

PROOF THAT THE HUMAN BODY HAS A KEY-NOTE

Interesting Thoughts, Suggestions and Experiments That Are Worthy of Being Considered by Every Spiritualist in the Land.

Dr. W. Xavier Sudduth, the well-known nervous specialist, has been an ardent student and experimenter of the psycho-physical culture for many years. Under the promptings of professional delinquency he was disinclined to be interviewed, but relaxed when persuaded that the subject was one in which the lay world was becoming greatly interested.

MENTAL AS WELL AS PHYSICAL IMITATION.

"Barring a few of the involuntary functions," began Dr. Sudduth, "man performs nearly all his acts by knowledge gained through imitation. He copies very closely his immediate environment. He walks, sings and talks as and because he has seen and heard others do so. He is an upright animal only

senses, and clamor for recognition. As a result, we develop a double, yes, a manifold personality. This is a matter of constant surprise—unconscious cerebration is going on in our waking state constantly. We fritter away our vitality to a great extent in this way and become nervous wrecks and fit subjects for the insane asylums.

"Our daily experiences play upon our emotional natures to such an extent that we become fairly intoxicated with them. To a certain extent variation is normal and healthy, but extremes are always harmful. One of the main features of nervous excitement is that the mind seems to feed upon it, and when once the normal tension is broken the body craves for even greater variations. The victim goes wild with his emotional excitement and rapidly flies from

perceptions as getting angry or crying for sympathy with others is sufficient to demonstrate that man is susceptible to the influences of his environment, which operates to alter his prevailing rate of vibration, either raising or lowering it. If these variations become extreme the body suffers in proportion.

AN IDEA OF WHAT VIBRATION MEANS.

"It is a well known fact that motion, exercise, is an absolute requisite to the highest development of the muscular system. As constant alteration in the position of the molecules of a solid is essential to prevent neutralization of polarity and consequent disintegration, so is constant exercise of a muscle necessary in order to prevent its wasting away.



SOME OF THE PERFECT FORMS PRINTED BY THE HUMAN VOICE ON MATTER.

by imitation. The process of his education begins very early in life, and the mental development precedes the physical in every instance. The idea must be grasped and made a part of himself, consciously or subconsciously, before it can be executed. Man, therefore, is largely a creature of environment, a child of fortune and the slave of misfortune.

"The imitative is not alone confined to the physical, but pervades mental states as well. Man thinks by imitation. He is born into his mental and moral atmosphere just as surely as into his physical environment. Mental states, like the color of eyes, hair and skin, run in families. We are Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, republicans, democrats, or what-nots, according to the belief of our parents or most intimate friend. It is very amusing to listen to ardent discussions between young children, and older children, for that matter, on religious or political subjects, even before they have had sufficient mental training to know the force of an argument. They use the same language they have heard their parents use, that is, as far as they can remember it, and they even go further and adopt the very tones and gestures of their parents—like father, like son. In most instances the imitation is wholly unconscious, however. The suggestion has fallen on fertile soil and taken deep root. These early suggestions which arise largely in the home environment, become a part of their very being and dominate their whole after life. Who has not at times, even in adult life, felt the fears of childhood take hold upon him? The nursery tales of black men and bears, and hobgoblins, always remain with us. To what extent may not the lives of individuals, instincts, tastes and even physical faculties be influenced by continued and insidiously directed suggestions in the waking state? Its possibilities are boundless, its powers appalling to think upon.

IT OVERTHROWS THE THEORY OF HEREDITY.

"Anything that stands for an idea, be it sight, sound or experience is a suggestion. The doctrine of suggestion, if accepted, overthrows the whole theory of heredity at one fell swoop. Man is born into the world, little more than a mass of undifferentiated protoplasm—a creature of environment and suggestion. He owes everything to his environment, and it has been said, 'that we should be very careful in selecting our parents,' but I say we should be more careful in selecting the environment of our offspring, especially in their early infancy. First impressions are very lasting, because there is little to divert attention, and the mind dwells upon them. As we grow older, however, a thousand and one things force themselves upon our waking

one extreme to another. One moment he is ecstatic, buoyed up by hope and joy; the next sunk in grief and despair. These kaleidoscopic changes are rapid, uncertain and, in extreme cases, quite beyond the control of the individual. In fact, so common does this vibration become in the condition that he averts his eyes from it, although he may be fully aware of the injurious effect this playing with the emotions has upon his body.

"Only in their most extreme manifestations, however, do these cases come under the name of the physician—i. e., the attacks of loss of emotional control prevent the individual from mingling harmoniously in social life. Yet between marked hilarity of a group of school children, and the still more marked excesses of the hysteric or the melancholic there is little difference, save in degree.

EVERYBODY HAS A BODY NOTE.

"Pathological conditions are but perverted physiological functions. Every one has a normal body note or tone, and we often speak of the body as being in a healthy state or tone. Tones are produced by vibrations of strings, wires or tissues. We are thus naturally led to the consideration of vibration as the basis of harmony or discord and are forced to the conclusion, whether we will or no, that vibration is the law of the universe. We find perpetual motion in everything—that is, intermolecular movement of solids, constant vibrations in the earth, the air and the ether that fills the space between the celestial bodies and persistent pulsation in all that has life. In fact, movement, constant, ceaseless internal movement, is the price of life. Without it nothing could exist, for it is by movement that the waste products are cast out—stasis, 'standing,' meaning death by auto-intoxication. Not only is motion necessary to life in the vegetable and animal kingdom, but the mineral kingdom also is subject to the same law, constant alteration in the position of the molecules of solids being necessary to prevent neutralization of the power of cohesion. Attraction and repulsion are coexistent and constant everywhere. It is by this law that crystals are formed and rocks disintegrated. The force that governs these particles is magnetism.

"In considering this subject we must not lose sight of the electricity that is constantly being turned loose in the atmosphere. Electricity is only vibration in harness and is the source of much of the overstimulation from which urban dwellers suffer. Movement, wherever found, is a manifestation of energy, whatever may be its source. It is also perfectly possible, by faking thought, without any visible muscular movement, to raise the bodily temperature, for instance, in anger, a very common synonym of which is found in the phrase 'getting hot.' Such common ex-

"Muscular tissue above all tissue is very complicated. Each fiber, itself microscopic in structure, is again subdivided into a multitude of prismatic forms, to which the name of sarcomeres has been given. These may be likened to the cells of a battery, each fiber resembling a voltaic pile, the connecting nerve fibers being compared to the insulated wires that convey the currents to and from the dynamo of the brain. The molecular particles to be observed in the body of the cells and sarcomeres may be compared to the molecules of solids. It is a well-known fact that these are constantly changing their positions during cell proliferation, obedient to some law with the nature of which we are not as yet conversant. That these changes play an important part in the physical condition of the body is to be inferred from analogy and also from direct observation.

"If you have ever visited the powerhouse of any of the great street railway systems which give our city when the machinery was in full motion, you were undoubtedly impressed with the tension of the atmosphere from the escaping vibration and dazed by the whirl of the revolving machinery and obtained some idea of the mechanical influence of environment upon the body. It is not necessary to go to so much trouble, however, in order to appreciate fully the force of vibration, for if you will but lightly stop your ears with your fingers you will discover that you have a powerhouse within your own body.

HOW CERTAIN VIBRATIONS ARE DISPLAYED.

"Vibrations of the body due to the action of the heart have long been recognized and graphically displayed by means of Gordon's 'vibroscope.' This consists of a square box with hinged lid, one end of which rests on stout rubber bands or tubing. A receiving tambour is attached to the free end. If it is desired to get the relationship of these bodily vibrations two tambours are used, one to register the pulsations of the heart, while the other notes the vibratory curve. The registrations are to be made on a sliding plate attached to a tuning fork.

"If the nose and mouth are closed and tracings made of the vibrations of the inclosed air they will be seen to have the curve of the carotid. The tympanum, when intact, also registers a similar vibration, which is entirely different from the vibrating current that can be distinguished by closing the outer ear as before described. When the legs are crossed the pulse is indicated in the movement of the foot. The teeth when held lightly apart also record the pulse.

"Behind the heart and lung power, however, lie the emotions which act directly upon the heart through the pneumogastric nerve; hence the injury to the system from permitting full rein to the emotions. A typical example of this is found in the explosions of the nerv-

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ous energy in hysteria and epilepsy. Unrestrained pleasure and pain, fear, hate, remorse, grief, jealousy and rage are the keys that turn on the steam of the great Corliss engine of the body. The heart, which by its pulsations runs the central dynamo of the brain and the centrifugal of our complicated nervous system.

WHY DISCORD IS A DISEASE CONDITION.

"If the law of the universe is harmonious, discord is a pathological condition. Harmonious vibration gives health; discord, inharmonious vibration produces disease—literally, 'want of ease.' Van Der Naillen holds that 'all manifestations in nature, physical, intellectual and spiritual, are due to interference, to changes brought in the ratio of vibration of the imponderable forces of nature. If our bodies were keyed to nature's vibrations, disease could not exist, for the body as well as the material universe moves and acts on a physical vibratory plane. Being thus constructed, harmony gives pleasure and discord pain in proportion as the individual moves on a high or low plane, or, speaking in a musical sense, is more or less highly strung.

"The emotions, as we have already indicated, correspond to the keyboard; the range of tone is the limit of resistance of the protoplasm that composes the fibers, plus the extensibility given it by the influence of mind. Just as the gauge or size of the strings in a musical instrument is dependent upon the ductility of the wire, so does the quality of the protoplasm in the body mark the range of healthy vibration.

"As inharmonious or unskilled use or too long continued vibration will destroy the very best musical instrument, correspondingly discord and inharmonious will injure the body. Not only this, but these bodies of ours respond to sympathetic vibration just as do the wires of a piano or the strings of a violin when the right key is touched. How often have we felt ourselves thrilled when least expecting such manifestation—as the result of an appeal to our sympathy, the flashing on our vision of some scene that was particularly pleasing or in response to some form of physical vibration in nature. Especially does the body make swift answer to the musical

finer nature or a greater lack of recuperative force. A veritable atonement this victim makes, by reason of his atonement with the cause of the discord.

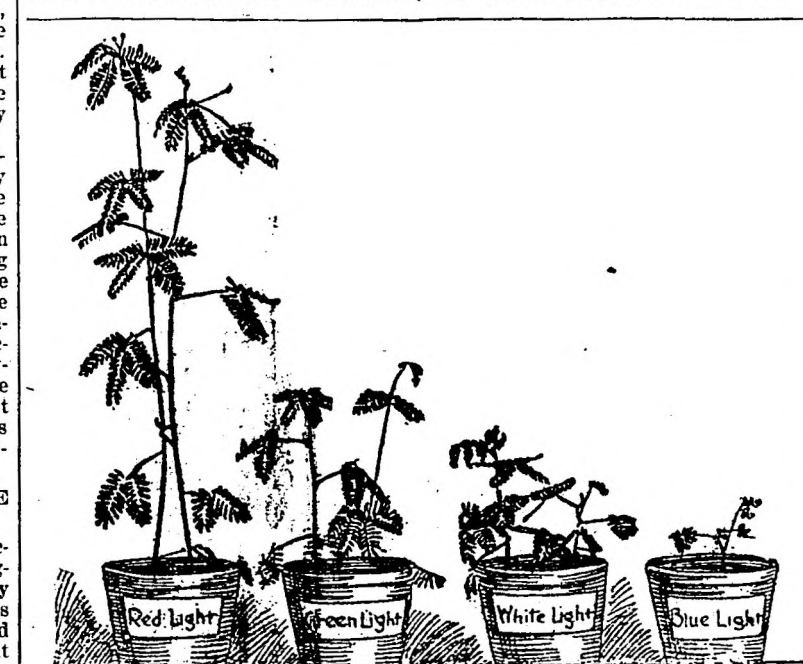
"If the guilty party is the father the vicarious sacrifice is perhaps the most beloved daughter, who catches his inharmonious vibration by reason of the nearness of their sympathies. Or it may be the wife, who, by reason of her wifely duties, is compelled to breathe in the vitiated atmosphere day and night. If she has no means of letting down the tension of the cords of her system sooner or later nature will do this for her in what we call nervous prostration. To sleep under the same covers with one who can by simple proximity jar the harmonious vibrations of another to the inducement of ill ease and even disease, may be likened to being imprisoned in a room whose atmosphere has been intentionally surcharged with poison.

HARMONIOUS EQUILIBRIUM IS HEALTH.

"If the mother is the one at fault, then the entire household suffers in proportion to the various ages and extent of confinement in the vitiated atmosphere. A worrying, fretting, stewing, discordant mother can poison the air of the home far more pestilentially than the deadliest sewer gas. There is no relief day or night; the air is positively resonant with discords. This condition in the mother need not be expressed in disagreeable, mean, showish, demeaning. It may exist under the cloak of an overmodest solicitude for the comfort and well-being of the home circle.

"This form of discord is very apt to run in families, being handed down from mother to daughter or from father to son through successive generations, a veritable physical inheritance of an inharmonious vibration. The children of such parents cry out in their innocence to the intelligent physician for relief, which he is many times powerless to give, because the very hint at the real cause of the difficulty would at once give offense and probably cause his dismissal.

"The key to the control of our bodily vibration is also the key to perfect physical health, and, according to my way of thinking, this is to be found in



EFFECT OF DIFFERENT COLORED LIGHT RAYS UPON PLANT LIFE.

note with which it is in harmony. VIBRATION AS AN ELEMENT OF LIFE.

"As the notes in the belfry responded to the voice of the watchman singing in the hours of night, so do our bodies respond to the sound of the organ pipe when that one is sounded that is consonant with the vibrations which set in motion the atoms composing it. In a corresponding degree we also respond to joy and sorrow, are moved by extremes which, if continued, will destroy reason and wreck this earthly temple.

"The question also has its domestic side. In proportion as the members of a family are sympathetic and affectionate, the inharmonious vibration of one member affects the other—the most sensitive or the one nearest in consonance suffering the most. Many times this one, himself innocent, suffers more than the guilty party, by reason of a

made it a business to produce harmony seldom suffered from melancholy or nervous diseases, but, on the other hand, were generally what might be considered healthy individuals, unless directly infected or maligned by accident. The class referred to embraces vocalists of both sexes, Episcopal clergymen and Catholic priests. In the study of melancholy it was found also that in taking the bodily note of persons suffering from the above condition they generally vibrated in a minor key, while the members of the class above referred to nearly always gave out a major chord.

"Putting two and two together we found the keynote of our melancholic patients and required them to practice from a half to an hour daily on a note that was a semitone above the one they usually vibrated. In this way we actually raised them out of a minor into a major key, and thus cured them of their melancholy.

"Experiment has amply proved that the human voice is capable of printing form upon matter as successfully and distinctly as a violin bow drawn across the edges of a plate. The discovery of this fact is due to Mr. W. H. Hughes. The experiments are conducted as follows: A hollow receiver is procured, over the mouth of which is stretched an elastic membrane. The surface of the membrane is covered with a semifluid paste of such consistency that very light impressions can be easily received.

"A singer sings against the surface of the membrane, exercising the greatest care that his notes are singularly steady and perfectly accurate. At once the musical note mirrors itself on the paste, and in the most unexpected forms. Forms of flowers, as perfect as if they were drawn, occur among the rest, these, indeed, constituting the majority of the figures. Daisies, with every petal exactly shaped, are common; lilies, equally symmetrical, are not

day to day, and in different individuals. You ask how to get it? This is not very difficult. There are many ways. The experienced operator along this line of practice instinctively feels the vibration of his patient and will unerringly adopt the correct note upon which to exercise the patient. There are, however, methods that are thoroughly scientific for obtaining the keynote of an individual. One of these is by closing the ears as before indicated and permitting the patient to hum the scale. He strikes a note that is in consonance with the note heard in his ear. When he recognizes it then have him hold it until it is found on the piano or tuning fork. Another is by permitting him to run the scale until he finds the tone that causes all of his cavities to thrill and vibrate simultaneously. He will sense it in his chest, throat, head and nose.

"Both of these methods are, however, amenable to error, in that the patient must be depended upon to determine when the note of the scale is in consonance with his bodily notes.

"Another method not open to the above objection and which is sometimes used consists in having the patient speak or hum into the recording tube of a phonograph devised by Scott and improved by Keong. The instrument somewhat resembles a phonograph, although when in use its mechanism is reversed. Instead of giving out sound it is a sound receiver. As its name indicates, it is a self-registering sound apparatus and is a modification of the drum and tuning fork arrangements so commonly in use in physical laboratories. All the waves that enter the paraboloid impinge on this membrane and throw it into vibration. On the side of the membrane next to the cylinder is attached a very fine and light style, which faithfully inscribes on the smoked paper around the cylinder the slightest motion given to the membrane. By means of a small adjustable clamp,



MELANCHOLY TEMPERAMENT AND ITS NOTES. THE SAME PERSON RAISED OUT OF HIS MELANCHOLY STATE.

rare. A change of note or of timbre will produce a miniature tree on the paste. By some slight variation impossible to estimate, the figure of a starfish will appear; another imperceptible difference of sound will produce an anemone.

PECULIARITIES OF THE SOUND IMPRINTS.

"Occasionally the vibrations—presumably owing to an unconscious augmentation of force on the part of the singer—will imprint themselves in the form of shells, beautifully voluted, the wrinkles in the scroll being so incisively indented that when photographed they appear like creases in the picture. Suddenly deserting these marine forms as capriciously as they took them up, the sounds will create ferns, suspend branches of fruit and otherwise adorn the membrane. If the vibrations of the human voice acting on inanimate matter could thus exert such a potent influence in the production of form, we reason that its influence upon the individual including it would also act to produce harmonious conditions in the body corporate, and thus music would become a potent factor in alleviating the ills of the flesh, and making the thorny pathway of life less painful.

"Psychologists have taken the matter up with varying degrees of success, depending upon their versatility and their knowledge of the subject. Following out this line of thought in our experiments, in the course of time it was found that more rapid progress was made by combining the musical treatment with a modified form of Delsarte, which may be known as harmonic gymnastics, or psycho-physical culture.

"Patients are given a regular course of physical culture, which is practiced to the accompaniment of music, and at certain stages of the course are required to intone on a note which has been specially prescribed for the case in hand. This is done by requiring the patient to take a note from the piano, pluck pipe or tuning fork, and to hold it while going through certain movements. In some instances, for instance, where it is desired to raise a patient out of a fit of despondency, he is made to inhale on tones of various musical scales, beginning, say, to inhale while sounding the musical note corresponding to G and exhale while sounding the musical note corresponding to E in the scale of C natural. This is the only perfect scale and is therefore the model for all other scales, so that when once in harmony with it the bodily keynote or scale of an individual is readily determined. It is very difficult to describe the *modus operandi* because each case is a study unto itself, and special methods have to be adopted in every case, no general rule being applicable to all cases.

NOT EASY TO GET THE KEYNOTE.

"The keynote of a patient varies from day to day, and in different individuals. You ask how to get it? This is not very difficult. There are many ways. The experienced operator along this line of practice instinctively feels the vibration of his patient and will unerringly adopt the correct note upon which to exercise the patient. There are, however, methods that are thoroughly scientific for obtaining the keynote of an individual. One of these is by closing the ears as before indicated and permitting the patient to hum the scale. He strikes a note that is in consonance with the note heard in his ear. When he recognizes it then have him hold it until it is found on the piano or tuning fork. Another is by permitting him to run the scale until he finds the tone that causes all of his cavities to thrill and vibrate simultaneously. He will sense it in his chest, throat, head and nose.

held in position by a screw, it is possible, with a second screw, to regulate at will the tension of any given point on the membrane. In this way we can obtain a record of any sonorous wave that enters the paraboloid. By this instrument we find that each sound traces out its own characteristic curve—writes out its own distinguishing autograph. Some sounds give indentations much like those of the tuning fork, while others, like those of the human voice, give rise to sinuosities of much greater complexity.

"By means of a tuning fork, which is kept in vibration simultaneously with the style, the frequency of any sound can be determined with the greatest ease and precision. The process is identical with that used in estimating the vibration of an elastic rod. We have traces of both the sounds made on the smoked paper, and knowing the frequency of the fork, we have only to count the number of sinuosities of each sound corresponding to any given distance on the paper, when a simple proportion will give us the number of vibrations made per second by the sound collected by the paraboloid and recorded by the style attached to the membrane.

HUMAN VIBRATIONS FOUND ALGEBRAICALLY.

"Let someone now sing a prolonged note into the open end of the reflector. On turning the cylinder, we have the curve peculiar to this note, and at the same time we have the sinuous line produced by the tuning fork. Let us next count the number of vibrations made by the voice for any given length of time, and suppose we find that the voice makes 180 sinuosities while the fork makes seventy. What is the frequency of the note sung, that of the fork being 100? When the fork makes seventy vibrations the voice makes 180; when the fork executes 100 vibrations the voice executes x vibrations. Putting this in the form of a proportion we have 70:180::100:x, from which we find the value of x to be 257 1/7, which corresponds almost exactly with middle C of the piano.

"In this way, unknown to the patient, his note of vibration may be obtained while he is carrying on an unembarrassed conversation, i. e., the rate of his bodily vibration will be registered on the smoked drum alongside the register of a tuning fork of known vibration and a comparison of the two lines will accurately determine his rate of vibration and from this his keynote may be obtained as above indicated.

"Empirically it is taken for granted that all patients vibrate inharmoniously; in other words, are out of tune, or they would not present themselves for treatment. There being no fixed body note that may be said to be normal, having found the keynote of a patient it is considered as abnormal and a se-

(Continued on page 62)

JUNO, OR THE NEW WOMAN.

INSPIRED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WRITTEN BY

CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

... AUTHOR OF ...

"The Discovered Country," "Mary Anne Carew, Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel," "Philip Carlisle, a Romance," "Oceanides," a Psychic Novel, Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Lord O'Donnell's eyes softened somewhat. He loved his daughter, but he thought he loved his God more. "Daughter," he said, "I am but thinking of your soul's salvation. I cannot see my children all lost. Marjery, my child, you wish to meet your mother and myself in heaven, do you not? Your present attitude toward the church and Father Antonio, a priest of the Most High, is endangering your everlasting welfare. It is my great love for you, my daughter, that induces me to consent to part with you."

The eyes of the serpent glared for an instant, with a baleful light. Would she escape him through her father's pity for his helpless daughter?

"Unless you become the bride of heaven, the Holy Virgin may not be able to protect you from the wiles of the adversary," said the priest, solemnly. "As the bride of heaven, you are safe forevermore."

"Mamma, save me! O! save me!" cried Marjery, almost hysterically. "I cannot become a nun! I will not become a nun!" she reiterated wildly; then, bursting into tears, she asked to be excused, and left the table, and the room.

The serpent within the priest's eyes wore an evil expression as he looked at the retreating form, and afterward at the door which Marjery had closed; but he kept the muscles of his face well under control. Lord O'Donnell groaned audibly. Lady O'Donnell's tears were falling fast. They both loved their children as well as most parents do. It would be very hard to part with the gentle, loving girl. She was now everything to them.

Arthur, previous to his expression of heretical opinions, had been their pride and joy. Until that awful hour, they had been a united, gay and happy family; but now everything was changed. Arthur banished, Marjery about to be compelled to take the veil, and the poor little Clarence, hardly belonging to the earth at all—and even he, poor little deformed mite, refusing to accept the rites of the holy church of God; their three children heartily disliking the priest Antonio, vice-gent of the church of Rome.

"Holy father," said Lord O'Donnell, at length, "I greatly fear that Marjery will also refuse to be shriven. I really do not know what course to take."

"There is but one way left to you, if you would save your daughter. The bridegroom stands waiting for the Bride; the arms of the Holy Mother are open to rescue her. Better she should become the bride of heaven, than a doubly doomed, vile heretic."

Lady O'Donnell cast her streaming eyes toward heaven, and Lord O'Donnell's amen was heartfelt and sincere.

They arose from the table. Lord O'Donnell gave his hand to the priest.

"It shall be as you think best, holy father," he said. "Marjery shall enter the convent and take the veil. Better to give our darling to God, than allow her to go down to destruction, as our son and heir has done."

CHAPTER XIX.

Marjery Refuses to Confess.

Marjery on leaving the dining hall, went directly to her own room, and throwing herself upon her couch, face downward, gave vent to her grief in wild hysterical sobbing, which she smothered among the downy pillows. She wept thus until her grief had spent itself in part, and then a change came over her—a peculiar change which at the time she little understood. She raised herself from the pillows. The subtle presence of another being seemed to be near her. She thought a soft ethereal hand was laid on her burning brow—a cool and soothing hand. Her brain cleared. She became calm and hopeful, and then, although she heard no audible voice, she thought a wiser being than herself talked with her. Her interior vision was opened, and she saw the radiant and beautiful form of a lady standing near her.

"Are you the bright angel lady whom Brother Clarence talks about?" asked Marjery.

"I am," breathed the lady, in soft, soothing accents, "the very same. Marjery, dear," continued the lady, "disabuse your mind of holy virgins, mothers of God, brides of heaven, and all such nonsense. Children are not born without earthly fathers. It would be impossible for such a law of nature to be broken; and now shall I reveal to your innocent mind the real purpose of Antonio the priest? He is an excellent emissary of the church of Rome; not the church of God, dear girl, but the Roman church. He stands high in the esteem of the Pope. The church desires your father's vast domains. The crafty priest holds the key to your father's and mother's hearts. For the love of God, as they think, they could be induced to give all their possessions to the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Antonio induced them to consent to your taking the veil—not the veil of chastity, as you and they now suppose—not the spotless bride of heaven, as you may think; but a poor, little wretched victim in the hands of the unscrupulous priest, Antonio. When he tires of you, and ropes in some other wealthy and beautiful young lady, he will then turn you over to others of his ilk—those, perhaps, not quite as wily as himself. You, poor child, can never make known your miserable fate. The walls of the convent are forever closed upon you. Pleadings and cries for mercy will not avail. You are securely hidden from all earthly eyes, while life remains, except those who have you in their power. Even if poor little Clarence were not to leave his body naturally, the holy fathers would assist him, for love of God and an earnest endeavor to help the All Wise, the All Powerful Supreme Being. As though such a being needed the help of a puny priest. Now, my pure, sweet child, I am an invisible being—a spirit, and being invisible and a spirit, I have more power than Antonio the priest. I know all the villainess of the Roman church, together with that of its vicereigns and priests. I am able, in many ways and at many times to circumvent them, rob them of their intended victims and restore those who have been anathematized and banished. While the Catholics are striving for temporal and earthly power and wealth, they forget the higher or spiritual powers; the invisible world of disembodied human beings who, perhaps, many of them, have been their unhappy victims on earth, while thousands of them have been robbed, anathematized and banished."

"Marjery, my dear child, there is but one course left you. Open rebellion! Be firm, my child. Do not yield. Refuse to confess to Antonio. It is through the confessional that the church and the priests gain their power. If every thought and act of one's life is laid bare to these wily vicereigns, they have the advantage of all persons thus confessing. For instance, if you confess your love for Dennis Morgan, to the priest, will he not find a way to circumvent Dennis? If you confess to him that you are to meet Dennis, this very evening, can he not inform your parents and thus hinder you from doing so? The

priest will soon summon you to the confessional. Refuse to confess to mortal man. No human being has a right to your inmost thoughts unless you choose to give them up. Be firm. Fear not. I will put words into your mouth; and, Marjery, I will save you. Believe me, and fear not."

The voice ceased. Marjery was comforted. She bathed her forehead and eyes, smoothed out her beautiful hair, and composedly awaited the expected summons. The priest usually heard Lady Marjery's confession in her beautiful boudoir; as there they were least liable to intrusion. Soon her maid came to say that the holy father awaited her there. The poor girl trembled like a leaf, but calling to her aid the invisible one, she entered the presence of Antonio.

The father confessor stood in the center of the apartment, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes cast downward, a grave, apparently devout, oily expression on his somewhat regular and rather handsome features. Up to the present time Marjery had confessed with great regularity; still she had never opened the innermost sanctuary of her soul, in regard to Dennis Morgan. The wily priest had wormed into her confidence enough to be told that they had sometimes met, by chance, and her blushes told the experienced priest the rest.

Dennis' declaration of love had been made since the last visit of the priest, and Marjery was determined that she would never confess it to him.

The holy father crossed himself devoutly, cast his eyes upward and muttered a prayer or two; then with outstretched palms he approached Marjery, who was still standing not far from the door by which she had entered the room.

"May the blessing of God and the Holy Virgin rest upon thee, my daughter," solemnly ejaculated the priest. "And now the humble servant of the Most High awaits to hear the very small sins, no doubt, which a very youthful person may have committed."

The priest now turned and lighted a small censer which stood on the hearth, that had previously been prepared; then, facing Marjery, he stood with his eyes cast down and hands clasped behind his back. Very humble and devout he looked indeed. Marjery's voice trembled a little as she said:

"Father Antonio, I have nothing to confess. I am not aware that I have committed any sins whatever. I try to do right in all things as nearly as I know how; but I refuse to tell you my thoughts; they are my own and you have no part in them."

The serpent within the eyes of the priest shot forth a wrathful glare.

"Your secret thoughts are known to the Heavenly One," said the priest, reverently; "and we, his agents, are commissioned to hear, intercede and forgive."

"If God can hear you," asked Marjery, "why cannot he hear me? Why should a young girl be obliged to tell her secret thoughts to a gentleman? It seems to me very improper indeed; and I have concluded that, under no circumstances will I ever do so again," and Marjery's eyes blazed indignantly.

"Then you repudiate the confessional?" said the priest. "Your wicked and stubborn soul stands forth boldly, inviting the evil one to enter?"

"Father Antonio," said she, "I shall cross no words with you. I will not confess, and you need not strive me; I will take the consequences of my own actions and abide by them. Good evening, sir," and she left the room with a polite courtesy to the reverend gentleman.

Now the father confessor was an entirely different person when alone by himself. When no eyes rested upon him he looked and acted as if he thought that the Most High knew nothing about priests in general or particular.

"Whew!" he said, turning on his heel and kicking over the censer. "You are a pretty tergiversant, my Lady Marjery; but you shall be tamed, my dear—you shall be tamed. I have had the taming of many a shrew much harder by nature than you, my pretty Marjery. Oh! I rather like it. It gives a little change and zest to my otherwise uneventful life. The poor little fool is really getting her eyes open; but I must take care that they are well closed again. Pooh! just as though an idiot like that could deceive me! I have been through it all dozens of times before. Just as soon as a girl is in love, or thinks she is, that girl always dislikes to confess. Yes; they steer clear of the confessional as long as possible, especially if the lover is not countenanced by her family. So now I have it, my naughty Lady Marjery. Your little, soft cooings in former confessions, about Dennis Morgan and sometimes meeting him by the merest accident, all point in one direction. O, the story is old—very old, to me. She softly coos of Dennis, and then refuses confession. That means," continued the priest, with his finger on his astute nose, "that Dennis has already made love and asked the pretty maid to marry him; and probably she intends to do so. She has not even cast a favorable eye on me. O, no. It is usually peasants and servant girls who secretly fall in love with me; or, oftener, the wife of some low, drunken brute."

"Ugh! I detest all such as fall in love with me of their own accord. A little intrigue now and then brightens life wonderfully. There is no sport equal to chasing an innocent hare to her doom."

"Yes; I will wear, for a time at least, the pretty Lady Marjery. Dunraven shall be turned over to the Romish See and I shall be the petted favorite of my superiors, whose intrigues and crimes far surpass my own."

CHAPTER XX.

The Charm Works.

When Mrs. Galeria hastily drew the curtains of her box at the theatre, Raphael Scories knew that his malignant purpose had been accomplished. The last act of the play was nearly over, so the Scories took their departure. Raphael's eagle eye noted Juno and she was assisted into her carriage, and he readily saw that the young lady was ill, or as he well knew, under a hypnotic spell.

"Now," thought he, "for a sensational report of murder, or attempted murder, to-morrow, by a young lady of the upper ten. Ah! such revenge as this is sweet—sweet beyond compare! Why, with this hypnotic power I am a God—a veritable God! I need not even go out of my regular path to accomplish any desire which I may have. Probably with this knowledge at my command, I might have won Juno easily; but I knew nothing about it at that time. Ah! Maestri is worth his weight in gold! No wonder the young men of upper tondom seek him, and they do say that he is becoming exceedingly wealthy. He don't give lessons to young ladies, so he tells me. Girls ought not to know anything about this power, else they might circumvent us. But my love for Juno has fled away. Not a vestige remains. I simply now seek revenge and power. Power! Give me power and all else may go to the winds. I will have nothing further to do with love while I live. I will marry that little silly fool, Ethel, and do as I please afterward. With this power I

can overcome any woman's will. They will all be ready, like so many dogs, to lap my hand. Married or single it will make no difference to me. I will not seek them. No; I will, by this secret power, draw them to me. They shall, or at least the ones that I desire to attract, shall follow me, and apparently I shall endeavor to shake them off; but at the same time I will hold them as a magnet holds steel. If an irate husband seeks revenge, I shall be able to show him, easily, that I am perfectly innocent of the charges against me—that I am the one followed and importuned by his wife.

"Ah! I feel as though I could control the thunderbolts of heaven; I will use this power upon men, also; make them the slaves of my wishes whatever they may happen to be. If I could kill O'Donnell, what power and sweet revenge are mine, for her scornful impertinence and flinging my heart back to me. She will murder her accepted lover. How much better than the old way of killing him, as I could have wished to, in a duel. Ah! Money and power makes a man a God!"

"Say, rather, a Devil!"

Raphael started. He could have sworn he heard a voice. But, no. It was not a voice which appealed to the outward sense of hearing, but it was as audible to the inner ear, and more so, than any outward sound.

Raphael and Grace reached home and the young man hurried to his room. That inner voice troubled him a little. He threw on his dressing gown and slippers, lighted a cigar, seated himself in his easy chair, put his feet on the table and then ruminated dreamily; and whether he actually fell asleep or not he never knew. At times he could have sworn that he did not; at others he did not feel so sure.

It was considerably past midnight, and as he dreamily ruminated, his thoughts running in the same manner as previously shown; there stood before him a strange object. At first he saw it but dimly through the tobacco smoke; but it slowly drew nearer to him, until each outline was distinctly visible; it even approached so near that its hot breath fanned his cheek—a horrible shape!

"My God!" exclaimed Raphael. "I am being hypnotized myself!"

He almost shrieked as he started up, trying to shake off the uncanny power; but it held him in an awful grip—a nightmare grip impossible to shake off.

"Sit down," said the horrible shape. "Sit down and calm yourself. Yes; you have invoked a power stronger than your own—more subtle than your own. Why, my fine fellow, you are a more infant compared to me. When you deal with fine forces, remember there are always higher and higher ones still in reserve. If you can use your power upon those weaker than yourself, what hinders me from using the same power on you, who are immeasurably weaker than I am? But I am not here to find fault with you. Oh, no! You please me, my boy. Like attracts like, you know. You wish the innocent Juno Galeria to commit murder. Well, now, murder is in my line. Just the thing that suits me best," and the creature laughed a horrible, awful laugh, and plumped himself down directly in the center of the table.

Words can scarcely describe this terrible form. As he sat himself upon the table and straightened out his writhing legs, they appeared like two serpents with half their slimy bodies partly concealed within his abdomen, that is, they were twisted and intertwined so that they formed the abdomen and intestines of the horrible wretch before him. The two heads, with their gleaming eyes and darting forked tongues, were the feet of the monster, and, as he stretched forth his slimy legs just in front of Raphael, the four serpent eyes watched him balefully. The body appeared a writhing mass of smaller serpents, like the creature's progeny. The hands were like the claws of a vulture—the claws, or fingers, being covered with gleaming stones, of various kinds, which seemed like fiery, evil eyes watching him, the rapid, clawing motion of these awful hands sending their baleful gleam in all directions. The arms were long, powerful, and gigantic in size; the neck was shaped like that of a bull, and two short, sharp, powerful horns grew out on either side of a low, retreating, hairy forehead. The hair on the monster's head was as coarse as the bristles of a wild boar and of a dull ashen hue. The large, movable ears, and bull-like neck, were covered by this bristly hair; the sunken eyes were small and gleamed with satanic fire. He had a mouth reaching from one lobe of the ear to the other, from which two long, yellow tusks protruded. The nose and profile of the face resembled those of an ape, and yet, with all its beastly and serpentine attributes, Raphael knew the creature was human—in fact, had once been a man; he knew, intuitively, that the thing was a degenerate human being, or the spirit of a human being whose life and aspirations had been such that his spirit had degenerated back into many of its primary forms. It was something horrible and awful to gaze upon; but the evil eyes of the being, together with the four snake eyes in the feet of the serpentine legs, were fixed upon Raphael with mesmeric, or hypnotic power, a power which was as resistless as it was horrible.

"Yea," said the grinning monster, "murder is just in my line. Like attracts like. Remember that, my boy. Juno Galeria has already stabbed her cousin; but Juno is as innocent as the babe unborn. You, my noble Raphael, are the murderer; consequently you and I are pals, comrades, you know. Well, now, perhaps you would like to know something about me. I lived in the time of Robespierre, and was his chief executioner. I was foremost in putting to torture all whom he wished destroyed and out of his path. I built the fires, drove the stakes and bound helpless victims to them so securely they could not move hand or foot. I worked the guillotine, thus severing thousands of heads from the bodies of those whom Robespierre sent to the scaffold; and, secretly, as I then thought, I committed a number of murders on my own account. The more I engaged in this kind of work the better I liked it. As you attract me, I attracted plenty of invisibles to myself like fish."

"Well, after a time I got into trouble with an enraged husband whose wife I had hypnotized, as I believe you now call it, and he made short work of my body, for he ran it through with his sword and then thanked God that he had put an end to such a vile wretch."

"Put an end to me!" and the monster opened his horrible mouth, filled with cruel tusks, and laughed a blood-curdling laugh. "Why, as soon as I gathered myself up, I found I had but just begun to live; for now, through the power which I knew that serpents possessed, I could charm or hypnotize whoever I wished that did not resist me. I could work more and better through those who desired to do as I had done. I could also bring the weak and ignorant to follow in my footsteps, and I could live the life I desired to live and have plenty to keep me company."

"Come, my fine fellow, shake hands," and the grinning monster extended his vulture-like claw, grasping Raphael's hand in a vice-like grip, every blazing jewel on the fingers looking like hellish eyes filled with hypnotic light.

Raphael was thoroughly mesmerized, hypnotized, or charmed with the charm which the serpent possessed; for the power dwells within a serpent to a greater extent than in any other creature, unless it be man or the spirit of man.

Raphael's eyes began to wear the same evil expression that lurked within the eyes of his coadjutor. At last he mustered courage to ask:

"Were you a good-looking man when on earth?"

"When on earth!" mocked the monster. "What an innocent fool you are. Where am I now, if not on earth? I have never left it, my pal; been on the earth every moment of my time since that rascal ran me through with his rapier. On earth? Where do you suppose I am, if not on earth? I can't put an end to spiritual beings. There would be no pleasure for me off the earth—but you asked me if I were a good-looking man when I had an earthly

body. Well, really now, comrade, the more I look at you, the more I am convinced that I resembled you as much as one chestnut resembles another. If you call yourself good-looking, why, then, perhaps you would have called me good-looking. You don't like my appearance quite as well now, do you, chucky?"

"Hardly," heavily breathed Raphael—"hardly."

"Well, now, it is just this way, partner: A spiritual being grows to look like that which it feeds upon. Bad for us, perhaps you may think; but I didn't make the law, therefore cannot be held responsible for it. If a man—for we are men just as much as we ever were, and a little more so—wants to possess the charming or hypnotic power of a snake and for the same purpose or worse, one can't blame the law which causes him to resemble that creature which he imitates. Some of your savants call it degeneracy. Well, we will not quarrel with them about terms. The spirit of a man resembles that which he loves and imitates. Now, these legs of mine are not bad when you find how powerful they are in the art of hypnotizing," and to emphasize his declaration, the monster raised his feet, which were the heads of the serpents, darted them forward with the snake movement of the two serpents his legs, rapidly ran in and out the fiery tongues, fixed the bright bead-like eyes intently on his victim as he said:

"How do you like that, my boy; how do you like that?"

"I would thank you to keep your distance."

"Better not give me much of your source," snarled the monster. "Those are legs to be proud of, in my opinion. I am sure you are trying to make yours look as near like them as you can. You might thank a fellow for helping you. Like attracts like, you know."

"Then if I keep on," said Raphael meditatively, "I shall look as you look now?"

"Well, yes; providing you become as expert. Why do you cast such reflections on my appearance? I find everything about me very useful to my purpose. When I desire to charm, or hypnotize anyone, I find my serpent legs just the things; and, as I don't need them for walking, what better use can I put them to when I wish to grasp and hold someone in my power? How about these claws? Just the things!" and the griffin worked his talons vigorously. "If I wish to tear my enemies, what more convenient than these tusks?" and he grinningly showed them from ear to ear. "Everything in nature has its use, and everything is adapted to its wants and desires. Yes; you may confidently expect to look just like me, given time enough, and opportunity."

CHAPTER XXI.

Horrible Monster Teaches Morality Without Knowing It.

"Well, now, the girl has stabbed O'Donnell. What more do you want of her?"

"Nothing," answered Raphael. "That settles our difficulty. She can retire to the moon, now, if it so pleases her. Vulgarly speaking, I have other fish to fry."

"Ah! I see. You mean wheat? Well, sir, I think you have fried and swallowed up all the little fish pretty effectually. That feeling gives a large mouth and maw," laughed the monster, gleefully; "and one needs plenty of good strong tusks to withstand the bones. The bones are the toughs, you know—the fighting opposers—those wretches who object to monopoly—those hard customers who fight against the cornering of wheat, and so forth. One must have strong teeth and a large maw to gobble them all up."

"Sir," said Raphael, "I don't know that I care to look like you, but I desire money and power more than anything else."

"Look here," said the monster; "Look at this." And to Raphael's surprise and perplexity, on the table, near the creature was a pile of gold wherein the value must have been told by millions.

"This is the stuff you want, is it?"

"It is," answered the young man.

"What will you do, pal, when you get here? You can have no use for it here."

Raphael looked a little crestfallen.

"Now, with hypnotism, which is spiritual power, it is different. That is something which you can use here."

"I need not trouble my head at present about what power I may wish to use in another life. One world at a time. That's my motto. I want money and power in the world in which I find myself now. When I get to the other world then I can look about me and choose what I may want."

"Well, partner, there's the rub," said the monster. "As you live in this world, so you will find yourself in the next. The more money and power you have, the more you will want. You grow by what you feed upon. You have already committed a murder, or, rather, two; for you would let Juno Galeria hang, and you must think she will. You are already worse than a murderer, for you have caused the innocent to shed blood. You are already guilty of two murders; and for every ten dollars you possess, some poor woman, man or child has hungered for bread of which they have been robbed by the cornering of wheat. You have robbed at least a hundred thousand people. If, at your age, you have accomplished so much, how much more you will have accomplished at the age of sixty; by that time, if you live in your body so long, you will have more money and power than you can very well take care of, then comes the change, and presto! here you are! Think you'll look much better than I do by that time? Probably, through hypnotism, you will have committed more murders and crimes of various kinds than I ever did, and you will have robbed millions of people. Don't know as I should care to be found in your company by that time. Why, you fool! I shall be a hideous monster now; by that time I shall look down at you, and consider you worse than a hideous monster. Why, sir, my serpent legs will be beautiful compared to your crocodile claws. Why, sir, I would much rather look as I do now, and still retain a vestige of humanity, than to become a bloated crocodile swallowing everything which comes in its way. Would you like to degenerate into a crocodile, my fine lad? or would you like your spirit to look like a crocodile? If you would, keep right on and you'll get there. Money and power will make that of you sooner than anything else."

"Get out! you vile beast!" exclaimed Raphael. "I don't believe anything you say. If, through money and power, I rise to the surface in this world, why should not the same law hold good in the next? What have you got that heap of money by your side for if one cannot have it where you are?"

"O! This is an illusion," answered the monster. "See!" and he waved his hand through the heap from right to left. "This gold is simply an outgrowth from my own mind. I am obliged to pack it around with me wherever I go. I tell you it's a dead weight. You see it has made me pretty crooked already? I loved money as much as you do, sir. I had to take my love with me, when that rascal ran me through, and you'll have to take your loves with you, just the same. Now, this heap of gold is not of the slightest use to me here. It won't buy food, shelter nor clothing. You notice that I have not much clothing about me, don't you? Can't buy a rag here; can't buy a house to live in; can't buy the slightest shelter of any kind. Can't buy a bite to eat; no, not if you were starving. So, what's one's money good for?"

"Well, of course," replied Raphael, who found himself talking now quite familiarly with the spiritual monster, "a spirit doesn't want or need anything to eat or drink; and I am sure I don't see why you need shelter or clothing?"

"Well, now, that's fine!" said the monster. "You're quite a reasonable chap! What do you want such things for then?"

(To Be Continued.)

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Lord O'Donnell's eyes softened somewhat. He loved his daughter, but he thought he loved his God more. "Daughter," he said, "I am but thinking of your soul's salvation. I cannot see my children all lost. Marjery, my child, you wish to meet your mother and myself in heaven, do you not? Your present attitude toward the church and Father Antonio, a priest of the Most High, is endangering your everlasting welfare. It is my great love for you, my daughter, that induces me to consent to part with you."

The eyes of the serpent glared for an instant, with a baleful light. Would she escape him through her father's pity for his helpless daughter?

"Unless you become the bride of heaven, the Holy Virgin may not be able to protect you from the wiles of the adversary," said the priest, solemnly. "As the bride of heaven, you are safe forevermore."

"Mamma, save me! O! save me!" cried Marjery, almost hysterically. "I cannot become a nun! I will not become a nun!" she reiterated wildly; then, bursting into tears, she asked to be excused, and left the table, and the room.

The serpent within the priest's eyes wore an evil expression as he looked at the retreating form, and afterward at the door which Marjery had closed; but he kept the muscles of his face well under control. Lord O'Donnell groaned audibly. Lady O'Donnell's tears were falling fast. They both loved their children as well as most parents do. It would be very hard to part with the gentle, loving girl. She was now everything to them. Arthur, previous to his expression of heretical opinions, had been their pride and joy. Until that woful hour, they had been a united, gay and happy family; but, now everything was changed. Arthur banished, Marjery about to be compelled to take the veil, and the poor little Clarence, hardly belonging to the earth at all—and even he, poor little deformed mite, refusing to accept the rites of the holy church of God; their three children heartily disliking the priest Antonio, vice-gerent of the church of Rome.

"Holy father," said Lord O'Donnell, at length, "I greatly fear that Marjery will also refuse to be shriven. I really do not know what course to take."

"There is but one way left to you, if you would save your daughter. The Bridegroom stands waiting for the Bride; the arms of the Holy Mother are open to rescue her. Better she should become the bride of heaven, than a doubly doomed, vile heretic."

Lady O'Donnell cast her streaming eyes toward heaven, and Lord O'Donnell's amen was heartfelt and sincere.

They arose from the table. Lord O'Donnell gave his hand to the priest.

"It shall be as you think best, holy father," he said. "Marjery shall enter the convent and take the veil. Better to give our darling to God, than allow her to go down to destruction, as our son and heir has done."

CHAPTER XIX.

Marjery Refuses to Confess.

Marjery on leaving the dining hall, went directly to her own room, and throwing herself upon her couch, face downward, gave vent to her grief in wild hysterical sobbing, which she smothered among the downy pillows. She wept thus until her grief had spent itself in part, and then a change came over her—a peculiar change which at the time she little understood. She raised herself from the pillows. The subtle presence of another being seemed to be near her. She thought a soft ethereal hand was laid on her burning brow—a cool and soothing hand. Her brain cleared. She became calm and hopeful, and then, although she heard no audible voice, she thought a wiser being than herself talked with her. Her interior sight was opened, and she saw the radiant and beautiful form of a lady standing near her.

"Are you the bright angel lady whom Brother Clarence talks about?" asked Marjery.

"I am," breathed the lady, in soft, soothing accents, "the very same. Marjery, dear," continued the lady, "disabuse your mind of holy virgins, mothers of God, brides of heaven, and all such nonsense. Children are not born without earthly fathers. It would be impossible for such a law of nature to be broken; and now shall I reveal to your innocent mind the real purpose of Antonio the priest? He is an excellent emissary of the church of Rome; not the church of God, dear girl, but the Roman church. He stands high in the esteem of the Pope. The church desires your father's vast domains. The crafty priest holds the key to your father's and mother's hearts. For the love of God, as they think, they could be induced to give all their possessions to the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Antonio induced them to banish and disinheritor Arthur; he will induce them to consent to your taking the veil—not the veil of chastity, as you and they now suppose—not the spotless bride of heaven, as you may think; but a poor, little wretched victim in the hands of the unscrupulous priest, Antonio. When he tires of you, and ropes in some other wealthy and beautiful young lady, he will then turn you over to others of his ilk—those, perhaps, not quite as wily as himself. You, poor child, can never make known your miserable fate. The walls of the convent are forever closed upon you. Pleadings and cries for mercy will not avail. You are securely hidden from all earthly eyes, while life remains, except those who have you in their power. Even if poor little Clarence were not to leave his body naturally, the holy fathers would assist him, for love of God and an earnest endeavor to help the All Wise, the All Powerful Supreme Being. As though such a being needed the help of a puny priest. Now, my pure, sweet child, I am an invisible being—a spirit, and being invisible and a spirit, I have more power than Antonio the priest. I know all the wiles of the Roman church, together with that of its viceregent and priests. I am able, in many ways and at many times to circumvent them, rob them of their intended victims and restore those who have been anathematized and banished. While the Catholics are striving for temporal and earthly power and wealth, they forget the higher or spiritual powers; the invisible world of disembodied human beings who, perhaps, many of them, have been their unhappy victims on earth, while thousands of them have been robbed, anathematized and banished."

"Marjery, my dear child, there is but one course left you: Open rebellion! Be firm, my child. Do not yield. Refuse to confess to Antonio. It is through the confessional that the church and the priests gain their power. If every thought and act of one's life is laid bare to these wily viceregents, they have the advantage of all persons thus confessing. For instance, if you confess your love for Dennis Morgan, to the priest, will he not find a way to circumvent Dennis? If you confess to him that you are to meet Dennis, this very evening, can he not inform your parents and thus hinder you from doing so? The

priest will soon summon you to the confessional. Refuse to confess to mortal man. No human being has a right to your inmost thoughts unless you choose to give them up. Be firm. Fear not. I will put words into your mouth; and, Marjery, I will save you. Believe me, and fear not."

The voice ceased. Marjery was comforted. She bathed her forehead and eyes, smoothed out her beautiful hair, and composedly awaited the expected summons. The priest usually heard Lady Marjery's confession in her beautiful boudoir; as there they were least liable to intrusion. Soon her maid came to say that the holy father awaited her there. The poor girl trembled like a leaf, but calling to her aid the invisible one, she entered the presence of Antonio.

The father confessor stood in the center of the apartment, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes cast downward, a grave, apparently devout, oily expression on his somewhat regular and rather handsome features. Up to the present time Marjery had confessed with great regularity; still she had never opened the innermost sanctuary of her soul, in regard to Dennis Morgan. The wily priest had wormed into her confidence enough to be told that they had sometimes met, by chance, and her blushes told the experienced priest the rest.

Dennis' declaration of love had been made since the last visit of the priest, and Marjery was determined that she would never confess it to him.

The holy father crossed himself devoutly, cast his eyes upward and muttered a prayer or two; then with outstretched palms he approached Marjery, who was still standing not far from the door by which she had entered the room.

"May the blessing of God and the Holy Virgin rest upon thee, my daughter," solemnly ejaculated the priest. "And now the humble servant of the Most High awaits to hear the very small sins, no doubt, which a very youthful person may have committed."

The priest now turned and lighted a small censer which stood on the hearth, that had previously been prepared; then, facing Marjery, he stood with his eyes cast down and hands clasped behind his back. Very humble and devout he looked indeed. Marjery's voice trembled a little as she said:

"Father Antonio, I have nothing to confess. I am not aware that I have committed any sin whatever. I try to do right in all things as nearly as I know how; but I refuse to tell you my thoughts; they are my own and you have no part in them."

The serpent within the eyes of the priest shot forth a wrathful glare.

"Your secret thoughts are known to the Heavenly One," said the priest, reverently, "and we, his agents, are commissioned to hear, intercede and forgive."

"If God can hear you," asked Marjery, "why cannot he hear me? Why should a young girl be obliged to tell her secret thoughts to a gentleman? It seems to me very improper indeed; and I have concluded that, under no circumstances will I ever do so again," and Marjery's eyes blazed indignantly.

"Then you repudiate the confessional?" said the priest. "Your wicked and stubborn soul stands forth boldly, inviting the evil one to enter?"

"Father Antonio," said she, "I shall cross no words with you. I will not confess, and you need not strive me; I will take the consequences of my own actions and abide by them. Good evening, sir," and she left the room with a polite courtesy to the reverend gentleman.

Now the father confessor was an entirely different person when alone by himself. When no eyes rested upon him he looked and acted as if he thought that the Most High knew nothing about priests in general or particular. "Whew!" he said, turning on his heel and kicking over the censer. "You are a pretty temptress, my Lady Marjery; but you shall be tamed, my dear—you shall be tamed. I have had the taming of many a shrew much harder by nature than you, my pretty Marjery. Oh! I rather like it. It gives a little change and zest to my otherwise uneventful life. The poor little fool is really getting her eyes open; but I must take care that they are well closed again. Poo! just as though an idiot like that could deceive me! I have been through it all dozens of times before. Just as soon as a girl is in love, or thinks she is, that girl always dislikes to confess. Yes; they steer clear of the confessional as long as possible, especially if the lover is not countenanced by her family. So now I have it, my haughty Lady Marjery. Your little soft cooings in former confessions, about Dennis Morgan and sometimes meeting him by the merest accident, all point in one direction. O, the story is old—very old, to me. She softly coos of Dennis, and then refuses confession. That means," continued the priest, with his finger on his astute nose, "that Dennis has already made love and asked the pretty maid to marry him; and probably she intends to do so. She has not even cast a favorable eye on me. O, no. It is usually peasants and servant girls who secretly fall in love with me; or, oftener, the wife of some low, drunken brute."

"Ugh! I detest all such as fall in love with me of their own accord. A little intrigue now and then brightens life wonderfully. There is no sport equal to chasing an innocent heart to her doom."

"Yes, I will wear, for a time at least, the pretty Lady Marjery. Dunraven shall be turned over to the Romish See and I shall be the petted favorite of my superiors, whose intrigues and crimes far surpass my own."

CHAPTER XX.

The Charm Works.

When Mrs. Galeria hastily drew the curtains of her box at the theatre, Raphael Scorsius knew that his malignant purpose had been accomplished. The last act of the play was nearly over, so the Scorsises took their departure. Raphael's eagle eye noted Juno and she was assisted into her carriage, and he readily saw that the young lady was ill, or as he well knew, under a hypnotic spell.

"Now," thought he, "for a sensational report of murder, or attempted murder, to-morrow, by a young lady of the upper ten. Ah! such revenge as this is sweet—sweet beyond compare! Why, with this hypnotic power I am a God—a veritable God! I need not even go out of my regular path to accomplish any desire which I may have. Probably with this knowledge at my command, I might have won Juno easily; but I knew nothing about it at that time. Ah! Maesto is worth his weight in gold! No wonder the young men of upper tenendom seek him, and they do say that he is becoming exceedingly wealthy. He don't give lessons to young ladies, so he tells me. Girls ought not to know anything about this power, else they might circumvent us. But my love for Juno has fled away. Not a vestige remains. I simply now seek revenge and power. Power! Give me power and all else may go to the winds. I will have nothing further to do with love while I live. I will marry that little silly fool, Ethel, and do as I please afterward. With this power I

can overcome any woman's will. They will all be ready, like so many dogs, to lap my hand. Married or single it will make no difference to me. I will not seek them. No; I will, by this secret power, draw them to me. They shall, or at least the ones that I desire to attract, shall follow me, and apparently I shall endeavor to shake them off; but at the same time I will hold them as a magnet holds steel. If an irate husband seeks revenge, I shall be able to show him, easily, that I am perfectly innocent of the charges against me—that I am the one followed and importuned by his wife.

"Ah! I feel as though I could control the thunderbolts of heaven; I will use this power upon men, also; make them the slaves of my wishes whatever they may happen to be. If I dare kill O'Donnell, what power and sweet revenge are mine, for her scornful impertinence and flinging my heart back to me. She will murder her accepted lover. How much better than the old way of killing him, as I could have wished to, in a duel. Ah! Money and power makes of a man a God!"

"Say, rather, a Devil!"

Raphael started. He could have sworn he heard a voice. But, no. It was not a voice which appealed to the outward sense of hearing, but it was as audible to the inner ear, and more so, than any outward sound.

Raphael and Grace reached home and the young man hurried to his room. That inner voice troubled him a little. He threw on his dressing gown and slippers, lighted a cigar, seated himself in his easy chair, put his feet on the table and then ruminated dreamily; and whether he actually fell asleep or not he never knew. At times he could have sworn that he did not; at others he did not feel so sure.

It was considerably past midnight, and as he dreamily ruminated, his thoughts running in the same manner as previously shown; there stood before him a strange object. At first he saw it but dimly through the tobacco smoke; but it slowly drew nearer to him, until each outline was distinctly visible; it even approached so near that its hot breath fanned his cheek—a horrible shape!

"My God!" exclaimed Raphael. "I am being hypnotized myself!"

He almost shrieked as he started up, trying to shake off the uncanny power; but it held him in an awful grip—a nightmare grip impossible to shake off.

"Sit down," said the horrible shape. "Sit down and calm yourself. Yes; you have invoked a power stronger than your own—more subtle than your own. Why, my fine fellow, you are a mere infant compared to me. When you deal with fine forces, remember there are always higher and higher ones still in reserve. If you can use your power upon those weaker than yourself, what hinders me from using the same power on you, who are immeasurably weaker than I am? But I am not here to find fault with you. Oh, no! You please me, my boy. Like attracts like, you know. You wish the innocent Juno Galeria to commit murder. Well, now, murder is in my line. Just the thing that suits me best," and the creature laughed a horrible, awful laugh, and plumped himself down directly in the center of the table.

Words can scarcely describe this terrible form. As he sat himself upon the table and straightened out his writhing legs, they appeared like two serpents with half their slimy bodies partly concealed within his abdomen, that is, they were twisted and intertwined so that they formed the abdomen and intestines of the horrible wretch before him. The two heads, with their gleaming eyes and darting forked tongues, were the feet of the monster, and, as he stretched forth his slimy legs just in front of Raphael, the four serpent eyes watched him balefully. The body appeared a writhing mass of smaller serpents, like the creature's progeny. The hands were like the claws of a vulture—the claws, or fingers, being covered with gleaming stones, of various kinds, which seemed like fiery, evil eyes watching him, the rapid, clawing motion of these awful hands sending their baleful gleam in all directions. The arms were long, powerful, and gigantic in size; the neck was shaped like that of a bull, and two short, sharp, powerful horns grew out on either side of a low, retreating, hairy forehead. The hair on the monster's head was as coarse as the bristles of a wild boar and of a dull ashen hue. The large, movable ears, and bull-like neck, were covered by this bristly hair; the sunken eyes were small and gleamed with satanic fire. He had a mouth reaching from one lobe of the ear to the other, from which two long, yellow tusks protruded. The nose and profile of the face resembled those of an ape, and yet, with all its beastly and serpentine attributes, Raphael knew the creature was human—in fact, had once been a man; he knew, intuitively, that the thing was a degenerate human being, or the spirit of a human being whose life and aspirations had been such that his spirit had degenerated back into many of its primary forms. It was something horrible and awful to gaze upon; but the evil eyes of the being, together with the four snake eyes in the feet of the serpentine legs, were fixed upon Raphael with mesmeric, or hypnotic power, a power which was as irresistible as it was horrible.

"Yes," said the grinning monster, "murder is just in my line. Like attracts like. Remember that, my boy. Juno Galeria has already stabbed her cousin; but Juno is as innocent as the babe unborn. You, my noble Raphael, are the murderer; consequently you and I are pals, comrades, you know. Well, now, perhaps you would like to know something about me. I lived in the time of Robespierre, and was his chief executioner. I was foremost in putting to torture all whom he wished destroyed and out of his path. I built the fires, drove the stakes and bound helpless victims to them so securely they could not move hand or foot. I worked the guillotine, thus severing thousands of heads from the bodies of those whom Robespierre sent to the scaffold; and, secretly, as I then thought, I committed a number of murders on my own account. The more I engaged in this kind of work the better I liked it. As you attract me, I attracted plenty of invisibles to myself like myself.

"Well, after a time I got into trouble with an enraged husband whose wife I had hypnotized, as I believe you now call it, and he made short work of my body, for he run it through with his sword and then thanked God that he had put an end to such a vile wretch.

"Put an end to me!" and the monster opened his horrible mouth, filled with cruel tusks, and laughed a blood-curdling laugh. "Why, as soon as I gathered myself up, I found I had but just begun to live; for now, through the power which I knew that serpents possessed, I could charm or hypnotize whoever I wished that did not resist me. I could work more and better through those who desired to do as I had done. I could also bring the weak and ignorant to follow in my footsteps, and I could live the life I desired to live and have plenty to keep me company.

"Come, my fine fellow, shake hands," and the grinning monster extended his vulture-like claw, grasping Raphael's hand in a vice-like grip, every blazing jewel on the fingers looking like hellish eyes filled with hypnotic light.

Raphael was thoroughly mesmerized, hypnotized, or charmed with the charm which the serpent possessed; for the power dwells within a serpent to a greater extent than in any other creature, unless it be man or the spirit of man.

Raphael's eyes began to wear the same evil expression that lurked within the eyes of his coadjutor. At last he mustered courage to ask:

"Were you a good-looking man when on earth?"

"When on earth!" mocked the monster. "What an innocent fool you are. Where am I now, if not on earth? I have never left it, my pal; been on the earth every moment of my time since that rascal ran me through with his rapier. On earth? Where do you suppose I am, if not on earth? I can't put an end to spiritual beings. There would be no pleasure for me off the earth—but you asked me if I were a good-looking man when I had an earthly

body. Well, really now, comrade, the more I look at you, the more I am convinced that I resembled you as much as one chestnut resembles another. If you call yourself good-looking, why, then perhaps you would have called me good-looking. You don't like my appearance quite as well now, do you, chucky?"

"Hardly," heavily breathed Raphael—"hardly."

"Well, now, it is just this way, partner: A spiritual being grows to look like that which it feeds upon. Bad for us, perhaps you may think; but I didn't make the law, therefore cannot be held responsible for it. If a man—for we are men just as much as we ever were, and a little more so—wants to possess the charming or hypnotic power of a snake and for the same purpose or worse, one can't blame the law which causes him to resemble that creature which he imitates. Some of your savants call it degeneracy. Well, we will not quarrel with them about terms. The spirit of a man resembles that which he loves and imitates. Now, these legs of mine are not bad when you find how powerful they are in the art of hypnotizing," and to emphasize his declaration, the monster raised his feet, which were the heads of the serpents, darted them forward with the snake movement of the two serpents his legs, rapidly ran in and out the fiery tongues, fixed the bright bead-like eyes intently on his victim as he said:

"How do you like that, my boy; how do you like that?"

"I would thank you to keep your distance."

"Better not give me much of your sauce," snarled the monster. "Those are legs to be proud of, in my opinion. I am sure you are trying to make yours look as near like them as you can. You might thank a fellow for helping you. Like attracts like, you know."

"Then if I keep on," said Raphael meditatively, "I shall look as you look now?"

"Well, yes; providing you become as expert. Why do you cast such reflections on my appearance? I find everything about me very useful to my purpose. When I desire to charm, or hypnotize anyone, I find my serpent legs just the things; and, as I don't need them for walking, what better use can I put them to when I wish to grasp and hold someone in my power? How about these claws? Just the things!" and the griffin worked his talons vigorously. "If I wish to tear my enemies, what more convenient than these tusks?" and he grinningly showed them from ear to ear. "Everything in nature has its use, and everything is adapted to its wants and desires. Yes; you may confidently expect to look just like me, given time enough, and opportunity."

CHAPTER XXI.

Horrible Monster Teaches Morality Without Knowing It.

"Well, now, the girl has stabbed O'Donnell. What more do you want of her?"

"Nothing," answered Raphael. "That settles our difficulty. She can retire to the moon, now, if it so pleases her. Vulgarly speaking, I have other fish to fry."

"Ah! I see. You mean wheat? Well, sir, I think you have tried and swallowed up all the little fish pretty effectually. That feeling gives a large mouth and maw," laughed the monster, gleefully, "and one needs plenty of good strong tusks to withstand the bones. The bones are the toughs, you know—the fighting opposers—those wretches who object to monopoly—those hard customers who fight against the cornering of wheat, and so forth. One must have strong teeth and a large maw to gobble them all up."

"Sir," said Raphael, "I don't know that I care to look like you, but I desire money and power more than anything else."

"Look here," said the monster, "Look at this." And to Raphael's surprise and perplexity, on the table, near the creature was a pile of gold wherein the value must have been told by millions.

"This is the stuff you want, is it?"

"It is," answered the young man.

"What will you do, pal, when you get here? You can have no use for it here."

Raphael looked a little crestfallen.

"Now, with hypnotism, which is spiritual power, it is different. That is something which you can use here."

"I need not trouble my head at present about what power I may wish to use in another life. One world at a time. That's my motto. I want money and power in the world in which I find myself now. When I get to the other world then I can look about me and choose what I may want."

"Well, partner, there's the rub," said the monster. "As you live in this world, so you will find yourself in the next. The more money and power you have, the more you will want. You grow by what you feed upon. You have already committed a murder, or rather, two; for you would let Juno Galeria hang, and you must think she will. You are already worse than a murderer, for you have caused the innocent to shed blood. You are already guilty of two murders; and for every ten dollars you possess, some poor woman, man or child has hungered for bread of which they have been robbed by the cornering of wheat. You have robbed at least a hundred thousand people. If, at your age, you have accomplished so much, how much more you will have accomplished at the age of sixty; by that time, if you live in your body so long, you will have more money and power than you can very well take care of, then comes the change, and presto! here you are! Think you'll look much better than I do by that time? Probably, through hypnotism, you will have committed more murders and crimes of various kinds than I ever did, and you will have robbed millions of people. Don't know as I should care to be found in your company by that time. Why, you fool! I shall be a beautiful angel compared to you. You think I am a hideous monster now; by that time I shall look down at you, and consider you worse than a hideous monster. Why, sir, my serpent legs will be beautiful compared to your crocodile claws. Why, sir, I would much rather look as I do now, and still retain a vestige of humanity, than to become a bloated crocodile swallowing everything which comes in its way. Would you like to degenerate into a crocodile, my fine lad? or would you like your spirit to look like a crocodile? If you would, keep right on and you'll get there. Money and power will make that of you sooner than anything else."

"Get out! you vile beast!" exclaimed Raphael. "I don't believe anything you say. If, through money and power, I rise to the surface in this world, why should not the same law hold good in the next? What have you got that heap of money by your side for if one cannot have it where you are?"

"O! This is an illusion," answered the monster. "See!" and he waved his hand through the heap from right to left. "This gold is simply an outgrowth from my own mind. I am obliged to pack it around with me wherever I go. I tell you it's a dead weight. You see it has made me pretty crooked already? I loved money as much as you do, sir. I had to take my love with me, when that rascal ran me through, and you'll have to take your loves with you, just the same. Now, this heap of gold is not of the slightest use to me here. It won't buy food, shelter, nor clothing. You notice that I have not much clothing about me, don't you? Can't buy a rag here; can't buy a house to live in; can't buy the slightest shelter of any kind. Can't buy a bite to eat; no, not if you were starving. So, what's one's money good for?"

"Well, of course," replied Raphael, who found himself talking now quite familiarly with the spiritual monster. "A spirit doesn't want or need anything to eat or drink; and I am sure I don't see why you need shelter or clothing."

"Well, now, that's fine!" said the monster. "You're quite a reasonable chap! What do you want such things for then?"

(To Be Continued.)

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1898.

A THOUGHT.

God made all this mighty universe, sun, moon and countless millions of stars; he clothed the earth with verdure, filled the woods with beasts and birds, ah, and snakes, too, filled the waters with fish, and completed his mighty enterprise, including the making of man, in six days. So the Bible teaches us. The task was a magnificent one, and it shows God's wonderful power.

Some 2,600 years after the completion of his work of old, the Lord called Moses to ascend Mt. Sinai, as he had something of importance to communicate to him. Let Moses tell the story: "I abode in the mount forty days and forty nights, I neither did eat bread nor drink water; and the Lord delivered unto me two tables of stone, written with the finger of God."—Deut. 9:9, 10.

In the 14th verse it is stated that the tables of stone were given "at the end of forty days and forty nights." The first pair Moses broke to pieces when he saw that Aaron had made a golden calf, an imitation, of course, of the bull Apis they had worshipped while in Egypt, so Moses had to make God another visit on Mt. Sinai to get a new set of tablets. He spent another forty days and forty nights, and God made him have the tablets on that occasion, supposed to be a sort of penalty for his getting mad and smashing things.

What worries us is: Did it require God forty days to make these tablets? If a less time, how long was he employed? Does not the consumption of so much time on these tablets suggest that there was a great falling off in the speed of workmanship in the two jobs?

GOOD SENSE FROM THE PULPIT.

Rev. Minot J. Savage, of New York, in the Church of the Messiah, in a recent Sunday discourse, said some things in regard to the Bible worth considering. The New York Bible Society had asked the clergymen of the city to make "The Word of God" a subject for a sermon. They wanted all the churches of the city to assist in placing it in the hands of those who were hungering for it.

The Reverend Doctor Minot was anxious to know if that society was really in possession of the "Word of God," published and bound so it could be distributed. He went on to say "Neither the book nor its writers claimed infallibility; and the claim it was some came from outside parties." And then:

"I believe there is nothing in all the world to-day so stands in the way of religious progress as does the prevailing orthodox view of the Bible. Why? Demonstrate a truth ever so clearly to-day and the world will not accept it. Why? Because there happens to be a text that is not in agreement with it. What is the authority of the texts? Why, the ministers and the New York Bible Society are all the time telling people 'This text in that book is the Word of God,' so while they are speaking to the 19th century people they are not listening, because the deliverance is not in accord with some text handed down to us from two or three thousand years ago, uttered by nobody knows whom, nobody knows when, nobody knows where. . . . One text in that Old Testament says that the Israelites on thousands of poor, simple-minded, deluded women. Why? Because an anonymous old Jewish legislator said, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.' He did not tell what a witch was, he did not prove there was such a thing, but on the strength of that text he was putting innocent and deluded women to death. A text defiled! An ignorant text, an anonymous text, a text growing out of the barbarism of the world! 'Only a little while ago in Scotland the ministers and churches were fighting against the use of ether in childbirth, because some ignorant old Hebrew thought it was the devil, and that condition were the penalty for the sin of Eve in the Garden of Eden, and it was wicked to interfere with God's punishments. In the Middle Ages it was wicked for any one to study the laws of nature. Why? Because the minute one began to study he found out facts which did not agree with the Old Testament traditions, therefore it was wicked to be wise.'"

THEIR "SPUR" IS GONE.

Bishop Foster of Buffalo, in speaking of church affairs at the Methodist Conference in Boston last week said: "The fault of the modernists is laziness. They have no more of the old-fashioned 'spurs.' All they need is a spur."—Kansas City Star.

Hell has been the "spur" of the Methodists. Have they dropped it out of their creed?

Eighteen hundred and sixty-nine years ago, according to popular belief, based on Bible chronology, the Savior of the world, a God in fact, was making his way to Jerusalem. According to John he had just performed his first miracle at Cana of Galilee; then he went to Jerusalem, taking Capernaum in his route. When nearing the great city he directed two of his disciples to enter a village, where they would find an ass tied and a colt with him. "Loose them," said Jesus, "and bring them to me. If any man object say, 'The Lord hath need of them.'"

So the ass and colt were brought, on which the disciples put their clothes and sat Jesus thereon, while the multitude spread their garments in the way and others cut branches from the trees and strewed them in his path, shouting Hosanna to the son of David. Reaching Jerusalem this Jesus entered the temple, cast the money changers out, and upset their tables. Rather a humble affair, and a rude beginning for what Christians claim is to end in universal empire.

Let us see again! It was only a few days after the King of Germany, William III., professedly a devoted worshiper of this man who rode an ass and colt into Jerusalem, made his appearance there, and was welcomed by thousands. Let the associated press dispatch of October 30 tell the story:

"The approach of the German imperial majesties to the city yesterday was made through triumphal arches and amid banners, garlands and ever-growing crowds, displaying in every way their enthusiasm and delight. The formal entry through the Jaffa gate was heralded by the roar of guns at the city, and the Turkish band played the German anthem."

"From the Tower of David Emperor William and Empress Augusta Victoria proceeded on foot, amid wild cheering, to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where they were received by the Catholic, Greek and Armenian clergy, whose patriarchs presented addresses, eulogizing the devotion of Emperor William, who has since conferred decorations on the patriarchs. Their majesties then proceeded to the German Evangelical Church, where the pastor presented an address."

"At 6 o'clock in the evening a reception was held at the German consular, and later there a general illumination of the city with a display of fireworks."

Such was the splendid reception of the servant. The other was that of the Master.

But the German emperor was not pleased with his reception. True, he did not show his anger by kicking over the tables of the money changers, nor lash those who did not render him homage, but he did hasten away from the sacred city, and the reports said: "The reason for the early return is due to chagrin that the royal pilgrimage should have attracted so little attention."

From Beirut, Syria, November 8, on his way home, the press dispatches said:

"Emperor William is much displeased over several jarring incidents of his trip to Jerusalem. The reply of the Vatican to his notification of rights acquired at Mount Zion is considered extremely curt, while on all important occasions the French consul-general attended in order to assert France's guardianship of holy places."

The staff correspondent of the Chicago Record, writing from Berlin, November 29, said:

"In private conversation, a number of times since his return from the East, the Emperor has expressed his dissatisfaction with his Oriental trip, and especially with what he saw in Palestine. He declares he is disgusted with the discord among the sects in Jerusalem. Their bickering over the holy places is suicidal."

It will be remembered that the Sultan of Turkey presented to the Emperor the whilom residence of the "mother of God." This, with a plume, the Emperor, in charge of the Pope at Rome, as a compliment to his own Catholic subjects; but it seems the gift was not appreciated, because there were several other places where the virgin mother had resided, and the king is "mad about it."

SECRETARY HODGSON'S REPORT.

Mr. Hodgson should be praised for his persistent research under the auspices of the Psychological Society. He investigated the claims of the celebrated medium, Mrs. Piper, while she was in England, and when she returned to America, followed after to complete his "researches." In all he held with her some 500 sittings! That ought to have been sufficient for convincing him one way or another, and it has. He was away off at the beginning and thought it might be something else than spiritual agency. There was the subconscious self, and electricity, and a consensual of causes which might be found to ape intelligence. So he plodded on and stopped for a time at the wayhouse of thought transference. He soon was knocked out of there. It was not telepathy. He more and more was convinced it could be nothing else but spirits, yet he hedged and doubted and expressed himself generally. At last, after years of investigation and a most voluminous report to the learned society, he comes out and squarely affirms that the intelligences communicating are what they purport to be!

Most wonderful discovery! Just what was discovered fifty years ago and demonstrated every day since that time!

There is not a Spiritualist who could not give facts from personal experience that would silence the claims of any and every theory put forth from "involuntary muscular action" to "telepathy."

Now that Mr. Hodgson has won fame by his 500 sittings, and his conclusion that Spiritualism is Spiritualism, let him turn his attention and he may make the discovery that the sun rises and sets!

RESIGNED.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, the successor in the Plymouth Church of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, has resigned his pastorate, giving as a reason impaired health. He is a man of great ability, with too much brains to believe Jonah spent three days in a whale's belly, and then was vomited out alive on dry land. The story too much resembles the late Mulhatten's exaggerations to gain his credence, even if it is in the Bible.

AN INDORSEMENT.

She—What do you think of the minister's expression of the belief that the world would soon come to an end? He—Was rather inclined to think it would before he got through with his sermon.—Boston Courier.

FACTORS IN SPIRITUALISM.

Spiritualism has many strong factors or elements which unite in correlated action to bring success, and but for which our modern movement could hardly have won its way against the pride and bigotry embodied in the united hosts of so-called science and so-called Christianity.

To-day Spiritualism is capturing the honest scientists of the world, and it is an accepted and acknowledged fact that the churches are becoming spiritualized—saturated with Spiritualism.

The scientist has been convinced and converted by scientific investigation, and the church member by spirit demonstration.

It is a beautiful element of strength to Spiritualism that it is in consonance of harmony with the sweetest and dearest wishes and hopes of the human heart, ever longing to be assured of the continued life of loved ones beyond the mystic veil of what is called death.

The heart of the mother, the father, the child, bereft of the loved physical presence, longs to be assured that death does not end all, and that, by and by, they shall be reunited.

The church has nothing in the way of proof—nothing but faith in a creed which demonstrates nothing, proves nothing. True there may be a degree of satisfaction, comfort and consolation, in a settled belief in such reunion in another world. But even such firm faith falls far short of actual demonstration by real spiritual phenomena.

Herein the church is powerless, utterly impotent, having no evidence to substantiate its belief in immortality.

But wherein the church is weak, Spiritualism is mighty. Spiritualism possesses more than faith; it has knowledge, based on positive demonstration of intelligent spirit existence and power. Herein Spiritualism meets the heart's longings and the intellect's demand for proof; and this makes Spiritualism strong with an undying strength. Hence it is no matter for wonder that Spiritualism is spreading inside the churches—for church members have the same human hearts and longings that Spiritualists and others have. Human nature is of the same essential quality in the church and outside of it.

It is another factor of success to Spiritualism, that we are not compelled to go to any kind of a long, potentate, priest or pope, for proof of continued life in a spirit world; but every household or family may have the proof for itself, within its own sacred precincts. There is no necessity to run after this or that prophet of wonderful prestige—we can have the full and satisfactory evidence within the confines of our own hearts, "without money and without price," and free from the shady trickeries of fakirdom.

We can enter into communion with the spirit world in the midst of the healthful influences of our own firesides, and there gain pure and positive demonstration of the continued life and presence of those who have passed into the world invisible which "surrounds us like an atmosphere."

Thus can the bereaved heart find consolation, help and strength, which no mere "faith" can impart. The star of faith is lost to sight in the brighter light of the full-orbed sun of Knowledge, sending forth its life-giving rays of goodness, reaching into the depths of human hearts.

Spiritualism alone possesses this distinguishing principle, this potential factor of success; and by it will the world be conquered.

As the demonstrative light of spirit return enters into the churches, the devil of human dogmas and beliefs are compelled to depart, displaced by the broader and sweeter truth and knowledge brought by Spiritualism.

Some Spiritualists fear the churches will swallow Spiritualism. The more Spiritualism they swallow, the better. When they shall have swallowed the whole of it, they will have become spiritualized, and the churches and their old dogmas will be dead and buried beyond resurrection. To that end the heaven is working.

Quiet family circles are contributing to this result, and may contribute, more than any other means of spiritualistic evangelization. Far more powerful and effective than harsh denunciation, and of more monotonous and tacking dogmatic idols, the family circle wins its way by appealing to the heart's dearest instincts and the sacred love embodied in the deepest, purest, highest and noblest elements that combine to form and glorify best humanity. To this should be added the important auxiliary embodied in Spiritual literature, including books, pamphlets, tracts, and the Spiritualist newspaper with its weekly visits, bringing fresh essays and discussions on vital subjects; these are the things Spiritualists must not forget in devising ways and means to help the cause, locally and generally.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

To the Editor:—I am in my 86th year. I am paying these subscriptions (\$5), hoping they will be prolonged by these dear ones when I shall have passed to the other side, which cannot be far off. Wishing you great success in the noble work you are doing, I will say good-by for the present.

MRS. ROBERT SEMPLE.

Marcellon, Wis.

This lady, nearly 90 years of age, feels an interest in Spiritualism, hence sends The Progressive Thinker to others, hoping they will continue their subscriptions after she has passed over. How few Spiritualists take a Spiritualist paper of any kind—not one out of a hundred. Many of them could be induced to subscribe for The Progressive Thinker if their attention is once called to it.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

In another place in this issue, under the title of "General Aguirre," is an article from the pen of an educated Filipino sojourning in the United States, that deserves a wide reading. The situation in the Philippine Islands cannot be well understood without a knowledge of these facts.

Those islands contain a population of over 8,000,000, considerably more than double the population of the United States at the time of our revolt from Great Britain. Our ancestors ventured all the calamities of the protracted war, rather than pay an unjust tax levied on foreign importations. The Filipinos revolted from priestly rule, priestly usurpation, priestly brutality, priestly tyranny. Every liberal the world over must sympathize with that people, and hope their freedom from the rule of a government their rights will end, and priestly control will end.

SUBLIMATED-MATERIALITY.

All the most ardent Spiritualists claim for his belief is, that some fifty years ago a method was devised by the spirits of those who had died, to communicate their wishes to mortals; that they began with rapping and the use of the alphabet, and subsequently have developed more perfect methods.

A knowledge that the spirits of the dead survive the destruction of the material body is as old as human history, but the means of communicating with the mortal is substantially a modern experience.

Paul claimed that an immortal life was first revealed by the death and resurrection of Jesus. This resurrection of the material body was an Egyptian faith, entertained thousands of years before the Christian era. Embalming the dead was only a device to save the body from decay, until the expiration of 5,000 years, when it would be again animated with life.

The opinion that a body once dead is always dead probably universally prevails with Spiritualists and with most churchmen at this time. The immortal part, that which survives the death of the body, is esteemed a sublimated matter of matter, immaterial only to our grosser natures.

Near forty years ago the writer inquired of what purported to be the spirit of a friend: What is spirit? Promptly came the response:

"Describe to me the appearance of the aroma exhaled from a bed of flowers, as it appears to your visual organs, then I will have language to describe a spirit. The sensation on the olfactory nerves in the presence of a rose assures you of its existence, but that odor which you know is real is oblivious to all your other senses. The spirit freed from the body is still a material substance, as is the aroma of flowers, then I will have language to come within range of your material senses; and yet it lives, thinks, feels, loves and remembers as in earth life, and with favorable surroundings is able to communicate with those still clothed with mortality."

How could we ask more?

IMMORTALITY.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well! Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us; 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter And intimates eternity to man.—Addison.

"WHO WROTE THE BIBLE?"

The Christian World, a religious publication of England, says at the Birmingham Board School, to the question, "Who wrote the Bible?" came a multiplicity of answers, among which were "David," "Shakespeare," "Mr. Jowett," and "Mr. Cadbury." The paper seemed to intimate that the teaching was defective in that Boarding School, and made mirth of the answers.

Now we will wager our hope of a safe passage through St. Peter's gate against a last year's bird's nest that the editor of the Christian World would be as wide from the truth as were the juveniles were he to answer the question. There is not a single book in the Bible whose authorship is positively known. The assertions, "according to Matthew," "according to Mark," "according to Luke," "according to John," do not furnish the name of the writer, but it pretends to give the source of the information on which the book was founded.

Christians have determined for their own delectation, that Moses wrote the Pentateuch; but if so he was the first and last author who has given an account of his own death, burial and obsequy. There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face." They claim David wrote the Psalms; that the alleged prophets wrote the several books bearing their names; and that Paul wrote the Epistles; but critical scholars have controverted each of these claims, and have given plausible reasons for opposing the generally received opinion, which are satisfactory to multitudes of honest and impartial investigators.

PRIESTS RULE.

An English paper says a priest, in an Austrian town, was carrying a cross. A Protestant passing neglected to remove his hat. The populace, at the instance of the priest, became an infuriated mob, and threatened the life of the thoughtless offender. The civil authorities rescued the unfortunate, and sentenced him to three days' imprisonment, while the wicked culprit maintained he had no idea of committing an offense.

It was by acts of a like character ever since they gained control of the popular will, the priests have maintained their power, and have built up their worship, and their worship, in all Catholic countries the soulless wretches have their feet on the necks of the prostrate people. To-day, with crocodile tears, they beg us to reverence a crucified God; to-morrow they demand his worship as a right, then torture and slay those who do not heed their will. Thus power is gained and perpetuated.

DIRECTED BY GOD.

Jesse D. Barrett, indicted by the Grand Jury, at Anderson, Ind., a few days ago for the murder of Frank McFall. Says the news dispatch:

"Barrett went to Alexandria for the purpose of killing his man and shot him in his door. It is said Barrett is insane over religion and thinks he is personally directed by God, and that he committed the murder under this hallucination."

There are many who will not allow a person who uses intoxicants to remain in his employ, giving as a reason, and a very correct one, when frenzied by drink, the weight is likely to render his best friend at any moment. From the multitude of homicides constantly occurring by religious cranks, are they not just as dangerous, perhaps more so, than are the bacchanals who indulge in potations until reason is gone, then murder friend or foe alike, pretending to serve God?

Mediumship. A chapter of Experiences. By Mrs. Mark M. King. Price 10 cents.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Some Excellent Results.

"UP AGAINST SOMETHING"—THE MYSTERIOUS SOMETHING AT AN ATHEIST'S HOUSE.

"We've got something down at our house that stumps me," said Mr. Matt Semple to a Republican reporter yesterday. "Come down this evening and look into it."

Mr. Semple, it is well known, is a "disbeliever," "death ends all," in his opinion, and his views are shared by Mrs. Semple. All the same the latter has developed powers that are declared by some people to be mediumistic.

A reporter visited the Semple residence last night, in company with half a dozen others. An ordinary deal table was produced for use in connection with the phenomena. It was submitted to critical examination—turned upside down, shaken, hammered—it was evidently a simple and ordinary table. On it was spread a table cover, and the company gathered about, hands tightly placed on the table. In a minute or two raps that sounded most like the concussion of a finger tip with the covered table surface, were produced, coming from a point somewhere in the vicinity of Mrs. Semple's hands, but at times seeming to roam over the table as far as its center.

The signal code was explained by Matt, who took occasion to state that while the proceedings were altogether contrary to his tenets of belief, he acknowledged that he was "up against something he didn't understand." A succession of rather vigorous raps, and a series of peculiar ones, announced, so the medium (if Mrs. Semple will permit that term) said, the presence and desire of Will, Mr. Semple's deceased brother, to talk, and talk he did. He gave full scope to his astral powers, and the medium's answers rendered what may be extremely valuable political information. Partisanship undoubtedly extends into the "over yonder," and Mr. Will has still a predilection for socialistic ideas; at any rate his answers predicting Republican

In order to reach a class of new readers we will send the paper for 3 months for 25 cents, and also send free of charge the back chapters of that remarkable story, "Juno, or the New Woman," written by that remarkable spirit, Charles Dickens, through the mediumship of Carlyle Petersilea, of California. The story will interest you. You should read it. It has been running for several weeks in The Progressive Thinker, yet all new 3 months subscribers, as well as all new yearly ones will get the back chapters free, if they subscribe soon.

WORK PROPOSED

By the National Young People's Spiritualist Union.

A short time ago while talking with one of our prominent Spiritualists, I stated that "One of the greatest mistakes made by Spiritualists is, they don't encourage the young people." "Oh, you are mistaken," she replied. "We do encourage them to come and join with us. We invite them to be present and participate in our discussions and to take an active interest in our work."

"Yes," I stated, "in so far you do encourage them, but the young people do not enter into active interest in your line of work; they do not as a rule take very great interest in scientific lectures, not having yet reached that standpoint. They want something more suited to their years, and unless they are encouraged in a manner more suitable to them they will join other organizations."

Look into our societies to-day. The question is asked, "Where are the young people?" The general reply is: "We have no young people." Why? Because the young people go to the orthodox churches where they have young people's societies, and where affairs in general are brought down more to their standpoint. You cannot put old heads on young shoulders. They don't fit, and if you want to interest the young people, and get them to take an active interest in your society, they must be provided for in a manner suited to their years. To provide for this, and all a long felt want, the National Young People's Spiritualist Union has been organized. This Union has been formed entirely by the young people themselves, aided by the advice of many, and the work is intended to be carried along suitable lines.

In brief, we want to bring our young people into closer business and social relationship—to form an organization by which the views of our leading young people can always be promptly made relative to matters involving our general interests, and by the aid of this organization, to adopt ways and means to promote the mutual interests of its members individually, and of Spiritualism and humanity generally.

We want to get the young people acquainted with each other, as at the ages of sixteen to forty they seek each other's company more than at other times, and therefore, in the model constitution proposed for local unions weekly meetings have been provided for, during which time we hope not only to extend their acquaintanceship, but also to have these meetings prove interesting and educative.

The first meeting of each month will be devoted to business, especially in providing for the course of meetings for that month. And in order that they may always be conducted along lines of strictly business principles, one meeting each month is devoted to a study and practice of parliamentary procedure, and this practice being extended to the conduct of the business meeting we have practically two parliamentary meetings a month. This is an age of conventions, clubs and general organizations, and we need to be educated regarding the manner of presenting and disposing of questions brought before deliberative bodies.

Young people must have festivities and amusements, and one meeting each month is devoted entirely to social affairs, which will give the members a chance to become better acquainted, and bring them into closer harmony with each other.

In order to enlighten our members in the cause of Spiritualism, one meeting each month is devoted to "Literature," at which meeting it is proposed that each member will present some paper, or make a few remarks relative to some of our authors, or special workers in Spiritualism, by the introduction of some special or medium remarks concerning a particular phase of mediumship or principle of Spiritualism, discussions upon the general literature of Spiritualism, etc., etc., the outlines of this series of meetings being provided for by the various committees appointed during the monthly business meeting.

We know that the pocketbooks of the young people are generally rather empty, there being more demands made upon the contents than the supply warrants or can keep pace with, therefore the dues have been placed at the lowest limits, ten cents per month for the local unions and the annual dues for the National are fifty cents.

The question has been asked many times, "In what way will the local unions be benefited by the National? What benefits will they derive by joining the National?" The advantages are many, although I have space here to recount but a few. Primarily, the work of the National is to foster local, and get them started, and every instance where a local union is organized through the efforts, influence, and encouragement of the National, directly or indirectly, it is a great work accomplished, and in a considerable degree benefits all alike. Then when these unions are formed its members feel they are "somebody" when they belong to the "National" and have its charter framed and hung upon the wall of their club rooms. It acts as a constant impetus to further their work. And by having this central organization the ideas and principles carried out by the various locals can be gathered together and each union receive the benefit of the experience of the others. Each member of a union should have a printed copy of the constitution and by-laws of their union. This would be too expensive for the local to have printed, but if all the unions are carried out along the same lines, the National organization can afford to have a lot of these printed and furnished free to the members of its local unions.

The National has adopted an official paper, the subscription price of which is placed exceedingly low (60 cents annually), by means of which the workings of the different unions may be communicated to one another. In this paper the officers of the National Union will, each quarter, report what they have done during the preceding quarter and will also announce, so far as possible, the work to be carried out during the coming quarter. We hope also to publish in each issue of this paper a list of all the unions enrolled, date of their meetings, names of the presidents, and secretaries, and place of meeting. This will enable members of the different unions to know where the various unions are, and thus stimulate and encourage exchange of visits from members of the various unions.

We also hope, by having annual conventions, to induce the young people of the various unions, or individual members where there are no unions, to gather together and exchange thoughts and promulgate ideas which will be to our mutual advantage and benefit. These conventions will be carried along the same lines possible and to which only young people between the ages of sixteen and forty will be eligible to enter into its formalities and entitled to its privileges. The reports of its officers will be published in advance, in its official paper, together with a general presentation of the work to be done. This will give the delegates an opportunity to discuss of some important problems with their union, and thus come prepared to act, without having important issues sprung upon them on the spur of the moment. Of course some questions may arise during the convention which are unforeseen, but as far as possible the general features to be presented will be previously announced.

We believe that our work carried along these broad lines will prove most valuable, and we ask the encouragement of all in starting these unions in connection with your societies, and we feel assured the venture will prove an exceedingly profitable one. Encourage the Young People's Union and they will bring new life into your societies, and give it an impetus that nothing else will.

Copies of the constitution of the National Union, or of the model proposed for the locals, will be sent by the secretary, Miss Anna M. Steinberg, 500 Twelfth street, N. W., Washington, D. C., upon receipt of application, and to those contemplating the organization of a local union a liberal supply will be forwarded.

Any information required regarding this union will be cheerfully furnished, and all efforts made to start and foster local Young People's Spiritualist Unions in every place where the young people can be gathered together.

I. C. I. EVANS, Pres. N. Y. P. S. U. 1352 1/2 B. St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

WILL THE PEOPLE FOLLOW?

"There is a general tendency toward among Protestants. They took the first step in this direction when they united the church with the civil powers, and every religious law made by the State is an additional step in the same direction. If making laws and laws Protestants render special homage to Rome; for they are thus elevating and enforcing an institution which rests solely on the authority of the Catholic church."

Thus reasoned H. P. Hosier, quoted in the Truth Seeker. Who will care to controvert his position?

THE KEY-NOTE.

(Continued from page 1.)

Experiments are begun in changing the rate of vibration and carefully noting the effect. When a change is found to be beneficial it is persisted in until its efficacy has been exhausted, when another change is made and so on until the pathological symptoms have all disappeared.

THE AIDS OF ELECTRICITY AND COLOR.

"Harmonious sounds are not, however, used to the exclusion of other means. The different forms of electricity, with their now well-known variations, are fully employed as indicated. But most common of all is the electro-therapeutic and electro-solar bath. The latter is the modern application of the old sun bath, with different colored glasses. In this instance colored glass globes in the form of a series of incandescent lights are substituted for the varicolored panes of glass formerly used. A very elaborate electrotherapeutic cabinet is used, with four rows of incandescent lights, one white, another red, still another blue and the fourth green. It has been found by experimentation that a red bath is stimulating, a blue bath quieting, and a green bath depressing. These are used alternately as indicated in treatment.

"Bearing upon this point a very interesting line of experiments was conducted by the well-known French physician, Camille Flammarion, at the agricultural and climatological experiment station at Juvigny, indicating plainly the effect of different colored light upon plants. The result is of special value, practically and theoretically, to us as well as to plant physiologists and climatologists.

"It has been clearly shown by the various experiments that ordinary colorless light is represented by natural sunlight, because only light of this kind is health and natural growth reign. Colored light, according to the particular color used, causes either one-sided acceleration or retardation of development of the plant.

PRACTICAL EFFECTS OF COLORED LIGHTS.

"In his most interesting experiment Flammarion adopted the plan of exposing sensitive plants (mimosa sensitiva), which he raised from the seed, to different colored light. These plants are specially sensitive to the effect of light and to touch and were, therefore, well adapted for Flammarion's experiment.

"He planted a number of seeds and the seedlings, after they reached the height of about one inch, were planted in pots in pairs and placed in a hot-house, where each pot received the same quantity of light and even temperature prevailed, so that the plants were subjected to the same conditions. But the experimenter placed over some of the plants bells of green, red or blue glass, while others received the sunlight through the plain glass of the hot-house window.

"The effect of the colored light was soon perceptible in the development of the plants and the more they developed the plainer this difference became, until, at the end of two months, the plants under the red glass were sixteen inches high, those under the green glass measured only five inches, and those under the blue only one inch, while the plants that had been left in the colorless light were four inches high.

"The red light forced the plants most, for those subjected to it blossomed five weeks after the seeds were planted, and the stems were much longer than the stems of the other plants. The difference between them and those exposed to the blue light was most marked. The leaves of the latter were pale, poor in chlorophyll. But the plants themselves seemed healthy and sturdy. They had gained nothing in height since they were placed under the blue glass. Therefore, it was proved that the blue light was not only an impediment, but an actual injury to vegetation. The effect of the red light was noticeable, not only in the growth of the plants, but also in their sensitiveness, for even the slightest touch, a breath, was enough to cause the leaves to close and the little stems to droop. The plants exposed only to white light were not so easily affected, and those raised under blue glass were not at all sensitive. Those raised under white light must be considered normal. They were more stocky and showed a greater tendency to bud, but the buds did not open.

"The different influences of blue and green upon plant and animal life may be accounted for on the ground of the absence of chlorophyll in the animal organism and its presence in the plant. "It is interesting to note in this connection that, while green light seems more stimulating to plant life than either white or blue light, in its action on the animal organism, the reverse is true, and green is more depressing than blue. The different influences of blue and green upon plant and animal life may be accounted for on the ground of the absence of chlorophyll in the animal organism and its presence in the plant. Not only this, but the different shades of green act differently. The shades of green most common in spring foliage being most depressing to man, which may account for the prevalence of spring fever, so-called, in the spring of the year.

DEPRESSION NEEDED IN SOME CASES.

"It is not to be considered that because green is depressing, however, it is necessarily injurious to the human organism. In many cases the depression is just what is needed, especially in those cases where the bodily tension is high—those cases where the bromides would be administered in general practice.

"The use of color in the form of clothing in the treatment of insane patients is adopted with marked success. As succinctly related by a recent writer, 'clear delicate blues are found to exercise a sedative or calming effect even upon those suffering with very violent manias. Yellows are exceedingly efficacious in combative melancholia or extreme depression. Scarlet and vivid reds will raise the drooping spirits of many depressed and mentally disordered individuals. Bright, tender, springlike greens will cause life to take on a new aspect and become worth living to insanity victims with suicidal tendencies. Violets are soothing, browns and grays are distinctly effective, while black is distinctly and generally bad. Some insanity experts even go so far as to forbid the attendants upon their patients to wear black at any time.

"In addition to the modified Desferre and other physical methods, suggestion is more or less extensively used in the handling of patients, a sort of psycho-physical culture, using the physical exercise as a means of administering the suggestion. For example, with the use of the red light, both the idea of life, force and stimulation is strongly held forth. With the blue bath quiet and rest are presented, and the patient's mind is led to dwell on the blue

idea and thus are so fast and sure for the cure of many cases of insanity.

"Great stress is laid upon proper methods of breathing and a thought is given with every exercise, tending to re-enforce the benefit received from the exercise by the mental attitude of the patient toward the experience through which he or she is passing, and by thus strengthening faith in the means employed for cure, build up hope, and hasten and insure final recovery."

Dr. Lillian J. Nuckolls is one of the attending physicians of the sanitarium and has been serving there since October, 1897. Prior to that she was resident physician at the Illinois Central Hospital for the Insane. She was engaged in this work for three years. She is an advocate of the keynote principle and of psycho-physical culture. In discussing the new theory she has this to say:

"According to G. Stebbins, psycho-physical culture is the perfect union of harmonic gymnastics and dynamic breathing, during the formation of noble ideas in the mind. The first important step to learn to become perfect in psycho-physical culture is the proper way in which to breathe. Men have been known to live without food for several weeks at a time, but it is impossible to keep body and soul together if respiration ceases. Oxygen, the life-giving principle in air, the fuel which keeps these respiratory engines of our moving bodies to be constantly replenished. During our entire life from the first to the last breath, we are continually inhaling this vitalizing agent, and the tissues of our bodies are renewed and invigorated. The phenomenon of respiration is one that is not understood. The race for many generations has been gradually degenerating until the function of respiration is imperfectly performed. The much-sensitized body, confinement to indoor life and general bad habits have brought about this torpidity and feebleness of the organs of respiration. Nature has but one correct way in which to breathe. That is deep breathing. Chest breathing is unnatural. It has been claimed by some medical men that women are so anatomically constructed that they cannot breathe abdominally. This is theory and not fact. Where the above condition exists it is unnatural and has been produced by the civilized dress.

"The following extract from the investigations of Dr. May upon the respiration of native Indian girls in the Therapeutic Gazette of May 10, 1887, proves that chest breathing is the result of civilized dress and habits of living. He says:

"In all I examined the movements of eighty-two chests and in each case took an abdominal and costal tracing. The girls were partly pure and partly mixed with white blood, and their ages ranged from ten to twenty years. Thus, there were thirty-three full-blooded Indians, five one-fifth, thirty-five one-half and two were three-fourths white. Seventy-five showed a decided abdominal breathing, three a costal type and three in which both costal and abdominal were about even. Those who showed a costal or a divergence from the abdominal type like the Mohaw and Chipewas, and were either one-half or three-fourths white, while in no single instance did a full-blooded Indian girl possess this type of breathing. From these observations it obviously follows that, so far as the Indian is concerned, the abdominal is the original type of respiration in both male and female, and that the costal type in the civilized female is developed through the constricting influences of dress around the abdomen."

The above from the Chicago Chronicle is a grand elucidation of the underlying principles connected with man's organization. It should be carefully read by every Spiritualist, and then filed away for future reference. It is indeed, alone worth more than a year's subscription to The Progressive Thinker. Chicago, Ill. SCIENCE.

Spiritual Matters in Dubuque

I have adopted the method, to create interest in the minds of the attendants at our meetings on week-days, of reading articles published in The Progressive Thinker that treat upon "dreams, son Tuttle's Psychic Science, and occasionally from the daily papers—any of which I find to be productive of good results. I am convinced that the phenomenal craze is ebbing, and the scientific and critical analysis of the different phenomenal demonstrations from a comparative standpoint will be the coming demand. Gush and exaggerating theories from the skies do not attract as they did. How to utilize that which we have seen and heard in our own day, is the question.

There are all periods of man's history that can be tested and compared with other experiences, not only from the ancient but modern times. "Of what use is it? What of it any more? Supposing it is so, what benefit can I derive from your teachings?" are among the many critical and sensible replies to the promulgator of spiritual philosophy. There are many people in this analytical age that are much like Josh Billings, who quaintly remarked: "What's the use of knowing so much if half of it ain't true?"

I find Dubuque to have relaxed into a state of don't-care-attitude. Many have become disgusted with those who claim to be the representatives of Spiritualism, and some have "gone into them." Others have come back to the Congregational Church, because the preacher "lets them down all," by preaching no doctrine at all, but a nice little complimentary lecture to the audience and an apology to God to close with.

Our meetings are increasing in quantity as well as quality, and they seem to think that for a Spiritualist meeting it is remarkably large in numbers. But I never am satisfied with small things, and I do not attempt to flatter myself with reporting "packed halls," but can always find room for "more to follow."

I expect to obtain a number of subscribers when the good people have rubbed their eyes a few more times. Things were slow here, but on sure founded grounds. We have had a comfortable quarters and room to accomplish much before the woodchuck comes out to view his shadow.

G. F. PERKINS.

Dubuque, Iowa.

"Who Are These Spiritualists and What Is Spiritualism?" A pamphlet of 40 pages by Dr. J. M. Peebles, the well-known author. Price 15 cents. For sale at this office.

"Commentaries on Hebrew and Christian Mythology." By Judge Parsh B. Ladd, LL.B., of the San Francisco Bar. This book is of more than ordinary value, giving the results of much patient thought and research by a mind well qualified to sift evidence and arrange facts. It is a book that every Spiritualist needs on the subject of the Bible. 75 cents. Cloth, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

BIBLE PROPHETS AND PREDICTIONS A TRUE STATEMENT.

Critically Compared With Modern Mediums and Messages, by Moses Hull.

NUMBER FIVE.

It is sometimes hard to tell where a thought was before it came on a man, or where it went when it left him. The first thing a sensitive person knows is that they have the thought; as to where it came from they cannot be so sure. Gideon was a prophet, a good medium, but he was not sure of the source of his inspiration. In Judges 6:16 he says: "Show me a sign that thou talkest with me." Besides this, sometimes the best mediums of the Bible could not get their communications as clearly and definitely as they wanted. In II Kings 4:27, when the Shunammite woman came to Elisha in her trouble, Elisha said: "Let her alone; for her soul is vexed within her, and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me."

Forms passed before one of the poets of the Bible, and the medium could neither get the message, so as to give it in full, nor could he get a correct description of the form. He says: "Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof, in the thoughts, from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to quake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes, and there was silence, and I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his maker?"

In I Cor. 6:25 Paul was sure that he spoke of himself, but in verse 40 he said that he thought he had the spirit of God. Thus we find the Bible prophets and apostles, to say the least as uncertain at times about the source of their inspiration as the most skeptical mediums ever have been about theirs.

CONDITIONS.

Were there unconditional manifestations among the prophets of old? I know of none; indeed some of the conditions seemed at the time to those who were compelled to comply with them, very foolish. When Elisha undertook to heal the leper, he required that the leper should go and dip himself seven times in the River Jordan. II Kings, 5:11. I presume that these conditions looked silly to the man who wanted to be healed. I acknowledge that they look so to me, when viewing them from this distance. Why would not some other stream do as well? The man inquired, and I would inquire why must there be just seven baptisms? Would not five or six do for a common leper? He answered, would this medium but seven dippings.

Samuel gave Saul the conditions on which Saul could be developed. It reads as follows:

"After that thou shalt come to the hill of God, where is the garrison of the Philistines; and it shall come to pass, when thou art come thither to the city, that thou shalt meet a company of prophets, and thou shalt stand in the midst of a place with a psalmtery, and a tabret and a pipe, and a harp before them; and they shall prophesy; and the spirit of the Lord shall come upon thee and thou shalt prophesy with them, and shalt be turned into another man."

Why was it necessary for him to meet a company of prophets? and why was this music necessary for Saul's development? The answer is, Saul was a turn Saul "into another man." It seems that he was not to be unconscious, or why the advice, "let it be when these things come to thee that thou do as occasion serve thee."

In most cases music seemed to be one of the conditions not only for manifestations, but for driving out obsessing influences. I Sam, 18:10, 11 says:

"And it came to pass on the morrow that the spirit of David came, and he prophesied in the midst of the house; and David played the harp with his hand, as at other times; and there was a javelin in Saul's hand; and Saul said to his servants, 'Behold, David is doing this unto us.' And David avoided out of his presence twice."

I do not understand it to be Saul who drew the javelin at David, but the obsessing spirit, who could not endure or withstand the power of music, and who objected to be thus forced to leave the medium of whom he had taken possession.

Once upon a time Jeroboam, king of Israel, and Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, sent for the medium Elisha to consult him on an important matter. Elisha was a giant, and Jeroboam for his rebellion, and his causing Israel to recede from Judah. Verses 13-15 of II Kings, 23, chapter, read as follows:

"And Elisha said unto the king of Israel, 'What have I to do with thee? Get thee to the prophets of thy father and to the prophets of thy mother. And the king of Israel said unto him, Nay; for the Lord hath called these three kings together to deliver them into the hand of Moab. And Elisha said: As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, surely were it not that I regard the presence of Jehoshaphat the king of Judah, I would not look toward thee, nor see thee. But now bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him."

Why was it necessary to have a minstrel make music before the "hand of the Lord" could come upon Elisha, so that he could give this communication to these kings? When that question is answered, the reason will be understood why mediums are compelled to demand certain conditions.

Our friend objects to modern mediums because their seances are not open to all, he says.

They hold secret sessions. This may be partly true. In most cases I apprehend the reason is, as I have often seen it, the sitters want secret sessions; they do not like to sit with certain ones, or they do not wish to have it known that they are interested in Spiritualism or any of its manifestations.

In Jer. 37:17 was a secret seance. King Zedekiah took Jeremiah out of his muddy, filthy dungeon in the prison, and had him conveyed secretly into his own house. When he got him there he took him to a secret chamber and said, "Is there any word from the Lord?" Jeremiah answered, "There is." "For," said he, "thou shalt be delivered into the hands of the king of Babylon." Even here Jeremiah could not over- come his desire to hit at other prophets. He goes on to say, "Where now are your prophets who prophesied unto you saying, the king of Babylon shall not come against you?"

Jeroboam undertook to secretly get a test from the old blind medium Ahijah, so he had Mrs. Jeroboam, his wife, disguise herself, as many do now when they go to medium seances. When she got to the door the blind medium called out to her, "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam; why telgest thou thyself to be another?" He then proceeds to

give her sad tests—sad because they proved to be true. I refer to all of these tests to show that secret seances were quite as common in the good old Bible days as among "God's mediums" as they are to-day.

This minister, in the midst of one of his most wrathful denunciations, asked the question, on which we have been sating at all, why cannot spirits, if they come at all, go directly to those with whom they wish to communicate and communicate with them without the use of a third person?

This question might be answered by asking, why cannot God work for the world directly, without the use of a minister. There are near one hundred thousand of these gentlemen who might be spared for some useful employment if God would commune directly with everybody. What a saving of money and time if every one could only do his own praying. Why not do our praying alone? Jesus said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." Matt. 18:20. Why is it necessary for two or three to gather together? Why can Jesus not meet with one as well? Why hold prayer meetings? Could not God hear the prayer of a single individual at his own home as well as those of a company assembled to gether? Why did David keep Abimelech the medium, with him in all his wanderings? Why did he after he got his throne, keep Naathan the prophet, and God, the seer? How easy it would have been for David to say, "If God has anything to say, he can just as well come directly to me." Thus these gentlemen could have been relegated to set an example to modern ministers by pursuing some honorable occupation.

I have now compared the character and work of the mediums with that of the prophets. I think the result will not be any disparagement to those whom this minister called "the devil's mediums."

IN EARLY DAYS.

Spiritualistic Landmark Gone

CORINTHIAN HALL, ROCHESTER.

The noted building known as Corinthian Hall, was almost totally destroyed by fire, December 2, 1898. Here is where the first public investigation of the "raps" occurred. We have lately celebrated the 49th anniversary of this event, and hoped to celebrate the 50th next year in the building itself—but now it is gone.

We have also tried to purchase the Cottage, but have failed, as the owner will not sell. We presume that it will also go soon, as it is in bad repair. But Spiritualism will ever remain; and the memory of the Fox girls and their home, and their trials and steadfastness before the public in Corinthian Hall and elsewhere are matters of history, and will ever be held in devoted memory.

The following account of the famous meetings, taken from the morning paper here, in connection with the report of the burning of the hall, shows that the event is indelible in local history. This being accurate, our friends will find it useful hereafter.

FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF FOX SISTERS.

"Among the earliest incidents connected with Corinthian Hall was the first public manifestation of the mysterious 'spirit rappings' of the Fox Sisters. Margaret Fox was the medium of the occasion. The meeting was held in Corinthian hall on the evening of November 14, 1849. Miss Fox and those selected to go on the platform with her were present on the stage. B. W. Capron, of Auburn, gave the audience a lecture on the phenomena as he understood it. It is worthy of notice that the audience paid profound attention to the lecturer's remarks and that occasionally during his speech the distinct, though muffled, sounds of the raps were heard.

"At the close of the lecture a committee of five prominent citizens was appointed, with instructions to report on the following evening, to which time the meeting was adjourned. This committee was composed of A. J. Combs, Daniel Marsh, Nathaniel Clark, J. T. Johnson and Edward Jones. The committee spent the following day in investigation, and in the evening a large audience gathered in the hall to hear the report. The audience was in a state of great excitement, and the nature of the report, which did not explode the humbug, as the greater part of the people believed it to be at that time, was not acceptable. On the next evening the meeting was again adjourned to the next evening, and the committee appointed to report at this meeting was Frederick Whitteley, D. C. McCallum, William Fisher and Judge A. P. K. Haskell, of LeRoy.

"By this time Rochester was ablaze with excitement, and Corinthian Hall was packed to the doors with the anxious ones. When the committee reported and said that they had been unable to solve the mystery, there arose a stormy and excited discussion as to the proper methods to be employed. W. L. Burdett said that if he could be named on the committee he would give \$100 if he could not expose the fraud. Several other men seemed to be sure of solving the exciting mystery and another committee was appointed.

This third committee knew the almost universal belief that there was some sort of a trick in the matter and as some of them had denounced the former committees for a lack of shrewdness and thoroughness, their examination was a severe one. Notwithstanding all the severity the sounds were still heard, and the solution was no nearer than at the beginning.

"At this last meeting there was fearful excitement. Torpedoes had been distributed among the boys, and the committee was charged with the duty of representing in the hall. Refusing to listen to the statements of Dr. Langworthy who was reporting for the committee, at the suggestion of some one there was a rush to the platform for the 'rappers.' At this juncture S. W. D. Moore, then police justice, who was present with a few members of the police force, jumped upon the platform with his aides and ordered back the surging crowd. His official character and powerful voice for a moment checked the rush, but such madness had seized the crowd that they again rushed forward. The powerful arm of Justice Moore, aided by a portion of the officers, beat back the crowd until some of the other officers piloted the women to the rear door to a place of safety. In this way ended the famous 'Corinthian Hall investigation.' Rochester, N. Y. G. W. KATES.

Alleged Exposure of Mrs. Bliss, in Philadelphia.

To the Managers and Readers of the Spiritualist Press.

Dear Friends:—The Philadelphia Times of recent date has been almost itself before the public in a most nauseating manner in an attempt to injure a Spiritualistic medium and to expose what it is pleased to call fraud. The exposure occurred on Thursday evening, December 1, at a seance in a parlour at the residence of Mrs. C. B. Bliss, a well-known materializing medium, who during her more than a quarter of a century of public and private work, has convinced hundreds—yes, thousands—of honest and intelligent investigators of the truth of spirit return through materialization.

The affair was planned and carried out by the Philadelphia Times through its reporter, Wm. H. Hay, and an accomplice—a woman friend of his, who had consented to make an appointment with the medium for that evening. These individuals were in attendance at the above mentioned seance in company with about fifteen persons unconnected to them, presumably Spiritualists.

At a given time in the evening the woman accomplice—so it is alleged—rushed forward, seized the hand of a form then appearing outside of the cabinet, and screamed. Instantly there was a rush, confusion and disorder. A flash light, pre-arranged by the exposure, appeared, and pandemonium reigned. The young lady who had seized the spirit was assisted out of the house by her friend, the reporter; officers appeared on the scene, the members of the circle, honest and respectable men and women, who had nothing to do with the melee, were taken without warrant and marched two by two to the station house.

Mrs. Bliss was arrested on the charge of keeping a disorderly house and of obtaining money under false pretences. At the preliminary hearing on Friday, she was held in \$1,000 bail by Magistrate Romig. On Monday, December 5, at 10 a. m., a second hearing was held in the magistrate's office. It was the privilege of the secretary of the N. S. A. to be present on that occasion in company with Mrs. B. H. Bill of Philadelphia. Other prominent Spiritualists of the city, including that staunch friend of mediums, Thomas M. Locke, were in attendance.

The magistrate's office was filled with a strange assembly of people; dainty and refined ladies, intellectual and respectable men were elbow and jostled by hard visaged, tobacco-and-whiskey-reeking loafers from the street or elsewhere, who stood with their backs or until reminded by their own respect they should show the Judge and requested to remove their headgear. By the way, that same clerk told ladies who simply echoed his expression that the men wearing hats must think they were in a bar-room; that they were not obliged to stay if they did not want to, while he complacently puffed the fumes of a cigarette in their faces in a bravado style.

The chief of the police, against the defense was the Times reporter, Mr. Hay, who had planned the raid some days before, and who had gotten himself appointed a special police officer, by the commissioner, his personal friend. By and by, later news will be developed of this same reporter and special officer. At the right examination to which Mr. Lukens, the able lawyer for the persecuted medium, subjected Mr. Hay, a compromising garble of facts and falsehoods were elicited. In several important instances the witness completely crossed himself. He also refused to answer three leading questions as to the flash-light let on at the circle, declining to state whether he had or had not produced such a light himself. Mr. Hay's testimony on the whole was greatly damaging to the prosecuting side, as was clearly shown in the summing up of the evidence on the part of the lawyer. In examining one of the officers—as well as in the examination of Mr. Hay—Mr. Lukens brought out the fact that no disorder on the part of Mrs. Bliss or her family had been attempted or perpetrated, and that the unseemly conduct in the house had been made by the prosecution—which the earnest lawyer rightly called for per secution. It was also revealed that Mrs. Bliss had distinctly stated previous to her seance, anyone wishing to leave would receive their money. Therefore, Mr. Lukens argued that the charge of keeping a disorderly house could not be sustained, and that of obtaining money under false pretences was equally faulty.

When questioned as to the religious aspect of the services, the witness hesitated and hesitated. At first denial was made that any hymn was sung, but under the cross-fire of the examination he was reluctantly admitted that the audience tried to sing "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Shall we gather at the river."

When Mr. Lukens had satisfied himself and all unprejudiced listeners—that the arrest had been a case of malignant assault, not only upon the medium but upon all honest Spiritualists, he proceeded to sum up the evidence in an eloquent and masterly speech. He denounced the Times and its agents who were concerned in this outbreak, in no unsparing terms. He claimed Spiritualism to be a religion and its mediums and lecturers to have the same right to proclaim their truths as the clergymen of any denomination have to do the same. He declared Spiritual seance to have as much right to its work as has a prayer meeting. A man's home is his domain, into which no marauder has a right to penetrate. Honest people are not safe in their houses if chance guests may be permitted to create disorder and confusion therein, because of some occurrence they do not understand or are displeased with.

Mr. Lukens informed the magistrate that wishing to learn of materialization and thus to intelligently conduct the case of his client, he had personally attended a seance given by Mrs. Bliss the previous evening. At that seance he found a company of ladies and gentlemen, who exhibited an earnest, sincere and even devout spirit. Said he: "Mr. Magistrate, the seance was conducted with a religious awe. 'Nearer my God to Thee' was sung there with the same fire and devotional spirit as it is sung in the church with which I affiliate, and it aroused in me the same feelings of reverence that it does when I listen to it in my church." The lawyer continued in substance that strange things were revealed from the cabinet that could not have been produced by Mrs. Bliss. "White-robed forms, lady-like and small, appeared and called for their friends in the room, who recognized and received them from the dead with fearful joy. 'I have no right, your Honor,' said he, 'to say that these mysteries were fraud. I have no right to say that these intelligent people did not recognize their loved ones and that the manifestations were of the same character as those of the same advanced social reformer. Price 50 cents.

"Tallemund's Letter to the Pope" will be found especially interesting to those who would desire to make a study of Romanism and the Bible. The historic facts he states, and his keen, scathing review of Romish ideas and practices should be read by all. Sold at this office. Price 25 cents.

"The Occult Forces of Sex" By Lois Walsbrook. Three pamphlets are embodied in this volume, in which questions of the occult are treated from the standpoint of the advanced social reformer. Price 50 cents.

least be concerned from the charge, and that the real disturber of the peace, Mr. Hay, be put under arrest. This closed the hearing, the count of keeping a disorderly house was dismissed and Mrs. Bliss held for trial on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences.

Realizing this to be a case of malice and persecution on the part of the Philadelphia Times and its agents, a number of responsible Spiritualists are determined to stand by Mrs. Bliss and to bear witness as to their knowledge of her mediumship.

At the time of this second hearing of the case, the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia was holding a three days' convention at Camden Hall, a convention that proved to be a most delightful series of Spiritual meetings that were ably participated in by W. J. Colville, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis of England, Mrs. M. T. Longley and others, including Capt. E. W. Gould of Washington, D. C.

Great credit reflects upon the management of this affair under the direction of Mrs. M. E. Godwaller and the Woman's Progressive Union. The Young People's Spiritualist Union of Philadelphia took an active part in the deliberations of the conventions. The Purple and White Band of Mercy was formed on Sunday, that bids fair to be an instructive and spiritualizing work among its members.

MARY T. LONGLEY.

Washington, D. C.

A SPIRITUAL CONGRESS.

To Be Held in Paris, France, in 1900.

The breadth of spirit displayed in the organization of the recent congress held in London, strongly impressed the French delegates who attended; Dr. Encausse, better known in the literary world under his pseudonym, Papus, representing the occultists and M. G. Delanne, editor of the Revue Scientifique du Spiritisme, representing the Spiritualists.

They intend to respond by giving an international and comprehensive character to the congress to be held in Paris in 1900. This will be facilitated by a valuable move in the direction of union instituted by the above mentioned some time ago, when they organized the Spiritualistic Press Syndicate, drawing together the leaders of the several schools who study psychical phenomena in Paris, and who till then had held aloof from each other.

This society has brought together the members of the Spiritualistic, Hermetic or occult, and magnetic schools, at monthly dinners, at which friendly addresses have been given. It has now organized a series of lectures to be given at the hall of the Societe Sanantes.

It is this society who will constitute the organizing committee for the 1900 congress. It is nearly settled that Dr. Encausse, G. Delanne and M. Durville will be appointed to represent the Occultists, the Spiritualists and the Mesmerists (who have a legalized medical institute in Paris). Each school will form an autonomous section, appointing its own lecturers, but the meetings will be general. The committee will act for the three sections unitedly.

Communications may be addressed to M. Alban Dubet, secretary of the Spiritualistic Press Syndicate, 23 Rue St. Merry, Paris.

QUAESTOR VITAE.

RUPTURE IS CURABLE.

Stardling Assertion by a Well Known New Yorker.

Cites the Case of Wm. A. Berry as Absolute Evidence.

Dr. W. S. Rice, of 371 E. Main st., Adams, N. Y., says that any kind of rupture can be cured at the patient's home without the slightest pain, danger, operation or detention from daily work. He gives the names and addresses of several hundred prominent

people whom he has cured, one of which, Wm. A. Berry of Bristol, N. Y., will serve to show the workings of his scientific plan. Dr. Rice has devised a system that holds any rupture no matter how large it is and at the same time causes the rupture opening to grow together and become solid flesh and muscle. He explains the system fully in a book which he mails free to all who write. Mr. Berry is a house carpenter and well known manufacturer of Bristol and had a difficult rupture for which he had tried electricity, springs and other kinds of trusses, belts and various treatments without benefit.

He had been told by all who attested that he could not be cured and that a surgical operation, while not a certainty but extremely dangerous, was the nearest approach to a cure. As Mr. Berry had ready paid for the operation, he was somewhat discouraged against trying the new Rice method but finally summoned sufficient courage to make one more effort. Mr. Berry says of the cure, "It is incomparable, the severest pains were relieved, in eighteen months since I stopped treatment and not a sign of rupture have I had since notwithstanding the fact that I have done all kinds of work with impunity."

This experience will undoubtedly interest everyone who is afflicted with a rupture. Write to Dr. Rice for his free book. Write to-day and investigate this method that assures a complete and permanent cure of any kind of rupture.

"Tallemund's Letter to the Pope" will be found especially interesting to those who would desire to make a study of Romanism and the Bible. The historic facts he states, and his keen, scathing review of Romish ideas and practices should be read by all. Sold at this office. Price 25 cents.

"The Occult Forces of Sex" By Lois Walsbrook. Three pamphlets are embodied in this volume, in which questions of the occult are treated from the standpoint of the advanced social reformer. Price 50 cents.

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"The Vateska 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 Vennum of Vateska, Ill., and Mary Reynolds of Vennung County, Pa. For sale at this office. Price 15c.

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G. E. WATKINS, M. D.,
406 Mass. Ave., Boston, Mass.

Letter from Rev. G. C. Love.
To the Editor:—I am not dead, neither am I sleeping, but simply awaiting a change in conditions that have been a hindrance to the work I should be doing in the cause of truth.

On my second trip to Chicago, owing to climatic changes over which I had no control, or I would have introduced some of the rains that made Oregon noted as a "wet foot" community, and by which cognomen we are commonly known. Instead of a climate away from zero, I was compelled to return to my home. In the near future I expect to rally forth again, not in search of glory or fame, but in the cause of truth, and in endeavor to assist in breaking the chains of bondage that have so long hindered the cause of humanity and the manifestations of the love of God, and inside the veiled death, but which is reality, the entrance to life eternal.

What a blessing it is to realize that we live on and on with all the freedom of thought given in truth to our spiritual existence or counterpart of our material bodies. No power on earth can hinder the freedom of thought, try as they will, and no power is yet known that can imprison the spirit of man, and thus prevent its return to loved ones when conditions are harmonious. "Free as the winds," is he who is born of the spirit, or in other words has come out of his material conditions into the glories and privileges of the spirit world.

I hope soon to enter again the strife, and labor of love, in this unequal struggle of justice against preterit and churchianity (not Christianity) that has in the past, and is now, warping the minds of the people into channels adverse to the cause of truth and eternal progress.

Truly the harvest is great, but the laborers, if few, are increasing in numbers, and I trust the angels will ever sustain the good and true.

Oregon. **REV. G. C. LOVE.**

"The Gospel of Buddha, According to Old Records." Told by Paul Carus. This book is heartily recommended to students of the science of religions, and to all who would gain a fair conception of Buddhism in its spirit and living principles. Spiritualist or Christian can scarcely read it without spiritual profit. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Measure to Assist Development." By W. H. Bach. Especially useful to learners who seek to know and utilize the laws of mediumship and development, and avoid errors. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

PASSING OF A SOUL.

Mr. Charles A. Tibbett, a native of Concord, New Hampshire, aged 59 years, and for many years a resident of Chicago, died at his home, 3449 Cottage Grove avenue, on November 20, after a short illness from pneumonia.

Mr. Tibbett was well known to a large number of Spiritualists in Chicago and the East, of which beautiful religion he has long been an earnest advocate, and of which he had full knowledge. To those who were in constant attendance upon him during his illness he expressed joy at his approaching dissolution, and awaited the messenger called death as a bridegroom with his loved one. Among those in attendance was Mrs. Nellie Gates, an honest student in researches after the great truths that lie within reach of every soul, and to her was granted the privilege of witnessing the so-called "death" of a Spiritualist. She states that as the moment of dissolution arrived, a great light appeared over the head of Mr. Tibbett, completely blinding her, and covering the little form upon the couch, and as it lifted away, a tiny star appeared on the breast of the immaterial form, and it floated upward into space, and when she again looked into the face of her friend, death had set its seal upon it and he had passed into the great beyond.

Owing to the absence of Mr. Tibbett's family, and the final removal of his body to New Hampshire, the memorial services were held at Kenwood Hall, on Sunday afternoon, December 4, whither the body had been taken. A large circle of friends filled the hall, and the services were opened by Rev. G. V. Cordingley. After appropriate songs had been rendered, Mrs. Dr. E. N. Warner read the beautiful poem entitled "The Everlasting Memorial."

"Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home
In the sun;
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done."

My name and my place, and my tomb
All forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run;
So let me steal away, peacefully,
Only remembered by what I have done."

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won,
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done."

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life—a thing felt, but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done."

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from
Are closed up and gone;
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done."

Needs then the praise of the love-written record
The name and the epitaph graven on the stone?
The things we have lived for—let them be our story,
We ourselves, but remembered by what we have done."

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved slowly on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed in its season;
I shall be remembered by what I have done."

I need not be missed if another succeeded me
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper;
He is only remembered by what he has done."

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken—
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truths I have spoken, the things I have done."

So let my living be, so be my dying.
So let my name lie unblazoned, unknown,
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered
Yes, but remembered by what I have done."

Mrs. Warner followed the reading of this poem with an earnest address to the assembly, in which she recalled the many kindly acts of the deceased, and his honest, patient effort to spread the gospel of Spiritualism, and the assertion often made by him that he knew the truth; that to him there was no doubt of the constant guidance of spirit friends, who controlled him at will; that his life had been one of charity and love, proof of which rested in the expression of many women and children in Chicago who had subsisted upon his bounty.

Other speakers, among them Dr. Temple, Mrs. Irene Dobson, Mrs. Coverdale and Mrs. Nellie Gates, each expressed the belief that their friend and brother had not died, but had passed into another condition, to be strengthened, to be freed, and an extemporaneous poem was delivered by Mrs. Gates (under control) as she stepped upon the platform to dismiss the assembly.

N. K.

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

[Obituaries to the extent of ten lines only will be inserted free.]

Shepherd Barnes, who was born in the State of Maine, January 28, 1818, and came to Oregon about seventeen years ago, died at his home near Beaverton, where he made his home until his departure into the realm of spirit. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. G. C. Love, November 10, 1898.

Sarah Jane Collins entered the spirit world November 28, at the age of 73 years and 4 days. She was born in Belmont, county, Ohio, November 24, 1825, came to Oregon in 1895. Funeral services by Rev. G. C. Love, November 29, 1898.

Passed to spirit-life, Nov. 20, 1898, at the residence of his only daughter, Mrs. Parsons, of Coldwater, Mich., Mr. Jerome Messenger, aged 91 years. Mr. Messenger had been a staunch Spiritualist for forty years. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. Mrs. Anna L. Robinson gave the funeral address.

Passed to spirit-life, Nov. 26, at Lisbon, Miss Jane D. Phelps, aged 38 years. An invalid all her life, the

change was indeed a happy one to the patient sufferer, who has so unconsciously borne the burden of blindness and a weak, crippled body.

Mrs. Anna L. Robinson spoke from the subject "We Shall See Face to Face." A. L. R.

Mrs. Mary Davidson passed to a higher expression of life, from her home at Versailles, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1898, at the ripe old age of 88 years. Hers was a lovely nature; calm and serene in all her deportment of life, and many years she had been deprived of the glories of the physical world through defective sight and hearing, but through the ministrations of a devoted daughter, Miss Flora Davidson, the contents of "The Progressive Thinker," her favorite paper, were communicated to her. One son also survives her. The funeral was held at her home, Nov. 23, conducted by the writer.

CLARA WATSON.

Minor T. Wickham passed from the earth to the higher life November 23, 1898, aged 61 years. All his life till about three years ago he was extremely materialistic or agnostic. He was converted to Spiritualism through the mediumship of Mrs. Hibbits, of Munster, Ind., who often visited our town. Mrs. Carrie Fuller Weatherford, of Columbus, Ohio, a very interesting speaker, delivered the funeral address, which was held in the Church of Christ, in my recollection there never was a larger attendance at a funeral in Findlay. Many who knew little of Spiritualism, after listening to that address, said Spiritualism afforded more consolation than any other religion. Many express a desire for more of it.

Findlay, Ohio. L. L. BAIN.

Sunday Spiritualist Meetings in Chicago.

West Side Spiritual Society meets at No. 46 South Ada street at 8 p. m. Church of the Star of Truth, Wicker Park Hall, No. 501 West North avenue. Services at 7:45 p. m., conducted by Mr. and Mrs. William Lindsey.

The Englewood Spiritual Society meets every Sunday in Hopkins hall, 622 W. 38th street, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

The First Spiritual Society of the South Side, No. 77 Thirty-first street, will hold meetings at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., each Sunday, beginning October 2, 1898. Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, pastor.

The Progressive Spiritual Church, G. V. Cordingley, pastor, room 409 Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street. Services at 7:30 p. m.

The Gross Park Spiritual Society holds meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Gross Park Hall, Wood and Melrose streets, opposite Gross Park Depot.

The First Society of Rosicrucians, J. C. F. Grumble, permanent speaker, meets in their conference room, 810 Masonic Temple Building, every Sunday at 10:45 a. m., and 7:45 p. m.

The Second Spiritual Society of the South Side, in Van Buren's opera house, Madison street and California avenue, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock and 7:30 in the evening. Good speakers and mediums will be present.

The Church of the Soul will hold union services of Sunday school and church, each Sunday morning, in Room 608 Handel Hall, No. 40 Randolph street. Church services at 11:30.

The Christian Spiritual Society holds meetings in Hygeia Hall, Washington boulevard and Paulina street, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Miss Sarah Thomas conducts the services.

Band of Harmony, auxiliary to the Church of the Soul, meets at Handel Hall Building, 40 Randolph street, every Sunday morning, at 10:45 a. m., the month, beginning afternoons at three o'clock. The ladies bring lunches; supper at six o'clock. Tea and coffee served.

The Lake View Spiritual Union meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 in Wells Hall, 1629 Clark street, corner Fletcher street. Meetings conducted by Mrs. C. Wickham and wife, assisted by other mediums and speakers. All friends and members are invited.

Sanctuary of the Soul meets Sunday evenings in Washington Hall, 490 Washington boulevard, at 7:30. Discourse, tests and phenomena. Mrs. L. A. Roberts, pastor, assisted by other good mediums.

Spiritualist Church Students of National Union hold every Sunday evening at 7:30 at Arlington Hall, 3032 Indiana avenue, corner 31st street. Mrs. M. Summers, pastor.

Dr. J. M. Temple will hold meetings every Sunday at 4:00 Cottage Grove avenue. 2:20, conference. 7:30 p. m., lecture and tests.

Spiritual Endeavor Society, meets at No. 1 South Hoyne avenue, near Lake, at 8 p. m. Sarah E. Brownell, pastor.

Church of Unity. Services every Sunday at 7:45 p. m. at Sukup's Hall, south-west corner Milwaukee street, and Robey street. Max Kaufman, pastor. Reached by the Milwaukee avenue cable, Robey and North avenue electric cars, Logan Square and Humboldt Park trains on Metropolitan elevated to Robey street.

The Society for Spiritual Culture will hold services each Sunday at 8 p. m., in Brundell's Hall, 110 North State street, corner of Randolph and Ada streets. Mrs. Annie McD. Gillette (formerly Mrs. Annie Wagner) medium; Paul S. Gillette, pastor.

Send in notice of meetings held on Sunday at public halls.

We cannot keep a standing notice of meetings and closes held at private residences. We have not space for that purpose.

INTEREST TO SPIRITUALISTS

Anyone who is sick and failed to find relief, should send their name and address (with stamp for reply) to Dr. J. CRAIG, Sacramento, Cal., and I will (through spirit power) send you the cause and condition of your trouble; and after I give you a correct diagnosis, if you wish help I will make my terms within your reach.

N. B.—The above advertisement is for the benefit of suffering humanity, and if you know of any one who is sick, and who is troubled by the above, send it, and I may convince them of the truth of spirit return. 470

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