truth, whether we live again after death, or whether, like the beasts, we become obsolete."

"I have found that there are many distinct religions, and numerous bibles, all agreeing on the cardinal points of the doctrine of a future life; yet I find that each denounces the others' religion as fraudulent, and affirms that the others' bibles are man-made bibles. So, to arrive at the truth of that which I am seeking, it is necessary for me to investigate the claims of each; and then draw my own deductions."

And thus to the Protestant churches he said: "You claim your religion to be the only true one; and you declare a belief in the immortality of the soul, and a final resurrection of the physical body, regardless of its component parts, some of which have entered into the lower forms of life. And you say that you believe it in accordance with natural and divine laws, that the physical body will be reunited again and inherit eternal life, although it must evolve from worms that have consumed the flesh."

"You, like other religious sects that I have interviewed, believe in a literal heaven and a literal hell—a lake of burning liquid brimstone, where eternal punishment is meted out to all evil-doers. You have also a paradise for church members; I say church members, for I am given to understand that none but church members inherit eternal life in the land of shady palms and crystal rivers, where, in indolent ease, they sit around God's throne, playing on golden harps, seemingly oblivious of the earth-record wherein they had sinned. But their prayers are an antidote for their sins, and hence they are happy."

"What proof have you," asked the stranger, "that what you have told me is true?"

"We have the assurance," replied the bishop, "from faith, and a belief in the revealed word of God, the Bible. It gives us proof positive beyond the possibility of a doubt, that our doctrine and plan of salvation is the only correct hypothesis for man's redemption, and his ultimate salvation through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. We have the only true plan that insures mankind of reaching heaven. His chances of salvation are without hope, if he comes not within the pale of our church. Should he follow after the teachings of other churches and accept their teachings as true, he will have to sweat it out down in the torrid zone of eternity."

"Let me ask," said the stranger, "if you have positive proof that the Bible is authentic—the revealed word of God?"

"The Bible cannot be otherwise than true; we believe every word of the scriptures, as inspired by God, Moses and the prophets."

"Well, here seems to be something that I don't quite comprehend. You have been affirming that God wrote your Bible, and now you say Moses and the prophets wrote it."

"They did," replied the bishop, "but they were inspired by God, and acted only as amanuenses for him to reveal his word to fallen men."

"Then there is a possibility that those other than God wrote your holy book. Such evidence as this would not be accepted in any court of law concerning the authorship of any other book than your Bible. Now, as to the claims of inspiration you set forth, do you not know that inspiration has always been a common occurrence? All writers are more or less inspired, but when we claim that all inspiration comes from God, we claim something we cannot substantiate. From reading your Bible, one might be easily led to believe that the Devil took part of this work to perform himself, and it possibly is a co-partnership affair after all; and don't you think your claims a little visionary and of doubtful authenticity?"

"Certainly not," replied the bishop;

"that would be outside the pale of reason, to assume such an idea."

"Is it not recorded in your Bible that none ever saw God's face? Then how are you to prove the truth of such assertions? How do you know God has a face?"

"We are positive he has a face," replied the bishop, "for Moses once saw his back, and if Moses saw his back it follows that he had a face."

"Say, do you know that I think your inspiration theories are just a little gauzy? But if taken in connection with Joshua's episode with the sun, and the trumpet seance that occurred around about the walls of Jericho, and the story of the quails in the wilderness, and the blasphemy against God by accusing him of instigating all the mean little tricks the people did in olden times—why, sir, we would consider all such as first-class fables."

"The Catholics believe much the same as you believe. Their doctrine of the vicarious atonement is identical with your plan of salvation; their hell is of about the same temperature as your orthodox hell; their apostles are your apostles, and your Bibles are very similar."

"Before I came to investigate your religion, I had become familiar with the Mohammedan scheme of salvation. They claim that the Koran is of divine origin—a special revelation of God, given through their prophet Mohammed, by inspiration."

"They claim all other revelations and Bibles as bogus; and their religion to be the only true one—as you have claimed of yours. They, too, have a hell for those whom they care not to associate with in the life to come."

"They have a paradise or saint's rest—for they, like others, are contemplating indolent ease under shady palm trees, while they drink in the divine music made by God's orthodox choir."

"I stopped over at Salt Lake and listened to what the Mormons had to say in regard to their religion. Polygamy seems to be the hub around which revolves the spoke-like creeds and threadbare dogmas of ancient days. While they believe in the duality of life, they also believe, as did King Solomon, in a plurality of wives. Their Bible is of mysterious origin, and was found in a cave near Clifton Springs, New York, by one Joseph Smith, the founder of this peculiar religion. I have become acquainted with the seven principal Bibles of the world, and they claim for each divine origin and special inspiration."

"While each sect claims the only authentic word of God, they also denounce as fraudulent the claims of others. Now, inasmuch as you each denounce each other as liars and tricksters, perhaps each tells the truth of the others. So I take for granted all are speculative theories."

Thoroughly disheartened, the stranger gave up the idea of further investigation as useless, and prepared to depart for his native clime. But while sitting in the office of his hotel, meditating upon the fruitlessness of his mission, he chanced to overhear a conversation regarding the merits of the Spiritual phenomena. This was something new, and he at once became interested. After listening to the pros and cons of the discussion, he ventured to address him who had championed this new doctrine.

In reply he was informed that faith, visionary theories and questionably authenticated Bible constituted no part of the claims of Spiritual philosophy; and that seeing and hearing were the accepted proofs of the truth of life after death and of the ultimate destiny of mankind.

"You say you have no theories; do not base your claims upon faith; have no Bible and no trinity of Gods; that heaven and hell are not places, but are conditions; that the foundation of your belief is based upon demonstrated facts, and that your ears and your eyes are the witnesses you believe concerning the truth of the immortality of the soul."

"Yes, that is it exactly," replied the champion of the new philosophy. "Why have I not heard of this new religion before? In all my investigations none have mentioned the fact that such philosophy existed. It appears to have the right ring in its metal, for it savors of science; and science accepts only demonstrated facts."

"My friend, we are not classed along with the other great religious sects of the world; many call us visionary dupes and our mediums all tricksters. We are also classed in connection with infidels and other unbelievers; we are legislated against and injured in every way possible. There are those who hire tricksters to go about the country in the interest of the churches exposing what they are pleased to call spiritual phenomena, thus placing a stigma upon the cause. For the genuine phenomena the churches have no use, for it proves their doctrines false in many things; it knocks from under their religious structure the most important props upon which it rests."

"Allow me to ask: Of what does your plan of salvation consist?"

"We have no plan of salvation, considered from the standpoint of the churches; we have no creed and no dogmas; every soul works out its own salvation. If it neglects to do so in this life, the imperative laws of nature demand it shall be done in the life to come, before it can progress to higher spheres of happiness. Our religion consists of the precept 'To be good, and to do good,' and if people only practice it they need have no fears concerning their passport to glory."

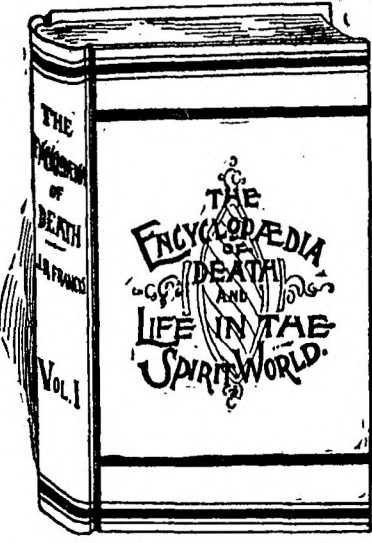
"Continued on page 8."

Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparilla." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only one best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is—? There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But then do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Ear Drum, New scientific invention; different from all others. Safely and simply, comfortably and invisibly Ear Drum in the world. Helps vision, medical and fails. No wire or crutch. Write for pamphlet. WILSON'S EAR DRUM CO. 1125 Broadway, New York.



VOLUME II.

Of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World.

Vol. II. is now ready for delivery. It is neatly and substantially bound in cloth, and printed in the best style of the printers art. It is furnished on the same terms that the first volume was. When remitting a year's subscription for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER Vol. II. will be sent you for 50 cents. That is, by remitting \$1.50 you will get THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for one year and Vol. II. of the Encyclopedia. By remitting \$2 you will get THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER one year and Volumes I. and II. of the Encyclopedia.

In ordering one volume of the Encyclopedia, always state whether it is Vol. I. or Vol. II. that you want.

BEAR IN MIND. Vol. I. of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, bound in paper cover, nicely printed and substantially stitched, is sent out as a premium on terms stated elsewhere. It is called the PREMIUM ENCYCLOPEDIA, and is only given away on the terms mentioned. 10,000 copies are to be distributed on the terms stated, at great expense to the Editor. Read the conditions carefully. It is not sent out in connection with the bound copies of the Encyclopedia. The bound copies are only sent out in connection with a year's subscription, and at prices stated above.

Bear in mind, that in order to get the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, Vol. I., bound in paper, you must get a new subscriber to join with you. It would bankrupt any paper on this earth to give each of our present subscribers this 400-page book free without any recompense whatever. In order to be entitled to the book, each of our present subscribers must send a new subscriber, which partially aids us in bearing the burden. The new subscriber will also be entitled to the book. See full terms elsewhere.

Unparalleled Offer.

To send forth free a 400 page book, which has received the commendation of leading minds everywhere, is something unparalleled. We are now absolutely giving away Vol. I. of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, to each of our present subscribers, and those who may hereafter subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. See conditions in another column.

Missionary Work.

Do some missionary work. We require your assistance in giving away 10,000 copies of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. You can prove yourself a blessing to others, by aiding us. Vol. I., in paper cover, containing 400 pages, is to be sent forth free, on conditions mentioned in another column. There is no subject of such vast importance as that of death, and life in the Spirit realms.

If you want a reliable dye that will color an even brown or black, and will please and satisfy you every time, use Buckingbam's Dye for the Whiskers.

"The Fountain of Life, or The Three fold Power of Sex." By Lois Wais broker. One of the author's most useful books. It should be read by every man and woman. Price 50c.

REV. A. O. KENDRICK.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.

have sufficiently developed the finer spiritual qualities of their natures which link them to the divine. I return, sir, not to preach, but to give my testimony to the truths of immortality, to speak out, for I feel it to be the season for expression in regard to that life which lies beyond. I would have every soul learn of its realities and realize to what bourns they are traveling, and gain information how best to prepare themselves for the highest condition when the angel shall call.

"It seems to me we can only give this word of exhortation: Love God and keep his commandments; not fear God. I would not say that now to any soul, but rather seek to know of the infinite spirit by putting forth the interior qualities and aspirations, reach out in thought and desire for knowledge and consciousness of the Infinite Presence. Know thyself and thy possibilities, then shall thou come to know something of God that is within. Then learn to love God and keep those commandments which, in the keeping, will develop within thee the finest, sweetest traits of character, which will bring a condition of purity, and which will uplift the soul. The pure in heart shall see God, for they shall behold him in every blade of grass that grows, in every flower that springeth up, in the smile of the sunshine, and in the crystal waters of the flowing stream.

"I bring my greeting to my dear friends in Poughkeepsie, New York State. Tell them I have returned, not so much as a preacher or teacher, but as a child or student who wishes to learn, and feels that, while he has gained much experience and has gathered to himself vital associations and sweet truths, yet in many ways he must begin again as a little child to reach out, to study, and to gather knowledge and discipline.

"I was a native of Vermont, and in early life I visited various scenes and met with experiences, all of which have been good for my soul, but my thoughts turn to Poughkeepsie and its dear associations, to the good friends who are there. I feel that I will not, at least in their heart of hearts, be denied or rejected, even though I come from the unseen Spirit-world.

"JAMES RYLAND KENDRICK." As soon as Mr. Galusha could obtain a copy of the Banner of Light with this communication in, he lost no time in going to see the famous Greek scholar, Professor A. C. Kendrick, a brother of the deceased, James Ryland Kendrick, hoping by such evidence of spirit communion to win over the Professor to a belief in Spiritualism. But Professor Kendrick, when he read the above letter, smiled in a way that only a theologian can when looking with pitying eye upon anyone standing outside the pale of orthodoxy. He was very condescending and polite to poor Mr. Galusha, and told him it was very curious and wonderful, and showed what fine work the devil could do when the opportunity occurred. Of course he didn't believe it was a communication from his brother, now numbered among the saints in glory everlasting, singing the praises of redeeming love; now clothed in spotless white, winging his way in graceful circles around the great white throne of God, etc. Oh, no! His brother had higher duties to perform than to come back and wallow in mundane affairs.

But with all this lofty talk from the standpoint of a theological professor, he was very kind, very urbane, and seemed to have a sort of commiseration for the soft spot in Mr. Galusha's head.

And so the latter came away sorrowful to think that the latter had not made any impression on the Professor. Upon various other occasions Mr. Galusha tried to bring the truths of Spiritualism home to the learned Kendrick, but without success. It will be remembered that Professor Kendrick was, on account of his great learning, appointed one of the translators during the revision of the Bible in London, England. On his return from those labors Mr. Galusha again approached the Professor, and even to within a short time of the great scholar's death Mr. Galusha labored to try and throw the light in his path, but in vain. Then death came to the Professor, and the papers were full of his praise and there was a great funeral.

It was quite a long time after the Professor died when Mr. Galusha received the following communication, through the mediumship of Miss Boardman, of Rochester, a lady of wealth and refinement, who has for many years given the results of her powers free of charge.

"Estimable and Good Friend:—What this means I hardly know! I do realize, however, that I was suddenly called to step out from the mortal into the higher life, and that, having been restored to consciousness, almost my first desire was to put myself in communication with you, who had often tried to turn my unwilling mind heavenward from your point of view, formed by a belief in what seemed to me a dangerous snare, and one well calculated to land you in an ever-to-be-avoided abode.

"I am attended by that great soul, Anderson [M. B. Anderson was president of the Rochester University for thirty years], who assures me I am doing just right to reach out to you as a means and aid to further enlightenment on my part. In regard to the new conditions which greet me on every hand, and which called forth wonder from me as I realize how different is the reality of the other life from my poor earthly conception of it,

GOLDEN LAXATIVE COFFEE.

SOMETHING NEW.

BUT OH, SO NICE!

CURES CONSTIPATION!

Ask your grocery for it, and if they don't have it, ask them to order some of us, and they will do it.

PRICE AT STORES, 25 CENTS.

A Package by Mail, 30 cts., or 4 Packages for \$1.00, Express Charges Prepaid.

Golden Laxative Coffee Co.

AYER, MASSACHUSETTS.

Write us for terms for agents.

I feel new life and vitality springing up in me, am neither prostrated nor cast down in spite of finding myself thrown out of, as I may say, what I had considered my natural inheritance after earth-life should be passed. I seem to rise to my new conditions with a joyful sense of the immense gain to be received from them.

"I thank you for every word you uttered to me on this divine subject of communicating through the agency of minds susceptible to the transmitting of thoughts to those who are prepared to receive them from the unseen shore. How little could I have imagined myself as turning for a moment earthward after my call to come up higher should have sounded! I did not dream of looking away from 'God' for an instant. It must be I expected to fraternize with him. At any rate, I meant to keep my foundation good, so clung tenaciously to church and baptism, not daring to do otherwise lest I should dash my foot against a stone and thus perish miserably at the disapproval of an irate God. But, thank heaven, all this is changed, and I now realize that divine love is extended to every creature, whether worthy or unworthy, and that all can be saved—all the great human family; that it is impossible that even one should be lost out of the immense flock. I have as yet, as may be supposed, taken up nothing in the way of study or research, but am resting and imbibing, in great draughts, truths that are forcing themselves home to me in most comforting manner. I know that I shall not rest thus easy long, for questions are to be presented that will cause me great uneasiness of mind, not to say profound shame and bitterness of feeling. Much, much will be required of me, as much has been my portion, and I already profoundly regret my narrow-mindedness and bigotry.

"Good friends, what can I say to show my appreciation of the position you hold as one willing and ready to receive and listen to confession from the released and convicted, who are permitted to return their thoughts to the old earth-plane. I would aid you all in my power, and will, I trust, find means to confer on you some benefit most desired in your experience.

"Yours respectfully and sincerely,

A. C. KENDRICK.

"To Elton Galusha."

As before remarked, Miss Boardman, through whose mediumship the above letter from Spirit Kendrick came, is wealthy, refined and highly esteemed in the social circles of Rochester. The writings of many eminent persons now in Spirit-life have been constantly coming in a spontaneous manner through her hand during many years.

Brother Elton Galusha feels that at last he is reaping a good harvest from seeds he scattered years ago, and will still continue in the good work of casting Spiritual bread upon the dark waters of the world. A. W. M. Rochester, N. Y.

When sending in your own subscription, get some one to join with you who has not had the paper, and by this means get a copy free of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. See full particulars on the second page.

Is Fighting Spiritualism. The Library Board of Indianapolis, Indiana, which passes upon the availability of all books presented for the circulating library, has got into a squabble over the admission of a work on Spiritualism, and for several days there have been animated discussions in the board and no little friction has been engendered.

One member of the body leans to the doctrine of Spiritualism and is contending for the admission of the work, while others are bitterly opposing it, some of them declaring that the ism should not be permitted to intrude itself into the families of the patrons of the library, and that such books are pernicious and ought to be suppressed.

The local Spiritualists have taken up the fight and are bringing much pressure to bear on the board, but those who do not believe in Spiritualism are firm and say that they will not yield the point.

The way to fill a large sphere is to glorify a small one. There is no large sphere; you are your sphere.—Edward B. Brainerd.

DR. C. E. WATKINS.

—THE—

PSYCHICAL PHYSICIAN.

Send age, name in full, leading symptom and two 2-cent stamps and you will receive by return mail, a correct diagnosis of your case.

FREE OF CHARGE.

DR. C. E. WATKINS.

AYER, MASSACHUSETTS.

A SUPPOSABLE CASE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.

To this the stranger replied: "You say you have proof positive that man has a soul, and that the soul is immortal."

"Yes, we have this proof from spirit-returns—we see and converse with our friends who have passed on before. Do you require proof other than this?"

"Produce the evidence, and the proof will be satisfactory; let my eyes and my ears bear witness of its truth. I have had nothing but faith theories, creeds and dogmas, and other unreasonable and visionary schemes offered me after all these patient and toilsome investigations. If a religion will not bear the searchlight of reason, I can, as heretofore, live on without it. If you substantiate your assertions you will have done what others cannot. I hope, in this, my last investigation, I will have no cause for disappointment. Then I can return feeling that my labors will bear fruit. Should I return without bringing my people knowledge of that which I have been seeking, they would call me an aimless adventurer, and ever after scorn me for deceiving them.

The stranger returned to his planetary sphere, feeling satisfied with the results and proofs he obtained, and having no cause for debating in his mind the question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" For he saw and he heard that which convinced him beyond a doubt, that beyond the realm of shadows we live again.

B. E. RIGGS.

Brookfield, Mo.

A Preacher Prays for Light.

When the congregation had settled down and finished coughing, the minister arose in the pulpit, and instead of beginning the regular sermon he informed his dearly beloved that he was contemplating a change. He had received a call to another church, he explained, and although the salary connected with the new position would be greater than that which his present congregation was pleased to give him, he had not decided to accept the call.

"My heart is with my old charge," he went on to say, "and I am greatly disposed to look beyond this world's goods to the greater return which comes from duty well done. The congregation to which I am called is a wealthy one, it is true, and the emoluments will be increased. But I shall pray for light before deciding. All week I shall pray for light that I may see the better way, and on next Sabbath I will announce my decision."

During the week one of the congregation met the minister's small and incorrigible boy on the street and asked:

"Tommy, do you know whether or not your father has decided to leave us and go away?"

Tommy thought a few moments and then slowly responded:

"Well, I don't know. Pop's still prayin' for light, but most of the things is packed."

"The Missing Link in Modern Spiritualism." By A. Leah Underhill. A deeply interesting volume, of especial interest to all Spiritualists. A. Leah Underhill was one of the Fox Sisters, with whom was the inception of the modern Spiritual movement. She narrates many incidents and spiritual occurrences in the experiences of the Fox family. Price, cloth, \$1.50, postpaid.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Doten. In this volume, this peerless poet of the South, has written in varied moods, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Right Living." By Susan H. Wixon. The author shows a wise practicality in her method of teaching the principle of ethics. She illustrates her subject with many brief narratives and anecdotes, which render the book more interesting and more easily comprehended. It is especially adapted for use in Children's Lyceum. In the hands of mothers and teachers it may be made very useful. Young and old will be benefited by it. Cloth \$1. For sale at this office.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

SPECIALIST IN ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

Depends not upon any one time-worn system or nine days wonder for his wonderful cures, but upon science, upon knowledge of diseases and their causes.

WITH A LONG EXPERIENCE,

Having carefully studied all therapeutic agencies and their properties, he is enabled to use those best adapted to each case with unvarying success.

HE TREATS THE FOLLOWING:

Dyspepsia, diarrhoea, dropsy, epilepsy, eczema, erysipelas, falling sickness, rheumatism, scrofula, nervous system, gravel, gout, headache, heart disease, kidney complaint, female weakness, difficulty, neuritis, paralysis, bleeding piles, bronchitis, asthma, indigestion, catarrh, tartritis, rashes upon the face, atonic diseases, weakness of men, barrenness, insanity, drunkenness, constipation, in grippe and all chronic diseases. And further, he furnishes

FREE TO ALL PATIENTS

Hygienic and Physiological Literature, enabling them when cured, to remain healthy.

CORRECT DIAGNOSIS FREE.

By enclosing name, age, sex, leading symptom and stamp for reply.

REMEMBER TO ADDRESS

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

USES OF SYMPATHY.

A Reverie by Gertrude Marie Bucklin.

"What is it that constitutes most of the unhappiness of life? Nothing more nor less than looking back, the grief of the past, and forward with fear to the future. Yesterday is as a thousand years away, and to-morrow? 'To-morrow' never comes. Each day is a judgment of the preceding day, and a preparation for the coming day. The great present is ours only; ours to start afresh if we have failed in past efforts, or, worse still, have made no effort at all; ours to search ourselves and see that we are not living for ourselves alone, for such a life must eventually drive comfort and enjoyment away. There are none so humble or lowly but can help to gladden someone's life.

The modest, humble and obscure, Living unnoticed and unknown, May raise a shaft that will endure Longer than pyramids of stone.

What can give greater happiness and peace to our souls, when departing on life's higher journey, than to know the world, in some of its, has been benefited through our little—by our having lived.

We may think we can do but very little, and accomplish almost nothing, but just one small act or word of kindness to a fellow-traveler along life's journey, may reap a harvest that would astonish us, if we would know how great the ultimate result.

Many who bravely endeavor to bear a cross which the world is laboring under an overwhelming burden of sorrow and responsibilities that might be greatly alleviated by a tender sympathy, extended at the right time. Who knows but many a lot of desolation has been averted by a timely kindness or word of sympathy, which turned the thoughts in a new channel and lifted the eyes to a passing ray of light, which brightened the blackness of their despair.

Sympathy is one of the divinest gifts to man. It is a second-sight—the informing soul of genius; only those who are attuned to the love of humanity can perceive much.

It is a great thing to be able to put one's self in another's place and understand by the magic of fellow-feeling his strength and his weakness. Sympathy disdains no atom of humanity, but sees a possible front in the poorest of men, and falls with the misfortune of equal environment and education—or rather look of it—we might be no better than they. Sympathy, pity and an effort to uplift such unfortunate are as bread cast upon the waters, * * * surely returning to us after many days.

One of our immortal poets has said: "If we could read the secrets of our enemies, we should find in each man's life suffering and sorrows enough to disarm all hostility."

And if we could only bear this in mind, we would have fewer enemies and more real friends; not the kind of friends who love but to use us, and when we can no longer conduce to their pleasures or interests, are off to pastures new; but tried and true souls, who, when weighed in the balance, would not be found wanting.

Many an enemy would willingly extend the hand of friendship when great sorrows or calamities visit us, if we would but receive them—and it is only through adversity we can test our friends—even so would we go to them with open heart and outstretched hand if they were likewise distressed. There is more of this love in the heart of humanity than is generally supposed.

We would recommend finally to the unhappy and pessimistic, to those that feel all the world is their enemy, this beautiful, all-satisfying remedy: Take up the burden of another's griefs, and learn from his pain your own's relief; Lifted from earth this shall immortalize, The heart its own anguish purifies."

GERTRUDE MARIE BUCKLIN.

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.

A COMPILATION OF THE LAC... This book is a compilation of the Lac... It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"The Coming American Civil War." This book, by Burton Ames... It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"The Coming American Civil War." This book, by Burton Ames... It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"The Coming American Civil War." This book, by Burton Ames... It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"The Coming American Civil War." This book, by Burton Ames... It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"The Coming American Civil War." This book, by Burton Ames... It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1. For sale at this office.



FORSTER, DR. W. M.

THE NOTED

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT

OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Will send a free diagnosis and terms for treatment to all who will send their name and address in their own handwriting, with postage stamp for reply.

"The Pacific Coast Clairvoyant" of Dec. 30, 1893, says of Dr. Forster:—

Since his coming here he has made himself highly respected by his intelligent work, his humanitarian ideas and practices, and his straightforward course of integrity and honor."

Address: DR. W. M. FORSTER,

1050 Market St.,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SPECIAL READING NOTICES.

Blood and nerves are very closely related. Keep the blood rich, pure and healthy with Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will have no trouble from nervousness.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation. 25c.

Free to Spiritualists.

I will mail one week's trial treatment of the famous Australian Electro-Pill Remedy free to all readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, or seven weeks' treatment for only \$1.00; for catarrh, kidney, liver and stomach and general complaints. Special terms to agents. Address with stamp, Dr. E. J. Worsley, Ashland Ohio.

A Good Offer.

Dr. J. R. Craig, California's well-known and successful clairvoyant physician, will diagnose the most difficult and complicated diseases without leading symptom, age, or sex. Address, with four stamps for reply, Dr. J. R. Craig, 1528 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mothers will find "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" the best to use for children while teething. An old and well tried remedy.

PROF. FRANK B. RICHMOND,

43 N. Hamilton St., Chicago, Ill.

Magnetic and Hypnotic treatment successfully applied to all diseases, my specialty being the

SAFE, QUICK, CERTAIN, PAINLESS CURE

of chronic and difficult cases, particularly all nervous ailments. Candidates who have failed to benefit by other methods are the most advanced. Instruction and treatment by special appointment.

By one of the Invincible Magicians of the World, the famous Dr. J. R. Craig, California's well-known and successful clairvoyant physician, will diagnose the most difficult and complicated diseases without leading symptom, age, or sex. Address, with four stamps for reply, Dr. J. R. Craig, 1528 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DR. BARNEY, A POWERFUL MAGNETIC healer, gives a cure for any suffering with disease who will address with stamp, Business reading, 5c; 10c; 25c; 50c; 1.00. 78 E. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PSYCHE DEVELOPS

MEDIUMSHIP

And gives communications. Price, delivered \$1.20.

Mediumship and How to Develop It. Every Spiritualist and investigator should have it. 100 pages of explicit directions for developing all phases, with portrait of author. Paper, 25c; cloth, 50c; postage, 5c.

SPIRITUALIST BADGE

and Sunflower Jewelry. 75 cents to \$5.00. MAGI BADGE, gold, \$2.50. A. P. A. BADGE, gold, \$1.50. Send stamp for it and we will send you a circular containing the full particulars of the Spiritualist badge. W. H. BACH, Mfr., Aberdeen, S. D.

ASTONISHING OFFER.

Send three two-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age, sex, one leading symptom, and you will be diagnosed free by spirit power. Mrs. Dr. A. B. Dolson, San Jose, Cal., Box 132.

CANCERS.

Cancer and Tumor Institute. No knife used. Magnetic and Therapeutic treatment for nervous and female diseases. Terms are reasonable. Where cancer cases are not too bad, cancer can be cured by mail. Call on or correspond with Dr. C. A. Hascall, S. D., 7 Telegraph Ave., Oakland, Cal.

DR. J. S. LOUCKS,

of Shirleyville, Mass., the well-known magnetic physician of about thirty years' practice. His practice extends into all parts of the United States and Canada, also in some parts of Europe. He is making wonderful cures with his magnetic remedies, as his certificates of cures will show. Send for one. May be cured without given up to the M. D. If you send him a lock of hair, name, age, sex, and four 2-cent stamps, we will tell you what he thinks of your case, also what the prospects are for a cure. Try him and see for yourself. Address Dr. J. S. LOUCKS, Shirleyville, Mass.

MRS. G. C. PARTRIDGE,

The well-known Psychometrist and Business Medium. Readings personally or by letter \$1.00. Three read. reasonable questions answered by mail for 25 cents. 24 Walnut Street, Chicago, Ill.

MANSILL'S ALMANAC

—OF—

PLANETARY METEOROLOGY.

Weather Forecaster's Guide and New System of Science for 1896. It contains a planetary chart of each month, showing the position of the planets in the different houses in the zodiac, giving the days which each sign governs, and the general and special characteristics of each. Price, 25c.

BY RICHARD MANSILL,

Author of "Geology and Microscopy Illustrated," "Cohesive Attraction and the Formation of World," "Universal Change in Natural Elements," etc. Price 25c. For sale at this office.

PSYCHOMETRY—SEND HANDWRITING.

Of hair and one dollar to W. F. GREEN, 24 E. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., for life reading.

HOW TO DRAW YOUR SPIRIT FRIENDS

around you by talismans. Ten cents silver and stamp. James Hilling, 1 Essex St., Somerville, Mass.

RAZORS RENEWED. HOLLOW-GROUND.

Buffed, honed and stropped, call to new, by return mail, 5c. Davidson Bros., Louisville, Ga.

ORDER OF THE MAGI.

A New Badge in solid gold, with blue and black enamel, and a pyramid, obelisk and sun's rays in gold. Every Spiritualist should have one. Price \$2. For sale at this office.

LEAFLETS OF THOUGHT

GATHERED FROM THE TREE OF LIFE. Containing some of the experiences of a spirit who has been in spirit life fifty-seven years. By E. E. Litchfield. This work of 287 pages contains a vast fund of information, and is a most interesting and profitable study. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

Romanism and the Republic.

By Rev. Isaac J. Lansing, M. A. Every patriot should read it. Price \$1.00.

God in the Constitution.

By Robert G. Ingersoll. One of the best papers Col. Ingersoll ever wrote. In paper cover, with likeness of author. Price, 10 cents; in cloth cover, \$1.00.

The price of the book is \$1.00.

For sale at the office of The Progressive Thinker.

BIOCHEMISTRY,

PSYCHOMETRY, MENTAL SCIENCE AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

DR. GEO. W. CAREY, THE NOTED BIOCHEMIC

Physician, San Jose, Cal., will send you a FREE TRIAL of his new system of treatment for all diseases for FIVE DOLLARS. No symptoms need be sent in order to receive the remedy. Dr. Carey can diagnose, by clairvoyance and his spirit guide—an ancient book. Dr. Carey is the author of the wonderful book, "The Bio-Chemic System of Medicine."

The Bio-Chemic System of Medicine.

444 Pages. Price, \$2.75 by mail.

Dr. Carey's pamphlet—Biochemistry, Mental Science or the Philosophy of Spiritual Healing and its Relation to the Cause of Man, is a striking work with large sales. Price 5c.

Write for information send three 2-cent stamps. All diseases of women treated successfully. Address

DR. GEO. W. CAREY,

No. 25 Delmar Ave., San Jose, Cal.

CATARRH.

Consumption, asthma and all lung troubles positively cured by the

ONLY SCIENTIFIC METHOD

over-diagnosed for the last thirty years. For full information address with stamp for reply, The J. M. Peebles Medical Co., SAN DIEGO, CAL. 82011

DR. GARLAND'S

VEGETABLE COUGH DROPS

Are put up in 16-ounce boxes and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or money will be refunded by the proprietor, Dr. M. H. Garland. Send 25 cents in stamps and receipt will return mail a box of this medicine.

HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

as you will find it a blood cleanser as well as a Throat and Lung Remedy. Over 50,000 boxes sold and recommended. Address all orders to Dr. M. H. Garland, 359 Sixteenth Place, Station O, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Dr. Craig's New Discovery, the cure for dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, "now ready to be taken in the form of a powerful medicine, and will cure you of your troubles. Address all orders to Dr. J.