

SOCIETARIAN.

So of nations, tribes and peoples. The American Indian is no more as a free, untrammelled savage. His bark wigwam is no more, but in its stead is the palatial home or the stately business block. His beaten trail, winding through the mighty forest, is now obliterated, but the railroad stretches in its place and the powerful locomotive rushes where the warriors' pony cantered in the years gone by. Our civilization justifies the change. Unable, or unwilling, it matters not which, to adjust himself to the higher form of living, the Indian passed into oblivion practically. He is no more as a free, undisciplined nation, and the man who bewails the fate of the Indian shows about as much reason as he who would sit down by a self-

The Vicar shook his head and sighed,
And says all hopes are vain, you know
But how it was the good man died,
While fate the wicked one defied,
He never did explain, you know.

But death is likewise blessing to the weary and heartsick ones, the old who have outlived companions, associates,

Death is a blessing to humanity at large because it brings about social and intellectual progress otherwise unattainable. The young are hospitable to new ideas. The young keep open their minds. Few make progress after they reach the age of 30 years. Reformers at 30 become conservatives at 70. The radical changes, as old age comes, into an obstructionist. The Western pioneer pushing across the prairie and felling the trees in the forest, the builder of the high speed stream of spring, having built this home and reared children there sits content. The children push forward into the West. They would be pioneers as well. The father urges them to remain with him. He is opposed to further exploration. He wishes no new lands conquered and no discoveries made. He wishes to become a fat and moss-grown citizen. Thus the intellectual pioneers, in early, eager life there is welcome indeed, for searching out for new thoughts. With older years there comes a conservatism that tends to encourage larger knowledge. Death is a blessing here. Death

There need be no fear that he is a ferryman shows there is a landing upon the other side. So, also, if death be doorkeeper, the envious man will object not to the open door and entrance into the great world of which all this life but a narrow ante-room. The man who is to life as to an outworn garment, but physicians tell us that the last earthly hours are not marked by this clutch upon the rage, but rather a reaching forward after the robe of immortality. As the final dissolution all medicine science asserts that it is peaceful as the passing from wakefulness into a quiet sleep. The individual enters into this world crying, while all around him smile. To him who finds death, a blessing the infant, now grown old, goes out of this world smiling, while all around him weep.

This world is a garden for immortals. For even in man's imperfection, he grows in successive crops. This world is a school room where souls are trained for the university beyond the skies. The room would be overcrowded and the training, of consequence, poorly done, except each year there was a graduation.

die—the master gardener saith. For resurrection each wheat field is an arsenal of argument, each blade of grass which lifts its trembling head a

WALTER WILLIAMS.

Then farewell, Old! and sadness
And heart-aches with thee go.
All hail the New with gladness,
With joy and hope aglow!
For harvests now are ripening.
The martyrs sowed in blood—
At last the heavens are bright'ning
To coming brotherhood.

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of one hundred trees, is the property of the owner of the land on which it grows, but grapes and fruits growing on

The profits of industries other than agricultural are divided among all the members and the association in proportion to the amount of labor and capital each has furnished.

The common dining-hall has not been introduced as a colony institution, but if several families wish to club together

A school has been started by a member who is a graduate of one of the best universities in the country, and also something of an impressional medium, and as rapidly as practicable the school will be differentiated and the regular

business college, high school and college courses given as the demand for them may come. The teachers will be members and share in the profits in the same way as the other members do. All the business college courses will be given by the business college teachers. The business college will be giving developing courses, and does other labor at the balance of the day; but more time will be allotted to the business college teachers and members and the college will be entitled to all the education it is in the power of the association to give. We believe that every person in the country should have the opportunity to receive an education, and we will strive to see that no one is left out in other respects. Provisions are made in the by-laws for the care of widows and orphans, who will share in the benefit as if the business college were a business.

We believe that there are a great many people who are willing to co-operate, but who are not ready to enter a system of co-operation in which there is so much communism as there is in the colonies of to-day. Something seems to be needed which is not so radically different from the competitive system. We invite criticism and suggestions from our readers, and trust that their spirit-guides will give us some useful advice through their mediumship; as the success of this and other similar undertakings is of great importance to the welfare of suffering humanity.

JACOB W. BRAAM,
Secretaries.

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THE NEMESIS OF GAUTAUQUA LAKE: OR CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

Author of "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer," "Court and Prison," "A Calm View from a Lawyer's Standpoint," "A Hawk in an Eagle's Nest," "Intemperance and Crime," and "A Review of the Seybert Commissioners."

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"The other Indian, whose gun I had shattered with my first bullet, when he saw his companion fall turned and ran towards the lake. I followed with yells of rage and laughter combined. The red-skin flew as if the spirit He-no [He-no: Iroquois, meaning thunder—an evil spirit.] was thundering in his rear. Reaching the shore he plunged into the lake and swam towards the point. When I reached the water-side I could see his scalp-lock among the waves a hundred yards distant. I knew he thought that if he gained the point, he was beyond the reach of my bullet. While he was swimming over I carefully loaded both barrels of my rifle. I put in a double charge of powder and thoroughly greased the 'patching' of the bullets. By the time the savage reached the point I had recovered my breath, almost lost by my running, laughing and yelling, and stood waiting for him to land. In a few moments he crawled upon the sand of the beach and standing erect turned towards me and uttered a defiant whoop; it was his last utterance. Taking steady aim and allowing for the distance, I fired. The bullet, guided by the finger of him who has so often protected me in the hour of danger and whose spirit whispered in my ears a few moments before, flew across the water on its mission of death, and the savage fell upon the sand with his defiant yell unfinished on his lips. I returned to where I had shot the deer; scalped the red-skin I had killed and carrying the venison a quarter of a mile up the lake to my canoe, I returned to my cabin.

"The lake was rough, and as it was late in the afternoon I concluded I would wait until the next day before I secured the scalp of the warrior who swam the lake. Early the next forenoon I landed on the point. I did not see the body and thought it had been carried off by some of his companions who were probably prowling around the lake. Passing through a clump of alders I was startled by the snarling of a pack of wolves that were quarreling over the remains. They saw me and slunk away in the woods. Next to a red-skin I hate the wolves, they have so many traits of character in common with the accursed savages that it requires a belief in metempsychosis to be convinced that the spirits of all the red devils of the past live to-day in the howling hordes of the wilderness. But when I saw the bones of the savage, gnawed and picked clean by those I had startled from their disgusting repast, I forgave them for stealing the scalp, and lowering my rifle permitted them to go unharmed. But look yonder, to the left of the bow! Is not that a light gleaming over the water?"

Judge Hall looked in the direction indicated by Munson, but could see nothing. "I think not," he said. "I see no light except the glimmer of yonder star as it is reflected in the lake."

"I am confident I saw a light," said Munson. "It was only for an instant and was so low down that it must have been a burning brand of a camp-fire; our boat has changed its position since I saw it; some object on the shore may have intervened. We will retrace our way a short distance. I think it was on the point; we must be near there by this time."

Munson instantly and noiselessly lowered the sail and taking a paddle cautiously propelled the canoe a hundred feet or more, back along its wake which was distinctly marked for some distance on the placid water they had passed over.

"There it is," he said, as his experienced eye again caught the faint gleam of a nearly expiring fire that had been built on an extreme point of land that extended into the lake.

"That is Long Point, Judge; and there is a fire on it. The men have let it burn down very low, and probably have covered it up for fear we might see it; but a burning brand has given us timely notice. It is but the warning voice in another form that has so often whispered in my ear, and we must heed it. We will have to pass the point with the paddles, our sail might be seen from either shore although it is only starlight."

Silently and cautiously the men proceeded to force the canoe along with the paddles. The experienced strokes of Munson fell as lightly on the water as a breath of Summer air; but the less expert strokes of Judge Hall occasionally emitted a faint sound.

As they were nearly past the point and were turning the prow of their canoe to the east to keep in the center of the channel, a voice hailed them from the western bank of the lake.

"Hello! Hello! Who are in that boat? Come ashore! Come ashore!"

"Now, Judge," said Munson, "put your whole strength to the paddle. Fifty rods farther and we are safe; we will leave them behind us and it is a nautical axiom that 'a stern chase is a long chase.' If we get around the bend ahead of them they cannot overtake us; their canoes are 'dragging out,' heavy and unwieldy, and they will soon give up the chase."

"Look at that light a little ahead of us, to the right," said Judge Hall. "See, it is a canoe with a lighted torch in the bow; it is filled with men and they are putting out from shore to intercept us."

"Yes, Judge, and there is another putting off from the point," said Munson; "the canoe on our right has a fire-jack such as is used by fishermen, a small iron basket filled with pine knots and placed upon a short pole in the bow of the boat. There are four men in that canoe; the one on our left has two men; one of them is using the oars and the other is holding a torch of pitch pine. They are trying to head us off at the bend; that they must not do. I will just serve a notice on them to 'stay proceedings' as you lawyers would say."

Saying this, he coolly laid down his paddles and picked up his double barreled rifle which was lying in the bottom of the canoe by his side.

"For God's sake, Munson," ejaculated Judge Hall in alarm; "you must not fire at them; they are settlers and it would be murder in the first degree should you kill one of them."

"Don't be alarmed, my boy," replied Munson calmly. "It would certainly be folly in the 'first degree' to permit ourselves to be captured when we can prevent it by blowing out their candles. Like Othello at the bedside of Desdemona, I will put out two lights, but neither of them shall be the promethean spark of a human life. Stop paddling for a moment; the fire-jack is a long shot, and it is difficult to shoot with certainty through a wall of darkness. The torch is held in the hand of a man and I must be careful in my aim for I would not injure him."

He turned towards the western shore, raised his rifle, poised it a moment and fired. The bullet struck fairly in the center of the fire-jack, scattering its burning knots in the water, where they blazed a few seconds and were then extinguished, leaving the darkness apparently deeper than before.

"It will take them some time to gather their knots and patch their jack again, and still longer to collect their scattered senses," said Munson. "And now for the other torch." He turned towards the point and again raised his rifle, but this time his aim was more carefully taken than before. A few seconds passed and he fired. The bullet struck the torch just under the flame, and it flew in

shattered fragments from the hand that held it, striking the water a number of feet from the boat.

"I have snuffed his candle for him without snuffing," said Munson as he coolly proceeded to reload his rifle. "Never lay your gun down empty, Judge, for you do not know how soon you may have occasion to use it again. Now let us ply our paddles. A few rods farther the lake bends towards the south where we can set our sail, and leave the bloodhounds of the law to follow an invisible and scentless trail."

"But will they not intercept us at the bend?" inquired Judge Hall. "They do not need their lights to do that, and I wonder that they lighted them, for they showed us their position while we were concealed in the darkness. Would it not be better for us to row back up the lake a short distance and land, and go around the point through the woods, as you said we might be compelled to do if we could not pass the point in safety?"

"No! no! young man," replied Munson. "It is too late now; they could as easily intercept us in that direction as this; besides now that they know who fired the shots that put out their lights, they will be careful not to come within the range of 'Nemesis' again, for fear I may not be in one of my pacific moods should they 'drive me to the wall.'"

"Know who fired the shots?" ejaculated Judge Hall. "How can they know that?"

"They know it, Judge, as well as you know the voices of your acquaintances. There is not a settler on this frontier but knows the report of 'Nemesis' as well as they know the sound of their cow-bells. You may have observed that the gun is of unusual length in the barrels and carries unusually heavy lead, and that makes the voice of the goddess very different from the sound of the common rifles carried by the hunters of these forests. If any of my friends are among the pursuers they will not urge the pursuit, and if any of my enemies are among them they will not dare to continue it. A few more strokes of the paddle and we are safe."

For a few moments the two men continued to use the paddles without regard to the noise made by their strokes, and the light canoe seemed to skim over the surface of the water with the velocity of a bird on the wing. They could hear the angry imprecations of their pursuers for some time, but at last their voices were lost in the distance, and when the canoe turned the bend in the lake all was silent save the moaning of the light wind through the pines and hemlocks on the shore, and the wash of the waves upon the beach.

"We are safe now," said Munson, as he again set the sail and calmly seated himself in the stern of the canoe to guide its course with the paddle. "They will follow us no farther, for they know it would be useless. They have heard the warning voice of the goddess fabled in mythology, and although not learned in the classics, there is not a man among them but knows that Nemesis can throw a ball a half a mile and kill. I had the gun constructed by an expert workman in Boston expressly for my own use and for the mission indicated by the name inscribed on its stock, and most faithfully has she vindicated her name. Never once has she failed me. Scores of times have I been so situated that had her flint been even for an instant irresponsible to the steel, the delay would have been fatal to me, and I should have died unavenged; but the innate fire was always obedient to the touch of my finger on the trigger, and death accompanied her voice as certainly as it follows the lightnings of heaven."

He paused a moment and continued: "The naming of their rifles is an odd conceit of the frontier-men, and yet their guns are as well and sometimes even better known than their owners; often, too, their owners are better known by the sobriquet cut upon the stock or breech of their guns than they are by their own names. I once knew a noted hunter and scout who was known all over the frontiers as 'Deer-Slayer,' although the French in Canada called him 'La Longue Carabine,' or the long rifle. It was from that I got the idea of having a rifle constructed with barrels of unusual length. I first met him on the Schoharie; the length of his rifle attracted my attention, and while I was examining it one day, I observed the name, 'Kill Deer,' engraved upon its stock. I suppose it is from the name on my rifle that I am known among the Indians as 'He-no,' which means in their accursed language among their accursed race, 'The Thunderer or Avenger,' and the thunders of heaven are not more dreaded by them than is the voice of Nemesis."

"On the breech-piece of the rifle you selected from my armory you will see the name, 'Sartin Death,' engraved by some artist more skilled in the mechanism of his craft than in orthography; and 'Certain death' it is to the object it is aimed at by a skillful hand. Next to Nemesis and 'Kill Deer' it is the most reliable weapon I ever sighted. I captured it from a Mohawk chief whose scalp hangs in my cabin and whose body is buried at the northern end of the lake. He had probably taken it from some murdered settler."

"But yonder comes the moon; we are now safe. You are young and need rest. You can spread that bear-skin on the bottom of the canoe and lie down and cover the blanket over you to keep off the night air and dew. Then with this glorious moon-lit, star-gemmed sky for a canopy and the gentle undulations of this beautiful lake to lull you to rest, you can sleep the sleep incident to youth and health, and a heart that has known no sorrow. Oh! that that these were Leathan waters around us, that I might drink, and sleep, and forget the horrors of the past forever. Most probably the wind will go down towards morning, when I will anchor the canoe near the shore and try to sleep myself for an hour or two."

CHAPTER VI.

"Happy he whose toil Has o'er his languid, powerless limbs, diffused A pleasing lassitude; he not in vain Invokes the gentle deity of dreams; His powers the most voluptuously dissolve In soft repose; on him the balmy dews Of sleep with double nutriment descend."

—Dr. John Armstrong.

"The day begins to break, and night is fled; Whose pitchy mantle overleaved the earth; The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night, Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light."

—Shakespeare.

Judge Hall spread the bearskin on the bottom of the canoe, and with his valise as a pillow, a warm blanket for a covering, and the gentle motion of the boat, like the swinging of a hammock, to lull his wearied senses, he soon forgot all around him and slumbered until the rising sun glimmered through the trees on the eastern shore. When he awoke, Munson was yet sleeping in the stern of the canoe. Several hours after midnight the wind went down and in the calm of early morning he had anchored the boat a number of rods from the western shore with a stone tied to a rope and dropped in the bottom of the lake. Then wrapping his blanket around him and placing his rifle by his side he lay down to sleep with the confi-

dence of one who knew his surroundings and was a stranger to fear.

For some time Judge Hall sat quietly in the bow of the canoe enjoying the magnificent landscape of lake and forest that surrounded him. The sky was cloudless; the air cool, crisp and bracing; the water smooth as a mirror of glass reflected the gorgeous autumn foliage of the shore so distinctly that the inverted trees in its depths seemed to blend so harmoniously with those upon the bank that the eye could not discern the line between land and water.

There was no appearance of life along the shore; the forest was unbroken and the lake lay so calm and still in the light of early morning that it seemed as if the solitude and silence of centuries had slept undisturbed on its bosom. "Since the morning of creation no change had come to it, save that brought by the varying seasons and the abrasions of storms and floods. Thus silent and lonely it had slept in the forest, unknown even to the tongue of prophecy, awaiting the time when its hillside should be covered with temples erected in the name of the Most High, and its shores dedicated to His worship. It is true that the singular recluse who had lived so long by its side, at times thought he heard whisperings of its future from unseen lips, yet his mind was warped and wrung by sorrow and his prophetic voice was unheeded by those who knew him."

While Judge Hall was yet enjoying the beauty of the early morning as it broke upon the silent landscape, Munson awoke and saluted him with a grave courtesy of manner incident only to those who have associated with men of culture and refinement.

"Good morning, Judge," he said. "You have not brought the habits of the cities into the wilderness, or you would yet be sleeping regardless of the beauties which the Creator has spread around us, and which I see by your look you appreciate and enjoy."

"It is indeed a beautiful landscape, Munson, and such as the traveler never sees in his wanderings among the settlements of civilization. The cities of the world that boast of their noble works of human skill and art can produce nothing so beautiful and sublime as this lonely lake and these dense forests that cover its shores."

"That is true," said Munson. "What are the greatest achievements of civilization compared with the wonders of the vast wilderness between us and the setting sun? What were the beauties of that famed wonder of the world, 'the hanging gardens of Babylon,' compared with yonder fringe of dark hemlock and scarlet maple that overhang the water on the other shore? What the wonderful mechanism of the statue of Olympian Jupiter, compared with that aged pine that for five centuries has stood like a sentinel on the rampart of yonder ledge of venerable rocks? Long before the pyramids of Egypt were built this lake slept as now in its cradle of hills; while the noblest works of man crumble into the dust of decay, the beauties of God's handiwork are perpetuated by his unchangeable laws. The trees that grow on these shores now are not the same that grew here when the foundation of the cheops was laid; but the law of reproduction is the same, and as one dies, another takes its place; and so He preserves the beauties of His work through all the changes of time."

"Even a portion of the waters of this lake may be the same that was pressed by the foot of the Savior on stormy Galilee; brought here by the mist of the clouds and the winter snows or summer showers. But thus it is that the Creator preserves the beauties of His works through all the centuries that fall from his hands, while the proudest achievements of man soon pass away and are forgotten. In the wilderness we see the glory of the Lord as we behold 'His wonders on the deep,' and how insignificant are the doubts of infidelity when confronted with these evidences of His greatness and power. Yet how mysterious are the ways of the Most High; as He permitted the serpent to enter Eden; as He made human nerves sensitive to pain as well as pleasure, and our bodies subject to disease and death; as He formed the flower to distill a deadly poison with its beautiful petals, and placed the thorn upon the stem of the rose, so has He for His all-wise purposes permitted sin and sorrow to mar the pleasures of life, and murder and rapine to spring from the hearts of men. Behold the grandeur and beauty of these venerable woods. From here to the waters of the Missouri they extend in an almost unbroken solitude. They look so calm and peaceful and yet they are full of danger and death."

"Men whose devilish cruelty would shame the fiends of Dante's Inferno, through these woods, while the ashes of burned homes, and the blood of murdered, innocent women and children mark their trails through all the miles of its apparently peaceful limits. But for the savages the wilderness would be a paradise; with them it is a pandemonium and will so continue to be until the whole accursed race is destroyed and swept from the face of the earth forever. Hundreds and thousands of the settlers have experienced my sorrows and bereavement, and feel my desire to be avenged. It has been whispered in my ears that before the winters' snows shall thrice again cover the earth, the red devils shall be exterminated or driven from the woods between Lake Erie and the Ohio River. The whole country shall be an altar for an offering of blood to the Most High, and I will be at the sacrifice. Something tells me that that will be the end of my mission. That my labors will be ended, and that I shall receive the plaudit: 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' and that I shall meet my murdered mother, wife and children on the Unknown shore. I long for the time to come, but until it does come the voice of Nemesis shall be heard in every place where the savages are to be found, proclaiming my wrongs and vindicting my vengeance!"

While Munson had been thus speaking he stood in the center of the canoe, one hand grasping the barrels of his rifle, while the other moved in a graceful sweep as he referred to the lake and forest. There was an imposing dignity both in his manner and tone of voice together with an unstudied eloquence in his words that created a feeling akin to awe in the mind of Judge Hall as he listened. At first he appeared calm and unimpassioned in his description of the lake and its surroundings, but as he proceeded and spoke of the savages and their cruelties he became more and more fervent and excited, until he reached his final denunciation, when the loud and frenzied tones of his voice were echoed back from shore to shore. His eyes gleamed with the lurid light of insanity; while his features assumed an expression of such malignant malice and ferocity that for a moment Judge Hall looked at him with bated breath and a throbbing heart.

The paroxysm lasted only a few moments, when after a severe mental effort he seemed to conquer his feelings and even to subdue his monomania. Then turning to the Judge, he said calmly and without the least appearance of mental excitement or aberration of mind:

"Judge Hall, there are two routes to the settlement on the O-hee-ro, where you can procure a guide for your journey; one is by the lake and Ga-no-wun-go creek to the river; the other is by a much shorter route through the forest; which shall we take? While you were sleeping it occurred to me that if our enemies were persistent and determined to procure our arrest, when the moon arose they might have sent runners down the lake by a trail that runs along the eastern shore to a settlement at the outlet. If we keep the canoe we will have to pass this settlement and they might try to apprehend us, which might lead to bloodshed, for I will not be arrested by the puny arm of man for obeying the commands of God. Unfortunately, I have involved you in my troubles, and my anxiety is on your account, not my own. If we go through the wilderness, on what to me is a familiar trail, we will reach the O-hee-ro to-morrow forenoon. There I have a canoe concealed in the water, and from there to the settlement at the mouth of the Te-car-nohs is but two days' pleasant sail down the waters of 'The beautiful river,' as the Indian name signifies. Should we by the lake and Ga-no-wun-go creek to the river it will take at least three days and nights to reach O-hee-ro. Can you undergo the fatigue of eighteen hours' travel through the wilderness? If not, we must take our chances by the water route. It was for your decision that I anchored here last night when

the wind went down. The trail runs along beyond that clump of young hemlocks and leaves the lake at this point. What say you? I can carry our blankets and rations if?"

"Munson!" said Judge Hall, "say no more. I have had some experience as a soldier and do not fear the fatigue of a march, carrying my own blanket and rations; so let us take to the woods by all means. There must be no bloodshed in defiance of the law on my account. It is important that I reach Pittsburg before the 25th of this month. A public meeting of the settlers has been called by a few demagogues and turbulent spirits who are trying to disobey and defy the law. I must reach there before that time if possible, and I prefer the trail through the forest to the longer route by the Conewango."

It required but a few moments to unload the canoe and sink it near the shore by means of stones picked up from the bank. A hasty meal was made of corn bread and dried venison. The blankets and bearskins rolled in a compact form were strapped to the shoulders of the travelers; the priming of their rifles renewed, and striking the trail beyond the hemlocks Munson had pointed out, the two men entered the forest and followed the well defined path for some moments in silence.

"We are now safe from pursuit, either by land or water," said Munson. "The lake is two miles behind us and we no longer need fear the sound of our voices, and may lighten the fatigues of travel with conversation. What is the object and purpose of the meeting you spoke of, and why are you so anxious to attend it?"

Judge Hall hesitated to answer. The success of his mission depended to a great extent on the secrecy with which it was conducted. He regretted that he had mentioned it and was provoked at his own indiscretion. While he yet hesitated, Munson smiled significantly and said:

"You need not fear me, my young friend. I know your secret, and it is safe with me. Your mission is attended with danger, but I will be near you when that danger comes. I will accompany and guide you to the end of your journey."

"You know the secret of my mission," ejaculated Judge Hall. "You are mistaken, sir. The secret is known only to myself. What do you know of its danger, and how can you render me any assistance? I need none, and only ask that you conduct me to some place where I can procure a guide through the wilderness without unnecessary delay."

"Yes, Judge, I do know your mission. It was not told to me by human lips; but I know that you are sent to inquire into the cause and extent of the resistance in Western Pennsylvania to the excise laws, placing a tax on whiskey. The accursed beverage that is manufactured to the injury of mankind is to be taxed for the public good. The collection of this tax has been resisted in the West; the officers of the government have been most outrageously maltreated; they have been stripped of their clothing, tarred and feathered and turned out into the wilderness in the cold and storm. Those citizens who have dared to obey the law and pay their taxes have been ostracized; their buildings burned, their cattle killed in their pastures; they have been libeled in the newspapers, and the laws of a Christian civilized country has failed to protect them, or punish those who perpetrated the outrages. All this has been done that intoxicating liquor with its legion of inseparable evils should be as free to the people as the water from the springs on the hillsides. Yes, yes, as incredible as this will appear to the future readers of history, yet it is true; and a Christian people are ready to rise in rebellion against a government that places a few cents tax per gallon on the accursed 'beverage of hell.' Your mission is a noble one, Judge Hall, yet it is full of danger, and requires a brave man to execute it. Should your business be known to the people where you are going, your life would be endangered; such a hold has the hellish brew got on the depraved appetites of the people, that they are ready to commit murder in its behalf. You have the courage, young man, to execute your trust, if you have the zeal to make you faithful."

For some moments Judge Hall was so astonished and bewildered at the extent of the knowledge his singular companion seemed to possess of a secret that he supposed was known only to the officials at Washington and to himself, that he hesitated to reply. He had no faith in the prophetic powers claimed by Munson. The whispers he so often spoke of, Judge Hall believed to be the vagaries of a diseased brain; he looked upon the recluse to be a monomaniac; rational on all subjects not connected in any way with the murder of his family, or what he claimed to be his mission of vengeance. That he had been a man of culture and extended reading was evident from his conversation at all times, that his "mind was warped and wrung," was equally apparent; but how he had learned the secret of his mission Judge Hall could not even surmise, and he determined to be cautious in his reply.

"I do not know, Mr. Munson, how you acquired your pretended information in relation to my business West, but I do know that it concerns no one but myself; and I need no assistance but that which the law will afford me." "You are mistaken, young man," said Munson earnestly. "Where you are going the people have set the law at defiance, and your mission or business is to enquire into the cause and extent of that lawlessness and report the facts to those who sent you. Your confidence in the power of the law to protect you is the weak spot in your armor. It is much safer for you to distrust that power whenever it is opposed to the influence of whiskey, or the interest of those who manufacture or sell it. Your confidence in the supremacy of the law comes from your experience as a lawyer and judge, and your ignorance of the people you are about to visit. You have been directed to see a man in Pittsburg by the name of Daniel Bradford. I would not advise it; it will defeat the accomplishment of your purpose."

Judge Hall was more surprised than before; a part of his instructions were to see this very man and confer with him in relation to the opposition to the excise laws, and to consult him as to the best method of enforcing obedience to their very moderate demands; and when Munson mentioned his name, accompanied with the warning advice, the Judge paused, dropped the breech of his rifle on the ground and looked at him with an expression of unconcealed astonishment.

"Come on, Judge," said Munson, good humoredly, "does your surprise add to the weight of your pack? or are you already so fatigued that you must needs stop to rest? We have a long and weary march before us and must not loiter on the trail. What a poor gambler you would make; your countenance would tell your opponent how many trumps you held. You must learn to conceal your emotions, to dissemble, or you will never gamble successfully against the world, either at law or at cards. Do not be offended my young friend at my freedom of speech. I mean kindly towards you; and remember we are not in the refined social circles of the eastern cities, but in the woods of the western frontiers."

"I do remember it, Munson, and it is necessary that I do so to preserve my self-respect. By what means you have learned a portion of my secrets I do not know; but whatever the duties are that I am commissioned to perform, they do not concern you in the least; and—"

"Stop! Stop! young man," said Munson earnestly, "they do concern me, and they concern all good citizens who would see all just and proper laws obeyed. They concern every Christian man who has the welfare of his fellows at heart, and who would wish to abolish the greatest curse that ever afflicted our race. Every obstacle placed in the way of a free use of whiskey among the people is a blessing to mankind, and the time is surely coming when the Christian enlightenment of the world will demand that its use as a beverage shall be prohibited by the strong arm of the law among all the races of men."

(To be continued.)

It is nature to communicate one's self; it is culture to receive what is communicated as it is given.—Goethe. It is very easy for a person without passion to set himself up as a pattern of self control, and pass snap-judgment on those who carry enough steam to blow up a ship.—M. J. Savage.

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EDEN VALE.

EDEN VALE.

The Discovery by Spirit Power, of Iron Mines.

To the Editor:—After reading an article in The Progressive of December 15, in regard to the discovery of the rich iron mines near Ashland, Wis., I came across an article published in the San Francisco Chronicle soon after the destruction of the magnificent mansion which was destroyed by fire last summer, the property of the discoverers of the rich Ashland iron mines. I cut out the article and sent it to you as it throws much light on the history of that discovery. It is as follows:

EDEN VALE, THE MAGNIFICENT CHYNOVETH RESIDENCE.

The widely-known Hayes-Chynoweth mansion, which was completed in 1891 at an immense cost, was totally destroyed by fire this afternoon. It was located on the 240-acre ranch of the family at Eden Vale, about six miles south of San Jose, Cal., on the Monterey road. The fire started in some unknown manner in an upstairs unoccupied room, and at 3:15 o'clock, when discovered, it had gained such headway that its progress could not be checked. An alarm was sounded on a large bell that is used to call the employees to meals, but it being a Sunday few were at hand and a small working force was obtained with difficulty.

The fury of a light was soon evident, and in less than half an hour flames could be seen in all directions among the forest of cedars and oaks of the great handsome structure. An appeal was sent to San Jose for a fire engine, but owing to the inadequacy of the supply on the place and the impossibility of getting to the scene in time, none was sent.

Of the fifty rooms in the house, no attempt was made to enter many of them, and only a portion of the furniture was saved. The fire destroyed a number of large brick chimneys towering above a mass of blazing debris, surrounded by the massive stone foundation.

At 4:30 o'clock the entire building was enveloped in flames, and all efforts toward saving anything further were abandoned. An hour later all that remained of the magnificent residence was a number of large brick chimneys towering above a mass of blazing debris, surrounded by the massive stone foundation.

Nether Mrs. Hayes-Chynoweth or her two sons, E. A. and J. O. Hayes, were at home. They have for some months been attending to their extensive iron-making interests at Ashland, Wis.

A fine stable near at hand that cost \$10,000, and the chapel that was erected at a cost of \$12,000 were saved. The residence was occupied as a home for Mrs. Chynoweth and her sons. It was in all its appointments unapproached by any other private residence in the country and had few equals for elegance, convenience and extent on the coast. The total cost of the residence, with its furnishings, was \$175,000. For six years an insurance of \$100,000 was carried on the structure and its contents, but last year it was reduced to \$75,000.

The magnificent mansion of Mrs. Hayes-Chynoweth, which was destroyed by fire yesterday, was the air of a multi-millionaire's country seat. It was known as Eden Vale, and was, perhaps, the most interesting point in the fertile Santa Clara Valley.

Mrs. Chynoweth is what is vaguely called a Spiritualist, but her alleged powers are in striking contrast with those of most practitioners of this creed. She devoted herself while at Eden Vale to curing the afflicted, according to the tenets of her belief, for she holds that religion must be lived and that a faith that spends itself in the world is a mockery. To Eden Vale flocked invalids from all over the Coast, for the chateau has strange power as a healer of ills and diagnoses the ailments of her patients without asking of them a question. Sufferers were gladly welcomed to the palatial mansion of the secess, and in some instances became the guests of Mrs. Chynoweth during the period of treatment and convalescence.

The story of the acquirement of the great wealth which the magnificent mansion and its grounds evince is a most interesting one. Some fifteen years ago, the story runs, Mrs. Chynoweth was living with her two sons, who were practicing attorneys in Northern Wisconsin. At this time she and they were in reasonably comfortable circumstances, though not rich in this world's goods. One day, as she sat alone at home, a voice said to her:

"Tell your sons not to put their money into pine lands any more. There is vast undeveloped wealth in iron mines off here to the east. Tell them to put their money there."

Nether Mrs. Chynoweth nor her sons had ever heard of iron mines in the vicinity. But such experiences were no new thing to her or them, for nearly all the important affairs of their life had been directed in the same manner, and so when the information was conveyed by Mrs. Chynoweth to one of her sons, he at once said:

"But I never heard of any iron mines near here. How am I to find out about it?"

The voice came again and said: "You have a client on the opposite side of the street and two blocks down, who knows about it. Ask him."

The sons had such a client, Captain N. D. Moore by name. Inquiry revealed the fact that indications of iron ore had been discovered some forty miles to the eastward in the unbroken forest, and that Captain Moore was even then engaged in exploring there for iron ore. Through him Mrs. Chynoweth and her sons got possession of such land as they wanted and began a search. Against the advice of friends and business associates, they continued the work until they developed one of the richest iron ore mines in the world. Out of this has come the beautiful mansion at Eden Vale.

According to Mrs. Chynoweth she was guided in building Eden Vale by the same influence that brought her great wealth. The mansion was palatial in its decoration and equipment. It was in three parts. In the center resided Mrs. Chynoweth and her two sons, Hayes by name, occupied the wings on either side. The main hallway was finished in mahogany, richly carved.

Throughout the great house there was a plenitude of carved woodwork, superb stained glass windows, frescoes painted by prominent artists, and many fine pictures. The grounds were laid out by Ulrich of World's Fair fame. The chapel, where services are held every Sunday, is a fine structure and excellently planned. It is the left of the main house, the interior is illuminated through fine stained-glass win-

dows, and, instead of benches, there are upholstered opera chairs. A pipe organ furnishes music.

J. M. KIRKPATRICK.

Oro Blanco, A. T.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

How She Haunted an Artist.

Some years ago I was spending a few weeks upon the restless old Sierras. One morning a band of Indians from the Nevada side, pitched camp near us and among them was a young Indian girl of rare beauty. She might have been a bronze Diana, so perfect, so slender, so supple, so finely poised, her well-shaped head, I had some difficulty in getting her to sit for me, not even the gift of a gold-piece fetching her. Three days of persuasion scarcely left a dent in her resolution. I was almost disheartened, when unexpectedly Hassanyam, as she was called, appeared at camp and expressed her willingness to pose.

Shortly afterward we heard that her consent was due to the promptings of a jealous rival who was also striving to win the affections of a young Plute buck upon whom Hassanyam had set her heart. This rival doubtless shared the superstition, common among Indians, that death lurks in a photograph, but Hassanyam was evidently ignorant of it and proved it by her model. The picture progressed beyond my wildest hopes. Hassanyam grew more smiling each day, for the young Plute had asked her to be his—to draw water and chop wood for him through the life.

One morning, when the picture was about finished, we were suddenly startled at seeing an old Indian crane, bent double with the weight of years, standing watching us.

What she said to Hassanyam I do not know, but the old witch at sight of the picture threw up her arms with weird, Hassanyam shrieks and hoarse mutterings, Hassanyam fled, and the old Indian, for a heap at my feet, and when the old woman had finished her incantations I gathered from the girl that she had foretold Hassanyam's death, and that it was on account of the portrait.

"Fear up, fear up," wailed Hassanyam, making a sudden lunge for the picture; "fear up or die!" But I was loath to spoil my cherished work for any such nonsense. With heart-rending cries Hassanyam departed. The next day we learned that the Indians had moved on. I put a few finishing touches to the picture, and when it had dried carefully packed it up.

Back in the city I hung it on my studio wall, certain that it would find many admirers. It did. But always when a customer was about to purchase it the face of the Indian girl suddenly changed its expression; the smile became an anguished distortion; the eyes were now revengeful, now like those of a stricken creature.

She would tell me, after all, Keith, they would say, "Something about the face I don't like. Sort of gives me the creeps."

Finally I took the thing down from the studio wall and carried it home, determined to destroy it. It was getting on my nerves. Sometimes I thought that those last strokes of the brushes must have tainted it with the final view I had had of the foolish Indian maiden. However, I could not make up my mind to destroy it, and for several days it stood on the floor in my room, face toward the wall.

On Christmas eve, just as I was about to turn out the gas, I suddenly felt a chill, and my eyes, drawn by some irresistible impulse, sought the wall where Hassanyam met my gaze with a look so bitterly reproachful that my heart seemed to stand still. Hastily I turned out the light and crept to bed. I tried to convince myself that it was my imagination, and cursing the officiousness of the servant who had hung it on the wall, I finally fell asleep.

Did I dream or did I wake? Suddenly the canvas in the frame seemed to tremble. Slowly the figure began to move. It did not walk, but glided straight to my side. It was Hassanyam. "I must die; I must die," she moaned. "The witch has said it. The picture is bad luck! Over and over again she wailed, 'I must die; I must die.'"

At the first faint streak of the Christmas dawn I turned toward the picture, thinking to convince myself that the apparition was plum-pudding nightmare. I imagine my amazement. The figure of Hassanyam was clean cut from the canvas!

You must find your own explanation for this. Did the Indian girl die and her wrath come back to despoil the fatal picture? Or did she live and come in the flesh to claim it?—William Keith in San Francisco Examiner.

A DREAM,

And Its Strange Results.

"One of the most successful railroad men in the United States," said a well-known local official, "claims that over his street in a dream. Several different versions of the story have been current, but some years ago I heard the story from his own lips. He entered the service originally as a wiper in a roundhouse, then got a fireman's billet and eventually became an engineer, where he bid fair to stick in."

As I remember his narrative, he had been holding down the job for two or three years when he was greatly disturbed one night by a hideous dream. He thought he was on his engine, going at full speed over a section of the road that was strange and, at the same time, familiar, after the fashion of things seen in nightmares, when suddenly rounding a curve he caught sight of a man lying face down, across one of the rails. The man had his head in his arms and was in the exact position of the one who had fallen asleep, overcome by fatigue.

The engineer was transfixed with horror, and before he could seize the reverse lever, he felt the sickening crunch of wheels passing over a human body. The sound was still in his ears when he awoke. Naturally enough the vision preyed on his mind, and when it began to repeat itself at intervals of two or three nights, he soon became thoroughly unnerved.

"The dream was always precisely the same, and after several weeks of mental torment he walked into the superintendent's office and threw up his job. To have assigned the real cause might have lain him open to suspicion of insanity, so he merely said he was tired of the vision, which promised no triumph and let it pass.

"The higher officials had already ob-

served his superior intelligence, and the reason he gave for his resignation rather raised him in their opinion; so a few months later, when they needed a yardmaster at an important point, they set regulations aside and gave him the place. From that he climbed to train dispatcher, then assistant division superintendent, then traffic agent and so on up, until he is now general manager of one of the best lines in the North, at a salary of \$18,000 a year. If he had stayed at the throttle he might have risen in time, but the chances are that he would have missed the flood tide of fortune.

"A singular feature of the story is that his old engine really did kill a man about three weeks after he left it. The poor fellow was lying on the track in a good den the way the figure appeared in the dream; and it was never known whether he had been sand-bagged or had dropped there from exhaustion. In looking up his history it was found that he was an old tramp who had once been a man of means, and years before was a stockholder in that very road.

Of course that circumstance has no bearing on the other fact, but it adds to the general strangeness of the case. In relating the story in my presence the general manager remarked that it was a long time before he ventured to tell anybody the true reason why he had quit his engine. Dreamers are not especially popular in a practical business like railroad."

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A New Song by Jas. C. Underhill.

To the Editor:—J. C. Underhill has contributed to spiritual literature another beautiful song, appropriately named by him, "Pearly Wings," set to that sweet air, "O, Sing to Me of Heaven." It is from the soul, is a true soul communion creation. As early as possible we will publish it, for it is such a classic as "Pearly Wings."

Publish it, Brother Francis, that the friends may cut it out and paste it in their song books until it is given in them a permanent place.

H. N. MAGUIRE.

PEARLY WINGS.

Air: "O, Sing to Me of Heaven." O, sing me your beautiful thoughts, Ye angels e'er lingering nigh, For beautiful thoughts are the pearly wings.

That waft my soul on high.

Refrain: They waft my soul on high, They waft my soul on high— O, beautiful thoughts are the pearly wings.

That waft my soul on high.

In silent communion's sweet hour Expectant I listen and wait; Your beautiful thoughts transport my soul Anent to the heavenly gate.

Refrain: They waft my soul on high, etc.

When, weary of earth and its cares, Your presence I long have sought, Oft has my glad spirit been carried above

And blest by your beautiful thought.

Refrain: They waft my soul on high, etc.

When thoughts impure assail Your soul word is given, Your beautiful thoughts lead pearly wings

That waft my soul to heaven.

Refrain: They waft my soul on high, etc.

How strangely sweet the song I hear the angels sing; With joy I join the choral throng, On thought's celestial wing.

Refrain: They waft my soul on high, etc.

Your loving hands I feel, Your rest upon my brow, Your loving thoughts soothe me to rest And bring a heaven now.

Refrain: They waft my soul on high, etc.

O, sing me your beautiful thoughts, Ye angels e'er lingering nigh, For beautiful thoughts are the pearly wings

That waft my soul on high.

Refrain: They waft my soul on high, etc.

Temple Heights, Maine.

Visitors to Temple Heights, Northport, Me., that beautiful little spiritual camp-ground situated on the banks of the Penobscot river, who are annually attracted to the spot by its pleasant surroundings and the meetings held there will learn with pleasure of the changes and improvements which are to be made there in the near future. The changes will be read by the many readers with delight for there are many who love Temple Heights and its surroundings.

Through the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Lathrop, of Cambridgeport, Mass., a corporation has been formed in this state with a capital stock of \$100,000, and already they have purchased considerable property at Temple Heights with a view to improving and building up the grounds. The officers of the new corporation, which is called Beacon Ethical Union, are, President, Willard L. Lathrop, Cambridgeport, Mass.; clerk, Orrin J. Dicksey, Belfast, Me.; treasurer, Mrs. Emma R. Lathrop, Cambridgeport, Mass.; directors, Michael J. Logan and Henry E. Barney, Boston, Mass.

The corporation is organized for the purpose of holding, owning and operating a hotel, a sanitarium for the treatment of the sick and the business of publishing periodicals, books, papers and other general matter pertaining to the publishing concerns. It is proposed to begin work in the early spring upon a new hotel at Temple Heights, which will be modern in every way and having some fifty rooms, the same to be ready for occupancy in the coming summer.

The corporation has already purchased the Pioneer Hotel, which was the property of John Steward for many years, and the Lancaster cottage, also owned by Belfast, by Mrs. Etta Lancaster, together with the stables and land, making one of the best sites for a new hotel to be found in Eastern Maine and in fact a beautiful spot. In addition to this the so-called Butterfield and Crossby lots have been purchased from the owners in Hartland and Belfast, and the Lancaster cottage will be moved on one of these lots. This represents a deal in property of some \$2,500, and will be the means of a boom to this little Spiritualist camp-ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop were so pleased with the place that they have purchased of Lewis Robinson, of Bangor, four lots on which they will build a private cottage for themselves in the spring. The old building at Temple Heights is immediately and the new work will replace them, proving a great thing for this camp-ground.

ORRIN J. DICKSEY, Sec'y.

"Arcana of Spiritualism: A Manual of Spiritual Science and Philosophy." By Hudson Tuttle. A spiritual text-book of rich and inspired thought. An excellent work. Finely bound in scarlet cloth. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

VIBRATORY FORCES

As Manifested in the Lowly Walks of Life.

A COLORED GIRL'S NORMAL MEDIUMSHIP SHINES FORTH MOST BEAUTIFULLY.

To the Editor:—One can glean divine lessons occasionally from the daily press, and bring into application mediunistic powers that are mistaken for genius. The Inter Ocean relates a most remarkable case. Tenants of the fashionable Kinzie apartment building on Lincoln Park boulevard hear now and then the strains of a violin played by a master hand. It has been whispered that some one is entertaining a new Sarasate or a second Paganini. The notes for a few moments at the noon hour there is the sound of delicate runs or well executed chords. The tones are broad and smooth but they suddenly die away. Early in the evening the violin passes again. Coloratura passages, thrilling tremolos, and exquisite modulations fill the air from an upper floor. But no one is acquainted with the violinist. It is rumored that there is an artist, who is opulent enough to live in one of the most exclusive neighborhoods on the North Side and that, therefore, he must be some celebrity resting before the beginning of the concert season. Persons have looked in vain for him.

No one who sees a slender colored girl pass in and out the rear entrance of the great building suspects that she is the musician, even though once a week she carries a violin case tucked under her arm as she hastens down the boulevard toward the Rush street bridge. The casual passer by supposes that the girl is carrying the instrument belonging to her mistress, when in reality she is going to her regular Wednesday music lesson. The girl's name is Jennie Powell and she is a musician by the double right of natural talent and faithful study. Music is her passion and she would rather take her weekly half-hour lessons than spend an entire day in gossiping or visiting.

PINED FOR HER VIOLIN.

Jennie is employed as a general servant in the family of a prominent Chicago business man. She is an excellent housemaid and is so systematic in her work that she saves ample time to practice, and the sweet strains of her violin come from the little corner room next the kitchen, which she has converted into a studio.

Jennie had been living with her present mistress some little time before she confided to her the fact that she was pining for her violin, which was safely hidden in the bottom of her trunk. Jennie was told to bring it forth and play a tune. No more melody or coon song was drawn from her bow, but, instead, some dainty classic from one of the great masters.

"Keep your instrument out and go on with your music," said her mistress. "I feel that I should be doing a great wrong if I did not encourage you to cultivate such talents. You are a well-nervous girl, and I have never had a twinge since I gave up my piano on account of nervous prostration and lung troubles; my editor so highly recommended your violin, I tried it; from that day I have steadily grown better; an new well; nervousness gone; lungs strong; a new man." Mr. Simpson, who is a well-known Chicagoan, said: "I am satisfied it saved my life."

them. She goes out but little, preferring to spend all her spare time with her beloved instrument.

While the dinner is cooking Jennie presides over the household and prepares her lesson for the following week. Her love of music will assert itself in many ways, and all day long she sings at her work.

Among Jennie's pupils there was a little girl whose mother was dissatisfied with her progress, and because the child did not play any popular airs.

"I think you ought to teach her some rag time," the woman suggested. "You'll have to get another teacher if you want rag time," said Jennie, "for I won't let her play anything but good music as long as she is with me."

Jennie has a great love for reading along musical lines and when asked what she wants for Christmas, she invariably chooses the lives of composers or the histories that deal with her art.

In this case we find a plain colored girl—a remarkable development, possessing a susceptibility that may be called mediunistic. She is simply an oasis in an arid desert among colored people, one of those occasional outbursts of nature that the casual observer regards as a genius. We are inclined to regard her as a special revelation, her education in many respects being pre-natal, and superintended by wise spirits.

DIVINE WRIGHT.

The lessons which I have been giving to classes under the title, "Receiving Messages from the Unseen Powers, Development of Spiritual Gifts, Soul, Adepts, and Healing Others," will soon be ready for distribution. They comprise the new teachings upon Soul, including Spirit Chas. Darwin's observations, the latest scientific instructions for unfoldment, the completely explained method for receiving healing from the wisdom spheres, and the elaborated teachings upon the mechanism of mediumship. Many dozens of remarkable cures have been made by this method, and many have received unfoldment. The book is designed for the use of those who are willing to accept new thoughts if the proof is given, and logical proof of the verity of these teachings is presented in its pages. Those who do not need to advance the price, merely to send name and address. The price has been placed at \$2.00, which is far below the usual terms for a volume of this kind. My home address is Alaska, Mich. This month write me at 71 N. Michigan avenue, Battle Creek, Mich.

CARRIE F. WEATHERFORD.

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"The Bridge Between Two Worlds." By Abby A. Judson. This book is dedicated to all earnest souls who desire, by harmonizing their physical and their psychical bodies with universal nature and their souls with the higher intelligences, to come into closer connection with the purer realms of the spirit world. It is a collection of the spiritual tone that characterized all of Mrs. Judson's literary works. Price, cloth, \$1; paper, 75 cents. For sale at this office.

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Remarkable Invention of an Ohioan that Guarantees Perfect Health, Strength and Beauty to Every User, and Cures Without Drugs All Nervous Diseases, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Blood and Kidney Troubles, Weakness, and the Most Obsolete Diseases, by Nature's Method of Steaming the Poison Out of the System.

Ministers and Those Who Have Used It Declare It to Be the Most Remarkable Invigorant Ever Produced, Better Than Any Treatment at Hot Springs, Sanitariums or Health Resorts.

A prominent business man of Cincinnati has invented a Vapor Bath Cabinet that has proven a blessing to him, his family, and his friends. It is far superior to drugs for curing La Grippe, colds, inflammation and rheumatism. It has been used by thousands of people, and has proven itself to be a most valuable remedy for all ailments. It is an air-tight enclosure, a rubber-walled room, in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and with only the head and neck exposed. For a single hour, it cures the most chronic ailments, and invigorates the system.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby as terse, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTICE.—No attention will be given anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondence is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Methodist: Q. Will you republish the poem which appeared under your name at the death of Bishop Gilbert Haven, and inform us if he was a Spiritualist?

A. Bishop Haven was not a Spiritualist, or he could not have been a bishop, yet his thoughts as he neared the hour of departure were those of an ardent believer, though necessarily colored by his theological training. His last words, on which the poem was founded, were: "I am floating away from earth—up into heaven—I am gliding away into God." To Professor Lindsay he said: "Good evening, Doctor, when we next meet it will be good morning." He was very weary when last he said: "After I have seen the Lord I shall want to rest the first thousand years with my legs in the lap of my Mary."

Life's earnest day drew near its close, a day completely given To do the work the Master gave, to fashion earth for heaven.

No martyr by the rack or flame had suffered greater pain Than he had borne without a moan, and counted as his gain.

And now was past the bloody sweat, the gall, the thrusting spear And joys divine upon him broke from the supernatural sphere.

Then as he trembles on the verge of life and death by turns, His captive spirit gathers strength, and earthly fetters spurns.

He smiles at death bereft of sting; he scorns the narrow grave; He sees beyond the tree of life, its roots the waters lave.

Aged by his death his friends stand mute, his life's words to hear; They know who works his Master's will has naught at death to fear.

A smile lit up his pallid face, as oft the setting sun Breaks through the mists and glories, as night comes slowly on.

No clouds obstruct my vision clear, I feel no dread alarms; The angels wait around my bed, God folds me in his arms.

"O, it is pleasure—it is joy! My prisoned spirit thrills With this new life that comes of death, which all my being fills.

"No river spreads in fog obscured; O 'light! all things are light! I float from earth into the heavens entranced with keen delight.

"Good evening now, when next we meet, within the crystal gate, 'Twill be good morning evermore, nor have we long to wait.

"Your message, sister, I will bear to him who keeps your heart; He is with Mary—joyful thought, no more from her I part!

O weeping mother, daughter dear, and you, my noble son, May love of Jesus make you his, and with him be as one."

He paused, the damp was on his brow, he labored hard for breath; He whispered, "Now I come," and life gave place to death.

His body sleeps; his friends they weep; but he in heaven is blessed; A heaven so perfect in his joy, activity is rest.

M. J. Cullar: Q. (1) What is meant by terrestrial magnetism?

(2) What is the best method to attain the art of self-control?

(3) What is meant by the protoplasmic cell, within the living body?

A. (1) The earth is a vast magnet, holding exactly the same relations to an artificial magnet, as such magnets do to each other. The influence of this great magnet is summarized under the name of terrestrial magnetism. The planets, satellites, act on each other magnetically, and the sun as the largest body of all, vastly larger than all the other planets combined, has by far the greatest influence. So delicate yet intense is this force he exerts, that the first indications of disturbance on the surface—as shown by flames and solar spots—is the trembling of the magnetic needle, sympathizing with the earth currents, changed or intensified.

(2) By having well defined rules for the conduct in all things, small as well as great, which indicate what is right action and what is wrong, and rigidly adhering thereto. It is yielding in small affairs that destroys self-control, while larger occasions come, as the unnoticed crevice in a levee, opens the way for the flood.

(3) Protoplasm is the living material out of which organic forms are evolved. It is not organized but capable of being. The cell is the next step in the process, when a minute particle of this protoplasm, which has been called the "basis of life," is surrounded by a retaining wall. This is the condition of the first evolved or lowest living form. Instead of a diffused homogeneous substance, it is an individual with independent life. It grows by absorbing surrounding material, and multiplies by dividing into two cells exactly like the first, or by bursting through the retaining walls, with the living form of man, this cell-conformation is the method of growth. Every muscle and nerve exercises its function by the

destruction of cells, and is renewed by formation of new cells. Every secretion is the result of watered cells.

Mrs. H. Houghton Chapin, M. D.: Q. It is claimed by high Christian authority that the "Mosaic Stone" is a great reliable source of Bible history, both from what is inscribed thereon and from its antiquity. Can you confirm this statement, or do you suppose it is like hundreds of other "finds," a forgery or fraud?

A. While there is no reason for concluding that the Mosaic Stone is other than genuine, it shows to what desperate lengths the supporters of the stone are driven when they make so much of its evidence. The most ultra doubter does not question the existence of the Hebrew nation, and that their home was in Palestine, and that is all the stone proves.

For the information of the reader who may not have a full knowledge of this subject, the stone was found in 1868 at the site of the ancient Dibon in Moab. It was a slab of black basalt bearing thirty-four lines in Hebrew—Phoenician—which translated were found to refer to the war of the King Mesha over the Israelites. After the stone was discovered it was broken into fragments. An impression, however, had been taken previously, and the fragments have been joined together, and what remains of the stone is now in the Louvre Museum. The inscription is supposed to date 900 years before Christ, and is interesting to linguists as showing the source of the Greek alphabet.

If its authenticity is fully admitted it proves that there were Moabites and Israelites or tribes inhabiting that country and there was war between them, which no student of ancient history disputes.

F. A. Studer: Q. Why is China called the Celestial Empire?

A. From the arrogant claim of the ruling dynasty, the Sons of Heaven, and God-appointed, the empire became known as the Heavenly or Celestial. All things once made the same claim, and every Messiah and pretender since the world began, always started their careers with the pretense that they were representatives of some god, thereby overruling the credulous people.

N. B.: Q. Is there enough sweet fruit in fruit and vegetables to supply the body?

A. Sugar is one of the most healthful articles of diet, but fruits and vegetables by no means furnish it in sufficient quantity, unless concentrated.

A SOCIAL FEATURE

Of the Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn, N. Y.

During Professor Lockwood's engagement with our society, the "Spiritual-Philosophical Club" was organized, meeting every Monday evening, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Kurth, for the purpose, not alone of becoming better acquainted with the Professor and his wife, but also for the further consideration and discussion of different topics, thoughts and expressions, which were given to the audience during the course of lectures.

The club was of a social character entirely, everybody being made to feel at home. Gathered around the table of the dining-room, all were requested to do as they pleased, those who wished to enjoy a cigar were invited to do so.

After the discussions ceased refreshments were served, in hospitable recognition of physical as well as intellectual needs, and not until the cuckoo clock called out the hour of eleven, and often twelve o'clock, did we realize it was time to adjourn.

Among the subjects discussed were: Is matter the expression of spiritual forces in combination? Is reincarnation a fact, and have we proofs of it? What is the influence of the human spirit upon the material body and matter? When is a medium really entranced? Do Spiritualists believe in the Christ of the New Testament? What is meant by the co-relation of forces? Is the cosmic process evolution or creation?

Each member of the club was requested to bring a question, also evidence of phenomena, obtained through physical mediumship, and many highly interesting facts were produced. Independent slate-writing, spirit pictures, designs in crayon, pencil, water color and oil paintings, were in evidence, with such corroborative statements concerning their validity, as to greatly interest our skeptic members, and arouse further investigation of spirit phenomena.

In the intelligent consideration of the many subjects brought before the Professor, not only a man of ability and deep research, but in fact, the only one we know of on the Spiritual platform to-day who demonstrates scientifically a solid basis for our philosophy of Spiritualism and its phenomena, and proves it by fact and data. We earnestly hope that other societies where such are engaged will follow the example, and organize a "Question Club," as we feel ours has been an opportunity for great improvement.

These discussions were by no means confined to our gentleman members; Mrs. Lockwood being frequently called upon for her personal experiences in mediumship, and her interpretation of the same.

Her concise and practical manner of treating these subjects would make her a valuable teacher in our ranks. Mrs. Kurth, acting as moderator, had frequent occasion to tap the bell, and call to order the overzealous ones, who would attempt to speak before their time, anxious to get in the first word.

Among our critical reasoners were Prof. W. Dummer, Chas. McMan, Herman Handrich, Dr. Claudius Chas. P. Cocks, Augustus Kurth, Arthur Hilton, F. C. Johnson, Jerome H. Fort and others.

Prof. and Mrs. Lockwood will be kindly remembered by our club, and we hope the lectures on Modes of Motion, Thought, Transference, Wireless Telegraphy and other instructive topics will have taken such deep hold upon the minds of our people, as to extend our intellectual comprehension to a broader and more spiritual plane.

ELIZABETH E. KURTH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Isabell. A Story of Two Worlds." By Carrie E. S. Twing. Richly imbued with the philosophy of Spiritualism. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Wedding Chimes." By Delpha Pearl Hughes. A tasty, beautiful and appropriate wedding souvenir. Contains marriage ceremony, marriage certificate, etc., with the matter in poetry and prose. Specially designed for the use of the Spiritualist and Liberal Ministry. Price 75 cents. For sale at this office.

NOW READY FOR DELIVERY

"How Shall I Become a Medium," Fully Answered.

The above question is comprehensively answered by Hudson Tuttle, in his new work, entitled "Mediumship and its Laws, its Conditions and Cultivation." It is now ready for delivery.

Silver coin can be sent with safety, if carefully wrapped, and is preferable to stamps. Price, postpaid, 35 cents. This work should be in every family. Address,

HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

CONSOLING HIMSELF.

Ernest S. Green Seeking to Palliate His Great Blunder.

DOES ASTROLOGY FORETELL THE FUTURE?

In the Progressive Thinker of December 22, Ernest S. Green refers to my presidential prediction, and in which, to those not familiar with the teachings of astrology, would throw discredit upon the science of the stars, which I consider as exact a science as any that now exists upon earth, but not fully understood.

The prediction in question was based chiefly upon horary astrology, a branch which I have since learned is repudiated by Alan Leo, editor of Modern Astrology, the great English Astrological magazine, and A. J. Pearce, editor of Zaidel's Almanac. The testimonies at the moment of McKinley's nomination were as follows: Ruler of Ascendant (McKinley's signifier) in the tenth house—one of the best of testimonies, but the only good one worth noting; Ruler of Ascendant, Mercury, by the Moon—very evil according to all authorities and all precedents; Saturn affliction the Sun—also very evil; ruler of house of honor afflicted—very evil, and Moon in seventh house, another very evil testimony.

A NEW PRECEDENT IN HORARY ASTROLOGY.

According to all precedents and Raphael's and Simonetti's text-books on horary astrology the candidate would not attain the preference with such testimonies, even though he had one of the best that could occur. But in this particular case a new precedent is established. At the time of nomination of McKinley, Mercury was ruler of an important house and ordinarily would not have been considered, but Mercury is the ruling planet of the United States, and it was at the time of McKinley's nomination in the tenth house in company with Venus, McKinley's signifier, and Venus was retrograding to a conjunction with Mercury. According to the methods of astrology it now looks plain that this meant that McKinley was going back to a re-election, notwithstanding all the dire afflictions in the horary chart. But if there is a truth in horary astrology it means that there will be a stormy administration and that the President will not survive to see its close. I do not make this as a prediction, but with the proviso that horary astrology is as exact a science as natal astrology. Of course no text-book says anything about considering the ruling planet of a nation in case of an election of its chief executive, but it is my opinion that it should be considered, and I make the suggestion for the guidance of other astrologers in the future. Incompetence is the great fault of all works on astrology, and further they are all more or less misleading in some points. Nothing but experience will reveal how many are true, or how much false in any text-book, but Raphael's "Key to Astrology" is about as near an exact science, as anything published, and Simonetti's "Daily Guide" is the best work on transits, especially from page 35 to 45.

Had I taken the transits in the nativities of the two candidates it would have been difficult to see who would be elected. All last summer, when full Bryan had Saturn in the sixth house, and the Sun, or within a few degrees thereof, and McKinley had Jupiter in good aspect with radix of the Sun—one of the most unfortunate transits for Mr. Bryan, and one of the most fortunate for Mr. McKinley, but as to "direction," or progressed place of planets, nothing could be told, as the exact time of birth of the candidates is not known. I have had three different hours given to me as the correct hour of Mr. Bryan's birth by persons who gave what appeared to be good authority, yet all differed widely.

SOME VERIFIED PREDICTIONS. I have published very few predictions from nativities, but thus far all have been verified. In the August number of the Star of the Magi I stated that Mr. Bryan would be liable to accident or some unpleasantness Nov. 2 to 6. On the morning of November 2 the press dispatches stated that spoiled eggs had been hurled at his head in Chicago. Whether the eggs were thrown at him or not, it was unpleasant to him to read such a report in the papers.

In the same issue of the Star of the Magi I stated that about November 11, Mr. Roosevelt would have a similar transit. He had a "till" with the Mayor of New York about that time, and what occurred of a private nature the public is uninformed.

In the November Star of the Magi I stated that Queen Victoria would have a bad transit "the last week in November and the first week in December." Just during those two weeks, for the first time in years she failed to take her usual morning ride through her gardens, on the advice of her physician; for the first time in years she lost her appetite, and on December 2, the exact day the transit occurred, for the first time in years she remained in her room all day.

This condition was brought about, it was stated, owing to worry over her daughter's illness, the Empress Frederick. Here was both the bad news and the sudden illness, as occasional swooning was among the evils she felt. This transit again occurs, owing to retrograde of Mars, in February, the latter half of the month, and it is in March, hence I predicted in the same item more trouble for her then, and owing to her great age death might possibly occur, although it seldom does during such a transit.

Also from about Christmas to the first week in February, I predicted that Pope Leo was liable to illness, annoyances, or evils of some kind, owing to a transit of Mars at that time. However, I cannot say how severe this may affect him, but it may cause some annoyances and such things as will not

reach beyond the walls of the Vatican, and again, owing to his age, it might cause his death. This transit occurs from Christmas to January 2, but as Mars is retrograde in January, I will mention a few special days when evil is likely to occur after this point, but do not say that it is a "sure-to-come true" prediction: January 8 to 10; January 10, or days contiguous; and January 20, or days contiguous.

These are all the public predictions I have made on natal astrology, and I will make no more on any other branch, as natal astrology is the only true science thus far developed from our knowledge of the influence of the stars. MAY BE TRUTH IN HORARY ASTROLOGY. I am not yet willing to admit that there is no truth in the horary branch of astrology, as I have had too little experience with that branch, but in my experiments thus far I have had some startling results, and the only emphatic failure was the presidential prediction.

As an example of my successes in this branch, I mention the date of the election of McKinley, sent me the date of the election of two candidates for an office without names, office nominated for, party belonging to, or any other details, except the date of birth of one of the candidates. On Raphael's rules I figured out who would be elected and why. The following letter speaks for itself as to the results, which was written after the election was over.

Ernest S. Green, Wash., Nov. 21, 1900. I am not yet willing to admit that there is no truth in the horary branch of astrology, as I have had too little experience with that branch, but in my experiments thus far I have had some startling results, and the only emphatic failure was the presidential prediction.

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VACCINATION.

Dr. H. V. Sweringen, of Fort Wayne, Ind., Upholds It.

Ever since I have been convinced of the truth of Spiritualism and began to read its literature I have noticed from time to time articles strongly opposed to vaccination. I have never entered any protest against such articles, however contrary to my views, because I was more interested in subjects directly related to Spiritualism than in the question of vaccination, the value of which is fully established in my own mind.

It is in no small degree humiliating that we are yet obliged to defend any truth established by our illustrious predecessors, but the recently proposed legislation in some of the states against compulsory vaccination seems to render such defense imperative.

Vaccination has been opposed by an uncertain number of people since the date of its introduction by Jenner. It has been accused, and not in every instance unjustly or reasonably, as formerly practiced, of imparting all manner of disease to the human family.

It is not at all unlikely that germs of erysipelas, typhoid fever, diphtheria, syphilis and other diseases have been communicated by the old-time arm-to-arm method of vaccination. It is no doubt true that the latent predisposition to any disease may be rendered acutely active by the slight impairment of health occasioned by vaccination.

But while all this, the real concession which will be surprisingly liberal to the opponents of vaccination, it in no way detracts from the value thereof as an insurance or immunity against the loathsome disease small-pox, which must have been invented at a convocation of all the devils in hell, which value is established as one of the Gibbalters of the science of medicine.

It is with much less show of probability that the virus which has been enumerated attend vaccination as now administered, practiced, which fact is but another proof of the progress we have made in the profession of medicine.

Upon the same principle that a mild attack of scarlet fever will in the great majority of instances render immune or insure the patient against a future and more malignant seizure, or that a mild attack of small-pox will in the great majority of instances render the subject from a future more malignant and fatal seizure of small-pox, vaccination which virtually consists in imparting to the subject vaccinated the small-pox disease, but to a degree so mild and modified as to not equal in severity even its varioloid form, insures or immunizes the patient against the more loathsome, malignant, fatal and highly contagious type of small-pox.

There is as much difference in the power, potency and virulence of disease germs, and even among those of a special group or family, as there is in the symptoms of the various diseases or in the physical characteristics of the human race or of a single family thereof. The smallpox germ communicated to the subject vaccinated is shown of its virulence and malignancy, but retains a culture product of a very deadly and poisonous germ which produces small-pox in its most malignant and fatal form.

With the culture product of that most fatal disease, diphtheria, I am to-day curing that class of cases of diphtheria which hitherto invariably died for me and for every other physician. Diphtheria antidote derived from the fatal diphtheria germ by culture is one of the greatest discoveries of the century.

No individual member of the human race is equal to the whole of it, and if there have been here and there instances in which the practical application of the great truth of the benefits to be derived from vaccination has proved exceptionally injurious and hazardous, it is no fault of the law of protection afforded by vaccination, but of the method of execution held by the subjects of those exceptional instances were simply individual martyrs to the evolution of a most important medical truth. The blood of those martyrs constituted the seed from which has grown our present improved method of vaccination. This it appears to me, is the whole subject of vaccination in a nutshell, and for proof of its value to humanity we have voluminous official statistics.

H. V. SWERINGEN.

OUR PREMIUMS.

There are many Spiritualists who know a good thing when they see it. There are others, however, who do not seem to realize what is going on around them, and therefore miss many chances to enrich their minds and enlarge their understanding. Vol. 3 of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World is furnished to our subscribers at less than cost, and should be in every family in the United States, whether Spiritualists or not. Volumes 1, 2 and 3 constitute a wonderful magazine of thought on Death in its multifarious phases; in fact you can not find in all the libraries of the world as valuable information in regard to Death as you will have presented to you in these three volumes. They are richly printed, neatly and substantially bound, and are an ornament to any library. Volume 3 is furnished at 25 cents, much less than the actual cost to us, and the three volumes, when ordered in connection with a yearly subscription to The Progressive Thinker, only cost \$1.10. Paper one year \$1.00. The three volumes of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World (or any three of the premium books you may select), \$1.10. The paper one year and three premium books cost only \$2.10. The aggregate cost of the three volumes of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World to the trade is \$4.50. At this price, these three books ought to be in every Spiritualist's family.

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HYPNOTIC CONTROL.

I have prepared a Mail Course of five complete lessons on this subject, and have them bound in booklets form. The Complete Mail Course will be sent to anyone for only 10c silver. This course of instruction contains my latest discoveries and methods with which you can hypnotize any subject, no matter how hard. I have written them for the benefit of professors, hypnotists, and all who wish to greatly increase their percentage of success. No matter, student, whose instructions you have, and no matter what your degree of success, if you send me 10c I will send you this complete course, which will enable you to fasten on to any hypnotic instructions and succeed right from the start. No matter whether you have ever studied hypnotism before or not, you will find yourself succeeding at first trial. You can hypnotize anyone that complies with these original methods. I repeat, that you are just as sure to hypnotize the first person that complies with these methods as you are sure that the sun rises and sets.

These complete instructions, mind you, will be sent for only 10c, actually enabling you to thoroughly master all hypnotic described, without further charge. This book also contains methods for Self-Hypnotizing that will not fail. I absolutely guarantee that when complied with they cannot fail to cure diseases that medicine cannot touch at all. Anyone can be a practical operator in all Occult Arts who reads this Mail Course. This book contains my very latest discoveries, which enables all to induce the hypnotic sleep in themselves almost instantly, at will, awake as they desire time, and thereby cure all known diseases and bad habits. Anyone can induce this sleep in himself at first trial, control his life, read the minds of friends and enemies, see absent friends, communicate with disembodied spirits, visit any part of the earth, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep, and remember all when awake. This so-called Mental Vision Lesson and four others—one in Self-Hypnotic Healing, Control of the Sub-Conscious Mind in the waking state, and several strong healing methods are all contained in this little book, which will be sent to anyone for 10c silver, enabling you to be as good an operator as anyone living. Mind you, this can be successfully accomplished by the study of this little book, without further charge.

I am so absolutely confident that you will be successful, right from the start, with these instructions, that I will even send them Subject to Examination, if so desired, just to prove to the most skeptical that they form the best course ever sold for 10c, and to all who send the dime, if any should be dissatisfied, money will be cheerfully refunded. But this Mail Course is just as described, for I would not dare to use the mails for any fraudulent purpose. This bargain offer is limited, so send at once to

Prof. R. E. DUTTON, McCook, Neb., U. S. A., Lock Box Z.

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"The book is written almost colloquially, and so interestingly as to enchain the attention at once, and keep it enchained. Concise as a history of the universe could be made, tabulated so that instant reference to a particular bit of history, theory, or biography may be had, it will be valuable as a lexicon relating to religious controversy. It is crammed with information

