



And ages bared the weary ground,
And the longing earth grows faint and cold,
"Nought the poets' realm that sounded sweet
But no music from the soul."
The sphere of poets is where thou'll meet
All those who owe a blest love's control,"
And the time and the hour and the wonder
Grew apace
And the baffled glory lighted before my
eyes,
And the splendor from each love lighted
fact
made me know the poets' realm in all the
skies.

James Parton wears well. Though
about entering his 70th year he regularly

WHAT OTHERS THINK.

**A Midnight Talk on Mediums and
their True Mission by Wide Awake
Philadelphia Editors.**

One night—or rather early morning—some time ago, a few editors and reporters of a well-known Philadelphia morning paper were gathered around an office-plac in one of the editorial rooms discussing some prominent topics flashed upon them in the early evening by the cable and telegraph.

The forms were locked in the press, and the "comp" and electrotypers were slowly dispersing. The regular monotone of the ponderous "Hoo Perfer" machine, as they turned out newspapers at the hundred each minute, kept the building in a perpetual tremble. In the building the work for the night was finished and these men were free to do what they pleased.

The conversation turned on the action of Judge Pennsylvania in the case of the well-known medium of this city, recently indicted for "fortune-telling."

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of a well-known Philadelphia morning daily were gathered around an open fireplace in one of the editorial rooms discussing some prominent topics fashionable to the office in the early evening by the candle and telegraph.

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The conversation turned on the act of Judge Pennypacker in the case of a well-known medium of this city, recently indicted for "fortune-telling."

"What I want to know," said one of the company, as he puffed meditatively at his fragrant pipe, "is this: What are these mediums elevating? Why? These mediums elevate the passions instead of catering to the great passions of their sitters? Do they believe that by going about their work in a manner that cannot fail to place them in the hands of the public, they are doing as good to themselves, or the public, or to Spiritualistic fraternity in general? It seems to me that the majority of mediums exist solely to tell the numerals of the sitters, or give you an address on business, or reunite the separated. Nothing is said—or even hinted at—your departed friend—or relatives. The things taken together seem to me to be a most inconsistent and unbecoming mission of the Spiritualists as exemplified in their by-laws, at their hall, Spring Garden street."

"You speak like an old veteran," commented one, "one would imagine

"Probably I am," answered the original speaker laconically, as he knocked ashes from his cigar and prepared to depart. "I know one thing, however," continued, "there will have to be a change in their methods before any good comes of it. I do not believe the aim of Spiritualism is to tell what stocks to operate, who to marry when you will be likely to make a change in your business. It must teach one

With these parting words the speaker buttoned his great coat under his chin, took a fresh light on his cigar and went.

"That man's a Spiritualist just as sure as you're born," said a little fellow who was nearly hidden from view by a great storm coat. "He would make a good turner," he continued—"should go out

"You shut up and go to bed" added the third. "That man is old enough to be your grandfather, and has lived long enough to know what he's talking about."

"For myself," chimed in another, "I think Redmond is perfectly correct in his remarks on this subject, and it should be weighed and analyzed with care before any comment is made."

The little fellow in the big coat
creptly disappeared behind a huge
"exchanges" and said no more.

For myself—I knew that Redmond
right—so far as the very small class
mediums who advertise were concerned
but I informed the remaining few
there were "mediums" who advertised
and mediums who did not: that the
who did not were a class with w

"The majority of mediums who mediums, remained in comparative elusion," I explained, when challenged by the crowd: "they are even better known than those who advertise, known to a far superior class of people than those who visit the common 'tune teller.'"

"These mediums are real workers in every sense of the word. They are for the good of the masses and for the good of Spiritualism. They experience events which transpired before we were born, and who but the spirit of our dear departed friend could give such information? They give you message of comfort and love from those whom you had believed dead; those whom you looked upon with tear-dimmed eyes."

"This is the question which agitates the world. When you left that ground and listened to the earth as it fell on your casket, you thought, how cruel, how hard! and imagined that those clouds

"It is the purpose of Spiritualism to bring into daily use the faculty of direct thought for the love of right, as Redman said, and also to teach the masses that this is not the only life we are to live."

"How many lives, then, do you claim a man has? Not as many as a cat I hope," asked the little fellow who had not yet

"That's right, Sidney; you always make it a point to open your mouth when it should be kept shut, and you can then hope to command the respect of your colleagues. The man that makes your coat should have placed a sort of spring trap, so that it could be operated by some one else as a means of saving a single inch of breath which you can use to your advantage."

The little fellow essayed to make a defense, when a copy of last month's *Scener's* went sailing through the air and he again was compelled to look for safety behind the exchange table.

"All except Sidney."

"Yes, Sidney, the inexhaustible; but we don't count!" ELLIOT RAWSON.

Abner Jesson, of Adair, Iowa writes: "Dr. J. H. Randall delivered three highly instructive lectures at this place on Jan. 31st and Sunday Feb. 1st, to appreciative audiences."

Edward Bortmeas, the spiral case, has removed to 1314 Wabash Ave. Mr. Bortmeas has gained many friends since he came to this city.

(Written expressly for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.)

A STRANGE STORY.

BY HARRY C. THOMAS.

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CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

A strange night, truly.

A man, and such a man! Shrewd and cunning, yet possessing a face which seemed a perfect mask, he sat down to listen and probe, but to remain silent when others listened or probed; a man whose very presence seemed a mystery.

The man—Carroll Sharpley, an English detective.

Before him, seated, and with eyes closed in apparent slumber, a fair young girl.

A girl, and such a girl! Petite, charming, of pleasing address, yet withal of mysterious bearing, indicating an undelivered something which averted one into respectful silence, and seemed to relate to other things, to other people.

The girl—Addie Bruce, a sonnmabiller, found orphaned and alone in great busy London, and trained by Carroll Sharpley to become a veritable human sleuthhound, to be used by this man to ferret out crime, to trace criminals, to succeed where others failed, to—

Sharpley moved about, his eyes erect, optics wide a pair of wondrous dark eyes which seemed to reflect the glories of heaven, and murmured: "I am asleep!"

The detective places a photograph in her hands, and is all attention. Then, for once, he gives a quick nervous start as she whispers, "I have killed him!"

Sharpley is startled, his deep black eyes sparkle as with fire, and his face pale as he whispers back, "Where is he?"

"Here," she replies, "Right here in this very town! They are holding a parade on the grounds. You can see the lights from the windows of this room. We can reach the place in five minutes."

"What is he doing? Is he speaking?" Get close to his side, and listen.

"He is creeping along in the shadow of the shrubbery. He is alone. I can see him plainly. He seems anxious about something, and I hear him muttering to himself. Oh, awful, awful! And the girl closes her hands against her eyes."

"What is it, my dear?" said the detective, "and that his body lies in the summer house at the end of this avenue."

"Leslie Allen dead! Killed at my hand! Gentlemen, before God, I am innocent of this awful charge!" was the answer of the prisoner.

"Come, you will have ample opportunity to explain some other time," jerked out the detective, as he nodded to the constable to assist him in leading Harry Vane away.

The avenue led past the summer house, and Sharpley paused a moment there, to make a brief search for evidence.

Lanterns had been brought, and as the detective stepped forward, a surgeon kneeling by the side of a murdered man, and a constable with a lantern, came up.

Friends and neighbors were standing about the prostrate form, and all eyes were wet with tears as Dr. Black shook his head and remarked: "There is no hope. Leslie Allen is dead—murdered by a trusted friend."

As the surgeon spoke he handed Sharpley a note, which he had found by the side of the dead. The note was brief, and read as follows:

"DEAR LESLIE—Meet me in the summer house at nine to-night. Remember, my boy, your life or mine."

Sharpley smiled grimly as he folded the note and carefully placed it away.

"What is this?" asked another, as, in raising the body, a white stone fell to the floor.

It was passed to the detective, and, as he held it to the light, some one said, "That is a strong piece of evidence against Vane. Not a man in town but has seen it on his watch chain hundreds of times."

It was a portion, nay, one-half of a watch chain, which had formed part of a watch chain.

Sharpley quickly stepped to the side of Vane, and, flashing a light upon his vest, discovered that no watch chain could be seen! Before any one uttered a word, the detective thrust the tell-tale chain in his face and asked, "Did you ever see that before?"

"Who did you see it?" answered Sharpley.

"By the side of your murdered friend, where I also found this note," was the sneering response, as the detective held both note and chain before his eyes.

Harry Vane was silent, stunned, and allowed himself to be led away in disgrace. Nor did he speak again until the gates of the prison closed upon him, when he turned to the detective, and begged, with the eloquence of calm despair, an explanation of the whole affair.

Sharpley, seated on the jail cot, carefully studied that handsome, intellectual face and head, while a puzzled feeling he could not account for crept over him.

"It must be," he said, under his breath, "It is he." Then turning to Vane, he said in a cool, exasperating way, "Well, I nipped you just in season, Eccles, didn't I?"

"Eccles?" was the astonished reply, "What do you mean, my mysterious friend, when you say that?"

With crushing exactness and force came the answer:

"James Eccles, thief, child-stealer, forger, bank robber and murderer! A man whose mysterious coming and going from London has so long been a puzzle to the authorities, and whose last appearance to bank officials, a man whose keenness has baffled every attempt at capture, save in the case of your humble servant, and I confess you led me a pretty long chase. But I have you hard and fast now, and, as soon as a few leading details are attended to, the world will be rid of an accomplished scoundrel."

"Forger, bank robber, murderer—before God, man, you are either insane, or have made a dreadful mistake. My name is Harry Vane. I am a gentleman of means, and I assure here in Newton, my life has been a life of honor and respect. You again, man, you are under a strange spell."

"Wealthy, and a gentleman of leisure, eh? Well, I should judge you might be. Why, my dear fellow, in the last ten years, I have seen you, and you have been a white hand on at least a quarter of a million as your own share of the spoils. Your life book is open, is it? Well, to some extent I should say yes. I have had the pleasure of scanning a few of its more interesting pages. And so, you have been playing the fine gentleman all the while, have you, and so near London, too? Really, you amaze me with your coolness and audacity. It doubtless accounts for the ease with which you have thrown the officers of the law for the last ten years, for who would regard the fine gentleman, Harry Vane, as the great criminal for whom all London was seeking? Harry Vane! Ha, ha, ha!" he chuckled, and drawing a photograph from his pocket he asked: "Do you know this man?"

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"Let her come in," was the answer, and Addie was soon in the cell. Stepping to the side of the prisoner, she looked at him earnestly, and turning to Sharpley, said in an impulsive way, "It is the man who did the killing. It is Jim Eccles; the man for whom we have secured all England!"

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"It is false! It is a lie. There is some mistake, and yet I cannot help but admit it all. Softly, Caleb, softly. Put your wits to work, and unravel this tangled skein. Ah! I have it, the girl; the sonnmabiller, I have it. I must get her in my power—she alone holds the key to the mystery. But how to get her in my power," he mused, as the darkness closed in about him.

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The Little Red School House

That "little red school house" in danger is no longer a question, but whether it is to be perverted from its true functions and kept inviolate from the hands of those who would use it for fanatical purposes. As long as there are children—which will be to the end of history—just so long will a free and secular education be necessary in order to secure the perpetuation and preservation of the rights and liberties. The school house cannot, by any social evolution, outlive its usefulness.

As it is necessary that the citizens of a Republic should be educated in order to exercise their civil duties in an intelligent manner, so it is necessary that all children should be educated in order to be able to exercise their civil duties in an intelligent manner. Hence the Republic has the right to demand and enforce a system of education wherein all that is necessary for the welfare of the Republic should be taught the child. The first right in a popular system of education, then, naturally belongs to the child, and it follows that such instruction should be taught in a public school. As the education of the child to this end is elementary, therefore the first years of instruction belong to the Nation, the child to continue in such instruction until he is able to exercise his civil duties. That is necessary to cause him to become an intelligent and loyal citizen.

It is not only the right of the Nation to enforce such a system of education, but it is also its duty. That the children who are to become the future citizens of a Republic have an inherent right to receive an education is a foregone conclusion. No Republic could rightfully lay claim to the loyalty or services of a citizen who as a child did not receive from such Republic the proper education to that end.

To deny the right of the Nation to educate, is to deny the right of the Nation to enforce such a system of education, and should be as treason and should be so treated.

Parents and guardians, if loyal to the Nation, naturally insist on such a system of education. Those who would dwarf and misshape the intellects of the young by a pernicious parochial school system should be deprived of citizenship and be barred from enjoying the rights of citizens.

To citizenship should be conferred upon any alien who had not first presented proof of acquiring such elementary instruction as would conduce to his usefulness and integrity as a citizen. Citizenship must be elevated to the standard the Nation has the right to require of its children to such an end, or the result would be a citizenship which would bring down to the level of the parochial school of the Nation. A Republic that receives into citizenship thousands upon thousands of aliens who cannot read or write the language in which all official instruments of such Republic are embodied, cannot expect to uphold a standard of popular instruction in such language, and as a Republic will fail. National unity, and the maintenance of a dominant ignorance, should such a union come to pass, through disintegration by reason of dominant foreignism, then the reins of civil power would fall into the hands of those who in the disintegrating process had gradually arisen to the places of civil and military power. While the Nation might retain the form of a Republic, yet it would in practice be an oligarchy. The real ruling power would revert to the few; civil and military officers would be but the puppets who acted and controlled as the few desired and dictated. Democracy would be a sham, while the many would be bound, curiously enough, with chains of steel that might be known as a "democratic party." True democracy, undomesticated, would be a thing of the past, and in their democracy by being out-voted by a religious-fanatical rabble of foreigners (for all are foreigners until educated in the democratic principles of a Republic) would be powerless to preserve the purity of the institutions and legislatures they had allowed to become corrupt.

Though the Republic would yet exist in name and in place, yet the Republic would be dead, and its corpse would remain as the result of allowing an uneducated franchise.

Like a giant tree the Republic overshadows this continent, giving a home and refuge to all who seek civil and religious liberty. But with those who have sought this land of freedom have also come the Catholics and the Jews, and the German and the Italian, and the Chinese and the Japanese, and the many other races who have come to this land of freedom and refuge to all who seek civil and religious liberty. But with those who have sought this land of freedom have also come the Catholics and the Jews, and the German and the Italian, and the Chinese and the Japanese, and the many other races who have come to this land of freedom and refuge to all who seek civil and religious liberty.

Mr. Shepherd then touched upon the parochial school question, and scored the terrorism which the church of Rome tried to exert upon the parents of its communion who dared to send their children to the public schools when there were parochial schools in their neighborhood.

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America the Hope of Rome.

The Protestant Standard of Philadelphia says: "The Pope has openly declared that America is the hope of Rome. And more than fifty years ago, Gregory the XVI, who held that 'the salvation of the Church would come from America,' said: 'Out of the Roman States there is no country where I am Pope, except the United States.'"

In his later days Gregory began to realize the influence which the free institutions of America are exerting upon the world. It will be remembered how bitterly he poured out the vials of his wrath, showering anathemas upon that "entire and wild liberty of opinion, which is the cause of all our evils, the source of all our miseries, the cause of all our sins, the cause of all our crimes, the cause of all our punishments, the cause of all our torments, the cause of all our agonies, the cause of all our deaths."

With crushing exactness and force came the answer:

"James Eccles, thief, child-stealer, forger, bank robber and murderer! A man whose mysterious coming and going from London has so long been a puzzle to the authorities, and whose last appearance to bank officials, a man whose keenness has baffled every attempt at capture, save in the case of your humble servant, and I confess you led me a pretty long chase. But I have you hard and fast now, and, as soon as a few leading details are attended to, the world will be rid of an accomplished scoundrel."

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"Wealthy, and a gentleman of leisure, eh? Well, I should judge you might be. Why, my dear fellow, in the last ten years, I have seen you, and you have been a white hand on at least a quarter of a million as your own share of the spoils. Your life book is open, is it? Well, to some extent I should say yes. I have had the pleasure of scanning a few of its more interesting pages. And so, you have been playing the fine gentleman all the while, have you, and so near London, too? Really, you amaze me with your coolness and audacity. It doubtless accounts for the ease with which you have thrown the officers of the law for the last ten years, for who would regard the fine gentleman, Harry Vane, as the great criminal for whom all London was seeking? Harry Vane! Ha, ha, ha!" he chuckled, and drawing a photograph from his pocket he asked: "Do you know this man?"

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That "little red school house" in danger is no longer a question, but whether it is to be perverted from its true functions and kept inviolate from the hands of those who would use it for fanatical purposes. As long as there are children—which will be to the end of history—just so long will a free and secular education be necessary in order to secure the perpetuation and preservation of the rights and liberties. The school house cannot, by any social evolution, outlive its usefulness.

As it is necessary that the citizens of a Republic should be educated in order to exercise their civil duties in an intelligent manner, so it is necessary that all children should be educated in order to be able to exercise their civil duties in an intelligent manner. Hence the Republic has the right to demand and enforce a system of education wherein all that is necessary for the welfare of the Republic should be taught the child. The first right in a popular system of education, then, naturally belongs to the child, and it follows that such instruction should be taught in a public school. As the education of the child to this end is elementary, therefore the first years of instruction belong to the Nation, the child to continue in such instruction until he is able to exercise his civil duties. That is necessary to cause him to become an intelligent and loyal citizen.

It is not only the right of the Nation to enforce such a system of education, but it is also its duty. That the children who are to become the future citizens of a Republic have an inherent right to receive an education is a foregone conclusion. No Republic could rightfully lay claim to the loyalty or services of a citizen who as a child did not receive from such Republic the proper education to that end.

To deny the right of the Nation to educate, is to deny the right of the Nation to enforce such a system of education, and should be as treason and should be so treated.

Parents and guardians, if loyal to the Nation, naturally insist on such a system of education. Those who would dwarf and misshape the intellects of the young by a pernicious parochial school system should be deprived of citizenship and be barred from enjoying the rights of citizens.

To citizenship should be conferred upon any alien who had not first presented proof of acquiring such elementary instruction as would conduce to his usefulness and integrity as a citizen. Citizenship must be elevated to the standard the Nation has the right to require of its children to such an end, or the result would be a citizenship which would bring down to the level of the parochial school of the Nation. A Republic that receives into citizenship thousands upon thousands of aliens who cannot read or write the language in which all official instruments of such Republic are embodied, cannot expect to uphold a standard of popular instruction in such language, and as a Republic will fail. National unity, and the maintenance of a dominant ignorance, should such a union come to pass, through disintegration by reason of dominant foreignism, then the reins of civil power would fall into the hands of those who in the disintegrating process had gradually arisen to the places of civil and military power. While the Nation might retain the form of a Republic, yet it would in practice be an oligarchy. The real ruling power would revert to the few; civil and military officers would be but the puppets who acted and controlled as the few desired and dictated. Democracy would be a sham, while the many would be bound, curiously enough, with chains of steel that might be known as a "democratic party." True democracy, undomesticated, would be a thing of the past, and in their democracy by being out-voted by a religious-fanatical rabble of foreigners (for all are foreigners until educated in the democratic principles of a Republic) would be powerless to preserve the purity of the institutions and legislatures they had allowed to become corrupt.

Though the Republic would yet exist in name and in place, yet the Republic would be dead, and its corpse would remain as the result of allowing an uneducated franchise.

Like a giant tree the Republic overshadows this continent, giving a home and refuge to all who seek civil and religious liberty. But with those who have sought this land of freedom have also come the Catholics and the Jews, and the German and the Italian, and the Chinese and the Japanese, and the many other races who have come to this land of freedom and refuge to all who seek civil and religious liberty. But with those who have sought this land of freedom have also come the Catholics and the Jews, and the German and the Italian, and the Chinese and the Japanese, and the many other races who have come to this land of freedom and refuge to all who seek civil and religious liberty.

Mr. Shepherd then touched upon the parochial school question, and scored the terrorism which the church of Rome tried to exert upon the parents of its communion who dared to send their children to the public schools when there were parochial schools in their neighborhood.

Written for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

America the Hope of Rome.

The Protestant Standard of Philadelphia says: "The Pope has openly declared that America is the hope of Rome. And more than fifty years ago, Gregory the XVI, who held that 'the salvation of the Church would come from America,' said: 'Out of the Roman States there is no country where I am Pope, except the United States.'"

In his later days Gregory began to realize the influence which the free institutions of America are exerting upon the world. It will be remembered how bitterly he poured out the vials of his wrath, showering anathemas upon that "entire and wild liberty of opinion, which is the cause of all our evils, the source of all our miseries, the cause of all our sins, the cause of all our crimes, the cause of all our punishments, the cause of all our torments, the cause of all our agonies, the cause of all our deaths."

With crushing exactness and force came the answer:

"James Eccles, thief, child-stealer, forger, bank robber and murderer! A man whose mysterious coming and going from London has so long been a puzzle to the authorities, and whose last appearance to bank officials, a man whose keenness has baffled every attempt at capture, save in the case of your humble servant, and I confess you led me a pretty long chase. But I have you hard and fast now, and, as soon as a few leading details are attended to, the world will be rid of an accomplished scoundrel."

"Forger, bank robber, murderer—before God, man, you are either insane, or have made a dreadful mistake. My name is Harry Vane. I am a gentleman of means, and I assure here in Newton, my life has been a life of honor and respect. You again, man, you are under a strange spell."

"Wealthy, and a gentleman of leisure, eh? Well, I should judge you might be. Why, my dear fellow, in the last ten years, I have seen you, and you have been a white hand on at least a quarter of a million as your own share of the spoils. Your life book is open, is it? Well, to some extent I should say yes. I have had the pleasure of scanning a few of its more interesting pages. And so, you have been playing the fine gentleman all the while, have you, and so near London, too? Really, you amaze me with your coolness and audacity. It doubtless accounts for the ease with which you have thrown the officers of the law for the last ten years, for who would regard the fine gentleman, Harry Vane, as the great criminal for whom all London was seeking? Harry Vane! Ha, ha, ha!" he chuckled, and drawing a photograph from his pocket he asked: "Do you know this man?"

"Mechanically Vane glanced at the picture, and with a forced smile answered: "It appears to be mine, and I fancy was usually obtained, for I have had many