

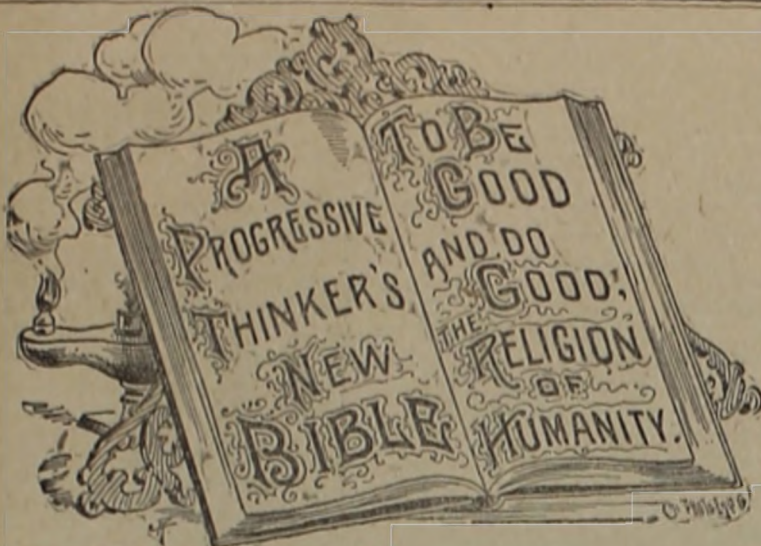


Progress, the Universal Law of Nature: Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

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CLARA BARTON'S WORK

A Noble Life Devoted to Suffering Humanity.

HER LABORS IN BEHALF OF THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS DURING THE CIVIL WAR—HER WORK IN CONNECTION WITH THE RED CROSS SOCIETY.

A noble as well as notable example of beneficent humanitarian effort is supplied by the work of Miss Clara Barton in organizing the Red Cross Society. The account as related in the *Boston Herald*, is worthy of a place in the *PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S* "New Bible." It demonstrates the good that may result from one noble, earnest woman's effort to ameliorate the terrible horrors of war and eventually, to meet the sudden demands for aid to assuage the sufferings of humanity in localities stricken by any of the various destructive forces of the elements of nature. This will clearly appear in what follows, to which we invite the reader's careful and sympathetic attention.

The Red Cross flag flies over the renovated old-fashioned mansion opposite the state department at Washington, which was General Grant's headquarters during the war. It is the headquarters now of the American National Red Cross, and is the home of its president, Miss Clara Barton.

Miss Barton is of old Puritan stock, her forefathers and foremothers, for that matter, having taken active part in the struggle for independence. Captain Stephen Barton, her father, fought under "Mad Anthony" Wayne for three years in the West until Wayne concluded his treaty of peace at Detroit, when he returned to his old home in central Massachusetts still a very young man, to marry Miss Dolly Stone, daughter of Captain Stone, of Oxford, where he lived from that time on, and where his famous daughter Clara, the youngest of five children, was born. She inherited the strong traits of her father and the beauty and loveliness of her mother. Her fine mind was developed very early, chiefly under the instruction of her older brothers and sisters, three of whom were successful teachers. Naturally she herself became a teacher, afterward taking some further liberal education between periods of teaching.

During this part of her career, while still a young woman, she distinguished herself by practically founding the public schools of Bordentown, N. J. She worked so hard that her voice failed, and this brought her to Washington, seeking a milder climate, but even while she was recuperating here her superabundant energy would not let her remain idle. Having an opportunity to get a clerkship in the patent office, the first opened to a woman, she availed herself of it and remained there until two or three years before the war, when she was removed, it is stated, because of her anti-slavery opinions.

She returned to her home in Massachusetts then, and until President Lincoln was inaugurated spent her time in study. When the war clouds began to gather she returned to Washington, and temporarily to her old place in the patent office, although she would take no pay from the government, governing herself as a volunteer. When the war actually broke out she made the remarkable offer to D. P. Holloway, the then Commissioner of Patents, that she would perform the duties of any two disloyal men in the office below the grade of examiners, provided two disloyal men should be dismissed, and their salaries should be covered into the United States treasury. Commissioner Holloway was greatly touched by this offer, but was unable under the law to avail himself of it. This was fortunate, for it turned Miss Barton's attention to her real life work of ministering to suffering humanity.

The arrangements for hospital services at the outbreak of the war were, like the military preparations of the Government, based upon the prevailing idea which Secretary Seward expressed when he said that three months would see peace. The medical corps of the army and navy before the war was over had established the most remarkable military medical service known to the world up to that time. But at the beginning their facilities in every direction were "ridiculously, or rather pathetically slight." In fact, the hospitals around Washington at that time were maintained by private generosity, and not until then, but throughout the war, the military commission and the Christian Commission were indispensable. By the aid of Miss Barton went into the over-extended and in and around Washington saw the wisdom and

the suffering there she gave up all other ideas of work, and consecrated her powers to the care of the soldiers. From that time on till the surrender at Appomattox her history is the history of the armies of the East. She was not only a nurse whose tender personal services endeared her to the soldiers she cared for, but she was the organizer of nurses and of field hospital service at the very front, more efficient than any known up to that time. "Between the bullets and the hospitals is my place," she said. She did, in fact, what the Red Cross Society would do now, with the score of assistants and the trains of well-provided wagons which she was able to command through her ability and enthusiasm.

It was soon recognized that she did her work as efficiently and as economically as such work could be done, and naturally the confidence which this inspired gave her strong support of every kind from the generous in the North. She was more widely known both to the soldiers at the front, who did the fighting, and to the soldiers at home, who supplied the sinews of war, than any other woman engaged in hospital work, and her reputation, not confined to this country, gave her even in Europe, the name of the American Florence Nightingale.

Just at the close of the war she undertook the extraordinary task of corresponding with the friends of the missing prisoners of Andersonville, under the authority of President Lincoln, who published a card to the people of the country, telling them that Miss Barton, if addressed, would furnish information regarding missing soldiers, as to which the government was in connection with the exchange of Andersonville prisoners, then going on at Annapolis, had given her exceptional facilities. In five days she had five bushels of letters in response to this suggestion, and for more than a year they came in at the rate of 100 a day.

While she was in the midst of this she was requested by Secretary Stanton to go to Andersonville and aid in the supervision of the identification of the dead and the erection of tablets over them. Standing by the long trenches, she carried on this work until, with the assistance of the death register of the Union prisoners who died there, kept by Dr. Axtator, of Connecticut, who had himself been a prisoner, she had placed tablets with names on the graves of 12,920 men, and the tablets marked "unknown" on the graves of 400 men. Eventually she succeeded in getting published Atwater's Death Register, which not only furnished information to the friends of soldiers, but enabled the Government to adjust army accounts to the amount of millions of dollars.

It was natural that while she was resting in Switzerland in the fall of 1869, the International Committee of the Red Cross should have sent a delegation to greet her and ask her co-operation, and that on the breaking out of the war between France and Germany in the following July she should have been invited to join the Red Cross in its humane work in the field. Here she distinguished herself as she had done during our own war, as the almoner of the generous, adding to her hospital work an exceedingly well-organized relief work for the destitute of Strasbourg after it fell, including a system of paid labor among the poor women, at the same time that she was doing her work in the field.

She also aided at Metz in its surrender, and in Paris at the close of the siege. At the fall of the Commune she returned again to Paris, bringing large quantities of supplies, including clothing manufactured by her poor women in Strasbourg, and organized a relief service which proved most effective.

When Miss Barton returned to this country in 1874 all the great powers of Europe, and even Persia, San Salvador and other countries which we are accustomed to regard as less civilized if not less humane than ourselves, had signed the Red Cross treaty. But our Government, in spite of a determined effort made by Rev. Dr. Bellows of the Sanitary Commission, had simply ignored it. Of course, the Red Cross Society had only come into notice here during the Franco-Prussian war, which, indeed, was the first time it undertook any extended work, the war of 1865 and 1866 being characterized by all the old-time barbarities, especially in all operations directed by Napoleon the Little. But it was thought that the success of the Red Cross in the Franco-Prussian war, where it was so cordially recognized and commended by both combatants and so generously supported, not only by them but by neutral countries, especially when our own country had been represented by Miss Barton herself and by mu-

nificent donations for the relief of the suffering intrusted to her, would have made such an impression upon our people and our Government that Miss Barton would have no difficulty in enlisting the national interest. But the fact is that neither President Grant nor President Hayes did anything about it, and it was not until June, 1881, that President Garfield, just before he was shot, acceded to the requests presented by Miss Barton in the name of the International Committee of the Red Cross for the acceptance of the Geneva treaty, Secretary Blaine promising for him that the ratification of Congress should be asked at the next session. This done and the ratification secured, the American branch of the International Society of the Red Cross, which Miss Barton had meantime organized and of which President Garfield appointed her president, began its peculiar work—work, the consequence of which will immortalize the name of Clara Barton.

Miss Barton's practical, observant and far-seeing mind recognized the fact that, in organizing a society for the United States, preparations must be made for dealing with calamities, national in character, which were not connected with war. She recognized, to quote her own language, "that the elements raging unchained would wage us wars and face us in battle; that as our vast territory became populated, and people in the place of prairies and forests should lie on their tracks, these natural agents might prove scarcely less destructive and more relentless than human enemies; that fires, floods, famine, pestilence, drought, earthquake and tornado would call for the prompt help of the people no less than war." So, beside the military branch of the Red Cross, the constitution of the American society provided for a civil branch to meet non-military emergencies, for which Miss Barton sought and secured the approval of the ratifying congress of Bern.

Until recently the Red Cross societies of Europe have provided only for the military branch of relief work. Their constitution, like the military portion of the constitution of the American society, carried out simply the provisions of the Geneva treaty to bring the medical and hospital department of armies organized and protected assistance. As Miss Barton has summed its provisions, "all military hospitals under its flag become neutral, and can be neither attacked nor captured. All sick and wounded within them remain unmolested. Surgeons, nurses, chaplains, attendants and all non-combatants at a field, wearing the accredited insignia of the Red Cross, are protected from capture. Badly wounded prisoners lying upon a captured field are delivered up to their own party, if desired. All supplies designed for the use of the sick or wounded of either party, and bearing the sign of the Red Cross, are protected and held sacred to their use."

"All convoys of wounded or prisoners in exchange are safely protected in transit, and, if attacked from ambush or otherwise harmed, an international treaty is broken. All persons residing in the vicinity of a battle about to take place shall be notified by the generals commanding both armies, and full protection, with a guard, assured each house which shall open its doors to the care of the wounded from either army; thus each house becomes a furnished field hospital, and its inmates nurses." It being understood, of course, that the Red Cross is always self-sustaining.

Miss Barton did not wait for the final formal recognition of Congress, which did not come until President Arthur having kept President Garfield's promise, Congress unanimously voted, in March, 1882, to accede to the Geneva treaty, but having organized the American Red Cross while she was waiting, began with relief work immediately after the forest fires in Michigan in 1881. Ever since then almost every year has witnessed the beneficent activity of the Red Cross in the relief of the people overcome by some calamity of national magnitude. In 1882 the Red Cross Society did a large share of the relief work after the overflow of the Ohio river, and after the Louisiana cyclone, and in 1884, after overflows in both the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. In 1880 the drought in Northwestern Texas, and the Charleston earthquake, demanded and received its attention. In 1887 it went to the relief of the sufferers after the Mt. Vernon (Ill.) cyclone; in 1888 it met the yellow fever epidemic at Jacksonville; in 1889 it did the best relief work that was done at Johnstown, and so on until it has now become recognized as the medium for the charity of the country in all cases where disaster or rushes for the time being the power of self-help in any action.

As the volunteer agent of the people, possessing their confidence, it is able to do more than the Government can do in times of distress. In 1884, for example, the Government appropriated \$150,000 for distribution to the flood sufferers, which was duly and faithfully distributed through the War Department, while the Red Cross, then only two or three years old, without any treasury or permanent fund, received from the public and distributed through its officers, under the personal direction of Miss Barton, money and materials to the amount of over \$175,000. At Johnstown it distributed over half a million.

It is, of course, entirely dependent upon the voluntary and unpledged contributions of the people. Miss Barton has no salary, supporting herself on her private income, and contributing largely as well to the expenditure of the society. All the other officers give equally unselfish service, as do the officers of the half-hundred auxiliary Red Cross societies throughout the country. But the Red Cross needs no endowment or treasury, for it relies upon the inexhaustible generosity of our country, and has no fear of disappointing it.

It ought to be said that since the United States has given in its adhesion to the Geneva convention it has been a faithful member in the International Society of the Red Cross, sending Miss Barton and other delegates to all the international conferences of the order since 1882. Miss Barton always being received with the greatest enthusiasm by the representatives of other countries.

One can not read such an account of pure and noble humanitarian services without having hopeful faith in humanity enlarged and strengthened. Works of humane goodness and organized, kindly beneficence like that exemplified by the Red Cross Society, unknown in earlier times, are a hopeful sign of the advancement of humanity toward better ideals—toward a higher plane of thought and feeling, and toward a more helpful kindness and unselfish goodness, seeking to harm none, to do good to all. While war is a manifestation of lower elements of undeveloped, unspiritualized human nature, still enlivened by a past not yet fully outgrown, the Red Cross Society is as surely a sign that the human heart may also be a fount of goodness sending forth sweet waters to offset and lessen the fires of mortal strife.

Call it the spirit of Christianity, of Buddhism, or what you may please—the spirit that gives forth the most perfect form of HUMANITY, that shows itself in kindly services to human kind, commands itself to all hearts, and is an inspiring indication of progress in humane feeling, tending to usher in at length the better day and higher life when war on earth shall be unknown except as a memory of an outgrown past and lower mental, moral and spiritual stage of existence in the history of man.

JAS. C. UNDERHILL.
Office of The Progressive Thinker.

MASTER B. F. FOSTER.

Likenesses Drawn and Recognized on Handkerchiefs.

TO THE EDITOR:—It was my privilege and pleasure to be present on November 23 at a seance given at the parlors of Mrs. S. F. DeWolf, of this city, by Master Benj. F. Foster, the son of Mr. F. N. Foster, the spirit photographer, and the enclosed testimonial will show that the seance was as satisfactory to all present as it was to me. The room used as a cabinet was thoroughly searched for "confederates," and the only door leading into it was secured. The young man's hands were then securely tied and sewed down to his limbs by one of the audience, and a curtain drawn in front of him, covering all but his head, which was in sight during the whole seance. Under these conditions, hands appeared, large and small, some with arms and some without; those without appearing at least four feet from the medium, and a good likeness of Longfellow, his signature, a large portrait of a child, and a message, were found on the slate. Several other manifestations of a physical nature were produced, and taken altogether, it was about as satisfactory a physical seance as it has been my fortune to witness in a good while, and I trust those of your readers who have an opportunity to witness one of his seances will avail themselves of it.

M. F. HAMMOND.

TESTIMONIAL.
We, the undersigned, certify that we were present at the seance given by Benj. F. Foster, at the residence of Mrs. S. F. DeWolf, 105 S. Centre avenue, on the evening of Nov. 23, 1892, and that the seance was in every way satisfactory, and that there was no possibility of any confederates being employed.

MISS ELIA KNOWLES, the Attorney-General-elect of Montana, is thus described: "She has all a woman's keen sensitivities and tender sympathies, and all the roughness of western life with which she has come in contact has not impaired these qualities. In appearance she is more like a demure young matron than a stern Portia. She is of medium height, neither thin nor stout, and has a face which, while strong and firm, is also pretty."

MISS HOMANS, the head of the Normal School of Gymnastics in Boston, gives in a recent interview these statistics concerning the influence of athletics upon dress: "Two years ago," she says, "out of a class of thirty-seven, there were but two of the thirty women at the end of the school year who continued to wear corsets, and no one continued to wear French heels. Last year, out of a class of seventy-one, seven-eighths gave up wearing corsets."

Olive Thorne Miller, the authoress, knows about as much about ornithology as a professor.

STARTLING STORIES

Relating to the Presence of Spirits.

TO THE EDITOR:—The New York *Recorder's* call upon its readers for strange psychic experiences has met with an unexpectedly quick and full response. An entire Sunday paper would not hold the letters from people who have seen or heard things they are unable to explain. The narrations are especially interesting from the fact that in nearly every instance they are accompanied by letters not for publication, in which are given the full names of the writers, together with details, showing a sincerity of belief in the things set down.

HIS FATHER'S IMAGE.

It Frightened Mr. H., and He Threw a Book at It.

The following incident is not one out of my own life; still, it concerns the members of a family with whom I made my home at the time. Young Mr. H. was a university student. A few days before the evening in question he had received news that his father was ill, though not dangerously so. On this particular evening he had studied until late, when, from sheer fatigue, he dropped his head upon his hand, and, as he thought, slept for a moment.

While in this state the door of his room seemed to open, and the figure of his father, pale and haggard, appeared to enter and approach him. Half-fright-



HE THREW A BOOK AT HIM.

ened, he started up and threw a book at the figure, which immediately disappeared. Early the next morning word came to Mr. H. that his father was dead, and he immediately set out for home. On his arrival his mother mentioned the fact that shortly before death his father had asked repeatedly for his son, but finally dropped into a gentle sleep, from which, after about ten minutes, he awoke with a start, and exclaimed in piteous accents: "I want to see Robert, but he did not know me and threw a book at me." Within half an hour he died. The time of the apparition, on comparison, was found to coincide exactly with the time of the ten minutes sleep.

J. B. W.

THIS IS HYPNOTISM.

No Ghost Appears, but the Case Was a Most Peculiar One.

In the year 1887 I was in Paris, and there met and became quite well acquainted with a gentleman, Monsieur S., who was an adept in the art of hypnotism. In 1880 M. S. visited this country. At this time I was connected with the United States Secret Service, and so it fell to my lot to be detailed on a particularly puzzling case in Cincinnati.

M. S. decided to make the trip to Cincinnati with me, and on reaching there we obtained connecting rooms at the Grand Hotel. At the end of a week's hard work, I was apparently no nearer a solution of the riddle than before. A considerable amount of counterfeit money was being circulated, and the "queer" was evidently all struck from



"WHERE IS YOUR FATHER?"

the same plates. After a deal of investigation we had decided that it was being turned out in or near Cincinnati, where a noted maker of such goods had his home with a 16-year-old daughter. This man had been shadowed for months, but without the slightest clew being found which would implicate him. The house of this creek had been searched previous to my arrival, but I determined to go over again, and so,

armed with a warrant, Detective Grannan, M. S., who had begged to be allowed to go with us, and myself proceeded to the place. We found only the daughter and an old servant at home. The former remained with M. S. in the parlor, while the latter attended us. We were at work on the second floor, when M. S. entered the room and whispered to me to go with him. Leaving Mr. Grannan, I descended to the parlor with M. S., where we found the daughter of our suspect sitting rigid on the sofa.

"She is a perfect subject," said M. S. "Lucy," he proceeded, "where is your father now?" "At Burkhardt's." (A business house where the father was employed.) "What is he doing?" "Writing a letter."

"What is it about?" "It is about some furs to be sent from New York." "Does he write many letters?" "Yes." "Are they all about the fur business?" "No, some of them are about money." "What about money?" "Where to send it when they get it made."

"Does your father make it?" "No, but he directs the others." And so the child went on giving clews, by means of which we soon found out that the gang of counterfeiters were operating in Covington, Ky.; that they communicated with their chief through one of their number, who was also a clerk in Burkhardt's. The entire gang was arrested, tried and sent to the penitentiary. I do not believe that the leader knows to this day that it was his own daughter who was most instrumental of all in getting him a ten-year sentence. A GOVERNMENT DETECTIVE.

HIS SISTERS' AND MOTHER.

Visions Have Been a Very Common Thing with This Bay State Man.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass., Nov. 29.—When I was a boy of 6 years, I woke up with a start one morning, and standing at the foot of my bed was one of my sisters, who at the time was married and lived in New York. I spoke to her, but she did not answer. I got up at once and started to find her, as I thought she would have some candy for me. I found my mother in the kitchen, whom I told of seeing my sister. My mother told me I had been dreaming, but the next day we received word that she was dead, and had died about the same hour I had seen her.

While I lived in Troy, N. Y., at the Troy House, in 1857, I was visited by another sister. She came into the house, as I thought, to see me. Mr. Corning, then bookkeeper, called me. I turned to answer him, and again started to meet my sister, but she was not there. That evening I received a dispatch that she was dead. Mr. Corning still lives in Troy, and I think can remember me as a bell boy at that time.

After leaving Troy I was employed by a Mr. Beverly Robinson of Staten Island. One night as I was on my way to Stapleton on a message, I met my mother. It being close to a light, I recognized her at once. I spoke, but she made no answer. The next day she passed away.

I would like some of your readers to try to explain why I can see these people, they being miles from me.

T. R. P.

WHAT DID HE HEAR?

News of This Shipwreck Came to the Janitor Mysteriously.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Nov. 28.—A few years ago I was assistant janitor of a large insurance building near Old Trinity, New York. The head janitor's family lived in Greenville, N. J. He went home every Saturday night. The elevator man (my brother) and I took turns in watching the buildings Sunday. The janitor had an old friend who was pantryman on one of the Old Dominion steamships. He called one Friday, but the janitor was out. He was disappointed, because the steamer he worked on called the next day (Saturday), and he told me there was a storm brewing, and he was afraid of a rough passage.

Sunday morning I got my breakfast, went out and got a paper, and then went down into the engine-room in the basement. I sat there talking to the fireman perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes. All this time the front iron doors were locked and the key in my pocket.

At once we heard the front door above thrown violently open, and it seemed as if a hundred people came rushing in on the main office floor. The fireman jumped up and exclaimed, "Frank, what the devil is that?" I listened a moment, and somebody up stairs screamed, "My God! my God! we are lost! we are lost!" We were both pretty well frightened, but we rushed upstairs and found everything as quiet as the grave, not a soul in sight and the front doors locked as I had left them.

The next morning when I looked in the paper what should I see on the first page but an account of a shipwreck, and it was the very same ship that the poor pantryman did not wish to sail on the Saturday before. His name was among the lost. Now, can any one explain what it was I heard that Sunday?

FRITZ.

SAW HIS MOTHER.

A Washington Doctor Tells a Tale of Personal Experience.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 29.—I do not care to have my name appear in connection with this recital, simply because I do not desire notoriety.

When a young man of about 18 I found myself teaching a country school at a little village in the State of New York. My mother had died some six years previous, and I had no friends within many hundreds of miles. I found myself in trouble and in doubt as to which of certain courses I should pursue. I worried until I was gloomy and morose, seeing no way out. I could not sleep at night; I could not eat. Sunday came, and in the afternoon all the family with whom I was boarding went out, leaving me in the house. In my agony I went up a flight of old-fashioned stairs which ended under the roof, so that one had to stoop on reaching the floor above. I threw myself on my back with feet down on the second step and cried. I said, "Mother, mother, if you had only lived I should now have some one to tell me what to do; why did you die and leave your boy in this way?" The room was lighted by a single window in the gable, and I remember seeing a crow flapping lazily over the fields. The corner at the head of the stairs was darker than the rest of the room, but not so dark but that I could have seen to read a book of good print.

As I cried and sobbed I heard my name spoken just as my mother had often called me on opening my eyes I saw my mother just as she looked to me six years before when she had anything pleasant to say. She spoke and told me what to do. I lifted myself to speak to her, when a pigeon lighted in the open window, drawing my attention to it for an instant, and she was gone.

I followed her advice and it came about as she said. I was not asleep or dreaming, for when I went upstairs the clock in the dining-room pointed to ten minutes of 3, and as I sat in amazement at what had happened the same clock struck three.

Years passed and I had a wife and three boys, one of whom sickened and died at the age of 3. His death was a terrible blow to me, for I felt that I was to blame in a great measure, being so absorbed in study for my final examination in a medical school as to neglect the symptoms of the disease of which he died. After the funeral I went about the house calling him and was nearly frantic. My wife pictured to me the happy meeting in the better land between the child and the grandmother. She went to bed while I sat in an adjoining room until 11 o'clock. I got up looking at his picture on the wall and said, "Darling, if it is permitted you I come and make known to papa that I am happy, and that papa did not cause



I SAW MY MOTHER.

your death, do so, or papa may end it all by taking his own life."

I went to bed, leaving the light burning. I lay but a moment, when I again heard my mother's voice with its long call. I looked toward the foot of the bed, and there stood my mother dressed in a dotted dark gown, and in her arms was my son, who kissed his hand to me and smiled as he had always done. I called my wife. She thought I was dreaming, and said, "Yes, it is a right; lie down." But I called to her to look, and turned my head toward her to see that she looked in the right direction. When I looked again toward the foot of the bed they were gone.

I give you the facts and do not try to explain them, for I cannot.

ZULIEKA.

This highly-interesting and fascinating story should be read by every advanced thinker in the United States. Spiritualists, you can aid in the good work, by soliciting subscribers, and then supplement your efforts by doing some missionary work, by sending the paper free to some person who will appreciate it. It will only cost you 25 cents for three months.

Will Die Rich.

John Wanamaker's life is insured for \$1,500,000. Is not that a sum larger than his life is worth? Probably he makes an average Sunday-school teacher but as Postmaster General he has been an eminent success.

Fritz.

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

BY DUINA

Through the Mediumship of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

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PART I.

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE VISITANT.

We must now return to the scenes of the first chapter, when Armand was summoned from the arbor on the terrace to meet the stranger so quaintly announced by Hiejoh.

Armand passed along the verandah that extended entirely around the house. This was the west side, that opened to the garden he had set apart for Zelda and himself. He entered a corridor that connected with the tower and extended to another verandah opening from a suite of rooms reserved for his official business, and for receiving strangers. These rooms and the verandah fronting them commanded a view of water, landscape and hills, and an esplanade that was approached by a broad carriage-way that connected with the highway leading to the Point du Galle, and to the surrounding country.

When Armand entered the reception-room, into which he was ushered by Hiejoh, who made many ostentatious salaams, he saw a man whom at first he thought appeared familiar, although his face was partly turned from Armand, looking out of the window into the gardens and scenery beyond.

Short of stature, slightly bent in form, with thin, grayish hair; bald from the high and somewhat narrow forehead. Armand had seen all this, and noted his English dress, when the stranger turned a pair of clear, light-blue eyes full upon him—a face somewhat careworn, with prominent features and firmly-set mouth, and rather thin lips. Not altogether an agreeable presence, but a man with considerable ability, thought Armand, as they mutually advanced toward each other.

"If I am not mistaken, I am at Montrose Towers, and this is his lordship, Armand Montrose?" inquiringly remarked the stranger.

Armand held out his hand, after the manner of Englishmen, and while extending a cordial welcome, he studied the face of the stranger until a gleam of recognition dawned upon his mind. His welcome grew more than cordial as he replied:

"This is Montrose Towers; I am Armand Montrose, and you are Mr. Metcalf, my father's confidential agent and solicitor."

The two men grasped each other's hands with more than business cordiality. It was to Armand almost as if a part of his father stood before him.

He remembered Mr. Metcalf in the India of his childhood, and later in the England where his youthful life was immured in study; but now an apprehension seized him.

"You come, Mr. Metcalf, on important business from my father, the Earl of Montrose, to me?" spoke Armand.

"I come, my lord, on most important business to you; you are now the Earl of Montrose," said Mr. Metcalf, with emotion.

Moved to the uttermost, but not wholly overcome, Armand sank upon a seat that was near, and covered his face with his hands.

Mr. Metcalf, too, was much affected, for he loved the earl, whom he had served and advised so long.

"But why, Mr. Metcalf, was I not notified of my father's illness?"

"I am the bearer of the news—I am the dispatch. Your lordship will be patient while I explain. The noble earl was only ill from Saturday until Monday."

"Tell me all, for I am calmer now," said Armand.

"From Saturday until Monday. As your lordship knows, his health has been uncertain ever since the severe illness that seized him two winters ago."

"I remember it well, and it was feared the attack would prove fatal; but he had been slowly recovering," Armand replied.

Mr. Metcalf resumed: "He made every preparation then for this change, even to the most minute details of his private business; and, at last, when this sudden illness overtook him, he entrusted me with his private instructions to you, my lord, and asked me to be the bearer, at once, of the sad news and of his papers and letters to you. My lord, I am at your service."

"The end came so suddenly," said Armand. "He seemed in his usual health, and my last letters from him arrived but yesterday."

"Suddenly, my lord. But did he never write you of the warning he had?" Mr. Metcalf ventured to ask.

"No; tell me of it!" eagerly besought Armand.

"Your lordship will pardon me if I wait, for I have many things to explain to you, and after the business is fulfilled I will communicate all I know about the warning."

"A most extraordinary coincidence, at least," said the other.

Armand then remembered that he had not discharged the duties of a host; that he had not offered refreshment or rest, or the hospitality of Montrose Towers, to Mr. Metcalf, his father's adviser and confidential solicitor.

"Pardon me," he said, with great cordiality; "you will make this your home while here. I will have your effects brought, and Hiejoh here will see that you are comfortable."

Mr. Metcalf replied at once, declining: "Thank you, my lord; but as soon as my duties to you here, my lord, are fulfilled, I must return, with your instructions, to England. I will remain at the little inn, where I am now stopping. Your servant here made me quite comfortable before you came in."

"At least you will dine with me to-day?" said Armand.

"You are married, my lord? The late earl mentioned to me your marriage, and was especially pleased with your choice."

"Yes," said Armand, not quite pleased with something in Mr. Metcalf's tone; "but we shall dine alone to-day, as Lady Zelda is not quite well."

Zelda—what a pretty name, thought Mr. Metcalf, but to Armand he said: "Your lordship's wish is my law. I will leave these papers, and when I return will bring the documents entrusted to me by your father."

Armand sent Mr. Metcalf back to the town in his carriage, and again sent for him when the hour arrived for dinner.

Before the carriage came to take Mr. Metcalf to dine at the Towers, he had fully decided to accept Armand's invitation, and make that his home while in Ceylon. The glimpse he had that day of the home of his lordship made the inn seem very repugnant to Mr. Metcalf's English tastes; therefore, when he returned to Montrose Towers he explained to Armand that as he must complete his business as soon as possible, he would accept his kind offer, and remain where he could converse with Armand whenever he was at liberty.

Armand explained the cause of her seclusion, and Mr. Metcalf was forced to relinquish the cherished hope of seeing the

beautiful wife of his young patron and host.

He had explored every part of the garden and grounds, except, of course, Zelda's private garden; he had become somewhat familiar with every portion of the house, except the tower and the private apartments of Zelda and Armand. He knew every fountain, statue, grove, bower, walk, grotto, and almost every kind of flowering shrub and tree. He had examined every portiere, curtain, scarf, rug, carpet, picture, work of art or skill; he had inhaled the perfumes, pressed the leaves of the almost sacred *panos-pari*, and tasted the *panos-pari*; he had been fanned and attended by a *ferash*, and what was more to his taste, had lunched and dined, and sipped the rare wine, sometimes with Armand alone, sometimes with one or two other gentlemen, partaking of a combined Indian and English menu, very palatable to the somewhat epicurean palate of Mr. Metcalf.

He found that the house was almost square, slightly oblong in shape, with two towers. This square was built around an inner court, the walls of which were stone, two feet in thickness. The first story of the house was of stone, surrounded by broad, graceful verandahs, with ornamental balconies above. The second story was of lighter material, but the towers were strong. One was twenty, and the other about forty feet in height. A system of hydraulics, invented by Armand, had caused the erection of these towers; but the higher one served as well for an observatory, and for a mystery; but of that Mr. Metcalf knew nothing.

The towers were made ornate and imposing by balconies and roofs, or awnings, and by their Pagoda-like domes resting on ornate pillars.

The reception rooms and public drawing-room, adjoining which was the parlor and bedroom of Mr. Metcalf, and the rooms of Armand's secretary, were on the east. On the north were the household offices and apartments of the domestics, although their "quarters" were a little removed from the house, where they occupied small homes built for their special use. On that side were all the gardens and buildings of mere use.

The west side was entirely occupied by the private rooms of Zelda and Armand, and their immediate attendants, while on the south were suites of rooms for guests, a large dining-hall, and rooms enclosed by glass for rainy days, and open at other times.

In all cases the bedrooms were reached by ornamental, carved staircases, leading immediately from the rooms below, each suite of rooms having its own stairway, the banisters and balustrades of which were of the choicest woods, with sandalwood panels, most elaborately carved.

A large, open stairway led to a suite of rooms for guests, and to balconies fronting south and west. A carriage-way led from the northern and eastern gardens, winding among banks of brilliant flowers, fountains, statues, and clumps of cocoa and date, palms, aloes and daturas, with their long violaceous bells; gold mohur acacias; papayer, with its large fruit, and the gigantic boobab, and Chinese pine; myrrh, cassia, nutmeg, orange, lime, lemon, tamarind, pomegranate and olive; a profusion of trees and plants without number, whose names Mr. Metcalf never dreamed of remembering.

Mr. Metcalf had never experienced such grandeur before. It is true he had often dined and supped with the late Earl of Montrose, at his home in London, and at Montrose Castle, many miles from the metropolis; but there was always a purely business-like air to these visits, and beyond a certain boundary of friendliness he never passed.

The young earl treated him as an honored guest. 'Tis true he knew nothing of the private life or affairs of his present patron; but all that the house and host could give of comfort and luxury had been placed at his disposal.

He became somewhat bewildered at all this, and wondered if he really could be Mr. Edmund Cornwall Metcalf, of the firm of Metcalf & Metcalf, or some other personage, transformed, transmigrated, or something, from another state of existence.

THE SILENT SECRETARY.

Mr. Metcalf made a discovery—at least so he believed or imagined. In one of the rooms set apart for official business sat a young man constantly writing for ten hours of every day. Arranging, copying, transcribing, interpreting, translating; a pale young man with an opaque countenance that never revealed a gleam of interest in anything; he might have been a machine, so methodical his motion; he might have been a mute, so averse was he to speaking.

If Armand asked him a question, it was his habit to hand him a slip of paper on which the answer was written or printed. If Armand desired the day of the week or month, the silent secretary would point with his pen or pencil to the exact date on the calendar. So accustomed was Armand to this silent scribe that he dictated to him without hesitation long sentences that he was sure would be faithfully transcribed, whether in an Indian or European tongue. Sometimes Armand would carry on a long conversation with this pale image, the former alone talking.

Armand asked: "Did you copy the papers I gave you yesterday to be forwarded to Bombay?"

The silent secretary passed them to him ready for his signature.

"What day of the month is it?" Armand asked.

The unfeeling pen pointed to the 15th.

Mr. Metcalf had one dominant trait—curiosity. He was obliged to curb this on account of his profession, yet he often asked his clients questions not strictly necessary for the business he was investigating or arranging, and when they looked surprised, as every Englishman does when his private affairs are invaded, Mr. Metcalf would rub his hands and say: "Pardon me, sir," or "my lord," "but the exigencies of my profession require that I have the utmost confidence of my clients."

Mr. Metcalf was certain that this pale, silent, machine-like young man had a history, and, perhaps, he knew more about the affairs of the Earl of Montrose than that hospitable and genial, but uncommunicative young nobleman had vouchsafed to confide to him.

He would become acquainted, in a patronizing sort of way, with this young man of many languages, but of no tongue.

He approached Armand once on the subject, remarking: "That is a strange young man who writes continually in your official room; he is so silent. Who is he?"

"My secretary," responded Armand, drooping his lashes to hide the merry twinkle in his eyes.

"He has a history, I dare say," inquiringly remarked Mr. Metcalf.

"O, yes; I dare say," echoed Armand, still more amused. "He was born—Mr. Metcalf drew a little nearer—"of parents, I suppose; grew up somewhere, and will like all the rest of us, die."

Mr. Metcalf could scarcely conceal his disappointment, yet he at once changed the subject, and thought if the young scribe was ever free from the desk he would talk with him.

Armand knew the young man's history, but what was it to Mr. Metcalf? He had come into Armand's service as a translator and interpreter in the Government Office, and had been retained for more especial and private business because of his talents, and because of his discretion and reticence.

To Hiejoh alone was the silent secretary communicative, and when Mr. Metcalf saw the two chatting together, as Hiejoh leaped along by the side of the secretary, he was even more curious than ever.

The conversation of the secretary with Hiejoh was animated by no sense of companionship on the part of the former. He regarded Hiejoh as one would a favorite dog or cat, or pet animal, of which there was an abundance in their own part of the grounds.

But Hiejoh could amuse him by his antics, and could talk.

Hiejoh delighted in indulging the secretary in this mood, and seemed very simple and untaught in the presence of so learned a man.

On the morning of the day after Mr. Metcalf tried to question Armand concerning his secretary, he saw Hiejoh and the silent secretary walking and talking together.

He could no longer curb his curiosity, but approached the young

man with a very friendly good morning.

The secretary replied, in perfectly spoken English, "good morning, sir."

"My name is Metcalf. Of course his lordship has told you that I am his—the late earl's—solicitor, and come from England."

The silent secretary gave no sign of assent, but said: "The morning is beautiful, Mr. Metcalf."

"I saw you speaking with Hiejoh just now. What a strange creature it is. I wonder his lordship can tolerate so hideous an attendant."

The secretary was silent.

Mr. Metcalf pursued his theme: "He seems greatly to amuse you. Perhaps you know why his lordship retains him so close to his person. You, of course, have been a long time in his lordship's private office, and are, no doubt, familiar with all his affairs. Were you born in Ceylon?"

The secretary had finished his cigar, seemingly his only indulgence, and without a word of reply to Mr. Metcalf's numerous implied questions, he said:

"My hour for writing has arrived. Good morning, Mr. Metcalf."

Nor was he any more successful with Hiejoh. A very distinct dislike had grown up between this solicitor, this confidential adviser, and Hiejoh.

But Mr. Metcalf affected an interest in the little deformed creature, saying: "How is the little one this morning?"

Hiejoh bowed to the ground in his salaam. "Does my master's guest, Mr. Metcalf, require any service?"

"No! How many servants does his lordship require in his establishment, Hiejoh?"

"My master's visitor, Mr. Metcalf, and his lordship can count, but I"—and he put his finger on his forehead pathetically.

"Poor fellow, you do not know," said Mr. Metcalf, quite pityingly.

"You like the secretary?" questioned Mr. Metcalf. "He must have been in his lordship's service a long time. Have you also served him long?"

Hiejoh made some sort of grimace, pointed to the sun, and waved his hand over his head, then leaped down the walk and disappeared.

"He seems intelligent enough when attending to familiar duties, but, of course, he cannot measure time, or know of numbers," mused Mr. Metcalf.

He was served with breakfast in his own parlor, and now he was summoned to breakfast without having advanced in the least in his search for information.

On the night of the storm, when Mr. Metcalf was hurrying to the inner court, guided by the unfailing Hiejoh, he saw the secretary writing at his desk when all others were smitten with terror.

It was well worth seeing to note Mr. Metcalf's precipitate flight—not exactly in reception costume—along the corridors to the place of safety, and to note that he remained there until Hiejoh, while searching for the missing messenger, found the learned solicitor crouched in the corner, half dead with fright, and assured him that the storm was over.

Mr. Metcalf left the Towers a few days after the storm, after congratulating his lordship on the happy event of Zulieka's birth.

Three things Mr. Metcalf wished for—to see Zelda and her babe; to visit the tower; to know the history of the silent secretary.

THE MYSTERIOUS MISSION.

Emerging from a dense mass of cocoanut, amb and other fruit-bearing trees, two figures faced the setting sun and prostrated themselves to the earth until the orb of day was out of sight.

One was dressed in the garb of a recluse; the other of a novice or attendant.

They entered a path that wound through a ravine, down the hill, among rocks and tangles of vines and blossoms. More and more dense the foliage became; more and more fragrant and spiced the air; deeper and deeper the shade, until the moon rose, round and full, to light them on their way.

Very gentle was the man in priestly garb; addressing his companion in most considerate voice and tone, as though he were the servant and the other the master.

Very silent, yet civil and attentive, was the one in servant's garb, following the other with the faithful steps of one accustomed to follow and obey.

When the full light of the moon was upon them, the recluse said, pointing to the east and south: "Thou dost see the cloud along the horizon? The sky betokens a storm."

"Will my master turn back and reach our place of refuge before the storm overtakes us?"

"Nay, nay, good friend, we must press forward, for the mission is urgent. We shall reach a place of safety before the wings of the tempest are over us. There are lives in greater peril than from the storm, and we must be there to aid them."

"I do not fear," replied the other; "where my master leads I follow."

The priest was absorbed in some deep theme. The attendant spoke no more, but followed his master's footsteps silently.

There were many sounds among the hills—wild birds clamoring for their favorite resting-places; wild fowl giving forth their notes and screams of warning or fright; the barking of distant dogs in the villages.

But oh, the nightingales! Was sound ever heard so sweet as that which greeted the priest and his attendant on that wonderful night? Before them waves of music, like heralds of song announcing their coming, hushed as their footsteps drew near, silent as they passed, to again burst forth behind them, enclosing and enshrouding them with waves of song like vocalized moonlight.

Nightingales' delicious, liquid, mournful sounds of souls wandering unmoored on earth; love bereaved by existence here, singing to the loved one in heaven.

Nightingales, ye weep in song; ye musically mourn; ye sing tears set to the harmony of heaven.

Nightingales, have ye drank of the honeydew of the sacred tree, that ye sing of heaven? Hath the moonlight been distilled into music, breath of orange blooms, jessamines, odors of flowers? All fragrance, light and sound set to your warblings. O, ye nightingales!

And the attendant wondered if his master saw and heard; wondered if all this glory of moonlight and shade, of song and fragrance, reached the preoccupied mind of the priest.

The master saw and heard, felt and understood; saw the moonlight fall in lines of living glory across their path; saw the deep, cool shadows advancing, retreating, merging into darkness in the tangles; heard the sounds floating around, before and behind them; heard and saw and felt the radiance, the splendor, the sweetness of the night.

No earthly ideal of paradise, thought he, could be more beautiful; but of the true elysium, the abodes of the blessed, where and what are they? Transcendently, infinitely more; not *sense* but *spirit* forever, evermore.

Thus passed the time, and the two suddenly came upon the public highway, close to the path that led to Montrose Towers.

Here the priest paused, and turning to his companion, said: "Thou knowest our friend, the merchant, where we have sometimes lodged? Go to him now, and ask shelter for the night; meet me here before sunrise."

The attendant quietly and quickly obeyed, and hastened on to the town and to the dwelling of the merchant; here he gave his master's signal, and was at once admitted.

"Cometh your master to bless us with his presence?" asked the merchant.

"Nay; my master parted with me on some holy mission, and bade me seek refuge here, and meet him before the dawn."

The humble guest was made welcome; his divan and his couch were prepared, and some refreshment ordered for him.

The recluse, as soon as he had dismissed his attendant, threw

over his priestly garb a cloak that concealed his form and features,

and quickly entered the path that led to Montrose Towers.

Not an instant too soon, for in a few moments the storm would be there.

FRESH COMPLICATIONS.

Armand had fully resolved to solve the mystery of the tower alone. His desire was to clear up the matter without arousing the fears of his servants, or disturbing and annoying Zelda.

He waited further developments—watchfully, not without some anxiety, but certainly without fear; and he retained all the keys of the doors leading to the tower in his own possession, fastening the doors of the lowermost room where, the guard had been, with double security.

One night, not long after the departure of Mr. Metcalf, Armand was walking along the garden path that led from the terrace, thoughtfully planning for the future, and thinking of the best method of breaking the news to Zelda of all that Mr. Metcalf's visit had brought, when he glanced toward the tower. The upper room was brilliantly lighted. He knew no one had access to the tower or its approaches by any ordinary human method. Startled beyond measure, he resolved to solve the mystery then and there.

He found every door locked and securely fastened, as he had left them; and with great temerity he unlocked each one, and carefully closed and locked each one behind him as he ascended the stairway. He also entered each of the rooms on every landing, locking the doors both when he entered and again when he left.

Arriving at the door of the upper room, he tried to open it; it was locked. He searched for the key among all the others, sure that he held it safely within his hand; that key alone was missing, nor was it on the hook beside the door.

He then gave an emergency signal, known only to a secret order to which he belonged. To his great surprise the door opened, but no one was within. He searched every nook and corner, although without searching he could see every part of the room.

The narrow stairway leading to the observatory above was in this room. He ascended the stairs, passed into the open observatory, into the starlight and splendor of the night, and with the light he had borne all the time in his hand, he searched the perfectly open space beneath the dome. No one, absolutely no one, was there. Descending he again searched the room he had left, and again with no results.

Baffled, but not defeated, puzzled but not alarmed, he slowly retraced his steps, resolving to make it his first duty in the morning to revisit every portion of the tower, and discover how the intruder had entered, and more if possible.

When he visited Zelda's side that night he made no mention of all things that pressed upon his heart and mind. She was all in all; her comfort and safety were first.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mystical Numbers, Especially the Number Twelve

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE

BY AN ANCIENT SAVANT.

Given Through the Organism of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

In ancient times mathematics was presided over by the oracles. In secret caves and temples men pursued science as religion, seeking by intuition, as well as by external methods, the solution of the problems of life. In ancient days numbers were co-equal with entities; represented eternal principles; were the personations of deity and gods; were for duration of time and eternity; and such surpassing power was there in numbers that one number could give birth, another life, another could destroy, another could rebuild, for these were the magical methods of science in those days. To-day mathematics is a term; is coupled with physical life merely; has its foundation and basis upon the temporal universe, and although the structure of the universe and the visible firmament may be solved by it, it is voiceless in itself, and without soul. Man can measure by it all life; can demonstrate by it the existence of being; can foretell events; can people space with stars invisible to the eye; can calculate eclipses; can determine the perihelion of planets; but the thing whereof this is done is without being. Not so in times gone by. Every number was vocal; every number had a soul. God was the unit of the universe, whose sublime circumference was to be broken and interpreted to man. Who should solve the mystery? Who should break the circle of the Infinite? Who should span the magic—the circumference of the universe? None but the other surpassing unit, the soul of man, voiceless, yet filled with voices; not demonstrated, yet capable of all demonstrations; as great a mystery in the finite as God in the infinite.

By solving the lesser problem the greater might be known. By encompassing the atom, the universe might be solved. By dissolving the circle of man's being, the infinite circle might be solved. One expressed that unit, was the circle of man and of the infinite, the omniscient, the divine. But this was equally incapable of solution. Who shall divide a circle? Who shall span the magic of the spheres? Who shall measure the arc for the firmament above you? By what lines of light or angles of measurement shall these be solved? The sun's rays rays formed that angle; the earth and the horizon another. Is there not then mystery here capable of explaining the whole?

The first division of life is duality, since from the unit the dual comes forth, or since the first discovery made as anticipating an and analyzing the unit is in its dual form. Is God dual? The ancient held so. There were those who worshiped the visible and the invisible. God, in the visible universe, was the bride of the Infinite. Isis was the earth, the bride of the sun. Jehovah was veiled from a human sight, but the visible universe was his expression. The dual nature of God was revealed in every form of life, hence worship of the twin one, or the magical number that might equally make up the one.

The number two presumes equality, equal division, the halves that make the whole. Man was so created, male and female, two in one. Hence the problem was solved in a dual form; but what other form or method could best describe the wonderful problem of existence, since this was veiled in mystery, and since the dual life could only extend in dual form. The circle is not broken, for it remains complete. With two-fold life there still is completeness; there are no fragments, no fractions; the circle is there though you may divide it in halves, and this solution does not satisfy every point in science, but we follow it through all the ancient methods, and find that the dual life has been worshiped more than any other, that the two-fold representation of divinity, as expressed in the infinite cosmos, really expresses one, but for all purposes of finite expression, as stated, this only reaches the few, not the many; the individuals, not the whole.

Wherefore shall we solve the whole? The circle is not measured by being broken in halves, for you still have each perfect hemisphere. Three is the magical number. The discovery of this number was by angles of light, which the pyramids were reared to commemorate. The magical triangle, the trinity, the derivation of all sacred synonyms and numbers that have three-fold expression—by following the lines or angles of light, and by forms of measurement which these will explain, you have the origin of the triangle. The exact equilateral triangle is the measurement of the circle as nearly as the mind can conceive. This in contradistinction, or, rather, superseding the dual idea of God, made the ancients' established worship to the trine God. Hence the word Yahovah, future, present and past. Hence the foundation of the idea of the trinity, for our be it remembered, that the solution of the infinite problem known to the Brahmins—discovered in the East—was not communicated to the Hebrew nation save by its sojourn in Egypt. The God worshipped by the Hebrews was the dual God, the God representing two of fold life; the God of creation, of nature. The God of the Egyptians was of science, of culture, of art; the discovery of the trine principle

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heresy and Progression.

are always "washed" (washed
down, about) God says, "I
will be a blessing to you"
from the time you are
born. With the grace
planted in
you and the
demands of
the world
that will
be a blessing
to you.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace, above one shilling per yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the select men shall pay the same 200 pounds.

No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet and jewsharp.

in marriage. The magistrate shall join them in marriage, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

Adultery shall be punished with

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit-life at her home at Brookvale, Brown Co., New York, pneumonia, Mrs. Patience Tabor, aged 74 years. She was loving and kind to all and a firm believer in the spiritual philosophy. She was possessed of many spiritual gifts and is the great-granddaughter of Dr. H. T. Stanley, the well-known lecturer and medium.

Passed on to the higher life, at his home, 404 1/2 East Washington street, Springfield, Ill., Charles Dillman, age

30 years. Short funeral services at 2 p. m., by Rev. Anna B. Lepper, his minister. The remains were taken to his former home, Monticello, Ill., for interment. Brother Dillman was fully convinced of spirit communion, and became a member of the Wheel of Progression. Much light was given him by the angel band. Memorial services were held at G. A. R. hall, Sandeas building, Nov. 20, by Rev. Anna B. Lepper. On the evening of November 1 he materialized in full form, in pure white robes, highly illuminated, through the organism of our medium, Mrs. E.

Passed to spirit-life by cancer, No. 21, Mrs. Lizzie A., wife of William J. Rousseau, and daughter of Ebenezer Parsons. Mrs. Rousseau was taken from her family just in the prime of life being but 42 years of age. She has 1 years been a private medium, and much to enlighten people to a knowl-

ALL STATE

SPIRIT FRIENDS WILL

open lectures and questionaires about through Mrs. Dr. C. Rott, Palestine, Coolidge, Kansas - and stamp for reply.

[PROF. GROSCH, PLATO

and his disciples and pagans
with their hair and at the meeting.

[illegible]

with a meeting that filled the hall to almost capacity. His special disclosure opens the heart toward him. His interpretation as they are, with his five plus, keep the audience awake. The broad views and sound facts set forth in his lectures are welcome with attention even by those that prejudiced against Spiritualism, and accuracy with which he described pasted relatives is often simply marvellous. There were about a dozen given last Sunday, and most of them were recognized at the time, and

At Sheboygan Falls, Wis., Mrs. E. Wheeler passed over to the realm of spirits Nov. 21, 1901, aged 95 years. She much beloved by her many friends. Deceased by her relatives. She a faithful wife and mother, a true friend and neighbor. She lived up to the highest light.

Mrs. E. P. Patterson

Upon November 17th, at her home

Thomas, N. Y., September 26.—When aged 40 and down her country, she to enter upon the joys of a new and beautiful home which she had prepared for herself, by useful work, industry and penance. "No good deed" was the every-day rule of life. She was a reader of *The Christian's Friend*, as well as various papers, and numerous doubts of a life beyond the grave was the mother of seven children. She and the labor and care was to her lot she found time to ex-

and sympathy for mothers
died, to sympathize with the
and to help the needy. There
men and women of a whole
quiver, as we look towards the
portal through which her pure
passed, and instinctively the
clinging closer together, as with
the love we mutually whisper,
er," the sweetest name ever
woman. MARY E. ANDERSON

M. Deliber the veteran actress Paris has belated 230 persons. Mrs. Monte Canning has lately since her stage career. She eight years ago, but is not come of Mackay the California and it has been widely said. "He is

R. Truth of a System? Shall

OCCULTISM IN PARIS.

By Napoleon Ney.

TRANSLATED FROM THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT, BY MRS. ROSE HARRINGTON.

I.

There exists in Paris an unexplored world, which is all the more important because it is hidden—a world which is difficult to recognize because it is secret. Far from seeking daylight and publicity, it purposely remains in shadow and mystery, surrounding itself with secret practices and silent adepts. This world is that of Hermetism, the world of the nineteenth century, in the midst of our age of skepticism, plays a part, the importance of which surpasses anything that can be imagined.

Illustrated scholars, worthy of respect and confidence, have made in all countries the most conclusive experiments upon the vibratory state of matter. One can now, without being considered a fool, crazy, or impious, interest himself in the rational study of certain phenomena, which only yesterday would have passed for the vagaries of a disordered mind, and which to-morrow will be demonstrated as scientific truths.

May not the sacred art of the ancients, cultivated in the sanctuaries of the priests of Thebes and Memphis, the alchemy of the Middle Ages, long derided by the ignorant have been the precursor of modern chemistry?

Aristotle, that is to say, the conquest of the air by man, is, at the close of this century, seriously studied by the Adeptes, the Maxims, and in France by that man of genius, Col. Raymond Henry, who seems to have found the definite solution of that important question.

Human magnetism, with its psychocircuits, the curious effects of hypnotism, magnets, human polarity, etc., have all been scientifically studied. Even the "reserved questions,"—apparitions, phantoms, double personality, materialization of specters, etc., have not ceased to belong to the domain of the marvelous, while entering, little by little, into that of scientific observation and pure reason.

The lovers of the marvelous in Paris are counted by thousands. They bear different names, according to the groups or schools to which they belong. They constitute the adepts of the occult, and their theories make proselytes continually, recruited from the ranks of the higher classes of society.

There is a veritable fermentation in the young Parisian brain which does not escape the intelligent mind. Enlightened people no longer deny it.

In a recent discourse the young and beautiful academician, M. Comte de Vogüé, said to the students of France: "You have only to look about you to see that the world is in travail with new ideas and forms. A sound from the ether, which increases and covers all other sounds, rises of revolt and cries of pity; these are the pangs of childbirth."

The world of the marvelous in Paris is one of the classes where the new cry is silently elevated. Paris is the most active center of the occult. It is every where. We do not see it, but it encompasses and penetrates us, though we know it not.

II.

This is the story of how I came to know the occult in Paris, how I became associated with the movement; how I became an adept.

A few years since I was dining in the house of a friend, at the side of a very elegant young woman, whose husband was well known in the industrial world, his factory being situated in the environs of Paris. After having exhausted the hackneyed topics of current conversation with my pretty neighbor, the talk turned, I do not know how, upon more serious subjects.

The name of M. Le Play was pronounced. To my great surprise, Mme. X. was quite familiar with the works of the author of the "Peaks of Society."

Other works which he left behind were surprised in truth, to a pretty woman so well informed; but she, smiling and showing her fine teeth, told me that M. Le Play had, in spite of his science, considered but one side of the question.

What superior results this great thinker might have obtained had he applied his great intelligence and judicious criticisms to occult science, which gives the best solutions to these important problems, and by the aid of which surprising results are obtained!

My curiosity was excited, and I pressed the lady with new questions. She cut me short, saying: "If this subject really interests you, talk to my husband about it after dinner." Then, returning to the general conversation, my pretty neighbor gave her opinion of Sarah Bernhardt's recent marriage, the details of which were then the talk of Paris.

In the smoking-room I repeated to M. X. his wife's words. With great good nature he furnished me information which was listened to by those who took part in our conversation. I learned some very surprising facts: that Paris, our Paris—careless and skeptical, is the center of a movement of philosophical renovation, of abstract study, the importance of which we little suspect.

Paris is the focus of an occult agitation participated in by thousands of adepts, belonging principally to the intellectual classes. They are in relation with the occult sympathizers scattered over the whole earth, whose numbers pass beyond the millions, without distinction of religion or race, and all pursuing the same end, that of a high philosophy.

The adepts, the adepts, the initiated, the "Magi," as they are called, according to their degree of instruction, form in Paris numerous sections, bearing different names, but having the same doctrines and tending to the same end.

These societies have special places of reunion. They have oral and written means of propaganda; journals, reviews, and lectures where the doctrines are taught, where is conferred the initiation to the different degrees. In their secret meetings the adepts, cabalists, Spiritualists, Theosophists, produce phenomena which the adepts would have called oracles or miracles.

Without speaking of the experiments made at a distance, of suggestion, sleep, and during the waking state, of magnetic or hypnotic force, to begin to be accepted by public

opinion and official science, the initiated Parisian sees realized, in addition to the occult spiritualistic phenomena, the prodigies which until now have remained the appanage of the fakirs and science of India. All these things Dr. Giller, the former assistant of the illustrious Pasteur, now residing in New York, has excellently named for France, "Occidental Fakirism."

Direct communications between adepts separated by great distances, the transportation of heavy objects through space, letters passing in a few moments from Moscow to Paris, flowers covered with dew produced in a closed room, the rapid germination of roses placed in earth in the presence of spectators, and which in less than an hour attain, under the influence of magnetic passes, their entire growth, producing fragrant flowers; levitation (suspension in the air without support); double personality, apparition and materialization of the astral body; . . . these are the experiments which have been made many times in Paris, and which have within a few months been repeated in part by Monsieur Pellier.

All these curious experiments are realized by the utilization of natural forces, of which, as yet, man has but little use, and which Col. De Rochas, the learned director of the Polytechnic School in Paris, has so justly called the "undefined forces."

Dr. Crookes, a member of the Royal Society of London, and correspondent of the French Institute, has obtained remarkable results, related in a book called the "Psychic Force." He reports double personality in the case of Miss Florence Cook, a young, fair, plump woman, who materialized a slender, bleached phantom, who during several months appeared to Dr. Crookes and his friends in his chemical laboratory, near Miss Cook, who was sleeping.

The most determined efforts have been made to prevent cheating. Electric currents of high tension formed a closed circuit around the observers; balances, dynamometers, and photographic registering apparatus controlled the results. The phantom rose, walked, talked to the assistants, gave them her hand, related her past life, permitted herself to be photographed, etc. Dr. Giller, in his book, "Le Fakirisme Occidental," reproduced the photographs taken in Dr. Crookes' laboratory. One of the proofs shows distinctly grouped, Dr. Crookes, Miss Cook, the medium, asleep, and between them the materialized phantom form standing and awake.

III.

I shall relate, in support of these still undefined forces of nature an anecdote, which I reproduce here in spite of, or perhaps because of, its strangeness, as I heard it from the hero himself.

A Consul of France, starting for India and being temporarily in London, was presented to one of the principal dignitaries of the Theosophical Society of Adyar, India. During a rather long interview, the high dignitary explained the doctrines of the Theosophical Society, made him acquainted with the very important results already acquired, spoke of the occult powers to which their common studies conducted, and ended by asking our compatriot to join them. Monsieur le Consul, a skeptic by temperament, and as incredulous as Thomas, was greatly interested in what he had just heard. He approved cordially of the avowed object of the Theosophical Society (union and charity), but as to occult power, he declared clearly that he did not believe in it. It was all legerdemain, lying, illusion, hallucination . . . there was nothing real in it. The representative of the Theosophical Society promised him that the day should not pass without bringing him a satisfactory proof.

Two hours later, having returned to his hotel, the Consul, who is my friend, wrote in his room with closed doors, a few last letters, as his departure was fixed for the morrow. Suddenly there appeared before him (as he expressed it) a Hindoo dressed as a Brahmin. After saluting my friend by name, the unknown said to him in English, which he spoke with a foreign accent, that he had come from—(a large city in India),—since Monsieur Y. of the occult possessed by the members of the Theosophical Society.

"Just now," continued he, "I am at—, and have come to you in my astral body materialized, to salute a brother of to-morrow. You doubtless think yourself the victim of an hallucination, or of some outside suggestion. Not at all! My presence is real; here is the proof of it."

Taking from about his throat a necklace of sandalwood beads, he threw them upon the table.

"Keep them until you arrive at your destination; you will find me waiting at the point of embarkation, and you can then return my necklace. Do you still doubt?"

My friend, much surprised by what he had seen, replied that in case this proved to be true, he would believe.

The sandalwood necklace lay upon the table, and exhaled a strong, penetrating odor. The Consul examined it carefully, holding it in his hands. He was obliged to yield to the evidence. Some one had really brought the necklace to his room, for it was not there a few moments previous.

My friend noted carefully the story of this mysterious visit, and showed it to me later, written in his place. He placed the sandalwood necklace in his valise, and embarked next day. He was very anxious to know the sequel to this singular affair, and as he approached his destination, directed his glass toward the shore. Among those waiting he saw the Brahmin who had visited him, dressed in the same costume, and who, as he set foot on shore, approached him and humbly requested the return of his necklace. Since that time Y. has been one of the most fervent adepts of the Theosophical Society.

To those who doubt the authenticity of this story I would say that it was related to me later, and supported by proofs during one of my friend's leaves of absence in France.

Let us return to my "dinner of initiation," if I may call it so, and to its consequences.

"Occult study," said my interlocutor, observing my earnest attention, "is at first very arduous. Many turn quickly from it. Have you strength to persevere? Probably not!"

"As you desire it," added Monsieur X. "I will send you one of our reviews."

A few days later I received a pamphlet bearing the name, "Revue Philosophique Independente des Hautes Etudes." This review treated of hyp-

notism, Theosophy, kabbala, Free Masonry.

The divisions of the review were as follows: Initiative part, philosophical and scientific part, and literary part, all well arranged, and some of merit, and real interest.

Eight days later I received a convocation for the next open meeting of the Independent Group for Esoteric Study. I went to this meeting and to the following ones, and was soon admitted to the closed meetings. I attended assiduously a series of lectures upon Theosophy, occultism and magnetism. Little by little, I perfected my knowledge, and penetrated farther into the different canals where occult instruction was given.

IV.

The Independent Group for Esoteric Study, formed by adherent societies, either affiliated or represented, is the center of the most important occult movement of Paris.

The following are the names of some societies which are inscribed at headquarters: The Spiritualists' Society of Paris, the Magnetic Society of France, the Psycho-Magnetic Society, the Sphinx, the Occult Fraternity, the True Cross, the Martinist Initiatory Groups, the Masonic Groups for Initiatory Studies, etc. All these societies have their headquarters in Paris. We do not mention here the societies of the provinces and in foreign countries, which may be counted by the hundreds.

The Independent Group for Esoteric Study has a fourfold object. It makes known the principal data of occult science in all its branches. It instructs members, who are then ready to become martinists, masons, Theosophists, etc. It establishes lectures upon all branches of occultism, and finally it investigates the phenomena of spiritualism, of magnetism, and of magic, lighted only by the torch of pure science.

The meetings of the groups were first held in the Soumees Passage. Since the beginning of the present year they have been held in the Rue de l'Église, in private quarters. Here are both open and closed meetings. The latter are reserved for the initiated alone, and are accompanied by psychic and spiritualistic experiments, with ecstatic and mediumistic phenomena.

On some days I have seen there more than one hundred and fifty auditors. They are composed principally of literary people and students from the schools of higher learning.

Many cultured women from the upper world of Paris, elegantly attired, attend without any coyness, of dress or of behavior. The members of an embassy from the north of Europe attend the closed lectures of the Independent Group regularly.

The late Hon. Lord Lytton, when living in Paris as English Ambassador, came frequently to the Rue de l'Église.

The open sessions, where one is admitted upon the presentation of a personal card, are devoted to lectures of a general character. They are sometimes accompanied by experiments in materialization and hypnotism. On these days the hall in the Rue de l'Église is too small to contain the auditors. At the last session more than four hundred persons were unable to gain admittance. The group is now looking for larger quarters.

Esotericism, or the study of occult science, is spreading, step by step, in Paris. It penetrates by infiltration into all quarters, without noise or violence, but with slow certainty, by continuous absorption.

By the side of the Jewish rabbis, Protestant pastors and Catholic monks and priests are becoming propagators of occult instruction. The Rue Croix affords refuge to more than one Romish abbe in its mystic fraternity. One of them, in fact, a doctor in the Sorbonne and a celebrated preacher, is known under the pseudonym of Alta among the members of the Supreme Council of Twelve, called the "Superior Unknown" of the Theosophical Society, of which the seat is in Paris.

Outside the schools of occultism there exist two heterodox groups of the marvelous, contemporary in Paris—spiritualists and magnetists. Both are respectable seekers after truth, but they are experimenters before everything else.

The two schools, psychic and fluidic, have each their methods, which do not accord. Both have caught glimpses of the Hermetic doctrine of a universal fluid. The fluidists are the oldest, dating from Mesmer to Dupotet, passing by the way Deslon, Delange, Puysegur, etc. The psychics with Allan-Kardec and his disciples have been grouped scarcely fifty years.

What characterizes the occult movement in Paris in 1892, at the close of the nineteenth century, is neither the special sect nor specific rites embodying still unexplained phenomena. . . . The multiplicity of investigations in our age of extreme skepticism has given new and original solutions to questions of history, science, religion and the origin of things. They are not yet accepted by science; to-morrow they will constitute official instruction. . . . when we shall have lifted the somber veil which hides our origin.

Thus, having followed with complete loyalty and entire impartiality the occult movement, putting aside completely the instruction received in the schools, I am ready to say, with the great philosopher, Montaigne, "What do I know?"—The Arena, Boston.

Zulika.

Everybody, Spiritualists, should read the story by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, now appearing in the paper each week. It is founded on facts, as revealed to her by those high in spirit-life. Call your neighbor's attention to it, and supplement your efforts by sending the paper three months to some friend, as a Christmas present.

Proud of the Paper.

TO THE EDITOR:—THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of November 12th came to hand bringing much pleasure, as it always does; but there was an additional surprise and pleasure in discovering its enlarged columns and improved condition.

I am proud of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. May success of immense dimensions follow its every step.

Edmund Wash. P. L. MILLS.

Washington, through a new State, is coming forward nobly in its efforts to sustain THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Thanks, Brother Mills.

HAUNTED.

Signs, Moans and Groans in a Vacant House.

TO THE EDITOR:—The following, from the Press of this city, illustrates an interesting spiritual manifestation. It appears that there is a haunted house in California street a short distance east of Mulren street. It is a two-story frame structure, painted brown, and contains about eight rooms. The house has been vacant for some time past, and from the accounts of all those who have been near it, vacant with good reason. It stands on the south side of the alley, fronting toward the north. In the same yard and back of it, but fronting on Oregon street, is another residence.

This one is occupied by a respectable family that had nothing to mar its happiness or its contentment with the neighborhood until the spirits of the haunted building began the strange antics that have set the people around there on the edge of anxious anticipation and kept the tongues of the gossips wagging briskly at both ends for days. The last person to occupy the haunted house was an old colored man. He left it and its locality about six weeks ago, in very much of a hurry. The circumstances that induced him to leave are these:

One evening, while preparing his supper, which had been somewhat delayed, he was startled at a sound of labored breathing up stairs. It sounded exactly as if an intoxicated man were sleeping away the effects of repeated potations. Rushing into the street the old man found patrolman Dolan and told him of the occurrence. The officer hastened to the house, listened to the snoring sounds a moment and was also convinced that there was a drunken man up there. He was about to send for the patrol wagon when a groan came from above and it occurred to him that the man might be suffering from physical injuries instead of too much liquor and it would be best to investigate first.

Hastening upstairs the sounds grew less and less and suddenly stopped altogether as he reached the top. A search revealed nothing but empty rooms, with no sign of a man or other human being. The windows were all closed and there was no apparent way that anyone could have escaped.

Dolan kept his own counsel in regard to the mysterious affair, while the old colored man moved out the next morning. From time to time since then strange sounds have emanated from the place and have been overheard, but from fear of being doubted and laughed at, people have refrained from mentioning the subject to other than their most intimate friends.

Last Saturday morning, an hour before daylight, Thomas Connor, a St. Clair street meat dealer, was driving down Oregon street with his hired man on the way to market. Just as they passed the haunted property a long drawn out scream of agony in a woman's voice was heard, followed by a short, sharp cry of "murder." The sounds came from the old brown house. Connor and his man waited for no more, but hastened on to find a policeman. The only difference in the stories of the two men when they reported the occurrence shortly afterward was as to who started the horse into his very rapid gallop. Connor said that his man grabbed the whip when the cries came and brought it down lustily upon the animal, while the meat dealer said and declared that the meat dealer was the frightened one and reached for the whip first, urging on the horse towards a place remote from the blood-curdling locality.

Inspection later in the day failed to reveal any sign of murder or trouble of any other kind. The house was vacant and undisturbed, as it always is in daylight.

Private watchman Daniel McCusky, who has a beat in the neighborhood, stated that he first noticed peculiar noises two weeks or more ago about the old brown building, and neighbors say that moans, groans, screams, sighs and rappings are of frequent occurrence there. There is talk of offering a premium to the man who will stay in the place over night.

Fifty or more people gathered around the haunted house Tuesday evening, listening for demonstrations, and some of them remained until nearly midnight.

Watchman McCusky and patrolman Dolan were called upon to investigate, but nothing unusual developed, as is generally the way in such cases when too many people are around. Spirits are a little choice of their exhibitions. Sounds were heard Monday evening, however. Two years ago stories of a similar nature to those now given, started about the same house, but the uneasy ghosts did not remain many nights at the haunted place, did not gain much publicity in the current rumors of the neighborhood as now.

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