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SIGNS AND AUGURIES.

Gleanings From History of Olden Time.

Portents and Omens That Came True.

DREAMS THAT WERE FULFILLED—GLEANED FROM CLASSIC LITERATURE—ANTOINETTE SHAKESPEARE.

"For no Marsian augur, whom fools view with awe,
Nor driver nor star-gazer care I a straw.
The Egyptian quack, an expounder of dreams,
Is neither in science nor art what he seems.
Superstitious and shameless they prowl
Through our streets,
Some hungry, some lazy, but all of them
Impostors who vaunt that to others
they'll show
The path that themselves neither travel
nor know;
Since they promise us wealth, if we pay
for their pains,
Let them take from that wealth, and be-
stow what remains."

While we have an excellent chance here to say something about the tellers of fortune, I must first tell you of the fortune-tellers of olden times, whose lack of skill, or whose greed of gain, has brought our cause into disrepute among the ignorant, and I am sorry to say that this disgraceful feature is not entirely confined to outsiders, we will leave the task to more capable hands.

The verses that head this article were written by a Greek poet more than two hundred years before Christ, and tell us as plainly as words can, that mediumship of a questionable kind, and no doubt that of an unquestionable kind, had their niche in the temple of everyday affairs in those days.

That the counterfeit cannot exist without the genuine sounds well, but it is not always borne out by fact. Philosophy is often made to sound well. He who was always ranting heavenward one day fell into a well. "Aim high, if you don't hit a barn" sounds well, but is not always best; for when speaking frogs, fools only aim at tree tops. To plant a seed in the earth and look to heaven to see its sprout is a waste of time. Physical manifestations of psychologic mysticism must have physical channels and outlets; yet many of our investigators, wrapped in a sort of ecstasy, walk down the stream with the stream to find its source, or travel towards the source to find its outlet.

Fraud is cork and cannot keep submerged. We look too deep to see it pass. Truth, like an ocean pearl, lies deep; we see fraud's shadow in the depths, and, erring, call it truth. Desire fathers fulfillment, and by a curious hypnosis, what we wish to see is seen.

Polonius was an example of willing credulity: "You cloud is very like a camel!" "Aye, so it is." "A weal!" "Aye, on my life!" "A pig." "True, I can hear it squeal!" Straining at gnats and bolting camels was not a monopoly of Bible times. Do not we strain at spoken tests, and bolt a dozen sheet-old forms? Yet there are gnats and camels, too. Frauds will uprise and their producers thrive; or we must know the camel from his driver.

Shallow minds, like shallow ponds, cease their agitation with the cause that produces it; the deeper soul, like troubled sea, is moved when that which moved it sleeps. Excitement and reason are enemies; the ruffled lake does not reflect.

Instead of entering into the why and wherefore of certain beliefs, why thorns and roses are produced by the same causes, let us fish from the storehouse of historic record a few fictions, with which some facts are apt to be mixed, and which, I hope, will be of general rather than individual interest.

The mysterious rites ascribed by the priesthood of all religious sects have been the means of holding their votaries together. The Greek and Roman temples, wherein were practiced and administered the sacred rites, must have been masterpieces of the wizard's art. As the novitate entered the awful precincts, suddenly, from noonday light, he found himself enveloped in an impenetrable veil of Egyptian darkness. The floor, which seemed to sink beneath him as he entered, would appear to rise as suddenly to the very dome of the temple. Lightnings played before his eyes, thunders sounded in his ears; he was burned and frozen, beaten and caressed, and all in the same breath; and, when he came forth from the ordeal, he must have been pronounced superstitious enough by the priests, and was ready to impute all who differed from him to his belief. Anaxagoras was condemned to death for telling them that the stars were not deities, but masses of corruptible matter; and Socrates no doubt assisted his death by assertions of like character.

We should be congratulated, for we have reached such a glorious point of religious toleration, we are content with calling the other fellow "a crank."

The rites of the ancient priesthood were well known to Numa Pompilius, who, being of a pacific disposition, yet knowing that men obeyed more through fear than love, practiced them to hold in check the warlike spirit of the ancient Romans; even as Romulus, before him, had practiced them to urge it on. Thus hostile became so adept at calling down fire from heaven that one day he burned himself to death. It was the custom from remotest antiquity to foretell coming events by all manner of divination, such as dreams, casting of lots, by the entrails of slaughtered beasts, flight and number of birds, signs between heaven and earth, comets, shooting stars, flaming torches burning their way athwart the moonless sky; eclipses of the sun and moon; shields and spears of fire, that, in the solemn clouds, clashed with fierce sounds of war; neighing of invisible horses; braying of invisible trumps; and ranks of warriors that fought 'twixt sea and sky, and dropped their blood upon the startled sailors.

The deception of breathing forth flames is of very ancient origin. Porcena caused fire to fall from heaven upon a monster that ravaged his country. Rabbi Bar Cabbaba made the credulous Jews believe that he was the promised Messiah by breathing forth flames; and two years later the Emperor Constantine was terrified by the report that one of his guards was seen to breathe forth fire.

Vestal virgins at Carthage in Capidocia walked barefoot through burning coals. A festival was held annually at Mt. Soracti, in Etruria, at which the Hirpi, who lived not far from Rome, performed the same ceremony. For this apparently supernatural feat they were granted certain privileges by the Roman Senate. "They trusted," says Livy, "not so much to their sanctity as to the preparation of their feet for the occasion." The time that Tiberius Gracchus was tribune it became necessary to send a consul to put down the first slave revolt in Sicily. Modern slavery was the acme of freedom, as compared with the inhuman treatment allotted to the wretched beings cursed with a Roman master. Rather than fall into the hands of the Roman conqueror, the entire population of cities often committed suicide, and to accomplish this would resort to the most awful means.

About the time of the first slave revolt, there lived in Sicily a hunchback slave named Eunus, who worked upon the superstitious fears of his ignorant fellows by not only walking on hot coals, heated forth fire and smoke, but by calling down fire apparently from heaven. By reason of the power acquired over them by these means, he seduced them to take part in an insurrection, which was to begin with the slaughter of his master and mistress, the signal for the uprising to be given in his master's banqueting hall by the guests themselves in shape of fire bursting from a tankard of wine.

Eunus, who had often predicted that he would be king, was looked upon by his master, Damophilus, and his mistress, Megalis, as a sportive toy; and it afforded no little amusement to their guests to make this shriveled hunchback mount upon the table at a feast, and, after telling him to remember them when he became king, to deluge him with the dregs of wine.

All went quietly. Damophilus had assembled at his board all the nobility of Syracuse. Wine ran freely as a mountain river. Each patrician was attended by his bodyguard of slaves that filled the spacious hall, and who brought with them, concealed under their habits, such weapons as they could best secure, and who, when the hour came, heeded his master's hair ready to obey the slightest look or nod. The jest flew fast and furious. "Up on the table, Eunus," cried the king, and Eunus, with fiendish alacrity, sprang among the wine-filled gold. "Remember us when you are king! Now then! One, two, three!" and the ruby rain deluged the crippled slave.

"Thus do we bathe our future king!"

"And thus your future king will bathe you all and with you all the parts of Sicily! Here, by the memory of your many taints and cruelties, by memory of the dead, by memory of the outraged gods, this do I swear. And that there may be nothing lacking to mar the grace of this, my oath, this night, this sacrifice to Jove I consecrate!" And stooping down he touched the blood-red wine. When, lo, a flame burst from the brimming tankard, which reached and scorched the very dome of the banquet hall. And thus began that great revolt in Sicily, which reached so far Rome had to send her legions to put it down.

The flight and action of birds was a species of augury adjudged to be nearly, if not quite correct, as these inhabitants of air dwelling for the most part so far above the earth, could better observe and judge the actions of men. As one upon a lofty mountain top can better see the ambushes as well as the advances; and better hear the whisper of the gods. Homer refers to this kind of augury in the couplet:

"Skilled the dark fate of mortals to declare,
And learned in all winged omens of the air."

When Romulus and Remus were contending as to which should have choice in the selection of a city, they resolved to hazard this upon the flight and number of birds. He who saw the greater number to be declared most capable of choosing the spot he thought most advantageous. When they returned Remus said he saw six vultures; Romulus, feeling that he now had things his own way, said he saw twelve. Later Remus discovered the deception, which led to a fierce quarrel between the brothers, which resulted in the latter's death. Romulus, encouraged by his superiority in the art of divination, ever afterwards carried a rod; not so much, perhaps, to assist him in his auguries, as to knock down those that disbelieved them. Who will say his race does not still exist?

Eagles selected a site for the city of Constantinople, and revealed the burial-place of Theodosius: while cranes detected the assassins of Ibasus. This celebrated poet, while traveling, was set upon and wounded unto death by robbers; and before he died, observing a flock of cranes passing over his head, he exclaimed: "There go the avengers of this bloody deed!" And so, indeed, it proved, for some little time after, while the assassins were in the market-place at Athens, they saw a flock of cranes flying over the city. Ha, ha! they cried: "There go the avengers of Ibasus!" They were overheard; their remarks tried into, and the whole band was tried and executed.

When Alexander the Great conquered Egypt, he resolved to build there a city which should be peopled by Greeks. He had chosen its site, when his mind was changed by a dream. In his dream he was approached by a person of a very venerable aspect, who repeated to him the following couplet from Homer:

"High o'er a gulf the Pharian Isle
Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing Nile."

Upon hearing this, Alexander, who carried the poems of Homer about in a golden casket, slept with them under his pillow, and whose faith in them was boundless, arose immediately, and went

to Pharos, where he saw at once the beauty of the situation, and there began the foundations of a city. As the soil was black and no chalk to be had, he mapped out the streets with flour; but the birds came in great numbers and ate it clean. Alexander feared this evil sign, but, upon being reassured by his soothsayer, or medium, he went on with the work, and the result was Alexandria.

Alexander was always attended by his soothsayer, who, robed in white, with a crown of gold on his head, advised him on all matters of moment; and who predicted his victory over Darius the Great, whose defeat made Alexander master of Asia.

Another soothsayer, at the time that Caesar almost totally destroyed the army of Pompey, though at a great distance from the field of battle, was informed of it by the flight of birds. At one time he was heard to say: "This great affair now draws to a decision."

"The generals are engaged." Later, making another observation, he said: "Caesar, thou art the conqueror." Upon these words, his expression surprised mingled with doubt, he tore the sacred fillet from his head and swore: "I will never put it on again till the event puts my art beyond question!" Caesar's victory being heralded shortly after, it is likely he resumed his crown.

Vultures were the birds most used in augury, and as these devourers of carrion, that always followed in the wake of war, could be seen at great distances, the soothsayer only reasoned from cause to effect. The vultures, while the armies remained in a state of inactivity, floated on motionless wings far above them. When the conflict began, the birds signaled it by their eager fluttering. The position of the contending armies being known, which of the two being driving the other before it would have been readily seen by the flight of the vultures in that direction. Some of our so-called soothsayers are familiar with this sort of divination.

Chickens, which were held as sacred, were kept for the special purpose of divination. They were taken from their coops, and corn thrown to them: if they ate greedily, it was looked upon as a good omen; if not at all, it was bad.

During the first Punic war, Claudius, being on board ship, was told that the sacred chickens refused to eat. "Let them drink, then," said Claudius, and immediately all the chickens were thrown overboard. After this sacrilegious act he went into battle, and suffered an ignominious defeat. We knew a man who did not hold the chicken as sacred; for, during a storm, he threw a chicken overboard, and he was never again troubled by the sea.

Before the destruction of the tyrant Dionysius of Syracuse, an eagle was seen to swoop down, snatch a javelin from the hands of one of the soldiers, fly with it over the sea, and let it fall. This seemed to augur the near destruction of the tyrant; it did certainly that of the soldier; for the tyrant had him killed.

After the death of the tyrant, his son was compelled to teach school for a living; a better trade than that of his father.

It is said that the father of the Gracchi caught two serpents coiled asleep on his bed. He seized and carried both to a soothsayer, who told him he must not kill both, but one only. If he killed the female it meant death to Cornelia; if the male, it meant death to himself. Without a moment's hesitation he crushed the female, and the wife of the Gracchi lived; and the Gracchi lived, and, according to the saying of the medium, he died shortly after.

When his son Tiberius was struggling with voice and purse for the betterment of the condition of his oppressed country, he consulted the augurs for their opinions of success. The sacred chickens refused to leave their coops or to eat. This recalled to the disturbed mind of Tiberius a former vision. He had a helmet that he wore in battle; a masterpiece of the armorer's art. Two serpents had crept into it, deposited their eggs, and hatched out their young. This ill-omen was considered to be either worse than the chickens, or that he had arrived at that happy state where he could see snakes. On setting out for the capital, he stumbled with his own sword, and he broke the nail of his own door, as to break the nail of his great toe; but this did not deter him from his purpose. Most of us having met with a like accident, would have turned back, and sat down to think. When this public-spirited Roman had recovered himself a little he went on. Before he reached the capital, ill-favored augury increased. At his left hand on the edge of the roof of a house, he saw two ravens fighting. As he passed, they left off their aerial warfare and one of them, picking up a stone in its beak, let it fall on the wounded toe of Tiberius. "Ye gods! if guns were only invented!" said he, and was for turning back. As Caesar, on the day of his assassination, would have remained at home but for the plausible Decius, so now Tiberius, urged by his friends, whom he like by one of his friends, whom he suspected to be one of the conspirators against his life. "I would be a jest, indeed," said he, "if the son of Tiberius Gracchus, and grandson of Scipio Africanus, should be turned aside by the croaking of a raven." Tiberius, looking first at his sanguine friend, then at the raven, and then at the ground, before he reached the capital, one of the mob killed him with the leg of a stool as a weapon.

Before leaving the birds, that were blamed for more than their share of the good and ill that visited mankind, I will relate a story told by that celebrated general and wit, Phocion: "Once there was a man in Greece who resolved to make a campaign. He armed himself heavily, and set forth in quest of adventure. He had not proceeded far into the open country when he was disturbed by the croaking of a flock of ravens rising over his head. He stopped, and laid down his arms. When they had quieted their croakings, he resumed his arms, and his march. 'And they croak again!' He stopped, so did the ravens. Again he gathered up his arms and started, and again his followers resumed their melody. Then he threw down his arms in earnest and started for

home, saying, 'You may croak your hearts out, but you shall not taste my carcass!'

The ancient Greeks and Romans were strongly influenced by those psychologic mysteries known as dreams; which Shakespeare calls "The children of an idle brain." Not so; it is the busy, care-oppressed brain that is so prolific of dreams.

Says Sylla, the Roman general: "If there be any matters that deserve our special attention, they are those that we are apprised of in our dreams." Were this true, what a race of madmen would populate the world. One moment walking up the cataract of Niagara; the next descending the crater of Vesuvius, even in the teeth of an eruption. And the wonder of it all is, we do not marvel at the wonderful feats we perform.

The night before Caesar's death, Calphurnia, his wife, was troubled with a remarkable dream, which Caesar referred to, the morning of his assassination, by saying: "No heaven nor earth hath been at peace to-night: Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out: 'Beware! He that murders Caesar!' Caesar was mocked to go in spite of this, and Calphurnia's dream was fulfilled almost to the letter. The marvel which heralded the death of Caesar did not cease at it. A remarkably brilliant comet appeared, and burned for seven successive days: the splendor of the sun was dimmed for one entire year, and all vegetation grew thin in consequence.

The deeds of this remarkable man were ever attended by prodigies. The night before Pompey was totally defeated by Caesar, he dreamed that as he entered his own theater he was received by loud plaudits, and that he adorned the temple of Venus with many spoils. This made him fear that Caesar, who claimed to be a descendant of Venus, would be exalted at his expense. And the same night, when all was still, the sentinels in the camp of Caesar were startled by a brilliant light appearing directly over his tent; and Caesar himself says he saw the fiery messenger, while inspecting his watch at night.

One Cinna—not he concerned in the assassination, but a particular friend of Caesar—dreamed contemporaneously with Calphurnia that Caesar invited him to supper. He refused to go; whereupon Caesar took hold of his cloak and constrained him along into a room where all was noise and confusion, and there he remained. The next day, on hearing of Caesar's assassination, and that funeral orations were being spoken by Brutus and Antony in honor of the dead, he sought the market-place, arriving but late, and found their view were gossipping on various topics. A length, after having exhausted the winds and waves; the fishes great and small; marvelous voyages aboard the Caesar, the Venus and the Neptune; monsters of the deep that they had seen; wonderful escapes from shipwreck, and wonderful shipwrecks they had not escaped. For want of fuel the fire of their conversation had died out, and they had relapsed into silence broken only by the plash of the sea on the rocks below. One thinking of his wife, perhaps; another of a distant sweetheart; another of mother, sister or brother; or may be of the immense treasure these contained; and wondering if there would ever come a storm great enough, when he was ashore, to wash it up within his grasp.

The silence was broken by the captain of the little crew, as he said in his quaint way: "When I was at Rome, I climbed up to the top of that same spar, indicating with his short, rude gesture, the tapering mast that rose from the deck of his vessel!"

"Those were great days for Rome! Every window and even the tops of the houses were rented out to the people that came from all over the country to see the great procession. The theater was crowded densely with craft; so densely that people passed over it from vessel's deck to deck, without once thinking of the bridge. That was the day that Aulus Quinctus got too near the edge of the roof of Paulus Severus, and, when the great procession came along, the crowd behind him was so eager to see, they pushed him over, and he fell, breaking his neck; and the neck of the poor devil he took with him. That was a great day for Rome! Aulus Quinctus was only half-witted, anyway! I climbed to the top of that very mast, and, when the procession came along—"

"You mean to say you saw Pompey?" The captain silenced his questioner by a look.

"When Pompey's chariot came along, you know, I saw him first, and then I got so excited at the sight of this mighty fighter, I forgot myself and tried to cheer with both hands; they picked me up, carried me to my cabin, and—I've been lame ever since."

"Every man, woman and child, ay, even the dogs, in Rome loved Pompey! Why, I never heard one of his bondsmen speak ill of him. He was none of your patrician kind; always had a good word for everybody. I saw Pompey on that day, and I saw him again last night." The astonished faces of his listeners assured him that his preamble had the desired effect, and he continued: "We were anchored off just such a place as this, and we were seated just about as we are now. Mind you, this was a dream!"

A look of relief came over the faces of the crew, for they had begun to fear their captain was taking leave of his senses.

"Away yonder through the marsh and dirt I saw a man coming. He was a soldier; I could see that, though what there

was left of his armor hung about him in rags. He was bareheaded and almost barefooted. His face was so woe-begone I cried at it even in my sleep. As he drew near I saw it was the same great Pompey that had headed the procession."

Just then, one of their number that had been sent further up the coast to gather drift-wood wherewith to replenish the fire, cried:

"A stranger approaching; apparently in great distress."

"Pilot him here," called the captain. "This fire will warm him if he be cold; my vessel will shelter and feed him if he be in danger or hungry."

This kindly and sailor-like declaration of our warm-hearted mariner was greeted by shouts of approval by his crew, and they all rushed off to greet the stranger and bid him welcome. As he drew near tears welled up in the captain's eyes, for he saw it was none other than the great Pompey himself. His army had been cut to pieces and himself forced to fly. He was taken on board and conveyed to a distant hiding-place; but his rear, as being discovered, he met with a sudden and cruel death. This was a dream strangely fulfilled.

"Beware the man of one book." Beware the man of one dream: as those who dream dreams every night of their lives have but slight chance of having them fulfilled.

Let us leave the living for a time and visit, figuratively, the realms of the dead. In all ages, and among all nations, disembodied spirits were believed to return and communicate with mortals, warning them of dangers and heralding to them blessings to come. An unknown Greek poet, many hundreds of years before Christ, and who did not seem at all anxious to pry into futurity, left among his writings the following verses, which prove the "fortune-teller" to be as old as poetry:

Life's ills could man, by knowing,
Be spared from undergoing,
There would be sense in knowing.
But since, without our knowing,
We must still be undergoing,
Why, what's the use of knowing?

Crassus, "the rich," as he was contemptuously called by his slaves, took a novel means of curing them of second sight. At first, Crassus, being superstitious himself, exacted from their tasks all those who complained of having seen a specter. The sight of specters became so frequent that the hammer was silent and the plow motionless. Crassus' then modified his edict: "The first man, woman or child that sees a vision shall be crucified." The specters vanished.

It is related of Simonides, the Greek, that he owed the preservation of his life to a spirit. He found and buried the body of an unknown man washed up by the sea. As he was about to embark on shipboard, the specter of the dead man appeared to him and warned him from his contemplated voyage. He obeyed the vision, while those that embarked at that time perished. Simonides refers to this in the following couplet:

"Behold the bard-preserver! From the grave
The dead man comes, the living one to save."

When Callippus, considered the bosom friend of Dion, of Syracuse, framed that villainous conspiracy against the life of his benefactor, Dion, who was in many ways his contemporary, he was in the Roman Brutus, at the time the conspiracy was hatching, was seated one night beneath the portico of his house, devising some good for the commonwealth, he was alarmed by a terrible phantom in the form of a woman of gigantic stature, attired as one of the Furies. She wielded an enormous broom and glared at him fiercely. Like Brutus in his tent, he was seized with the power of speech; he shouted to those within and questioned them as to whether or not they had seen anything unusual. He began to realize the dreadful portent of his vision, when, shortly after, his only son threw himself from the roof of his house and was instantly killed. Dion soon after followed his son by being butchered in a horrible manner.

Gods and goddesses themselves often assisted the early Greeks and Romans in enterprises of any moment; as witness those sturdy mariners, the Argonauts, whose profiles we have hauled down to us on chiseled stone, each humped over like the typical stage old man of eighty; and each looking as if he had been well thrashed before embarking. Whether their affection or their cowardice made them hug the shore, history does not say. One of their little vessels being stuck in the mud, instead of pushing her off, they yelled for Minerva. She came down; braced herself against the rocks with her left hand, took her right and pushed the imperiled vessel into deep water.

The legend of Castor and Pollux, as told by Lord Macaulay, contains some verses on this subject, which will bear repeating:

"Their leader was false Sextus, who wrought that deed of shame,
With reckless pace and haggard face to his last field he came.
Men said he saw strange visions, which none but he might see,
And that strange sounds were in his ears, that none might hear but he.
A woman, fair and stately, but pale as the dead,
Of through the watches of the night sat spinning by his bed.
So spun she, and so sang she until the East was grey,
Then, pointing to her bleeding breast, she shrieked and fled away."

Who can fail to realize the awful carnage a Roman battlefield, where almost naked men fought with sharp swords, whose blades weighed from three to five pounds each; especially after reading the following lines, describing the flight of a Roman cavalryman for reinforcements?

"His horse's hoofs they rattled o'er the helmets of the dead,
Through many a curdling pool of blood that plashed from heel to head."
The rider is killed and Black Auster, the steed, speeds for Rome:
"Fast, fast, with heels wild spinning, the dark grey charger sped;

He burst through ranks of fighting men,
he sprang o'er heaps of dead.
The way was steep and rugged, the wolves they howled and whined,
He ran like a whirlwind up the pass and left the wolves behind;
He rushed by tower and temple, nor paused not in his pace
Till he stood beside his master's door in the state of his last place.
And Aulus, the Dictator, stroked Auster's tail and mane,
With head he looked unto the girls, with head unto the rein.
And so was buckling tighter Black Auster's saddle band,
When made aware of princely pair that rode at his right hand.
And all who saw them trembled and no less than a few every about
And Aulus, the Dictator, scarce gathered voice to speak.
And under these strange horsemen still thicker piled the slain,
And after these strange horsemen Black Auster toiled in vain."

After the victory the strange horsemen return to Rome, amid the acclamations of the populace; and, after they had washed their horses in the spring that flowed from the temple of Vesta—

"And straight again they mounted and rode by Vesta's door,
Then, like a blast, away they passed, and no man saw them more."

It is related that the same day the twin brethren brought the news to Rome a listener stood by while they were washing their horses and expressed doubt as to the truth of their tidings.

One of them turned quietly and stroked the unbeliever's beard, which turned immediately yellow. The yellow hair was after known by the name of Enobarbus, or Yellow Beard. If the twin brethren had nothing else, they had hair-dye at their finger ends!

No less remarkable were the tidings that startled Rome in a manner as unaccountable as they were miraculous. When Lucius Antonius rebelled against Domitian Rome was in a fever, expecting no less than a blood onslaught of the Germans. While the people were in the Forum discussing the probabilities of so dire an event, suddenly from out the vast concourse of people was raised a shout: "Antonius has been routed and his army cut to pieces!" When the author of the outcry was sought he was nowhere to be found, nor was he ever afterward discovered. It was learned, however, that such defeat had taken place on the very day and hour that the cry was raised, though the distance from Rome to the battlefield was more than twenty thousand furlongs.

A courier bringing a dispatch that his old physician, Polidori, was dead, Lord Byron remarked: "I felicitate me on this news last night. Scott was a believer in second sight; Rousseau tried whether his soul would be lost or not by aiming at a tree with a stone; Goethe was superstitious to a fault; Swift placed the success or failure of his life on drawing a trout out of the water, while Marie Antoinette often said: 'When signing my marriage contract I felt I was signing my death-warrant.' The demon of Socrates was not a mere demon or phantom to him."

Since the heavens were believed in by the ancients and produced melancholy and awful reflections. Augustus Caesar was so afraid of thunder and lightning he carried about with him the skin of a sea-calf, that being considered an excellent "paratonnerre." Caligula, when it thundered, would wrap up his head and, if in bed, would crawl out and hide himself under it.

The devoted knight fought by Hannibal after his defeat of Scipio and Sempronius, the desolation he left in his path, was foreshadowed by remarkable prodigies. The shields of the Roman soldiers were thick drops of blood; white hot stones (probably meteors) fell from a cloudless sky, and there was one who reported that he saw the heavens open and polished clubs of wood come quickly down on which was writ: "Mars is armed for war!" The Romans fought like demons against this evil augury; indeed they fought with such desperate fury at the battle of Lake Thesemene that they were unconscious of a mighty earthquake that took place at the time under their very feet; an earthquake that overturned cities, changed the course of rivers, and hurled the tops of mountains to their base.

The fierce and implacable Pyrrhus defied augury. Before the last great battle fought by him, the heads of the oxen used for sacrifice, after their heads had been severed from their bodies, were seen to thrust out their tongues and lick up their own blood, something like the snake that swallowed himself.

At Argos the priestess of Apollo ran through the streets at midnight, shrieking: "The city is filled with dead carcasses and blood!" "When shall I be conquered?" Pyrrhus had asked of the mediums or soothsayers years before. "When thou shalt see a wolf and bull in deadly encounter," was their answer.

The battle had ceased only with the intense darkness. The Spartans, almost disheartened by the fierce onslaughts of Pyrrhus, had betaken themselves to timid slumber, fearful lest this black warriors, with his soldiers, might spring from the body of some inoffensive statue, as beforetime he had sprung from the entrails of the Trojan horse.

Pyrrhus himself, in fiendish anticipation of to-morrow's slaughter, paced restlessly to and fro, cursing the gods because they did not send the sun. As the gray mists of morning lifted, so that objects were more clearly discernible, he had reached the market-place, and there, outlined against the whitened walls, he saw the contending figures of a brazen wolf and bull.

"Thus," shouted Pyrrhus, "do I turn mad augury against itself! Bid every trumpet call to arms!"

Now can we see the Spartan sweet-heart, wife and mother, when hope was almost gone, buckling on the shields of those they loved, and saying, with tear-stained faces: "With it, or upon it!"

When Pyrrhus saw the day for him was turning renegade, he tore from his helmet the white plume that adorned it as if in mockery of peace, and rode sagely into the thickest of the fight. The only son of a poor widow gave him, through a javelin. Pyrrhus turned fiercely to avenge the thrust, when the

mother, who from a housetop had been watching eagerly the tide of battle, seized her boy in such imminent peril, seized an immense tile, and, with maternal desperation, hurled it with all her strength on the head of Pyrrhus, crushing his helmet. The reins fell from his hands, as he toppled from his horse. When a soldier unbuckled the helmet of Pyrrhus and raised his sword to cut off his head, the eyes of the dead man were opened with such a furious stare, that the horrified soldier hacked the head from the body.

Calus Marius carried a female medium about with him, whom he dressed in gold and purple.

So great believers were the Lacedaemonians in augury that they did not always stop to investigate. They led more than once into a fool's paradise. We call to mind one instance where they were caught napping by the troops of Aratus.

They had besieged and taken Pellene, and were acting like a lot of lunatics in the exuberance of success. As each of the wild herd captured is branded by its owner with his private mark, so such a soldier, as he captured woman, placed his helmet on her head as a token that he considered her rightfully his among the spoils of war. One woman of remarkable and majestic beauty was captured by an officer, who placed on her head his curiously-wrought helmet, adorned with wavy white plumes. He then seated her in the temple of Minerva, while he helped sack the city. When Aratus, with his army, came suddenly upon this oblivious mob of plunderers, the curiosity of the gentler sex gave him an easy victory. The lady in the temple, hearing the shouting, her curiosity overcame her timidity, and she flew to the door of the temple to see what it all meant. The sacking army of Agis, seeing her standing at the very door of the temple in all the sublimity of the goddess herself, took to their heels.

As I have already exceeded all reasonable limit, I will conclude this "gleanings from history" with the relation of the closing scenes in the lives of Antony and Cleopatra, and the mysterious heralding to them of the same.

There was a great feast at Alexandria. Mark Antony, who had been driven hither and thither by the wiles of the brilliant and fascinating Cleopatra, was seated with his captor, where with the mighty feast all the tables groaned.

He had been one of the greatest generals that had ever added lustre to the Roman name. He had been an intimate of the mighty Caesar. He had driven Macedonia, Media, Persia and Syria before his marching legions like affrighted hares. He had mowed down the offensive and inoffensive enemies of Rome before his chariot scythes like grain before the reaper's sickle, leaving but little in the height of his popularity and zenith of his greatness, to those sturdy young gleaners, Pompey and Augustus; Caesar, the latter of whom afterwards became not only sole owner of the harvest-field, but first emperor of Rome, weakened by unbridled excesses and debaucheries; in a state bordering almost on starvation; driven by the Parthians as he had driven others; he had gathered together the remnants of his once invincible army, augmented by undisciplined Egyptians, led them against the cohorts of Augustus, and by them had been driven back to the shores of Osiris, thus proving that that love which in anticipation could give to man the courage of a hero, in guilty possession would melt his valor like snow before the god of day.

His riotous career had dubbed him a second Bacchus, and bacchanalian feasts and revelries had unnerved his arm. And now, in the soft dalliance of a woman's arms, he moved almost aimlessly "to the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

It was midnight. The stars, those sparkling guides of the wandering shepherds, those unerring counsellors of the Egyptian astrologers, were watching Dian's solemn pace. The hammer of the armorer and the clanging of arms had ceased at the close of day. The streets that a few short hours before had been thronged by the followers of Isis and rang out with their tread, were now deserted, and no sound broke the stillness save now and then some staggering patrician wending his way home, ward attended by a solitary slave.

The revelry was at its height; jests flew like gambler's oaths from tables and to tables, from the instrument of music echoed through the golden-pillared hall. There was the sound of approaching footsteps, the clanging of an armed sentry without; he enters; the guests turned in confusion to hear this almost breathless interrupter of the feast.

"How now!" cries Antony; has this same boy Augustus broken down our gates?"

"As I did stand my watch without the outer gates, and drunken Paulus' footsteps had but died away, I heard above me in the air the sound of sabat, harp and dulcimer!"

"Give him some wine! The wretch is mad from grief at our fallen fortunes! Now by great Hercules, whom I demand from you, when do our guards asleep? The trumpet call I hear is Caesar's bugler! Fetch me my armor there!"

...DUAL LIVES...

OR LIFE ILLUSTRATED IN VARIOUS PHASES.

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

BY LOUISA BIGGS READ.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

Ethel looked exquisite that evening in her tea gown of China silk. Capello was fascinated; her graceful form was a magnet that controlled his eyes completely.

"You can not endure our climate long, I am sure. One used to constant verdure and cloudless skies could never get reconciled to our hazy autumns, rough winters and chilly springs," she said.

"I shall likely spend the winter in some tropical clime. At present New York has many attractions."

"Yet nothing, I presume, to rival the Moorish gardens and Algerine antiquities?"

"The Moorish gardens are indeed, paradisaical. I have had the pleasure upon several occasions of visiting the imperial gardens of Morocco. They are grand beyond description. They comprise several hundred acres, are walled with cypress and subdivided by three massive walls with four divisions. Between those walls are pavilions, gates and gatekeepers. The richest fruits and finest melons in the world grow there; the walks are fringed with jasmine and other flowery shrubs of varied color and perfume. Numerous birds of rare plumage flit constantly about in this paradise. Truly, these gardens are worth a long journey to behold. As to the antiquities of Algeria, I consider the ruins of Le-Rho the most remarkable, though the ruins of city gates, temples, amphitheatres almost entire, mausoleums and many other relics of ancient splendor are especially interesting."

"Our drama, at least, exceeds anything produced in the South."

"The drama of the South is contemporary with Shakespeare, and excelled the great English dramatist in composition and all Southern people are actors by nature," he said, proudly.

"Then never sincere, like we of the North."

"Infinitely more so; they inherit a natural warmth; an unforgotten and passionate nature the cold, proud people of the North never feel, and very poorly imitate."

"I meant the tragedy-comedy of the barbarians. Their ideas of the spectacular is so crude, so barbarous—so gladiatorial," she said hesitatingly, not knowing how to describe it.

"All things are much as one chooses to see them," said Capello. "To a man to see only the good, to a woman to see only the evil, to a child to see only the good and the evil, to a man to see only the good and the evil, to a woman to see only the good and the evil, to a child to see only the good and the evil."

"Your arguments are new to me. I have not the ability to answer them; but if our Christian religion is not the true religion, I have indeed no hope."

"Does your religion give you hope? Does it give you consolation? Can you rest in the belief of a material resurrection as is taught by the Bible? The average human body contains lime, ten pounds; charcoal, fourteen pounds; water, one hundred and twenty pounds and fourteen pounds of gases that form air and water, that is, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen. These elements are caught up assimilated by plant or animal life and change into as many forms as Proteus. Then can we hope for the material resurrection of the body? Can we believe the sea will give up its dead? What hope does your religion give more than other religions?"

"The hope of heaven and immortality."

"All religions give a hope of immortality. Some give a paradise, some a gain of admittance to a heavenly state of beatification. All fall to locate it in sidereal creation. The Bible tells of a future New Jerusalem that will come down from God and be set up on the new earth that is to occupy the same space as the old. Christ is to set up the throne of his father David and all the luxury and voluptuousness of an ancient Persian court is to be realized."

"But our way of gaining heaven is the purest, the best, the—"

"The easiest," he said, laughing. "No, certainly not the easiest," she said gravely.

"No, not the easiest," he said, "for you Christians have no hope according to Bible laws. There is not one who lives who Christians pretend to believe right."

"You are right; we do not live as we should to warrant our salvation. The Sabbath is not kept as it should be and many other things taught in the Bible are ignored by Christians."

"How should the Sabbath be kept?"

"As Christ kept it, by observing it very sacredly. Those who still pretend to keep the old Jewish Sabbath according to the ancient custom, should be stoned to death for gathering sticks to kindle fires on that day, as this was the old Jewish manner of punishment."

"That was infamous. Christians will no longer recognize such cruel laws."

"Infamous, indeed. I say with Peter: 'Why put a yoke on the disciples that our fathers were not able to bear.'"

"Religion is a riddle which becomes more complicated as we work on it. Still I believe we should seek to know the mysteries of God."

"You are very inclined to piety, I see," Capello said.

"Yes, I feel it a duty, a comfort, to be religious. I should like to do God's will. I wish I knew the true way. I wish I knew what he really requires of us," she said, despairingly.

"He wishes us to be good and true to ourselves and to others," he said, looking intently in her face, searching the depth of her soul to determine if she were sincere or merely acting. "If God's wisdom be infinite, I am sure, it is ever equal to the highest thoughts of man, he must have ceremonies; he must have the hollow pomp of paganism and pomp practiced in the name of religion. If God is spiritual, he does not want material display. He wants something from the spiritual man—the soul; something lasting and sincere. God takes no delight in the human body decked out in gaudy apparel like the ephemeral flower; its existence is as transient as the office of a Moorish eunuch. He wants truth and purity. Those who possess these qualities are already at the portals of heaven, Mrs. Arlington."

"I am surprised to find you so religious," he said, smilingly.

"I am religious if one can have religion without idolatry. Idolatry should never be an adjunct of religion. Our idols should be of gold. They should be our human ideals."

Ethel was not sure of his meaning and sat silently looking out of the window.

"You have not always been so desirous of true religion," he ventured to ask.

"I cannot say that I have," she replied.

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his heart could rise to her cheeks. His face sank. "Trouble will frequently cause one to think seriously of these things," he said, venturing further.

She was justly angry. "Surely my troubles are nothing to him," she thought. "Mature thoughts come with years. I suppose it is natural for people to become wiser as they grow older," she said, ignoring his implied question.

Capello was stung by the rebuke, and sat down morose. Out on the lawn, his lips tightly compressed. His cutting speech determined him to put the question in such a way so to offer a hint to the mystery of her life or positively refuse to do so.

"Mrs. Arlington, you are too young to claim that superior wisdom that comes with gray hairs and wrinkles. You have experienced a shock, have had trouble. I do not claim the right to ask yet. I have very much desire to know something of your life."

"I have always thought the history of an obscure person's life of the least possible interest. In fact, I fail to see importance in the private lives of our great men or women. I care not to know what hours they sleep, or how they dress, how their rooms are arranged, or any other characteristic. If our presidents dislike flowers and poetry, or spend their time hunting and fishing, it is no more nor less than other men do. A person's private eccentricities or idiosyncrasies should not be heralded to the world because of his or her popularity. However, if it will entertain you to know something of my life, I will relate it. I was born and raised in San Francisco. My parents died during my infancy, and I was left to the care of my father's parents. I have one brother somewhere in the West, at present. My grandparents were wealthy and belonged to a proud family. I was carefully educated and enjoyed the best society. I have in my possession the family plate, which bears the arms of the Arlingtons. I became an heiress at my grandparents' death, and as I could not endure old scenes which reminded me of my happy childhood, I came to New York, where I have spent several years very quietly."

"Christ, at least, made wise rules, said great things and lived them," she said, finding she could not say much in favor of Moses. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," was a grand saying.

"Yes, but it was said 600 years before Christ said it, by Confucius. He said: 'Do not do to others what you would not have others do unto you.' Buddha said: 'The hat that hurts thine own head forces not onto the head of thy neighbor,' which means substantially the same. Christ borrowed from the pagans as we are still doing. Most of our festival days, as Christmas, Easter, etc., was borrowed from the pagans."

"Christmas borrowed from the pagans? Impossible! Christmas is the anniversary of our Lord's birth."

"The 9th of January is celebrated in Egypt as Christ's birthday. The 25th of December was adopted in the fourth century by a decree of Julius, the emperors having made it a custom to celebrate that day as the return of the sun from the winter solstice. It is not likely there ever was a birth of Christ; yet it is quite certain none knew the time of his birth."

"Your arguments are new to me. I have not the ability to answer them; but if our Christian religion is not the true religion, I have indeed no hope."

"Does your religion give you hope? Does it give you consolation? Can you rest in the belief of a material resurrection as is taught by the Bible? The average human body contains lime, ten pounds; charcoal, fourteen pounds; water, one hundred and twenty pounds and fourteen pounds of gases that form air and water, that is, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen. These elements are caught up assimilated by plant or animal life and change into as many forms as Proteus. Then can we hope for the material resurrection of the body? Can we believe the sea will give up its dead? What hope does your religion give more than other religions?"

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generation to generation, they inherit from slave mothers. I do not want slaves. I believe in granting liberty to the whole human race alike, be they black or white, male or female."

"Mr. Howard," said Joe, making another effort to draw him to the point he wished to plead for. "Mr. Howard, I have no wish to make Maggie my slave. I feel more like I should become her slave in my humble condition. I have nothing to offer her but a true, honest heart, but I—"

"Dear, but I—"

"I am the old man, gruffly, 'who ever heard of a policeman of any degree having a true heart to offer a woman. Joe, you fell about fifty degrees in my estimation when you said that. I was beginning to think I had awoke in you a sense of justice, an idea of what constitutes a pure heart, but my hopes are in vain. You haven't got purity to offer any woman. You know you have not."

Joe's flushed face was almost proof of his guilt. He said:

"I love Maggie as I never can another. I will do anything you require. I know not what else to say."

"Very well. I will put you to the test. Will you promise at the altar, before those who are present, to be true to me, to love me, to honor me, to obey me, to protect me, to reverse the ceremony, I propose to reverse the ceremony."

Joe hung his head, meditatively. Love and pride were struggling in his breast for mastery.

"A hard question to decide, is it not, Joe?" the old man said, mockingly. "Come, you have just said you would do anything I should require. I require to have the ceremony reversed. I demand that you promise to obey your wife."

"I could not do that, Mr. Howard."

"Why not?" asked the old gentleman, making a great effort to speak composedly.

"I could not endure the humiliation," he replied, looking sheepish.

"Well, I respect your candor and pride. Surely no human being should swear to obey another. My daughter shall never be so servile as to obey a man; nor shall she ever promise to do so, either. I would like to see her have a legal protector, as in this age of semi-barbarism it is still almost necessary for a woman to have a protector, although I have in my possession the arms of the Arlingtons. I became an heiress at my grandparents' death, and as I could not endure old scenes which reminded me of my happy childhood, I came to New York, where I have spent several years very quietly."

"Madam," Capello said, his cheeks burning with mortification and disappointment, "I have in my possession the arms of the Arlingtons. I became an heiress at my grandparents' death, and as I could not endure old scenes which reminded me of my happy childhood, I came to New York, where I have spent several years very quietly."

"Then I will go. Pardon my presumption. As he bowed over it a moment and said, "Allah barick!" and departed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Joe Middleton frequently called at the Howard residence, though he rarely got a ten-minute conversation with Maggie. If the old gentleman had occasion to go to another room, or speak to one outside, he never failed to call on Joe to excuse him, in the politest manner. Joe was becoming desperate. Each day he grew more ardently in love. Each day his case looked more hopeless.

He began to suspect Mr. Howard's secretly affected. He was sometimes tortured with the thought that he was guarding his daughter by her suggestion. Then he would mentally resolve to go away from the city and try to forget she ever existed. He would avoid her house for a fortnight. Then, on sudden impulse, he would go directly to see her, determined to know his fate, and again be thwarted by her father.

At this crisis he went to Howard's house one Sunday evening. He looked superbly handsome—tall, graceful, light blue eyes, light moustache, brown hair and twenty-nine years old. Maggie was mentally asking if there was another man on earth so handsome, when her father, as usual, requested her to go to her own apartments, as he and Joe wished to have a private conversation without being disturbed. She rose very reluctantly, evidently displeased.

This angered Joe, while it also made him feel happy to know at last that she desired his society. He resolved to know the worst, if it must come. The old gentleman was talking about foreign ships bringing cholera to the ports, and other equally pleasant and intellectual subjects, when Joe surprised him by saying abruptly:

"Mr. Howard, I am in love with your daughter. Will you give me permission to ask her to be my wife?"

"Lord, no," said the old man, only half realizing what he was saying. "Lord, no. I would not—I will never so sacrifice my daughter. I will never allow her to marry a man who is not a gentleman."

"Will you give me permission to speak to her alone?" he asked, ignoring his authority.

"No, what could such a child know about choosing a husband?"

"I should not want her to consent to be my wife unless she loves me. That should certainly be left to her to decide."

"What does such a child know about love? She has never been in the society of men. What could she know of love?"

"She is not a child. She is—she is, I think—"

"She is twenty-four years old, if that is what you mean. Yet she is a child. Ten years hence will be time enough for her to think of marriage, as I told you on a former occasion. I see the old ship coming to bear me to the other side. Meantime I shall try to find Maggie a virtuous husband, for she could not be happy with any other. Most girls are never free from bondage. They are subject to the rule of their parents till they give themselves to worse masters."

"Do you take me for a tyrant, Mr. Howard?"

"All men are more or less tyrannical. They all feel it their privilege to tyrannize over their families. It was the custom of patriarchs of barbarous ages to look upon their families as their private property, to do with as they wished. Men have always been masters, their wives and children subject to their commands. The cruel injustice has descended to our time in a modified degree. Only the other day I heard a family man say: 'We do not give our wives the privileges we take—we provide for them; they should be content.' Wives vow at the marriage altar to obey their husbands. Obey their lords! Indeed, how humiliating. Joe, how would you like to go to the marriage altar and promise to obey your wife?"

"I must admit I should not like to do that; but after all it is only form—mere empty ceremony."

"The part that involves obligations on husbands is considered useless ceremony by men," he replied, bitterly. "Although there is not much required of them, they do not do it. They let their wives if they choose, while their fickle hearts are loving and cherishing a half-dozen other women, and all this time the wife is required to honor and obey the wife wretch."

"Mr. Howard, I have never met a man so bitterly against his sex," said Joe, in despair.

"That is a compliment, young man; the best compliment you could offer. It means you have never met so just a man as myself. I do not believe in trampling upon women because they are physically unable to defend themselves, and born with a timid, shrinking nature, which, from

generation to generation, they inherit from slave mothers. I do not want slaves. I believe in granting liberty to the whole human race alike, be they black or white, male or female."

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displeased you? I am too young, perhaps, to know what is right. Tell me what is right. I will obey you to the greatest sacrifice."

"As long," he said, "as women entertain such false ideas of justice as long as they give purity without requiring it, as long as they overlook man's profligacy, as long as they pronounce man's sensuality right and according to nature, he will never reform."

"O, papa, it isn't right. I did not say it was right."

"Yet you make it no special wrong."

"Yes, it is a little wrong."

"But you are willing to overlook it, knowing that he would not was the case reversed?"

"Papa, if I demand virtue I fear I shall become an old maid," she said, laughing.

"And is the thought of becoming an old maid so abhorrent? Would not your life be more peaceful, more useful, if you choose to make it so—less servile, fewer cares, less trouble? Unmarried you will always be free to go when and where you wished; you would have no man's opinions to consult; no one to criticize your actions; no one's whims to humor. In short you would have absolute freedom—freedom, if not devoid of the thought. Love, pure and undivided love is not possible in the heart of man. I will admit that some are infinitely less fickle than others. Some men very nearly approach purity; such will shortly become gods."

"Papa," she said, laughing, "you are the grimmest man on earth, and should at least be canonized, if not deified. You have such a clear way of putting things. Old-maidism is not so objectionable after all. I may choose it and try to forget Joe."

Mr. Howard smiled at her childish partiality and willingness to please him at any sacrifice.

"We have an illustration of man's perversity in Nellie's case," he continued; "also another example in the false Arthur Gilbert."

"True, papa, one should not reject honor and reason for love. One should never be induced by love to wrong action. Dear old papa, you have been doing a lot of serious thinking for me, while I have almost been angry with you for driving me away when Joe came. How fortunate I am to have you. I should have perhaps gone wrong like Nellie had you not guarded me in such a kind, sensible way. By the way, I wonder if Arlington ever found Arthur Gilbert," she said, noticing the tears in her father's eyes and wishing to change the subject.

"No, I met him the other day on a car and asked about it. He said he had not wholly given up finding him, but didn't express much hope of doing so. He is going East soon to visit his sister and child."

"He boy must be about six years old now," she said.

"Six years! Yes. How fast time passes," he answered, meditatively.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VOICES FROM THE UNSEEN.

We are flying forth to meet you,
Borne upon the wings of song;
We are hastening forth to greet you,
List to our triumphant throng!

We have conquering powers to aid you,
And we are ready to give you;
Shun all those who have betrayed you,
Tread with us the upper heights!

Leave the earthly far behind you,
Lesser things must pass away;
Let us earthly glories blind you,
To the light of perfect day!

Live for justice, let it lead you;
I will tell you what you may meet;
Wrongs will flee and rights will head you,
Life and Love will be complete!

ELLA DARE.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

The majesty of thy lofty strains
Awaken prophetic insight, lifting
The soul above its earth-environment,
To view, with

SPIRITUALISM--SCIENCE

Music Vibrations Made Visible on a Screen in Colors.

Photographing the Unseen, One of the Latest Scientific Discoveries.

THE MARVELOUS NEW SEARCH-LIGHT OF SCIENCE A STEP BEYOND ELECTRICITY--SPIRIT POWER BEHIND IT ALL, AND IN IT ALL.

Music that you can see is the latest and most extraordinary fact in musical circles. The music scientists have been experimenting along the line of musical vibration, and have succeeded in making vibrations of form and color, as they are produced by the vibrations of a violin bow, or of the human voice through a metal tube, upon a tightly drawn cut gum-tar head or a metal plate, figure music from a handful of fine sand shifted by the vibrations into plainly defined drawings.

Remington, in England, has invented the color organ and formulated a scheme of tone-colors. Prof. H. P. Clifford, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, has produced by the vibrations of a violin bow, or of the human voice through a metal tube, upon a tightly drawn cut gum-tar head or a metal plate, figure music from a handful of fine sand shifted by the vibrations into plainly defined drawings.

The scientific music is the latest form of society entertainment. Not long ago one was given in this city, attended by a select audience of musical folk, by Miss Charlotte W. Hawes, the Boston music lecturer, who is to lecture before Sorosis in a few weeks. Miss Hawes' music consisted of a monologue on "The Music of Nature," illustrated by the curious latter-day discoveries in physical science on the laws of vibration.

She illustrated her interesting theories with an array of paraphernalia, demonstrating the relation between the unseen tone and the tangible and visible demonstration of form. Through tubes vibrating on a metal surface strewn with sand the octave was sung first by a soprano voice, and then by a contralto. Each note shifted the sand into a distinct geometrical figure, its repetition bringing always the same form upon the metal. The scale, note by note, shaped the sand into a series of figures like the turning of a kaleidoscope. Each note, in a number of experiments, has a corresponding figure, varying slightly in size and detail, according to the register of the voice.

In the same way the tones of a violin were drawn in outline upon a cut gum-tar head, the communication of the vibrations being made through a silken string. The geometrical figures formed by the violin notes were much more distinct and delicately detailed than those formed by the human voice. The shape of a flat was distinctly different from a natural; chords were not attempted, but it is believed that the correlation between tone and form is to be a discovery of the investigators in physical science.

She also declared that human beings had their key-notes. They speak by custom in the pitch which is varied in major or minor by the emotions expressed, and they naturally choose for their friends people whose voices accord with theirs. For instance, you will rarely find a thin-voiced man chumming with a deep-voiced fellow. Remington's experiments in tone color have caused London society folk to sit through entire concert recitals in total darkness, watching Wagner's operas and Beethoven's symphonies flashed in their corresponding colors on a screen.

"They play an air on a color organ," says a London writer, "and it throws different colors on a screen, varying according to the keys pressed down. It is very ingenious and opens up quite a new field in the way of describing dress at social gatherings. Imagine this kind of thing."

"Mrs. So-and-so attracted great attention by her magnificent costume, embodying the brilliant blarney, or Liez's Second Hungarian Rhapsody, and a graceful young woman looked well in a delicate costume, based on Greig's 'Spring Idyll.' The hats positively shouted at one; they were founded for the most part on the barbaric strains of the 'Walkurens,' so that it was a positive relief to turn one's eyes to Miss Asterisk in a costume modeled on the rain-drop prelude of Chopin."

A portion of the above article, from the Boston Globe, and which is the fantastic expression of a fertile imagination, but far from it. The field of investigation of the unseen is limitless, and in that field, like the beautiful prairie lily or dandelion, stands the art of music, in all its quietly beauty and sublime sweetness, pleading for the cold hand of science to awaken it from the harmonic doze into which the great masters of the past have permitted it to relax. Now we have colors produced on a screen and an impression in sound made by the vibrations, differentiated by the varying tones, no two impressions or colors exactly alike and each tone registering the same at each sound-wave. Where this unfoldment will end cannot be discerned from this side of life, as it evidently belongs to that great province beyond and behind every expression of the unseen.

Again, science has laid its analytical hand upon photography, and according to reports through the secular press, is

REVEALING THE UNSEEN.

The Facts About Röntgen's Photographic Discovery.

The following from the Troy (N. Y.) Times, is about the most authentic report of the recent discovery in and through photography, by Prof. Röntgen, of Germany:

"The recent reports of the discovery of a new method of photography, by which objects hidden to the eye and enclosed by opaque substances may be reproduced on the sensitized film, have aroused more than a passing interest. The discovery attributed to Röntgen, is interesting, not so much because of the practical uses to which the new process can be applied, as for the reason that it is so revolutionary and so contrary to all preconceived ideas. It was at first announced that Prof. Röntgen had discovered a light which would penetrate certain substances and permit the photographing of other substances enclosed within. The mind is unable to grasp and thoroughly comprehend so strange an operation.

Latter reports describe the new method as something still more mysterious. It is not light and it is not electricity. Light is visible, but the new method is said to be invisible, and has not the same qualities as ordinary light. It will not penetrate clear glass at all, and will penetrate glass but feebly. On the other hand, aluminum is transparent to this astounding medium, and even copper is less opaque than glass. The force is produced by an electrical process, but it is not electricity. Of this fact all the scientists who have investi-

gated it are assured, and yet they are unable to say just what it is. All the scientific knowledge the world possesses gives them no clue to its real nature.

Prof. Röntgen's discovery is the result of experiments which he had been making with what is known to scientists as Crookes' tube. This tube is the discovery of Sir William Crookes, an English investigator, and was made some years ago. He found that by passing a current of electricity through a vacuum in a certain way and then continuing the exhaustion of the air, from the tube to a certain point, the tube became dark. He then continued to pump out air and soon an entirely new phenomenon presented itself. The glass began to glow with a strange yellow phosphorescence, which was not electricity. We understand the application of this term. Crookes believed that he had discovered a fourth state of matter, different from the solid, the liquid or the gaseous, and some other scientists agreed with him.

Many investigators of the phenomenon, among them being Prof. Röntgen, who applied the Crookes tube to photography. The method of procedure was to place the Crookes tube between the object to be photographed and the plate holder, containing the sensitized plate. No lens was used, the slide of the plate-holder was not drawn, and yet the photograph of the object was produced on the plate. The visible light from the Crookes tube is so feeble that it is not believed that it is light which penetrates the object, but rather some invisible energy produced by the light.

The experiments which have been performed by Röntgen and by English investigators have been marvelous in their results. One of the most astonishing of these experiments is the photographing of the human body. Nothing but the skeleton is revealed in the photograph, the energy having apparently penetrated through the flesh, making it invisible to the picture. In the same manner coils enclosed in a purse were photographed, and in the picture only the coils themselves and the metal clasp of the purse appeared. Why is it that if the light made the flesh of the body and the material of the purse invisible in the picture, it did not also make the skeleton and the coils invisible? This is one of the questions which the investigators are not answering. They know only that by this new method of photographing certain substances can be penetrated, and other substances cannot. The explanation of this phenomenon they are unable to give, any more than an explanation as to why copper makes an excellent conductor of electricity, and glass is an absolute non-conductor.

It is interesting to learn in this connection that the Röntgen discovery, so far as it affects the photographing of certain invisible objects, finds a parallel in the brilliant scientific achievements of an American, Prof. Fernando Sanford, of Leland Stanford University, who in 1893 succeeded in photographing a coin between which and the plate an opaque substance had been interposed. This was done by electrical energy, but while Prof. Sanford's method was different, the result was much the same as that obtained by Prof. Röntgen. Whether either discovery will lead to practical results of benefit to the world is yet to be demonstrated, but the public will follow future investigations with great interest.

Here is a photograph that is not a photograph in the ordinary sense, because no lenses are used, and it is not a negative, but a positive plate that is obtained. The inference to be drawn from these experiments is that nothing is absolutely impenetrable to these strange rays. There are only varying degrees of transparency or opacity. Never in the history of science has a great discovery received such prompt recognition and been so quickly utilized in a practical way as the new photography which Prof. Röntgen gave to the world only about four weeks ago. Already it has been used successfully by European surgeons in locating bullets and other foreign substances in human hands, arms and legs, and in diagnosing diseases of the bones in various parts of the body. The fact that only a faint color has been obtained in the practical possibilities of this discovery is already proven, and it is difficult to keep pace with the astonishing supplementary disclosures.

How plainly apparent is the occult, the spiritual science in these latest inventions. The ever restless energies of life, of thought, of spirit will not be held in priestly deities, nor domed subjects, and one need be surprised at any development from this source.

This is a day of invention and the public mind is ripe for it--ready to utilize and welcome.

DR. T. WILKINS.

SIGNS AND AUGURIES.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

sound out alarm for war; for Antony and Victory.

The sun came up in a great burst of glory. The galleys of fair Egypt's queen and Caesar's rugged fleet approached; when a flash of truth from every glittering spear appeared; while far off on the right, that cavalry that once had charged and thrown the Parthian bowmen in dismay, to Antony's chagrin, throw down their weapons on Egyptian sands, and their contented souls rest self up to the most bitter outbursts of grief and disappointment. After a time this spent, he turned to his servant, and bade him 'sheathe his sword in the body of one who had conquered like a Roman, and who was only by a Roman conquered.'

Eros, who had been overcome by grief, here drew his sword, as if to obey the command, then turned suddenly and stabbed himself to death.

Antony, accompanied by his faithful servant Eros, whom he had engaged to slay him whenever he should demand this service of him, retired to his inner apartment of the palace, and there he himself up to the most bitter outbursts of grief and disappointment. After a time this spent, he turned to his servant, and bade him 'sheathe his sword in the body of one who had conquered like a Roman, and who was only by a Roman conquered.'

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UNDER SPIRIT GUIDANCE

The World's Greatest Gold Mine Was Thus Opened Up.

HOW CHAS. D. LANE WAS INFLUENCED TO DEVELOP THE UTICA-STICKLES--HIS UNBROKEN CAREER OF SUCCESS--HAYWARD ALSO MOVED BY SPIRITUALISM--REVEREND WHILE UNDER THE SPIRIT'S DISPOSAL.

For a class who have so much reason to believe in luck, even though it be the result of hard knocks and tireless labor, miners of the precious metals are singularly free from superstition or a belief in the supernatural. Ask the ordinary run of miners if they believe in spirits, and they will say, only in the kind you pour out of a bottle. They have no faith in the other kind further than the depth to which their pick penetrates. There are exceptions, however, as there are to all rules, and two of the exceptions are in the cases of men who have amassed fortunes, and who are known throughout the mining world, and particularly on the Pacific Slope. They are partners, brought together by Spiritualism, no less persons than Alvinza Hayward and Chas. D. Lane. In the partnership the former is the principal. He has always been a Spiritualist, at least as long as any of his associates can remember, and probably as long as he himself can remember. In his extensive operations he has been very generally guided by spirit advice, sometimes by good spirits, sometimes by bad ones. He has won and lost and won again. In the interim between the two winning eras he is supposed to have grieved the spirits, and to have suffered in consequence. But Lane never was a Spiritualist. He believes in hard work and hard knocks. He drove an ox team through the counties of California through which the mother lode runs--El Dorado, Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne and Mariposa--but particularly in Calaveras county. It was hard work, and slavish, too, and there were no bonanzas to strike, but in those days freighting was high and the pay sure. So he plodded along, completely satisfied, and paying no attention to those about him who were reaping big and sudden fortunes from the mines. Where there was one winner there were a dozen failures, and in many cases even when a man did strike something he found himself unable to profit by it because of a lack of capital. So Lane considered his lot the happiest of all. He freighted for winners and losers alike, his pay was sure, and he always knew what he was doing.

Fortunately for Lane, however, he had a wife. She was a good homely body, ambitious, as women are, and a profound believer in Spiritualism. She often urged her husband to try his hand at the mines, but to no purpose. He continued to follow his ox-team. Finally she received spirit information directing her attention to a portion of the mother lode in Calaveras county. The spirit guide told her that at that point was to be found the making of a great mine. Hardheaded and practical Charley Lane laughed at this, but she was so persistent and confident that at last he found himself listening with a more attentive ear. This is a part of the mother lode history known to a few miners, but which has never been given publicity. Lane is generally supposed to have struck it rich as other miners strike it, but such was not the case. His wife finally received an imperative message for him to go to work. He had by this time become thoroughly interested, and at once started to work. Success did not come at once, but he persisted, though, as much to satisfy his wife as anything else. Finally he opened up what is now the Utica-Stickles, the biggest single gold-producing mine in the world. But in doing so he ran to the end of his string. The development of the property took all of the savings he had accumulated while teaming, and he found himself practically bankrupted and unable to go ahead. Here again the spirit guidance came to the front. The late Mr. Hobart and Hayward were partners, and enormously rich from mining. They were also Spiritualists, the latter particularly strong in his faith. Lane was directed to interest them. They were told of the development of the property, the history of the work, etc., and at once took hold. They operated on a large scale, and had many disappointments to meet, but they never had any doubt as to the final outcome. They put up money just as long as it was needed, and succeeded only after having sunk \$600,000. That is now but two-thirds of the monthly output of the mine. The property of to-day is credited to their nerve, but the great Utica-Stickles might never have been had it not been for Spiritualism.

Mr. Lane, very naturally, became a firm believer in Spiritualism. He has become interested in a great many other enterprises, and has generally prospered. He and his wife are credited with living an ideal life, but no more happily than in the days when he was an unpretending teamster. They still reside in Angel's district, in Calaveras county, but about the only difference from the old days is that their home is a little more stylish, and

is equipped with modern conveniences. So much cannot be said for Mr. Hayward's career. He had immense success, when domestic troubles divided his household. They continued until they were no longer bearable, and the courts were asked to interfere. Mr. and Mrs. Hayward were duly divorced, the wife receiving alimony to the extent of \$3,000,000. Hayward continued his mining investments and operations, but they did not pan out as they had before. It was uphill work. None of his ventures gave any but losing results. The outlay was immense, and there was no income to go against it. The spirits were evidently ill-disposed ones. He persisted until he found his fortune sunk into the ground, and he could go no further. He wasn't exactly bankrupt, as he had any number of good properties and prospects, but they needed capital and an energetic wife. Under these conditions he again paid court to the wife he had divorced. She said yes, of course, and they were promptly remarried. With the alimony he had given her he had abundant capital and resumed operations with renewed energy. Fortune favored him. The spirits that had frowned now smiled upon him. He had success after success, almost without interruption, and in a short time had regained his former position. Here again the spirits had a hand, and it is needless to say that Mrs. Hayward is a believer in the efficacy of spirit assistance, as their life has since been a happy one.

Mr. Lane is now going into a big proposition, for the success of which there is said to be spirit promise. It is one which involves engineering and large expenditures, and which would stagger the ordinary man. It consists in the opening up of large placer grounds near Carson City, Nev. He has just taken an option on it at \$250,000. Mining men estimate that there are \$125,000,000 in the ground. Belief in spirit direction and the knowledge of what it has done for him has not, however, taken away his caution. His faith is not so great that he is not closely investigating the practicability of the scheme. He is examining it very thoroughly, and if by June next he finds it will suit him, he will pay down the \$250,000, or what is generally supposed to be about three months of his income. That, however, will only be the initial step. To get water he will have to go forty-six miles, pipe it down into and across a valley 1300 feet below its head, and then up again to that height, before he can hope to extract a cent. That is what is known as hydraulic mining, but it is on such a scale as has probably never been known before. The distance and height to which the water will have to be piped is something extraordinary, but he is confident as to the feasibility of his plans. The force of the water will have to be sufficient, after being forced up 1,300 feet through pipes, to throw it over the bank, wash out the gravel where it passes into the flumes, the gold being caught in riffles. If he succeeds in this the output will only be a question of how many yards he can wash per day. Mrs. Lane is said to have unbounded faith in the enterprise, as she had in the Utica when the spirits influenced her to so persistently prevail upon her husband to develop it.

The above, from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, seems to show financial success from following advice given by mediums. Yet, were the other side of the ledger given, there would, on the whole, be a very large balance shown of failures and financial reverses and losses resulting from following the purported advice of spirits, through mediums. In fact, where one course of mediumistic advice proves true and successful, probably a hundred instances of loss and disappointment have occurred. The successful guesses are heralded far and wide; the unsuccessful ones are buried in quietness and silence. The lesson is too obvious to need further comment.

J. O. UNDERHILL.

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The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World should be in every house. It may be the means of saving one whom you dearly love from premature interment. Physicians as well as Spiritualists will find it a storehouse of valuable thought. Vol. 1, in paper cover, is sent forth free, postpaid, to all who desire, on conditions mentioned elsewhere. 10,000 copies are to be given away.

He Seldom Sleeps.

David Jones, Elwood's sleepless man, says the Rochester, N.Y., Sentinel, who three years ago was kept awake nights and days without sleep, and who broke his own record last year, by remaining awake 181 nights and days, has entered upon another period of sleeplessness which promises to eclipse all former efforts. His health does not suffer, and his appetite is always good, hence Mr. Jones is not particularly disturbed by the attacks. He is unable to reach any satisfactory conclusion relative to his strange affliction. He has now gone twenty-one days and nights without sleep, and he says that he feels as if he would never sleep any more. He is now serving as a Circuit Court juror.

The Book of Genesis.

A fac-simile edition of the celebrated Vienna Genesis, belonging to the Emperor of Austria, the oldest illuminated purple vellum manuscript of the Greek Septuagint translation of the Old Testament, has just been published in Vienna. The original consists of twenty-four leaves, twelve and a half by ten and a half inches, with from thirteen to seventeen lines, written on both sides, and with forty-eight miniature paintings. It dates from the fifth century.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, have an end.--Carlyle.

YOU should endeavor to get additional subscribers to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, so that they can avail themselves of the first volume of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. This work, in paper cover, is sent free on terms mentioned on our second page.

FOREGLEAMS

Of Serious Troubles in This Country.

HOAG'S VISION HAS COME PARTLY TRUE, AND WHAT ABOUT THE UNFULFILLED PORTION.

When a schoolteacher in old Maine, I boarded in the dear home of a Quaker by the name of Douglas. Aunt Cloe, a saint now in heaven, used to tell me all about Joseph Hoag, a genuine spiritual preacher of the Quaker faith. As I write this I see her eyes again, and the prayerful tears welling up from their crystal fountains as she graphically depicted the "Vision of Hoag," which has been kept as public property by that devoted sect since 1837. Aunt Cloe said Mr. Hoag was plowing at the time of the vision. The following is a transcript of it as given by the man himself:

"In the year 1803, in the eighth or ninth month, I was alone in the field, when I observed that the sun was shining, but that its brightness was eclipsed by a mist. As I reflected my mind was struck into silence, the most solemn I had ever known. I said to myself: 'What can this mean?' I do not recollect ever before of having been sensible of such feelings.

"Then all at once I heard a voice from heaven saying: 'This which thou seest, which dims the brightness of the sun, is a mist upon which I shall show thee present and coming events.'

"* * * Continuing, the voice said: 'I took your forefathers from a land of oppression; I planted them among the people of the forest; I maintained them, and while they were humble, I blessed them and they became a numerous people. But they have become proud and lifted up, and have forgotten me who nourished them and protected them in the wilderness.'

"* * * The voice ceased, and I lifted up my eyes, and behold! I saw an immense panorama on the mist, in which was shown things which I knew had passed but a few months or years before, and others which I have every reason to believe will happen in the near and remote future. First, the people appeared as if dividing in great heat. The division appeared to begin in the churches, on points of doctrine. It commenced in the Presbyterian Church and went through the various denominations, and in each case those who held to their ancient principles appeared sorrowful and dejected.

"Then the trouble appeared in what I took to be a lodge of Free Masons, raging with great violence until it set the whole panorama in an uproar. Next the trouble arose in American politics, and did not cease until it produced a great civil war and the shedding of abundance of blood.

"In the course of this great struggle slavery was annihilated and the divided States were finally reunited again.

"Then a monarchical power arose and took the government of the State. This done, they established a national religion and compelled all the people to pay tribute for its support and expenses. I was amazed at beholding all this plainly depicted on the mists of the sky, and was on the point of fainting from exhaustion, when I heard the voice proclaim: 'This shall not always stand, but by such means shall I chastise my people until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. What thou hast seen is what has come and will come upon this land.'

"The wonders I saw that day were kept for many days a secret, until it became such a burden that for my own relief I have written it out for the world."

Part at least of the vision has been literally fulfilled. The Presbyterian Church has been seriously rent on "points of doctrine," and the "heresy," so-called, has been going "through the various denominations," foreshadowing a general stampede from the old landmarks of theology, and those who hold to their "ancient principles" have "appeared sorrowful and dejected."

Who of the Masonic order does not recall the Morgan trouble, that well-nigh socially asphyxiated that institution? It was, indeed, a "panorama in an uproar," but it recovered from the shock to be a greater power than ever. Note next what Mr. Hoag saw--the late civil war between the North and South, "the shedding of abundance of blood," the annihilation of slavery and the reunion of divided States.

But one feature of the vision remains unfulfilled. Is it, after all, unfulfilled--the rising of a "monarchical power" to take the government of these States into its hands? There is already a movement to put God in the federal constitution, with a view to the establishment of a national religion, compelling the people "to pay tribute for its support and expenses."

Already a plutocratic ring of millionaires rules the politics and commercial interests of our country. It is to-day more than an infant monarchy; it has reached the stage of secular adolescence. To this Western Moloch, gestated in our republic, the old parties bow.

Call the "Vision of Hoag" a superstition, if you like. You cannot thus gainsay the facts of it--the actual fulfillment of what he saw in panoramic prophecy.

J. O. BARRETT.

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One hundred and forty-four propositions, theological, moral, historical and speculative; each proved affirmatively and negatively from Scripture, with numerous quotations. Price 15 cents.

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By Rev. Chas. Chiquet, ex-priest. A remarkable book. Price 25 cents.

MIND READING AND BEYOND.

The subject treated upon. Price 10 cents.

LIFE IN TWO SPHERES.

A Fascinating Work.

The readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will remember the story under the above title, by Hudson Taylor, in brief letters, consisting of questions and answers, the spiritual philosophy is clearly and clearly presented. It is a style adapted to the comprehension of children. It includes lessons in ethics and morality, in connection with spiritual truth; and can be made very useful in lessons at home. For sale at this office. Price 10 cents.

The Myth of the Great Deluge.

By James M. McCann. A complete and overwhelming refutation of the Bible story of the Deluge. Price 15 cents.

WOMAN.

A lecture delivered to ladies only. By Mrs. Dr. Hulbert. Paper, 10 cents.

Outside the Gates, and Other Tales and Sketches.

By a band of spirit intelligence. An excellent work. Price 10 cents.

PULPIT, PEW AND CRADLE.

By Helen H. Gardner. One of her brightest, witty and witty. A most interesting and suggestive work. Price 10 cents.

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

A manual, with directions for the organization and management of Sunday schools. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Something indispensable. Price 50 cents.

Who Was the Hebrew Jehovah?

An argument on the origin and character of the Hebrew God. By Moses HULL. Price, 5 cents. For sale at this office.

Echoes From the World of Song.

A collection of new and beautiful songs, with music and words. By C. F. Longley. Price 15 cents. Postage 10 cents.

The Religion of Humanity;

A Philosophy of Life. By J. Leon Denwell. A beautiful and suggestive work. Price 15 cents.

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

A sequel to "There is No Death." By Florence Macdonald. Price 10 cents.

AN INTERESTING BOOK.

The Candle From Under the Bushel; or Thirteen Hundred and Sixty Questions to the Clergy. By Wm. Hart. Price 40 cents.

THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS

Not Adapted to Modern Civilization, with the True Character of Mary Magdalene. By Geo. W. Brown. D. D. Price, 1

Adam, Where Art Thou?

That question of the politicians, "Where are we at?" becomes an important inquiry in the light of increasing knowledge. The revelations of the giant telescopes, aided by photography and the microscope, are overwhelming in their character, as stated more fully in these columns last week, and give conceptions of the universe never contemplated before. To say that the nearest fixed star is twenty billions of miles away; that a ray of light traveling through space with the velocity of 185,000 miles a second, consuming but eight minutes to reach the earth from the sun, requires three years to come from the nearest star, and more than a thousand years to come from some of the more distant ones, conveys in reality no idea of the great distance, for we have nothing to use as comparisons, and the mind of man is too feeble to grasp such mighty problems.

From the earth to the sun is ninety-two millions of miles. Multiply that number two hundred thousand times, the distance to the nearest star, and the mind staggers under the enormous product. It is bewildered and shrinks in the attempt at comprehension.

In the constellation of Orion, seen in the southern heavens, whether a cluster of numberless stars, one mighty orb, or a forming sun, science is not fully agreed, yet it is estimated to be two millions, two thousand billions of times larger than our sun.

It was said there were twenty millions of stars which formed that streak of light in the heavens known as the Milky Way. The larger telescopes have brought an infinitude of new stars within the range of our aided vision; but now the auxiliaries of photography and the microscope will add unnumbered millions of still more distant suns which cluster along that pathway in the heavens, and form a distant background to the majestic whole.

These boundless and immeasurable worlds, we are told, were all made in six days, and that God rested from his exhausting toil on the seventh day. The astonishing statement in the same connection is, that the Lord God walked in the garden of Eden, in the cool of the day, as if that was necessary to his comfort, to see if Adam was trespassing on the tree of knowledge. Then we hear him shouting, "Adam, where art thou?" Were it not infidelity to reject this Bible account, we should suspicion the story was the device of a very ignorant priest, in a very ignorant age of the world, and not a revelation from the ruler of the universe.

A Statesman's Opinion.

The exaggerations and misrepresentations of the missionaries in regard to the Armenian difficulties, must, in the end, be prejudicial to their cause. Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of Great Britain, has just made a speech, in which he is reported to have reproached the religious element for laboring under the mistake that England had been invited to support the Armenians, which means to go to war with the Sultan, to force him to govern the Armenians well. He said:

"It is a dream to imagine the Sultan ordered the perpetration of these cruelties. In my opinion there is no ground for thinking so. It was race faction and creed faction to the highest point, in the most horrible form, which brought upon the wretched Armenians these terrible sufferings."

In the light of this statement from the head of the British government, how silly the ravings of blatant politicians on the floors of Congress, when they propose to wipe from the face of the earth the Turkish nation!

We desire to say in this connection that the average politician frequently forgets his love of country and interest in humanity in his greater love to hold a place in Congress. By entering to the prejudices of the churches he mistakenly thinks he is assuring a stable place in popular favor; but, perchance, he will find in the end he is laboring under an error, as thousands have done before him.

Valuable Acquisition to Literature.

Students of comparative religions at the University of Chicago, says the Chronicle, are rejoicing over very substantial additions to the department's library. The most valuable of these is the 400-volumes of the complete book of Buddha, containing the revealed and demonstrated law. These valuable books are the gift of Dr. John Henry Barrows, who recently received them from a number of his admirers among the priesthood of Japan.

This gift, which might be considered almost national, gives the university possession of the only complete Buddhist bible in America. The volumes are magnificent specimens of ancient Japanese literature and are absolutely priceless.

The same department has also received as part of its share of the great Berlin collection a copy of the Koran, which cost the University \$10,000. The copy is made by hand upon parchment, and is one of the three now in existence.

The Ravings of a Politician.

Said Senator Frye, of Maine, in his buncombe speech in the Senate the other day:

"If the American flag had been raised over a consulate at Harpoon, it would have saved 20,000 lives."

A gentleman occupying the elevated position of Senator Frye ought to be reasonably sure of his facts before making such a statement, for millions are deceived by such utterances. The English commission, who were sent out expressly to inquire into the loss of life in Turkey, because of the troubles there, found that not to exceed 265 had been slain, though it was possible 900 in all had died by violence and famine. The latter figures were not given as ascertained facts, but in the opinion of the commission, and as the largest possible limit. The other figures were based on evidence taken in the localities where the outrages occurred. Such collisions between peoples of conflicting religions have been common in all periods of history, but it remained for Christians to be the first in the world to threaten to effect from the family of nations a great power because of internal discord.

Bear in mind that the back chapters of the charming story, "Dual Lives," are sent free to all new subscribers. Subscribe for the paper for at least three months, at twenty-five cents.

A Deplorable Object Lesson.

We publish this week a full account of the alleged poisoning case at Girard, Pa., in which prominent Spiritualists and mediums figure somewhat conspicuously. We hesitated to publish the account at all, and only do so on account of the wave of fraud, trickery and deception that has been sweeping over Spiritualism during the last six months, and which has been working a great deal of harm to the cause. It certainly affords Spiritualists a most deplorable object lesson.

Let us hope that the unfortunate parties may be able to establish their innocence. That they are greatly alarmed is evidenced by the fact that they have engaged the great criminal lawyer, Hon. A. B. Richmond, to conduct their defense. Notwithstanding this unfortunate affair, Spiritualists as a class are the most moral people on the face of the earth, and a most pitiable object lesson of this kind will animate them with renewed vigor to insist that all in the ranks of Spiritualism shall keep themselves above suspicion, and that those who cannot do so must be relegated to the rear. However, let us be willing to throw over all parties concerned in this terrible accusation, the genuine spiritual mantle, whether they be convicted or acquitted.

An Act of God.

The Rev. T. B. Hargrove, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Coldwater, Miss., says a news item, fell dead in his pulpit, on Sunday morning, while exhorting his congregation to "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved." These were his last words.

These dispensations of Divine Providence have become so very frequent they have ceased to be looked upon as accidental by many. There must be a reason for these frightful exhibitions of mortality in orthodox pulpits, while the clergy of heterodox sects are almost wholly exempt from such afflictions. Can anyone tell why it is? Is it because the evangelists teach such dishonoring ideas of our heavenly parent?

A Good Woman Gone.

Mention was made in these columns several weeks ago, of the severe indisposition of Mrs. Retta S. Anderson, at Concordia, Kansas, from an accidental injury to the heart. It is our sad duty to chronicle her death on the 28th ult., after a long and painful illness, during which period she was tenderly cared for by her husband, B. R. Anderson, Esq., in whose loving arms she passed away.

Mrs. Anderson was a woman of remarkable ability. She was a native of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., and a graduate at the Canton Academy, where she became versed in the classics, and the natural sciences. She engaged in teaching at an early age, and continued to follow that vocation for many years, long after her marriage. She was a close student all her life, and her happiest hours were those spent in the pursuit of knowledge. She was a liberal in the full sense of the term, and a believer in continued life. Writing, last fall, of herself and husband, she said in her playful way: "We want a future life, and shall feel swindled if we find our selves annihilated, after all." Mrs. Anderson was a very earnest friend of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and an occasional contributor to its columns. We can only tender her sorrowing husband our tenderest sympathies in his sad bereavement, with the assurance she has entered that peaceful rest all life shall share.

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.

Vigorously Expressed.

Horace Greeley, while a member of Congress in 1848-9, violently opposed the election of chaplains by Congress. As a specimen of his vigorous language on one occasion, our readers will be glad to read the following:

"The chaplaincy remains a thing of grimace and mummery, nicely calculated to help some fockle and complaisant shepherd to a few hundred dollars and impose on devout simpletons an exalted notion of the piety of Congress."

It Hurts.

Items like the following are continually floating through the public press, and the clergy say their editors are in sympathy with the adversaries of the church:

To a great many people religion is like a grassed pole. They climb up a certain distance with difficulty and then slip back very easily.

A Happy Change.

The old Central Congregational church, in Providence, R. I., is being made into a theater.—News Item.

That is probably the best use it was ever put to.

A Mass Convention of Spiritualists.

will be held in New York City the last week in February, 1896, by order of the board of the National Spiritualist Association.

Time, place and programme next week. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, Vice-President N. S. A., 128 West 43d street, New York City.

This proposed convention is timely, and is in most excellent hands. Mrs. Richmond is popular in New York as well as elsewhere, and is a host with herself. As a presiding officer she is unexcelled and has few equals. It has been a long time since the Spiritualists of New York held a popular convention, and we look for most excellent results for the one proposed.

"DUAL LIVES" is a charming story that all should read. Back chapters of it sent free to all new three months or yearly subscribers. Take a trial trip with us.

The only blood purifier admitted on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair was Ayer's Sarsaparilla, all others being excluded as secret preparations and patent medicines. With doctors and pharmacists it has always been considered a standard remedy.

A DEPLORABLE OBJECT LESSON

For Spiritualists Everywhere to Most Carefully Consider.

Mrs. Kate M. Nellis and Edgar Gardner Charged With Attempting to Poison Peter H. Nellis.

Mrs. C. C. Stowell, Wife of the Editor of the Light of Truth, Mother of Gardner, Mentioned in Connection With This Unfortunate Affair.

Spiritualists Generally Will Shed Bitter Tears of Regret That Their Mediums and Prominent Workers Cannot All Keep Above All Suspicion.

EXTRACTS FROM LEADING PAPERS GIVING A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE CASE.

[Erie (Pa.) Dispatch, Jan. 27, 1896.]

TWO GIRARD PRISONERS ARE IN ERIE JAIL—WIFE OF HOTEL-KEEPER PETER H. NELLIS AND BARTENDER GARDNER CHARGED WITH POISONING.

What the authorities believe and expect to prove is a deliberate, cold-blooded attempt to slowly poison Peter H. Nellis of Girard culminated last night in the arrest of Kate M. Nellis and Edgar C. Gardner, charged with the commission of the crime.

County Detective Sullivan has been at work on the case for a fortnight, and might have been for another week but for the fact that the matter leaked out at Girard and was fast becoming a matter of public gossip. Fearing that the suspects would disappear if their arrest

the coffee which Mr. Nellis drank. He was soon taken sick and was removed to the office of Dr. Duff, where he vomited freely. Samples of this were secured and hermetically sealed for future analysis.

POISONED COFFEE ANALYZED.

The suspicions of Miss Maggie Holbrook, head waitress at the Avenue House, and whose assistance has been invaluable in unravelling this seemingly diabolical plot, were first aroused some weeks ago at what seemed to her to be a deliberate attempt at poisoning. Without arousing suspicion she at different times removed two cups of poisoned coffee from the table. Both of these have been analyzed by Arthur Schubert, chemist at Watson's paper mill in this city, and were found to contain infinitesimal quantities. Since that time other samples have been obtained for analysis, together with some of the contents of Mr. Nellis' stomach, and Captain Sullivan states that abundant proof will be forthcoming at the proper time to fasten the crime on Mrs. Nellis and Gardner.

FORCED TO BELIEVE IT.

Miss Holbrook, after satisfying herself of what was going on, communicated her fears to Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, of Conestoga, son-in-law and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nellis, who were at Girard on a visit to her parents. This was two weeks ago, and though Mrs. Rogers was exceedingly loath to believe and slow to be convinced of the situation, she was finally satisfied and at once placed herself in communication with County Detective Sullivan, with the result as partially outlined above.

LOOKING FOR A MOTIVE—THE AUTHORITIES THINK THEY HAVE ONE WHICH WILL HOLD.

For every murder, or attempted murder, there must be a motive, and one has been found in this case. The title to the Avenue House, a most valuable property, was originally in Nellis' own name, but some years ago it was transferred to

and therefore always managed to keep his license.

He and his wife were never very well matched, she being fond of society and fine clothes, and he the reverse. Nellis was not a vicious man, and had the reputation of being a law-abiding citizen. He appreciated the fact that his wife's courteous attention to the guests of the house and her careful management was a prominent factor of their thrift. Nellis was well liked among those who knew him best, and domestic infelicities naturally made him a great many friends, who are deeply incensed at the alleged attempt to take his life. His whole-souled German manner made him popular with the masses, and particularly with commercial travelers.

[Erie (Pa.) Dispatch, January 28, 1896.]

Hearing Fixed for Friday—Gardner Will Stay in Jail, No Bail Forfeiting—Gardner Torn Up With Excitement.

Mrs. Nellis, the accused husband-poisoner, at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon was released from custody upon \$1,000 bail, her son, Daniel Nellis, and L. Rosengberg, Esq., becoming sureties. The preliminary hearing will be held before Alderman Swap Friday afternoon at 2 p.m.

THE NELLIS AFFAIR THE ONE TOPIC TALKED ABOUT.

Girard is astounded at the disclosure of the plot against the life of Peter Nellis, which is detailed in another column. Nothing else was talked of, and yesterday housewives neglected their duties to congregations and disquieted affairs. And the moon was just as excited, the affair being the theme uppermost in the thoughts of everyone. Genuine sorrow is expressed for the sad predicament in which her acquiescence in the will of Gardner has placed Mrs. Nellis. She was generally well liked, and the exposure of her evil intent upon the life of her husband has fallen like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, and caused a commotion that has shaken Girard from center to circumference.

So great was the excitement Sunday and such an intense desire to learn the particulars of the circumstance that Murphy & Nichols, the proprietors of the Cosmopolite, issued a special edition of the paper, and although the hour was late when the "extra" made its appearance, the copies were bought up with eagerness by the excited populace. Everywhere and by everybody is the topic discussed, and business in Girard was practically neglected yesterday, so disturbed are the citizens over the arrest of Mrs. Nellis and Gardner and the seriousness of the offense with which they are charged.

The story is revived that a little over a year ago Peter Nellis charged his wife with attempting to poison him by means of a drink, but at that time no particular attention was paid to his accusation and the circumstances were entirely lost sight of after a time, when the couple had apparently buried their difference and resumed amicable relations towards each other. Sentiment is variously expressed as to Mrs. Nellis' guilt or innocence of the crime with which she is charged, many believing her a victim of incriminating circumstances, while people who are prone to the belief that "she wanted to get rid of Pete" are to be met with and are not slow in declaring just what they think of the affair.

Dan Nellis, the son of the couple, is loyal to his mother, and expresses the utmost faith in her innocence. The young man is greatly distressed over his mother's unfortunate predicament, and accompanied her to Erie Sunday. Dan Nellis and his father are in the case. They met at Lily Dale, where Mrs. J. C. Stowell, a medium residing in Cincinnati and the mother of Gardner, is said to have obtained complete spiritual control over the Nellis woman.

SPIRITUALISM IN IT.

The authorities expect to show that it was through an exercise of this influence that Gardner went to Girard, ostensibly as bartender at the Avenue House; but it is apparent that he in time obtained a powerful influence over Mrs. Nellis, and equally apparent that a scheme was concocted between Gardner and Mrs. Nellis to rid themselves of the old man. In the unravelling of this alleged conspiracy letters from Mrs. Stowell to Mrs. Nellis are expected to play a prominent part. This correspondence covers a period of two years or more, and through it all are more or less mysterious references to Nellis, usually designated as "N," and the manner of treating him. In one letter Mrs. Stowell expresses great concern over a package of powders she had sent to her son in Girard, fearing that they had miscarried, and in another letter she insists that Nellis should be given more medicine, and inquired particularly whether or not a physician had been consulted in his case. Peter Nellis came to Erie county some time before the rebellion and was among the first to respond to the call for troops. He enlisted in the navy and is now a member of Major W. W. Miles Post, G. A. R.

After the war Nellis went to Girard and opened a shoe shop, where he worked long and faithfully at his trade. He married his wife, Miss Kate Croft, in Girard about thirty years ago, and together they saved their earnings, and when the case for two weeks past. His favorable condition yesterday is generally supposed to be due to the fact that there was an absence of poisonous substances from his food on that day, and the circumstance is re-

garded as another incriminating link in the chain of evidence that now engages Mrs. Nellis and Gardner, her alleged accomplice, and the supposed instigator of the attempt to hasten the husband's spirit from this mundane sphere by other than natural causes.

GARDNER'S MOTHER TO THE RESCUE.

It was talked about Girard yesterday that Gardner's mother had been apprised of her son's predicament, and that she was on her way to Erie to see him, expecting, so the report has it, to arrive here today, and once here, to have to the effect that arrangements have been made to furnish bail for Gardner, and that his release would be obtained by today. Mrs. Nellis, it is said, will secure Gardner's bondsmen, if bail is obtained.

THINK THERE WILL BE NO TRIAL.

The figure at which the ball has been fixed for Gardner and Mrs. Nellis is a matter that occasions considerable comment. People aver that the woman, in view of the seriousness of the charge against her and the damaging nature of the evidence that is supposed to have been discovered, can well afford to forfeit the amount asked for her own release and that of Gardner, and never appear for trial. In fact, it is openly hinted that it is just what is intended, and that it was calculated to give Mrs. Nellis an opportunity to quit Girard forever the charge that has been lodged against her

An impression on a woman's face. The fact that he was years younger than Mrs. Nellis added rather than detracted to his charm in her eyes. The pair are remembered to have been seen together frequently, but no one here thought that either was capable of committing the crime. The fact that she was alleged to have attempted to carry out.

In justice to this place it can be truthfully stated that Mrs. Stowell is not and never has been one of the leading lights of Lily Dale, as has been alleged. It is true that the woman is remembered as having been here and hung out her sign as a clairvoyant. In this respect, however, she did not differ from dozens of others, and she out no more figure than did the rest of them.

(Erie (Pa.) Dispatch, February 1, 1896.)

Dark Outlook for Defense—Strong Evidence Connects Them With the Crime—Witnesses All Put to a Strain Under an Exhaustive Cross-Examination

The Commonwealth wove a strong web of evidence about Mrs. Kate M. Nellis and Edgar C. Gardner yesterday in the effort to bring home to them the attempted poisoning of Peter H. Nellis. The evidence of witnesses for the prosecution went to show that time after time powders, which a subsequent analysis proved to be antimony, were placed in the coffee which Nellis drank at his meals. These operations were shown to have covered a period of two months or more, during which time Nellis became emaciated, partially blind and blind. Evidence was also produced to show that quantities of white powders, labeled antimony, were found to the number of thirty-two, in a bureau-drawer in Mrs. Nellis' bedroom; that the woman, after exhausting every effort to prevent the opening of this drawer, lost complete control of herself, after going through the ordeal of arrest with composure, if not indifference.

Step by step the case of the Commonwealth was brought out, the testimony all tending to incriminate the defendants. It was apparent that the efforts of the defense were intended to fasten the conspiracy of the Nellis poisoning on others than Mrs. Nellis and Gardner, and to this extent the witnesses were questioned as to bad feelings existing between Mrs. Nellis and her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Rogers. Most of this evidence was ruled out on objections from District Attorney Rossiter.

The preliminary hearing was not concluded last night, owing to the absence of Peter Nellis himself, from Alderman Swapp's court, after afternoon and evening sessions were held. It was necessary to prove by this witness the effects of the poison, this fact not having been brought out in detail by the examination of other witnesses. The evidence of Mr. Nellis this morning will close the case, after which the defendants will be held for trial at Quarter Sessions Court, on Monday.

All approaches to Alderman Swapp's court-room were blocked yesterday afternoon, long before the hour fixed for the hearing. Spectators were wedged into the room until entrance or egress were practically out of the question. To add to the excitement, Mrs. Rogers, one of the witnesses, almost fainted away. Her mother, Mrs. Nellis, who is reputed to possess power of no mean ability, seldom removed a pair of piercing eyes from the daughter all afternoon long, and it was a peculiar fact that during all this time the Nellis woman was not looked squarely in the face by either Mrs. Rogers or Maggie Holbrook, another important witness for the prosecution. It appeared very much like fear on their part.

Gardner, who sat with bowed head in an out-of-the-way corner, did not speak a word during the entire hearing, and seemed to take no interest in anything that went on around him. He is a sick man, and in the opinion of some may not live to undergo the ordeal of a trial at court.

The salient points of the evidence are given below.

GIST OF THE TESTIMONY.

Maggie Holbrook resorted to time and again to the statement that she "didn't know it" or "couldn't remember," when hard pressed in the cross-examination. This, conducted by Attorney Rosenzweig, was a most exhaustive and merciless one. Time and again she was taken over the same ground, and on each occasion the defense found some statement at variance with one already made. On direct examination Holbrook told her story rather briefly and conclusively, but all the time appeared to be suffering from "stage fright." The girl testified that she lived with the Nellises for the past three or four years, during which time Mr. Nellis was accustomed to eat in the kitchen of the hotel, while his wife ate in the dining-room. It was customary to put a cup and saucer, knife and fork at Mr. Nellis' place.

MRS. NELLIS BUSY.

Two months ago the witness, noticing that Mrs. Nellis was devoting considerable time to the preparation of her husband's meals, something very unusual, began to suspect that everything was not right. The witness found by watching that Mr. Nellis' cup was being tampered with. On one occasion she put a bit of cracker in the cup when she put it on the table, and noticed very soon afterward that it had been replaced by another, which she said was a powder. Without anybody's knowledge she saw both Mrs. Nellis and Edgar Gardner place these powders in Nellis' coffee-cup.

By consulting written memoranda, Miss Holbrook found that Gardner had placed a powder in the cup on January 16 at dinner; on the 18th she found another, not knowing who put it there; on the 20th she saw Gardner place a powder in full. An effort was made through Dan Nellis to identify the handwriting of Mrs. Stowell, but he pleaded an unfamiliarity with the handwriting in question and could not answer.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 6, 1896.

MY DEAR SISTER KATE—

I intended to write you Saturday and send you some medicine, but the drug yet has not been able to get it for me yet. Think I will have it to-morrow. I am worried about you. I hope you receive the medicine you must make Ed treat you. The magnetic band will be there with him, and Dr. E. says that between Ed and the medicine they will cure you. I will send Ed another box of powders, three grains each. Make him careful, please.

THE STOWELL LETTERS—THE TEXT OF TWO OF THEM OFFERED IN EVIDENCE.

The Commonwealth submitted two letters from Mrs. Stowell to Mrs. Nellis. Both of them contain what are presumed to be explicit references to the poisoning case and the trial now in full. An effort was made through Dan Nellis to identify the handwriting of Mrs. Stowell, but he pleaded an unfamiliarity with the handwriting in question and could not answer.

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developed beyond him. Of criminality he is not. The dear friends have not advised you to go. Jennings is still in Cincinnati. Now the friends join me in love to the dear old boys. Kiss them both for me.

From your loving sister,

JOSIE.

Bright Star sends love and kisses.

(Erie (Pa.) Dispatch, February 1, 1896.)

Concerned About Nellis.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 18, 1895.

MY DEAR SISTER KATE—

It seems like an age since I have had a line from you. But I know how bad your shoulder has been. I ship you today the medicine I spoke of. It has been almost impossible to get it. I hope that it will have to get another bottle, for I really expect you to be better tomorrow. I cannot get anything from the guides regarding your coming. And the very fact of their being neutral on that question makes me think they want to surprise me. Well, I can stand a surprise like that, for my dear, I never want to see you so bad as now.

St. Louis, Mo., Wednesday night, Jan. 18, 1895.

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St. Louis, Mo., Wednesday night, Jan. 18, 1895.

CONTENTS OF THE CUPS—AN ANALYSIS SHOWS THE PRESENCE OF ANTIMONY.

Two cups, offered as some of the many intended for Mr. Nellis to drink the contents of, were submitted as an exhibit of the prosecution. The contents of these cups had been analyzed by Dr. Schubert, a chemist at the Watson paper mill. He testified that a test made by him on the 14th and 15th of January showed the presence of antimony. The samples had been left with him by Dr. Rogers, with a request to test them for arsenic. Attorney Rosenzweig led the chemist through a learned discourse on the details and technicalities of the analysis, which was of no particular interest to the public. No trace of arsenic was found.

THE EFFECTS OF ANTIMONY.

Druggist Wm. F. Nick, a pharmacist of this seven years' practice in this city, was called to the stand to testify as to the effects of antimony, or tartar emetic, on the human system. He defined the drug as a powerful poison. The effect, if the drug were administered for any length of time, would be to greatly weaken and in time kill the victim. Coffee, he stated, was an antidote to the poison, which, if given in that form, would have a less serious effect.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE ARREST.

The circumstances of the arrest of Mrs. Nellis and Gardner were detailed at length by Capt. Sullivan, the first witness sworn at the evening session. Gardner, he said, was very much affected, so much so as to necessitate his sitting down. Mrs. Nellis, after the warrant had been read to her, was about to go to her own room, but was told to remain in the presence of the witnesses. Miss Holbrook accompanied him and Mrs. Nellis to the latter's bedroom, in which were two chests of drawers on opposite sides of the room. Mrs. Nellis was seated facing these drawers. When the warrants were read she showed no emotion. The witness proceeded to search the bureau drawers and found two of the smaller drawers locked. She was asked for the key, but professed not to know where it was. The witness testified that he spent fifteen minutes trying various keys and finally unlocked one of the drawers.

SHE WAS ACQUITTED.

Mrs. Nellis, he said, was by that time much agitated—her face flushed, and anxiety and anguish were depicted on her countenance. She said: "Mr. Sullivan, please don't open that drawer; there's nothing there but syringes." She was told that the officer would insist on seeing the contents of that drawer, and in a further search for the key he put his hand in Mrs. Nellis' dress pocket, where the three letters offered in evidence at the hearing were found.

The drawer, Captain Sullivan said, was finally forced with a case-knife after failing to do so with a hand-axe, during which time Mrs. Nellis repeatedly implored him to stop. She said that she was forced, the first object found was a reticule containing a roll of greenbacks and specie. This was returned to her. The witness then took from the drawer five boxes of powders and a package of letters. One of the boxes contained some small vials, covered above and below with cotton batting. Mrs. Nellis remarked that she did not know what was in the vials; that some traveling man must have left them behind the hotel bar. Some of the powders in those bottles had been placed, he said, in the hands of an analytical chemist. All were marked "T. emetic, 3 gr."

UNDER Increased Bail—Mrs. Nellis and Gardner Both Held for Trial.

The hearing in the sensational Nellis poisoning case was concluded in Alderman Swapp's court, and the defendants, Mrs. Kate Nellis and Edgar C. Gardner, were bound over to court, bail being demanded in the sum of \$3,000 each.

ABOUT THE ANALYSIS.

The evidence of Dr. Rogers was on this very similar to that offered by his wife, and he carried the case to the analysis of the contents of two of the cups. These, he testified, had not left his possession since they were given him by Maggie Holbrook, except for a short time that Capt. Sullivan had them, until turned over to Dr. Schubert for analysis.

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day morning Capt. Sullivan took possession of the powder taken from Mr. Nellis' cup by Maggie Holbrook, and Maggie put an identifying mark on the powder.

Peter Nellis left for Girard on the noon train, and Mrs. Nellis returned home on the P. & O. E. afternoon train.

[The Enquirer, Cincinnati, O., Jan. 29.]

Slowly the Cops are Tightening Around Mrs. Nellis and Edgar Gardner, the Would-Be Poisoners.

The most sensational expose in recent years did not have as surprising an effect among local Spiritualists as the account in yesterday's Enquirer of the strange predicament in which Mrs. C. C. Stowell, the leading trance medium of this city, has been placed by events in Girard, Penn., by which Peter H. Nellis, a hotel-keeper of that place, was almost poisoned.

Many remember young Gardner, Mrs. Stowell's close friend and charged with Mrs. Nellis in a plot to murder her husband in order to obtain the money on an insurance policy of \$10,000. Those who know Gardner best say that he was always a shiftless fellow, and that for some reason best known to himself he did not always sail under the name of Edgar Gardner. It is remembered that under the name of George Paulner, he concealed his identity and was a conductor on the Clark street car. After he lost this position he changed his name to Edgar Gardner, and in August, 1894, left the city as the advance agent of Harry Archer, a noted materializing medium, who has since died.

Mrs. Stowell, a former profession as a trance medium, formerly resided at 408 Haymiller street and sold charms which she claimed contained the potent powers of bringing the separated together and warding off evil. Later, when she removed to the palatial residence on Walnut Hills, she gave up her poorer clientele and only posed in richer circles.

[Erie (Pa.) Dispatch, Feb. 6, 1896.]

Richmond Is in the Field—In the Defense in the Nellis-Gardner Case.

The case against Mrs. Kate M. Nellis and Edgar C. Gardner, conspiracy to kill by poisoning Peter H. Nellis, will be taken up to-day by the grand jury. Hon. A. B. Richmond came up from Meadville yesterday, and will join in the defense of the case. It is stated that Mr. Richmond has been retained by Mrs. J. C. Stowell, who is charged in an information with complicity in the conspiracy. Mr. Richmond is a chemist of ability and has a reputation for work in the line upon which this case will be tried. He is likewise well known as a writer upon the subject of Spiritualism.

What a Leading Cincinnati Paper Says.

[Cincinnati Enquirer, Jan. 28, 1896.]

Gardner the Son of Mrs. C. C. Stowell, of Walnut Hills.

Edward Gardner, the young man charged with the crime of poisoning Peter H. Nellis, a hotel-keeper in Girard, Pa., the details of which were published in the Enquirer, is well-known in this city, being the son of Mrs. C. C. Stowell, a prominent trance medium, of 46 South Elm street, Walnut Hills, and whose husband, Mr. C. C. Stowell, is the editor of the Light of Truth, a paper published on Race street in the interests of Spiritualism.

The report of his complicity in the case is a most shocking one, and the large circle of the young man's acquaintances in this city.

MRS. STOWELL'S LETTERS.

Later developments were of a more sensational nature. Yesterday the shadow of a crime of international dimensions, alleged to have been written by Mrs. Stowell, which, if their contents are not misconstrued, place the lady in an embarrassing position. It is believed by her friends, however, that some mistake has certainly been made so far as she is concerned.

Among the letters said to have been written by Mrs. Stowell to Mrs. Nellis were several instructing her to tell "Ed," her son, to be very careful how he administered "those powders," as she wanted to be sure they would be effective. Throughout them all can be seen that something of the utmost importance was going on in this strange correspondence. It is but natural that she, the mother of the lawyer, should be solicitous for his welfare, and that she had sent him medicines. These letters, however, are said to have created a great stir when discovered in Mrs. Nellis' possession at Girard.

An Enquirer representative, in possession of the alleged facts contained in these letters, called at the house of Mrs. Stowell last night, but found that she had left on the evening train for the scene of the trouble.

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, MR. STOWELL ADMITS THAT ED GARDNER WAS HIS SON, AND THAT WHEN HE READ IN THE ENQUIRER HIS TROUBLE HE HAD GOTTEN INTO GIRARD, HIS WIFE HAD IMMEDIATELY TAKEN THE TRAIN TO BE AT HIS SIDE.

At first he denied that Mrs. Stowell was his mother, but when he was confronted with her son, but later admitted that an occasional letter passed between them.

MRS. STOWELL INNOCENT.

He emphatically denied, however, that his wife could, in the remotest manner, have been party to, or that she had had any knowledge of the diabolical plot to murder Nellis.

He was considerably agitated over the matter, and offered as an explanation that young Gardner has for years been troubled with hemorrhages of the lungs, and that if his mother had any powder, it was possibly to give him relief from his troubles.

As stated, Gardner is well known here, especially on Walnut Hills, where he lived in the magnificent house occupied by his parents, now one of the most aristocratic neighborhoods. Before leaving here he was known to be an excellent shot, and a good spender of money, with which his mother supplied him liberally. His disease drove him from home, his mother selecting a residence in Lily Dale, N.Y., for him. While there he mingled with the Spiritualist community of the little town. It was there he met Mrs. Nellis, the wife of the Girard hotelkeeper.

In test the story became enamored of him, Gardner being a good-looking fellow, only 31 years old, while his wife was at least 20 years his senior. Taking her advice, Gardner went with her to Girard, and was installed as bar-keeper in her husband's hotel. From the subsequent developments the truth is surmised, and the theory is announced that Gardner induced the woman to secretly give her husband the drug.

The plausibility of this theory is supported by the fact that as soon as Gardner appeared on the scene, Nellis' health began to fail, until it aroused the suspicions of Dr. Rogers, Nellis' father-in-law. How these suspicions were acted upon was told in yesterday's dispatches, and how Nellis was saved from the very brink of the grave was also stated. With all the precautions, however, it is a very serious case, and the shock has so shattered his constitution that the outcome may still result seriously.

[Cincinnati Enquirer, Jan. 30, 1896.]

Great Interest in the Case.

Interest in the sensational poisoning case in Girard, Pa., wherein Edgar Gardner, son of Mrs. C. C. Stowell, the well-known trance medium of this city, is so seriously compromised, is still unabated, and the developments in the case are eagerly watched by those who are acquainted with Mrs. Stowell and her son. Gardner is still in jail at Erie, and seems to feel no apprehension as to the outcome. He mingled freely with the other prisoners, although the confinement is telling on his weakened constitution. Mrs. Nellis, his alleged partner in the diabolical crime, is still in hiding, and has eluded the detectives, who have scoured the adjoining country to find her. Last night a slight clew as to her whereabouts was received, and it is now believed that she is under cover in the house of her sister in Girard.

One of the most puzzling features of the case is now that Mrs. Stowell has not appeared on the scene, as was expected she would, and as given up by her husband when she left this city. In anticipation of her visit detectives were in Girard and along the line of the road ready to intercept her should she alight. It is now believed that Mrs. Stowell, apprised of the condition of affairs at the last moment, changed her mind, and is now with friends awaiting the outcome of the preliminary hearing, which is set for to-morrow.

The alleged letters from Mrs. Stowell to her son are in the possession of County Detective Sullivan, and will not be made public until the day of the trial.

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THE HOLY CHURCH.

The Immorality of Its Entertainments.

THE WORLD DOES NOT NEED THE CHURCH AS A PURVEYOR OF VAUDVILLE.

The question of the morality of church entertainments continues to interest certain critics and essayists, says the Literary Digest. Rev. William Bayard Hale contributes to the January Forum "A Study of Church Entertainments," in which he severely denounces such means of raising money.

Mr. Hale was lately in receipt of a printed advertisement of a "fair" for the benefit of a certain church, in the shape of a card, which, besides containing the programme, bore the inscription from "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "This an honorable kind of thievery." He thinks that this inscription is only equaled by the robust candor of the clergyman who, in a speech opening a similar church bazaar, said:

"They come to be cheated (laughter and applause), and if they don't come to be cheated a little, they deserve to be cheated a good deal (renewed applause)."

Upon this, Rev. Hale says: "It will not be well to take this too seriously, and to wax with the indignation that will rise in the bosoms of some old-fashioned honest folk who still cherish the notion that Christ's church should ever promote holy living and a serious and dignified morality. Let us have our laugh over its naive immorality, almost saved from itself by confessing to itself; but then let us think a moment what it means that such a confession can be made by them easily, jocularly—that is, can be made without horror—by a Christian church! The confession can be made so calmly because it is a confession to what everybody knows and is known to know. It is a matter of common knowledge that churches have methods of raising money which are fraudulent, and nobody is horrified by that knowledge, because nobody to-day takes the churches any more seriously than they take themselves."

"It is indeed difficult for the imagination to connect these modern societies, occupied in giving fairs, suppers, and popular entertainments, with the undivided church which once worshiped God in simplicity and seriousness, filled with heavenly aspirations. Modern religious methods do not find their patterns in the earlier church. We are not informed, I ventured to submit to the last church congress in the United States, that the church at Ephesus or Philippi ever advertised a bazaar, a clam-bake, or a strawberry social. We have no information that St. Paul was accustomed to give stereoscopic lectures, Barnabas operating the lantern. It is not clearly established that St. Athanasius ever arranged a kermis, a broom drill, or a pink tea. There seems, then, to be no inherent necessity for the church to undertake the amusement of the public. Our Lord knew, I conceive, what the nineteenth century would need at the hands of his church; but he left it no direction, explicit or implicit, to open eating-houses and theaters. He seems to have been entirely ignorant of any time to come when it would be best for his blood-bought church to transform itself into a system of concert-halls, kitchens, and entertainment-bureaus."

Mr. Hale is convinced that the necessity for such a transformation of the church is not one inherent in its character, but has been forced upon it "by conditions which are the result of divisions in the church." It is "secularism," he asserts, which has made "the religious show" a necessity. On this point he remarks:

"Does anyone claim that churches have awakened to a better understanding of their functions than the founder and the apostles had? No one claims it. Is it pretended that sacred negro minstrels, dances, light opera, and vaudeville, are to-day more essential to the salvation of men than prayer, worship, the reading of the scriptures, and the administration of

the sacraments? It is not pretended. The plain fact

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This Department is under the management of the distinguished author, speaker and medium.

Hudson Tuttle.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

C. F. O., Dowsing, Mich.: Q. Will you please inform the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER whether there are any beings in the Spirit-world who never were the mortal form.

A. (1) How are we to understand the following: "As lightning fall from heaven." Luke 10, 18?

(2) What did Paul mean when he said: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, powers, rulers of darkness, spiritual wickedness in heavenly places." Eph. 6, 12?

A. (1) If the theory of evolution is accepted as the scheme of creation, and spiritual intelligences as the last term of that process, then it logically follows and is the unavoidable sequence that there are no spiritual beings, nor can there be, except those which are thus evolved. We are not speaking for others, but believe this to be a general expression of spirit communications, and entertained by at least the great majority of Spiritualists. It forms the basis of the philosophy given by various clairvoyant spirits in my publications, beginning with the physical world in "Arcana of Nature," in the second volume, arising to the philosophy of spirit, in "Studies in Psychic Science," and "The Religion of Man." All rest on this proposition: "All spiritual beings have been evolved through physical forms."

(2) I answer the 2nd and 3rd questions in the spirit with which they are asked. If we take the Bible as authority, then the precise meaning of its texts is of vital importance. This is exactly what the questioner desires to know. The seventy discourses return with rejoicing at their success, "even the devils" were subject to them, and Jesus became elated with their enthusiasm, and said to them: "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven; he is not only over evil, but the supremacy of the chief already had fallen in ruins. The swiftness of the destruction being compared to lightning."

(3) It was not this mortal that Paul feared. It counted as nothing against the spiritual forces against which the great struggle for righteous conduct of life. Paul believed in the Prince of Evil who is meant by "Principalities," and "powers." Satan was over the great adversary, antagonizing through spiritual forces, and through the agency of inferior rules. There is something indescribably weird and terrible in the belief in "Principalities and Powers" with unknown energy, and invincible desire for evil; and against this mysterious kingdom, over whose swift messengers Satan as lightning fall, Paul exhorts his followers to "gird their loins about with truth," and put on "the breastplate of righteousness."

Donald Cameron, Chicago, Ill.: Q. (1) What is the difference between the unconscious state of a medium and of one insane?

(2) I read how at Dunning an insane patient had his life crushed out by his attendants, yet on autopsy every organ, brain included, was in a perfect and healthy state. What was the cause of this mental derangement?

A. (1) The unconscious state of a medium implies an exaltation of the intellectual faculties, and a sensitiveness enabling the mind to receive impressions from another mind. Insanity is the result of derangement of the brain as a whole, or in part. Hence the difference between these two states is too great to admit of comparison.

(2) If the autopsy of an insane person exhibited no indication of disordered action, it was because those who made it did not complete their investigation, a very minute lesion in the brain, the pressure of a minute tumor may so impede the connection between that organ and the mind, as to produce distortion, which is insanity.

In many cases the cause lies in the nerve cells or fibres, and no scalpel or microscope is able to reveal what it may be. Dissection of the brain can reveal the cause as it would if applied to the vocal cords of a bird to show why its voice was one of song, or a harsh note.

W. H. Murphy: Q. Has Col. Ingersoll ever expressed any opinion about Spiritualism?

A. Col. Ingersoll has never more than expressed a hope that it be true. His busy life has not allowed him to investigate, and his more intimate family ties have not been broken, calling him to seek the consolation, when those we most love are taken from us, the spiritual philosophy of the future life only can give. Yet he has been favorably inclined, and made no opposition. He lectured at the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting to delighted thousands, and gave expression to no thought or word which found disfavor from the most zealous Spiritualist. His work of pulverizing the old creeds and monstrous forms of belief are necessary for the growth of the new science of life, here and hereafter.

Investigator: Q. In a discussion on the miracle of the parting of the waters of the Red Sea, it was claimed that the waters of the Niagara were once driven back so that the rocks were all bare. Never having heard this wonderful statement before, I thought fit to call it in question. Was it right?

A. March 29, 1848, it is recorded that the ice became so gorged in the upper part of the Niagara river that a perfect dam was formed, and the river-bed below for several hours was dry, and the thunders of the Falls ceased. For several hours those on the banks were enabled to see what none had ever witnessed before, and probably will not again. The icebergs then suddenly gave way, and was borne onward with terrible uproar.

Prof. D. M. King, Mantua Station, O.: Q. I have read and it has rung in my ears ever since. I have re-read it this morning, and have been reading it for the third time. Now, the questions arise in my mind:

(1) If he is found with the extinct animals, how do we know that he did not begin his career when they did there? and would not this conflict with evolution? I ask this because, as my religion necessarily Spiritualism ought to be the same, only demonstrated.

A. Because in the rocky strata, immediately below, and consequently of an earlier age, we find the remains of animal forms, from which man, and the animals whose remains are found with his, both sprang: man is in one branch on the great life-tree, in a prominent, leading

branch, but when traced downward soon loses itself in the main trunk. In tracing his evolution to the savage, and from the savage to the higher forms of quadrumanous (apes), forms much higher in the tertiary age than in the present, we are descending to the animal realm. It is not maintained that man came from the highest ape, but that man and ape are branches converging in that vastly remote time in a common stock.

In the same way we do not claim that the English, German and Hindoo races sprang from each other. It would be impossible for a Germanic people to be common Hindoos, or Hindoos English. Yet no one who has studied the origin of races, doubts that these then great families were all united in that India race that spoke the ancient Sanskrit. They spoke a common language, and were a common race before they separated. Changing conditions have wrought the diverse character and language of each. They now could no more unite than two branches thrown off from a tree could coalesce at their extremities, yet below near the trunk they form a single stem and are nourished by the same sap.

Progressive Thinker, Meriden, Ct.: Q. A progressive thinker who does not believe all that is told him, asks: Are animals immortal? Are they immortal as animals? If so, what use are they to immortal man? Does the animal merge into the human, or does man pull the animal up after him? A. There is great hope for the man who does not believe all that is told him. The world has been cursed with too much believing, and too little knowing. These questions have been answered at length in preceding numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and are extensively treated in "The Philosophy of Spirit," just published in London. To those readers who have not read the previous numbers, it may be said that the animal world is the means by and through which man is evolved, and that through man comes the evolution of an immortal spirit. Until a certain degree of progress has been reached there is no continuous existence.

Man may, by cultivation, influence the animals with which he comes in contact, but nothing he can do can effect their continuance as life after their death. It is for those who believe in the immortality of animals to show what use they are to the spirit of man. Spirits have taught this as true, and consciously, for it is possible for them to so earnestly desire the presence of a favorite pet animal, that the subjective thought, to take on the objective form as in a dream, and is accepted as reality.

SUMMERLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Tidings from the West—A Seaside Home.

To the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER would say something of the Tidings from the West—A Seaside Home.

Summerland lies north of Los Angeles, and within six miles of Santa Barbara.

Needing rest from mental taxation, I came to this genial Mecca of Spiritualists who are here for the balance of their days. True, trilled and gray, many came here and built snug cottages for their homes and rest.

This is a lovely climate, where frost is unknown. Fresh tomatoes and other vegetables, as also many flowers, are gathered daily. Boys out barefooted as in July down East.

The town sits like on the ocean, and the gentle roar of water sings the weary to sleep.

They are better residences than I expected to find, which shows that Spiritism is a reality, and here and have kept up appearances.

Liberty Hall is large and commodious; while it does not compare with the Spiritual Temple at Boston, it is one that Spiritualists in many large cities would be pleased to own. It is under a judicious management, and has a large membership. Many lectures, entertainments, dinners, dances, etc., are given in it for the enjoyment of old and young. It has a reading room and library, which is kept open each afternoon.

The president of the Summerland Spiritual Association, Mrs. M. A. Spring, is a most genial and accomplished lady. W. P. Allen, the secretary, is a cultured, quiet gentleman, a man of legal knowledge, but the Spiritualists having so little use for law, his legal lore is liable to grow rusty.

Another school of Spiritualists owns the Liberty Hall, and it is a compliment to the climate here to say that while its roof is canvas, they hold meetings throughout the year.

This society has a fine library, and a good membership of excellent spirits. H. L. Williams has been a leading spirit in it, while Prof. J. S. Loveland belongs to the first one named. These two gentlemen have fine homes, and both are willing for Summerland. It is hoped they may grow more charitable toward each other and friendly as years roll by.

Since the oil-wells have been in operation here, now about two dozen of them, the financial outlook is better. Engines on the Southern Pacific Railway in this locality are run with the oil, so it has come to pass that Spiritualist oil wars and carries magnates of the south.

Occasionally, California, Methodist and Presbyterian churches include, and yet they do not pray for Spiritualism, except to have it damned—but God continues his refusal.

There is not a saloon nor brothel in Summerland, hence no church, of course. Woman suffrage and populism are entrenched here, but neither the preachers nor the W. C. T. U. are needed. All are saved, sober and law-abiding, determined to keep all evil elements out.

The spiritual guides are plentiful, and I think some good angelic guides interest themselves in souls here.

I have given several public lectures here during January, and taught a class of twenty-five good souls in science, with some magnetism and mental-science mixed in.

The post-office, ticket office, stores, hotel and restaurants, are all conducted in good order, and all elements of life are in luck, for the wife he recently took here was a charming widow with a lovely home, a good heart and plenty of means. As he doesn't need now to scratch for a living, I am wondering if the rostrum at large has lost his silvery tongue.

When I presented THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for takers, I easily added to its list here, and it has rung in my ears ever since. I have re-read it this morning, and have been reading it for the third time. Now, the questions arise in my mind:

(1) If he is found with the extinct animals, how do we know that he did not begin his career when they did there? and would not this conflict with evolution? I ask this because, as my religion necessarily Spiritualism ought to be the same, only demonstrated.

A. Because in the rocky strata, immediately below, and consequently of an earlier age, we find the remains of animal forms, from which man, and the animals whose remains are found with his, both sprang: man is in one branch on the great life-tree, in a prominent, leading

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Matters Spiritual, Social and Political.

As Viewed by Our Special Correspondent.

When one finds one's self in the Capitol waiting for a matter of public business to transpire, the best thing one can do is to look around and "see that one can see, and hear what one can hear."

There is no difficulty in compassing sightseeing, and when the public buildings, monument, Capitol, White House, etc., are viewed, there are the surrounding hills that forever invite one, even in winter. Especially the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, and Arlington, and other places of historic note. The atmosphere and trees are already prophetic of spring.

THINGS SPIRITUAL.

But spiritual things are not lacking at the Capital: At the headquarters of the National Spiritualists' Association, the national secretary, Mr. Woodbury, seems always ready to receive and entertain anyone in the interest of the Association. I understood there was a quarterly meeting of the board, the first week in this month, when much important business was transacted in carrying out the instructions of the annual convention held here last October.

MRS. RICHMOND'S DISCOURSES.

The Sunday services of the First Spiritualist Society of Washington are held in Metzger's Hall, the finest in the city, and this month Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, pastor of the First Spiritual Church of Chicago, has been here officiating morning and evening at the regular Sunday services. Her discourses include the following subjects: "The Spiritual Outlook," "The Present Situation of England and America," "The Afflicted Human Race, a Spiritual Diagnosis," "The Little Cloud in the West," "Spiritual Unfoldment—Its True Meaning," "The Future Humanity," "Practical Spiritualism," and "The History of a Soul."

Synopses of "The Little Cloud in the West," and "The History of a Soul," were published in the Sunday editions of the Washington Times. The services were attended by large and appreciative audiences.

On the last Sunday evening a letter to the president of the society, signed by a number of the members, requesting him to use his influence with the board of trustees, to secure Mrs. Richmond's services some time during the season of 1898-97, was sent to the platform, and, being read by the chairman, received the hearty and unanimous approval of the large audience present.

SOCIAL ITEMS.

Numerous private receptions, among the elite of the Capital, have been tendered Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, and always there has been the greatest interest manifested in the addresses of Mrs. Richmond, and in the poetic delineations of Quina, who reads character from a different standpoint than that of mortals, when judging of each other. She tells us of our best instead of our worst qualities.

Your correspondent also has received an invitation to attend a reception by Adelaide Johnson to view the bust (in clay) of Mrs. Richmond, which she has been working while Mrs. Richmond has been here this month; and also to meet Mr. and Mrs. Richmond and Messrs. A. F. Jenkins-Johnson and Chas. Johnson, brother of Miss Johnson. The bust is not considered finished, but only ready for the criticisms of Mrs. Richmond's friends and those of the artist.

Judging from its present appearance the gifted sculptor will succeed in this, as she has in her previous work, in making a "speaking likeness," which will be all that Mrs. Richmond's most ardent admirers could desire.

This reception, by the way, also introduced to the friends of the young sculptor, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, for the first time on the card after that of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, is the name of the one to whom Miss Johnson gave her heart and hand, and married the evening before.

In the reception, Miss Cora L. V. Richmond officiating. Nothing could have been more unique (your correspondent is informed) than this wedding; for, excepting the actual participants, and the brother of the bride and one lady friend, no one knew what the "white evening" was to be, to which they were summoned to appear in evening dress.

Diana herself, who has been the belle of the district, and who, with her white hangings and "silent witnesses," the work of the bride's own hand. In fact, from the bride's own self to the last song that enraptured the guests, everything was like "white lilies set in chalices of light."

The services, conducted by Mrs. Richmond, were eminently in keeping with the romance of the occasion, and the announcement that the wedding was taken legally in the family name as the bride—"a royal gift, the tribute of love to genius" (as Mrs. Richmond said)—was not the least interesting feature of the occasion. In fact, it was an evening where the "beloved of the gods" seemed to see those "shining ones" walk in human guise and dwell for an hour among mortals.

The art reception, before mentioned, to Mrs. Richmond, took place on Thursday from 3 to 6, was to view the portrait (in clay, and not yet finished) of Mrs. Richmond, and formed a fitting occasion for the bride and groom to receive the congratulations of their friends. Over one hundred and fifty invitations were sent out, and, judging by the throngs that entered the studio, all must have responded. The names of the bride and groom are, Adelaide Johnson and Mr. Leonard F. Johnson.

May all the favoring winds of heaven waft their bark upon life's voyage to the haven of Love's ideal.

POLITICAL MATTERS.

The political atmosphere has been somewhat quiet, and the Venetian question again dropped out, and there has been opportunity for much patriotic eloquence. But this "war with England" has been eclipsed by the debate on the gold bonds issued by Mr. Cleveland. The debate, still pending in the Senate, will reach a vote to-night, and will decide much that many millions are waiting to learn: Whether this "tribute to Caesar" will receive the sanction of our patriots, and statements upon the results of this debate and vote will hang the next presidential election; the re-election of Cleveland, if it is contemplated, and the fate of the nation's finances. No Republican candidate is confidently named as yet, but neutralizing Reed with McKinley, and letting Morton take his chances, there is a thought that Harrison's friends are "laying low" and waiting for events. It is likely that the political horizon will not clear for sometime, and it is more than likely that there will be still more portentous clouds before the session closes.

Pre-eminently this is a "campaign congress," and the members thereof are talking and voting to their constituents for the next presidential election. Yet, unless there is vital legislation on financial measures before Congress adjourns,

THE RESURRECTION.

As Taught by the Church, the Doctrine is Most Absurd.

"Earth to Earth—Ashes to Ashes—Dust to Dust."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

While the resurrection of the body cannot be maintained for a moment as a scientific statement, and is opposed to reason and common sense, it is still retained as a part of the church creed, and there has never been a resolution passed in any orthodox church assembly denying or offering any other belief. In fact, to do so would be heresy. When the doctrine is brought forward, the literal resurrection of the body is conspicuous. Funerals furnish occasions for the airing of this antiquated dogma, as well as making the dead, if not sound in the faith, examples for the benefit of the living.

The Egyptians preserved the bodies of their dead, because they believed that after a thousand years the spirits would return and re-enter them, thus being re clothed in flesh. If the body was allowed to decay the spirit could never return, and hence the most terrible punishment possible to inflict was for the judges of the dead to refuse embalment.

The Hebrews transferred this doctrine to their peculiar and composite theology, and it has come down to us in the form of a sacred mystery, to be held at the judgment day. That which the Egyptians regarded as impossible, the resurrection of the body when allowed to decay, has been accepted as truth, and its absurdity met with the repetition that all things are possible with God.

The description of the resurrection day, when bones, arms and detached atoms, without being put together by the spirit, will be brought together, and the "lurid oratory of the zealot," but the calm eyes of science recognize its impossibility.

There is only one evidence, and that is the resurrection of Christ, which is taken as conclusive. It is said that his mission was to prove immortality. If Christ was a man like other men, and we admit that he died, and after he days came to life, it would be in evidence, but if this be admitted, what becomes of the claim that he was the son of God, a God-man? If a God-man; how does his resurrection prove that of common men? The resurrection of a thousand God-men would not prove that of man more than of an animal.

There are many objections, some of which are insurmountable. The changes going on in the body are so rapid that it is hardly possible for the bones and teeth, there is a complete change of every atom—a new one from the food taken during the place of the old—at least once in two months. That means that our bodies are changed six times a year, or at the age of fifty years we have had three hundred different bodies. Which one of these is to be resurrected? Will it be the one we had in our youth, or the diseased and worn-out one we had at last?

There is only a limited quantity of matter capable of entering into animal bodies. This is used over and over again, and the same material has belonged to countless individuals. At the resurrection there would be thousands claiming the same atoms. Although it is said all things are possible with God, it is not possible for Him to give the same material to different individuals. However omnipotent, He cannot transcend the laws of the world.

A missionary, filled with zeal, goes to the Pacific Islands, and instead of contributing to the religious welfare of the aborigines, he is served up at their festive board. At the resurrection, how will that missionary get his body that he does, how will that of the cannibal be completed so he can experience the punishment he deserves for his selfish for the missionary?

Death comes because the physical body is no longer a fitting instrument for the spirit. To think of that pure celestial being called again to the diseased, stricken, corrupted or maimed body as being dispirited, is as unbelievable as the body perishes. Its particles pass into the ether, and are re-created in new bodies, which are not the same as the old, but are new and different. Wind and waves distribute them around the world. The palm rears aloft its coronal of leaves in tropic climes; the moss grows greener on arctic rocks; the herbage is more luxuriant on the plains that swarm with sentient beings, the hunger of man is appeased and the cycle is completed.

To suppose that the spirit will return to the same physical body, or to any physical body, is like supposing that the atoms of water in a certain wave will be again called into the same relation in a future wave. To produce it before an audience is like setting up a mummy from the tombs of Egypt and stripping the bandages from the shrunken face, exposing the hollow eyes and gleaming teeth, and claim it to be living, although dead.

Dead cheating such an exhibit would be, and not enviable the fate of that spirit doomed to re-enter that abode! Yet, if such be God's purpose, the Egyptians made it possible, for they kept the body together and thus gave returning spirit its own. It would have only to extract the bitumen and throw off the linen wrappings.

But what prospect have the spirits of the dead, those that were brought to England, ground to powder and spread over the wheat fields, of reclaiming the bodies which have "suffered a sea-change," not in something new and strange, but into hot buns, loaves of bread and plum pudding?

Ah, preachers of the gospel, for the good of the world and your own reputation, it is better that you leave this doctrine in the hands of the ignorant, and let the delude yourselves that you are meeting a public want when you exhibit it. You do not believe it; your laity do not believe it. It is sham, pretense and deception with you both.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to the celestial home, from the residence of his daughter, in Mukwonago, Wis., Julius Mason, at the ripe age of 97 years. He was a believer in the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism and read with delight THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, as it came on its weekly visits to the home of his daughter. Mr. Mason was an honorable and useful citizen and during his long life enjoyed general respect and esteem. Up to within a few months he has been in excellent health, both physically and mentally.

M. J. DONALDSON.

"The Gospel of Buddha, According to Old Records," Told by Paul Carus. This book is heartily commended to students of the science of religions, and to all who would gain a fair conception of Buddhism in its spirit and living principles. Spiritualism or Christianity can scarcely read it without spiritual profit.

Price 61. For sale at this office.

PLANETS & PEOPLE

Superstition in all Ages Or "Le Bon Sens,"

By JEAN MESLIER,

Year Book of the Heavens

FOR 1896.

PLANETS AND PEOPLE, the Astronomical and Astrological Monthly, which has attracted so much attention during the past year, because of the wonderful and accurate predictions which it has made, and the valuable and highly instructive lessons on the influence of the stars, as well as the occult history, science, and political conditions of the world, is now complete volume for the year 1896.

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THE GREAT ...

