



TRUTH—HATCHED AND UNHATCHED.

A Lesson in Evolution, Learned in Nature's Kindergarten, and Ably Elucidated by Charles Dawbarn, the California Philosopher.

From egg to chicken is an evolutionary process we can watch from day to day if we care to experiment with one of the improved incubators. My own machine has been playing the part of a mother hen, and I have been looking on, learning my lesson in Nature's kindergarten.

I started with 240 eggs, and proceeded to play the part of careful nurse. On the fifth day all but two proved themselves alive. But on the tenth day forty of these unborn souls had left the track and retired from the race. They had gone back into the unknown. On the fourteenth day I discovered that forty more had vacated life. On the twentieth day 112 chickens clipped their way out of the darkness, leaving 48 whose life struggles had ceased about the 18th day. A few had matured, but had lacked energy or strength for the final struggle for freedom. The machine had done its part well. I had done mine. Every egg that a hen could have mothered had produced its chick, so the result may well have been scored as a mercantile success. Yet as a matter of fact, 126 attempts by Mother Nature to manufacture a chicken had resulted in failure. What that means to the living, and perhaps to the dead, is for the student to discover—if he can.

The first fact the student faces is that the mothers and fathers of this little germ life were not in their usual vigorous state of health. It was the moulting season. Both roosters and hens were, for the most part, examples of beauty unadorned. Physiologically Nature had stopped thinking about increase, and was devoting herself to the manufacture of feathers. At such a time there are a few eggs, undoubtedly commenced in better days, still to be exuded into an unseasonable world. Such were the eggs for my experiment. The poor hens were feeling chilly, out of temper and depressed, seeking a warm corner, and asking themselves whether life is worth living. Their husbands fared no better. A rooster without a tail has no dignity worth fighting for. His nerve forces have forsaken the family channel, and left him, like the hens, a commonplace dealer in feathers, old and new.

Such were the conditions facing any student who, at this unseasonable hour, commences to delve into such of life's mysteries as are enclosed in eggs gathered during the moulting season. Of course the conditions would be very different if he waited until respectable different hens declared the proper time to bring up a family. Yet even then he would discover the difference is far more in the egg than the altitude, for the incubator is a mother whose one idea is to hatch live chickens, let the season be what it may.

So the student recognizes that the parents were out of health when the eggs with which he is experimenting were manufactured and fertilized. So he carefully notes the effect produced on what is called the "vital force." The egg shows no difference either to the eye or microscope. Its shell is smooth and strong. The contents would still be the pride of the cook and the delight of the epicure. But when that egg is called upon to produce a chicken it is soon apparent that something is wrong. The incubator tells him that the trouble was within the egg, for in the machine everything was arranged for Nature to manifest and exercise the one power she forbids to men, and reserves to herself alone. In her own task she first implants and then matures a certain form of energy. That energy is the essence of her own eternal godhood, out of which what we call "life" is born. It is but a repetition of the same experience and the same mystery which blend into a universe.

At this point the careful student stops to reflect. The egg contains matter, energy and intelligence—these three and nothing more. It thus represents the whole of creation which is composed of exactly the same raw materials. There can be nothing more in God; there is nothing less in microbe. The difference between one form and another can thus only be in the proportion of the three ingredients, and their rate of vibration. This fact must be kept ever before the student if he hopes to learn his lesson.

So Nature started her egg, and endowed it with a certain portion of each of her three ingredients. But the very serious fact is apparent that Nature is perfectly indifferent whether the form lives or dies. It is so far only an energy endowed with intelligence, and manifesting through material whirling we call matter. It flashes into manifestation, or dies away into silence, but there is no difference in either case. In all but two of the eggs the energy had peeped out when examined on the fifth day. A few days later that particular form of energy had vanished from the two scores of those egg cradles. They had become caskets. The energy was still there, but now devoted to manufacturing the unpleasantness we call "rotten eggs." We do not blame the incubator, because we discover that the trouble was in the quality of the primal energy. The kettle in which it was cooked was insufficiently heated. The hen and the rooster were the kettle, and the heat of the furnace was devoted, at that time, to manufacturing feathers instead of chick. So Nature's deepest mystery is undoubtedly included in the correlation and conservation of energy.

The student next notes the further importance of this fact that the parents were not in normal health. They had but little vital energy to impart. Some of it was certainly there. Just enough to come out from the eternal silence when the egg was held at a temperature of 102 F. But vital force must fight its own battle, and win by its own

strength, or fail by its own weakness. That is Nature's law, so intelligence can play but a very little part so far. The egg has its conditions, and surroundings perfect, with matter and intelligence sufficient, but energy is too weak to maintain its foothold in many of these forms. So some fall day by day, finding no help in mere warmth. But so long as the life-principle is apparent we discover that growth continues. We also notice that as soon as there is form there is Ego, and an Ego must grow or subside. Growth is founded on the power inhering in every Ego to attract just what it needs from the Cosmos.

The student tests his eggs every day and perceives that the chicken is either advancing or has given up the ghost. This continues until, even at the very last, he discerns some making a feeble but fruitless attempt to chip their shell and break out into earth life. The unthinker wonders why they died. But while the weakness there is intelligence manifest at every stage developing the unborn chick on the line of its parentage, till at last, with untrained skill, and pick by pick, it, if strong enough comes forth, a soul amongst other souls, to make conscious struggle for its daily needs.

We now turn back to the fifth day when the lights and shadows showed us that the microscopic speck of fertility was struggling to effect a personality, and manufacture a selfhood. Here we learn to discover the value of the study we are making. Neither the inherent intelligence nor even an array of guardian angels could overcome the weakness of the parental organism. We also notice that this energy we call "vital" manifests in several ways. We see it pervading the parent's organism as the "life" through which every physiological process is carried on. Each organ is an expression of this force, and as one gets more or less than its share we have what we call "weakness" or "health." And whenever there is a special demand for this energy in any one direction the entire organism becomes by so much unbalanced. And when every demand has been supplied the question before Nature is always, what shall she do with the surplus?

Whatever the primal process out of which Creation is born the student has noted as a fact that each atom out of which form must be built is composed of what we call "matter" associated with this wondrous energy, and enough of intelligence to guide its movements. Its first manifestation is to choose its associates, and its individuality is shown as it groups into molecules and their aggregations, which presently appear as islands in an ocean of life.

So much is plain to the thinker who discerns like-minded atoms coming and going as they build and unbuild organisms throughout the universe. He watches a form, whether it be chicken or child, and sees this individual attraction which leads the coming atom to its daily work. Beyond that he perceives an intelligence which takes charge of the organism as a whole; moves it from place to place, and directs its specialized energy to two distinct ends. It first superintends the activity in each separate department, and when all are in full activity, it suddenly makes one momentary outburst from every organ in the entire form. This becomes a volcanic effort, which, if conditions permit, uplifts a new island from the ocean's bed, thus creating a thunderbolt a portion of its own Divine energy.

Nature here reveals her deepest secret. Her energy is always associated with her matter and her intelligence. It is impossible to discover them unblended. Thought—which is intelligence in activity—can only manifest that activity by energy through matter. Thus "thoughts" are themselves "things" every time and everywhere. And in this outward of which we are speaking we have blended intelligence and blended energy whirling out into the ether as a Creative Thought, compelling a new form after its own likeness. To our slow perception that mother form which we call "nature," is exhibiting a process termed "propagation." In reality it is Creative Activity, working precisely as when a new universe thought into its babyhood. A chicken or a planet springs from a creative thought of intelligence.

In any form the student chooses to study he will discover as a law or necessity of Nature that intelligence blended with energy whirling from the ether atoms which are each and every one endowed with precisely these same raw materials. And these atoms are ever existing or being mated into groups we call "molecules." The only way we can discern between one form and another is in the several proportions of intelligence and energy working and manifesting through the little whirling of ether called "matter." The only difference between the chick, the man and the planet is in the proportion of the raw materials. Just a little intelligence with matter and we have the rock. As intelligence grows we climb by easy stages to the form of manhood. Presently intelligence gains yet more power. It goes on and sublimates. Then we call its expression "spirit," or, if you choose, "godhood."

Now comes the lesson of the incubator. We have in that egg on the fifth day sufficient intelligence and matter, but not enough energy to attract to itself from Cosmos which would uphold its form. We thus learn as a positive fact that life is but intelligence expressing itself in matter by energy; and always as conditions will permit. Let us see what that means before we go further.

The student again notes that matter, force and intelligence are all there in

whether in egg, planet or man, and that more or less of any one of the three determines the fate of the form. Here is the egg with plenty of intelligence and matter, but lacking in energy. That energy, can, in some cases, be supplied by the sun's rays alone. In other cases the hen or the incubator supply the vibratory force required in the form of heat. It is the combination of the three which constitutes Vitality. Too little intelligence and the form, whether animal or man, becomes idiotic. Too little matter and the form is too weak for the battle of life. Too little energy and the form cannot complete its foster experience. But whatever the ultimate result we notice the struggle is that of an Ego battling for existence. So far there is no more of mystery than inheres to Creation as a whole. Not a trace have we discovered of the still more mysterious "something" which the theologian calls his "soul."

So our fifth day chick apparently asked only for energy, which the student and the incubator were all ready to supply. Yet the poor fellow could not assimilate it, although offered in the exact proportion suited to its babyhood. So we see something was wrong in the other two factors. We have already noticed that there had been a memorable instant when the parent organism, in a creative outburst from every organ in its form, had propagated an offspring. But propagation is one thing and survival is quite another. At the command of intelligence the effort was made, but it is an experiment every time. So much intelligence and so much matter must be contributed from every portion of the organism, in exact though microscopic proportions, with just enough energy to hurl it forth as an independent Ego. The intelligence, the matter, the energy are all the parent form can spare at that particular time, and good for the hour only.

Let us study this for a moment. We have already seen that the inherent selfhood of each atom is exhibited in its power of attracting other atoms after its own heart; and that each atom contains the mighty three, but in varying proportions. We now see that every atom is endowed with the glorious faculty of making mistakes, and thus gaining experience.

So at a certain point, atoms by the billion and the trillion swarm like bees seeking a new home. They have intelligence, energy and matter enough for the act of swarming, but the future of the new home depends upon whether they can find and attract outside atoms supplying just what is needed. But this law of attraction also demands a little study. We call it "like to like," but it really means that every positive attract its negative, whilst attraction itself is but an attraction of need by the blended three, and is calling for more of each in certain needed proportions.

Now when we turn to the father rooster, who is the live form whence out rushes the swarm which is to be immediately embedded and incubated in the mother hen, we find in this particular case an insufficient supply of energy for the outburst. It happens that this momentary season that the energy is almost all needed for feathers; and we have a right to assume that intelligence is similarly engaged. So we have an unreasonable outburst, lacking the very intelligence and energy needed to attract vigorous new atoms. The poor hen has still on hand a few "left over" egg globules, themselves less vigorous than if entirely normal; but it is these globules which now become the nucleus of the cluster which comprises the outgoing swarm. There is apparently plenty of matter, but an unusual supply of the other ingredients.

The curtain now drops on that act in Nature's drama. Nature, like many of her children, had tried to do the right thing at the wrong time. She has made her outburst, and her swarm has started on its attempt to find one more ego. That swarm must now attract to its needs, or it will presently break up into individual atoms. But it must attract just what it needs or it will be feeble in certain directions. It has the entire cosmos to choose from, so we see that if anything is wrong it is in its own weakness of attraction. The student will notice the process. The swarm first attracts what it needs in the form of energy. But energy, like thought, is a thing, and therefore attracts. Both have been and the incubator present energy to the unhatched egg in the form of heat, which we all know is only a certain vibration of particles, capable of transformation as the movement changes. In other words, this energy is itself a blending of intelligence, matter and force, and it must supply just what the ego is looking for or there will be trouble. It is at this point we reach the really interesting portion of our investigation.

Do Animals Reason?

Under the above heading J. Marion Gale, in the last issue of your good paper, gave us some excellent thoughts on a line of which I have been thinking and talking and writing for a number of years—namely, our relations and duties to the inferior animals.

Assuming the Darwinian or evolutionary theory as to the origin of species as correct, I have reached the conclusion, not only that all animals reason, but that they are as certain of a future life, in the case of the coming time, as we are.

For several years past, in different parts of the country where I have resided, I have talked and written for the press in opposition to the barbarous and silly custom so prevalent of using the "blinder" on the horse and mule. I include a brief article that appeared a few days ago in the Post of this city, where I am sorry to say, this relic of the dark ages still prevails to a great extent—but where, I am glad to say, the press is not only willing but anxious to aid me in my labor in this direction. I rejoice to know that my efforts are meeting the approval of the thoughtful and the humane; generally, I don't want the approval of the "other fellows."

Washington, D. C. Y. FELL.

A FACT IN OCCULTISM.

Let the Skeptic or Agnostic Explain.

Mr. L. B. Pegg, a very honest and intelligent man residing in Fort Wayne, Ind., a member of the Christian church of that city, and who until recently was bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, having made all manner of fun of it, is responsible for the following story, of many of the details of which I myself have personal knowledge.

There was visiting at his house, his wife's step-father, Jesse Hassinger. A short time after his arrival he took sick and died. My son, Dr. B. V. Sweringen, was his medical attendant. His malady was a complicated one, asthma being a prominent feature. He died soon after partaking rather heartily of bread and milk prepared for him by Mr. Pegg who felt very much disturbed lest it should have been to a great extent the immediate cause of his death.

Prior to this, knowing the serious character of Mr. Hassinger's illness, a message was sent to his nephew, Mr. Pegg, at Walcottville, Ind., who at once responded, and was, present when death occurred. He immediately arranged to take the remains to or near Lane, Illinois, for burial. While these arrangements were in progress, Mr. Pegg engaged Mr. Ollenhouse in conversation on the subject of Spiritualism, relating some experiences he had and announced his intention of attending a seance the following night with the hope of receiving a message from the deceased. He also requested Mr. Ollenhouse to stop over on his return from the burial in Illinois and attend several seances with him. Mr. Ollenhouse continued to return home by the way of Fort Wayne, and visit a few days with him, but as for attending any seances, he begged to be excused, having no sympathy with or for least faith in Spiritualism.

A few hours after this conversation, Mr. Ollenhouse was on his way to Illinois with the remains of his uncle, Jesse Hassinger. On the following evening Mr. Pegg attended the seance, when a voice calling him by name, gave the name of Jesse Hassinger and related a number of incidents which, occurred during his illness, among which was that of his hearty indulgence in bread and milk, and the fact entertained by Mr. Pegg that it might have hastened his death, etc. He spoke of, and imitated his difficulty in breathing, giving the most wonderful and complete satisfaction to Mr. Pegg of his identity. He also referred to some matters connected with the journey of his remains to their place of interment, which, of course, Mr. Pegg could not confirm, knowing nothing about them.

Upon Mr. Ollenhouse's return, however, he unwittingly confirmed them and when informed of precedent knowledge concerning them was not a little wonder-stricken.

While still refusing to remain a few days and accompany Mr. Pegg to the seance, he was evidently very much somewhat interested in the subject, and said to Mr. Pegg, "If Uncle Jesse comes to you again, you ask him what if anything unusual took place at his burial. If he tells you that, I will begin to think there is something in it." Mr. Ollenhouse left for his home at Walcottville before the next seance was held. When it occurred Mr. Pegg and his wife attended. A voice purporting to be that of a deceased friend of Mr. Pegg, addressed her, giving her very satisfactory evidence of his identity. Finally she asked if father Hassinger is here. Her nephew replied that he was and would talk to her later on. Mrs. Pegg then asked her nephew to ask her father what unusual thing it was that occurred at his burial, being too impatient to wait until he told it himself. "Oh, I can tell you that myself, for I was there," was the response. He then went on to say that when they were leaving the seance, into the grave, the strap broke and it fell in head first.

Owing to the fact that there was quite a number present in the circle, each receiving communications from departed friends, the forces were too much exhausted perhaps for father Hassinger to communicate, and so he failed to do so. But enough was received from Mrs. Pegg's nephew now confirmation as to its truth or falsity, and no time was lost in writing to Mr. Ollenhouse the result of the information received upon their questions he wished answered. In his reply to the letter he expressed great amazement at the nearly absolute truth they had received from so mysterious a source, and that he was now certain there was "something in it." He said that it was all true with the single exception that the strap did not break, but slipped sufficiently to let the casket go down into the grave head first, and that considerable delay was occasioned in its rectification.

H. W. SWERINGEN.

THE BETTER VIEW.

If we talk of the good which the world contains, And try our best to add to it, The evil will die of neglect by and by— 'Tis the very way to undo it.

We preach too much and we dwell too long On sin and sorrow and trouble; We help them to live by the thoughts They feed on, and might be redoubled.

Their spite and might we redouble. For the earth is fair and the people are kind, If once you look for their kindness; When the world seems sad, and its denizens bad, It is only our own souls' blindness.

And I say if we search for the good and pure, And give no thought to the evil, Our labors are worth far more to the earth Than when we are chasing the devil.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A DEFENSE

Of the Declaration of Principles.

As was foreseen by all, the bombardment of the platform of principles adopted by the N. S. A., begins without delay and we may expect the storm of solid shot and shell, grape and shrapnel, to rain upon it from now on, even though a majority of three to one declared in its favor. It is much easier to criticize the work of others than to do the work ourselves, and one can readily comprehend the motive which prompted the man of many bolls and little brains to exclaim of old, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book." No doubt he wanted the satisfaction of criticizing and condemning it.

Criticism in the proper spirit is all well and good, but it seems to me that some of the comments upon the declaration are exceedingly capricious and unwarranted. One critic misquotes the first section and then flies away at his own man of straw. "We believe in an Infinite Intelligence" is not the wording of that section. Eliminate the article "an" and you eliminate the personal character of the Intelligence and render nugatory many of the criticisms.

The most singular exhibition of warped logic is manifested by the same critic when he affirms that the adoption of the first section "puts God in the American Constitution."

By parity of reasoning, then, the adoption of the fourth and fifth sections, which he endorses, puts immortality and spirit communion in the constitution also. Thousands of people who believe devoutly in a God are opposed to putting Him in the National Constitution, because they are opposed to union of church and state, and I know of no Spiritualist so intolerant as to wish to force Spiritualism upon the people by legal enactment.

Another critic, who was himself a delegate, says that the convention was not a representative body; that the committee appointed was a weak one; that the "scientists, philosophers, jurists and speakers" were opposed to the declaration; that had the best and ablest representatives of Spiritualism been present, the result would have been different, and so on. Pardon me if I say I am forcibly reminded of the verdict returned by the lone jurymen upon which he said all were agreed—except the "eleven darn fools," composing the rest of the jury.

The same brother then proceeds: "Who can postulate the Infinite? No one knows of anything Infinite." Let us see: A limit to space is inconceivable, therefore space is infinite. No one can conceive of beginning nor end to time. Therefore Time is infinite. Science has practically demonstrated that there is no empty space, therefore matter fills all space and is itself infinite in extent. The indestructibility of matter is also a well settled fact; it had no beginning and will have no end, therefore matter is infinite in existence as well as in extent. As energy is an inherent and inseparable concomitant of matter, we may safely predicate the infinity of force also. So here we have two propositions that go beyond a postulate and may be regarded as almost, if not quite, axiomatic, as they admit of no logical denial, viz., the infinity of matter and force.

The ground of discussion between the theist and atheist is this question: Do these infinite and eternal forces operate intelligently or not? A large majority of the representatives at Chicago believe they do and so adopted the declaration, "We believe in Infinite Intelligence."

The writer above quoted objects that this is a recognition of a personal God. If the universe is a person or a something with limits and bounds, yes. If not, no.

If Intelligence is anything more than the "movement of the molecules or atoms comprising the gray pulp of the brain," as a quote Huxley once made, it is a logical objection to the proposition that the wondrous order manifest in every department of nature is a manifestation of the very highest intelligence. An order so perfect that the combined wisdom of all the ages can suggest no improvement upon the laws, methods and processes of nature.

If the universe had declared a belief in a Being who performs miracles, suspends natural laws, and interferes capriciously in the affairs of men, there would be some point to the criticism that earthquakes, tornadoes, crime and suffering are not consistent with wisdom and goodness. Every well-informed person knows that the convulsions of nature are part of the methods and processes of evolution, growth, the outgrowth of past ages destroyed and buried in countless numbers of the lower orders of life, but they prepared the way for higher forms. Behind every destructive convulsion, amid all the throes of earthquake and travail of worlds moved with prophetic divine purpose pointing with prophetic clarity to that triumph of the ages the evolution of man. So of the vicissitudes, tribulations and sufferings of the race, they are all factors without which growth would be impossible and evolution a failure. To dwell upon these things as an evidence of non-intelligence in nature is to view the matter in a narrow and superficial light and does not, it seems to me, indicate deep thought upon the matter, so when a much respected co-worker charges that the adoption of the first and second sections of the declaration is "proof that those who adopted it have not outgrown the teachings of the church or else are dishonest," the counter question suggests itself to me—may it not be that those who oppose that declaration have not entirely thrown off the shackles of materialism? I would not be ungenerous enough to parallel the rest of her statement.

Professor "beliefs" is more or less objectionable to some of us. I tried to amend by substituting another, but we could not consistently vote against the declaration as a whole, because of a word, as did some who have been most persistent in urging the necessity of a

platform of principles. Furthermore, not one of those who voted for said declaration regard it as binding upon the consciences of the objectors and the pliable protests against conditions are entirely unnecessary. The declaration embodies the views of an overwhelming majority of the delegates, and, we believe, quite as large a majority of the Spiritualists at large. It is safe to say that no platform of principles ever constructed met the entire approbation of all its supporters whether religious or political.

No intelligent person regards this platform as a finality; it is subject to amendment and improvement as thought and experience may counsel. Had not time been so limited the writer would have offered and urged the adoption of the following section, the closing of the declaration of principles of the society to which he ministers—a declaration far more explicit and detailed than the one adopted by the N. S. A., as follows:

Freedom of Thought.—As all progress depends upon freedom of thought and investigation, no statement of principles or creed should be binding upon the conscience of men and women, but each should be free to accept any new truth, however much it may conflict with preconceived opinions and stated beliefs; therefore nothing in the preceding "Declaration of Principles" shall be regarded as absolutely final, but all are subject to the modification of experience and investigation.

In regard to the strictures passed upon the committee on declaration of principles, it should be said that its chairman solicited and even urged all delegates to meet with it and offer suggestions and advice, especially those of divergent and opposite views. Many of us availed ourselves of the privilege and the committee presented what they believed to be, and doubtless was, the consensus of the opinion of the large majority of the delegates.

It seems to me, that, while believing in the fullest liberty of speech and discussion it would be wiser to waste less time in fighting each other and devote it to labor for our common cause, or, if we must criticize let it be done kindly, calmly, without ill temper and unkind and unjust insinuations. In short, let us try to show the world that with us the Golden Rule is neither "imbecile" nor "impossible." W. F. PECK.

REST, BELOVED, REST.

Rest, beloved, rest, Folded now in quiet meekness are those hands of busy quest; Finding now their weary labor turned to blessed peaceful rest, Rest, beloved, rest.

Rest, beloved, rest, Closed those eyes in peaceful slumber that in kindly brightness shone, As the toll of day was ended and its loving duties done— Rest, beloved, rest.

Rest, beloved, rest, O'er thy placid features settled are the signs of sweet release, Telling of the wondrous beauty found in Death's sweet slumber peace— Rest, beloved, rest.

Rest, beloved, rest, Lo, the spirit, as it left its mortal tenement, Left the impress of sweet visions on the features of the dead— Rest, beloved, rest.

Rest, beloved, rest, Thou hast passed from earthly sorrows and the weariness we know, To the sweeter joys and labors found in Life's supernal glow— Rest, beloved, rest.

Rest, beloved, rest, Thou hast joined the throngs immortal in the brighter, purer spheres; Rest thee, then, in sweetest being while we joy amid our tears— Rest, beloved, rest.

Rest, beloved, rest, While our stricken hearts' vibrations find in tenderest sympathy, Sing thy song of jubilation that thy spirit is set free— Rest, beloved, rest.

Rest, beloved, rest, In thy spirit some beauty thou art hidden from our sight, Ours the clouds and night of sadness, thine the pure celestial light— Rest, beloved, rest.

Rest, beloved, rest, For that fairer home o'er yonder, thou hast left this world of strife— Ours the world of death and sorrow, thine the realm of joy and life— Rest, beloved, rest.

Rest, beloved, rest, In love's radiance enfolded, with its tender peace now blest, In the shining gardens rest thee—in immortal gladness rest— Rest, beloved, rest.

Rest, beloved, rest, JAS. C. UNDERHILL, Hammond, Ind.

LOYAL HEARTED.

A loyal-hearted loving father lost his son by death. And this son not having passed through the revivifying machinery of conversion, it was clearly hinted in the funeral sermon that this son had gone to hell. The father said:

"Tell me of a home in heaven with my son in hell. Never! I would smash my heart into a thousand pieces and tear my robe as a worthless thing!"

"I'd join some rebel angel throng, And strong on my wings I'd fly, The song of war should be my song, And shout rebellion through the sky."

As Gog and Magog warred of old, And from their lofty heights were driven, So would I storm his mighty hold And war's loud clarion blow in heaven.

Far down through space where Satan fell, On strong, immortal wings I'd fly, I'd share the deepest, darkest hell, Or place my boy with me, on high, —Temple of Health.

DISTILLED WATER.

Its Useful Qualities Described.

Water is an eliminator in the body, not a food. Its office is to flush the system of all waste and impurities and carry them out just as sewers are flushed by floods of water.

Foods bring into the body all the elements necessary to build up the tissues—bone, muscle, etc. Energetic thought, work, and all kinds of activity destroy tissue particle by particle, hence there is much waste matter floating in the body. The liver, the kidneys and the sweat glands in the skin are excretory organs throwing off this waste, but sometimes it accumulates or is obstructed at some point and the blood and excretory ducts are not able to remove it. Hence pimples, boils, feline, lupus, excoriations and stones.

If impure water be drunk, that is, water carrying lime or other minerals in solution, bacteria, sewage and matter visible and invisible, diseases are aggravated within the body for waste is added to waste. Distilled water, being free from these things, gathers up the floating and formed dead matter and washes it out through the excretory organs.

Pimples begin in gatherings of waste matter in the skin from the sluggish movement of the thickened blood and the imperfect action of the sweat glands. The faithful use of distilled water will remove pimples and make the skin clear and soft.

Boils are larger and deeper accumulations beginning in a particle of waste, lodged or obstructed, which gathers to itself other particles and, like rotten apples in a barrel, induces decay in all places of living tissue with which the dead tissue comes in contact. Hence it "ripens," that is the decay spreads and enlarges until it affects the skin, destroys this and breaks through. Felons are deep-seated boils. The gathering is at the skin which surrounds the bone—periosteum—instead of near the outer skin. The use of distilled water will prevent the formation of boils and felons.

Distilled water, hard as it may, is not so hard as you think. It is always able to prepare for excretion and elimination of all the waste matter brought to it in the blood, hence gall stones, composed of lime, form in minute particles in the liver, and as they pass into the gall cyst, they unite and harden into pea-like pebbles. The suffering from these is intense. The use of distilled water will prevent the formation of these stones, and when formed, it will dissolve them.

What is said of the liver is true also of the kidneys, and stones which commence their formation in the kidneys and are discharged into the bladder continue to enlarge by the addition of lime particles. How many suffer unspeakable agony through years from the grinding irritation of these stones in the bladder and the pressure upon the stopping of the urinary tract. Distilled water will dissolve them, and it will dissolve them.

Some times these particles of lime, a surplus of which is brought into the system by drinking "hard water," are deposited at the joints where the bones are softer and more porous. These deposits cause enlargements of the joints and rheumatism results. Distilled water being free from lime, will tend to prevent the deposit of a surplus, brought by the food, by floating the particles along into the waste.

Where hard water is used look in the tea-kettles. See the incrustated lime. In the same manner the veins and arteries within the body may be incrustated. Hence their action is impeded and imperfect. Winkles, palms and a premature old age result.

So may the cords of the heart or the fibres of the muscles be hardened by the deposit of particles of lime, and rheumatism of the heart or muscles will follow.

Distilled water bathes the living tissues, snatches up obstructions to growth and activity, eliminates poisons, and gives to the body the freshness and vigor of youth. It cannot abstract any formed matter in living tissue nor arrest it in any way except to invigorate and energize it by removing surrounding waste matter which, in the very nature of things, obstructs healthful activity and development.

Dr. Reynolds, health commissioner of Chicago, defends distilled water. He says: "When it comes to choosing between microbe-haunted water of a suspicious character and distilled water, my preference would be for the latter article."

"The daily use of distilled water is, after middle life, one of the most important means of preventing secretions and derangement of health."—Medical Age.

"Distilled water is as near to absolute purity as can be obtained. It is also one of the most powerful solvents, and the calcareous deposits left in the veins and points by the use of poisonous raw water, heavily impregnated with lime, are by this pure soft water dissolved and eliminated from the system, sometimes resulting in the cure of chronic cases of rheumatism. Many cases of renewed activity and youthful feelings have been known to follow the use of pure soft water."—Dr. David H. Reeder, founder of the Home Health Club of America.

Chicago, Ill. — W. N. HULL, A. M.

"The World Beautiful." By I. A. Whiting. Most excellent in its high and elevating spirituality of thought. 1, 2, and 3, each complete in itself. Price, cloth, \$1 per volume. For sale at this office.

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

"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.

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Some Reflections and Advice

the office.

Although the grand question did not

agitate the National Spiritual Associa-

tion for any considerable time, yet it

seems many Spiritualists are greatly

displeased at the doings of that body

as regards that question.

Spiritualism claims its foundation. Is

fact, not belief; that they have positive

knowledge that persons reputed dead,

whose material bodies have changed to

dust, absolutely live, inhabiting ethereal

bodies, counterparts of their late

grosser organisms, and that they retain

their individuality and recollection of

material events with which they were

associated in earth life. That knowl-

edge is briefly and pointedly expressed

in the 4th and 6th paragraphs of the

"creed," expressions and affirmations

to which every genuine Spiritualist will

cheerfully subscribe. And the endorse-

ment of the so-called Golden Rule as a

guidance of conduct does not seem ob-

jectionable.

But the 1st, 2d and 3d paragraphs

outside of knowledge, and substitute

belief in its place. Belief or disbelief in

a Supreme Intelligence is not distinc-

tively characteristic of a Spiritualist,

any more than is the godhead of Jesus,

or whether he is a historic character, or

otherwise.

Naked belief is the foundation stone

of a creed. Indeed, the English word

comes from the Latin credo, "I believe."

It has at all times been objected to by

Spiritualists, because their faith is fact

or knowledge.

A history of the God idea would be

an interesting one. He seems an evolu-

tion, changing and improving with civi-

lization. Gods were formerly multi-

tudinous, each engaged in some duty,

and every process of nature had its

superintending Deity. The sun required

a god with chariot and steeds to make

his daily circuit. Old Boreas rode on

the north wind, and Neptune on the

waves. They participated in mortal

war, and gave victory to their friends

and overwhelmed their foes. They

presided at feasts, and shared the

nuptial couch.

As knowledge advanced, these gods

one after another disappeared. Saturn

and Jupiter are no more, and Pluto has

shut his shop, while Hercules, with his

war-bell and wonderful feats of valor,

has joined Samson with his long hair

and retired from business. The Jewish

Jehovah no longer interferes with the

sun and stops its movements pending a

battle, neither does he open highways

through seas that his friends may pass

on dry land; and Moloch has ceased to

accept the sacrifice of Jewish babies.

Science has managed to dispense with

the services of the gods, and has shown

that all the processes of Nature are car-

ried on by fixed and changeless laws

inherent in matter, and not by the

special interference of the gods.

With a still higher development of

science, and a better acquaintance with

the laws of nature, and, consequently, very

possibly the three allied Gods of the

orthodox, and the one "Infinite Intelli-

gence" of the late Spiritual Association

may join the other dead gods, and leave

us without any. Who knows? We

don't, and we conclude the creed

makers did not, for they were content

to rest their statement on their "belief."

There is an advantage in having a

creed, because they who have one can

have preachers, and those preachers

can ride on railways at half-price, but

others—the laymen can accompany the

fabled Irish poet "and walk by Jesus."

Gone Back on Christianity.

Rev. Dr. Christlieb, who has been rep-

resenting the Evangelical Protestant

Mission Society of Germany, in Japan,

has just published a work entitled "The

Tendencies of Japanese Civilization

and Christianity." The Literary Digest

of November 4, gave an English render-

ing of extracts, from which we collate

and condense the following:

"Statistics show that in recent years

the progress of Christianity has been

very slow. The gain from '97 to '99 is

little more than 400. The Japanese

have reached the conclusion that they

have been too long in discarding the

old in favor of the new, and this spirit

has found its way even into the Chris-

tian elements of Japan, which aspired

to the establishment of a church inde-

pendent of the churches in countries

that have been Christian for centuries.

Altho the Japanese have known Chris-

tianity only for thirty years, and there

is scarcely a single adult native who

has been a Christian since his child-

hood, yet they began to regard them-

selves as more capable to develop a

Christian culture and life than those

who brought them the new faith.

"Still another element that has en-

tered into this reaction is the fact that

the Japanese, who is naturally not too

deep intellectually, and who is but half

civilized, has been made acquainted

The Concreteville, Pa., Courier, of the

28th ult., mentions with approval, a

discourse by "Rev. J. S. Hunter, of the

Jamestown, Chaplain of the Tenth

Pennsylvania Regiment, recently re-

turned from Manila, addressed to the

Presbyterian Synod, at Erie, the Friday

evening previous, on the subject of

"Christianity Needed in the Philip-

pines." He said among other things:

"The Philippine problem is the great-

est our country has ever been called

upon to deal with. Spain failed to do it

in 300 years, and I would be satisfied if

the people of the United States could

do it in a similar period."

Rev. Hunter then went on to tell

what the purpose "The Almighty had in

putting those islands in our hands," and

what he expected of us, just as though

he had been specially posted by God

himself on that subject, after the man-

ner of the clergy generally on like

occasions. This statement stands out

in bold relief:

"The people of these [Philippine]

islands are a far superior race to the

Cubans, intellectually, morally, and in

many other respects."

That, certainly, is cheering informa-

tion from a Presbyterian Chaplain, late

stationed with his regiment in Manila.

We wish he had showed more humanity

and less Christian feeling when he

made, a little further on in his dis-

course, the following statement:

"There is nothing for us to do but to

keep the islands in no other way can

we justify ourselves before Almighty

God. We can assume the responsibility

and we must. To conquer them we

will have to kill a few thousand of

them; but that is nothing."

The pulpitier then soothed his own

conscience with the reflection that he

will kill less than Spain did.

If it is God Almighty's desire that the

Philippines shall be killed, so as to

Christianize them, would it not be bet-

ter to let him take the job, and save our

hands the blood?

Somehow we can't avoid the conclu-

sion that this man of God was "talking

through his hat," and was as ignorant

OCCULT FORCES.

They Invade the Old Carrollton Jail.

POLICE OFFICERS TELL OF UNACCOUNTABLE THINGS—DOORMAN FOSTER SAYS HE MET HIS DEAD SERGEANT—SERGEANT CLIFTON DESCRIBES ANTICS OF BEWITCHED FURNITURE—HOW THREE POLICEMEN CHASED A PALE BEARDED SPOOK.

By all odds the most extraordinary and circumstantial ghost story in the annals of New Orleans (which is saying a good deal) comes from the old Natchez Prison, standing at the corner of Hampton and Short streets, in Carrollton. It is not the usual neighborhood legend, distorted by travel from mouth to mouth, or the vague tale of some nervous old woman, but the plain, matter-of-fact statement of at least nine peculiarly level-headed and unimaginative men—all members of the police force and accustomed by their calling to habits of observation. They tell what they saw and heard in a simple way, without advancing any theories or allusions to many strange and unaccountable occurrences; four claim to have seen apparitions that vanished before their eyes, and one, an old and responsible officer, declares positively that he saw the ghost of a former commander of the station, now dead. It is certainly a case to puzzle the skeptical.

The old Carrollton jail was built nearly a century ago. It is a sombre pile of brick, two stories high, and its squat, ugly architecture, its narrow, barred windows and massive doorway give it a sinister and forbidding aspect well in keeping with its purpose. The frontage is on Hampton street, behind a considerable expanse of well kept garden, and the grim incongruity of frowning walls and smiling foliage is the first thing that strikes a casual visitor. In other days, before the jurisdiction of Carrollton was changed, it was the regular Jefferson parish prison, and in a square central court there were a gateway upon which many a man was hanged.

The history of the place is full of tragic episodes. In almost every cell there has been death and suicide. The walls are covered with inscriptions, some sad, some vile, most of them sentimental—the accumulation of years. On one occasion two men were lynched in the yard by a mob of white men. A little girl and a dismembered corpse. Half sawed bars and a patch of masonry, fresher than the rest, are souvenirs of escapes and attempted escapes. At every turn there is something that recalls a story.

Of recent years the old jail has been considerably remodeled. The main entrance opens upon a short, wide hall, to the left of which is the commanding officer's private room, facing the street and in the rear is an office occupied by the clerk, the two apartments separated by a passage way. On the right is a heavy door leading to a corridor between a double row of cells. Another door gives access to the former execution yard, already mentioned, and upstairs are the rooms of the recorder's court. The building is at present in charge of Sergeant William Clifton, an old officer with a fine record, who is police commander of the district. He has eight men under him, a clerk, deputy and two doormen. It was in his office that a Times-Democrat reporter heard the story of the ghosts.

"I can tell you what has happened easily enough," said Sergeant Clifton, "but explain it, I can't. I have been on duty here about a year and a half, and we have been bothered off and on, from the start, by strange noises, things falling without apparent cause, and other unaccountable disturbances. Lately they have grown worse. Here in my office our attention was first attracted to that old sofa in the corner. Frequently at night one of the men would lie down on it to rest, and invariably something queer would happen. Sometimes the man would be thrown off violently, sometimes he would feel hands touching him, and several times the sofa would be moved bodily several feet from the wall. Strangers here have had the same experience. We have never been able to find any clew to the cause. Some weeks ago I was sitting one evening at my desk reading, when suddenly my chair was whirled entirely around. I was quite alone and several lights were burning brightly in the room. I was simply dumfounded, and all I can do now is to give you the facts. As I said before, the explanation is beyond me."

"A few nights later I was talking to Corporal Perez, when a large picture of Gen. Beauregard, hanging on the wall above the cashbox, began to rattle and shake, and at the same instant the stand itself, bowl and pitcher, were apparently hurled forward and struck the floor several feet away. Strange to say, nothing was broken, and oddest of all, the cord of the picture was intact and the nail on which it hung was as firm as ever. We had been talking about Beauregard and again I was startled by a coincidence. Next night the mirror, below which the picture had been, fell in exactly the same manner. That time the washbowl was broken. I have since placed the picture and looking glass elsewhere, and they have not been molested any further. These things occurred right before our eyes, under the glare of the electric light."

"The Sergeant's office is a room of medium size, sparsely furnished, and there is no place about it in which anyone could hide. The windows are heavily barred.

One searched the place from top to bottom trying to discover what caused them. But the first time I actually saw anything was one afternoon last July. The sergeant had stepped out, and I was occupied with something in the clerk's office on the other side of the passage. The doors are on a line, and I could see through into the opposite room. Presently I looked up and was astonished to see two women standing by Sergeant Clifton's desk. They were holding themselves very erect, looking straight toward me, and their stiff, unnatural attitude struck me as strange. Still I thought they were merely visitors, who had slipped in without my noticing them. They were young and both wore dresses of some sort of spotted stuff. They impressed me as being very light-skinned negroes.

"I got up, never taking my eyes from the pair, and started across the passage. Just as I was entering the other room both figures vanished. It was so sudden, so absolutely inexplicable, that I couldn't believe my senses, and stood there for a moment literally paralyzed with amazement. The sun was shining brightly, the room was perfectly light and I was never in better health. It was hard for me to believe the appearance was an hallucination, yet there was no way in the world for the women to have left the room, for there was only one door, in which I stood. I never saw the women before or afterward.

"My next experience was even more startling. It was in the evening, and, as before, the sergeant's room was temporarily vacant, while I was engaged in the clerk's office. Lights were burning everywhere, and several men were in the building. When I got through my work in the office I stepped into the passage, and happening to glance into the other room, I saw Sergeant Shoemaker, who died a year ago last July, standing before the desk and the sofa. I knew Shoemaker intimately for years, and there is absolutely no possibility of my being mistaken. He had charge of this jail up to the time of his death. The figure I saw was perfectly distinct and solid, and was in the full light of an incandescent lamp. His head was slightly bent, as if he was in a brown study, and he was walking slowly toward the sofa. While I stood there staring at him he vanished precisely as the two women had vanished. It was like snuffing out a candle—no instant he was there and the next instant he was gone.

"I admit frankly that I was frightened," continued Officer Foster. "I never seemed such a shock in my life, but I found myself trembling all over. The room was perfectly empty. I have seen nothing since, but hardly a day or night passes without noises and other manifestations. We have about ceased to pay any attention to them."

Mr. Joseph Crowley, the night clerk and operator, has had his full share of unaccountable experiences. He is not so much the nature of the alleged manifestations as the number and character of the witnesses. Taking ghosts to be thoroughly puzzle him. One night last month, as he tells the story, he was at his desk writing, when something prompted him to look up, and he saw a tall, dark-bearded stranger standing outside the barred inclosure. The man looked ill and thin, and was dressed in black. Mr. Crowley was about to inquire his business when the stranger disappeared. He was only two steps behind, but the hall was empty. There was no egress except past the doorman, who was on duty, and not one of the several officers on the floor had seen a soul. They made an instant and thorough search of the building and found no trace of the mysterious visitor. He had vanished like a feat in conjuring.

A few nights afterward Clerk Crowley was again in the office, talking with Patrolmen Edward Harrison and George Shafe, when the pale, bearded stranger suddenly appeared in the door. That time he was seen by all three of the men at about the same instant, and they rushed toward him with one accord. Exactly what happened they have some difficulty in explaining. As before, the stranger man glided back from the wall, passed into a little patch of shadow and disappeared. He never been able to find any clew to the cause. Some weeks ago I was sitting one evening at my desk reading, when suddenly my chair was whirled entirely around. I was quite alone and several lights were burning brightly in the room. I was simply dumfounded, and all I can do now is to give you the facts. As I said before, the explanation is beyond me."

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"I got up, never taking my eyes from the pair, and started across the passage. Just as I was entering the other room both figures vanished. It was so sudden, so absolutely inexplicable, that I couldn't believe my senses, and stood there for a moment literally paralyzed with amazement. The sun was shining brightly, the room was perfectly light and I was never in better health. It was hard for me to believe the appearance was an hallucination, yet there was no way in the world for the women to have left the room, for there was only one door, in which I stood. I never saw the women before or afterward.

"My next experience was even more startling. It was in the evening, and, as before, the sergeant's room was temporarily vacant, while I was engaged in the clerk's office. Lights were burning everywhere, and several men were in the building. When I got through my work in the office I stepped into the passage, and happening to glance into the other room, I saw Sergeant Shoemaker, who died a year ago last July, standing before the desk and the sofa. I knew Shoemaker intimately for years, and there is absolutely no possibility of my being mistaken. He had charge of this jail up to the time of his death. The figure I saw was perfectly distinct and solid, and was in the full light of an incandescent lamp. His head was slightly bent, as if he was in a brown study, and he was walking slowly toward the sofa. While I stood there staring at him he vanished precisely as the two women had vanished. It was like snuffing out a candle—no instant he was there and the next instant he was gone.

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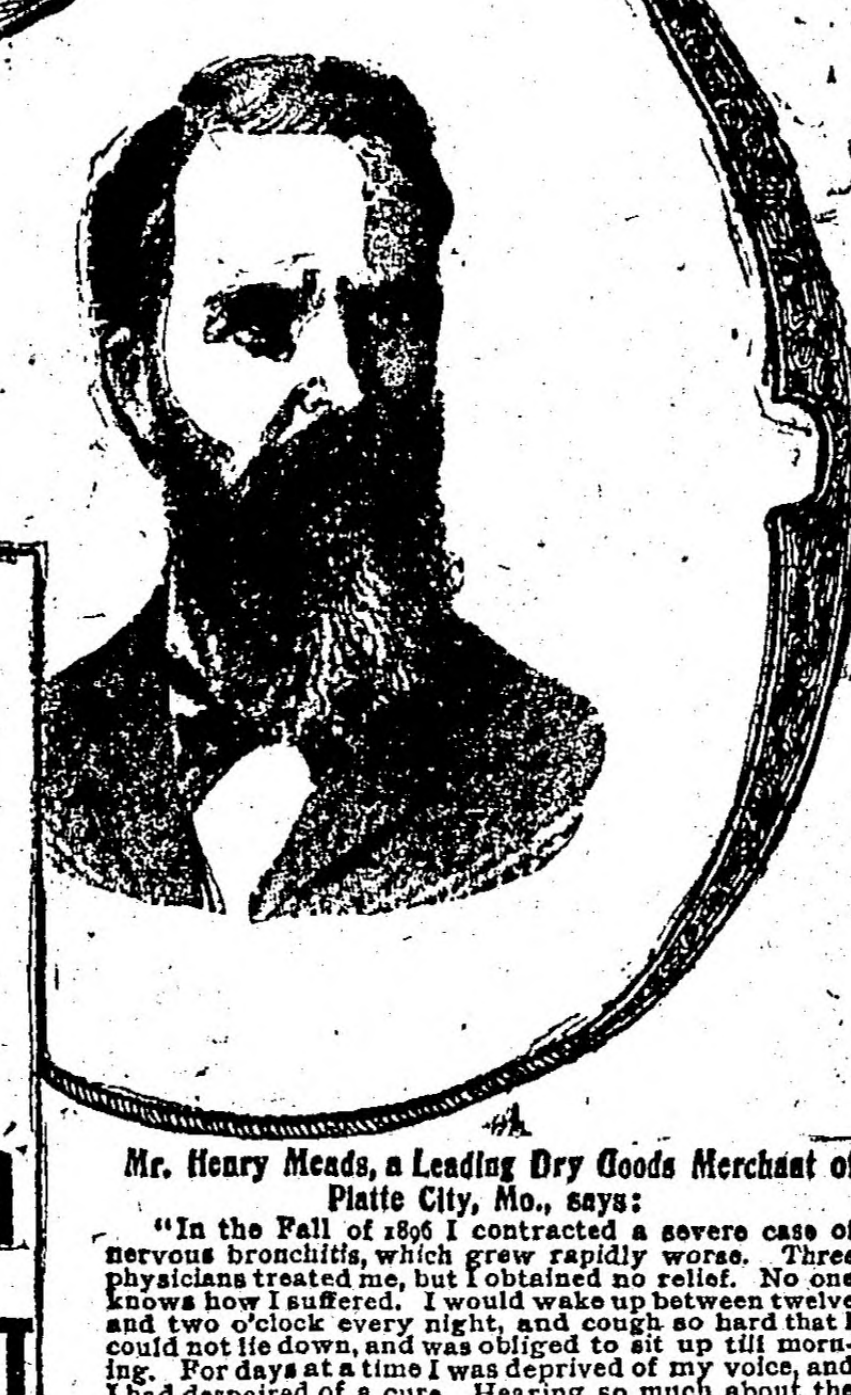
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SLOCUM CURES

Weak Lungs, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Pulmonary Diseases.



HENRY MEADS
PLATE CITY, MO.

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Mr. Henry Meads, a Leading Dry Goods Merchant of Plate City, Mo., says:

"In the Fall of 1891 I contracted a severe case of nervous bronchitis, which grew rapidly worse. Three physicians treated me, but I obtained no relief. No one knew how I suffered. I was unable to sleep at night, and I coughed every night, and coughed so hard that I could not get to sleep, and was obliged to sit up till morning. For days at a time I was deprived of my voice, and I had despaired of a cure. Hearing so much about the Dr. Slocum treatment I sent for a full free course, and was decidedly better within a month. Now, after several months' treatment, I am fully cured, and shall be glad to have you refer to me at any time. Several of my friends have been cured of pulmonary troubles."

Dr. Slocum's treatment is a positive cure for consumption, weak lungs, bronchitis, catarrh, stubborn coughs and colds, throat and pulmonary troubles, asthma, tuberculosis, la grippe and its after effects, and all complications which cause wasting away.

A system that destroys the deadly bacilli and heals the mucous surfaces—a system that cures by building healthy flesh and imparting vitality to every tissue. It cannot fail, as has been proven in thousands of instances in every State.

If you are a sufferer, it is your duty to try it. If you have suffering friends, it is your duty to post them.

FREE

Dr. Slocum has decided to send to all who apply the full FREE course treatment, consisting of four separate preparations, the same as cured Mr. Meads. Simply send your express and Post Office address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, 93 Pine Street, New York, and state that you read the announcement in Progressive Thinker.

upon it, and as one having a mite of authority in said society, I may say that we prefer a teacher, an instructor, a live lecturer, to a preacher every time.

CLARA WATSON.
Jamestown, N. Y.

"Religion as Revealed by the Material and Spiritual Universe. By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D." A compact and comprehensive view of the subject; philosophic, historic, analytical and critical; facts and data needed by every student and especially by every Spiritualist. One of the very best books on the subject. Price, reduced to \$1. cloth; paper 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"Ancient India: Its Language and Religions." By Prof. H. Oldenberg. The subject is of unusual interest at the present time, and it is here treated in a way to interest and instruct all readers. For sale at this office. Paper, 25 cents.

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"Commentaries on Hebrew and Christian Mythology." By Judge Parish 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, and is well qualified to sift evidence and arrange facts. In compact form it gives just what is needed on the subject. Paper, 75 cents. Cloth, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

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

"Atlantis: The Antediluvian World." By Ignatius Donnelly. Summs up all information relative to the lost continent of Atlantis. He regards the description of it given by Plato as veritable history. It is intensely interesting. Price, 50c.

"Principles of Light and Color." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D. A truly great work of a master mind, and one whom Spiritualists should delight to honor. The result of years of deep thought and patient research into Nature's finer forces are here garnered and made accessible to the well-being of humanity. Medical men especially, and scientists, general readers and students of occult forces will find instruction of great value and interest. A large, four-pound book, strongly bound, and containing beautiful illustrative plates. For sale at this office. Price, postpaid, 65c. It is a wonderful work and you will be delighted with it.

"Mahomet, His Birth, Character and Doctrine." By Edward Gibbons. This is No. 6 of the Library of Liberal Classics. It is conceded to be historically correct, and so exact and perfect in every detail as to be practically beyond the reach of adverse criticism. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"From Soul to Soul." By Emma Rod Tuttle. Lovers of poetry will find gems of thought in poetic diction in this handsome volume, which will to sweeten home of love and enjoyment. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200," etc. A condensed statement of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. An important work. Paper, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Occult Forces of Sex." By Lois Waishrook. Three pamphlets are embodied in this volume, in which questions of great importance to the race are discussed from the standpoint of an advanced social reformer. Price 60 cents. For sale at this office.

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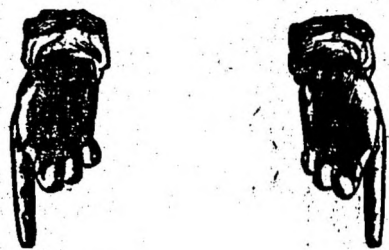
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That we have been publishing in
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SIX YEARS

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DOES THIS NOT PROVE OUR PSYCHIC POWERS

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TELL OF OUR SUCCESS

We don't claim to be the greatest
physician, but we believe

We Can Help You.

WRITE US TO-DAY,
Sending leading symptom,
age and sex

DR. C. E. WATKINS,

406 Mass. Ave., Boston, Mass.



MILLIONS IN GRAND CANON

Dr. Watkins Thinks a Section
of Its Sand Worth
\$150,000,000.

Boston capitalists have taken it into their hands to wrest the riches of gold from the sands in the Grand Canon of the Colorado. Dr. C. E. Watkins, of Boston, Charles Sherwin, Carl Bath, H. H. Sanderson and Claude Watkins, all of Massachusetts, are sure they have discovered a bonanza in the sands of the great river, and have invested money to prove their faith. Dr. Watkins, his son Claude, and H. H. Sanderson were in Denver yesterday, on their way to the canon and their placer claims. At the Oxford yesterday Dr. Watkins talked of his properties and what he expected of them.

"It was through a patient of mine that I came across the proposition," he said. "I had sent him to the southern part of Utah for a peculiar disease, and he wrote me of the district and what he thought were its possibilities. Last spring, with our families, we five main stockholders made a trip out to the Canon of the Colorado and roughed it for several months, looking over the ground and seeing what we could do to get possession of it.

"Our stamping ground was the district between Dante Crossing and Lee's Ferry. A mining expert, Stanton, was the first to realize what there might be in the place. He had a scheme to dredge the bed of the river. We let him have all that to himself, but he contented himself with getting hold of about 10 bars of the river sides running up the canon walls, which at that place are neither high nor steep. The Boston Placer Mining Company is the title under which we have organized, with a capitalization of \$500,000, all held by ourselves.

"Our experience with assayers proved rather unsatisfactory. The returns they gave were usually from \$1 to \$12 per cubic yard. To satisfy ourselves more thoroughly as to the value of our property we put in a small plant with pump and nozzle and all paraphernalia, costing about \$5,000, which has netted us so far about \$100 a day clear. The ore occurs in nuggets and flakes,

and some of the gravel, if what assayers in Denver tell me is true, can be run through a cyanide mill with profit. "We are now on our way to make a second tour of inspection. Incidentally we are ordering a \$25,000 plant to help out the little one already installed. "Our property of 16 claims includes five bars, covering about 4,000 acres. It is estimated that the gravel between Dante and Lee's is worth \$150,000,000. Every bit of ground is taken, but there are plenty of claims that can be bought at reasonable prices."—Denver Tribune, October 11, 1890.

MINING.

Dr. Watkins, Founder of Th
Arena, Thinks It the
Safest Business.

Dr. Charles E. Watkins, who has practiced medicine in Boston for the last 20 years, and who founded the Arena Publishing Company, is now more enthusiastic over mining in the West than ever he was in either of the fields of activity in which he was formerly engaged.

The Doctor, who is registered at the Oxford hotel, talked of his own mine last evening only in a passing way. But he had much to say about the attractive features of mining as a business. He and his family, with a few friends, hold the stock of the Boston Placer Mining Company, in furtherance of the affairs of which he is now in the West. The last week he has spent at the mine, which is at Hall's Crossing, in the Glen canon of the Colorado river, Southern Utah. With the water raised by means of a gasoline engine, his men are now washing gold from an upper bar of the river. The gold may have been a glacial deposit. At least Dr. Watkins is inclined to hold that opinion on account of the fact that the edges of the particles of gold are rough, and not smooth as would have been the case if the gold had been carried any distance.

But it is when the Boston visitor talks of mining as a safe means of money-making that he grows enthusiastic. "I consider," said he, "that mining is the most legitimate business proposition, if properly conducted. For a while Boston citizens were disgusted with mining. They had brought so many holes in the ground on the recommendation of others. Consequently they could not be touched with a hundred-foot pole. But now, having gotten over hard times, they and Eastern men in general are more interested in mining than ever. Good mining propositions have a better show in the East now than they have had for the last 20 years."

Henry L. Sanderson, teller of the North National Bank of Boston, is traveling with Dr. Watkins. He also has put money into mining.—Denver Republican, Tuesday, November 7.

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

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

Mrs. Adeline M. Glading, of Doylestown, Pa., on Tuesday, November 7, 1890, passed to the life beyond in the Homeopathic hospital, N. and Second streets, N. W., Washington, D. C. The funeral services were held at the chapel of J. Wm. Lee, undertaker, 332 Pennsylvania avenue, N. W., Thursday, November 9, at 4 o'clock p. m.

Mrs. Glading was one of our foremost lecturers and mediums, and her departure to the higher life will be deeply regretted by many.

Passed to spirit-life, October 30, 1890, Sheldon E. Phelps, of Richmond, O. He was an earnest advocate of Spiritualism, and devoted to its promulgation. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband and father. A host of friends followed the body to its last resting-place. Services conducted by D. A. Herrick, of 85 Kentucky street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Passed to spirit-life, from her home in Hallsport, Allegany county, N. Y., November 4, 1890, Mrs. Fidelia Parker, aged 77 years. She was for many years a devoted Spiritualist. O. J. R.

TESTIMONIAL.

B. F. Poole, Clinton, Iowa:
Dear Friend—Your Malted Pebble Spectacles received, and are perfectly adapted to Mrs. Hayden's eyes. We are fraternally,
MR. AND MRS. B. F. HAYDEN.
Indianapolis, Ind.

For ten cents I will send by mail, a 4-page packet of my Magnetized Compound, for cure of weak eyes. Once used you will not be without it. Address,
B. F. POOLE,
Clinton, Iowa.

"Cosmian Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies, for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This volume meets a public want. It comprises 258 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment and free from all sectarianism. Price, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Universe." What Force Is the Beginning of Creation? What Matter Is? The Creation of the Earth. The Beginning of Life. Immortality. The Substance of Its Environments. Psychic Science. What the "Soul of Things" Is. Song of Psyche. A pamphlet by L. M. Rose. Contains 17 pages of interesting matter. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

Wonders That Are Being Performed At a Distance.



DR. PEEBLES, Since devoting himself personally to the interests and welfare of his patients, is performing some wonderful cures, perhaps more remarkable than those of former years. He does not claim to possess gifts that none other has, but he does claim to possess some advantages over most of his contemporaries—he is certainly curing hundreds of cases where all others have failed. He claims his great success in treating chronic diseases is due to several factors, an important one being his vast experience, having had over half a century's actual experience in the treatment of these diseases.

PSYCHIC DIAGNOSING DR. PEEBLES is admittedly one of the greatest Psychic Diagnosticians living. He is able to definitely locate the seat of your disease. The causes, conditions and effects he reads as clearly as if each organ and tissue were before him. Too much importance cannot be attached to a correct diagnosis. It is necessarily the foundation for successful treatment. The result of treatment based upon a wrong diagnosis is simply chance, even worse, it is an experiment. How many of the physicians who have treated you really understood your case?

PSYCHIC TREATMENT The Egyptians and Assyrians appreciated, perhaps more fully than we, the efficacy of the "Soul-Cure" of diseases. They were psychics under other names. Their histories contain numerous examples of astonishing wonders performed by those possessing these spirit gifts. Who can limit spirit and spirit power? But as the regular medical profession grew stronger, it became so proud, so strong and tyrannical that, together with scoffing and legislation, it caused to be abolished all forms of mental, magnetic and psycho healing. But the time of reckoning has come. The regular M. D. who has become too proud, too much of a bigot to investigate and make use of the psychic laws of healing finds that patients he has treated unsuccessfully and pronounced incurable are being cured by the irregular physician who has the courage to investigate and use, in conjunction with his medical knowledge, the laws of the higher arts of healing.

MAGNETIZED MEDICINES He uses only the mildest medicines, these being preparations from roots and herbs. Drastic drugs and poisons he has totally abolished. The remedies for each patient are magnetized and vitalized by the Doctor himself before they are shipped. In this way his patients get the benefit of his healing and life-giving magnetism. He makes no exorbitant claims, but could print hundreds of testimonials of so-called incurable cases.

Locke, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1890.—Dear Doctor:—Your medicine has helped me, and I can truly say that I do not think I should have been able to-day if you had not helped me. All my friends say so too. Very truly,
ALMA HALLADAY.

Putnam, Conn., Nov. 3, 1890.—Dear Doctor:—I continue to gain in strength and am feeling so much better than I did in July,—am like another being. I do not think I can ever repay the debt I owe you in this respect. Your treatments are like a glimpse of heaven. Your patient,
MRS. L. N. DRESSER.

Millers, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1890.—Dear Doctor:—I can feel the psychic treatment very distinctly. It seems like a baptism of glory; filling my being with life and strength. Your patient,
JULIA RESSEGUIE.

Marcellus, Mich., Nov. 5, 1890.—Dear Doctor:—I am feeling well. I could hardly imagine I would ever feel so well again. I never realized so strongly your magnetic influence as I did last Thursday evening. It is quite a miracle to me. I am so thankful for what you have done for me. Sincerely yours,
MRS. G. I. NASH.

IF IN DOUBT as to your true condition, if your physician has failed to help you, it will cost you nothing to obtain a complete and full diagnosis of your case. In addition to the diagnosis, he will send to each lady writing him as below, "Foods for the Sick and How to Prepare Them," a booklet of inestimable value to every home, and also that practical booklet, "Woman." No wife or mother should be without it. Write at once, STATING AGE, SEX, FULL NAME, and LEADING SYMPTOM.

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Sunday Spiritualist Meetings in Chicago.

The Open Door of Life Spiritual Society holds meetings at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., at Star Lodge Hall, No. 378 West 11th street, between Harrison and Polk streets. Mrs. E. N. Warrne will lecture in the evening.

The Christian Spiritual Society holds meetings in Hygieia Hall, 404 Ogden avenue, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Miss Sarah Thomas conducts.

Humanitarian Spiritual Society will meet in Room 200 Athenaeum Building, 28 Van Buren street, every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. William E. Bonney and Mrs. Mary J. Bonney, assisted by other mediums.

The Church of the Soul holds regular services every Sunday at 11 a. m., in Kimball Hall, 243 Wabash avenue, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, pastor. Sunday school in the same place every Sunday at 9:45 a. m. School of Psychosophy established in connection with the church.

The Spiritualistic church Students of Nature, will hold services every Sunday at 7:30 p. m., at Nathan's Hall, 1505 Milwaukee avenue, corner Western avenue.

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 Progressive Spiritual Church, G. V. Cordingley, pastor, room 409 Handel at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Services at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

Band of harmony, auxiliary to the Church of the Soul, meets at Room 808 Handel Hall Building, 40 Randolph St., every first and third Thursday of month, beginning at three o'clock, o'clock. The ladies bring refreshments; supper served at six o'clock. A quarter to seven commences at a quarter to eight. Questions invited from the audience, and answered by the guides of Mrs. Richmond. Always an interesting programme. All are welcome.

Forty-third Street Christian Spiritual meetings will be held in Kenwood Hall, 4308 Cottage Grove avenue, each Sunday, 3 p. m., conference and tests; 8 p. m., lecture by Dr. A. Houghton; tests by H. F. Coates and others. All are invited. Good music and seats free.

First Spiritual Temple, 620 North Clark street, Lake Shore hall. Lecture and tests by Mrs. Lucille De Loux and Mrs. St. Clair. Special demonstrations in thought transference by Dr. Rarmer and Wm. Meyer. Every Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

The Gross Park Spiritual Society meets at 1738 N. Wayne avenue, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Spiritual Fraternal Society holds its Sunday service every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at their hall, 326 Wells street. Everybody is welcome.

The First Spiritual Church of the South Side holds services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., at 77 Thirty-first street. Lecture and spirit messages at both services. Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, pastor. Open doors.

The First Spiritualists Alliance holds meetings at Union Park Hall, 615 West Madison street, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Hamilton Gill and other mediums will lecture and give spirit messages.

The Beacon Light Spiritual Church will begin Sunday services, at 40 East Randolph street, (Handel Hall), the third Sunday of September, at 7:30 p. m.; also weekly meetings Thursday evening the 14th, at Schiller Hall, Wells street, near North avenue.

The Spiritual Freedom Society holds regular meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m., in East Lodge Hall, People's Institute, corner Van Buren and Leavitt streets. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Seats free.

The West Side Spiritual Society has consolidated with the First Ecclectic Society of Spiritual Culture, and are permanently located at Van Buren's Opera House, Madison street and California avenue. Services at 3 and 7:45 p. m. Judge Maguire assisted by other good speakers from time to time, will lecture. Mr. Grupp, psychometrist.

The Englewood Spiritual Union Society meets every Sunday at Forbes' Hall, 420 W. 34th street. Mrs. S. F. De Wolf and John A. Johnson will lecture and give spirit messages at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Seats free.

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

Bear in mind that only meetings held in public halls will be announced under the above head. We have not space to keep standing notices of meetings held at private residences.

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. Prof. Lockwood is recognized as one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual realm. In this little volume he presents in succinct form the substance of his lectures on the Molecular Hypothesis of Nature, and presents his views as demonstrating a scientific basis of Spiritualism. The book is commended to all who love to study and think. For sale at this office.

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"Bible and Church Upgrade Woman." By Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Comprises three brief essays, on the Effect of Woman Suffrage on Questions of Morals and Religion; The Degraded Status of Woman in the Bible; The Christian Church and Woman; written in Mrs. Stanton's usual trenchant style. For sale at this office. Price 10 cents.

"History of the Inquisition." Every citizen of our country should read this concise history of that Romish church institution known as the Inquisition. The animus of Romanism against all institutions, beliefs and parties not in conformity with the ruling powers of the Romish hierarchy is plainly shown in these statements of veritable history. The devilishness and murderous malignity of the "Holy Inquisition" is so clearly paralleled in all the world's records of inhuman atrocities. It is for sale at this office, and will be mailed postpaid for 25 cents.

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