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"RAISE THE STONE AND THOU SHALT FIND ME"

An Inspirational Lecture Delivered by the Inspirers of Mrs. Jennie Haqan Brown, at the Temple, Fort Worth, Texas.

INVOCATION.

Would that our eyes were clearer,
Would that our ears could hear,
And our hearts make ready answer
To the sweetness far and near.

Would that we all might recognize
The beautiful and divine
In the clouds around in the night-time,
And the sun of day that will shine.

Would that our ears in listening
To the sound of the tempest's blast,
Might hear the psalm within it,
Before the music hath passed.

Would that our eyes in gazing
On the mountains far and high,
Might see the angels of sweetness
That are ever passing by.

And would that in our faces
We each one might behold
The record of sweetness and virtue
That forever there is told.

Would we could catch the echoes
From the heart's great love and pain,
That would help us to trust existence
And bravely toil again.

Would while we all are seeking
The divine, the pure, the high,
We might touch the truth of love
And God who is ever by.

Help us to gain that lesson,
Help us, oh, angels pure,
Till we know the good around us,
And feel that it will endure.

Till we gather from cloud and sunshine,
From field and path we have trod,
The recognition and gladness
That everywhere is God.

The subject to be used this evening is taken from one of the many beautiful selections of Mr. Elbert Hubbard, who has made his exquisite literature famous throughout his own and other countries; a unique line of work that he began in a spirit of a desire to help and to please; his desire to help a large class of people who needed employment, his great artistic wish to please a large class of people who needed to be artistically pleased. Mr. Hubbard began his work by issuing that unique little magazine entitled "The Philistine," some years ago, in his own peculiar way; a way that is all his; it doesn't belong to other people, it just belongs to that particular man. In all that he has been accomplishing there is such a good fellowship, a recognition of everybody, and, as he once remarked, "of everybody's dog," his recognition of humanity is so broad and generous, he has entirely outgrown the narrow customs of Madame Grundy. He is a man who takes the liberty of being very nearly himself, and never asks other people to forgive him for it; whose good heart is as clearly defined as his good nature, and who ever tells you, without saying it in words, that he meets you upon the great square of the democracy of humanity; whose hand-clasp is an assurance of the great heart within.

From such a man we naturally expect wise selections and beautiful thoughts in his quotations; and I am not surprised when he sends out to the world a suggestion of greeting that is full of the broadest pantheism, that wonderful and beautiful suggestion that all things being blended and cemented into harmonious and exquisite developments of the universal spirit of God. The pantheist, it is said, found in the face of the violet and in the dark shadows of the storm cloud and in the silver line along the horizon an image of the eternal face of God. It is said that the pantheist has discovered in a handful of gleaming sand and in the shining glitter of the most precious metals something closely akin to himself, and that he has recognized in everything that surrounds him, from high and low, from great and small, some part in the great notes of the eternal music of divine harmony.

"Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there am I." But the great and important question with all of us should be, how many of us realize that there is something to find beneath the stone, how many of us realize that there is something within the wood? This has been given to us in one of the most beautiful and at the same time scientific manners by that great and towering mind that went out into the shadows, into the uncertainty of a wild and desolate country and lay down and fell asleep; I refer to that great naturalist, whom Massachusetts has a right to be proud of as her adopted son, whom England loves as her mother; that splendid man, that remarkable student who stood up and gazed across the fields of Nature until his heart grew rich with their knowledge, who found in every fragrant flower and in every fossil stone something of that which is declared within this subject. I refer to that unpretending but magnificent scholar, Wm. Denton, who in his works, in his studies declared that particular thought. He declared more than this. He said as Shakespeare said of old, that "there are books in running brooks; there are sermons in stones, and good in everything." He declared that he could hear the murmur of the tongues of the forest, and that he found sermons and poems beautiful and exquisite in the circling rings of the wood of the great tree when cut transversely or in longitudinal lines. He declared that in a fossil shell lay the greatest sermon that was ever written, and he declared that throughout nature rang the rhythm of the endless chorus of light; and so from Wm. Denton we receive a thought that the wild woods which rise in majesty, and the delicate story of the rose, were imprinted on the human mind.

Denton discovered that everything held the impression of that which was around it, and that the forest, as you

might say, photographed the wild life that was expressed by it, that the very rooms in which we sat in our homes had pictures upon the walls that the sensitive mind might sometime learn and read; and long before we had Edison's remarkable reproductions of sound through the agency of the phonograph and graphophone, Denton had said the soul of things shall sometime speak so that the listening ears of men shall hear the words imprinted a hundred years ago, in the very tones of voice in which they were uttered.

This is recorded in his works long before Edison had given us the splendid results and beautiful processes by which these delicate wax cylinders give us music played in other places and at other times. All this is a part of the great truth within the subject before us, and the soul of things, the realness of nature, stands forth to every thoughtful man and woman as the declaration of joy, of progression and of advancement. Who dares to say, after he has listened perhaps to the sound of music from different instruments played in London, New York, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, and repeated faithfully from those little silent wax cylinders here in our own city, that the soul of things is not recorded?

Why, says some one, that is only a process of vibration, a wonderful and delicate law of electrical processes by which the stilo used records the exact vibratory action of the violin or the instrument used, and reproduces them. You have made a very kind explanation, but will you go a little further and tell us what that delicate manipulation is that you have left out? This is the mystery that the scientific electrician will not attempt to explain to you, but says it is too delicate and wonderful for explanation; he tells us that there are laws in nature that man cannot define, and in these especially subtle and delicate parts are the great revelations and beauties that surround us. If this is true, and the soul of vibration, an expression of sound is kept through long years, and other vibratory actions similar in sound are reproduced again and again, the soul of all things must surely stand revealed. We have had photographs kept now for many years, because a man long ago discovered that there was some probability of grasping through a lens the varied shades and lights and putting these upon a sensitized moistened plate in a manner that we might have one of the old time pictures and a beautiful result in the daguerreotype; and our modern photographic art is this great principle of vibrations, the lens grasping the rapid scintillations of light and so flashing them upon a bit of glass that they can be repeated many, many times onto a paper and given out to the world.

You and I who have never been away from home may see the far-off cities, may visit caves and mountains that we have never had an opportunity of seeing, because some one with a camera obscura has been able to grasp through this magic of the lens the interesting and beautiful pictures and bring them home to us so correctly that we who see them may have a fairly good idea of the Matterhorn and Jungfrau, or any other great and noted part of far-off countries, the mountains on one side, the waterfall on the other. And why? Because this great law of vibration, this soul of things, is forever giving its illustrations to man, and his inventive nature is gradually reaching out and grasping this. Not only have we found how to convey sound, how to convey light, shade, but we are now conveying, in these our modern days, thought waves with their wireless transmission from one point to another; the soul of things is predominating over the material more and more, and man is growing glad in the light of advancement, science and knowledge. He is grasping the great truths that have been heard around him through all the years; he has lifted the rock and underneath he has found the giant truth; he has turned the great flow of the tide of the river in its mighty current, and underneath its sandy bed he has discovered the shining gems that gleam and glisten in splendid magnitude. He has reached out his hand and felt the touch of the breeze, and in the movements of its airy, delicate power, he has sensed the immortal spirit that pervades the atmosphere around him; he has breathed deep from the mountain tops, and lo, he has found the everlasting truth with which he is surrounded; he has gone down into the valleys and heard the dirge of human hearts and human sorrow; and he has borne them bravely with him up the steps of time until a broad humanitarianism has filled his soul; his heart grows large in tenderness, his nature becomes refined and sweetened until at last he hears within the chirp of an insect's wing, within the song of a cricket something that tells him of the endless kinship between all things and all places. He has gathered into his life much of the richness of the fragrance of humanity, and he breathes it forth as a tender and sweet benediction, bearing these words and this sentiment to-night. "Raise the stone and thou shalt find me," not alone in the glittering shine of the beautiful quartz crystal whose reflection and light gleams like a diamond; not alone in the black, dark iron ore which has concealed within it one of the most important sources of the world's wealth; not alone in the blossom rock that whispers to the experienced ear and to the experienced eye that the shining nuggets of gold lie just below; but in the great lime rocks, sand-stones, all of these, there is something that the eager man can find that tells him of a soul of things, that whispers to him of the vast regions with which he is surrounded, that makes him know that the world is not to be observed from an artificial standpoint.

Take, if you will, the limestone; how full of shining crystals that gleam and glisten above your eye like tiny specks of frost. You will observe its weight, and say this rock has surely something of interest and good within. Late in the evening we will approach the hills of New England, and we shall see along the low side of the hills, not too far from the running stream, strange little rounded mounds of clay; they look like huge lichens; but what are these places so bright, so fresh? They are the charcoal-filled kilns where the lime is through fire being found; the kilns are filled with wood that is burning, those shining wonderful pieces of lime rock have been put inside, and then through

the furnace heat, through the sense and power of heat, they are slowly giving up and handing back from Nature's vast storehouse a certain amount of that quality and quantity which, calcined and tried by fire, comes out important to the world. Why it is only lime, but what is lime? Think what it means, how much has been accomplished with it, how it is used and changed in a thousand and one ways. What a purifier, what a whiteness, what a benefactor to this human race of ours. It lay there in the quarry, a piece of limestone; it now perhaps shines in your homes, whitened and beautified upon your walls, or it may take an essential part in the cleanliness of your establishment. Almost everywhere you can find the traces of lime about you, and everywhere it is telling the truth in its own story.

This is only one of the many, many kinds of rock that have within them valuable purposes of nature, concealed and waiting for some one who shall find them and free them from the thralldom in which they lie. Come down here, if you will, into a part of your own state; taste the water; it has a strange, brackish taste which is not agreeable to the stranger; the natives of this part say that it is full of gyp, by which they mean gypsum. And what is this? One of those great productions of nature, one of those stones that when we turn it answers to our eager call. A something that suggests the highest lines of art and goes out in the hands of the sculptor where it becomes one of our most beautiful plaster of paris molds; one of the most useful articles for the making of molds and casts, and with which our sculptors must first become familiar before they work on the finer materials. If you wish to find the grandest beds of this substance that have ever been discovered, I believe, in the world, you will have to go to Grand River, close to Grand Rapids, Mich. There look upon the wondrous pink and yellow glory, with colors outrivalling the sunset-sky; then go to the pits and see the pieces which are constantly being ground up by the heartless machinery into the finest possible dust, and then sent out all over the world for the purpose of making casts in the greatest studios, where the skill of art in the sculptor's hand is becoming more and more interesting. Ah, indeed in the rock lies something of the soul of things.

Who of us as we stand with a piece of lime rock in one hand and a piece of gypsum in the other, then a piece of iron ore and its sister ore copper, realize that we are holding the story of the world's great mechanical art, of the world's great beauty and the world's beautifying processes and its scientific and electrical spirit at the same time? Who of us realize when we take a bit of iron ore in our hands that we are bearing in that hand the secret of the world's great growth; that were it not for this, and its sister ore copper, we could not send our vessels safely across the ocean; that we could not lay the rails on which our locomotives speed away; we need the copper in the making of great boilers that carry the water and bear the heat and strength of that mighty process of steam? Who of us stop to think when we look at these bits of ore, that these plain, homely and common things are giving us the which makes our mighty civilization and progress? It is within the common things of life that we find the infinite possibilities of God; in these common things that we have discovered the infinite, the eternal, and no wonder that the pantheist says, "In all things and everywhere is God."

But let us journey a little further into the realms of coal, and let us go down into one of those shafts where the miners work lying upon their backs, striking with their picks into that strange substance around them; not exactly a mineral like the others, but something stored away in Nature's vast evolutions. In all probability every particle of coal we burn has once been upon the surface of the earth as unfamiliar and beautiful trees now extinct and gone forever, but there are traces of what they have been. Let us examine some of this common product and find in that black coal, with all its soot and dust, the beauty and grandeur that lies concealed. Now we have taken out one of the most beautifully colored pieces that the eye can fancy or the imagination paint; all the colors of the rainbow and the sunset's glory are in it; it has been properly named the peacock coal because of its resemblance to the colors of the plumage of that bird; and this piece of coal, down there in the recess of the earth, has within it the story of the blue sky, the coloring of the red sunset, and the magnificent beauty of the rainbow arch above our heads. It is not too poetical a thought to think that sometimes when a rainbow has arched the skies, one end of it dropping close to the earth, the under-current of Time has caught it and stored away there in her somber cavern the soul of the radiant rainbow. And there to join it have come the falling rain drops from the beneficent sky bending above the sleeping earth. Was it not once the great fern, possibly the huge tree which some extinct animal loved to feed upon; did it not at that time catch the beauty that surrounded it, colored by the sunshine that glinted down, and shining deep within its wooden heart was caught and held in the secrecy of the cloister of God, under the gray old earth. Think for a moment as you bring it forth, you who wield the shovel, you who are working for a pittance day by day, you are taking out of the mighty store-house of Nature her vast revelations, you are bringing forth from the silence the rhythm and cadence of the songs that are written on that wondrous, silent page of the coal; the endless breezes that have played, the soft songs of birds that float; the music of the changing elements, the palm-leaf life and death that swept down into the shadow and rested there in silence through the long thousand of years until a stroke of the hammer and pick of the collier brought it back from its long slumber and made it to answer, "Lo, here am I." The soul of things declares itself through the bit of coal as through the limestone and the granite rock.

Let us journey on a little further where we find the forest—the great silent solemn forest. Men stands beneath the mighty evergreens; it is winter; the white snows are wrapped around them like the rich garment of some northern princess; there is a song among their branches, it is a song of the wind; it is deep and filled with a solemn sound; there is a tenderness and pathos running through it; there is something of the eternal strength in that vast plain of evergreens; they do not move and sway as in the summer time, but seem to stand more silently, and as you listen and look up, the whirr of the partridge wing causes you to start and look around you giant forms; you laugh at your own thought, and then you sense that you are in the presence of something more than wood and pine, than hemlock and fern; there is a spirit in the wood that seems to pervade your very being, and you whisper to yourself that God is there, and in that solemn, silent hush as you stand alone toward twilight of a gray day in the winter, you feel almost as if these trees were friends and that if you had some sorrow in your heart you could come close to one of them and whisper to its close

old bark the secret that you could not tell to man; and it would enter through the rough brown coat to the tender heart where in the sap it flows in rhythmic minor melody and waits for summer days and warmth to waken it and bring it forth to life and hope. You sometimes feel as if this forest so deep, so dense, so mighty in its beauty and so silent, were one great cathedral; that every tree was there a part of the vast plan of worship; and then your mind goes back to those ancient Druids and their faith; and you do not wonder that there was a time when man believed in a spirit of the trees and loved that ancient lore. You have found something and you do not know what to name it; you have found the great, warm, tender heart of Nature; you have discovered yourself rather more than you have discovered the forest; you have found your kinship with it; when it has spoken to you and said, "Lo, here am I," you, too, have answered, "I am here and waiting for this resurrection day of conscious knowledge of myself and Thee."

The sunset tints the clouds with crimson splendor, and all the sky above grows pink and warm and tender with its glow, and lo, your eyes uplifted, above the snow-white emerald on the trees, the high, sharp points of evergreen grow bright, a silvery light is on them, and your eyes beholding them make minarets and steeples and pillars, and all your heart goes forth in worshiping that sweet beauty that fair Nature gives, and once more do you hear the words that in the cleaving of the tree thou shalt find eternal truth and the master heart that standing responsive, answers forth the soul of things. And finding thus the forest beautiful, you find yourself a worshiper of God, a lover of your fellow-men; and walking downward through the long aisles, you feel inborn upon your soul the gladness of the universe, the splendor and the truth of God. And as you step forth from the forest there, your foot unconscious stumbles over a stone, and stooping, tenderly you say, "And I behold in this another part of Him." And kneeling by the stone where you have nearly stumbled, your hand upon it and your face upraised, you see the first sweet emblem of the night, solemn, shining, high-hung above your head within the gray and blue, a splendid pulsing star; and turning to the stone beneath your hand and whispering, "Thou art part," again your face looks backward to the forest, and you sense that all the arms uplifted there of every tree and shrub are worshipping one God, and that that star that seems to gaze upon you is gazing out to that same Infinite, a part and portion of the endless cause. And thou hast turned the stone, and thou hast cleaved the tree, and in it all thou hast performed the mystery of mysteries, found the secret of thy soul, of thine own heart, and in that vast, eternal truth of pantheistic knowledge thou hast said, "Lo, God is everywhere, and here am I."

VICARIOUS VIRTUE.

Vicarious virtue may to some sound nice,
But it's as silly as vicarious vice;
While you may will your money to a friend,
Your virtues you can neither will nor lend;
How, then, can you, by penitence or pelf,
Appropriate Christ's virtue to yourself?

His words of warning may deter from crime,
His pure example make your life sublime,
And happiness may be your lot at last,
But he cannot annul, nor change your past;
That's irrevocable, and blood of beast,
Nor man, nor Lord can change it in the least.

Sin's penalties are Heaven-sent and must
Be merciful as well as wise and just;
And Christ, who ne'er a man-made law defied,
Came not to set His Father's laws aside;
He came to execute His holy will,
Not mend, nor mar, nor make his statutes nil.

A nation may annul a code for cause,
But Deity can't change His changeless laws,
For, being faultless, any sort of change
Celestial law and order would derange.
Besides, to change them would denote, in fact,
That perfect laws important features lacked!

Since penalties are just in Heaven's sight,
Forgiveness could not possibly be right;
Can God do wrong to please a clod of clay?
The voice of outraged Reason thunders nay!
Let him who thinks his sins forgiven, explain
Why still their righteous penalties remain!

Seattle, Wash. H. A. SMITH.

BEYOND.

Queen Victoria always spoke calmly of death, regarding it with a certain fond affection, as a reuniting with loved ones from whom she had been too long parted.—Correspondent.

It seemeth such a little way to me

Across to that strange country—the Beyond;
And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond.
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
I think I almost see the gleaming strand.
I know I feel those who have gone from here
Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find Heaven right round about us lies.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave hath lost its victory.
It is but crossing—with a bated breath—
And white, set face—a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Chicago American.

Love will make men dare to die for their beloved—love alone; and women as well as men.—Plato.

Four things belong to a judge: to hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to decide impartially.—Socrates.

Remember this—that there is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life.—Marcus Aurelius.

The commander of the forces of a large state may be carried off, but the will of even a common man cannot be taken from him.—Confucius.

WITCHCRAFT.

"Who Shall Roll Away the Stone?"

Those who are studying the science of mind are rolling the stone away. Even the spiritual manifestations are the result of mind. We may consult history and obtain the testimony of court and clergy and less reliable evidence of other men. Study hypnotism and compare its effects with those of Christian science, holy spirit, holy ghost, divine power, power of God and the same force known by many other names, including that of witchcraft.

Considering the notable pranks that have been played by these disciples of mind and its development, it may seem strange that there is no more hurt done in the world. In the year 1591 among the witches and sorcerers in Scotland was a remarkable woman, a woman not of the base and ignorant sort of witches, but matron-like, sedate, and settled in her answers. In her examination she declared that she had a familiar spirit that, upon her call, did appear in a visible form, and explain to her any doubtful subject, especially concerning the life or death of persons lying sick; and being asked what words she used when she called the spirit, she said her word was, "Holla, master!" and that he had learned her to say; that her spirit had undertaken to make away the king, but failing in the performance, and challenged by her, confessed it was not in his power, speaking words she understood not, but, as she did take them, the words were, "Il est homme de Dieu." This is an evidence that hypnotic and all other mental operations are effected through spirits being able and willing to do their part of the work.

The student of Spiritualism will find much evidence that evil and ignorant spirits as surely as the good spirits have returned to teach mortals that a soul has existence after death, so-called, of the body. We may not like the opinion of some of the clergymen of old, yet their testimony is an evidence of spirit return as surely as that of deluded followers of a fad or faith.

Witchcraft before the year 1901, in Boston, Mass., as it was recorded by a clergyman of that age: "Such a hellish thing is as witchcraft in the world. There are two things which will be desired for the advantage of this assertion. It should first be showed what witchcraft is.

"Witchcraft is the doing of strange (and for the most part, ill) things by the help of evil spirits, covenanting with (and usually representing of) the wicked children of men.

"This is the diabolical art that witches are notorious for. First, witches are doers of strange things. They cannot indeed perform any proper miracles; those are to be done only by the favorites and ambassadors of the Lord. But wonders are often produced by them, though chiefly such wonders as the apostle calls, lying wonders. There are wonderful storms in the great world, and wonderful wounds in the little world, often effected by these evil causes. They do things which transcend the ordinary course of nature, and which puzzle the ordinary sense of mankind. Some strange things are done by them in a way of real production. They do really torment, they do really afflict those that their spite shall extend unto.

"It is by virtue of evil spirits that witches do what they do. We read about the Prince of the Power of the air. There is consigned unto the atmosphere of our air a vast power, or army of evil spirits, under the government of a Prince who employs them in a continued opposition to the design of God; the name of that leviathan who is the grand signifier of hell, we find in the scripture to be Beelzebub. Under the command of that mighty tyrant, there are vast legions and myriads of devils, whose businesses and accomplishments are not all the same. Every one has his part, and his work; and they are all glad of an opportunity to be mischievous in the world. These are they by whom witches do exert their devilish and malignant rage upon their neighbors. The devils, when they go upon the errands of the witches do bear their names; and hence do harm to come to be carried from the devils to the witches. We need not suppose that wild things as the transforming of those witches into brutes or birds, as we often do.

"It should next be proved that witchcraft is. The being of such a thing is denied by many that place a great part of their religion in the belief of stories that are told of it. The devils that are permitted to torment, at last do possess the bodies of the bewitched sufferers."

Was this clergyman far wrong when we know the power of a spirit, and consider the number of cruel, evil and ignorant Christians who died before 1891 and may have returned as devils to mortals on earth? This subject is worthy the study of Spiritualists and all who desire to know the power of thought, which is the beginning of all mental and spiritual works. The student of Spiritualism will do good to himself to study hypnotism and Spiritualism in the Bible, if he or she dwells among Bible Christians.

The student should read Acts, chapters 5 and 13, and learn how Peter and Paul used Holy Ghost, and know it to be the same force now as then.

—GOLDAMITH.

Boston, Mass.

The perfection of art is to conceal art.—Quintilian.

He that commends me to mine own content commends me to the thing I cannot get.—Shakespeare.

What greater or better gift can we offer the republic than to teach and instruct our youth?—Cleero.

Injustice in the end produces independence.—Voltaire.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.—Goldsmith.

Among the blind the one-eyed man is king.—The Vedas.

THE NEMESIS OF CHAUTAUQUA 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 XI.—Concluded.

"Dear old Dolly," said Nellie, as she pressed the letter to her lips, before she commenced the somewhat difficult task of deciphering the chirography of her old friend. Then she read to her attentive husband as follows:

"Mayville New York state sept. 3d 1803.
"Dear Misses Hall—I take my pen in hand to inform you that I and Jonas are well and hope these few lines will find you enjoy the same Blessings. I and Jonas often think and talk about you and the Judge and we sometimes hear from you. Last week Jonas went to Mayville to tend a political Meetin. our Congress man was there. Jonas—the innocent soul—says the Congress man was overjoyed to see him, and I guess he were for it was just afore Election and Jonas can vote you know. well Jonas axed him about you and your husband and he said he new Judge Hall well that he was a great man in Washington and that you was the beautiful lady in the city, we was right glad to hear from you.

"Jonas sold his Old farm and built a nice house on the bluff right whar your Old house stood. He has cleared the old fields of Bushes and cleared a good bit of Woodland and now we have the nicest farm in these parts. Jonas built a Summer house over the big rock where the birds nest was and every Spring I plant morning glories there. I do wish you could see it, and every year too dear little birds cum and build their Nest there in the hole in the rock; we call one of them Frank and the other Nellie. They are so lovin and kind to each other. when Nellie is sittin' on the Nest Frank will bring her worms and feed her. Jonas scraped the moss off the old Apple trees and had them grafted, and I just wish I could send you some of the great big nice Apples that grow on them now—

"Our Congress man said if he went to Washington next Winter he would take your fathers Books to you, if we'd pack them in a trunk and we will. Jonas will Vote for him for that if nothin' more. Anyhow Jonas says if don't make much difference who goes to Congress—that they don't do the Country much good, and cant do much harm anyway—

"Now Nellie how do you and Frank git along together anyhow? I am afraid you have spiled him jest as I have Jonas by lovin' and pettin him too much. you know the men all think they no more than us wimmin and are better managers than we are. But that is just because they can drink whiekey and chaw tobacco—and Vote—and wimmin cant; But I am afraid ive most spiled Jonas by humoring him and lettin' him have his own Way sometimes, but we are very happy together; you see Jonas thinks he has his own way all the time. I read in a Book onct that somebody said—I disremember who: 'Ware ignorance is bliss its folly to be Wise—' and so I jest let Jonas enjoy hisself all he can.

"Oh I most forgot to tell you that Jonas has got Religion and jined the meetin' since you was here and he don't sware no more, and when we have family worship I have to do as Aron did to Moses; but you aught to hear Jonas cum in with the Amen, when I pray for you and your husband as I allers does; sometimes you would think it was an injun warhoop if you only herd it.

"Now Nellie may God bless you and your husband with health and happiness and a long life. I wish you would write me how you git along in this world of sufferin and wo; and I do wish you and the Judge could make us a visit some day. your lovin friend, Jonas and Dolly Birch."

When Nellie had finished this characteristic letter, the Judge wiped his tear-dimmed eyes, while Nellie smiled and sobbed alternately from an overflowing heart. "Dear good Dolly," she ejaculated, as she again pressed the letter to her lips. I think Jonas has come as near spoiling Dolly, as Dolly has Jonas, don't you, Frank?"

"They are a most worthy couple, Nellie; would you not like to make them a visit sometime in the near future?"

"No! no! Frank," said Nellie, "I do wish they could come here to visit us; but I never want to see the place of my early home again. It would only revive the recollections of that awful night which I wish I could forget forever. But I am so glad we gave the worthy couple the farm. I would like to visit my poor father's grave sometime and have a proper memorial erected there, for I believe he deserved it; no matter what the people think of his conduct after his family was murdered. I know many would blame him, who never saw an Indian massacre, and never had all they loved in this world torn from them in one night by the hands of the ruthless savages."

"Dear Nellie," said Frank, "as I have often told you, your father was a noble man, a conscientious Christian, and none can blame him who know all the incidents that surrounded him during his eventful life. We are all of us, more or less, the creatures of circumstances over which we have no control. The last court I held, I was compelled to sentence a man to prison for a number of years for a crime committed while intoxicated. He had been a man of irreproachable character before circumstances made him a victim of the greatest curse that ever afflicted the human race, the curse of strong drink. Is it not strange, Nellie, that the Christian world to-day can be so indifferent to the terrible consequences of the use of intoxicating liquor? If the cholera or yellow fever should make their appearance in any civilized country, how justly alarmed the people would be. Sanitary commissions would be appointed in every city in the land to see that every source of infection was removed; and yet while they were investigating the streets and alleys to discover the cess-pools of filth and corruption, they would pass scores of drinking saloons unobserved. And from these unnoticed centers of crime and disease there spreads over the country an infection far more terrible in its effects than the poison of plague or pestilence. Even in our National Capitol buildings, there are open bars where liquor is sold not only to members of Congress, but also to visitors; and through their influence many public men are acquiring the loathsome habit of inebriety. This is a disgrace to our boasted civilization and Christian enlightenment. We expend millions of money yearly to sustain foreign missions in spreading the gospel among the heathen nations of the world, and seem to be entirely indifferent to the heathens of our own national household."

"I once knew an old lawyer who told me that he had been engaged in one hundred and eight homicide cases, and that eighty-seven of them had been caused directly by the influence of strong drink; and that it was the primordial cause of three-fourths of all the other crimes committed in the country." [This is the actual experience of the author of this little book, in over fifty years practice in the courts of the country.—Author.]

"Yes, dear Frank," said Nellie, "I believe this was the cause of my poor father's misfortunes. Oh, why is it that you men who vote and make laws for us, do not see the great evil and legislate it out of existence? If the women could only vote, every liquor saloon in the country would soon be abolished, and the places that know them now would know them no more."

A few days after the receipt of the letter of Dolly Birch, Judge Hall was in his office in one of the government buildings, when a visitor was announced by the usher, who was introduced by a member of Congress as "General

Baird, of Albany," who had some important business with the department of which Judge Hall was the chief.

The Judge started at the announcement, and looking earnestly at his visitor immediately recognized his old acquaintance and accuser of the Munson clearing. Politely inviting Gen. Baird to be seated, he listened to a brief outline of the business the General presented to him. On inquiry he ascertained that Gen. Baird and his wife were on a visit to the Capital, of business and pleasure combined; the General on business, the wife, for pleasure.

"General Baird," said Judge Hall, "I am very much engaged to-day; but if you and your wife will call on my wife and myself to-morrow afternoon and spend the evening with us, I will then give your matter every attention. My wife would be delighted, and after supper we can in the privacy of my library go over all the details of your business with my department without interruption." Observing that the General hesitated, Judge Hall continued: "My invitation is not through mere politeness, General Baird, but I earnestly wish you and your wife to accept my hospitality while you remain in the city."

General Baird consented and agreed to call on the Judge the next afternoon, accompanied by his wife, and he could not help but feel flattered by the urgent invitation of so prominent a man as Judge Hall, whom he believed he had never seen before.

That evening the Judge explained to his wife who their expected visitors were, and why he was anxious to have a lengthy interview with General Baird, in his library, where he intended to explain all the circumstances of their first meeting on the bluff by Lake Erie.

The next day General Baird and his accomplished wife called on Judge Hall and Nellie, who received their distinguished visitors with a cordiality that surprised them; they wondered why it was. The General suspected that Judge Hall had some political scheme of deep financial importance, and that he wished to secure his influence in furthering his design.

This world is so deceptive in human action, as manifesting human motive, that like the "undertow" of the waters of lake or ocean on an iron-bound shore, the surface does not indicate the fierce current below. All politicians understand this, and therefore the friendly smile and hand-shaking before an election, are understood to be but a counterfeit of the circulating medium of truth and sincerity. General Baird was a politician, and he suspected that the under-current would manifest itself during the evening; and when Judge Hall invited him to accompany him into his library, he smiled a cynical smile, very like the one with which he received the refusal of Judge Hall to explain the occurrence at the death of Wa-na-tan on the bluff at Lake Erie.

The astute New York lawyer suspected something, a common phenomenon in the minds of the legal fraternity, when anything happens a little out of the routine of the common occurrences of intercourse among their fellow-men.

"General take this easy chair and a cigar," said Judge Hall, with the unfeigned urbanity of a true gentleman, "and now I will listen to your details of the business you desired to see me about. We will leave our wives to discuss the facts, follies and fashions of society, while we will be undisturbed, at least until an inexhaustible subject is exhausted."

General Baird went through an elaborate detail of the business he had in charge, when Judge Hall said:

"General, I will give your matter careful attention, and will report the result to you as soon as possible." Then he artfully led the conversation to "our relations" with the Indian tribes. He tried to ascertain if the General remembered the occurrence at "Munson's clearing," at length he succeeded.

"General Baird, did you ever see much of our western country?" inquired Judge Hall.

"No, Judge, I never was farther west than western New York. I was sent there once by our State Department on a very peculiar mission, and I had an unusual and singular experience on the frontier."

"Ah!" replied Judge Hall, "what was it? I am always interested in the incidents of the frontier life of the early pioneers of our country."

The General lighted a fresh cigar as he remarked: "I will relate it to you briefly. Some twelve years ago I was sent to Chautauqua County, New York, ostensibly to survey a tract of government land and ascertain the locality of a disputed line; but my real object was more that of a detective. You see it had been reported to the Department, that there had been a number of Indians murdered in the woods around Chautauqua Lake, and along the shores of Lake Erie. We were then at peace with most of the tribes of the Six Nations, which as you are aware was an Indian confederacy composed of Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Senecas and Tuscaroras, who inhabited the central and western portion of New York. As I have said, it had been repeatedly reported to the State authorities at Albany that a number of bodies of murdered Indians had been found by the settlers in the forests of that region; and what was singular, they all had been scalped, and on the breast of every one was a mark of a cross, made by a knife. It was believed that they had all been killed by one man, a half-crazed recluse who lived somewhere on the shores of Chautauqua Lake. He was said to be a man of great stature and strength. He usually carried a long double-barreled rifle, with which his aim was unerring. A reward had been offered by the State for the arrest and conviction of anyone who had been engaged in the commission of the murders of the peaceable Indians, whose bodies had been found as I have narrated."

"One beautiful morning in October, accompanied by my two chain-bearers, I was running a line through the woods near Lake Erie, when we heard the report of a rifle. I paused to listen, when I heard one of my chain-bearers remark sotto voce, 'There goes old two-shooter.' I inquired what they meant, but they gave an evasive answer. We were near a clearing on the lake-shore, called by the settlers, 'Munson's clearing.' With hasty but noiseless steps we entered the clearing, when I saw a man dragging the dead body of an Indian to the edge of the bluff, and throw it into the lake. He was so intently engaged in concealing the evidence of his crime that he did not hear our approach until I laid my hand upon him and asked him whose body it was he had thrown into the lake."

"Caught as he was, 'flagrant delicto,' he appeared very much confused—hesitated in his answer—and finally said the Indian was shot from a woods fully a quarter of a mile distant, but he refused to tell us who it was that shot the Indian, and we arrested him and took him to Mayville, where he was lodged in a rude log jail."

"He must have been assisted in his escape by some persons from the outside, for we found the bars of the window of his cell lying on the ground by the side of a rude lever or hand-spike that had been used to remove them; we also saw a large moccasin track near the window. I have forgotten to state that just before we emerged from the woods into the clearing, we heard several maniacal yells from the woods on the opposite side of the opening, but they were distant and we gave them no heed; yet I thought I did observe my chain-bearers exchange knowing

and significant looks with each other, which after-thought led me to believe that they knew something that I did not understand."

"I was at a loss to determine in which direction my fugitive had fled when he escaped from the jail. Mrs. Birch, wife of one of my chain-bearers told me she heard the prisoner tell her husband, just before we started for Mayville, that he was an Indian trader and was going East to buy a stock of goods for the Indian market. When I questioned her husband about it he said he did not remember any such talk with the prisoner, but that if Dolly said so it could be my life it was so. I think the good woman was mistaken, but I do not believe that she intended to deceive me; all the settlers said she was a good Christian woman, a member of the 'Methodist meeting,' and would not tell a lie any more than George Washington would."

"But she was evidently mistaken, yet the man who killed the Indian did not look like an Indian trader. He was well dressed, had the bearing of a gentleman, his language indicated that he was educated, and I thought that in his conversation I detected the ear-marks of a lawyer. But the wildness of the West were at that time 'cities of refuge' to so many criminals and lawless adventurers, that it was difficult to determine either the social or moral status of strangers you met on the frontier."

"At first I thought our fugitive had gone South, perhaps with a guide, and that he had taken the lake as a pathway that would leave no trail that could be followed. If I had known that he had gone South on the river I would have followed him to Pittsburgh, but I would have captured him. It would have been a feather in my cap could I have delivered him to the State authorities at Albany."

"I had a number of men and two canoes stationed at a narrow portion of the lake to watch and intercept any canoe that might pass during the night. I was not there, but from what I heard the next day, a canoe with the old recluse did pass, and with his rifle he extinguished the torches and jack-light of the men who were watching for him. I do not think his pursuers were very anxious to arrest him; for every one seemed to respect him and all pitied him; for his family had been murdered by the Indians ten years before. But he escaped me, and I have never heard from him since."

Here the General paused and looking around the library, accidentally his attention was attracted to a long double-barreled rifle suspended on brackets of deer antlers over the fire-place, on which was also suspended a powder-horn and a scalping-knife.

"That is a singular rifle," remarked the General, "the length of its barrels is very unusual. What is that word inscribed in its breech? N-e-m-e-s-i-s," he continued as he slowly spelled the name. "What is the significance of the word, and if you will excuse my curiosity, Judge, where did you get it?"

"Well, General," answered Judge Hall, his eyes twinkling with innate humor, "that is the rifle with which the Indian was shot, whose body you saw me throw over the cliff into the lake at Munson's clearing twelve years ago. Don't you remember the circumstance, General? It is very like the one you have just narrated."

"The rifle with which the Indian was shot, whose body you threw into the lake!" exclaimed General Baird in almost breathless astonishment. "Good Heavens! what does it mean, Judge?"

Judge Hall laughed heartily at the expression of astonishment and confusion on the face of the General, and said:

"Listen, General, while I a tale unfold, that if it does not

"Harrow up thy soul and freeze thy young blood,"

will at least explain the circumstances you have narrated, and when I am done, if you want me to go to Albany, I will not put you to the trouble of getting a requisition from the Governor."

"That formidable-looking rifle belonged to my wife's father, William Munson. He was known on the frontier as the 'Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake.' The history of his life is a strange and eventful one. He was a noble man and a true Christian. He was a man of education, a graduate of a New England college. All of his family except my wife were murdered by a band of marauding Indians. His little boy, Harry, was tomahawked and scalped in his very presence by Wa-na-tan, the savage whose body you saw me throw over the cliff. After the murder of his family he became a recluse in the woods of Western New York. He built himself a cabin of unique construction on the shore of Chautauqua Lake. At times he was partially insane, and if you could have heard the story of his wrongs as he related it to me, as he stood by the side of the dead savage that he had shot from the woods, as I told you at the time, you could not have blamed him. I would not tell you, when under arrest, who it was that killed Wa-na-tan, for the reason that his terrible story aroused my sympathy, and I wished him to escape. Jonas Birch and the other chain-bearer, who were with you at the time, recognized the sound of his rifle, and knew that it was Munson's."

"All the men who were with you on the lake, when you were pursuing us, also believed it was Munson who killed the savage, and they all purposely misled you in the pursuit, for they wished him to escape. Even good Dolly Birch, a devout Christian woman, took a 'Jesuitical' view of the occurrence—that the end justified the means, and she told you a fictitious story, that I was an Indian trader on my way East to purchase goods for the Indian market. And General, permit me to congratulate you on the fact that you did not overtake us in your pursuit, for if you had you could never have captured Munson. The settlers would not have assisted you, and you would have been as a child in his hands, for he was a giant in both size and strength, and never knew what the emotion of fear was."

Here the Judge went into details of all that occurred to himself and Munson on their flight down the Allegheny river, as well as the death and burial of Munson and Joe Smiley, on the banks of the Maumee river.

It is useless to attempt to describe the astonishment of General Baird at the narration of Judge Hall. "Well," said he, after an eloquent pause as the narration ended, how truly said Lord Byron in Don Juan:

"'Tis strange—But true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction."

"But Judge, while as lawyers we may not be able to justify the acts of William Munson, yet as men we can well excuse them. I do not blame him in the least. In fact I admire and respect his memory; and on reflection I will not trouble you to go to Albany at present. But, Judge, our wives have 'exhausted the inexhaustible' by this time, and are probably wondering at the length of the details of my business mission to you. Perhaps we had better join them."

When Judge Hall and the General entered the parlor they found their wives conversing with the unrestrained confidence of old friends. It was evident a mutual esteem had been established between them, a sincere friendly regard which continued many years, increasing as time elapsed, until they became warm personal friends.

"Nellie," said the Judge, "please unclasp your bracelet and let General Baird look at it. I have related to him its history, and he is curious to examine it more closely."

"I have just shown it to your wife, General," said Nellie, "and told her its story and why I prize it above all my possessions." The General looked at it admiringly, when Nellie continued, "These white settings which my husband calls his 'circumstantial evidence,' are five little bird eggs, laid in a nest in a crevice in a rock on the shore of Lake Erie, by the dearest little bird that ever caroled its notes of joy in springtime, my poor little brother Harry; and General, I saw a savage sink his tomahawk into his head and strip his scalp from it before life or even sensation was extinguished. But my noble father has avenged his death in a just, yet fearful manner. Now that you know all, General, can you blame him?"

"No, my dear madam!" replied the General, "I do not censure him in the least, and I shall always respect his

memory. He did naught but what a brave and noble man might well have done. It seems as if the Being he worshipped so faithfully had indeed decreed that he should be a Nemesis to execute His avenging justice."

The General and his wife, and Judge Hall and Nellie parted with the "Au revoir" of affected fashionable social life. But they did meet again and for a number of years their mutual esteem and friendship increased while the story of the recluse was often referred to with filial affection by Nellie, and reverence and respect by her friends.

Our story is ended. Some of the incidents therein related are remembered by those yet living, as the traditions of the past often related by the early settlers of western New York. The prophecy of Munson has been fulfilled.

"Chautauqua Assembly" grounds is one of the most beautiful Summer resorts on this continent. A temple dedicated to the worship of the Most High now stands on the spot where he erected his altar for the sacrifice he believed was demanded by the silent voices of those he thought he saw in spirit form around him in his solitary nights in the wilderness. Other temples of learning now stand where once was naught but a pathless forest. They are illuminated as he predicted by the lightnings of Heaven. The lake is traversed by arks driven by fire. Songs of praise and prayers to the Being he worshipped sincerely are heard from temple and fireside on every hand, and the influence radiated from this beautiful shore is felt far and wide over the land.

A few years ago in excavating for the foundation of a building on the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, a number of human skeletons were exhumed; many who saw them wondered whose they were. Some supposed the place was an Indian burying ground, but others who had heard the traditions of the past, truly believed that they were the relics of the victims of the insatiable revenge of

"The Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake."

THE END.

THE ORACLES OF THE OAK.

'Tis glorious to live in an age like this,
And dwell in a land like ours,
Where ripen the seeds
Of the loveliest deeds,
And the fairest of human flowers.

'Tis glorious to feel in our inmost soul
The wine of a higher life,
Though it bubble up
To the heart's deep cup,
Through agony, toil and strife.

The flowers that bloom in the month of June
Are beautiful things to see;
But the noble forms
That endure the storms
Are dearer than those to me.

The lily may smile, and the rose may blush,
And the violet may cheer our way,
But the oracles spoke
By the stately oak
Have a loftier lore than they.

They tell of years that have glided by
Since it lay in the acorn's shell,
A tiny thing
That the elves of Spring
Guarded and tended well.

They tell of seasons of light and love,
When birds in its branches sung,
Of summers brief;
When every leaf
Was a musical, hissing tongue.

They sing of surly November blasts,
When the Angel of Death swept by;
Of its vernal pride,
That in beauty died,
In the gloom of a wintry sky.

In crimson and gold each leaf went down
To its grave on the forest floor;
But the stately oak
Stood firm, and spoke
To the winds with an answering roar.

Saying to them, in a kindly voice,
"Ye may rob me of beauty's crown,
But in the path
Of your awful wrath
I fling my gauntlet down,

"And bid you come, in your power and might,
As a warrior his haughty foe;
For, strong and bold,
Like a knight of old,
I parry each fearful blow.

"My arms are strong, and my heart is full
Of the dew of hope and health;
And I know that Spring
Will return, and bring
To my brow its crown of wealth.

"For though the Winter be stern and cold,
And I stand in the whirlwind's track,
Yet I calmly wait,
In my leafless state,
For the light that is coming back.

"I welcome the winds and the wintry storms;
I gather a strength from each,
And the lay I sing,
As I wait for Spring,
A lesson to men may teach."

The lily may smile, and the rose may blush,
And the violet cheer our way,
But the oracles spoke
By the stately oak
Have a loftier lore than they.

Oh, would it might reach to the hearts of men,
And bid them be strong and true
To the Brotherhood
Of the brave and good,
Till right shall the wrong subdue!

Would they might feel, in this fearful hour,
The trust that sustains and warms—
That gives to the soul
A calm control,
When nations are rocked with storms!

Seminary, Belvidere, N. J. BELLE BUSH.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.—Aron.

You can't isolate yourself and say that the evil in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air we breathe. Evil spreads as necessarily as disease. Every sin brings suffering to others besides those who commit it.—Elliot.

The bishops preach that it is as difficult for a rich man to get into heaven as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle; yet they enrich themselves as greedily, and as carelessly as if they at any rate, never expected to smell brimstone as a consequence.—Bradlaugh.

Nothing can be more abject and miserable than the usual conception of God. Imagine to yourself what pleasure it would be to him to burn us or to torture us. Can we believe any human being capable of creating us for such a purpose? Would it show his power? Why, he is omnipotent! Would it show his justice? We credit God with attributes which are utterly hateful to the meanest of men.—General Gordon.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1902.

The Church in a Cave of Gloom.

Over there in our neighboring city of Rockford, Ill., the orthodox clergy have formed what they call a Pastor's Union; its object of course is to spread their faith. At a late session, the "Register-Gazette" tells of the reading of a paper by Rev. Dr. Ely, which "aroused much concern." The letter was from Rev. Paul F. Sutphen, of Cleveland, and was addressed to Rev. Dr. Hillis. The author was despondent in the extreme. The epistle is too lengthy for these columns; but as showing the straits to which the church has come in its period of declension, we venture a few extracts. It will be kept in mind the whole is a sort of confidential correspondence, between officiating clergymen, telling of the difficulties that beset them, at the same time begging for information how to overcome their present condition.

Passing the introductory remarks, the good dominion plunged at once into the middle of his subject by saying: "I confess the situation throughout the church to me appears extremely grave. You have well expressed it in saying that 'parents are living on the spiritual inheritance of their fathers, and the children are drifting away.' We have been pointing out the same matter for many months, and it seems to me the drift toward practical Paganism is such that all ministers of religion should best themselves for a remedy."

The church "drifting to practical Paganism" is a sad condition, though that only indicates they are returning to the port from whence they sailed. But again:

"It does not matter what caused the present conditions; they are here. The new generation seems to have cut loose from nearly all traditions of the past, not merely the theological but religious. Every barrier between a godly and a materialistic life seems to be going down. To my thought, practical, as distinguished from philosophic materialism is sweeping through our churches. The philosophy of the Rationalist is coming to be the philosophy of life. Religion is degenerating into mere ethics and humanitarianism. I do not belittle these, but they are surely not religion although comprehended in it."

As lamentable as is the condition the dear brother seems no hope. Again:

"We certainly cannot live on that old theology and philosophy any longer. There will be more and more a reaction from it. But a new theology, though indispensable to the church, will not, I think, do the work of saving either the church or society from the present drift. We are up against the spirit of commercialism, the 'eat and drink, for to-morrow we die' spirit. I am satisfied that whether we occupy the standpoint of the old or new theology, no theology is going to have much weight with the masses of men. They are tired of all phases of the business, and while we preach about it, they go their ways to their farms and to their merchandise, as the only things that seem to them tangible and reliable."

The Progressive Thinker has suggested to the church its only remedy, and that to get rid of its Pagan inheritances as quickly as possible. The creeds are its damnation. The age is too intelligent to believe in a virgin born God; it is too merciful to believe in an unending hell; it has too lofty a conception of Infinite Wisdom to believe it repented and drowned a world because the people would not heed his voice. Men and women are no longer to be made man's own savior by noble lies and immortality an inheritance that is inalienable—cannot be avoided by deeds, or acquired by good ones, but is a free gift, the accompaniment of every birth. Teach that in a future life there is no inducement to wrong, but every incentive and example is to elevate, refine and ennoble the spirit, and make it worthy its inheritance. This done and your churches can be reconstructed and made useful to humanity, instead of blighting its hopes and crushing every worthy aspiration.

A Generous Giver.

The total of Andrew Carnegie's donations for library buildings is given as \$5,200,100. Adding to this his donations for other library purposes and there is a grand total of \$13,540,965. Not one farthing has been given in the interest of superstition.

A Substitute.

News comes from the New Hebrides that the cannibals of those islands have found a very good substitute for roast missionary in roast pork. They complained that tobacco-eating missionaries had become offensive to their cultivated taste.

Correction and Extension.

In an editorial in our issue of January 28, headed "Thousands Instead of Hundreds," last paragraph but one, we wrote:

"The word 'humbler' was accidentally changed into 'human' and made nonsense of the expression."

The blunder would have been passed but for the fact that an esteemed patron takes exception to the idea that "We begin to suspicion there never was a beginning." This is bending the bow a little too far, the brother thinks. Perhaps he has placed a wrong construction on the word "suspicion." Webster defines it as:

"The existence of something without proof, or upon very slight evidence, or upon no evidence at all."

When profound scholars mention "thousands of millions of years" as the probable age of this earth, a period of time so great the mind cannot grasp it, our brother must tolerate the suspicion, doubt, or query as to a beginning.

What have we to controvert this suspicion? Some person in the remote past, wishing to magnify the greatness of his God, and looking out on a flat earth, and the sky like a vault bending over it, and imagining that God as having his throne just above the clouds, wrote: "In the beginning God, [correctly translated, the Gods] created the heaven and the earth." This is the authority that was a beginning.

In these later times, aided by a powerful glass, we see in every drop of stagnant water multitudinous forms of life, each struggling for existence and as tenacious of preservation as are the higher forms which rove in the forests, fly in the air, or people the cities. With the telescope we look in any direction we please, and an infinity of worlds are before us. The more powerful the glasses the more gigantic the universe.

We exhaust our mathematical conceptions of distance, yet on and on new worlds spring into being. As we gaze in imagination on the illimitable universe, we come to the conclusion it has no bounds.

Again: Matter is indestructible. Its form may change, but everywhere, and at all times it continues a material substance. If incapable of destruction it did not always exist? If it always existed it had no beginning.

The word "beginning" as applied to "the earth, or the universe, is a term to conceal our ignorance. A few years at best is the extreme limit of any man's personal observation. Back of this is history, more or less correct, written by those who have preceded us in the scale of being. Back of this is that confused tradition which has come down to us from sire to son. And back of all this is chaos and eternal night, save as we learn from Nature's own records, as evidenced in rock and fossil, their upheaval, depression and displacement.

Profound ignorance, then, everywhere prevails, even among the most learned, as regards a "beginning." Even spirits cannot ascend the stream of time to such a period as the beginning of the world.

The very idea of a beginning presupposes an epoch when time was not; and yet a God is credited with installing that beginning. What duties engaged Divinity through the eternity of ages which preceded that beginning? Is it more difficult to believe the universe always existed, than it is to believe it had a Creator, who was co-existent with his universe, but who spent all those eons before creation in idleness?

The subject is too gigantic to be discussed in a brief editorial. It has engaged the attention of the most profound philosophers in all ages. La Fonce, the astronomer and mathematician, originated the present popular idea that all matter originally existed as "fire mist," that nucleuses were formed, around which matter collected, and in due time suns and planets were evolved; but the last words of the great scholar is the best refutation of that theory: "Man pursues nothing but chimera."

A Bad Example.

The Associated Press reports the outlines of a recent address made by Bishop Henry C. Potter, to the undergraduates of Yale, on the missionary question. During his discourse he said: "Our policy in China has not thus far been a happy one. The professing Christian engineers, capitalists, merchants and bankers there are responsible for what has happened the past year. If I were to defend any nation against the charge of unchristian outrages I would take a brief in favor of China. Nothing could have been more brutal than the policies of Christian nations in dealing with this pagan people. We have committed under cover of every thing the Chinese have deemed most sacred. The railroad could have been passed around the globe by an ancestor of ruler, but instead we tore it down and went through the spot where it stood. This is but a type of the treatment we have given the Chinese, an illustration of what they have received in the gross at our hands and detail as well."

Put It on Record.

George Lynch, an English war correspondent, on his way home from China by the Pacific route, told in New York of the atrocities committed by the allied soldiers on China which he had witnessed in person. He said:

"Any thoughtful person who has been in Pekin with the allies cannot but speculate as to what effect this visitation will have on the population of China. It is too obviously evident to my mind that for generations to come the progress of Christianity in China is absolutely killed. In China the faith was practically making no real progress, but what little progress it has made among the lower classes and the destitute coolies, who form the bulk of the so-called converts, is now utterly wiped out. It will be generations before the recollection of this latest crusade is banished from the memory of the Chinese people."

MAKE YOUR HEAVEN.

An illustration by George H. Hepworth, Editor of the New York Herald.

The kingdom of God is within you.—St. Luke xlvii:21.

There can be no heaven without a heavenly frame of mind. Your environment is a mere detail in the problem of happiness, your mental attitude being the element of chief importance. If you are overcritical, over suspicious, uncharitable in judgment, you would be miserable, and would deserve to be miserable, even though you were enveloped in eternal sunshine and lived amid tropical splendor. On the other hand, if you are generous with your sympathy, helpful because you find satisfaction in being so and have trained your eyes to look for the good rather than the evil in the world you will create the blessings for which you pray, and impart encouragement and hopefulness, even though the sunshine gives way to shadow and the air you breathe is misty with tears.

Each man is a little world, and he governs it as dictator. I had almost said that each man creates his own world, and in a certain sense this is true. Its prosperity, its contentment, its happiness depends, and I say this with no due reverence, more on himself than on God. My meaning is plain. God has supplied all the material for a successful career, and has done so with lavish affection. The mission of the man is to use this material and to use it in the right way. He can do so, or he may refuse to do so. He is, therefore, master of his own destiny. He is like a workman to whom an architect has given the plan of a building which will shelter him from inevitable storms, and furnished him with everything necessary for its construction, but who must himself do the work. If he labors faithfully he will soon have a house in which he will rejoice and of which he may be proud; but if he does no work he will have no house, and when the tempest comes and he is unprepared for it he must not say that God's favoritism gives all to one and nothing to another, for it is his own fault that he is homeless. He has had the ability but not the inclination to provide for himself, and is simply reaping a crop from the seed which he planted with his own hand.

If you want heaven, therefore, you must make it for

yourself. You can render life very hard and intolerable by thinking along the wrong lines; just as a boatman makes his journey hard by pulling against the stream. He who has the habit of constantly complaining, who grumbles because things are awry, but does nothing to set them right, whose attitude toward life is that of the fault-finder, can no more be happy than he who gashes himself and then wonders why he is wounded.

The world is beautiful to him who looks for beauty, but nothing is beautiful to one who insists on sitting in the shadow and brooding over the ills from which he suffers. It is possible to be wretched in the most fortunate surroundings, and equally possible to be serene and blest in adversity and sorrow. The heart and mind are the magicians who make or mar our lives, and the outlook of mind and heart is largely your own product. You can control them both to a very great extent.

There are some thoughts which it is as fatal to cherish as it is to swallow poison; some thoughts which produce spiritual indigestion, with all the painful consequences thereof. They are to be avoided as evil companions are to be avoided. You have no more right to indulge in them, in a world like this, provided as it is with every opportunity to grow godlike, than you have to make your home in a dark, damp cave on the mountain side and declare that your fate is hard and there is no sunshine anywhere.

I like to believe that I am captain of the ship in which I am sailing toward eternity. The dignity, the grandeur of human nature, is worth thinking about. You are not driftwood, at the mercy of the current. You have the stars above you, and even the stormy ocean is the pathway to heaven. Faith in God, his wisdom and love; faith in the Christ as the expounder of a philosophy of cheerful endurance and peaceful resignation; faith in the possibility of finding in all experiences a stepping stone to higher things; above all, faith in that immortality which will give back the lost and provide wider spheres of usefulness to the ever growing soul—these thoughts will make us wealthy in spite of our poverty and fill us with that serene joy which is sometimes hidden beneath a sorrow. They are pearls of great price, and they are within your reach if you will make an effort to possess them. You can darken or brighten your life by the standpoint from which you look at it. This life amounts to nothing unless you can see the loom of another life on the horizon.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

The Last and Best.

Each week brings us a new religion, perhaps better expressed by a new form of religious organization. The latest, and in our estimation, the best, launched right here in Chicago, under the name of "The Independent Religious Society." It has no creed, and no doctrine. Its position is defined as follows:

"Recognizing the right of private judgment, the sacredness of the individual conviction and the moral obligation to be faithful to one's best thought, we require no assent to any theological or philosophical doctrine as a condition for fellowship, but cordially welcome all who desire to promote the religion of truth, righteousness, joy and freedom."

The society—not church—has already 500 members, and an average attendance on its services at the Grand Opera House, of 1,700. M. M. Mangasarian, we understand, is the founder and teacher. He has commenced a course of four lectures on "Four Great Americans." And these "Great Americans" we all reverence are Benj. Franklin, Geo. Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, each one of whom was a Theist, and repudiated the popular creeds.

The object of a creed is to tie the mind back to a former faith. Its effect is to prohibit progress. It is like clipping the wings of the bird, depriving it of liberty to soar and sing. Demanding the freest, fullest expression of thought and utterance for oneself, we extend the privileges to all others, hence the admiration for all organizations adopting so broad and tolerant a platform.

Irresponsible Mobs.

Mob violence in a country governed by law should never be encouraged. Its effect is to overthrow all order, and return to an anarchical condition. The outrages of the passionate negro on innocence is probably the most provocative of immediate vengeance of any crime; but experience shows that an angered and unreasoning collection of good men are almost sure to engage in excesses in their eagerness to punish the guilty. To courts restrained by law, to which all have the right of appeal, should be submitted the punishment of crimes; and he who attempts to redress his grievances by other process is an anarchist, and an unsafe member of organized society.

Within the last few weeks a new species of unauthorized violence has been inaugurated, accounts of which fill the news journals. It was set on foot by a Mrs. Nation, in Kansas, and was, and is, directed against drinking saloons, which have no legal status in that state.

But Mrs. Nation, and those who co-operate with her, do not limit their destructive acts to the spoliation of the contraband intoxicants; but other property is recklessly destroyed, and great damage is done. They do not seem to discriminate between prohibited property, and that which is everywhere protected by law. This is always characteristic of the action of illegal bodies suddenly convened to right a common wrong.

It is very questionable if any lasting good is gained by the act of disorderly depredations. Every worthy citizen will deplore the act; and though the leader may be honored as a heroine in the beginning, and loudly applauded; in the end she will be viewed as a disturber of public tranquility, and as one who will be soon forgotten, perhaps disowned.

Dr. T. Wilkins.

This gentleman, whose contributions of prose and poetry have often graced our columns and rendered pleasure and instruction to many readers, has taken up his residence in the town of Medford, Oklahoma, where he will devote his time to the service of a newspaper. The Progressive Thinker wishes him success, and hopes and expects to receive further contributions from his facile pen.

"Buddhism and Its Christian Critics." By Dr. Paul Carus. An excellent study of Buddhism; compact yet comprehensive. Paper, 50 cents. Cloth, \$1.25.

"Religion as Revealed by the Material and Spiritual Universe." By E. D. Abbott, M. D., LL. D. A complete, 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 \$1.00. Paper 50 cents. For sale at this office.

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GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Proof of Sanity.

A law suit has been pending for some time in one of the courts of Chicago, to break the will of the late Mrs. Snell, on account of alleged insanity. During the trial it was proved Dr. Harper, President of the Chicago University—that great institution of learning—the recipient of Rockefeller's millions—called at the residence of Mrs. Snell, to induce a donation from her of \$10,000 to the University. Waiting in the parlor a maid announced to Mrs. Snell, up-stairs, that Dr. H. wished an interview. She replied:

"I won't see him. If I go down-stairs I'll give him money. He can talk me into anything. Tell him I am ill. This incident came out in evidence on the trial, and it is thought to have influenced the jury in their verdict sustaining the sanity of the testator and the efficacy of the will.

The successful beggars for pious uses, are unquestionably hypnotists, though probably ignorant of the source of their power, usually credited by the clergy directly to God. A case in point: Benjamin Franklin, an avowed Theist, and repudiating belief in the junior God, tells in his auto-biography of his listening to a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Whitfield, who came to America in 1730, and toured the then colonies for lost souls. Whitfield importuned Franklin for a donation, which the philosopher rejected. Let him tell his own story. Franklin says:

"I happened soon after to attend one of Whitfield's sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to flatter with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, I emptied my pocket into the collector's dish, gold and all."

Mrs. Snell, knowing the hypnotic power of Rev. Dr. Harper, certainly showed a sound mind in guarding herself against his priestly influence.

A Praying Contest.

An educated Chinaman, in the London Daily Mail, discussing Christian and Chinese superstitions in elucidation of his subject, made mention of the Chinese praying machines found in Tibet, of which Christians make mirth. We quote:

"Many years ago I was discovered by a man who was a priest, and he took me to a temple, and gave me one turn, it was just as good as repeating the prayer orally. Ten turns were equal to ten prayers. This was also found true, no matter to what extent the apparatus was increased in size, or the number of prayers added to it; so at the present time they put 100,000 prayers written on thin paper, in a large vessel mounted on a pivot. On giving the vessel one turn it registers 1,000,000 prayers, each of which is just as effective as any other prayer."

The Chinaman then challenged any Christian who doubted the efficacy of these machine prayers to join in a competitive contest.

Now that seems fair, and ought to settle the question: When and where shall the contest be held? and who shall be the judges?

Lord Blessings! Let 'em go.

In the editorial of two weeks ago, headed "A Reform Suggested," wherein we said of the future life, "Its joys or sorrows cannot be enlarged or abridged by belief or disbelief;" by dropping out "not" in "cannot" as printed, the whole claim of orthodox teaching is conceded. Belief cannot change man's future destiny, though ecclesiastics are made the reward of heaven-contingent on believing Jesus; was the most hideous nightmare of theology!

Directly the Opposite.

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Nightmare of Theology.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his sermon at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, of December 16, 1877, said of the dogma of hell:

"By the blood of Christ, I denounce it; by the wounds in his hands and his side, I abhor it; by his groans and his agony, I abhor it; I denounce it as the most hideous nightmare of theology!"

A Strange Religion.

For the first time since his arrest for the cold-blooded murder of his wife and three small children, Samuel Moser consented to make a statement as to why he committed the crime, says the Chicago Record.

"I was driven to it by the Amish religion," he said. "I wanted to see my wife and babies better off. My people would not let me love them nor permit them to have affection for me, so why should they live? My father is rich among men, but he will not help me because the Amish sect forbids any affection."

Facing the gallows he stands alone in his trouble, shunned and abhorred by the people whom he blames for incurring the tragedy by their alleged persecutions. When his stolid father visits the murderer, as he frequently does, it is only to admonish him to meet his God in the spirit of repentance for the terrible crime he has committed and for deserting the church his ancestors loved. The father has declared to the world that his religion was more to him than his life.

The members of the Amish sect are forbidden by the tenets of their religion to show to mortals the love that is supposed to be God's alone. Human sympathy is unknown among them. Their children grow up wanting the joys and pleasures that usually lie within the province of the youthful mind. Husband and wife find domestic pleasure in the personal self-denial that is a gift offering to their deity. So when Samuel Moser, answering the instincts of his heart, dared to caress his child it was a great crime in the eyes of his fellow-votaries.

The beginning of the trouble which culminated in the tragedy happened during the services in the Amish church one Sunday five years ago. The services had extended over several hours, when Moser's oldest child, Ben, became restless and began whimpering. The father took the boy into his lap, and, patting his cheek, whispered: "Be a good little boy, Ben; don't cry." The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Whitlig, in the pulpit stopped his discourse and called out Moser's name. The father, intent on quieting the child, did not hear. Then the preacher, pointing his finger at the man, thundered: "Samuel Moser!"

The man addressed looked up, startled. "You are making an idol of your child," continued the preacher. "You are going against the teachings of God. Such falling is a disgrace to our church. You think more of your child than of the Almighty."

Moser arose, abashed, and brokenly explained that he was only endeavoring to quiet the little fellow. "Such action is a sin," retorted the minister.

Then Moser contended solemnly that he did not believe God was so unjust. "I have done my full duty all my life," he said, braving the congregation. "And I don't think this should be put against me. When my lads are in trouble I don't think God blames me for trying to do something for them."

"It is either God or your children," declared the preacher, inexorably. "Well, I'm going to help the boy," replied Moser, stubbornly, and he left the meeting with him and went home. The mother followed when the services had ended.

Moser was expelled from the church. He allowed his wife and children to attend. They usually went to church Sunday morning and would not return until 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Then commenced the punishment that the rules of the sect impose on an expelled member.

When he went with his family to visit friends he was not permitted to eat at the same table with them. While the rest sat down to dine, he was forced to wait. Even the children noticed the strangeness of it. Often they would ask: "Why does not papa come and eat with us?" He was an outcast in the bosom of his family. Often his relatives and his wife's relatives would come to visit his house, but they always brought their meals with them, and he was forced to eat alone.

At last, when the trials became almost too much for human endurance, Moser decided to leave the old home and go to some other state, there to live in happiness with his family. He went to Minnesota and located on a farm near St. Paul. When he had fixed up a comfortable home and had a wife and wife to come to him with the little ones. Answer came that the church people had decided it was not well for her to go. She did not go.

"Then it was I thought of killing the woman and the babes and myself to end our troubles," explained Moser, who told the story of his miserable shuffling back and forth in his narrow cell. That night, purchasing a revolver, he started back for Illinois. When he arrived at his old home the mother and children were at supper.

"Will you come with me?" he asked, determinedly. The wife saw the desperate look in his eyes.

"I'll go," she said. They settled on the farm in Minnesota. The wife remained with him but six months. Letters came from the Amish church telling her that her duty and her salvation were back in the old fold. Moser returned from the fields one night to find her and the children gone. He followed immediately. They took up their old home life again, but not as it once was. Quarrels and bickerings began. He became morose. Finally, he says, he decided to murder his wife and three children last May. He shot the baby in the cradle and the quadruple crime startled Central Illinois.

Well may this be called a "strange religion." But not more strange to an unbiased mind than the religion embodied in most of the creeds of Christendom.

Take, for example, the Westminster Confession of Faith, on which, for doctrine, is based the Presbyterian church. There can be no other legitimate interpretation put upon it, than that a part of mankind was foredoomed by an Almighty Creator to everlasting pain and misery, in hell-fire. Non-elect infants, dying in infancy, are thus doomed. This is as contrary to the instincts of humanity as any horrible belief possibly can be. It is so utterly inhuman that there is not, probably, a single Presbyterian to-day who believes it, although it is clearly taught in the creed of his church.

The Amish is only one of hundreds of strange, inhuman, and immoral teachings finding their basis in the collection of writings called "the Bible and the 'Holy Scriptures.'"

But, some will say, such doctrines are the result of misinterpretation. It would seem that even to an orthodox believer it must seem very strange that a book infallibly inspired, by an Allwise Being, should lead to so many heterogeneous beliefs.

and intent to mystify and confuse, and set man against man in religious contention.

No other book in the world, inspired or uninspired, has been so widely written, or whether of a religious nature or otherwise, heathen, Christian, infidel or other, has led to so many diverse and opposing beliefs and interpretations, and that by people who are earnestly desirous of ascertaining and accepting the truth as infallibly taught therein.

Court Recognizes Spirit Influence.

The possibility of malevolent spirits of the dead having induced the late Alexander McElroy, of Philadelphia, Pa., to practically disinherit his daughter and leave the bulk of his estate for the advancement of Spiritualism is the reason given in an opinion filed February 1 in the Orphans' Court by Judge Penrose for awarding a jury trial to determine under what circumstances the decedent made his will, says the New York Herald.

Mr. McElroy, a Spiritualist, died at an advanced age, in May, 1897, leaving a will in which he made meagre provision for his daughter, Martha Buchanan, and his housekeeper, Helen Laubach. The balance of his estate, \$30,000, was given to the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, to erect a building to be known as the "McElroy Hall for the Advancement of Spiritualism."

The daughter appealed to the Orphans' Court from the decision of the Register of Wills admitting the will to probate, alleging that her father was of unsound mind when he executed it and that undue influence was used by members of the Association of Spiritualists.

The defence held that Mr. McElroy had been induced by the spirits of the departed to make the bequest. Judge Ashmun, after a lengthy hearing, dismissed the appeal one year ago. An opinion was filed to-day by Judge Penrose after the Court had heard argument on exception to Judge Ashmun's ruling.

"It must be conceded," Judge Penrose says, "that mere belief in the possibility of being placed in communication with the spirits of those who have died is not in itself enough to show the kind of mental unsoundness which is inconsistent with testamentary capacity. 'But if we admit that such communications may be received, if it should appear that the spirits have been untruthful and that by reason of their falsity the mind of a testator has been prejudiced and embittered against those in whose favor he would otherwise have disposed of his estate, then it is as if they had been insane and incapable of executing the will. The falsehood induced is all the more dangerous since it is uttered by one who is beyond the reach of human punishment and has not even the restraining influence of a fear of the hereafter.'"

"Under these circumstances the verdict of a jury against the validity of the will on the ground that it was the direct offspring of the spiritual misrepresentation would not be set aside as unwarranted by the evidence, and as this is the test by which it is to be determined the demand of issues should be granted."

A Little Girl's Letter and Poem.

I am a natural born Spiritualist

Providence As Exemplified in the Lives of Illustrious Men

From the preface of a "History of Julius Caesar," Louis Napoleon claiming to be the author, published soon after he called himself Emperor, we read:

"When Providence raises up such men as Caesar, Charlemagne and Napoleon, it is to point out to the people the path they ought to follow. Happy the people who comprehend and follow; woe to those who misunderstand and combat them."

This man called himself Emperor of France, by and through the particular favor of an all-wise and beneficent Providence. Comments in its application to himself, his elevation and others to power, will be found further on.

Efface all records of what men called illustrious have said and done, history would be almost a blank. As we now read the thoughts, and of the acts, of those who lived thousands of years ago, and because of such became illustrious and venerable; so after the lapse of many centuries will be read what the men of our times said and did to make them illustrious and immortal.

Of all the great and good who lived and died for truth and humanity before the era of Providence had a beginning, Socrates, Pagan as he was, surpassed all. When told by Crito that the jailer had been bribed, and being innocent, he should avail himself of the opportunity and escape, he rebuked all their tears and pleadings, and answered:

"Would you have me die guilty? And do you know of any place out of Attica, where people did not die?"

Crito closed his eyes when death came, and Cicero says, he "could never read the description of his death in Plato without tears." Condemned to drink the hemlock, his death was painless. But in the long intervening centuries past, how many have suffered the tortures of the rack and stake for being better and wiser than their fellows, cannot be known.

But the most pronounced example of the Napoleonic-providential-raise-up theory in modern times was Washington, which he with characteristic and most consummate art omitted. To have included him would have shattered and struck the very base of the theory that has been the conflict of the ages—that a Despotism, not a Democracy, was the order and design of Providence.

Of men and women whose impress has been to make humanity and the world better, Providence has not been generous. Hardly one in a century. In England, the most conspicuous are Mrs. Fry and John Bright; and both in religious phrase were Quakers. In France it has taken a century to produce an approach to Voltaire—Victor Hugo. A century has passed; and this conglomeration of all peoples has not yet produced a second Washington.

An eminent jurist said: "Man loves power, and in its prolonged exercise the servant will ever swell into the master." Judged by that standard, Washington was the first, and last, that the rule in its application would be false.

But this is wandering, digressing. The intent is to prove that Providence had no more to do in raising up Washington, than in Jack the Giant Killer.

And that all the stories of the boy, the man, and Providence, told by Parson Weems and others, are only fantasies. When Jared Sparks said he was a little profane at times, and might occasionally have been seen on a fox hunt on Sunday—all true—a proscriptive edict went out from holy places that ended for a time the sale of his books.

But what an indescribable boon, if only one Washington could be raised up by Providence now when honor, integrity, virtue, all are bartered like commodities, in the fierce conflict for place and power. In that eight years of struggle for life and liberty, which past history has no approach to a parallel, his services were gratuitous. And he must have believed in that sublime aphorism of Paine: The world was his country, all men his brethren, and to do good his religion.

And of Thomas Paine: few have thought that Providence raised him up for a special good purpose. But Washington, Jefferson, Adams and others have all certified that the papers written by him, "The Crisis," and

others, were of priceless value to the cause of liberty, and that no one beside him could have written them. But this was reserved, and said by a late Bishop of the Episcopal Church, which entitles him to a crown, and an immortality of infamy. On the erection of a statue to his memory, in St. Louis, he said: "Paine was a hyena," and characterized all such as "hyena worship."

For those great and paramount principles which man has ever, is now, and will continue struggling for—Liberty, Humanity, Truth, all, never had a more ardent, sincere, able advocate than Paine.

In the coming ages, no names will be more venerated than those of Washington and Paine, but nothing to show they were specially raised up by Providence.

LINCOLN AND SEWARD.

The nomination of Mr. Lincoln, and not Seward, was an unlooked for accident; and those who are not young will most vividly recall the shock of disappointment its announcement caused, not only in New York, but in the Middle and Eastern States.

And caused by an ill feeling between some of Mr. Seward's friends, and the man who had done more to make the Republican party a power and force, eventually shaping the future destiny of the nation and its people, it may be said with little exaggeration, than all others, Horace Greeley: a most interesting chapter of political history, but remote and indirect in its bearing, and absorbed as will be seen, by what follows:

At the time, Mr. Lincoln was little known beyond the borders of his own State, while Seward was known in all continental countries of Europe, particularly so in England and France, the powers, eventually, with which we were to have most intricate and important matters of state to handle and adjust.

If Mr. Gladstone was correctly reported, this is about what he said: "That the hand of Providence was plainly discernible in this; that Jefferson Davis was made the founder of a new nation." And Davis said: "His corner stone and base was on the God-ordained institution of slavery."

This coming from people of less distinction, both professed Christians, would have been a near approach to blasphemy.

The Republican party was not committed to the abolition of slavery—but the limitation of slavery. After Mr. Lincoln had made choice of Mr. Seward as Secretary of State, many thought the hand of Providence plainly manifest in this; whereas, Mr. Lincoln had greater executive ability, Mr. Seward excelled in state-craft and diplomacy.

The sentiment of Mr. Seward had long been known in relation to emancipation, while that of Mr. Lincoln was not known until he became President. In one of the first of his official appointments, it was apparent he believed as did Mr. Webster, that the Fugitive Act "was not only good law, but a law that was good," as under the provisions of the act he had appointed a District Marshal, in whose jurisdiction two fugitives, man and wife, were soon remanded back to slavery.

But the climax—the end—the tragedy—the death—where was the Providential hand and shield that could have paralyzed the arm of the assassin and changed the course of the deadly missile? Was it the same force and power that made him President, and had its strength departed? If not, why this indifference? Or was Booth an instrument in the divine plan that Andrew Johnson might fill the vacancy?

Such assumption would be a glaring infamy, and will not be made; but will some of the advocates of the providential theory answer?

The claims of Mr. Seward to an immortality of fame which he was justly entitled to, will be considered in the performance of his work, and if a special raise-up by Providence was the incentive under which he acted? It will not be said that no other could have met the pending contingencies that would most surely have broken and destroyed the Union.

But time will eventually show that he was the ablest

statesman and diplomat our nation has produced, and more to him than any other was the nation and people indebted for its preservation.

The first great impending crisis was when Captain Wilkes, without authority, precedent or law, hailed and stopped the British steamer Trent, on which were Mr. Mason and Slidell, accredited Envoys to France and England, of the so-called Confederacy, and made them prisoners of war. Indignation and retaliation was so intense in London that Americans resident there were in danger of personal violence, until apology and restoration was made, in due form, by Mr. Seward, which prompt action alone prevented a declaration of war. But that was by far the least of impending dangers to meet and counteract, as the sequel will show.

The following was taken from the lips of Mr. Seward as spoken, the occasion the announcement of the death of Louis Napoleon in 1873, and printed in the San Francisco Bulletin, and the writer says was told at a dinner party. But that each and all the words so pregnant with eloquent meaning, so solemn and impassioned, we cannot in every instance produce, but the general import is given:

"It was," said Mr. Seward, "in the darkest days of the rebellion, disaster upon disaster had befallen the Union armies; treason was active and bold-faced in Washington; rebel emissaries were plotting against us over the Canadian border; rebel cruisers were being fitted out in British ports, and sent to prey upon our commerce. In this desperate emergency I received an autograph letter from the Emperor of the French. It was marked private and confidential:

"You cannot put down the rebellion; embrace the earliest opportunity to make terms with the South. If you fail to do this, I shall feel compelled, in the interest of my country—in the interest of civilization—to intervene with all the power at my command."

"I answered Napoleon's insulting letter immediately. I did not waste words or compliments: 'The American Union is to be preserved if it takes twenty years to do it. If you presume to interfere we will show you what a free people battling for national existence are capable of.'"

Then and there the fate of the Union hung trembling on a balance, and like the flicker of a dying lamp, was soon to go out forever; or blaze again with renewed life and vigor. But the weight of his influence turned the balance, the life of the Union was saved, the time to write its epitaph had not come. But in all there was nothing supernatural. Providence and nature are one, and run in parallel lines, the least divergence all would be chaos.

But what of the man who used the opportunity to tell the people of France and the world that Providence alone was responsible for his acts, and pronounced the doom of "woe" on all those whom he called not wise enough to comprehend?

He had covenanted with the Confederacy, in co-operation with the money power of England, that the Union of the States should and would be broken—dissolved, disunited forever, and that the Confederacy should and would be upheld and sustained. And if by failure through indirect means, by an open declaration to that effect. Hence the bombing of Confederate bonds, selling at par—while Governments were nowhere, of no value in foreign markets.

And now this, of the great effort required of Providence, with the small amount of aid he could bring in his own behalf to make him Emperor. All the details, with vouchers from eye-witnesses, were first printed in the New York Tribune of 1856.

"On the night of the first of December, 1852, the house of every leading Republican was invaded by a band of armed ruffians, his own dragged from his bed and hurled into a dungeon." Thousands were massacred in the streets of Paris, like dogs; other thousands were crowded in convict ships and sent to Cayenne and Algiers; and the horrors imposed and suffered by helpless and innocent citizens equalled those of the Reign of Terror. And what in another would have been perjury of the foulest kind—

what would have been massacre on a gigantic scale—was lauded and pronounced by the Archbishop of Paris in this way:

"In the supreme hour of the great crisis, a man appeared. The Empire is proclaimed. Never has the finger of God been more apparent than now."

There is a characteristic and peculiar significance in this. Of the thousands banished, transported and imprisoned, all their estates were confiscated, and the larger part went to the church. Among the banished was Victor Hugo, and of him little more need be said. But what were his thoughts of that Providence once so obedient to his wishes, as he claimed? And did he think of retributive justice when being piloted over the stormy channel, and saw the receding shores of France for the last time?

Of the first Napoleon, when was Providence most manifest? When he saw the first gleam of the towers and minarets of Moscow? Or when in the dim distance they faded forever from his sight?

And again when in the distant watery waste appeared in dim outline St. Helena's desolate rock? on which he was to live all his allotted time on earth, and where he was to die, what then could have been his thoughts of that Providence he fancied by his side at the Pyramids, at Austerlitz, at Jena, and as he believed made him victor? With Providence, a Waterloo or a Gettysburg is no more than a bullfight or an insurrection in an ant-hill.

The contest prolonged, in single combat or with vast armies whose tread shakes the earth, victory belongs to the strongest. Of the manifestation of Providence, as seen in battle, by actual participants: Off Cherbourg, France, 19th of June, 1864, one of the most remarkable sea-fights recorded in history occurred between the Alabama, Captain Semmes, and the Kearsarge, Captain Winslow. In an address not long before, Captain Semmes had said to officers and crew, "Providence would bless the endeavor to free the South from the Yankees."

A Scotch sailor, one of the crew of the Kearsarge, and who saw the Alabama go down, when asked if Providence had not a little something to do with the business, answered: "No, no, no; no Providence about it. Captain Winslow fired the shot and came down next sending all to hell, in five minutes." And the attempt to charge to Providence those awful and dire calamities, so frequent on land and sea, as a warning and punishment, is impious. That tidal wave that swept and made desolate the Gulf coast, would have come had Galveston not been there. And that fearful tornado which in a few seconds destroyed a small Wisconsin city, and left death and destruction in its track, would have come if neither city nor people had been there.

SUMMARY.—In all the centuries past, in all that will come, considered collectively, man's great enemy has been and will continue to be, man; his weakest and least hopeful reliance, Providence. There is nothing in his past history to build a logical argument on, that those who by their sayings and deeds are entitled to be called illustrious, were specially raised up and sustained by a particular Providence, for a special and particular purpose, any more than the man whose muscular arm pounds the anvil or wields the hoe.

Note.—Nothing ever so shocked and intensified the moral sentiments and feelings of the great mass of the people of the North as the Fugitive Slave Bill, remanding fugitives back to slavery. A vivid remembrance will recall the scenes in Boston on the arrest of Shadrach, William and Ellen Craft, and Thomas Sims, and the rescue of a fugitive in Syracuse. But the most pathetic was the tragedy of the slave mother at Cincinnati. Rather than be taken back to slavery, in trying to escape her pursuers on floating ice on the Ohio, she preferred death by drowning herself and child.

A poem describing the tragedy was written by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and printed in the New York Tribune, February, 1856. Its beauty of expression, and sentiment, are not easily paralleled.

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586

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THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE.

A VERY IMPORTANT WORK.

The Spiritual Significance is by Lillian Whiting, author of "The World Beautiful," "After Her Death," "Kate Field, A Record," "A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," and "The World Beautiful."

Mrs. Whiting finds the title of her new book in these lines from "Aurora Leigh":

"If a man could feel Not one, but every day, feast, fast, and working-day,

The spiritual significance burn through The hieroglyphic of material shows, Henceforward he would paint the globe with wings."

The aim of this book is to reveal the curious close correspondence between the developments of modern science and spiritualism; to show that new forces, as discovered and applied in wireless telegraphy, are simply laws of an unseen realm into which humanity is rapidly advancing and thus gaining a new environment. From this evolutionary progress, as illustrated by physical science the author of "The World Beautiful" continues the same argument presented in those volumes in a plea that the future life is the continuation and development of our present life in all its faculties and powers, and that the present may be ennobled by the constant sense of the Divine Presence, and a truer knowledge of the nature of man and his relations to the world, and to a higher morality and increasing happiness. The book is characterized by the same elegant style and qualities that have insured for "The World Beautiful" volumes an almost world-wide popularity.

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To the Editor: I hereby acknowledge the receipt of eighteen copies of Vol. 3 of The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World. I have waited to get the opinions of all that were in my last club, and here they are as a whole. Every one is more than satisfied. I don't believe the book could be bought from any one of these subscribers.

Brother Francis, your books and paper are doing a wonderful amount of good. They are helping us on the road to progression and bringing us to a better understanding of the life to come. May your light never grow less is my watchword.

J. G. Follett.

"The Pantheism of Modern Science." By F. E. Titus, Barrister, Toronto, Canada. A summary of recent investigations into Life, Force and Substance, and conclusions therefrom. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

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TEARS AND CHEERS.

Christian Scientists Express Their Feelings.

Albany, N. Y.—The bill of Assemblyman Bell, prohibiting Christian Scientists and osteopaths from practicing in this state without the license of a medical practitioner had a hearing to-day before the assembly committee on public health. The assembly chamber was crowded with more than 300 Christian Scientists, who were there, as one of them expressed it, "to fight the forces of the flesh and the devil."

The great majority of the crowd was made up of women. The handful of physicians there to support the measure found themselves outnumbered twenty-five to one.

The Scientists contended that such legislation is unconstitutional in that it violates religious liberty, and that the measure is tried by the state and county medical societies from motives of jealousy and selfishness.

WOMEN SHOW EMOTION.

It was soon apparent that the Scientists were not only striving to bend the minds of the committee by arguments, but also by tears and prayers. Several women directly in front of the committee held handkerchiefs almost constantly to their eyes and others were seen bowed in prayer. Another and even more emotional means of appealing to the sympathies of the committee was the frequent and prolonged applause with which the Scientists welcomed the remarks of their own speakers, and the laughter and shakes of the head with which they greeted the arguments of the physicians.

An especial effort to impress the committee was made by one Christian Scientist, who asked that all who believed in that faith stand up and cheer. Immediately the whole 300 sprang to their feet and cheered so long that Assemblyman Henry, chairman of the committee, had to pound repeatedly with his gavel to restore order.

Judge Hallman was the chief spokesman of the opposition, and Dr. Henry L. Tinsler, president of the State Medical Society, led the fight in support of the measure.

SAYS BILL IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

Mr. Andrews, counsel for the State Medical Society, said that the bill was unconstitutional, as had been adjudged by the court in parallel cases. Other speakers in opposition to the bill were Mrs. A. E. Stetson of the First Church Scientist, Professor W. D. McCracken and Mrs. L. M. Lathrop. Dr. Mary Walker spoke for the bill.

"One of the Christian Scientists created a flurry among the members of the committee when she said that Christian Scientists could not carry the germ of samplings from one person to another."

Dr. Bell, the framer of the bill, said he had introduced it at the request of the State Medical Society. In order to meet the objections of druggists, patent medicine dealers, opticians and others, the bill was amended so as to direct it against Christian Scientists only.

Henry A. Cawley declared the bill to be "class legislation." The Christian Sci-

entists were not "quacks," he said. He called upon those present who had been cured by scientists to arise—and nearly everyone present arose.

Dr. Norton declared that if he were called upon to characterize the bill he would call it "an attempt to enact legislation against the almighty power of God, an attempt at the beginning of the century to make null and void the final command and commission of Jesus to go forth and heal the bodily as well as moral ills."

PLEA OF DR. MARY WALKER.

Dr. Mary Walker, in masculine garb, gained recognition. "Gentlemen," she said, "when you kissed that Bible upon the altar of office you recognized Christian Science. I half believe in it myself, but I can't do it. Don't be wheedled into doing something that you will be ashamed of when you go home."

Dr. Henry, president of the State Medical Society, defended the measure. "What we want," said he, "is proficiency. A practitioner should be able to recognize disease and protect the public."

Dr. Abram Jacoby of New York said: "I am not blasphemous enough to believe that anyone here has the right to claim to be like Jesus. His apostles. No one should be allowed to practice the art of healing who has not been thoroughly trained. This bill is simply a question of common sense. I am ashamed to come here and try to make the impression that I could teach you that. I beg your pardon."

Dr. Clark of Buffalo, Dr. Clark of Buffalo, and Attorney Andrews, counsel for the Medical Society of the County of New York, also spoke for the measure.

Chairman Henry, after listening to three hours and a half of argument, decided to adjourn the hearing one week.

Photographing Spirits.

Levi Hammon, 614, Halsey street, and eight of his neighbors held a seance for ascertaining if spirits could be photographed in the dark. By flash light without a subject. Mrs. Lillian Jurens, 827 Monroe street, being photographer. The experiment proved a success beyond belief.

There came on the stage twenty spirits; all different, there were soldiers in uniform, Indians, the black hawk resting on the chief's head, old men, old women, young men, young women, youth and babies. The photographer prepared her camera, the sitters front of the lens, the camera being left open, the lights were put out except one small one which is always used in the seance. Then waited for orders from the cabinet. Then there was singing, a small orchestra in an adjoining room played interludes between songs. During this the spirits prepared themselves, (and the attitudes they assumed shows that we let them know where we are and what we are doing, and particularly the people of Chicago. The best way to do this, I think, is to solicit the newspapers, magazines and periodicals to inform the public of this organization and give notices of our meetings. The next thing to do would be to mail leaflets to every person whom we think would be interested. I would ask our members and our friends to give

HENRY HAMMON.

Topeka, Kan.

Mansell's Almanac for 1901 is now ready for delivery. It is certainly very valuable. Price 25 cents.

THE AUTO CLUB.

Notes from the Secretary.

To the Auto Life Society, Members and Friends:—For the benefit of those who were not here at the last meeting, I would say we had a lecture from Dr. Harshbarger, the Persian, on "The Science of Breath, and Power of Thought," after which he said if any ladies would open their parlors he would give free of all charge twelve lessons, one each week, afternoons and evenings, on "Breath and Health Culture," and in addition to the lessons on Breath he gives instruction on Diet. He has a book which explains and answers all questions as to bread and bread-making, beverages, cakes, candies, cereals, etc.

The object of this meeting is to invite our friends to join the Prentice Mulford Club. We have a group now formed in health and breath culture, or "How to keep your strength," and we propose to form another group, "Don't worry or get angry," or "How to push your business."

We next expect to form group No. 3, "The Church of Silent Devotion," where we will have a noonday meeting from 12 until 1, with different speakers each day. On Sunday we can have morning services. In fact, I was talking to Dr. Harshbarger last night about giving us a lecture on the "Ruhyat" by Omar Kaylam, the great Persian poet and astrologer, which he consented to do. Then we will have retreats in different parts of the center of the city, which would have planes and be kept open all day, where anyone could go and rest, refresh and recuperate, viz., ladies' town shopping, or desiring to meet someone another from other parts of the city.

All those who wish to join this group I would like to have send me their names to 507 New York Life Bldg.

The dues are \$1 for six months. The more members we have the less it will cost each one individually. The object of the club is to afford at the least expenditure of time and money, good healthy mental food, to bring the teacher and pupil together upon all lines of advanced thought, modern science and art. As fast as the members desire, they can form other groups to study upon any special lines that interest them. For the present we will avail ourselves of home talent to deliver us a lecture once a month or oftener, as the members may desire.

Next month Dr. Kayne has promised to speak to us upon "Health, How to Obtain and Retain It." Later we will attract to us speakers and lecturers from other cities. In a few words, we will become a center for the higher thought.

I am to continue as chairman of the executive Board, I would suggest that we let the members know where we are and what we are doing, and particularly the people of Chicago. The best way to do this, I think, is to solicit the newspapers, magazines and periodicals to inform the public of this organization and give notices of our meetings. The next thing to do would be to mail leaflets to every person whom we think would be interested. I would ask our members and our friends to give

us the names of such persons as they think would be interested, and we will mail them a circular. I would suggest to mail a circular to each school teacher in Chicago and all other persons whose names we could secure. We could also send circulars to the news-dealers, liberal clubs, churches, societies and colleges. The greater the membership the more we can accomplish at the least expense of time and money.

There is no limit to the possibility of the club if we work in harmony. I am willing to do all I can to launch the club.

J. F. MORGAN.

BOOK REVIEW.

In "Mary Melville, the Psychic," the author, Flora MacDonald, has written a story of great power and interest. Calvinism and Spiritualism are the dominating subjects, and are often illustrated with intense power. Spiritualists will enjoy its reading immensely. It is published by The Austin Publishing Co., Toronto, Can. Price, paper, 75 cents. Cloth, \$1.25.

A hand-book of genuine value is "A Guide to Mediumship and Psychic Unfoldment," by E. W. and M. H. Wallis. It is divided into three parts: Mediumship Explained; How to Develop Mediumship; and Psychic Powers: How to Cultivate them. The authors and compilers have rendered a real service to Spiritualism by issuing this little book.

The solution of the money problem, in the interests of the whole people and not of a class, is of vital importance to the world. In "Business Without Money," Mr. W. E. Van Ornum, of Chicago, gives very radical views, going to the root of the question, and presents a solution that seems without a flaw, and yet is so new that it will excite much thought in the minds of specialists as well as others interested. The author has thought deeply, and laid his foundations solidly. His system marks a new era in the discussion of a great subject. It is indeed a valuable contribution, worthy the consideration of all thinkers.

THE DIVINE PLAN has been carried out successfully by The Progressive Thinker, one continual current of the profits returning to our subscribers. Volume 8 of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World only costs our subscribers 25 cents—far less than its actual cost to us. Its regular price to the trade is \$1.50. This work should be in every family in the United States. It is elegantly and substantially bound, neatly printed and is an ornament to any library. One million copies of this work should be distributed throughout the country. The Progressive Thinker one year and this book will be sent for \$1.25.

"Our Bible: Who Wrote It? When? Where? How? Is It Infallible? A Voice from The Higher Criticism. A few thoughts on other Bibles." By Moses H. C. Adams, a Unitarian, and a Unitarian to Spiritualism. For sale at this office. Price \$1.

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 with the clearest 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 with letters of inquiry, the supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence the inevitable 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 sent. 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 correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.
Hortense Balcom: Q. I have observed that the surface of snow after a few days becomes dark with dust. From whence does this come?

A. This discoloration of the snow, when closely examined will be found to be composed of soil blown from uncovered places, particles from fences and trees, and a larger portion of an impalpable substance. The latter it is difficult to account for, but I suppose that the falling snow would carry with it all the dust and impurities of the atmosphere.

The same phenomenon is observed on shipboard on the reaches of ocean. However clean the decks of a sailing vessel may be washed, in a day or two a layer of dust will gather. Even the sea-air appears dust-laden, and the particles settle on the deck. From whence comes this dust, the air that may have been washed by repeated rains? It may be the lightest particles drawn upward by strong winds, in remote countries, but there is another source which must be called on for a part at least of the supply. I refer to the meteoric bodies, which are constantly being met by the earth in its orbit. No one can watch the clear sky for any length of time without seeing one or more of these "shooting stars." They are bodies moving in space which are drawn into the atmosphere, and meeting its resistance, become intensely heated and dissipated in vapor, which condenses as dust—sometimes when large they reach the earth's surface, but their usual fate is to disappear in the upper regions of the atmosphere. We do not see them fall, but they do fall, nor the smallest, which do not produce sufficient light, yet we know that thousands on thousands are consumed in the upper air every day. The dust into which they are resolved is so impalpable that it floats for a long time, and has an important office in tinting the sky and giving color to the morning and setting sun, but at last it reaches the surface falling alike on land and sea.

Some years ago a series of splendid sunsets which were referred to meteoric dust, but which really was the result of a tremendous volcanic eruption of Krakatoa in the South Sea. This volcano from an immense crater, blew a volume of dust, instead of lava, with such force from the very bed of the sea, that it reached the higher clouds and was borne around the world. It was so light in substance that it remained for weeks, producing the most gorgeous, and at times weird coloring of sky and clouds.

The thickness of the layer of dust which falls over the whole surface of the earth has been variously estimated, but approximately it may be stated as an eighth of an inch in a century.

B. T. Chaffee: Q. What of birth stones, their meaning and lore—origin? What stones are assigned to the months of the year?

A. There is no real connection between the various gems and the months to which they are assigned, or their symbolic significance. It is all the childish imagining of an age long past which knew nothing of science.

Birth in a given month was believed to bestow certain mental qualities, and these were symbolized by the gem appropriate to that month. When it is considered that a thousand persons, born not only in a certain month, but during a single hour of that month, develop characters the very opposite, and as diverse as the human mind, the aptitudes of the year, it will be seen that the time of the year has no significance as determining character. The belief that the birth-day has such significance comes from its assertion in the past, when facts were not necessary for its support, and has by constant reiteration maintained its credence, because no one has disputed it. Aside from this, it has the elements of romance and stimulates the poetic fancy, which is at times a relief from the prosy, common-place of facts.

As a curious piece of folk-lore, descending from an unknown source and revised by unknown hands, the birth-stones of the months, with their symbolism is given in full: January, hyacinth, symbolizing constancy and fidelity; February, amethyst, symbol of mind and sobriety; March, Jasper, courage; April, sapphire and diamond, repentance and innocence; May, emerald, success in love; June, agate, long life and health; July, carnelian, the cure of evil by forgetfulness thereof; August, onyx, conjugal felicity; September, chrysolite, the cure of folly; October, opal, hope; November, topaz, fidelity and friendship; December, turquoise and ruby, brilliant success.

Socialist: Q. Would it be advisable to join in a colony Spiritualists to carry out the great principles of their belief? A. There has never been a colony, or socialist organization, under whatever name, which has been a success, and it may be safely concluded that there never can be. Society is an organization, most complex, which is of growth, with its roots running into the remotest past, and pushing forward into the future. It is like a tree, whose fixed base is of a gigantic tree. What ever is done to assist in that advance must be along the lines of the growth. As in the tree with expanding branches, the growth of a limb depends on its attachment to the main trunk, and when such limb is severed, it ceases to be vital. In the social organization, when

a portion severs its connection and attempts a growth of its own, it finds itself surrounded by antagonistic elements, and the vitality which at first sustains it, absorbed in fruitless endeavors against existing conditions which refuse to yield to such methods of assault.

Of all people Spiritualists should be the last to attempt to isolate themselves from the great body politic. To attempt to be an exclusive people, mislabeled for a "higher" development all their own, would be to follow in the steps of all previous efforts which have met with pitiable failure, and wasted the lives of those engaged. There are examples which are apparently partially successful. The Shakers, Dunkards and Mormons, drawn together by religious zeal, have for a period had their own. The fruit is a dead branch which will perish with the generation which now sustains it, for its means of renewal are not compensatory with the processes of its decay.

The Dunkards are organized by religious zeal; a blind faith, founded on a "divine" inspiration, which they have come enlightened, they would cease their attachment to their order, and lose their exclusiveness. The Mormons do not furnish an example which is attractive for imitation.

Spiritualism is the great world science of life here and hereafter; a world-religion if that term is desirable. It does not place the place of the individual and himself and attempt to found an independent society, but to the whole. Every individual of the state must be an integral part of the state, and cannot escape from the responsibility. There can be no isolation.

How could a colony embody the principles of Spiritualism, which are opposed to such isolation? Would not its purposes be immeasurably better executed by every one who accepts its doctrines, laboring to bring the whole people up to their level?

Mark this: Every associative movement must have leaders, and all such associations that ever have been or will be, are projected for the benefit of these leaders, and whatever they gain is at the expense of their credulous followers.

C. A. Davidson: Q. I have a cousin, Charles Davidson, of whom we have not heard for years, and do not know if he has departed this life or not. In a book supposed lost, and afterwards found, this was written:

"This is certainly remarkable. I am at rest." Chas. Davidson.

Could a spirit have written it, without the place thought of, then it would come to account for the atmosphere.

A. It would be possible, and there have been many instances recorded parallel and confirming.

W. Q. It has been said that spirits travel with the rapidity of thought. Is this true?

A. It is not true. Thinking of a distant locality no more transports a spirit to the place thought of, than it would while in the body. It is true they may pass through space with great rapidity, as is said illustratively, like thought; but space to them has meaning and there is limitation to their flight.

Anxious: Q. I have met with no success in my seances. How long must I continue before I may expect good results?

A. That depends on so many circumstances that it is impossible to answer. It is a question constantly coming up in the wide-spread eagerness to be able to be in direct communication with spirits. The choice of the members of the circle, of time, place, and the mental and spiritual states, are all to be taken into consideration. Simply sitting down and awaiting the spirits' coming is not sufficient.

An Interesting Incident.

I was much interested in Mr. Ralph Douglas' article, "A Beautiful Experience," which appeared in The Progressive Thinker, January 19, as it brought to mind an experience of mine which occurred in 1894, when I was a helpless invalid, and thought, as did the author, that I was passing to spirit life. I remember saying, "If I am ready to go, but I want to be conscious and realize just what the change is." I had been told by several in spirit life that there was no suffering at that time, and I wanted to be able to return and prove by my own experience, that what had been told me was true. Suddenly my friends came to me, and I was told that I was passing to spirit life. I remember saying, "If I am ready to go, but I want to be conscious and realize just what the change is." I had been told by several in spirit life that there was no suffering at that time, and I wanted to be able to return and prove by my own experience, that what had been told me was true. Suddenly my friends came to me, and I was told that I was passing to spirit life.

Permit me to thank the kind friends who responded to my call, and to the others who take interest in veterans in the cause, to read my card on page 8. I have unclaimed letters, returned to me, belonging to J. M. Morrill, Rockford, Ill.; Miss M. Busch, San Francisco, Calif.; J. G. M. Augusta, Ga. Will they please send me full address.

Inflammatory rheumatism has paid me a few weeks' visit, but is gradually leaving me.

With grateful thanks to Editor Francis for his many acts of kindness, I close.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN,
15 Franklin St., Milford, Mass.

"Invisible Helpers" is the expressive title of a little book by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, two of whose lectures have recently been published in The Progressive Thinker, and with whose style and tone of thought our readers are not wholly unacquainted. The reader will find the subject treated very interestingly, as viewed from the standpoint of Theosophy. The author narrates many incidents of striking spiritualistic experiences, some of which seem fairly miraculous.

The book is for sale at the office of The Progressive Thinker, Price 50 cts. "The Spiritual Significance, or Death as an Event in Life," by Lillian Whiting, "One of Miss Whiting's most suggestive, intensely interesting spiritual books. It is laden with rich, thoughtful spiritual facts." For sale at this office, Price \$1.

DISTORTED RELIGION.

Devotees Smash Windows and Invade Saloons.

THE DEVOTEES OF DOWIE WHO ARE IN THIS DEVILISH WORK, ARE WORSE THAN THE WORST MOBS OF THE SOUTH.

To the Editor:—Mob violence of this kind is a remnant of the dark ages, and a segment of superstition, bigotry and ignorance. It illustrates the benighted condition of a certain class who exist in their knowledge of God and the "crucified One." They know all about God's providence and methods, yet are beastly ignorant and cruel. As set forth in the Inter Ocean of Feb. 8, a band of drug-store destroyers has preceded the promised visitation of the Carrie Nation Home Protectionists, and has already operated in two remotely distant parts of the city. Yesterday afternoon five women, fashionably dressed, invaded Milwaukee avenue and attempted to repeat the proceedings enacted in the southwest part of the city the night before. Serious damage was done in the drug store of I. L. Quales, No. 1088 Milwaukee avenue, and only the determined action of J. S. Frank, proprietor of a drug store at No. 144 Milwaukee avenue, prevented a more serious damage earlier in the afternoon at his store. Dr. Dowie declares they are members of his flock.

The women who operated yesterday are believed to be the same who created so much havoc on Wednesday night in the vicinity of Eighteenth street. They professed to be followers of Dr. Dowie, called the druggists "servants of the devil," and told the customers in the stores invaded to get out of the way and leave the works of the devil alone. It was their zeal on the praying question that saved Frank's drug store from demolition.

TOLD TO GO HOME AND PRAY.

The five emulators of Carrie Nation alligned from a Milwaukee avenue car and entered Frank's store late yesterday afternoon. A man named J. S. Frank was alone and engaged with a customer. The women immediately approached the customer and the leader, a middle-aged woman, dressed in the height of fashion and wearing an automobile coat, said: "Leave that vile stuff here and go home and pray."

Frank suspected his visitors at once and replied: "I believe in praying all right as long as you don't get in my store, but any person who touches my thing here that belongs to me does so at the peril of their life."

"You are a servant of the devil and should share the fate of all that belongs to him," said the leader.

"I'll make you women think I am the devil sure enough if you don't get out of this store in a hurry," answered Frank, as he reached for a half-gallon bottle of sulphuric acid. "I'll give you just three seconds to get out this door."

Frank had hardly delivered his ultimatum before the women took to their heels and with loud shouts of "Hallelujah for Dowie," started south on Milwaukee avenue.

The band proceeded one block and entered the drug store of Mr. Quales, where they smashed windows and caused a great deal of damage. The prescription case to wait on his noisy customers.

"You are an imp of the devil," shouted the leader. "You sell medicine to sick people, but we pray for them," and the woman emphasized her remarks by bringing down a bottle of wine on the plate-glass showcase with such force that the glass was shattered and the wine spilled on the floor.

A strong right swing in the direction of Quales sent the proprietor to a place of safety under the counter and knocked two more bottles of wine onto the floor, where they broke into a thousand pieces.

"Hurrah for Dowie," yelled another one of the band, as she threw a pound weight through half a dozen bottles of medicine which stood on the shelves behind the counter. "We'll teach you to pray."

BREAKING GLASS ATTRACTS A CROWD.

The noise of the breaking glass began to attract a crowd, and the women, becoming alarmed, rushed for the door and continued the work of smashing windows. Quales immediately looked for a policeman, but none could be found in the neighborhood. Several witnesses to the affair followed the women, and as they took a Milwaukee avenue street car and went toward the city. No attempt was made to apprehend them.

There was no little excitement in the neighborhood when it became known that the drug store of Mr. Quales was in the vicinity. Clerks were put to guard the doors at all drug stores along Milwaukee avenue, but the women did not put in a further appearance. The druggists were highly incensed at the action of the women, and they would have been handled without gloves had they attempted any further marauding.

Otto Haller, No. 1240 Milwaukee avenue, remained near the front door and awaited the arrival of the women. However, his store was not visited.

"I have two revolvers in my store," said Haller, "and if those women come here I will kill them. This threat is not an idle one. I have a right to defend my own property against thieves and robbers. These women are no better, and I would not hesitate to shoot them all."

A. Klotz, No. 471 North Ashland avenue, was so worried over a probable visit to his place that he sought information from the police at the West Chicago avenue station. He wanted to know what protection the law afforded him against an attack by the women, and he begged the police to inform him if the law gave him the right to kill them should they visit his place. Sergeant Shiffer referred him to the Rawson street police, and Sergeant Regan told him the law was on his side. The women refused to advocate the killing of the unwelcome visitors, and said he did not believe such drastic measures were necessary.

Extra precautions were taken by the police to prevent a repetition of the afternoon performances. They claim to know the women, and special officers were sent out to look them up.

George Remus, a druggist at No. 952 Milwaukee avenue, used a bottle of ammonia to protect himself from the raiders at 7 o'clock last evening. Six customers were in his store when the raiders entered. They were four women robed in long cloaks, and one of them carried a cane. The one with the cane struck a number of bottles "on a show-case, breaking them and the show-case. Remus was in the rear of the store, and when he saw the actions of the women he seized a bottle of ammonia and ran towards them. He threw the contents of the bottle at them, and the women turned and ran from the place. Remus did not follow, but called up the West North avenue police, and reported the affair. The police have a good description of the raiders, and are searching for them. Remus says:

GOOD SPIRIT.

Open Letter to Rev. Moses Hull.

So, so, the National Association of Spiritualists has tied you with a "string." Shameful! My eyes are dim, so I read again your letter just received. You say, "We, the National Association gave me, unsolicited, two documents, one thanking me for past conflicts, and one making me their champion. But there is nothing to it. I am to debate only with those who are put forward by some organized body." That would be hard upon Jesus Christ. When he was on earth there was no "organized body" that would put him forward—but he debated all the same with learned doctors, scribes, sadducees and pharisees. If he were on earth today I do not know of an organized body that would endorse him—or that he would endorse. I think it reads better this way:

It is laughable, I, an old debater, having been tied with this string, asked for an endorsement by some "organized body." Is this an illusion? Moses Hull, a born freeman; a giant, bound by Lilliputian! aoses, snapp asunder those threads, and assert your manhood.

There are several organized bodies ready to take me as you have been asked by the National Association, which now pulls the string on you and says, "Thumbs up!" but I will not sell my manly freedom for all the organizations on this earth.

Where did your Association get its authority to bind you? Is this not the way Popery arose? Think of the plight, Martin Luther would have been in immediately after he and his run Kater left the Catholic church, with no organization to give him permission to debate against the Vatican.

I can understand how local societies give endorsements to public speakers as a protection against irresponsible individuals, but I consider the fact that I have held more than one hundred debates, covering 500 nights, a higher endorsement than any society can give me. My best credentials are my debates. Never have I permitted any society to say to me, "Thou shalt not."

A society might as well usurp my right to lecture where and on what subject I please. After a lifetime spent in debating, I need no further endorsement, any more than a lawyer needs a new parchment for every case he takes, or a physician a new diploma for every patient he visits. The highest endorsement is talent, ability to do the work before us. The musician, the artist, the sculptor do not depend upon a sheepskin before they can be permitted to thrill mankind with song, painting or statue.

When will the race rise above the humbuggery of laying hold of hands upon unholy heads, or viderers, "Go down now, heal, preach, pray, debate." An Iowa Congressman refused to debate with me in the political campaign because I was not a Congressman. I still retain my self-respect. A bishop refused to meet me in a discussion because I am not a bishop. I am surprised that your Association, with the "string," did not require your opponents to be put forward by some national or organized body, and air "Reverend" at the head of their parade.

They had better repair to their next annual convocation. The next thing I know your sanhedrin will require me to trumpet out a "divine intelligence" to keep company with theirs.

If the people of any town, say Battle Creek, Buffalo, or Chicago, arrange for a debate between two gentlemen in whom they have confidence, I would like to know what business that is to your National Association? Moses Hull, with his manhood and his spiritual abilities as a public speaker and debater, is of more consequence, in my estimation, than Moses Hull tied, to the apron-string of that old mammy association in Washington, with its little wooden-headed God. Where would I catch it if it could catch me! But it is such a nonentity that it can't even thunder at them, but it tries mightily to state the Pope, like the Lord in the bible that tried to swell himself as large as the elephant—and burst! Dr. Severance paralyzed the thing long ago and it has never moved since. It is as dumb as the Chinese Joss, and not half as interesting as the Jewish Jehovah.

Moses, take a friend's advice, and cut that umbilical cord.

Texas, Mich. W. F. JAMIESON.

"Words That Burn."

This book, by Mrs. Lida Briggs Browne, 360 pages, 5½ by 7½ inches, neat cloth binding, deals with American and English character in an attractive, instructive, and progressive style.

Mrs. Browne is a new competitor in the field of book making, yet with the intelligence and ease of an experienced author, she touches, with thoughtful, charitable, inspiring pen various phases of reforms in a courteous, gracious manner; still with earnest convictions that cannot fail to hold even the most careless and conservative reader with increasing interest and instruction to the end.

Her characters are very realistic and she weaves around most of them an atmosphere of generous, refined, noble, sympathetic demeanor; so necessary to the true advancement of men and women.

One of my friends in New York City, some years ago, whose profession was that of reading manuscript for a large publishing house there, bitterly told me in my hearing the loss of what had been a great pleasure to him—the enjoyment of novel reading. The nature of his business had forced him to wade through so much commonplace, sensational, unnatural twaddle, that he had often felt a fever of disgust at the sight of a work of fiction.

I am sure my critic friend's fine taste would receive a keen sense of delight in reading "Words That Burn."

Client, Morrell and Adelaide Percival are carefully drawn and life-like individuals, that it makes one feel more glad some emotions and a stronger sense of honest pride that we belong to the human race of which they are such grand and noble possibilities.

The book has a lofty and pure spirit pervading all its pages like subtle and enduring perfume.

JAY CHAPPEL.

The above book is for sale at this office. Price \$1.25.

worth of damage was done in his place. Here we have an illustration of what perverted religion would do to all who are not in harmony with it, had it adherents the power. While we live in this enlightened 20th century we have a right to demand that the dark ages be brought to a close. Our religion is not to be pressed; otherwise it will try to suppress all liberal thought. LIBERAL.

"Cleanings from the Rostrom." By A. B. French. Cloth, \$1. For sale at this office.

MOSES HULL ANSWERS.

What Is the Matter with W. F. Jamieson?

I have long tried to find time which could be spared from more important duties to propound the above query, and to take a diagnosis of the Jamieson case. If I have not mistaken it will be forty years now in a few months since I formed the acquaintance of Brother Jamieson. At the time I first met him we had four sessions of as pleasant a debate as I ever had with anybody. Since then I have known of him and his doings almost all of the time. He and I have been in partnership; I think I have found him strictly honest in every place. He has been in my debt; I believe I have been in his; now I think I owe him nothing but love. I think he believes all he says, but he is terribly lopsided in some of his judgments. His chief craze seems to be an overgrown or abnormal desire to debate. He reminds me of the darkey who was baptized into the Disciple church, at a time when they were challenging everybody to debate, as soon as he had been baptized, waters out of his mouth and nose, sufficiently to allow himself to speak, he drew a small Testament out of his pocket and said, "Ef anybody wants to 'spute, dis yer darkey am ready." Brother Jamieson seems ready to debate with almost anybody on almost any question.

In his article in "The Progressive Thinker" of January 5, he asks, "Do the Spiritualists shun debate?" I answer most emphatically, no, they do not. While they do not shun debate they do not debate just for the fun of debating; they generally debate because they can get a few to hear a debate who could not otherwise be induced to listen to an advocate of Spiritualism.

I have had several, I think seven, debates with Mr. Jamieson, since his profession of faith in Materialism—Atheism, or anything to kill Spiritualism. I do not think that in any instance there were five attended the discussion who would not have gone to hear me speak if there had been no debate. In every instance there were some kept away who would have gone to hear me lecture if Mr. Jamieson had not been there to take half the time.

Now, why should I spend my time with one who has no following? Where is the church or party who puts Mr. Jamieson forward as their champion against Spiritualism? I certainly have no time to debate just to gratify one man, or to furnish an audience for one person who could not otherwise get out.

Brother Jamieson seems very anxious to "let go" of his Agnostic-Materialism. I have tried in several instances, to assist him, but I have found that in each instance he clings even more tightly than the darkey preacher's "pos sum did ot the persimmon tree." To me, it seemed that he had no reason for believing his creed of unbelief; he could neither deny nor explain the phenomena of Spiritualism. When asked to explain his own materialism, he acknowledged his inability to do so. How can I help him?

If in a half-dozen debates I could not give him the needed help, what reason is there to suppose I could in another, which nobody seems to want except himself? Another debate would give him an opportunity to reiterate, and me to re-iterate, arguments which have been placed hors du combat a half dozen times before.

True, as Mr. Jamieson says, I made a journey across the continent to debate with a man who was less of a debater than Mr. Jamieson; so I would go even further to meet Mr. Jamieson if he had such a following as Rev. Mr. Baer had. In that debate we had the opera house crowded to overflowing at twenty-five cents per night, with people, a majority of whom had never heard Spiritualism, or could they be induced to test it under other circumstances. There was something to be gained in talking before such an audience as that.

Will Mr. Jamieson get up such an audience, in Chicago, or elsewhere, and then challenge me to meet him? When he tries it he will find Spiritualists ready.

Mr. Jamieson talks of Christian science, and its liberality and spirituality. If he is a Christian scientist, and if the Christian scientists will put him forward as their champion, or if they will even agree to turn out and hear the debate, I, for one, will be glad to meet him on that issue.

Are there not Liberalists, as they are called, even in Chicago, Battle Creek, or somewhere to stand up for Mr. Jamieson in his fight with Spiritualism? Come, Brother Jamieson, show us something to fight for; and then some of your numerous challenges may be accepted. If you cannot do that much, I would prefer to spend my time "raising corn or diggin' taters."

MOSES HULL.

FREE. KIDNEY AND BLADDER CURE.

Mailed to All Sufferers From Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Dropsy, etc.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a certain Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, known as "Kidney and Bladder Cure," which cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the kidneys, and cures by draining out of the blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Urates, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease.

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