

...DUAL LIVES... OR LIFE ILLUSTRATED IN VARIOUS PHASES.

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

BY LOUISA BIGGS READ.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A few days after Corso Capello's visit to Ethel, Dr. Hunter was sitting on a rustic bench on the lawn, musing on the vicissitudes of life, when a gentleman, dusty and fatigued by travel, approached him and laid his hand gently on his shoulder.

He started up. No sign of recognition gladdened his eyes, but with the old courtesy grace that never deserted him, he extended his hand with an apology for absent-mindedness and asked him to be seated.

The last few hours had been an age to Lawrence Arlington. The most conflicting decisions had reigned in his mind. It was while on this journey to visit his sister he had so strangely run across Arthur Gilbert in the saloon of the Golden Sheaf, as related in the first chapters of this story, known then as Worthington. It was Arthur Gilbert's wife that gave him shelter beneath her poor roof from the storm. It was his wife and child he had pitied in their desolate condition. It was his wife he had mentally declared the most attractive woman he ever met.

Since his eyes had again beheld his enemy he had been unable to compose himself to sleep. One moment he decided to bring him to immediate justice, the next to let him go free for the sake of his wife and child.

He sat down, still clasping Dr. Hunter's hand, and gazing on his wan and withered features. Tears stole from his eyes in spite of his effort to hide them.

"It is Lawrence!" exclaimed the doctor, springing to his feet. "It is Lawrence, at last—the great-hearted, noble boy of old. Ah, few men in these days have feeling enough to shed tears at the claims of pity. What a wrecked, storm-beaten old bark I am. My hopes and aspirations lie buried beneath the debris of the wreck of years. I may yet be tossed about for awhile on the shore where I have drifted by the tides of fate, but it can not be long; the old frame will soon give way—no wonder you weep."

"Don't, my dear old friend. Please do not talk so," said Lawrence, tracing up; "you do not look so old."

Just then little Paul came tripping down the path toward the doctor, but as he beheld a stranger by his side, he approached quite timidly.

Lawrence looked upon him with surprise. He had seen his exact likeness in the old house on the bank of the river in the suburbs of Chicago, Illinois. Edith Worthington's child was enough like him to be a twin. He stroked his flaxen curls, however, and inquired of the doctor regarding his disposition. The doctor was so much attached to him that it would have been impossible to have discovered his faults were they ever so numerous. He replied that he was mild, teachable and tractable; one of the wisest of children and the earliest of converts.

Lawrence smiled at this partiality and taking the child in his arms followed the doctor to the house.

That evening after the doctor retired and Paul was carried away by his nurse to be tucked in his little bed, Ethel took a seat close by her brother's side and said:

"Lawrence, if you have anything to tell me, I will hear it now. Let me know at once the extent of my folly; was my marriage legal? Did you ever hear of him?"

"Ethel, you must have guessed long ago when your eyes were opened to Gilbert's perfidious nature, that your marriage was a sham. You never was his wife, thank God. However, another woman, more unfortunate, is his wretched, legitimate wife."

"Another woman?" she exclaimed, then stopped suddenly, as though not comprehending his meaning. She had always believed he loved her and the thought had afforded her some consolation. Now she sat with compressed, bloodless lips, fully realizing her situation. She had no right to enter refined society, she thought. At length she found voice to say to Lawrence:

"Are you sure, Lawrence?"

"Quite sure; I have seen his wife and child."

"O, Lawrence!" she groaned in great agony of spirit.

"Yes," he continued, "I saw him; I met him by chance without being recognized. I saw his wife and child first, otherwise I must have slain him on the spot."

Lawrence then related all he had learned of Gilbert's life, his relations with his own wife, now dead, his association with a band of robbers and counterfeiters, what Nellie Dawson had told about their false marriage and many other things. It was late before he ended, as Ethel was intensely interested in every detail. When she arose to retire to her apartments both had decided to let him live on with his unfortunate family un molested.

Lawrence spent the next few days visiting about the city. One afternoon, a week after his arrival, Ethel sat alone in the library reading. The library was opposite the front parlor across the hall. One might enter either room from the veranda by a half-dozen steps. She heard a quick footstep and looked up to see, to her utter astonishment, Arthur Gilbert, alias Baker, alias Worthington, standing before her. The next moment he fell at her feet.

"Go from my presence at once," she commanded; "why have you come here to torment me?"

"I love you; I have found you at last," he went on hysterically.

"You are here at your peril, go!" she said wildly.

"There is no longer peril for me. Lawrence is hunting me down like a bloodhound. I must flee from place to place like a wild animal in a forest with no nook to hide in. I began life wrong; I have lived it wrong; I must die wrong. In my boyhood I was allowed to read 'Wild Bill' adventures and half-dime novels, thus developing a spirit of outlawry and revenge. I began by petty larceny, and meeting with no failure, advanced to great robberies. I hated Lawrence Arlington for his pride. I lived a fast life. I spent as much money as he did, in as legitimate a manner. I was as handsome, as accomplished, the only difference being that he inherited his money while I stole mine. Yet he alighted me on every hand. He would hardly condescend to speak when meeting me on the street."

"Arlington led a fast life while Doris thought him innocent. I harbored a spirit of revenge—yowed to ruin him. I disclosed his true character to his wife and would have accomplished his ruin had I not met you. I took his wife for a purpose known to none but myself, to live near his old home. There I met

you; my plan went to the wind. I loved you—was blind to danger—blind to everything. I visited you each time at my peril. Do not say I basely deceived you—wronged you. I did only as I was prompted by my love for you. I never robbed you of a farthing, though could easily have done so had robbery been my motive. I left the villains I was associated with and again sought revenge—this time against Fred Clifford, one of my associates in crime whom I mostly blamed for the deeds I committed which made it impossible for me to acknowledge you my lawful wife."

"Clifford deceived a young girl and stole her from her parents, who resided at M—, a small town in Illinois. I went to that place intending to aid in restoring her to her parents and friends and in bringing Clifford to justice. I found her parents were dead, and no friends enough interested in her to care whether she was alive or not, but one sister. I had exhausted all my means hunting for you and as this girl had some money, I married her. She was noble and pure-minded, but I hated her when I thought of you and that was about the time, she died and I hated her too, because it wasn't yours. We lived very wretchedly, and I took to drinking, as I was so very miserable, only when beastly intoxicated."

"Jake Black, the man I told you was a preacher and had sought retirement, having had a recent sorrow, but had in reality just been released from the penitentiary, followed me there. He wrote me, first inquiring about the morality of my life, and begged me to quit, pretending conversion and 'be a man,' as he put it. We played poker in that old mill by the hour and so life passed till Arlington came there and found me. I fled to San Francisco and learned that you were in New York. A wild desire took possession of me to look upon your face once more—to plead with you to fly with me to some foreign land. Decide my fate once; say that you will not give up with me and I will end my wretched existence at once."

"Time passed. Black knew those old Bible stories well and had a powerful gift of relating them to his credulous audience. The men maintained and paid him handsomely for his acting in the pulpit, which was his stage, and the women simply adored him. He frequently related to me his love experiences, as two or more of the pious sisters who had worthy husbands, fell desperately in love with him. We met at an old mill, where he gave a generous allowance from his salary. I drank a great deal for which he continually lectured me and begged me to quit, pretending conversion and 'be a man,' as he put it. We played poker in that old mill by the hour and so life passed till Arlington came there and found me. I fled to San Francisco and learned that you were in New York. A wild desire took possession of me to look upon your face once more—to plead with you to fly with me to some foreign land. Decide my fate once; say that you will not give up with me and I will end my wretched existence at once."

"Leave me, I entreat you!" she cried. "Then you no longer love me?"

"No; please go away. Lawrence shall never molest you. Go in peace."

"In peace; as though such is possible," he said, rising. "Never will we both die together!"

He had one hand in his pocket as he said this and forth a pistol so quick she had only time to utter one scream, when two pistol shots rang through the house.

A minute later friends and neighbors were bending over Ethel's prostrate form as she lay in a pool of blood, or looking on the livid features of the dying man beside her in mute horror, mentally conjecturing what it all meant.

Corso Capello heard the physician pronounce hopes of Ethel's recovery and went out, leaving her to the care of her friends.

Arlington arrived soon and explained all. He immediately ordered Gilbert's body removed, dressed, confined and shipped to his wife for burial. Ethel's wound was slight; she soon recovered from the shock to tell her friends all about it.

A strong desire at once took possession of her to return to her old home in San Francisco. So, accompanied by Lawrence, little Paul and his nurse, she started to the Pacific coast, leaving Hannah, the housekeeper, and Dr. Hunter to pack up and follow later. Her friend, Mrs. Cummings, promised to visit her the following spring, and she left New York with few regrets.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Lawrence," said his sister one day after they were again established in their old home in San Francisco, "Lawrence, take me to that old wharf-house; I wish to go there at once."

"What do you wish to go there for?" he asked, looking at her in astonishment.

"I have just thought of something; I wish to see some one there."

"That old house was burned down long ago. You must be dreaming."

"True, that was a long time ago. I had forgotten that years have intervened since then," she said, dreamily.

"Whom did you wish to see again at that house? I should think you would avoid that place, as it could only bring back bitter memories."

"I was thinking how sweet it was to be again at home, when I suddenly remembered something Gilbert told me—that day—a girl flying from her friends with one of his companions in crime. It occurred to me she might be the same woman who tried to give me warning of my subsequent fate—by strange looks. As I think of her looks now, her countenance said, 'beware!'"

"What did Gilbert say about the woman?"

"He said he pitied her and, wishing to get revenge himself against his companion, he went to her old home, in Illinois, intending to inform her friends of her destination, but found her parents dead, and afterwards married her sister."

"How stupid I have been," Lawrence exclaimed, springing to his feet. "I might have known she was Nellie Dawson's sister. I have been vainly trying to recall to memory the face so much like hers."

He spoke so enigmatically, Ethel could not guess what he meant, but had no time to question him, for he put on his hat and started off at once.

As he looked again on Nellie Dawson's features, he wondered why he had not recognized her sister at once, they were so very much alike.

He went straight to Nellie Dawson and told her the strange story of her sister's marriage to Gilbert, whom she had married as Worthington; his suicide at his sister's house in New York, etc.

She went to Edith at once. The re-

union was a happy one, as may be supposed. Edith was in distress financially, and Nellie forgot her long years of suffering in the thought of being able to give her sister and beautiful little daughter, Gladys, a home with herself and kind husband in the golden West.

She told Edith the stranger who had stopped out of the storm in her humble cottage was Lawrence Arlington; related her late husband's crimes under various aliases; told her how he had deceived yet loved Ethel Arlington; his attempt to murder her, and then his suicide at her home.

When she concluded the strange, sad story, her sister said:

"I am glad I am free from such a monster. I shall think of Arlington as my deliverer."

Two months after Arlington rested in the grove by Edith's cottage in the sequestered village of Illinois, he called to see her at her sister's house in San Francisco.

She thought him handsomer, grander than ever, but knowing of his wealth and position in society, and feeling sensibly her own lack of advantages, avoided much conversation with him, leaving Dawson to entertain him.

Weeks passed. He made frequent calls to Dawson's house, but never invited her to a place of amusement, or to go out about the city. He admired her; liked her modest, retiring manner, but was too proud to take such a shrinking beauty among his friends. Her excessive diffidence was painful to both; her want of self-confidence observed her natural talents, and to add to her mortification and make her wretchedness complete, she loved him.

She could endure her misery no longer. She made a strange resolve.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Maggie," said her father one morning, a year after Joe Middleton left their house, vowing to live in honor and maintain justice. "Daughter, my time has come; the old ship waits for me. I have seen your mother, and must go to her."

She knew he was delirious. He had been sick several days.

"Papa, I will send for the doctor, if you feel worse."

"The doctor will call as usual this afternoon. He cannot help me. I feel that my hours are few."

"I cannot think so, papa. Please let me send for the doctor; he will give you something to relieve you."

"I am not in pain. I want to see Joe Middleton."

"Joe Middleton?" she exclaimed, her face flushing scarlet.

"Yes; send for Joe Middleton."

He had not been to their house for a year; she often wondered why he came no more, knowing nothing of his last conversation with her father.

"Must I really send for him," she asked in despair.

"Yes; at once."

She obeyed, wondering why he wanted to see him. When she saw him arrive at the gate, she withdrew, alone with her father, who always came to her on the occasions of his former visits. She made up her mind some great secret was being discussed by them; that, after all, Joe had come to their house so frequently to see her papa and had never cared for her.

Her father sent a request for her to come to his room, after a half-hour's conversation with Joe Middleton. She found Joe sitting by his bedside looking very grave; she greeted him with quiet reserve, and asked her father what he wanted.

"Daughter," said he, taking her hand, "Joe wishes to make you his wife. He cannot offer you the purity you can give, but has lived as a true gentleman should for a year. I have watched his actions and am quite satisfied with his conduct. I must soon leave you; alone with you, choose to accept or not. The cost of my life is your protection. Decide as you wish; my happiness, henceforth, is in seeing you made happy."

She trembled with alarm at her father's condition, believing him unconscious of what he was saying. Joe was now standing by her side, looking very pale. She looked into his face and said:

"Father is very delirious this morning."

"Has your father not told you, then?" Joe said, taking her hand. "Do you not understand—have you not known my love for you all these years?"

"I do not understand," she said, avoiding his earnest gaze.

"But you will not refuse to understand—you must not—I love you, Maggie; won't you be my wife?"

Two days later there was a quiet wedding in Mr. Howard's parlor. The ceremony was novel to the bride and groom merely vowing to love and be true to each other and call themselves husband and wife.

Mr. Howard passed peacefully to the other side of life a few days after he witnessed the ceremony that made Maggie Joe Middleton's wife. He died happy in his faith of Joe's honor and his own immediate transition to Spirit-land.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Edith's plan was to go away; to get a position as companion or nurse with someone traveling to some foreign country.

She made many inquiries in view of such a position; pursued the "wasp" columns of all the daily papers, but without telling anyone of her purpose. At length her eyes fell upon the following advertisement:

"An elderly lady, going to Europe, desires a pleasant lady companion, not over 30 years of age. Must be agreeable and intellectual. Will pay all expenses. Call at No. — Vanness Ave."

Edith hastened to her sister in a transport of hope, and told her of her plan and desire to go.

"Are you unhappy here?" she asked, sadly.

"I am very unhappy, Nelly. You know why."

Nellie understood. "Yes, you may be happier away for a time. I will take care of Gladys," she said.

Two hours later Edith waited at the door of the lady's residence. A pleasant lady greeted her with such winning grace she felt drawn to her at once.

The lady possessed such a youthful appearance she wondered why she had called herself elderly. Her yellowish-white hair was coiled high on her head in the most graceful manner; her gold-banded spectacles lent a desirable effect to her perfect features; she was neat and dignified; altogether quite charming.

"My name is Mrs. Edmunds," she began, as soon as Edith was seated. "I have arranged to start to Europe next week, and desire a companion not over age or flighty; yet I cannot endure gloom. I wish to engage a pleasant, intelligent, sensible lady to accompany me."

"I have desired such a position for some time; but I fear you will not find me qualified," Edith replied.

"Your face pleases me. Your age is desirable, but certain lines on your forehead and around your eyes tell of periods of despondency and gloom. If I guess rightly, there are times when you see only the dark side of life. You often shrink from sunshine, as it were, and plunge into the deepest shade; you think yourself a child of misfortune; you do not appreciate your natural endowments; you hide your talents most of the

time, and shrink from legitimate enjoyment. Am I right?"

"I must admit you are right; but I have had more than my share of trouble."

"You say you have had your trouble—then it is past," she asked.

"I may say it is past. Yet, I am not happy," she answered, thinking of her reason for wishing to fly to some foreign land.

"If your trouble is over, you should be happy. You should contrast your present situation with what you have passed through, or contrast your lot with others, more unfortunate, and forget your past sorrow. I am called eccentric; I deserve the epithet. I owe my health and happiness to my eccentricity. I cannot sympathize with one's woes after they have passed. I sympathize with one's wishes to be happy, but never listen to disagreeable tales of the past. It does no one any good to relate sad experiences, unless with a purpose to expose some evil that may gain reform, and it is very depressing to the listener to hear cruel, disagreeable things related. I never enter a house of gloom, unless necessary to do so, never harbor unpleasant thoughts, never have association with a pessimist, guard my daily actions with strict care; never allow myself to fall in the unpleasant habit of faultfinding; never scold my housemaids, as I have found long ago that quiet encouragement and noble example is the best method of government."

"The harrowing speeches and thoughts most of the people daily that makes their wrinkles, their frowns, that make the disfigurements of age."

"Perhaps you have never known serious trouble, Mrs. Edmunds. By what magic can we ward off the inevitable? We cannot avoid misfortune; it comes to us in such various ways."

"We can to an extent, my dear. I have known adversity. I have experienced poverty. I have known loss of all I grasped, has invaded my home in its various appalling forms and torn my sacred treasures from my heart, one by one. Father, mother, brother, husband, children and friends have fallen by the invincible tide of fate, and I am left standing all alone. I might say, as thousands of others would, that I stand waiting for the next turbulent tide to come. I may say that I am a victim of the same Gulf of adversity where they have already drifted. But not so. I am not waiting. I never think of it. When the inevitable falls to my lot it will take me by surprise. I was never, even in girlhood, giddy or flippant. I was always reflective, and, at middle-age, a little gloomy, like yourself. I loved nature, but stood in awe of its glories. I loved to gaze into the starry night, but would shudder at the thought of the infinite. In short, the universe was too infinite and grand, the flowers were too beautiful, the days too long and the nights too serene. My heart had been desolated by the loss of a dear friend, my only brother, and I wanted the world to put on mourning and respect my grief."

I was raised a Christian, but, like most other Christians, I was not sure of anything. I did not know whether my brother was in heaven or hell, or in oblivion. I was quite sure of one thing—I wanted to go where he was, be that in the most undesirable place. Other friends followed, but I now began to look upon death, or any other kind of affliction, in a different light; I found that much of my mental and physical suffering was produced by the mind. True death seemed a reality, but after all it meant only a change of the spirit from the body and that spirit might be in light ethereal while I sat there with my casements closed, keeping out the sunlight from my heart, and allowing its inspirations and affections to moulder and decay. And even if this were not so, and the most fanatical theologian was right, who preached a literal burning hell and eternal damnation to all who did not believe in things by my gloom; so I decided to throw it off and go out in the broad sunshine of the great happy world—out in the sweet, sequestered nooks where dwelt the lowly, who smiled because they were happy, and not to affect what they did not feel. In fact, I went any place, either among the high or low, rich or poor, refined or crude, just so they were happy, without after all it meant only a change of the thought of calamity or death to enter my mind, and I am 70 years old."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Edith, in true surprise.

"That is my correct age, I assure you, and I have just taught you the secret of my preservation."

"But when you are sick?"

"I never commit myself. I will not say I am never sick, as I have said, much in the mind. In fact, I have almost demonstrated sickness to be one of the various delusions of the mind, which can only be overcome by metaphysical treatment. Yet I am not a Christian Scientist. My God is everywhere. Yet I am not a Pantheist. I believe in ministering spirits, though I am not a Spiritualist. I am merely a product of the evolution of a soul filled with the spirit of the Great Principle that moves the universe with its system of worlds—a part of the intelligence which manifests itself in every direction and throughout all nature, which makes the grass to grow, the grain to ripen, and tree to yield its fruits. Scientists call it the eternal ether, but I call it the God of the universe from which I myself have sprung and gotten my intelligence."

"Mrs. Edmunds, you have a strange religion, and I presume you would think it necessary that a companion traveling with you should have like opinions."

"No, I find pleasure in liberality; one who is opinionated and illiberal is of a consequence aggressive. I shall respect the religious opinions of my companion, whatever they may be, unless fanatical. And I will not say a word to change his opinion, but I will engage you, for I like you. Religious opinions will make no difference, for argument is exasperating. I never permit myself to fall into unpleasant habits. As I have given you short notice I will advance you the means for necessary arrangements. You will want something that will bear the dust and stains of travel."

"My sister will provide me with such as I shall need. The following Monday they started to Europe. Edith regretfully left her little daughter to the care of her sister. She knew she would not return for many months."

Arlington called a week after her departure, bringing with him little Paul, as the friends called him. Paul called Gladys his sister and was very fond of her. Mrs. Dawson expressed delight at Paul visiting Gladys. She was so lonely without her mamma, she said.

"Is Edith from home, then?" Arlington asked, indifferently.

"She has gone to Europe," she replied, quietly.

"To Europe? You cannot mean it?" he said, in astonishment, no longer trying to hide his difference.

"Yes, she has gone to Europe to remain a year." She then explained all. Dawson's place had no longer attraction for Arlington. He went home. The old home seemed to him dreary and he went to a theater. The play was stupid—he again went out on the street. A man followed him, but he thought nothing of it, as he called a black and tan in the corner saw he was still pursued, Arlington stopped. The man brushed

quickly past him. He knew the countenance, but could not name it. The stranger stopped in the shadow of the Palace hotel, Arlington boarded a Market street car, and was surprised to see his pursuer on the car also, a few minutes later. He decided to transfer at Fifth street. His shadow transferred also. He transferred again at Fourth and Townsend, and rode over the long bridge to Professore. The stranger did likewise. Arlington stepped from the car as it halted again. So did his pursuer.

Arlington walked straight up to him and demanded to know why he followed him.

"Do you know me?" asked the man.

"I have seen you somewhere."

"My name is Mitchell."

"Do you want anything of me, Mr. Mitchell?"

"Yes, I want revenge."

"Well?"

"You planned Fred Clifford's murder; you hired a mob to hang him; you took the woman from the mines and brought her to this city. I will kill you in revenge."

Before Arlington had time to speak he saw the white gleam of a pistol, heard a shot and fell unconscious to the ground.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

DAWN.

We wander long in dark and gloom—In the night of mispent years, The over-full is the cup of fate That measures out our tears.

The trail is rough o'er hill and dale, From the cabin on life's frontier, And the sounds of our feet in the dark Are echoed back by others near.

The light shines out from the open door, And gleams across the rugged way; While the weary traveler, plodding by, Looks back and longs awhile to stay With those echoing feet. Into the light Sometime, somewhere, we step at last, Face to face on the border-land We meet some friend of the vanished past.

To the front and far sweeps the glorious day; Behind are the waves of night; They may touch the skirt of my trailing robes, But my face is in the light.

ADAM COPPLE.

UN-AMERICAN.

It is not un-American to be champion of all men's liberty. To hold that "all men are created free."

It is not un-American to claim For every denizen of earth the same Equality in fact as well as name.

It is not un-American to teach That each should be a brother unto each, However strange in fatherland and speech.

These things are Socialism; its founder, too, Strive, man, 'neath the red, and white, and blue, Tri-color of Communism, fought here for you.

And, therefore, nevermore put under ban As something foreign, un-American, These plain, inalienable rights of man, MILES M'NANDER DAWSON.

—In Twentieth Century.

E. W. Sprague and His Work.

TO THE EDITOR:—We are back to Ft. Wayne, Ind., again, after two months of hard work in Cincinnati, O., and Allegheny, Pa. I have held nineteen meetings in the past three weeks in the following named places: Allegheny, Pa.; Meadville, Pa. (here we addressed the members of the Methodist Theological School, Unitarian, on the subject of Spiritualism, by invitation); Pennville, Balkeeb, Huntington and Ft. Wayne, Ind.

We followed all these lectures, but two, with tests, and Mrs. Sprague has given many private readings, assisting occasionally in the public meetings. Thus we are teaching and demonstrating the truths of our divine philosophy to the hungry souls that are to be found everywhere.

Rev. Covert, of Anderson, Ind., minister of the Church of God, who boasting signs himself the "medium slayer," I believe, is doing us much good. While we despise his methods, and believe that he deserves to be granted a vacation, and ought to spend it in the penitentiary; yet we are satisfied that his abuse of mediums and his tirades against Spiritualism counts for our side every time.

The boasted "medium slayer" had been in Pennville previous to our going there, having been employed, I am told, by the acting pastor of the Methodist church; and with his insults and foul slanders had created a terrible neighborhood quarrel, causing some of the people of the church to wish they had never seen this mammoth freak of incorrigible insolence. The Spiritualists greeted us most cordially. They had secured the Opera House, and it was packed full. Every seat was taken, and many were obliged to stand during the long service of two hours. Many church people were present, and, from the applause and strict attention, it was plain to see that they were interested, and that both the lecture and tests were highly appreciated.

The Spiritualists were jubilant, and are still rejoicing over the victory they have won over dogmatic theology, which is now resorting to such disreputable methods to save its old rotten hulk from going to the bottom. Oh, ye boasted followers of the meek and lowly medium Jesus, put our mediums in prison; make it a crime (by law) to be a Spiritualist; tear from our mothers, our daughters and our sisters their names;

LIVED WITHOUT A BRAIN

It Had Been Hollowed Out by a Big Tumor.

ALL THE MAN'S FACULTIES WERE UNIMPAIRED EXCEPT SIGHT—COULD MEMORIZE POEMS—THE ONLY CASE KNOWN.

Dr. S. S. Koser, of this city, has made a remarkable discovery, which will be a theme of discussion among medical men throughout the country. His knife has revealed a medical wonder, in which a man had unimpaired faculties without a brain. At the request of a number of prominent physicians of Philadelphia, Dr. Koser, Sunday evening, held a post-mortem examination of the remains of John Bly, of Watsonstown, who died Friday night.

Bly, who was twenty years of age, for a long time suffered with a tumor, which grew into the very base of the brain and occasioned his death. The growth had a visible effect upon the brain, and the case became a curiosity to the medical profession. The tumor was imbedded too deeply into the brain tissue to admit of an operation. It was found that the tumor was nearly as large as a billiard ball. It was so located as to demoralize the nerves of the sight center, and as a consequence young Bly was blind for over three years.

The most singular fact developed was that the entire brain had been hollowed out by the action of the tumor. The cavity was at least five inches in length, and was filled with pus. All that was left of the brain was a thin shell, composed of the tougher tissues where the brain matter gathers into nerves, which were less susceptible to the process of decay. When an incision was made in the shell the whole mass collapsed.

The circumstances which made the case almost unprecedented in the annals of medical science was the manner in which the patient retained his rationality and faculties under the circumstances. He had the senses of touch, taste, hearing and smell; had very tolerable control of his locomotor muscles; could talk, and, in fact, was comparatively discommoded in no other way than by the loss of vision. His retention of memory was remarkable. He was able to memorize poems up to within two weeks of his death.

Science is simply the inevitable deductions and conclusions of demonstrated fact.

Byron has grandly depicted the tenanted human cranium as "the dome of thought, the palace of the soul."

Gall and Spurzheim, and, in our day, Fowler and Wells, have all but established phrenology as a recognized science, locating the seat of thought, or mind, and therefore soul, on a throne within the human brain.

Materialists, therefore, were furnished an argument to prove that the decay and disintegration of gray matter of the brain was the end of mind or soul. The demonstrated facts of the power of sight and hearing without the aid of the optic, or auditory nerve, when all the avenues of the senses were closed in the trance or state of suspended animation, or to the clairvoyant and clairaudient psychics, went far to explode materialistic theories, proving that mind or soul was not dependent on the brain for action or existence.

But what can he say now, when the medical wonder is revealed of unimpaired mental faculties without a brain, as in the case of John Bly, of Watsonstown, Pa., whose entire brain had been hollowed out by the action of the tumor, retaining all his senses and a remarkable memory. Thought, mind, soul, is now proven independent of brain or body.

W. H. PARSONS.

The Encyclopedia of Death.

To THE EDITOR:—I wish to express my delight and satisfaction with Volume II. of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. One would think the subject was pretty well exhausted in the first volume, but here are other facts both entertaining and instructive, and worthy the attention of every human being.

The chapters on apparent death and premature interment should be read by every one, as it may save some loved one an agonizing experience. The volume is replete with interest from the first page to the last, and its cheapness puts it within the reach of all. No library is complete without the Encyclopedia.

WILL C. HODGE.

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

"Human Culture and Cure. Marriage, Sexual Development, and Social Upbuilding." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D. A most excellent and very valuable work, by the Dean of the College of Fine Forces, and author of other important volumes on Health, Social Science, Religion, etc. Price, cloth, 75c. For sale at this office.

"Social Upbuilding; Including Co-operative Systems and the Happiness and Ennoblement of Humanity." By E. D. Babbitt, LL.D., M. D. This comprises the last part of Human Culture and Cure. Paper cover, 15c. For sale at this office.

"Woman, Church and State." By Matilda Joselyn Gage. A royal volume, of more than common intrinsic value. The subject is treated with masterly ability; showing what the church has and has not done for women. It is full of information on the subject, and should be read by every one. Price \$2, postpaid.

VERY IMPORTANT!

The Attention of Spiritualists and Freethinkers Is Invited.

A PROTEST AGAINST PLACING GOD AND JESUS CHRIST IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THIS COUNTRY.

The patriots who formed our government were wise in establishing a secular government. Religious fanatics now desire to control that government, desire to make the Constitution of the days of Madison, Jefferson, Paine and Washington, a national evangelical creed.

Remember that Adventists, Spiritualists and others have already been arrested at the dictation of bigots. The National Reform Association has raised a large sum of money to be expended in attempting to place God and Jesus Christ in the Constitution.

Free men and free women, please sign remonstrance petition enclosed and then forward same to this office. We want thousands of remonstrances filed at this office before March 7th. Will you not protest against this attempt of religious fanatics to obtain political and religious power? We appeal to you to protest against this attempt to unite the Evangelical Protestant Church with the State.

Please circulate this petition, getting as many names signed thereto as possible. Yours for liberty and truth, FRANK B. WOODBURY, Secretary National Spiritualists' Association.

PETITION TO CONGRESS ASKING IT TO REJECT THE PROPOSED GOD-IN-THE-CONSTITUTION AMENDMENT.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress Assembled:

We, the undersigned, citizens of the United States, do hereby respectfully pray and memorialize your honorable body to reject the proposed Christian amendment to the Constitution, presented by Representative Morse and Senator Frye.

We ask the rejection of this proposed amendment for the following reasons:

1. That the American principle of separation of Church and State may be maintained.
2. That the rights of all classes of citizens may be conserved and perpetuated.
3. As the Constitution now stands no discrimination, on the ground of heresy, can be legally made against any citizen. More than one hundred years of experience amply justifies this wide tolerance and forcibly pleads for its continuance.
4. The experience of all times and nations has shown conclusively that every attempt to force from the citizens a direct or indirect acknowledgment of the truth of any of the dogmas of religion, is disastrous. It creates new religious hatreds and intensifies the old; it demoralizes religion and corrupts the State; it tramples the equal rights and liberties of the deserving citizen, and puts into the hands of bad men a dangerous and terrible power over the property, persons, and lives of their fellow-citizens.

Another Effort to Deprive the People of Their Liberty.

FRIEND OF TRUTH:—We know that an attempt is being made to enact Senate Bill No. 1441, which is a Puritan Sunday Law for the District of Columbia. If the societies interested in this attempt are successful they will then endeavor to pass a National Sunday Law.

While we believe that one day of the week should be set apart for a day of rest, we desire to notify you of this dangerous legislation. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is sending petitions for the enactment of this law from all over the United States. Will you circulate this petition for us and help us to protect Sunday as a people's day?

Fraternally yours, FRANK B. WOODBURY, Secretary National Spiritualists' Association. Washington, D. C., February 11, 1896.

To the Honorable Senate of the United States of America:

We, the undersigned, residents of, protest and remonstrate against the enactment of Senate Bill No. 1441, to protect the first day of the week, known as the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, as a day of rest and worship in the District of Columbia.

WONDERS NEVER CEASE.

A Study for the "Regular" Doctors.

TO THE EDITOR:—The quiet, conservative people of Norway, Maine, have been considerably stirred up of late over the appearance among us of a "French Doctor," who is doing strange things. He takes the bedridden patients of the village doctors, on whom their skill has been expended in treatment for two or three years with no favorable results, and shortly has them walking and riding out. One case of this kind, the removal of a tapeworm which had evaded the diagnosis of the regular M. D.'s, and produced much suffering in a hopeful young lady, destroying her prospects for life—was a great cure, and was appreciated by all who knew her.

This strange diagnosis and demonstrated proof of its truth, passing from ear to ear, gave people something to think of. Others were sick, and losing faith in the doctors, whose repeated calls were not making changes for the better, began thinking: "If there is one in town who can tell what ails me, I am going to see him."

"But," says some one, "this man doesn't claim to be a doctor; he is not an M. D.; he only uses medicines roots, barks and herbs, which he gathers and steeps himself."

"Well, if he is effecting cures, is not that what the sick man and woman want?"

"Yes, that is what is wanted, sure," says the other, "but he is a quack, and is not recognized as having any right to practice medicine by the regular faculty. What would your family physician say, were you to call in such an ignoramus to treat you?"

"Well, I don't know as I care what he would say. I have a right to get well, if I can. Health would be a great blessing to me; and after so much swallowing of drugs, which may have been administered on a guess at what the trouble is, and as this man seems to have a way of knowing exactly what the trouble is, and gives nature's remedies, why not try him?"

"But suppose the doctors find this man violating their law, and shut him up—as they are working to get something against him for that purpose—how would you feel, being doctored by a law-breaker?"

"A law-breaker! And is this the way the doctors are treating him? Then I shall be his patient anyhow. That manner of treatment, after the present formed public opinion in his favor, would arouse its indignation, and sound the death-knell to the profession of science in medicine, as claimed in the M. D. title. It would prove that the M. D.'s have not studied, and do not practice to cure, for this being their aim, they would become pupils of this man who cures, and learn how he does it, that they may do it also, instead of trying to prevent him curing cases they cannot cure. There is considerable cussed-

ness in this manner of procedure. First, in seeking to deprive the sick of their best chance of recovery; and, second, in inhumanly treating him who provides this chance, simply because he has the capacity to do it. This is a hard case of 'man's inhumanity to man,' from which the world is suffering so much, and which is inaugurated by the would-be best in society. Do the M. D.'s desire to make a monopoly of the healing art, and wish to deprive us of the exercise of our best judgment in the choice of who shall treat us when sick? There is certainly no higher right belonging to a sane mind than this. There is none more sacred. It is an abhorrent idea that a person languishing on a bed of sickness, who feels relief may come in a change of doctors, should be prevented by law from doing so."

Thus are the people discussing the merits and demerits of this really wonderful physician, and the principles involved in curing the sick. The writer can testify to the accuracy of his clairvoyant diagnosis of disease by his own experience. He has a marvelous gift. Persons of both sexes, who are in the enjoyment of good health, have begun to see him, feigning sickness, hoping to catch him in a false diagnosis, but he readily discovers the deception. In one young man's case, after looking at him for a few seconds, he told him he had a well body, but his brains were defective. He said to a young lady that if she would go home and mend the holes in the heels of her stockings, she would be more of a lady. Of course the holes were not visible to ordinary eyes, and the young lady felt abashed at the diagnosis, but the remedy was very applicable, both to her deceit and diseased hose. She had something to think of. And a great many others have had something to think of in the manifestations of clairvoyance, which to them is a new thing under the sun.

I tell them it is the same thing Spiritualists have been asking them to look into and learn the uses, and obtain the benefits thereof, for years; but those who have professed the gift of mediumship have been shunned.

Luckily for this man he does not come, professing clairvoyance or any book knowledge of medicine, and has no other advertisement than the facts he tells and the cures he effects. These are enough to have obtained for him a solid following in a few months. He is a man of few words, very quiet, self-poised, conscientious, and knows at sight a friend or enemy. He is becoming an educator to public thought in clairvoyance, and in the sham there is in high-toned medical professions. Where nothing has been known about clairvoyance, now exists quite a knowledge of its value in the diagnosis of disease, so that in comparison with the "regular" method it is seen to be almost infallible. It is hoped, he may be able to continue his good work among the sick.

A SPIRITUALIST.

No liberal man would impute a charge of untruthfulness to another for having changed his opinion.—Cicero.

GOD AS A FACTOR.

His Responsibility to His Children.

SOME STRAWS WHICH SHOW THE TREND OF THE THEOLOGICAL WIND.

One of the latest issues of the Chicago Sunday Tribune contains a sermon by the Rev. George T. Smith, of Chicago, entitled "God's Responsibility to Man." The sermon is remarkable in more than one respect. It shows progressiveness in one way and a reactionary tendency in another. The author of this sermon recognizes to some extent the identity of nature's God and nature's laws. He says:

"The laws of nature are true; they never lie. Nature is God's thought materialized. Reason and conscience are God's thoughts incased and individualized in man."

But at the same time the Rev. Mr. Smith regards God as a person, and certainly if God be a person there can be no question about it that he is responsible for his creation and the government of the world. St. Paul may be right that the potter is not responsible to the vessels he makes, because vessels are not sentient creatures; but if the vessels were sentient beings like men, the potter would be responsible for their fate. The Rev. Mr. Smith says:

"God is responsible by his nature not to outrage the highest, purest instincts of man. We may safely say he cannot do so, he cannot deny himself."

"Then the judge of all the earth is responsible to man to do right. Abraham stood pleading for Sodom. 'Will thou slay the righteous with the wicked?' God consented to save the entire city if there were fifty, forty, or thirty, or twenty, or even ten, righteous men there, and he never stopped lessening the number till Abraham stopped asking. (Gen. xviii.) He saved Lot; he tried to save his sons-in-law, but they would not hear. The judge of all is responsible to man for just dealing."

"God is our maker. He is responsible that we are made ignorant; that we have no burden laid on us beyond our strength; no duty imposed which we cannot discharge."

"There are those who, by superior cunning, are able to prey on their fellow-men, who trample upon or evade the laws of men? For these judgment waits. The judge will do right. Eternity will show that there is no gain in wrongdoing, no profit in stealing or gambling, though it be under forms of law."

"God, our Father, is to provide for and to train his children into manhood. The King of Kings is responsible for victories over foes too strong for unaided man."

The Tribune preacher winds up his sermon in "the last paragraph as follows:

"There is no more responsible being in the universe than God, and full well does he discharge that responsibility. He will deliver the righteous from every evil, and reserve the unjust to the day of judgment to be punished."

This is a strange sermon, a sermon that probably has never been preached before in any one of the Christian pulpits; yet it is a straw in the wind; it proves at least a partial progress; it proves that the clergy in America dare to walk in untrodden paths. If God were an individual being, a huge world-maker, he would indeed be (as the Rev. Mr. Smith says) the most responsible being in the universe.

The truth is that God is not an individual being at all. For God is identical with the irresistible majesty of the laws of nature, and especially with the moral law which is the condition of man's existence as a rational and moral being. God is not a law-giver, who, like a king, enforces justice. God may be compared to a law-giver, to a king, to a father, but he is no law-giver, no king, no father. He is God, and God is that which is irresistible; he is omnipotence itself. God is the eternal law of justice itself. He who breaks the law will smart under its curse; he who obeys it will enjoy its blessing. To attribute to God responsibility is an anthropomorphic conception of God; it humanizes God.

A peculiar lesson is involved in the fact that Buddhism, the great non-Christian religion, which is distinguished for inculcating the noblest moral maxims, such as love of enemies, chastity, sincerity of heart, and charity toward all suffering creatures, knows nothing about God. Unfriendly critics have on that account branded Buddhists as atheists, and yet they face the same facts of life and have derived therefrom the same rules of ethical conduct. The main difference between Christians and Buddhists consists in the employment of different systems of comprehending and symbolizing the facts of experience. Both religions, Christianity as well as Buddhism, recognize an authority for moral conduct. The former call it Christ, the latter Buddha. Christ reveals to Christians the will of God; Buddha teaches men enlightenment. There is this difference: that Christ appears as the son of God, and therefore his teachings must be accepted as revealed truth; while Buddha is a man, who, after a diligent search, at last obtained the highest wisdom, that will deliver mankind from evil. In Christianity, the sonship of Christ vouches for the truth of Christ's message, while in Buddhism, Buddha's enlightenment constitutes his Buddhahood. Now, Buddha teaches that enlightenment is the same, and that all Buddhas, teach the same religion, which consists in the abandonment of the vanity of selfishness, of all hatred and envy, and of lust, implying at the same time a far-reaching and un-

bounded love, which refuses none, not even those who hate and despise us, compassion with all those that suffer, and holiness. Enlightenment is a living recognition of the truth seen in its moral application to practical life, and truth is a summarized statement of facts, or rather the laws pervading the facts and constituting a comprehensive aspect of their eternity. And this essence of Buddhahood, the eternal laws, the recognition of which constitute enlightenment, has been formulated by the later Buddhists under the name of Amitabha, which means illimitable light, and is conceived as eternal, immutable, and omnipresent. It is the Sambhoga-Kaya (the body of bliss) among the three personalities of Buddha, the other two being the Nirmana-Kaya, the apparitional body of Buddha, the teacher, and the Dharmakaya, the body of the law, which is Buddha's religion in its historical development. (Compare the Gospel of Buddha, pp. 225, et seq.)

The facts are the same in Buddhism and in Christianity; the modes only of formulating them in symbolical expressions vary. Both religions recognize an authority of conduct which, in a word, we may call "the ethical law of the universe, as manifested in the evolution of life."

According to Buddhist notions, every man is responsible for his fate, for every living creature is the incarnation of his karma. We are our own makers. We reap what we have sown. In this conception, every single creature is no longer regarded as an individual being whose fate begins with its birth and ends with its death. Every creature is regarded in its connection with the whole world of life as the continuation of preceding life. Every creature is the result of the karma done in its former existences.

The aim of the Buddhist is to understand the law of life, and to act in agreement with it. Enlightenment concerning the problems of man's soul, implying the right attitude of mind with regard to our duties, constitutes Buddhahood. Thus, to the Buddhist there is no problem of a conflict between the existence of evil in the world and the goodness of Amitabha, the external conditions of Buddhahood. The existence of evil in this world is the result of our own doing. We are the builders of our own fate, and we must be our own saviors.

If a bridge breaks down under the weight of railroad cars too heavy for its construction, is the law of gravitation responsible for the lives that are lost in the wreck? According to the Buddhist conception the engineer is responsible. There is no Brahma responsible for our mistakes, or even our ignorance, but we ourselves are guilty of both. The constitution of life, and of the laws of life, are no secrets. They are open to all, and can be investigated and obeyed, and if the bridge be constructed by an intelligent engineer it will carry the passengers over the river to the other bank. He who understands his own being and the laws underlying the development of life will no longer throw the responsibility of his misfortunes on others, be they gods or men, but will, like Faust in Goethe's grand drama, seek salvation in helpful deeds that will live after him and preserve the bliss of his life in all generations to come.

The above is by the editor of The Open Court (published by Paul Carus, Chicago). The idea of the moral responsibility of God is a strange one to hear from the pulpit, and more especially from the lips of a minister whose utterances indicate that he holds strictly to the tenets of orthodox faith. Usually, orthodox ministers shrink from the utterance of thoughts that imply moral obligation on the part of that great and awful, jealous and vengeful being whom they worship as their God.

Certainly many of the things recorded in the compilation received and revered by orthodox people as "The Holy Bible," would indicate to ordinary minds that "God" is exalted, in some way, above all the ideas of moral responsibility that attach to and are apprehended by enlightened human beings.

And yet it cannot be denied that if there be such a "God" as is taught in orthodox creeds, he is indeed "the most responsible being in the universe." Yes, "God is responsible—not to outrage the highest, purest instincts of man." The highest, purest instincts of man embody man's highest and purest conceptions of morality and spirituality, including the harmonious union of wisdom and goodness.

It seems almost needless to say that this ideal is utterly ignored and traversed by the orthodox tenets that an Almighty Creator brought into existence a race of beings endowed with moral sense, and doomed a part of them to endless misery, foreordained and predestinated; and the same holds good concerning the more tender Arminian doctrine that discards Calvinistic predestination, and holds that God permits man to sin and be eternally damned in remediless woe.

"The highest, purest instincts of man" rebel against the idea that a God omnipotent has a moral right to create even one single being—to say nothing of millions and billions of men—and predestinate, foreordain, or even permit, that creature of his to live in endless woe. Were it but one lone individual thus doomed everlastingly—all the highest, purest instincts of humanity rise in aversion and abhorrence against such an idea.

And the fact that the highest and purest, the noblest and best instincts of man rebel against such ideas of God, is in itself proof that such ideas and such doctrines are untrue.

A God irresponsible were a monster;

If God is responsible, orthodoxy is false. Finally, let us rejoice that an orthodox minister makes progress, even though it leads him into inconsistency. J. C. UNDERHILL, Hammond, Ind.

THE SUNDAY THEATER.

They Divert Attention From the Churches.

TO THE EDITOR:—In reports of the liberal ministers' good-fellowship dinner, at the Great Northern Hotel, one day lately, it was stated that "it was decided to fight for the actors and actresses in favor of Sunday closing," and "Dr. Rusk outlined the plan of the Militant Church," etc. He believed "it hurt the business of a theater to keep open Sunday night," but if this must be, let the theaters be closed on Monday night, to give the actors and actresses needed rest.

We all know that the main reason urged against the Sunday newspaper has been that it gave no opportunity for rest to the overworked editors, printers and other employees. Nobody with knowledge of newspaper work and methods was deceived by these professions of sympathy with the newspaper men. The real objection was to the people's reading the Sunday paper when they should be at church. It is uncharitable to think that Dr. Rusk's main reason for opposing the Sunday theater is the belief that the kind of entertainment it affords is not appropriate for Sunday, and that it diverts attention from religious service on that day?

But there are many who do not attend church, who do not believe and are not interested in the theological doctrines of the churches, who enjoy the theater and attend it when they can. Sunday evening is the only evening on which they can conveniently avail themselves of the opportunities for education and amusement which the theater offers. Now, why should any "liberal" minister wish to deprive this large and worthy class of people of the right to gratify their artistic tastes at a well-conducted theater? Even the most prejudiced opponents of the theater will admit that it is superior to the saloon, which is open Sunday as well as week days.

My acquaintance with actors is not large, but according to the best information I can obtain they are not generally overworked, and are in no special need of ministerial efforts to secure for them more time for rest and recreation than they now have. Rev. Rusk's efforts might be more useful if directed in favor of many classes of laborers, men, women and children, who work long hours and receive but a mere pittance for their work. I never before heard of Dr. Rusk as a "liberal minister," and it is difficult to believe that he represents those at whose dinner he was invited.

The plays at some of the theaters are open to criticism. So is the sensational and dilettante preaching of many of the pulpits. If the plays are indecent condemn them, but it is too late in the day for the clergy to make war on the legitimate drama on the ground that it is indecent or immoral, and the Sunday theater as well as the Sunday paper has come to stay. If it is proper on a week day it is proper on Sunday. The sacredness of an act depends not upon the day on which it is done, but upon its character—its conformity with what is true and just and useful. B. F. UNDERWOOD.

"Atlantis: The Antediluvian World." By Ignatius Donnelly. Summs up all information relative to the lost continent of Atlantis. He regards the description of it given by Plato as veritable history. It is intensely interesting. Price \$2.

"From Soul to Soul." By Emma Rea Tuttle. Lovers of poetry will find gems of thought in poetic diction in this handsome volume, wherefrom to sweeten hours of leisure and enjoyment. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

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

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

"The Woman's Bible. Part I. The Pentateuch. Comments on Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy." The contrast between the thoughts of these brave women and the thoughts of the orthodox world during all time past, is very striking. Keen analysis, ripe research and drive away darkness to the light, characterize this very interesting effort of some of the brightest minds of to-day. For sale at this office. Price 50c.

"From Night to Morn, or An Appeal to the Baptist Church." By Abby A. Judson. Gives an account of her experience in passing from the old faith of her parents to the light and knowledge of Spiritualism. It is written in a sweet spirit, and is well adapted to place in the hands of Christian people. Price 15c.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine." Contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Voltaire's Romances," translated from the French. With numerous illustrations. These lighter works of the brilliant Frenchman, and invincible enemy of the Catholic Church, are worthy of wide reading. With philosophy and romance are combined, with the skill of a master mind. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

"Old Testament Stories Comically Illustrated." Church people are cautioned not to open this book, as its comical pictures, based on Bible texts, tend to induce uncontrollable levity. It is a book for the freethinker who wishes to rest from busy careers and drive away sadness. Price in strong board covers, \$1; cloth \$1.50. For sale at this office.

The Best. The Rest. The Test.

There are two kinds of sarsapilla: The best—and the rest. The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root—the record of these sarsapillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit: that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsapilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsapilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsapilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsapilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

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And Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, a new scientific invention different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and inviolable Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or wax attachments. Write for pamphlet. WILSON EAR DRUM CO. 1129 Third Ave., New York.



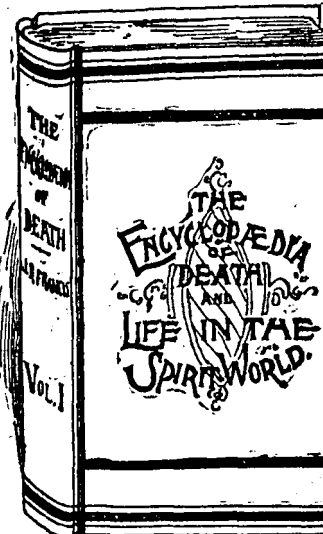
GRAND TEMPLE OF THE MAGI.

1010 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Hereafter, until further notice, this Temple will hold all regular convocations, on Sundays, in the degree corresponding to the number of the Sunday in the month: First Sunday, first degree; second Sunday, second degree; third Sunday, third degree; fourth Sunday, fourth degree; fifth Sunday, fifth degree.

OLNEY H. RICHMOND, G. M. Jurisdiction of the U. S.



VOLUME II.

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

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

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

BEAR IN MIND.

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

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

Unparalleled Offer.

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

To make the hair grow a natural color, prevent baldness, and keep the scalp healthy, Hall's Hair Renewer was invented, and has proved itself successful.

GENERAL SURVEY

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Doings, Etc.

Bear in mind, please, that we cannot publish weekly reports of meetings. Whenever a change is made in speakers, or anything of special interest, send a brief item, please. A great deal can be expressed in a dozen lines, but long reports will not be used. Meetings are of local interest only. We extend a cordial invitation to all speakers to send in their appointments to lecture, and general movements, which will be ready by at least 40,000. We go to press early Monday morning, and items must reach us as early as Friday or Saturday in order to have immediate insertion.

M. F. Hammond, who is lecturing at Grand Rapids, Mich., this month, is open for a brief item, please. A great deal can be expressed in a dozen lines, but long reports will not be used. Meetings are of local interest only. We extend a cordial invitation to all speakers to send in their appointments to lecture, and general movements, which will be ready by at least 40,000. We go to press early Monday morning, and items must reach us as early as Friday or Saturday in order to have immediate insertion.

E. F. Evans, of Elmira, N. Y., writes exposing the trickery of a man by the name of Briggs. He was caught at it and exposed. Mr. Evans regrets that the man was not turned over to the police.

Julia Steelman-Mitchell writes from Louisville, Ky.: "Our prolonged engagement with the First Spiritual Church has, we hope, resulted in a great benefit, awakening unusual interest, while our test work from the rostrum has attracted many strangers who may now be counted among the 'knowing ones,' and it is our experience that the children of earth have plenty of time and money to give those who can prove individual existence beyond the grave. We have found a pleasant and progressive people here, and are pleased to accept of another two months' engagement in the near future. We have March and April open for work, and when not too far, will pay our own railroad fare. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has many warm friends here."

Prof. G. Sterling Wines will be in Boston about February 15, and will be prepared to accept engagements with societies who require lecturers. The following are some of the subjects of his lectures: "Facts and Popular Fallacies of Hypnotism," "Hypnotism and Its Relation to Spiritualism and the Development of Mediumship," "Psychology of Hypnotism," "Psychology of Suggestion as a Therapeutic, Moral and Educational Factor," "Opinion versus Conviction," "Spiritualism and Its Relations to Modern Thought," "Spiritualism and the Only Scientific Religion," Also the following lectures on Phenology, combined with phenological examinations of persons in the audience: "Heads and Faces and How to Study Them," "Phenology and Its Application to Everyday Life," "Phenology and Its Relation to Mediumship." Will answer questions from the audience. Permanent address 484 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. H. T. writes from Washington, D. C.: "We are having a grand treat, in the way of good lectures and platform tests, from Mr. Moulton, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Emerson, Mrs. Glading, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and, this month, Mr. Lockwood is giving us some very interesting scientific demonstrations to crowded halls. Last winter I was in Northern California, where there was no foot of this kind, and now I am feasting on news from the angel world."

Referring to the question of the meaning of "everlasting death," H. B. Bar writes that it refers to spiritual, not physical death. "If the wages of sin is death, and we sin everlastingly, then our wages will be everlasting death. While sin continues, death will continue. If we do everlastingly righteous, we will have everlasting life."

H. S. writes from Elgin, Ill.: "Mrs. Scovell has a following here of over five hundred people. We now have the exclusive use of a large hall, formerly occupied by the Y. M. C. A., in which Mrs. Scovell lectures and gives readings every Sunday and Thursday night. On each Wednesday night she teaches a public class in spiritual and psychic sciences; Tuesdays and Friday nights being set apart for dances and entertainments, which have become the most popular social events in the city. This week ladies' 'Helping Hand' and 'Children's Yarn' will be organized. Thus the good work goes on."

L. Keefe writes: "Mrs. Maggie Waite, of California, is serving the First Church of Spiritualists of Pittsburgh, for February; she has taken her audiences by storm, on account of her convincing tests. Hundreds were turned away from the doors, for she has never been surpassed and seldom equaled."

A. M. Arnold writes from Burlington, Kansas: "The last number of your paper, I think, is the best, not only in the best, but in the most interesting. The poorest is a feast of knowledge to what the most of the publications of our country are. I hope I may have the privilege of grasping the hand of the man or woman that produces such a paper as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which I think is not excelled anywhere in the world."

W. J. McCulloch writes from Billingshamp Bay, Wales: "He attended seances with Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield, Potions and thereby became thoroughly convinced of life beyond the grave. His father, mother and two brothers, who had passed away some years ago, came and talked with him of things that transpired while he was in earth-life."

"A Subscriber" writes of the Biblical origin of slang: "How many know that the original 'kicker,' in the metaphorical sense, is mentioned in the Old Testament, and that an angel named 'Kicker' himself is responsible for our slang phrase, 'What's it to you?' In the first book of Samuel, ii:29, a man of God says to Eli: 'Wherefore kick ye at my sacrifice and at mine offering?' The prototype of the second phrase alluded to above is found in the answer which Jesus gave Peter, as recorded in the last chapter of St. John, twenty-second verse: 'It will that is tarry till I come, what is that to thee?'"

Shah A. Walter writes of her visits to and work at Syracuse, Moravia, Groton, Waverly and Big Flats, N.Y., and Sayre and Athens, Pa. She mentions Mrs. Amanda M. Robinson, of Groton, as a very fine clairvoyant, who has given her service without price, has been bereft of her son and her husband, and is now in need of financial assistance. At Waverly Mrs. Robert Elliott has become a gifted lecturer.

H. H. Nugent, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "There has recently been opened to the people of our city, at 107 W. Lexington street, a platform for 'free thought.' The hall is most beautifully fitted for the purpose, and everyone cannot help feeling a pure atmosphere when they enter. Their aim is to investigate, as fully as possible, the various phases of occult and psychic phenomena. On the occasion of the first meeting, the audience taxed the capacity of the hall. The speaker and test medium was Mr. Edward W. Wright. It affords me pleasure to cite a few of the numerous remarkable tests that were given. Upon the platform, surrounded by potted plants, is a stand, upon which are placed glass dishes for the public to

place their articles in. The medium stated his object was to insulate each article, to prevent one article coming in contact with another, that a satisfactory reading might be given. On this occasion one article was an old Catholic medal. After giving a few good tests the psychic, taking this in his hand and holding it for a time, stated that he could not get anything on it—he felt a blank or dreamy condition; but would before the close of the meeting take up the article again. While in the act of replacing it, a gentleman stated the article was his, and he dreamed the previous night he had attended one of Mr. W.'s meetings and had placed the medal for a reading and could not get anything on it. He said it was the first time he had ever seen the medium, except in his dream, and the two were the same. Another gentleman, when he had taken this in his hand, he said he felt a tired feeling; though he had walked a long way, he said he wanted to go back a number of years in the life of the one who had placed it there, almost to his boyhood, and felt he was in company with a number of men in uniform. He did not think this knife was well attired; his possessor, he felt like a person intoxicated and near the water fishing, when there was a fall of something in the water. He asked whose article it was, and how near correct. A gentleman stated: "Perfect, sir. I was a drummer boy in the late war, and the knife was brought up out of the water with a fish while I was fishing."

Dr. C. P. Perry writes: "Spiritualism is flourishing in Denver, Col., this winter. We have seven meetings Sunday night, and a great many converts are being made to the truth. We have been blessed (?) with a goodly number of fakes and frauds, and some mediums that can give genuine manifestations play fraud at times; they are the meanest kind of frauds. Mrs. Musk is having good success. Her Sunday night meetings are well attended. Mr. Kates and wife are doing very well; also Mrs. Lee Prior. Mr. Ewell still holds forth every Sunday, with fair attendance."

Silas Boardman writes from La Crosse, Wis.: "The Society of Modern Spiritual Thought is now in a state of abeyance. Mrs. Emma M. Nutt began a series of lectures and readings on December 8, and finished February 2. There is a good field here for a good medium who can give the varied tests of the Spiritualists. Recognition for the real friends of true Spiritualism. Any other will only affiliate and assimilate with the lower element, and cause the disciples of purity to hold aloof, and for a moment place a check on the wheel of progress."

Prof. Lockwood's lectures at Washington, D.C., have been enthusiastically received. He goes to Philadelphia next month. His permanent address is 98 Ogden avenue, Chicago, Ill.

M. B. Snyder writes: "I have read Vol. I. of the Encyclopedia of Death and Life in the Spirit-World. Wonderful books! and should be in every family without regard to pre-conceived ideas of a future life. There is only one thing lacking to bring about a great reformation: there are so few independent thinkers who can get out of the particular line of thought (as Topsy says) they have grown in, among some of the varied beliefs. I do not know how you can afford two such books on good paper, well printed and bound, as they are, for the price you are asking. I think I can get a subscriber occasionally for your paper, and I shall in every case try and have them send for the two volumes bound in cloth."

D. A. U. writes from South Riley, Mo.: "Through the kindness of Mr. Chas. Harris, of Lansing, the people of South Riley and vicinity have been favored with the services of Mr. H. B. Bar, Allen Franklin Brown, of St. Paul, Minn., without doubt one of the best inspirational speakers on the spiritual platform. His houses were taxed to their utmost capacity, standing room being at a premium, and yet the plain, common sense, the lack of any equivocation, and the making of intricate thought plain to the common intellect, so enamored the hearers that you could have heard the proverbial plip-drop during a pause in the sermon. His first two sermons were confined to questions given by the audience, but on the third night his congregation voted for him to choose his own subject and the way his guides handled the subject 'Devil' had a tendency to lessen our fear of the old fellow, and look upon him as nothing but a modern incarnation of the devil. A few of his psychometric readings, and were all acknowledged to be correct. The audience was very enthusiastic in his praise, and voted unanimously for him to return in four weeks."

S. T., of this city, writes: "A very interesting meeting was held Sunday evening at Masonic Home Temple, addressed by Mrs. M. Summers; also tests by Mr. Arnold and other prominent mediums. Her readings are growing larger each Sunday."

Will C. Hodge, now with the First Spiritual Church at Rochester, Ind., for the month of February; is engaged for April with Unity Society at Milwaukee, Wis. March is still open, and he will make liberal terms with any society desiring an inspirational speaker for that period. Address, Rochester, Ind.

Prof. Lockwood's lectures are exciting a great deal of attention in Washington, D. C. Dr. H. B. Storer, president of the Oneida Spiritualist Association, speaks in following of him: "The lectures of Prof. W. M. Lockwood, applying the theory of molecular reciprocity as the foundation of all relations between the two worlds, now being delivered at Berkeley Hall in this city, have attracted the attention of the ablest minds among our Spiritualists, and given unalloyed pleasure to the audiences that have filled them. The lectures are delivered with presentation of his arguments, the novel experiments used in demonstrating the truth of his theory—together with the eloquence born of his devotion to this great truth, render him the most attractive speaker that has appeared upon our platform."

E. W. Sprague is serving the Occult Science Society, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., for the months of February and March. He speaks in Huntington, Ind., Tuesday and Wednesday of each week during the month. He will go to Beaver Falls, Pa., for April, and to Lima, Ohio, for May. He has June still open, and can be engaged for September and the months following. His camp-meeting engagements are as follows: Chesterfield, Ind., camp July 18 to 26, inclusive. Vicksburg, Mich., August 15 to 19, inclusive. Address him at 190 Commercial street, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Permanent address, 965 Grove street, Meadville, Pa.

F. M. Milliken writes from Marshalltown, Iowa: "Dr. Breiden, than whom no one in Des Moines is more able or competent, is airing his church on the 'Obsolete Dogmas of the Bible.' This brings to my mind some experiences that happened more than a quarter of a century ago. I was in St. Louis, in the Davis County, Iowa. I talked out in meeting, somewhat, about some of the obsolete dogmas, and for this, and healing the sick by 'laying on of hands,' and claiming this to be a part of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I was most bitterly persecuted by some of my Christian friends of this same Christian church. That this healing was actually done, and by

some mysterious power, can be verified by many witnesses still living; and that such healing has been done in many places in our country by many people, both in the church and out of it, can be verified by clouds of witnesses; occurring, too, in spite of doctors' laws for its suppression, and in spite of some church rulers who are so stupid and bigoted that the light of the living Christ cannot penetrate their souls. Almost every daily paper gives accounts of healing by such means, and laying on of hands, thus giving proof that the people should follow them, that believe, and do follow to some extent at least, whether church creeds and doctors are willing or not."

Dr. J. M. Temple writes from New Orleans, La.: "I may stay here during the month of March. My hall is full twice a week. The people are after tests here, more than anything else. While I am writing, I want to give my experience with the finest little medium I ever met. Her name is the trumpet, and I wish there were more like her with it. Her leading control is Stephen H. Douglas; then comes her daughter, dear 'Little Opal.' Another one of her guides is 'Belle,' one of the most beautiful singers I have ever heard, either on or off the stage. The most striking thing about Mrs. Jones' seances is the refinement that is perceptible everywhere from the time of the entrance of the mediums to the double-parlors until the seance is over. An investigator receives, in a circle like Mrs. Jones, something near like what he expects. In every seance I attended I have heard three and four voices at one time, and on one occasion I heard German, French and English spoken. Mrs. Jones is a very unassuming little lady, and makes no brass-band display of her mediumship."

Sarah E. Hudson writes from Bay City, Mich.: "Our society is growing fast. We have had this winter, as speakers, Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, for the month of November; Miss Taylor, of Boston, for two Sundays—she is a good, logical speaker. Then we had Mrs. Eva Paine-Hopkins, who gave us four good lectures; Mrs. Cella B. Nickerson was with us two Sundays. We were delighted with her, and called her back here for the month of January. Mr. Charles Andrew, Grand Rapids, gave us two soul-stirring lectures in December. Mrs. Nickerson has consented to be with us in a couple of months. The good work goes on. Our orthodox friends say we are getting all the people converted, as there are fifty good-sized circles in town. Several live mediums have been developed."

Louis Knorr, D. of Savannah, Ga., sends a handful of Miller Brothers, and writes: "From the enclosed circular you will see that 'Spiritualist' Magazine Company is operating in the Southern States. Since no Spiritualist paper, as far as I know, makes any mention of the Millers, I at once had my suspicions aroused. Besides, the clergy did not manifest any opposition to them—always a sure sign that it is intended for discrediting Spiritualism."

J. K. S. writes from Saginaw, Mich.: "Dr. H. C. Andrews has given platform tests and improvisations by invitation of our speaker, at the close of each lecture for the past two Sundays, and given excellent tests. At the last, he gave an eloquent speaker and excellent test medium. He will answer calls to lecture anywhere. His address is Bridgeport, Mich."

During the present month of February Oscar A. Edgerly is filling an engagement in Philadelphia, Pa. During March he will fill an engagement in Lockport, N. Y.; April, in Buffalo, N. Y. He has engagements at the following places for the coming season: Oneida and Lake Pleasant, Mass.; Temple Heights, Maine, and Vicksburg, Mich. He will be pleased to hear from the secretaries of Western societies desiring the services of a trance speaker and test medium for the months of September and October.

C. F. Cole writes: "I trust you will pardon me when I call your attention to the fact that some of the grandest, broadest, clearest, most comprehensive and logical readings which appear in your paper are often sadly marred by scripture quotations; I mean that the authors' names get mixed. Our enemies take advantage and would say our writers are ignorant of the scriptures which they reject. In a late PROGRESSIVE THINKER the Hon. A. B. Richmond marred his otherwise perfect article by quoting Paul to Titus, when it should have been Paul to Hebrews, ii: 1."

The Helping Hand Spiritualist Society will hold services every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at Lodge Hall, 1114 Ada street. Prof. W. M. Lockwood, D. D., will give a series of lectures every Friday evening at 209 Fulton street, by Prof. Clark.

Veritas, of this city, writes: "At Bricklayers' Hall, 93 S. Peoria street, the People's Home Spiritual Association held a most interesting service Sunday evening the 9th inst., to a large and appreciative audience. Bro. G. L. S. Jenifer, the ever-popular president, who has always been a favorite leader, conducted the exercises. Dr. D. S. White delivered a fine address. Subject: 'Does the Religion of Spiritualism Meet the Wants and Needs of Every Human Soul in the Great Hour of Need.' Prof. S. A. Hunt, a remarkable musical medium and psychometric reader of character, rendered several airs on guitar and harmonica, and pleased all in his special newness. Miss A. D. Jacoby, Prof. W. M. Lockwood, and the gifted and talented Geo. F. Perkins, each gave very numerous and convincing tests of spiritual presence. Speakers and mediums are always welcome at this hall on all occasions."

Thos. Grimshaw is to lecture in Indianapolis, Ind., during March. He would be glad to make arrangements for week evenings with societies within a hundred miles of that city. Address him at 202 Forbes street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. K. Simpson writes from San Francisco, Cal.: "We are having a feast of good things in San Francisco and Oakland, and as Mattie Hill says of Western people, are wide-awake. Mr. Morse is doing a splendid work, not only speaking to large numbers, but going deeply and arousing the thoughts of his hearers. J. Clegg Wright, too, in his earnest, humorous style, makes you want to go and hear him again. Miss Lou Drake is with us, and everyone knows that if you are an unbeliever and wish to remain so you had better not go and hear her. Fannie Allyn has been with us, but has now gone to San Jose to brighten things up. She is a fearless little worker and has made many friends who will come here again. Mrs. R. C. Powell, Oakland, has come again after work in all parts of California. She has had some severe trials, but they seem only to have made her work for Spiritualism stronger and more positive. We miss Dr. Schlesinger, who has gone to Portland for a time. C. V. Miller still stands his ground, and all attending his circles has a good word for him. We have any number of societies, each doing its place and doing its work in the cause. At times—as on Tom Paine's anniversary, when Dr. York gave us such a treat—all these societies come together. The Spiritual Home of the People's Society, which has Mrs. Dryan, of your city, for its president and indefatigable worker, is doing much good; also the Ladies' Aid Society."

Dr. Wilkins writes: "Again do I feel impressed to note the grand lecture of Hon. L. V. Moulton, last Sunday, on the subject of 'The Philosophy of the Spiritualists'—and indeed the appreciation was marked by hilarious applause throughout the entire lecture. His next Sunday lecture is bound to be the best of the course. His theme will be 'The Philosophy of Evil, or Who and what is the Devil.' With his abundant supply of wit and knowledge of the subject—from the standpoint of a lawyer—we will certainly get a feast."

"Corresponding Secretary" writes from Flint, Mich.: "The First Spiritual Society of Flint, Mich., held its annual election on February 11. The following officers were elected: President, C. M. Hovey; first vice-president, Mrs. Pluma Brotherton; second vice-president, M. H. Porter; recording secretary, Charles Bentley; treasurer, Fred. Smith; corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. A. Parker; musical director, evening, Irene Gay; board of directors, W. H. Alger, A. B. Jones and Walter Cronk. Our society was never in better working order. Allen F. Brown is our pastor, making four months of his profitable labor in our society this season, and we shall consider ourselves very fortunate we can secure his services until the close of the lecture season. His readings are perfect, and our hall is filled to the door at every meeting by an intelligent audience."

O. M. writes encouragingly of the cause at Genoa, Ill. Mrs. Jeffrey officiating as speaker, to increasing audiences.

J. C. Blodgett writes from St. Paul, Minn.: "The writer had the pleasure, for the first time, of meeting Mrs. Isa Wilson-Kayner, of Chicago, Ill., at Odd Fellows' Hall, St. Paul, Minn., where she held a seance on Sunday evening, Sunday, February 2, 1906. She gave a short, interesting talk on the philosophy of Spiritualism, but the most of the time was devoted to giving tests, which were highly appreciated by the large audience. The tests, life reading and psychometric reading were recognized in every instance as correct. I am glad to know that we have in our ranks such a perfect instrument for the unseen forces to manifest through, and I do hope this force behind her will bring her out into more prominence, as she ought to be kept in the public work continually. It can be truly said that the mantle of her father, E. V. Wilson, has fallen upon her. I also had the pleasure of attending a private seance of her, at the home of a friend, and was struck to the core of the city and a few invited guests. It consisted of giving a demonstration of the power of the unseen forces that surround her to protect their medium from harm, while giving what is called the 'fire test.' She ran her delicate hands repeatedly through the flame of a lamp. Then taking the lamp in her hands, she playfully nudged the red-hot chimney to her chest for fifty-five seconds. She then drew the following articles back and forth through the flame of the lamp: A silk handkerchief, a silk necktie, a \$10 bill, tissue paper, and to me the most wonderful of all, a celluloid collar. These articles all came out of the fire without being harmed in the least; or having the least smell of fire upon them. I am glad to see the power of an independent state writer, which I regarded as very good indeed. This letter is written for the purpose of giving justice to a worthy medium, who needs only the opportunity to make her mark in the spiritual field."

Mrs. G. Partridge, psychometrist and clairvoyant, has been called to Morrisson, Ill., for a week or more on business.

Frank T. Ripley is lecturing to crowded houses at Waseka, Ill., for the First Spiritual Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins are holding meetings at No. 401 N. Masonic Temple, 917 N. Clark street, every Sunday afternoon, 2:30, and evening, 7:30. Private consultation daily, 480 West Madison street.

Robert Ward writes from Denver, Col.: "On Sunday evening, February 2, at 7:45 the Psychic Research Society met at Douglas Hall, corner Champa and Eighteenth street. This society has lately been organized by Mrs. Loe F. Prior and a few others, and has given my presence several times. On Sunday evening, last Sunday evening the chairs were all taken and fifty people had to stand, and they stood up during the entire services. The proprietor of the hall promised us one hundred more chairs for next Sunday. This society, judging from the number and quality of the people, promises to be the leading society of Denver, W. Va. Dr. P. Prior, president, and Robert Ward, secretary. Mr. Douglas, treasurer; Mrs. Douglas, secretary. The choir of this society is quite an attraction to the meetings, with Miss Michaels as organist, Mrs. Thompson, contralto, Mrs. Douglas, soprano, R. Ward, tenor and Mr. Douglas as basso. Mrs. Prior's subject on Sunday evening was: 'The Must Be Done in the Spirit-World.' This was handled tactfully, with sound logic; she made the subject so plain that it was a pleasure to the audience to listen to her. After the lecture Mrs. Douglas sang a soprano solo called 'The Holy City.' She received a hearty encore, after which Mrs. Prior gave tests and psychometric readings for forty minutes, which were all recognized. Then the choir sang 'The Holy City,' followed with the benediction. Mrs. Prior is an exceptionally-gifted lady of many accomplishments, coupled to a disposition sweet and winning; her marvelous gift of clairvoyance is manifested in trance to a high degree. Those who meet her are always convinced in bereavement, and strengthened in the one great truth of a life beyond the grave. Her gifts are truly wonderful and convincing to the most skeptical, as acknowledged by many true and sincere investigators, among whom are some of my personal friends."

Mrs. E. Raphael, holding meetings at the German society, is ready for engagements after March 1, 1896, to lecture, give tests and do services for societies at reasonable terms. Address 483 Washington boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

YOU can do a grand work by getting up a club of yearly or six months' subscribers, each getting free, in paper cover, the first volume of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. Every Spiritualist should read that work.

"The Missing Link in Modern Spiritualism." By A. Leah Underhill. A deeply interesting volume, of special interest to all Spiritualists. A. Leah Underhill was one of the Sisters, and her life and work are a revelation of modern Spiritualism. She narrates many incidents and spiritual occurrences in the experiences of the Fox family. Price, cloth, \$1.50, postpaid.

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

Religion of the Future. By S. Weil. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA MATTERS

Who Are Persecuting the Mediums.

HOW AND WHY IT IS DONE.

TO THE EDITOR:—At the annual meeting of the Spiritual Conference Society, held January 6, 1896, the name of the society was changed to "The Philadelphia Spiritual Society," and the following officers were elected: President, Thomas R. Locke; first vice-president, Samuel Wheeler; second vice-president, Charles Hammer; treasurer, Mrs. Julia R. Locke; secretary, Charles L. Ge Frober.

A lecture was organized on December 15, with Mrs. Wheeler Brown as conductor, which has been very successful, and now has over forty scholars on the roll.

Theodore E. Price, one of the old standbys, lectured for us the first two Sundays in January. Mrs. Wheeler Brown, a lady of many attainments and a magnificent medium, lectured for us the last two Sundays in the month. Her phases of mediumship are many, and her controls are of a high order and exhibit wonderful knowledge and wisdom.

Oscar Edgerly returns to us in February, and Prof. Lockwood, the great scientist, comes in March. We are making preparations accordingly. Moses Hill lectures for us in April, upon whom command is unassailable.

The last year has been the most prosperous in the history of the society. While the work has been hard, and the results achieved not in proportion to the expenditure of energy and money, yet to maintain a good society here in the face of such an attack as has been made upon Spiritualism is in the main a victory for the cause and its supporters.

The persecutors in the raid made the assertion that they wanted to eliminate fortune-tellers, dealers in lucky roots, and people in general who made any pretense to dealing with matters relating to, predicting or forecasting future events. Under this guise a raid was planned; keepers of houses of bad repute, fakirs, ordained spiritual mediums, astrologers, healers and others were all caught in the net and brought before a magistrate. The people who pay assessments and who needed no introduction to the police were let go; then some of the fakirs, who explained that they only did it for fun, or to make a little money, were discharged with a reprimand, while the genuine mediums were held for bail under the charge of forecasting future events.

While a great deal of this has been given before to the readers of Spiritualist papers, one thing seems to have been unnoticed in the expression of indignation and the confusion that followed: Who really made the attack upon the mediums?

Was it people who complained of being robbed by them, or was it over-zealous police officials, or people who have been psychologically into giving their fortune over to Spiritualism? But if you give it to some university of learning whose investigators fail to report the truth, and refuse to give a correct report of genuine mediumship (I know one of the best mediums in the country was treated in this way) it is all right.

There is much that could be told, but the same law that makes an article a bane to Spiritualism, its circles and advocates, causes the truthful spirits to trouble the church and play havoc with the teachings of priests and archbishops.

Who has interfered with the makers of images? Is truth greater than faith, and a scientific fact greater than a miracle? Holy water is woefully ineffective in washing away dirt; but it is necessary to aim a blow at the source of the evil. So it was ever with error; but after all it is like a snake in the grass trying to hide itself in the beautiful verdure that the Infinite gave to cover the earth, and strike unseen those who stand higher and seek to gather the flowers of wisdom and truth. Therefore was it planned to capture the ones who could tell the truth, and to demonstrate it to the hounding of the public and those who knew not, it was done in the above underhand way. Let no one be deceived. It is only genuine and truthful mediums that are aimed at, not poor and ignorant mountebanks, nor houses where 75 per cent. of the inmates are of the faith that sears the mentality as with a branding iron. Too much need of tribute to do that.

But wait—the hour is coming when slumbering justice will adjust her scales, and truth, with her sword, will meet and conquer the serpent that is drilling and organizing military companies in connection with nearly every religious denomination in this city. Have they an enemy that is troubling them? And it must be that they intend to attack others. Maybe they think truth is a material thing, to be captured and captured in that way. There never was a time when the Christian church armed adherents, but that it made a record upon the pages of history that it would be glad to efface, and those who know can tell whether coming events will not settle with the Christians for all time.

CHARLES L. GE FROBER, Secretary.

"DEATH 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.

Get an Additional Subscriber. How easy for it is for any one of our present subscribers to get an additional one. You are not only repaid for so doing, but you do a magnanimous deed. You not only obtain Vol. I. of The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, in paper cover, free of charge, but the new subscriber gets one also. You will find no difficulty whatever in obtaining one or more to club with you, and thus aid in the grand work of elevating the world to a higher plane.

Several already have enlisted in the work, and sent on clubs. Every Spiritualist should realize that he can not live altogether for himself, but that he must do his duty to the world, and that the right way. This book is sent forth free to all our subscribers who send one or more new subscribers with their own subscriptions. See full particulars elsewhere.

"The Waseka Wonder." To the student of psychic phenomena, this pamphlet is intensely interesting. It gives detailed accounts of two cases of "double consciousness," namely Mary Lurancy Pennum of Waseka, Ill., and Mary Reynolds of Waseka, Pa. For sale at this office. Price, 15c.

"The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional." This book, by the well-known Father Chiniquy, makes the degrading, impure influence and results of the Romish confessional, as proved by the sad experience of many wrecked lives. Price, by mail, \$1. For sale at this office.

An abridged edition of "Antiquity Unveiled" gives in condensed form its more important statements and references. It is in stiff board covers, and the price is 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Lincoln Wrote a Free-thought Work.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—In your paper of today I find the following: "What 'free-thought work,' or any kind of work, did Mr. Lincoln write in his early life, or at any other time in his life?"

Presuming this to be an honest request for information, I submit the following answer: William H. Herndon, as you are aware, the pioneer of Lincoln up to the time of the latter's death. He knew Lincoln intimately, and knew of many incidents in his career which others did not. Judge David Davis, in whose court both Lincoln and Herndon practiced for years, declared that Herndon knew more about Lincoln's religion than any other man.

In 1870 Mr. Herndon contributed to the index, published in Toledo, O., edited by Francis E. Abbott, an article on Lincoln's religious ideas. In this letter Mr. Herndon gives the following account of the "free-thought work" which Mr. Lincoln wrote:

"In 1855 he (Lincoln) wrote out a small work on infidelity, and intended to have it published. The book was an attack upon the whole grounds of Christianity, and especially was it an attack upon the idea that Jesus was the Christ, the true and only begotten son of God, as the Christian world contends. Mr. Lincoln was at that time in New Salem, keeping store for Mr. Samuel Hill, a merchant and postmaster of that place. Lincoln and Hill were very friendly. Hill, I think, was a skeptic at this time. Lincoln one day, after the book was finished, read it to Mr. Hill, his good friend. Hill tried to persuade him not to make it public, not to publish it. Hill at that time saw in Lincoln a rising man, and wished him success. Lincoln refused to destroy it; said it should be published. Hill swore it should never see light of day. He had an eye on Lincoln's popularity—his present and future success; and believing that if the book was published it would kill Lincoln forever, he snatched it from Lincoln's hand when Lincoln was not expecting it, and ran it into an old-fashioned tin plate stove, heated as hot as a furnace, and so Lincoln's book went up to the clouds in smoke."

I do not think it was very lofty conduct upon the part of Mr. Hill, and I wish Lincoln had rewritten the work and given it to the public. But that is neither here nor there. The fact that Lincoln wrote a free-thought work, which you seem to doubt, is settled by this testimony by Mr. Herndon. You will find it on page 102 of "Abraham Lincoln: Was He a Christian?" by John E. Remsburg, published by the Truth Seeker Company of 28 Lafayette place, this city. Yours, very truly,

New York. E. M. MACDONALD.

Spiritualist Meetings in Chicago

The First Spiritual Church, Schiller Theater. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, pastor. Services at 10:45 a. m.

The Church of the Spirit, Willis Edwards, pastor, meets at Arlington Hall, 651 North Clark street, at 2:45 and 7:45 p. m.

Spiritualist conference meeting 483 Washington Boulevard near Ogden avenue, at 7:45 p. m., Sunday evening. Subject from the audience. Mrs. E. Raphael, pastor.

People's Home Spiritualist Association, Bricklayers' Hall, 93 South Peoria street. Services at 3 and 7:45 p. m.

The Christian Society, Custer Post Hall, 85 South Sangamon street. Services at 2:30 and 7:30, by Miss Thomas.

The Union, Nathan Hall, corner of Milwaukee and Western avenues, at 7:30 p. m.

Sigler's Hall, 526 Sixty-third street, Englewood, over the postoffice. Services 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Mary A. Jeffery, pastor.

The Endeavor Society at the residence of Mrs. Sarah E. Brownell, 1 South Hoyne avenue, near Lake street, at 7:30 p. m.

The First Society of Spiritual Unity, Devin Hall, West Madison and South La Salle streets, entrance on South La Salle street. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, pastor.

The First Spiritual Church of the South Side, Unity Hall, 77 Thirty-first street. Services at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Ada Foye, pastor.

The Spiritualistic Church of the Students of Nature meets Sundays at 7:30 p. m., at Munson's Hall, 1052 Milwaukee avenue, near Lincoln street. Mrs. M. Summers, pastor.

The German Spiritualist Society, Gartelman's Hall, southeast corner 13th street and Ashland avenue. Services every Friday and Sunday evening at 7:40. E. RAPHAEL, pastor.

The Progressive Spiritual Church, Lakeside Hall, southeast corner of Indiana avenue and Thirty-first street, conducted independently by Rev. Geo. V. M. Bangsley. Services at 7:30 p. m. Children's lyceum at 1:30 p. m.

STRIKING CONTRAST.

Calvinism Fifty Years Ago
and Spiritualism To-day.

The influence thrown around motherhood has a tendency to drag down and enslave, or elevate and unfold, the human mind, just in proportion to the environments thrown around her. Let us draw a picture of fifty years ago.

In a rude shanty erected among the oak trees of Michigan, a young groom takes his bride, to build a home—strong in physical strength, full of hope, big with expectation and the rose within the eglantine and the rose will intertwine their branches over and around the doorway of their humble home, and happy children gambol and play in the atmosphere of love. Having but a scanty supply of the necessities of life to start housekeeping in a forest, at first looked hazardous, but every day brought supplies in a union of purpose for the tie that binds two willing hearts in one—there were no dark days that that humble home. The sun never failed to send its bright rays through the forest; at early morn the birds, so numerous at that early day, could be heard at all times with their warbling chatter, bringing good cheer and contentment to all around.

Neighbors were few and some distance apart. A log schoolhouse was not far away, where meetings were held every Sunday to accommodate the neighboring community, and all seemed happy and cheerful among those early pioneers. No high, no low, no rich, none poor, but all being actuated by a desire, by hope, seeking for happiness; all hearts beat in unison for the well-being of all around.

But on a bright morning the news was spread throughout the settlement that a darling child was stricken with sickness night unto death, and as the mother and father sat by its bedside, endeared to it by all the tenderest emotions of filial love, and as they watched over it far into the weary hours of night, knowing full well that its pulse would soon cease to beat, and that its little form would soon be lifeless, they longed for something to console their feelings in that trying hour of their young life's experiences.

In one corner of the room, on a rude table, lay a Bible, a copy of Watts' hymns, and a book of sermons by Calvin and Jonathan Edwards. The mother picked up the hymn-book, hoping to meet with some cheering words of consolation, and sing some sweet lullaby that would give them some hope of again meeting their darling child in some fairer clime and on some brighter shore. The first that meets their eye is this:

Oh, God! My child is vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Soon as it draws its vital breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
No hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash this dismal stain away.

With sadness on their faces they reason thus: Our child had no voice in its existence, and was helplessly into life's history thrown, and born by a law that compelled it to be; and why is it thus doomed?

Again they seek for consolation, and read:

Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horrors and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid his stores of vengeance there.

Terrible God, who reigns on high,
How dreadful is thy thundering voice,
How fierce thy darts of vengeance fly,
And none can stay thy hand.

Hope yet beams, and they seek consolation in Edwards' book of sermons: "Do but consider what it is to suffer eternal torments forever and forever, from one age to another, in pain, in wailing, in lamenting, in groaning and shrieking, and gnashing of teeth, your bodies and every member of your bodies full of racking pain, without a possibility of moving God to pity by your cries. How dismal it will be under these racking torments to know that you never, never will be released from them, to have no hope; when, after you have worn out the age of the sun, moon and stars, without one minute's ease, yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered, but the same groans and cries are incessant through all eternity."

Such has been the logic of old orthodoxy. But a change has come—a new dispensation—an unfolding of the finer sensibilities of the intellect. In the past they looked through glasses highly bedimmed with mysticism, miracles, dealing only with the emotional and sensational natures, and discarding reason. But in the new dispensation we deal with knowledge, with facts.

Spiritualism of to-day says to all bereaved mothers: There is no death! It is only a temporary separation—a liberation of the spirit from that little clay tenement, and a separation of short duration—compared like unto the chilling winds of autumn, or the icy snows of winter, withering and blackening the fair landscape around us, causing gloom and sadness only for a short duration; for the springtime of the resurrection will surely come, and then will come forth that little bud, and then the full-blown rose, and thus the bereaved mother is consoled with the assurance that she will again meet her loved one that she had laid in theasket—will again meet it as a flower of rare beauty.

Then to the young wife that has been bereft of the companion of her youth, the young husband that has buried the dearest idol of his brightest hopes—the aged matron and sire who have battled the storms and vicissitudes of threescore years, after being bereft of their loved-ones, Spiritualism gives the assurance that all will

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meet again in the springtime of a new life, when the nightmare of despair (produced by false teaching) shall have passed away; then the birds will again sing, and the withered flowers will again bloom in the brightness and vigor of youth.

And how oft the messages do come,
To prove the truth sublime,
That man shall know his neighbor
Beyond the streams of time.

LEVI WOOD.



THE TIGER-STEP OF CATHOLICISM AND GOD-IN-THE-CONSTITUTION PARTY.

Statesmen, political economists and philanthropists have reiterated the statement that this country is an asylum where the oppressed of all nations may find refuge; and with pride we hold forth a standing invitation and a welcome to the stranger.

Here the ignorant and degraded serf becomes a man, and his vote counts the equal to the most wealthy or most learned. It is true the nation has had a wonderful power of assimilation; and a single generation has usually been sufficient to convert Teuton or Celt into Americans, having patriotic love for American institutions.

Of late, however, this nationalization has been counteracted by the influence of the Catholic Church. The majority of immigrants are Catholics, and as long as they are ignorant remain so. Their children at the public schools are quickly educated out of the superstition of their parents. The public school is a great means of assimilation, and because such is feared by the Catholic Church, which desires to hold its members entirely distinct, as a well-trained and obedient army. For this reason parochial schools are founded and parents commanded to send their children under pain of excommunication. At such schools the Catholic religion is taught first, and intellectual instruction is made secondary. The text-books are written by Catholics, and made to conform to their creed, and history distorted to their views.

From such schools the child goes out into the world imbued with the intolerant spirit of superstition. The amalgamation on which the very existence of our free institutions depend is prevented, and a nation, as it were, maintained within a nation.

Too late we have learned that we have welcomed a serpent and warmed it into life. A church, boasting of ten million members, acknowledges no allegiance of its members to the general government or any temporal power. With this knowledge the encyclopes of the Pope and affirmations of the priests have new meaning and show the half-concealed fangs of the tiger that has for ages feasted on the blood of the best and most noble of mankind.

The God-in-the-Constitution party has an able champion in the Pope, but he would place the Catholic God at the head and enforce his religion in a manner not pleasant to the Protestant. He says: "If any State aims only at external advantages and wealth, if it is in its government to put God and the moral law aside, it wrongfully turns away from its end, and from the teachings of nature, and cannot be called a community or society, but is rather a deceitful resemblance and a parody."

He asserts that Catholics have special duties in life, and that their duty to the State wherein they reside is absolutely secondary to their duty to the church, which always must be

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first. Obedience to the church must be absolute. The laity must "suffer themselves to be ruled and guided absolutely by the bishops, and particularly by the pontiff."

A late encyclical continues: "The church is the mistress of nations scattered over the whole earth, differing in race and customs, whose duty it is, living each in its own State under its own laws, to submit to both civil and ecclesiastical power. The church must concern herself about the laws formulated in States, because of the welfare of the State itself and because they sometimes encroach on the rights of the church by passing their due bounds. And it should be remembered that whenever the church is lawfully brought in connection with public affairs, those men should receive favor who are of known honesty and are likely to deserve well of the Christian name. Nor is there the least reason why men should be preferred who are filled with evil intentions against religion."

The blessed church administered the affairs of Italy until she reduced the most renowned people in the world, who boasted of ancestors unequalled as warriors, statesmen and philosophers, to a nation of canting priests and beggars, and not until a few devoted heroes arose, and shook off the vampire of Vatican rule, did Italy take her place among advancing nations.

The blessed holy church ruled Spain until, by relentless butchery of all who dared to think, the national character was changed, and divided into the priest, the robber and the beggar. Wherever her hand has touched it was to blast and ruin.

In the United States, where love of country is greatest, the priest is most active in beating into the very souls of his flock that the man whom the leaders of his church designate must receive the undivided Catholic vote.

The supremacy of the mother church means the suppression of the Protestant churches; and it is not astonishing that these have taken alarm at the drift of the tide.

The Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, in a charge delivered to the clergy of his diocese, said:

"This city, Baltimore, is the central point of Roman Catholicism in this country. Here resides its highest prelate, and here it puts forth its greatest effort. It is using political and social influence to obtain the religious control of this nation. God forbid that I should blame the Catholics for any honest effort made by them towards this end. The issue, however, is greater than ever before, and they are concentrating all their hopes and plans in this land. Three-fourths of their members were born in Europe, and nearly all of the remainder are children of foreign-born parents. The foreign spirit in the church is remarkably powerful. Their members become Americanized very slowly, and are not being assimilated rapidly."

He then proceeds to say that the danger has been neglected, and whenever a movement is made by the Catholics detrimental to our political institutions, it is the duty of the Protestant clergy to speak out.

Strangely inconsistent, he advises the increase of parochial schools, so that the young may not be neglected. If Catholics have their schools, the Episcopalians theirs, soon will follow the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians with theirs, and the demand will be made for a division of the school funds among these rapacious sectaries.

As the bulwarks of freedom, the public schools are intensely hated by those who would hold the mind in bondage. Dr. Crosby said in spleen that reading, ciphering and writing was enough for common schools, and the normal schools ought to be turned into "police stations and prisons for hoodlums." No Catholic priest ever gave vent to anything more atrocious.

The God-in-the-constitution party, or National Reformers, insensibly join hands with the Catholics when they seek to force the State to acknowledge any form of religion. When they break the barrier which protects every citizen in the liberty of conscience, the mighty flood of Catholicism will flow through, and it will then be too late.

HUDSON-TUTTLE.

He that is ungrateful has no guilt but one; all other crimes may pass for virtues in him.—Young.

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Anyone who has seen the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World, can realize what an excellent book it is for missionary purposes. Ten thousand copies of Vol. I, bound in paper, are to be given away to our present subscribers and others who may become subscribers. It is an expensive work, containing 400 closely-printed pages, yet it is sent forth free, postpaid, to each one who desires it, on conditions mentioned elsewhere.

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