

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

BY OLIVE

Through the Mediumship of

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

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PART II.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED

THE SONG OF THE DEVAS.

We are tender devas,
Dwelling in the shadow,
Dwelling in the darkness;
Bearing dreams, bearing visions.
No ill can we bring those
Who trust us while they sleep,
Who trust us while they waken,
When watch and ward we keep.

We are strong, bright devas,
Stars and beams of light
Bring we; in the morning
Bringing sunshine, bringing gladness,
Kissing lotus blossoms,
Opening all the flower-bells,
Opening lovely eyes that sleep
While ever watch and ward we keep.

The soft notes died away like a benediction. They left the laboratory and returned to the supper-room.

The telegram predicted by the unseen, yet palpable power, speaking through Mr. Moss, arrived while they were at supper, by special delivery, and read:

"MADRID, Sept. —, 18—
"I came here on a most momentous matter; your lordship's presence is absolutely necessary; come without delay. S. S."

YET TRUE.

That night Armand explained to Zelda, cautiously, about the telegram he had received from the rector of St. Mark's at Melville Manor, making the disaster seem as slight as possible, and adding: "We will telegraph that Lady Melville and her grandniece, and such attendants as she desires to have accompany her, shall come to us at once. You will write, darling, giving the invitation in a more personal way, and when you have news of her proposed a rival conveyances can be sent. You can go to the station and meet her."

"But I ought to fly to her at once," said Zelda. "Poor, dear mamma, she must be badly frightened and quite ill."

"Yes, darling, I had thought to have you go to London with me in the morning, and then you could have proceeded to the Manor while I attended to matters most pressing; but you were admonished, love, not to go to her—to have her come to you."

Zelda heard, heeded and obeyed.

"I have received the message of which he told me, and I must go beyond London. Darling, I may be gone several days. Do not feel lonely, do not think anything can happen to me, and when the tangled maze is unwound I will tell you all about it."

"Another absence," said Zelda. "Oh, my love, I cannot bear that you again go, even for a few days; but I must, I know I must."

Zulieka was awake when Armand left in the early morning, and heard out her arms imploringly to go with "ca-ca," as she insisted upon calling her papa, nor would she be comforted until "co-co" took her into the garden. "Co-co" was Hiejob's designation in her infant vocabulary.

Zelda was once more alone, for if Armand were absent she would be alone in the midst of a multitude.

A goodly company was left when the three went away on that autumn morning. Servants, attendants, maids—all superintended by the housekeeper and the butler; Hiejob, an independent quantity and number; many thoughts and musings concerning the revelations of the preceding night; many anxious feelings concerning Armand's journey "further than London," much to superintend and perform in fitting up a suite of rooms for Lady Melville's use—they must be sunny, cheerful, not too modern, not too ancient; a congregation of characters; Zulieka, the second dominant in Zelda's love song of life; the invisible host that guarded the Castle. Surely with all these presences Zelda was not alone.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Orphan.

MAUD MELVILLE.

No brighter nor more bonnie maid was there in all the country than the ward and grandniece of Lady Melville.

She had not been at the Castle a week before she had made herself a favorite with housekeeper, butler and servants, with Hiejob and the ayah, with gardeners and overseers, and even the stilled steward thought her a "charming young lady, but a bit of a hoyden, yer know."

Zelda wondered how so much gladness and sunshine could be crowded into one rather petite human form, and how so much brightness could have crept into the Castle when Armand was away.

Zulieka alone, with infantile perversity, did not seem attracted to Lady Maud Melville. There might have been a latent feeling or perception of possible rivalry which this babe monopolist detected, or fancied she did, or it might be that the different quality of personal atmosphere was not so pleasing to the infant "princess." For whatever reason, while Zulieka soon learned to welcome the dignified yet kindly face of Lady Melville, she utterly refused to be captivated with any of the winsome smiles and cheerful words and varying gestures of Lady Maud.

"Where did you manage to hide this bit of brightness and mirth when I was with you the long, long winter before Armand came, mamma dear?" asked Zelda of Lady Melville.

"Maud had not yet completed her studies, and that year she was not even home for the holidays, and you know, Zelda dear, how seldom we had a chance to talk together, you were so sad and I so preoccupied. I thought several times I would tell you about her, for she has been almost my only solace and comfort since Lord Melville died," sighed Lady Melville, in which sigh the penetrating and receptive listener might have detected just the faintest suggestion of relief.

"Perhaps you do not know—in fact, dear, I cannot see how you could have known, that between Lieutenant Melville, the father of Maud, and his uncle, Lord Melville, there was not the best understanding. They quarreled when Lord Melville (the captain) had command of his regiment in India. And when Lieutenant Melville died of fever contracted in India, his widow was too proud to make any concessions to the uncle who, she thought, had treated her husband unkindly and with injustice. I must confess I nearly wholly shared and sympathized with the views and feelings of the mother of Maud. I corresponded with her, and after her death took the dear little creature under my exclusive charge.

"Lord Melville, true to his family characteristics, never relented toward the little miss until just before his decease. He always talked of you, 'our Margaret's daughter,' as the only descend-

ant of our house, and asked me to write you, 'if she has a son, and Lord Montrose is willing, ask that our family name be one of his names.'"

Zelda was mentally cogitating what a pretty and proud title Armand Boe Melville Montrose would make, when Lady Melville continued:

"As I said, he never relented until about a month before his death, peace be with him, when he asked to have me send for her. She came home to us then, and has always passed every moment with me that could be spared from her studies. But now our home is destroyed, and I do not know what the future has in store for us."

Lady Melville was still weak from the effects of the shock her nerves received on the night of the fire. Zelda soothed her, and said, assuringly:

"We mean to keep you with us as long as you would stay, and sorry as I am for your loss, dear mamma, I cannot but feel quite grateful for the"—she was about to say fate or destiny, but recollected the religious severity of Lady Melville's faith—"Providence that has brought you to us."

"It was indeed a 'frowning providence,' but we must remember that He thus often hides a 'smiling face,'" sighed Lady Melville, looking more cheerful.

"You spoke of my loss, dear Zelda, but the loss is really yours, dear, for Lord Melville recognized you, and you only, as his heir; and beyond my dowry, which is all-sufficient, and a life-residence at the Hall, I have no control over the Manor nor the estates belonging thereto."

"But what of Maud?" asked Zelda, with deep interest in the orphan to whom she was related by ties of consanguinity. "Surely Lord Melville did not exclude her?"

"What could he do, dear? Most of his estates descend in a direct line. Had she been a son instead of a daughter it would have been different."

"These ancient laws are very perplexing and very cruel. I wonder if there is no way of evading them?" The latter part of the sentence was said softly, but Lady Melville had acute hearing for one of her age. She said:

"The laws of God and our country must be obeyed, my dear."

"But if the laws of the country are not in accordance with the laws of God, we must break or change them."

"Margaret herself speaking again," thought Lady Melville, wiser than she knew; then aloud she said: "You speak like your dear mother, child. Well enough for her and you, but I would not dare to speak so."

So dear Lady Melville entrenched herself behind her testament and psalms and prayer book. Zelda kissed her forehead, and went her busy and beautiful way.

Lady Maud was in the garden trying for the hundredth time within a week to win the smiles or one favorable glance from Zulieka. Nothing did she invoke but averted gaze, baby frowns, and, if pressed too closely by the joyous imperativeness of Lady Maud, the end was tears.

So she again must abandon her desired victory until another day.

Zelda joined them there, and made the crowning glory to the already beautiful picture: Hiejob diverting and entertaining the reconciled and happy baby; the ayah sharing his charge of Zulieka when needed; the English maid, with some useful needlework in her hands; Lady Maud, heated, baffled, yet rosy from the encounter with Zulieka.

"This proud little oriental 'princess' will not deign to make me one of her subjects, even though I bend in abject obedience before her," cried Lady Maud.

"I suppose like others of her sex, she is, as they are, accused of being capricious and, possibly, perverse. Let us try another method—of leaving her alone," suggested Zelda, and suiting the action to the word, after she had kissed the babe, who up to that time had been more than satisfied with the attentions of her lowly subjects, interlocked her arm in that of her "cousin," as she called Lady Maud, and walked away.

Let no one be deceived into supposing that this proceeding was acceptable to the wee despot. Either the mamma's kiss awakened a desire for more or babe Zulieka did not like to see mamma walk away with the (to the babe) stranger.

"You see we are all in bondage to this imperial princess," said Zelda, as soon as she was seated, and Zulieka was smilingly placed upon her knees and enfolded by her arms.

The babe stretched out her arms toward the sunshine and toward the avenue through which the carriages passed to and from the Castle, and said, "Ca-ca, ca-ca," asking for her papa in a most pleading voice, and Zelda noted a gaze, deep, far, as if of inner vision.

"She sees him, perhaps, and does not know that he is away," thought Zelda, her own experiences in that direction recurring vividly to her mind.

Already a sensitiveness to persons, objects, presences, was with the babe, and Zelda intently prayed that it might not be such as would cause her child to suffer too deeply when brought in contact with adverse or alien natures.

"Yet," mused Zelda, "this very sensitiveness is a guard and shield if one only understands and heeds."

Maud had thrown herself upon a rustic seat, and was reading a romance, as maidens are wont to do. She sat a little apart that her presence might not annoy the babe, who was now half asleep in Zelda's arms.

Maud was certainly a pretty girl, bright, vivacious, with brilliant English complexion; apple-blossoms and the pink of the hawthorne bloom; large brown eyes, and brown hair that fell in tangled ringlets all around her face and shoulders; a fair, round face; a confiding mouth. Zelda was obliged to decide that she could discover no cause for Zulieka's reluctance to become friends with a gentle suitor so pretty and winsome.

The glance of Zelda met that of Maud's, who never allowed an opportunity of studying Zelda's face to escape her.

The type of face and the type of woman (if indeed Zelda was not the only one of her kind) formed a revelation to Maud. She admired, worshiped her from afar.

There was only five years' difference in their ages, yet Maud seemed a child, and Zelda—well, there seemed to be ages of spiritual difference, something that antedates birth and precedes human experience.

"Dear grandmamma"—for Lady Melville had taught her to call her this from the first—"do you think Lady Zelda was an angel before she came here?" asked Maud.

"What an extraordinary question, even for you, Maudie dear. She is a very lovely and lovable being now. What she was we may not know," said Lady Melville.

"Just now, however, I have come to say the day is so fine, and there is no dampness, Lady Zelda asks us to have tea in the garden. You shall have six maids to attend you, two men servants to take your belongings, and I will be the herald to go on before you to prepare the way."

With gentle yet forcible persuasion Lady Melville was hurried into acquiescence by the impetuous maiden, who, if she ever made up her mind to capture the citadel of a masculine heart would certainly carry it by storm—a storm of restless and abundant cheerfulness, brightness and beauty.

Day by day Zelda ascertained the tastes, habits and wishes of her guests, always suggesting and providing, never intruding the things they were most likely to wish for—a saddle-horse for Lady Maud; a suitable carriage for Lady Melville; tempting things for the appetite of the latter, that had failed since the eventful night of the fire.

To Maud she said:

"You are free here to ride with or without saddle or bridle, with or without a groom; there are no restrictions placed upon you here, except not to break your neck, and not to go outside the park unless the groom or Prince is with you."

"Who is Prince?" asked Lady Maud, well-pleased with her privileges, and thanking Lady Zelda with looks more than words.

"The mastiff, who is the best guardian and protector you could

have, but he must know you and become acquainted with your commands."

Thus mounted on a horse finely bred and reared and trained, thus accompanied by the noblest and bravest and strongest of protectors, Lady Maud rode far and fast on many an autumn day, over hill and moor and wold, until all the cottagers knew her and prized her bright, rosy face and joyful smile.

"Oye, Ladie Maud is pretty and friendly," the cottagers were wont to say, "but the countess be the angel, after all."

THE HAWK SEES HIS PREY.

On his arrival in London Armand called upon Mr. Hawks, the junior manager of the East India Stock and Trust Company's bank, at his private office in the banking-house.

Mr. Hawks had anticipated this visit, and thought he detected an expression of ready acquiescence in the proposals and terms of the bank officials.

He was absolutely joyous as he bowed the Earl of Montrose to a seat, which the latter declined accepting.

"Mr. Hawks will kindly present my answer to the board of directors and officers when they meet. As I received the proposal in writing after my interview with you, Mr. Hawks, I have replied in writing."

He handed the papers to Mr. Hawks, who hastily glanced at the superscription, and found that he could not open them until the board was in session.

Armand noted his changed expression, how his expectancy shaded to disappointment and the glitter of greed died out of his eyes, as the Earl of Montrose bowed himself out of the presence of the junior manager.

Nor was the disappointment less intense, although borne with becoming dignity or with waggish banter, by the different members of the board, according to their temperaments and expectations, when Armand's answer was read.

"The Earl of Montrose appreciates the confidence expressed in his financial possessions and abilities, and the uniform courtesy he has received in his lifelong relations with the East India Stock and Loan Company's bank, and duly values the proposal that he become the sole owner of the banking department of that company, but he must decline, for reasons that are, to him, more than sufficient, this very important and flattering proposal."

Then Armand's reply proceeded briefly to recount his relations with the bank and the company, the discovery of the forged checks and certificates, and the position in which the latter had placed both the company and himself as a stockholding member and a depositor.

He then closed the very clear and impartial statement of the matter under consideration with the following concise paragraph:

"As we are all equally interested in seeing this matter cleared up, and that the ends of justice may be served, I propose that the whole matter be ventilated, that the law be allowed to take its course, and that the real culprit be brought to light, living or dead. To that end I retain Metcalf & Metcalf as my solicitors, with whom all communications relating to this matter may be made."

"Clearly he is not trying to screen his secretary," said one of the board.

"But how impossible to retain the relatives and successors of the former solicitor under the circumstances," said another.

"The fairy prince has spoiled my story, for I wanted my shawls for the waxes," said the impecunious young lord.

Full of excitement the board adjourned, full of excitement they met on the following evening, and for each successive night, trying to decipher the knotty problem:

How shall the law be allowed to take its course?"

Equally agitated were the members of the firm of Metcalf & Metcalf when Armand, calling there earlier than was his wont, presented to them papers announcing his position with the banking-house, their proposal and his answer.

"I now retain you as my solicitors in whatever action the board may take. You may call to your aid the highest legal advice on the queen's bench, and I would also add the names of two eminent Q. C.'s as your associates."

VULTURE MEETS VULTURE.

Mr. Hawks held many long conversations with Sharp. Both were greedy, hungry for the gold that they were sure was theirs if they could only bring the right pressure to bear.

Hawks had thought that the Earl of Montrose, rather than have scandal, rather than involve his late solicitor, his secretary and possibly others under his patronage, would purchase the bank, call in all the doubtful drafts and checks, make a new issue, and, possibly, retaining most or all of the old board, go on as before, while he—Hawks—would have a good £500,000 as his share of the spoils.

"But 'is lordship is very wary. He believes the bonny way to serve the heads of justice is to harrest that pale Mr.—Mr. Sphinx. If his lordship can be convinced 'e is guilty, he will purchase the bank, and pay large sums to hush matter hup. Hif 'e is innocent (which hi do not believe), then there is still much to gain in time."

"I cannot see how," said Hawks, but he had especial reasons for favoring the arrest of the secretary, who, however, was nowhere to be found.

"E's not in his hall the kingdom," said Sharp, "unless 'e's in London," for Sharp well knew that the most successful hiding-place for criminals, petty or great, was within ten miles of Scotland Yard.

"But the game is well worth the playing to the end," said Hawks. "Have your men well-placed. Keep them thoroughly posted. Do not let this fellow again escape us."

"We should 'ave taken this step before when 'e was 'ere," said Sharp, pompously including himself in the "we," much to the annoyance of Mr. Hawks, the banker. Still he made no protest, for now it would not do to offend Sharp.

THE VULTURES BEGIN.

No one had seen the secretary when he embarked from England, nor did anyone see Armand when he left London. Nor did anyone know when, ten days later, they both returned. After both had resumed their places, with the usual alertness and peripatety that accompanies that class to which he belonged, Sharp promptly notified his superiors, his superiors notified the bailiff, and the secretary was "discovered" and arrested when he was not making the slightest effort to prevent it, for Armand had said to him when they parted:

"If these cormorants have not already decided upon your arrest, I will see to it that they soon so decide. Keep yourself where they cannot miss you."

This very remarkable piece of advice was followed implicitly by the secretary, and he seemed to have the air of one anticipating a great triumph of some sort.

As soon as the news of the arrest, which was made in the private office of Mr. Hawks at the bank, was known, Armand, after due deliberation, offered to be responsible for the bail.

The amount was the largest that the uttermost limit of the law required, and Armand unhesitatingly pledged himself for the full amount, which the Court accepted without the slightest reluctance, and with no little astonishment, as from the nature of his relations with the bank he was one of the prosecutors—in fact, he should have been the principal prosecutor, but he was not.

The time fixed for the preliminary examination was one week from the date of the arrest.

The appearance of the Earl of Montrose, in company with his private secretary, the young man charged with complicity in the forgeries that had now become the theme of public gossip and newspaper comment, of pages of correspondence and speculations without end, afforded another fruitful theme of conversation. Yet many said: "Until the secretary is proven guilty, it is very fair-minded in the Earl of Montrose to deem him nominally innocent."

Others said it denoted that the Earl of Montrose was sure of the young man's innocence, and still others argued, "he probably knows the secretary is guilty, and wishes to show that he is willing to give him the last chance, the rope thrown to a drowning man."

How far the judgments of men are from the real truth in such matters the sequel will show.

Nor did it simplify matters that the Earl of Montrose retained Metcalf & Metcalf as his solicitors, with such eminent Q. C.'s as could act with them in all matters pertaining to this "unfortunate affair."

Throughout the whole not one word of reproach was breathed or written against the honorable name of the Earl of Montrose, except it be a reproach to be called "too magnanimous," "generous to an unparalleled degree," "lenient," "kind," "charitable."

Stern sticklers for public morality, "law-abiding citizens," might condemn as weakness the very strength of Armand's nature.

The secretary was to remain in the house in Belgravia under the gentlemanly espionage of Mr. Archibald Metcalf, and a gentleman chosen by the directors of the bank, while Sharp, or his deputy, kept guard on the outside, wishing a thousand times that he could penetrate within the walls of the mansion and see what the accused was doing.

"Such still game hare so very sly," quoth he to himself. "I would not be surprised hif 'e was forgin' his own pardon now in case 'e's condemned."

Wise was Sharp, and wise was Mr. Hawks, who took occasion to see Sharp each time the latter was off duty, to caution him against allowing the bird to escape from his hand again.

A totally unnecessary precaution, as Sharp had eyes on all sides of his head (to say nothing of the dimensions of his ears), and when he was necessarily absent a double guard took his place.

Armand had time to go to Montrose and calm Zelda's anxious fears, to give Lady Melville his hospitable greeting and sympathy; to be introduced to Lady Maud, whom he thought decidedly pretty, but concerning whom he shared Zulieka's causeless aversion, an aversion which he was happily able to overcome in manner.

He visited the mining districts and manufacturing villages. He gave Shackles work enough to keep him busy and prevent him from stirring up further outbursts among the men.

To the credit of the lady, be it forever said, that not one word of Armand's instructions concerning Shackles ever was heard outside the rooms in which their "unions" were held, nor one word of distrust or doubt of the good faith of the Earl of Montrose concerning them.

"Now that I find all is so peaceable and bright here among the people, I return to London with a much lighter heart," said Armand. "But you, Zelda darling, look a little worn. I pray you do not keep vigil for me. Come to me, darling, as is your wont, in spirit, and I, in sleep, will give you aid. When I return, the experiences that I shall have to relate to you will transcend all your paradoxes about the 'impossible' usually being true."

"My love," said Zelda, "I have been with you among strange scenes and in another land. Whether we both went in spirit or whether I followed you there you must tell me on your return, when I relate to you my visions or dreams. Our darling babe saw you, too, for she held out her arms in the direction from whence you would come, and called you twice. She is becoming very quaint, I assure you, and does very droll things; besides, she absolutely refuses to become on friendly terms with our pretty cousin Maud."

"Strange coincidence," whispered Armand.

Zelda, half hearing, half divining his remark, said: "I believe you are justifying our daughter in her inhospitable and unreasonable caprice."

"But one's likes and dislikes cannot be governed; and infants are fortunately more favored, for they are not required by social usage and etiquette to conceal their real feelings," said Armand.

"I have often thought," added Zelda, "that the usual society of the world is made up of one-half hypocrisy and the other half heartache."

"A most generous estimate," replied Armand, "for although I am no cynic, I would have said at least three halves of the former."

"I am very glad I am not in the fashionable world, my love, for see what an estimate you have of those who are there," said Zelda, half reproachfully.

"No, I do not say all the people are hypocrites, but such is the composition of society as a whole that no one can be ingenuous."

"Is society as a whole worse than its parts or members?" asked the penetrating Zelda.

"Yes, for society makes its average toward the lowest, and the highest share the taint of the whole. You in fashionable society, Zelda! In it you might move as an angel of light; of it you could never be unless society were composed of the saints in paradise."

"Now my argument is gone, and my lips are made mute by this loving and partial praise," said Zelda, her real humility making her look down, while Armand drew closer and said:

"In testimony whereof I hereunto affix my seal," as he kissed her lips and tore himself from her presence.

"Now for the vultures; since we must needs leave our dove-cote, let us not go unarmed." This was said to himself.

Securing the papers to which the latter portion of the sentence referred, he was again whirled away to London.

THE PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.

Almost as formidable, equally important as the real trial, is the examination that precedes the finding of an indictment; for in that court of inquiry there is to be shown on the part of the prosecution cause why a bill of indictment should be found against the accused, and there is to be shown cause on the part of the defendant why such a bill should not be found.

The preliminary arrangements were completed. The counsel, for the prosecution were there in full force, as was every officer director and many of the stockholders of the bank and of the East India Stock and Loan Company.

Metcalf & Metcalf were present, with eminent Q. C.'s, to look after the interests of the Earl of Montrose.

The defendant alone had no legal representative, and appeared to be wholly without counsel.

The Court was about to appoint some one, when the defendant arose, and, addressing the bench, said:

"Your Honor, may it please the Court, as I understand it is perfectly compatible with the common law of England, I will act as my own legal adviser and counsellor."

There was some delay caused by the legal advisers of the prosecution.

And still further delay when the Court desired the full name of the defendant, which was given with a charming oriental pronunciation:

"Seon Jaavannah Rajahetti Spyx."

The age was then required.

"Twenty-six years, your honor."

"Place of nativity?" Every one was surprised as the reply came distinctly, and with peculiar incisiveness:

"London."

"Have you a certificate of birth?" This extraordinary request was made because the Court had almost hoped that the reply would have been that the pale young man was born in Bombay or Ceylon, or somewhere beyond the jurisdiction of this court.

It remained to be seen even now whether the offense of which the defendant was accused was not really committed in India, and if so whether the trial should not take place there in the colonial court instead of here.

But all this could only be determined by allowing the proceedings to go on.

The counsel for the prosecution then brought forward the line of circumstances on which the suspicion and accusation rested.

Mr. Spyx was in the closest personal relations with the Earl of Montrose; had absolute charge of all his financial papers; receipted and recorded every draft, check and other paper upon which money could be received. Had been to London on the private business of the Earl of Montrose, and had become fully acquainted with the methods of the banking house connected with the East India Stock and Loan Company.

A history was here given of the bank and company bearing the above title.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1893

The Octopus Squirming.

A special to the Chicago Tribune from Montreal, Quebec, states that a great commotion has been stirred up there. A pamphlet entitled "Clerical Rule," which is being circulated there, is creating a great sensation among civil as well as ecclesiastical circles. It is certainly the most daring attack on the Catholic hierarchy of the Dominion that has ever been published in the province of Quebec, and is written by the best of the younger element of French-Canadian writers, such as M. Sauvalle, late editor of *La Patrie*, and M. Filiatrault, editor of the *Canada Revue*, both well-known journalists. The pamphlet contains sixteen chapters, each devoted to a different phase of the church question. It starts out with a bitter attack on the Jesuit order, which the writers accuse of being responsible for the great exodus of French-Canadians to the United States, on account of the intolerable burden of religious taxation. Another chapter, devoted to mysticism and chastity, refers to the immense legacies the church has accepted from fast women and bad characters. It gives a number of instances of the temptations priests and female parishioners are exposed to by communication through the confessional, and complains of the laxity of control on the part of the higher church authorities. In the little catechism, as it is called, young girls have indecency suggested to them by the matter contained in it.

The pamphlet complains of the terrorism exercised by the clergy, and their grasping for riches, and states that there is more money in the ecclesiastical treasury of Quebec than in all the banks in Canada. The pamphlet concludes: "The time to use force has not yet come, but the only way to emancipate ourselves is to use their own quarrels amongst one another, to throw off the burden of iniquity which is crushing us down." The pamphlet will, of course, probably be condemned by the church.

The New Bible.

W. D. Riehnor, of Philadelphia, Pa., likes our "New Bible," because it is in touch with twentieth century progress, is free from the spirit and practice of cruelty and hate, and is full of humane sympathy with our kind—so different from the spirit and exclusiveness of the old Bible. It is a "bible up to date," partaking of the advanced spirit of the living present rather than the lower conceptions of a semi-barbarous dead past. In some future day, when man shall have ascended still higher in the highway of spiritual progress, a still better bible will be written, to correspond with the higher and better spiritual development of the people. The Bible of Humanity—the Bible of Spiritualism—is a Progressive Bible.

Hence it is that new translations of the old Bible, retaining its old-time conceptions of deity and God—retaining the old-time spirit of narrow exclusiveness; of revenge, hate, cruelty, destructiveness—must fail to meet the higher and nobler aspirations of the more enlightened and spiritualized man of the present day. There is in it a spiritual anachronism—it is not in spiritual adaptation to the well-progressed man of the present age. Its moral and spiritual—as well as theological concepts, are behind the times.

A really true spiritual bible must always be up abreast with the foremost—and ever leading the average spiritualist of man. While THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER lives it will—as we hope, intend and trust—continue to furnish in its columns a continuous, ever-improving, ever-progressing, ever-New Bible.

An Epidemic of Heresy.

What mean these numerous trials for heresy, all over the country, and among all denominations? Is skepticism rampant in the churches, and are we on the eve of a general rupture? It looks that way. The old proverb has it: "Slander, like chickens, comes home to roost." The Sunday closing agitation has been a wonderful educator. If the schemes of the usurpers shall be successful, and the great Fair shall be closed against the laborer for educational purposes, then "stand firm, and for something will drop, and it will not be the advocate of enlarged knowledge.

James Riley of Marcellus, Mich., was in the city last week holding seances. We hear nothing but praise of his wonderful luminalistic powers.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S
MYSTICAL NUMBERS
THE FOLLOWING MYSTICAL NUMBERS MAY, WHEN RIGHTLY UNDERSTOOD PRODUCE MONEY, KNOWLEDGE AND HAPPINESS. SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER AT ONCE AND LEARN THEIR INTERIOR MEANINGS, AS FINALLY EXPLAINED. AND YOU WILL BE MADE WISER THERE BY.



MYSTICAL NUMBERS

19996	19995	19994
19993	19992	19991
19990	19989	19988
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Are You Satisfied

tion will be often heard from during the year.

