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SCIENCE, MORALITY,
SUPPLEMENTED
BY AN EXALTED
THE BIBLE OF
THE FUTURE.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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

CHICAGO, APRIL 8, 1893.

NO. 176



A Catholic thanking God that clairvoyants and seers have to pay a license in Ohio. He has gained an important point! He would like to have them all consigned to "h—ll." He is devoutly thankful that the Spiritualists papers in Ohio did not sound the alarm.

TOO BAD! TOO BAD!

Ohio and its Obnoxious Law.

We reproduce the following from our last week's edition:

TO THE EDITOR:—Enclosed you will find a bill that has been presented to our Legislature and passed both houses, and only awaits the Governor's signature to become a law at this present writing. Please read it carefully over, and let your many bright minds in this so-called free country, which read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, see what party affiliations and men of Mr. Burch's type will do for a free country. I think I can look back in the shadow of this infamous bill and see the great octopus, as you call it, coiled around the staff of America's boasted flag, ready to strike any one, and disfranchise the poorest people of all their rights, under the guise of reform. Please give it a place in your paper, and oblige one who loves liberty under the law and under the flag. Again I ask you to publish it, that all your readers may be fully informed.

W. S. CLEMENS.
60 W. 8th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

The bill to which Mr. Clemens alludes contains thirty-two sections, one of which is as follows:

"Astrologers, fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, palmists and SEERS shall pay a license of \$200 per annum."

The bill has undoubtedly ere this become a law and applies to all cities of the first grade of the second class. All mediums are clairvoyants or seers, hence will have to pay \$200 license whenever residing in certain cities. This section of the bill we think might possibly have been easily defeated, had not the Spiritualist papers of Ohio been suffering from an unpardonable degree of sleepiness. In the future THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will have a special representative at the Ohio capital who will closely watch the bills introduced, and who will sound the alarm when anything is contained in any of their sections inimical to the best interests of Spiritualism. Our artist, originally an Ohioan, feels deeply grieved that mediums must get out a license in that State, and has manifested his displeasure by several illustrations that appeared in our first page.

It asked me, "Should a man please in his of-
belam Kne-
die of a trid-
to on a p-
me ne the approval of others to your
to me to carry the as, not to be carried
control. The great men, the saints and
per minies and reformers, the makers of
me thiry and benefactors of mankind,
e not content to please others—that
Hello, accept the received opinions and
dred this conform to the hoary traditions.—G.
where I Curtis.

a biggok up and behold the eternal fields
the while. Light that lie round about the throne
led. Had no star ever appeared in
in cholicism
spagated to no heavens; and he would have
himself down to his last sleep in a
rit of anguish, as upon a gloomy
th vaulted over by a material arch
old and impervious.—Carlyle.



I am a seer, and I live in Ohio, yet I cannot exercise my divine gifts there without paying \$200 for a license. My God-like gifts are thus placed on a level with those of the hack driver and apple vender.

FREEDOM VS. SYSTEM.

Mission of the New Dispensation.

An Encouraging Outlook.

HERESY TRIALS—A WONDERFUL REMEDY—THE FOOL OF A NEWSPAPER—THE OCCULT BOOK—SCHIAPIARELLI, THE ASTRONOMER.

BY COL. R. T. VAN HORN.

For some weeks (says Col. R. T. Van Horn, in the *Kansas City Journal*) these Sunday mentions have been devoted to the newer discoveries and progress in science and their effect upon thinking, giving to the religious, ethical and occult, a rest, so to speak. But the activity in this field has been unabated and several points have been made very prominent. A revolt has taken place in the orthodox world against any more heresy trials, and we have probably seen about the last of these farces. The question as to which, the shadow of the old moon or that of the new moon, is the better or the deeper, is no longer a vital one for weak eyes. Nor is it any longer a question whether a complimentary ticket to paradise should be counter-signed by a medieval, a subsequent or a recent agent. This age simply decides that it is not a vital question—so you get there being the practical one. We must be excused for this seeming irreverent way of presenting the matter, for there is everything in the way you present a thought. A thousand bubbles are dissipated by a plain setting out in common, everyday language. For example, the doctor writes a prescription telling you to take the extract of ricinus communis, and you are elated at the prospect of the wonderful remedy, but when somebody tells you it is only castor oil you get back to earth again. So it is with the most of our theology, science and philosophy. Strip the professors of their terminology and you put them in the hands of a receiver. But this is parenthesis again—though sometimes the best parts of a discourse are its parentheses.

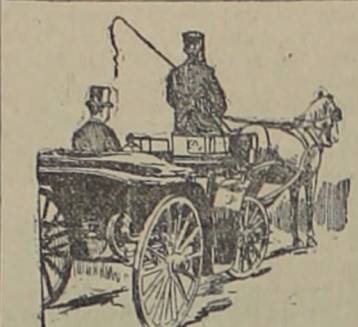
There is no better place to judge of the intense activity of the popular mind in new directions than in the foils of a newspaper. Were we to respond to every request made to touch on this topic or that event, the *Journal* would have no room for news or advertisements, though a triple issue was made every Sunday. And so our friends must allow us to keep on in the form of simple reference to or review of the most representative things. It would astonish the finished thinker to go into a modern bookstore and see the contents of the shelves and hear the inquiries made by buyers. The "occult" is now the rage, or the fad, as the disgusted antiquarian in thought will style it. And this very fact has led to an abuse that must run its day.

It is no uncommon thing to have some one say to you: "Oh, have you read so-and-so-the latest occult book out?" And when you get it, it turns out to be a thing made to order for the trade, by some one who has no more idea of occultism than a monkey has of the multiplication table. Occult books sell. Certain people write books for a living. The bookseller wants a book to meet the popular demand, and he gives an order to the maker to supply one. It is written to order as the maker may imagine, and the shallow reader is treated to an equally shallow production. This sort of occultism is not what we mean by the term at all.

The most important event in the oc-



Stopping his back to read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, he learns that seers are to be licensed in Ohio. He is gratified, that, like him, they are to be licensed.



Taking the guest of a hotel in Ohio to a seer who pays \$200 license.



All the mediums have left the city on account of the new license, and I have nothing to do.

cult line since we referred to the subject before is the report of a committee of scientific men in Italy, who have been for a series of years conducting experiments, investigating certain occult phenomena occurring with and in the presence of a woman of Naples, named Eusapia Paladino, wife of a carpenter. The committee consisted of Schiaparelli, the astronomer whose discoveries as to the canals of Mars have made such a widespread interest in astronomic science; with him were associated such men as Carl du Prel, doctor of philosophy, of Munich; Cesare Lombroso, professor of medicine, Turin; Angelo Brofferio, professor of physics in the royal school of agriculture, Portici; G. B. Ermacora and Giorgio Flaxi, doctors of physics. These investigators, among them some of the leading specialists of Europe, made their report, which for the present purpose may be summed up in their "first statement," which is as follows: "That in the circumstances given, none of the manifestations obtained in a move or less intense light could have been produced by any artifice whatever." These investigations were had at Milan, the woman being induced to go there before the committee by Professor Aka-kow, counselor of the Russian empire, who had seen her at her home in Naples.

This is, perhaps, the most exhaustive investigation ever undertaken by so many eminent men of science, and their report may be taken as conclusive as to the happening of what they record. Their integrity is beyond question and their ability is beyond impeachment. The importance of this is not in its newness, but in its corroboration of the possibility of the widespread phenomena so well known for more than forty years. It is time now that a step forward should be made by the intelligent world in this respect. The doctors for a hundred years hooted at mesmerism, and now want the world to make it unlawful for its discoverers and promoters to employ it or use the power disclosed. And the danger is now that the theologians will crowd into the occult domain and ask the sword once more to guarantee to them its interpretation. For the time has come when an intelligently educated mind can no longer deny the facts disclosed and maintain the respect of intellectual people. William Crookes, Camille Flammarion, Giovanni Schiaparelli, Carl du Prel, Cesare Lombroso and Louis Pasteur are names that science is more indebted to today than any other six that can be selected from her ranks, and their frank and recorded endorsement of the existence of these occult forces and their intelligence can no more be questioned than can their statements as to facts in material science. The two must go together on the testimony of the same witnesses.

And now what? We referred last week to the change in ethical concepts that must necessarily follow the impending changes in our knowledge as to cosmogony, and they will be but partial compared with those to come when these facts declared by Schiaparelli and his associates are accepted to be facts in nature. But the two are not antagonistic; on the contrary they are in perfect harmony. And why? Because while life is demonstrated to be continuous it is found to be concerned with and using natural or planetary forces and media to express itself, as it did when a thing of objective or tangible existence. Or, in other words: As it used its own body to manifest or express itself in this life, it uses a body to do so in its continued life in another condition of existence. So its relationship to its nature, is not changed at all, r



I am your mother, Light of Truth, and why didn't you oppose that bill, which compels mediums to pay a license? Henceforth, my bad boy, you shall be called a "Candle Dip." You, my recalcitrant child, are hardly worthy of a better name. Spank! Spank!! Spank!!! You, my pretentious boy, should have sounded the alarm! You claim to be the leading boy of the whole United States.—Spank! Spank!! You have only led, however, like a calf's tail.



Resting while reading that clairvoyants and seers are to be taxed in Ohio like himself.

law under which it is, but only the state or condition. Nature in planetary life gives us the sign of the insect family—as in the butterfly.

But our purpose is not to traverse this fact at all—for that is now past questioning in the intelligent world, but to speculate, if that word suits best, as to the effect of all these newer facts on thinking and on the ethics of the future. That a change is to come is inevitable; in fact, it is here already, and only inertia and professionalism have to be allowed time to get out of the way. The danger is just what we have pointed out as to mesmerism, or the hypnotism of scientific bigotry. Somebody must teach some body else, and—be paid for it. And this element will seize upon these new facts, as it has done for ages, and seek to make a system of them. And then we will have as many schools as we now have sects. What is a sect? Simply a con-sorting together of people who take a special view of a common book, claimed to contain the teachings of Jesus. Now, Jesus found the same things in his day. The Pharisees, Sadducees, etc., were only sects differing about the construction of a common authority. So has it been with science, philosophy, law, everything. Whenever you try to establish a "system" you begin to breed dogmas, and these breed bigots, and bigots breed persecution, and so to the dreary round of the ages proceed.

The one thing these new facts teach, aside from their intrinsic truth, is that all claim to teach by authority is quackery *per se*. Is there anything in nature that one man knows that another, or the other man, may not know? A man learns a trade, but who ever thinks of the apprentice when he becomes his own man following blindly the methods of his instructor? What sort of shoes, coats and hats would we have to-day if the shoemaker, tailor or hatter of the tenth or sixteenth century had been literally followed until now? And why allow the creed-makers of that age to clothe our minds to-day any more than the others the body? Just think for a moment, and you will never allow the thing to bother you any more. The whole trouble comes from habit—call it heredity, inertia, education—or want of it—or what you may, this system has been the shackle on mental freedom and progress, and it is just in degree that it has been disregarded that human progress is measured.

For example: Electricians, so-called, are standing open-eyed in wonder over the demonstrations of Tesla, because he shows that it is universal, and that space is charged with it. It is 150 years since people were using the Leyden jar as a toy, to produce electricity. Franklin was a thinker, and he sent up a kite demonstrating that it was an element, and not a thing to be generated. Yet the system went on, and even yet the discovery of Franklin is not utilized as the governing fact in electrical science. And so with Newton's gravity, Darwin's evolution, and Mesmer's fluid and the power that uses it. System, system, system, has very nearly choked the life out of all of them.

And as it has been in science, so has it been in ethics. These now called occult phenomena are as old as the race, because they are part of human life, yet system has kept the race from a knowledge of itself for all these ages. But we are just beginning to find out that other peoples had a knowledge of them, and we are searching for their heart of thought in connection with it. At once we run into the rut of eye-ence we have Theosophy, Christianity, and Spiritualism as systems of what is an element of life, or



I will go to a state where seers are not taxed. Fare-well, Ohio.



As a clairvoyant, with God-like gifts, describing your spirit friends, I must either leave Ohio, or pay a license the same as the Italian peddler.

life, instead of letting the fact of this life govern our systems. So some people ask the doctor, some the preacher, some the lawyer, and some the spirit, what they shall do or think or believe. It is all the old habit of hunting up somebody to tell us how to live, instead of being our own masters.

Here is the mission of the new dispensation—to convince mankind that each must be their own savior—that their condition in life, whether that life is in a body or out of a body, is under their own control, subject only to the law of nature, and that in both each will be just exactly what they make themselves to be. The logic that people talk so much about is that life is a thing of growth, progress and development—that it is mental, and that it will grow in knowledge in the body and out of it—and just as we desire it to grow, or make it to grow. That old fable of the teamster and Hercules is the everlasting law—the gods help those who help themselves. If these investigations of Schiaparelli and his associates prove anything, it is that the life out of the body is natural and in kind as it is in it—and that the best way to get at how to live is to find out what life is. It needs no ghostly counselor, no pilot to show the way, no system to badger you with its definitions, dogmas and limitations, but do simply as is done in all other things in life—follow your nose and look to where and how you set your feet. The knowledge of the continuity of life has come to the practical man of the nineteenth century, has come to stay, and will be utilized, as all other discoveries in nature have been—practically, and for the benefit of the man instead of the system.

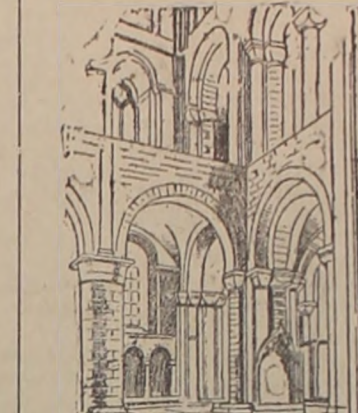
Congratulatory.

C. H. Mathews, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, writes:

"I congratulate Dr. T. Wilkins upon his travesty upon legislation to suppress free thought, and expression of the same in regard to religion. It is about time that Spiritualists and Free Thinkers should assert their rights under the federal constitution, and demand the taxation of all church property, and of all schools except those which are non-sectarian, and object to the payment of army and navy chaplains. We must prepare to fight the aggressions of the Catholics in their attempts to Christianize the free schools in the United States of America. 'Civil and religious liberty,' the 'complete divorce of church and state,' should be our watchwords."

But what is Mr. Mathews' opinion of his own State? Should not the Spiritualists there feel just a little ashamed that they allowed an odious bill to be passed licensing mediums, charging each one \$200 for the privilege of exercising God-given gifts, and that, too, when two pretentious Spiritualist publications are in the State? Is it not about time that Spiritualists generally should keep wide awake and fight resolutely all obnoxious laws?

Whatever is against right reason no faith can oblige us to believe. For though reason is not the positive and affirmative measure of our faith, and our faith ought to be larger than our reason, and take something into her heart that reason can never take into her eye, yet in all our creed there can be nothing against our reason. If reason justly contradicts an opinion, it is not of the household of faith.—Jeremy Taylor.



This spiritual temple will be closed, until the odious law taxing mediums is repealed. Ohions, take notice!



You had better pass right through Ohio, my dear mediums. If you remain here you will have to pay \$200 for a license.

"WAIT FOR ME, MARY!"

Maithers' Fate Foretold by a Trusted Spirit.

Went Out with the Tide.

A STORY OF THE FLOOD AT WHITE BEAR ISLAND.

In the life of every person, says the *Inter Ocean*, no matter how skeptical, some unexplained supernatural force will present itself, leaving a deep impression on the mind, and I, who once ridiculed the idea of second sight or forewarnings, am forced to admit that there are things in this world that cannot be accounted for by reason or philosophy.

In the year 1863 I took charge of the Excelsior Flouring Mill at White Bear Island, Nevada. It was a pretty place, on a rapid stream, with a deep gully lying on its other side, that in high water became a rushing, boiling river, leaving the hill where the buildings stood a complete island.

Here, also, was a dwelling-house occupied by John Douglass, the proprietor of three mills in that vicinity—a man of wealth, but an invalid. His family consisted of a wife and daughter named Gladys (one of the purest and sweetest girls a man ever knew), besides the servants or help necessary to a well-ordered household.

Several of the mill-hands, myself among the number, boarded with the Douglass family, and we were a friendly group when we gathered in the parlor of an evening to read magazines and books and talk politics, as young folks are fond of doing.

I grew to like all of the boys, but among them none interested me like William Maithers. He was a man of about forty years, with a pale face and light-blue eyes that were forever wandering beyond you after something in the distance. His work was usually in my mill, and I had an opportunity to study him closely. I soon found that he believed in supernatural agencies, and sometimes fell into a trance, in which he imagined he held communication with another world.

He was strangely affected by trifling things. The cry of a wild dove would hush his voice and bring tears to his eyes, and he assured me with great solemnity that "them blessed little creatures brought messages from the dead to the living, sometimes of comfort, and sometimes of warning." "I've got a sister-a-watchin' me from the great city beyond the clouds, Archie," he said seriously, "and the doves always seem to be talking about her when they coo. You see, we was toddlers together, Mary and I, and father and mother died when we was small. When she was nineteen and I was twenty-two she went with consumption. Bein' alone in the world we were mighty close together, and before she left she promised me that she would stand by me till I got my ticket of leave and followed her. It wasn't a common promise, Archie; it was a solemn vow, an' she's keepin' it day by day, an' year by year."

A SISTER'S WARNING.

"When I have them spells of mine she comes to me. She warned me of the Indians when I was in camp on the mountains, an' the rest of the fellows laughed at me; but I got away from that place, and two days after there wasn't

one of 'em left to laugh again. The reds swooped down on 'em an' scalped the whole lot!"



Hurra! Thank the holy Virgin and the Pope that those vile mediums are to be taxed in Ohio.



As a medium—a seer—I shall not pay a license to exercise my divine gifts. Never! Ohio, good-bye.

one of 'em left to laugh again. The reds swooped down on 'em an' scalped the whole lot!"

"Then she came to me at the Big Butte mines and told me of trouble never went down again; but she did was buried alive. I'm livin' now, sorter dependin' on her know the old sayin', 'three out' It strikes me, that, havin' danger twice, she only has to come more an' then it'll be the final."

His face glowed with intense feeling as he said this, and though I believed it a delusion, I knew that to him it was very real.

A short time after this confidential talk the January rains set in, and we were unusually busy with custom work. The river was rising, and a small stream began to find its way down the gully. Maithers and I stopped at our mill till midnight, when we were relieved by two of the boys, who kept it running until morning.

One gloomy night I noticed that he was more than usually abstracted, and seemed to go about his work as if his limbs had but little strength to move. I had been writing in the dusty little office off the main part of the building, and had just arisen from my chair to stir the miserable fire that spluttered in the stove, when the grating of the machinery told me that Maithers was not attending to his business. I went hurriedly out and spoke to him, but he was standing with his back toward me, gazing out of a window into the darkness and the falling rain, as motionless as if he was a part of the mill.

Grasping my lantern, I walked around him to look into his face. His muscles were rigid, and every nerve was strained to its utmost tension. The pupils of his eyes were dilated as if his fascinated gaze was drinking in some panorama faster than his brain could master its meaning, while his trembling body was bent forward and swayed slightly to and fro, as if moved by mechanical skill.

I had often laughed at him when his clairvoyance was mentioned, and had felt great curiosity to see him in one of his spells, but a strange feeling took possession of me, and I must confess that I was nervous and excited. The appearance of the man held an inexplicable charm for me, and I was drawn slowly forward toward the immovable body till I was gazing directly into the eyes that seemed to pass through me into vacancy.

The wind had grown fierce, and was wailing a dirge about the blackened eaves and rafters of the great mill, and the clock began to strike twelve. It was an old-fashioned timepiece with a cathedral gong, and I counted its measured strokes till the last one died away. Then I aroused myself, and placed my hand on the man's shoulder.

THE MYSTERIOUS DOVE.

"Wake up, Will," I cried, shaking him gently, but he did not heed me. "Maithers," I continued, in a louder voice, "Come out of this! Our time is up, and the boys are coming to relieve us!"

His muscles relaxed, and his mouth twitched convulsively, and his face grew paler and more ghastly. His eyelids closed for a half moment, then he raised them and stretched out both arms.

"Wait for me, Mary," he called, in a clear, eager tone. I heard a fluttering sound against the window-panes, and looking in that direction, I saw a snow white dove, apparently trying to escape from the tempest and darkness without. In all my life I had never seen a bird so beautiful, and I rushed to the window to

Continued on 9th page

ZULIEKA

A CHILD OF TWO WORLDS

BY OLIVE

Through the Mediumship of

MRS. CORA L.V. RICHMOND.

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PART II.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED

"As he was born within sound of Bowbells, and, of course, baptized there, what can he be but a Christian of the Church of England?"

At the same time Lady Maud recollected the fact that she had never once in the three years of their acquaintance heard him make any profession of faith or belief, and she had never questioned him, nor thought about it. And what amazed Maud still more was the recollection that she had never heard Lady Melville ask the young man any question concerning his religious convictions.

Together they had attended service at the little chapel near Montrose Abbey, together they had listened with rapt attention whenever the dean (the Right Rev. Mr. Makepeace) had officiated, and together they would probably be compelled to listen to the dolorous voice of Mr. Sleeper when they came home to live in the parish blessed (?) by his ministrations, and this reflection was, I fear, the only possible shadow upon the very bright picture of the future.

CHAPTER XIX.

Found at Last.

"LITTLE BROWN JOE."

Hiejoh had gone to India.

In one of those mysterious moods that ever indicated that the spirit of prophecy was upon him, he had appeared before Armand and Zelda, obedient, full of desire to serve, but also full of some-what of deepest import.

"It is important, my lady and my master, that I go to the land from whence we came. The time has expired in which many things were to be fulfilled. If I go not the omens declare a lack of faithfulness on my part," and Hiejoh bowed with dignity.

"We never question you, Hiejoh, nor doubt your heavenly missions, however they may be veiled from our sight. Can we aid you? Do you go on our behalf? Will you need money or letters?" All this was said by Zelda, who never saw Hiejoh so luminous with the Inner Light as now.

"I go in obedience to the Voice and Light that I must ever follow. Will my master empower me to act for him in any way that may be necessary, and if means are required to draw on him for the amount needed?"

"Most unhesitatingly; all I possess I would trust in your hands," replied Armand.

"And will my lady give me one little lock of her golden hair, and one of the dark silken circlets of the Princess Zulieka, to bear me company on my way?"

"You could not ask for anything in my power to give that I would not grant," said Zelda, with deep feeling. "What you are to us there is no term in language that can express; earth has not coined a word that would convey in the smallest degree the meaning of the tie that binds us to you, and you to us, Hiejoh."

"The wonders of the universe seem to have been laid at your feet, and you, wisely dispensing them according to our needs, have been our pilot, our friend, our shield, our protection, our mysterious guide," said Zelda, sobbing.

"Nay, my lady and my master, I but serve. The King of Kings commands through His hosts. I shall see you soon again, my lady, my master," and Hiejoh went his way to prepare.

What he said to Zulieka, who was now ten years of age, and perfectly able to keep her own counsel, she never revealed; but it must have been something of a very solemn import, for all that day, and many another day thereafter, she never spoke of Hiejoh, who had ever served her as if he were born to be her slave; but Zelda and Armand knew that the thoughts of the little maid were sadly following him on his far voyage to the sunny land.

"Did not she, who so loved the sunshine and all things bright, wish she were also going?"

"Little Brown Joe has gone!"

The words were passed from mouth to mouth, from village to village, until it became known among all the people that the ubiquitous, ever useful, ever commanding, all-knowing little being whom the people had learned to love with a sturdy affection, and to whom they had given a name of their own expressing endearment and recognition, had gone away.

Yes, he was gone.

"And what can the Earl of Montrose do without his right hand?" said one.

"Oye, an' his feet, too?" said another.

"An' his head? For it his not so simple as some have kenned."

"An' my lady will miss him sorely," said the sympathizing women.

"But little Lady Zulieka, the dream-child, will she live without Little Brown Joe?"

Whether he went for business or pleasure; whether the time would be long or brief; whether the Earl of Montrose had sent him on some mission in which he alone could be trusted, no one could tell.

Since even Armand and Zelda did not know, could not even conjecture the nature of his visit, how could others be able to do so?

Hiejoh had endeared himself to the people in many ways. He had performed his tricks of Indian jugglery for the benefit of the church bazaar; he had amused all the children for miles around with his games and exhibitions of acrobatic art; he had been the confidential messenger, agent and general superintendent between Armand and all the managers and overseers of the various estates and interests. He ever assumed to be the servant, ever placing the particular manager or overseer to whom messages or communications were sent in a position and as personages superior to himself in the opinion of the Earl of Montrose. He carried out, without the knowledge of any of those in charge of affairs that he was the moving impulse, the wishes of his master to the letter; and he succeeded even better than Armand, whose success in that direction was almost perfect, in showing to the people that the Earl of Montrose was their friend, brother and fellow-worker, a strong, wise and beneficent helper, who was intent upon aiding them to overcome the disabilities of their position, and who, more than all things else, wished them to aid him in overcoming the strong ancient barriers that had been placed between him and them.

At all the labor meetings, at the clubs and co-operative halls, at social "teas" and country fairs, universal was the regret for the departure of "Little Brown Joe."

Hiejoh, the helper, the far-seeing, the far-searching spirit, immured in his diminutive but wonderful body, had gone.

He bore two official papers from Armand:

An unqualified power of attorney to act for him in any legal or business matter.

An unlimited power to command any sum of money that he (Hiejoh) might require.

Distance is naught to those on high duty intent. To Hiejoh the voyage to India was as the small journey to an adjoining town or county.

"Within the circle of destiny I still must serve the Princess Zulieka."

Continually had Hiejoh repeated this for many days, and still repeating it he left the fog-bound shores of England.

ZULIEKA BUILDS.

Among the people ever moving, charming the children with her prattle, her weird stories, her quaint ways; soothing the fretful babe or sick child, or invalid mother, with a touch of her soft, brown hand, saying wise things to matrons that made them scrutinize closely her bright face and wonder if she spoke from the Lord; attending the chapel services of the people, mostly Wesleyans or dissenters of other denominations, and sometimes speaking in a deep, earnest manner of the Eternal Life and Love that "encircles all souls and governs all worlds," speaking in the Sabbath-school, teaching a class of those far older in years.

Child-like and affectionate, with the deepest love for Zelda and Armand, never assuming to be wise in their presence, yet always ready with an answer; always knowing what she wished to do, and ever aided by them in doing it, since always it seemed to be something for others that the child gratefully performed as though it were an especial favor to herself.

"I cannot fathom the child-wisdom of our darling Zulieka," said Zelda one day to Armand. "As I have often told you, she seems to have come into the world self-possessed and ready for what she is to do. Except to feed and care for her lovely form, and love her and be loved in return, we seem to have been required to do nothing, my love."

"And, pray, what more would you do, my Zelda? Is there any lack for which you feel that we can now make amends?" said Armand, smiling.

"No, darling, and there is the mystery. I have heard and read so much about 'training' and 'rearing' and 'educating' children that I have almost felt that we were neglecting our duty because we did not teach her something. It seemed as though the 'rearing of an immortal soul,' as I once heard a clergyman say, was a fearful responsibility," said Zelda.

"If immortal souls were 'reared,' or even 'created,' I, for one, would decline the responsibility, and I know you would, my love; but since we well know that souls are entrusted to our loving care for a little while, and that they come to us as a blessing, and come with their own individual rights and their own characteristics, that we are bound to regard as sacred, I do not know that we can do anything except to afford them the best opportunity that is in our power."

"Yes, all that I know," said Zelda, "and our darling has never once disappointed me in her love, in her ready response to our tender care. I never asked her anything she did not seem to know. When she wanted to read, Hiejoh taught her; when she needed to know numbers, he told her their meaning and value. She knows more about the visible earth than I do, and she speaks three languages well."

"Has Hiejoh taught her all this?" said Armand, a look of wonder overspreading his face.

"He has taught her much, my beloved, but whenever I have essayed to teach her, she has always said, affectionately and with a sigh, 'Yes, mamma dear, I know,' and then she would prove it to me by reading, writing or reckoning, whatever I had asked her."

"Aye, my love," said Armand, "she is so unlike other children that we must leave her growth and unfolding in the hands of the power that guides, responding if there is aught we can do."

"Of whom does she (our darling) remind you, beloved, now that she is older?" asked Zelda.

"I know of one, darling Zelda mine, of whom she continually reminds me, and I have often thought I would ask you—she reminds me of your revered and well-beloved father."

"And she continually reminds me of your lovely mother, as she is in the portrait, but more as I saw her in the vision," said Zelda.

"Yes—yes, there is a subtle resemblance to both, and now that I recall both faces, there was a resemblance between them close enough to have made them brother and sister," said Armand.

"Alike in spirit, no doubt, and perhaps in the Kingdom of Light they are kindred," said Zelda, fervently, and then continued: "Now that Hiejoh is not here to accompany her and the maid, is it well to encourage her in making all those visits to the chapels, schools and homes of the people? Sometimes I fear she will over-tax her strength; she often looks weary," the mother-heart grew anxious over her darling.

"I haven't the smallest doubt but that the little woman will do exactly as she chooses in the matter, and that she will choose to do the best. Here she comes."

As Armand spoke the words he held out his arms to the light, graceful, active girl who came bounding into the room, all excitement over a visit to be made to one of the villages, where some orphan school was to be opened, and Lady Zulieka was asked to sing.

"Sing, darling?" said Zelda; "I have heard you warbling among the birds in the garden, but orphan children and the parish curate are not birds. How will you do, then?"

"Just as I do in the garden—I will sing, mamma dear."

And she suited the action to the word by taking up Zelda's guitar and warbling so sweetly to her own accompaniment that Armand and Zelda both listened with beating hearts and tear-wet eyes.

"Who taught you to sing, my pet," asked Armand.

"You, papa Armo, and mamma dear, and Mayah, and Hiejoh, and the birds," said Zulieka.

"And to play?" asked Zelda.

"O, that was nothing. I saw you place your fingers on, and of course I could tell when the sound was right, if it blended with my voice."

"Would you like a teacher of music, Zulieka darling?" said Armand, smiling.

"To teach me what? I saw Miss Brown play, and she looked like a grasshopper, poor thing, and squirmed over the notes as if they hurt her. And then, you know, I heard Prof. —, and it seemed to me he made the music shriek from pain. Please don't have me taught," said Zulieka.

Armand knew what the answer would be. "You shall choose your own teacher, or have none, just as you prefer, Miss Wisdom." He said this assuringly, confidently and playfully, and Zulieka understood.

She was certainly very conquering in her love, her unconscious self-poise, her unselfish selfhood.

Zulieka was playful, piquant and confiding to Armand. To Zelda she was tender, loving, careful.

As the three passed into the garden on this particular day, when she revealed herself to them, Zulieka said:

"Papa Armo, why are there orphans? And why must they be in rows and wear the same kind of dresses and bonnets and shoes, and look so demure, as if they couldn't laugh? I'm so sorry for the orphans and for the flowers that old Jim plants."

"Why for the flowers, dear?" asked Zelda.

"Because they have to be urged to grow before their time in those small, hot places; then they have to be taken out and set in rows just alike, and, just like the orphan children, they must grow just so large and no larger, or they are cut down. See, papa Armo, don't they look like orphans?"

And Zulieka bent above them, almost weeping over their forlorn state, "because, you know, somewhere the flowers may grow as they wish to."

"On their way to the opening of the orphans' school, where Zulieka was to sing, the young girl-woman said:

"Mamma dear, I don't like all those houses that are just alike that people build for the 'laboring classes,' as they call them. I wish they could all be different, like the people, you know. And, mamma, those little gardens look to me like churchyards, only sometimes the tombs have beautiful vines and wild flowers over the dark stones."

"I do not like them either, darling," said Zelda; "but most of them are just as the people wanted them, as far as they know."

"Mamma dear," said Zulieka softly, and sitting close to Zelda, "I know how to build homes, for I have seen them in my dreams, just like the people who live in them, and if they make mistakes they build again."

"Yes, darling, I know what you mean; that kind of building is 'not made with hands, but is eternal in the heavens,' for we build of our thoughts, and words, and deeds," replied Zelda.

"Mamma dear, may I tell the people how to build? Will you and papa Armo care if I tell them about that other kind of building?" and the wistful face was upturned to Zelda's, and the dark, deep eyes were fathomless in their depth of earnestness.

"You shall build what you choose, dear, but do not try to do too much."

Zulieka sang to the children. She forgot the presence of a vast concourse of gentry, of ladies and their escorts, of fashionable dames, who had come in their carriages, and who were "patrons" of this new "orphanage."

The Countess of Montrose was the most distinguished name on the list, and the fact that "Lady Zulieka Montrose" was to sing was one of the attractions of the day.

Tickets were sold at an enormous price, for "charity's sweet sake," but Zulieka sang to the children—a happy, merry warble, that told them of the birds, and flowers, and brooks, just such a song as would make their feet wish to go romping over the fields, and set their hearts abating fast and their eyes abeam for all the beauty in the world around them.

"I wouldn't like to be exhibited if I were an orphan," she said, after it was all over. "Why must they be all together instead of in happy homes—like ours?"

"But, darling, they have no papas and mammas, you know," said Zelda, thinking of all the magnificent rooms of the Castle, and the vast fields and slopes, where hundreds of little feet might romp and wander in the sunshine.

"But, mamma dear, couldn't you and papa Armo love these orphans, and couldn't I loan you to them, and couldn't you love me just the same? Then if Lady Castleton and all the rest would do that, would love some of them, and call them their own, there would be no orphans."

Zulieka could only press the child closer to her breast, and say: "There is no reason, darling, why it might not be so."

"I will ask papa, and he shall answer me, too," said Zulieka, who seemed to be pondering over a deep, deep plan.

As soon as they alighted from the carriage, however, Zulieka had seemingly forgotten all her seriousness, for she hurried across the garden to where the ayah was at work on some piece of oriental embroidery, and she began chatting to the nurse in Ginglese, just as though she never had another thought than to be amused.

ZULIEKA'S BIRTHDAY.

She was to celebrate the tenth anniversary of her advent into this world in any manner she pleased.

This her mamma told her a month before her natal day.

She was only requested to let her papa and mamma know sufficiently long before the time if there was anything she wished them to do.

"If," Zulieka was about to say, "if Hiejoh were here, then he would arrange it all for me, and we would surprise you." But she had never spoken his name since he went away, and now she stifled the words that well-nigh sprung to her lips, and said: "I will let you know in time, mamma dear."

The day at last dawned. Zulieka had asked permission to invite a few friends for a morning party, and a few more to tea.

Armand and Zelda gave instructions that whatsoever Zulieka required of any of the servants for that day's festivities was to be obeyed without any appeal to her parents.

The lawns and gardens were made as bright and beautiful as her taste and ingenuity could devise and the willing hands of maids, gardeners and servants accomplish.

At eleven o'clock her guests arrived. She had invited Zelda and Armand to "assist" her in receiving them.

They came in omnibuses and vans, by train and every possible conveyance—all the orphans from every institution for miles around.

Games were instituted, swings and merry-go-rounds; every kind of sport. They were supplied with flowers, lunch was served in little booths, where the children went in groups whenever they were hungry.

Never so merry a throng at Montrose Castle before; never such mirth and laughter and gladness.

At four o'clock carriages began to arrive, and in half an hour the gentry of the whole neighborhood had assembled to partake of tea with little "Lady Zulieka and her friends."

Zulieka had taken some one into her confidence, and the invitations were all sent out in a proper manner.

Tea was served to the guests in groups at little tables, and in tents or on divans, and in convenient arbors. The children were served with tea, as they had been with lunch, at the booths.

Then the orphan children sang, all grouped in a vast concourse on an open space, not far from the garden.

There was music by an orchestra of boys, all under twelve years of age; there were a few recitations; then Zulieka said:

"I have something to do."

She sang to the children in a clear, sweet voice that all could hear. Then turning to Armand and Zelda and the gentry, she said:

"I love these children; they are my playmates and friends. They are called orphans because their parents have been taken from earth. Many of you have no children, many have only one or two. I ask you to make room in your hearts and homes for some of these little ones, until at last there shall be no child without loving care in all this Christian land."

"Dear papa—mamma, you will be the first to grant my request?"

They bowed in assent.

Then did it go forth unto all the people of the county, that such of the middle or laboring people as would adopt one or more orphan children, "to love and care for as their own," would have a home sufficiently spacious and added means to provide for the material wants of the added members of the household.

The guests dispersed after congratulating Zulieka and the Earl and Countess of Montrose on the event of which they were assembled.

Some were enthusiastic about the "child-philanthropy;" some were delighted with her "pretty idea;" some called it "Utopian," and "impracticable;" a few took the lesson to their hearts, among whom were Lady Castleton and several others of the gentry.

Zulieka romped with the children until they were taken away in the vans, omnibuses, wagonettes and all other vehicles that had brought them thither. Fresh flowers there were for every child, and the rare blossom of the memory of the brightest day in their young lives.

"Papa Armo, mamma dear, I knew I could trust you to carry out my wish, but before it is all granted there is so much to do," and Zulieka, glad and weary with the day, never having ceased to be a babe when tired, flung herself into her papa's arms, and went fast asleep.

Gently Armand bore the slight, yet, when asleep, somewhat heavy and very precious burden to her own room, and whispered to

the ayah to prepare her for the night, if possible, by

ling her.

UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

Armand had rejoined Zelda but a moment before a moment

room adjoining the library, when two guests were

"Two gentlemen to see his lordship, the Earl of Montrose,"

"Show them into the library," said Armand, who was

Zulieka's side, entering the next room just as the

were ushered in at the opposite door.

"Mr. Stone! Mr. Moss! You surprise me! Welcome!"

"I must apologize for not sending a message to

but we were directed to come at once, and as we have

this country, we came here from Liverpool instead

London."

"There is no need to apologize to those who under

us make you welcome and comfortable first, and then we

to all that is to come."

Zulieka, hearing the sounds of welcome, now entered

and although greatly surprised, she also greeted the two

with the greatest cordiality.

There was at once a feeling of the great portent of the

something, perhaps, to crown Zulieka's birthday with

crown. This feeling so pervaded Zelda that, for a mo-

forgot her duties as hostess, and Mr. Moss said:

"Yes, we were commanded to come to-day—earlier if

but we could not make the earlier train. To-day we must

the Castle."

The gentlemen partook of some slight refreshment,

hasty toilette, and Mr. Stone was about to announce that

ready for the manifestations of the evening, when Mr. Moss

"Wait! Wait!"

As surprises of good or evil import, blessings of shade

sunshine never come singly, but in pairs or flocks, clustering in

and three and groups, pressing close upon each other as if

ling to arrive, so there seemed to brood and hover around Mon

Castle, a "cloud of witnesses," an unseen host of messengers,

ing those around and about who dwelt therein with mighty pre-

dictions, foregleams and prophecies long delayed of fulfilment.

Another arrival! The servant, without the formality of notify

Armand, opened the door of the library and ushered in the new

arrived guest.

"Mahavida! My friend, my brother, welcome!"

"Am I too late? Am I in time?" asked the Buddhist.

"Just in time; for whatever hour of the day or night my friend

might have arrived, that would be 'in time.'"

"Nay, my friend, I am sure of that, but I was told before I

left Ceylon, by your lordship's faithful Hiejoh, that as I was com-

ing to England, not to fail to arrive at the Castle before the close of

this day, the — of August—at least to be here before midnight—

and I am here," said Mahavida.

"How very marvelous that Hiejoh, in far-off Ceylon, could have

known that this day, more than any other, is full of import," said

Zulieka, almost overwhelmed by the many events that were crowd-

ing themselves into the few last hours of this one day of all the year.

So many days had passed that seemed to yield little, yet days

and months and years had been full of most arduous and constant

labor, full of most perfect fruitage of love, in the work these two

who were so wholly one had so earnestly and faithfully performed

for others.

What was to occur now that the three unexpected guests had

been brought here under great stress, by sea and land, to reach

Montrose Castle that day, not one of them could presume to divine.

Armand had already found time while Mr. Stone and Mr.

Moss were taking tea to prepare the laboratory for the evening.

Again Mr. Stone said: "We will now repair to whatever room

the Earl of Montrose has set apart for the manifestations."

MEDIUMS.

The E

Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh
ington, D. C.
Emmer's
passed from
There had been in Washington
Ten Years Death.
marriage
because a day that Margaret
cote in her (says a Wash-
fied, for the St. Louis Globe-
Mr. Engraved at a Washington
although of a woman were
would be the cabinet. The
As he went into the room, but
fired and faded away. Then
ended the medium announced
and Margaret Fox Kane.
The (he) not heard that Mrs.
judgment. The announcement
ual made in the dispatches
He. Two days later the
First he at the scene of an-
telum and wrote this

I am here to bid you
Mrs shall still go on.
him MAGGIE FOX-KANE."

happy Fox serves to illus-
tration of the theory of
Whom was one of the
whole Rochester. With the
family nearly fifty years
spiritism had its beginning.
Ke, the protegee and after-
Elisha Kane, the Arctic
Singer in Philadelphia she
and a confession, claiming
he the products of phys-
the spirits had nothing
his caused a great excite-
alists at the time. They
a fox had been brought un-
the liquor, in which condition
the to make the so-called
ha one with a knowledge of
constituted, would never be so silly
to as rapping noises were made
with this. The controversy raged
th these were not convinced by
Margaret's confession. Subsequently the
confessed and Margaret Fox
died a

Then "confessions" since that
one, "exposures" innumera-
able, believers claim, grows
stronger time. The confessions do
not do. Exposures do not expose.
The spiritualism accounts for all of
the th appear so inconsistent on
their f

Dr. Hansmann, the Washington
Spiritist, the possessor of a remarkable
comm from Sir Walter Raleigh on
his exposures. The circumstances
under was received are as wonderful
as the fact itself.

"I will show you my collection of his slates

him. I must explain a little

see. The collection, which relates

par callers. The slates of mediums, was

five at the time. I had to go a

viol a third time before I obtained the

At the third sitting occurred one

angest things in all of my spiritual

reiences. The evil spirits, the Jesuits,

the principal actors in exposing mes-

to present to see this communication

alter Raleigh delivered to me. In

the spirit of Henry VIII. was wounded

and. Martin Luther knocked down

the evil spirits with a club. The

Frederick came and drove them all

th a sword. The spirit of Henry VIII.

continue the writing, but because of

and in the hand he could not do it. He

a little and I could not make it out.

stalls of this encounter of my spirit

with the evil spirits were given to me

time by two mediums. Dr. William

told me, Miss Helen Marr Campbell,

the medium who was present, also told

Ne I had further evidence. Ten days

was sitting I saw the hand of Henry VIII.

hazitized at a seance held in the house of a

tic medium, Pierre Keeler. All could see

through which he had received in the fight.

EBome time afterwards," Dr. Hansmann

owned, "I was at Pierre Keeler's one day.

It asked me why I had stopped going to Dr.

belam Keeler's. I said that I did not go be-

cause of a trouble that my spirit friends had

gone on a previous visit. Pierre Keeler ad-

id me not to stay away on that account.

Mr. controlling spirit, George Christy, the

er minstrel, heard the conversation and

me this encouraging message:

"Hello, Dr. M. Doctor, you may be well

am present. You shall be guided so long as
I control only by good, true, advancing spirits
and those who are or who wish to be friendly
to you."

"In the course of a couple of weeks I went
to Mary A. Keeler to have a writing seance.
I had no thought of the Raleigh matter. I re-
ceived messages from spirit friends. Pieces
of paper were put in envelopes. The en-
velopes were sealed. When they were opened
the messages were found written on pieces of
paper. Then, to my surprise, the writing from
Sir Walter Raleigh, begun through Dr. Keeler,
was taken up and the letter was finished."

This is Sir Walter Raleigh's explanation of
the so-called "conferences" and "exposures."

"DEAR CO-WORKER: As I promised I shall
endeavor to send you a letter concerning the
exposures of mediums. Exposures of media
as frauds have repeatedly been reported in
the daily press, with the addition of modern
sensational pomp. Some good and reliable
media were caught outside of the cabinet, ap-
parently imitating a materialized zoid. Many
spiritists are not acquainted with the causes of
these strange facts. The worst enemies of the
zoid manifestations are not in this but
other spheres of life. It is mainly the am-
bitious, selfish and haughty representatives of
the religions, who see, and rightly, a danger
to religion and their personal power and prom-
inence in this movement. The teachings of
the Churches do not agree with the facts as
found and reported in the seance-room; most
manifesting zoids contradict the story of
heaven and hell, etc. The Jesuits especially
spare no means to injure the movement; they
watch every medium and every visitor, waiting
for a chance to do something which may look
like a fraud. If now skeptics go to a seance
intending to 'expose the fraud' by grasping
the spirits and holding on to them, the Jesuits
are soon informed of it; if they do not hear it
they can feel it from involution. They feel
also when the skeptic makes up his mind
to grasp the next zoid; in that moment they
will capture the cabinet, take possession of
the entranced medium, change his dress, and
manage him in a manner in such a manner
that the medium will walk out as if he were a
zoid and will be caught and 'exposed.' Of
course, nobody can argue against such 'ex-
posures' with people who have not investigated
the matter closely, and who are theoretically
opposed to the whole proceedings, they being
generally materialists. It is remarkable that
in this way the otherwise so antagonistic ex-
tremists of materialism and religious Spiritu-
alism work together to injure a cause which,
so far as the phenomena are concerned, has
the truth on its side. The materialists, though,
are, as a rule, honest in their belief, and there
are no signs whatever that they take part in
such foul doings after they have passed over
to the other life; they are then rather per-
plexed and keep quiet. But the selfish and
reactionary Jesuits and similar clericals are
determined to suppress this movement and no
means are too low for this object."

At this point the writing broke off. Two
days later Dr. Hansmann returned to the me-
dium, and Sir Walter Raleigh, taking up the
Spirit-world explanation of the exposures of
mediums in this world, wrote as follows:

"They show themselves entirely devoid of
any feeling of honor and truth. As mentioned
before, they try to murder, etc., media by in-
verberating them with suicidal mania, as by
depriving them of their sleep. Another way
is to impress them with injurious voices or with
doing things which will lead them into financial
and other troubles, or by making them appear
insane. The Jesuit priests are like black
snakes, and this is not exaggerating the true
condition of things."

"Another illustration: At the materializing
seance of a male medium with a mustache,
which his visitor was only too willing to show,
the skeptic swore that it was the medium
imitating a female; the trick of the Jesuit,
however, was discovered, and explained by the
spiritist."

"It may safely be said that every time a
skeptic goes to a seance intending to 'expose
fraud,' he will find something that in his judg-
ment is fraud. When such people 'grasp the
spirit,' in nine cases out of ten they get hold
of the poor medium, who then awakes from
his trance and finds himself in a dis-
agreeable position. It seems advisable that
the mediums or their friends should plainly
state these facts before every materializing
seance, and, in case the mediums are then
grasped, only what was told beforehand had
happened, and the charge of fraud falls
to the ground. An honest and earnest in-
vestigator, who is not seriously prejudiced, finds
many peaceful ways of getting at the truth
without co-operating with the demoniac
Jesuits."

"I am with Gen. Grant."

"W. W. BELKNAP."

At a recent seance in Washington the fol-

lowing was thrown over the curtain:

"I am showing Mrs. Harrison and Mr.

Blaine the ways of the spiritual spheres; also

Rutherford.

LUCY WEBB HAYES."

On the evening of March 3, just before the

Here ended the writing at the second sit-
ting. On the next visit occurred the battle of
the spirits. Dr. Hansmann did not return to
the medium's house for two months, and when
he did so the medium's wife, herself a medium,
gave him the continuation and completion of
the writing. Sitting with Mrs. Keeler, how-
ever, Dr. Hansmann received Sir Walter
Raleigh's closing chapter, not on the slate but
on paper. He inclosed blank paper in an en-
velope and sealed it. When the envelope was
opened this was found within it:

"Clerical zoids will obsess a medium and
compel him to denounce himself and all other
media as frauds, and to tell in a clumsy man-
ner how the fraud was committed. These
statements of the obsessed medium are then
published. Soon thereafter the medium will
become conscious of what he has done and
regret it, but the harm is done. For all these
reasons an investigator should trust nothing
but his own senses and reason; otherwise he
will never come to a final conviction. I assert
that there have been but very few, if any, ex-
posures of known materializing media as
frauds. Of course, almost every medium is
said to have been 'exposed' a certain number
of times, and even modern spiritualists take
part in these assertions, especially those who
are opposed to the materializations of spirits
from a theoretical basis. But the media, who
are not in a position to defend themselves,
and whom outward appearances are against,
are innocent. Most of them are so related to
the zoids that they do not even dream of
doing any fraud, and when they are 'exposed'
they greatly suffer the injustice. It is time
that noble-minded men and women should or-
ganize and give media such sustenance and
protection as is required for operation. Me-
diumship should cease to be on the low level
of business, and the media should be engaged
by societies for a salary to convince the people
of the existence of the zoids and an indi-
vidual life hereafter. WALTER RALEIGH."

"Understand me," said Dr. Hansmann,
when the reading was finished, "I am not
opposed to Catholics at all; I am only opposed
to the domination of the Pope through
Jesuitism. I married a Catholic, and she was
a noble woman. I never interfered with her
religion. I have known many noble Catholics.
As a religion I have nothing against Catholi-
cism. The only thing I have against Catholics
is that they do not free themselves from
selfish superstitions."

Dr. Hansmann has a number of messages
from the Spirit-world regarding the Roman
Catholic issue. One of these is addressed to
a Mrs. Crawford, as follows:

"To Mrs. Crawford: The danger to this
country is the growing power of Catholicism.
There is to be serious trouble because of it.
Mighty war must wage because of the power
planted and growing in the United States of
America. NATHANIEL TAYLOR."

At the seance following this came Leonidas
C. Houk, late a member of Congress from
Tennessee, and wrote:

"Mr. Taylor is quite correct. There is to be
serious trouble between free thought and
Roman Catholicism. L. C. HOUK."

Mr. Taylor later on wrote another message

which, however, had no bearing on the religious

issue.

"This is new business for me, but I see that

life after the grave is a fact, and we do come

back. I tried to materialize once, but I felt

as if I needed to grease my joints. So I went

back for now, and staid back."

"Yours, as ever, NATHANIEL TAYLOR."

Washington Spiritualists do not consider

remarkable the fact that the spirit of Margaret

Fox came so soon after death. Dr. Hans-

mann has had a number of experiences as

strange. A very short time after the death of

ex-President Hayes the Doctor received the following:

"I am not a master, but a servant, just as

I ever felt myself at Washington."

"RUTHERFORD B. HAYES."

The former German Minister, who died in

his own country, communicated with Dr.

Hansmann as follows:

"I was once at this capital."

"LUDWIG OF ANCO VALLEY."

Only forty-two hours after his death this

message was received in Washington from ex-

Secretary Belknap:

"I am with Gen. Grant."

"W. W. BELKNAP."

At a recent seance in Washington the fol-

lowing was thrown over the curtain:

"I am showing Mrs. Harrison and Mr.

Blaine the ways of the spiritual spheres; also

Rutherford.

LUCY WEBB HAYES."

On the evening of March 3, just before the

inauguration, this message rather startled a
circle of believers:

"Four years ago was a great day for Ben-
jamin. To-morrow will be equally as great, for
he goes to rest from his physical labors, his
political labors. He does not crave the presi-
dency with me gone. He prefers his quiet
life at home. Heaven bless Benjamin.
"His wife, CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON."

There are mischievous spirits as well as
wicked spirits. They delight to play tricks
and ring in nonsense. For example, one day
Dr. Hansmann took a slate to the writing me-
dium, and was told to throw it on the bed.
When he picked it up he found a good auto-
graph of Grant, but beside it was a shocking
caricature of the General done by one of these
ghostly jokers. On the same slate with a
message from Benjamin Franklin an old-time
minstrel gets off the original Jim Crow
couplet. The "project" to which Dr. Frank-
lin refers is a telephone for communication
with all parts of the world.

Dr. Hansmann has a photograph in which
the spirit-faces of Grant and Lincoln appear.
Lincoln's face seems younger and more pleas-
ant than in life. The Doctor thinks that this
may be due to the change which has taken
place in Lincoln since he has "passed over." A
noble nature like Lincoln's, which endured
so much in this life, may easily have attained
a younger and happier appearance in the
Spirit-world. Dr. Hansmann says the spirit-
picture of Lincoln is to be taken as he looks
now. Grant, after his sitting, sent a message,

saying:
"I will give you a better one."
He kept the promise, and Dr. Hansmann
got his famous spirit photograph in which he
appears as if his shoulder and side were
pressed into the etherialized figure of Grant.
This picture is considered one of the most
wonderful things in spirit photography. When
it was obtained Grant sent with it a
message:
"This cannot be beaten."
"Grant," said Dr. Hansmann, "never
looked so well in life as he does in this pic-
ture. You will observe, by looking closely,
that part of him is in front of me and part is
behind me. I sit right in him, as it were."

Horatio King, the venerable ex-Postmaster
General, is an investigator of spiritualistic
phenomena. He is, however, rather loath to
talk of his experiences. Washington Spiritu-
alists count Mr. King among the believers.
They want him to come out boldly and ac-
knowledge the truth to the world. Mr. King
has been urged in spirit-communications not
to hold back. One of the most curious con-
tributions to slate-writing literature contained
a message to Mr. King. It was produced
through the mediumship of Pierre Keeler, Dr.
Theo. Hansmann, who witnessed the perfor-
mance, described it as most remarkable.

"The slates," he said, "were folded together
in the usual manner, with the scrap of slate-
pencil. Then as quick as that—"
The Doctor made some rapid passes with
both hands, as if over imaginary slates.
"So the whole thing was done in less than
two minutes."

Dr. Hansmann has this slate framed and
under glass. It is a genuine curiosity. The
surface of the slate is quartered by looped
lines. Between the loops are drawings of In-
dians, a train of cars, a landscape and other
things. The portion of the slate not covered
with loops is occupied by messages. The
writing intended for the ex-Postmaster Gen-
eral is as follows:

"Tell my brother, Horatio King, that this

subject will be of no injury to his mind."

"SALLY K. DURELL."

Harriet Drener, Mr. Justice Stanley Mat-

thews and the one-time Congressman Thomas

Johnston Turner occupy space on this won-

derful slate. There is work enough to require

three-quarters of an hour by ordinary meth-

ods, yet Dr. Hansmann says it was all done

in a few seconds. Prince Rudolph writes:

"I am here to operate through American

influence. You have been extraordinarily

kind to my memory. I want to thank you

for it."

RUDOLPH."

There is also a message on the same slate

from Lincoln as follows:

"A world of marvelous wonders and greater

activity are opened up to me. I want to help

some I have become acquainted with."

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Gen. Grant leaves in one corner of the

slate an excellent copy of his signature as he

wrote it during life. "Greeting again," is

the spirit of Grant prefaces Dr. Hansmann

ture. The friend who helped Dr. Hansmann

at the risk of his own life, in the old country,
writes:

"Hello, old comrade, the light may wane,
but my memory never. WILLIAM DINGLE."
Thomas Johnston Turner, the former Con-
gressman, writes in striking contrast with
the hand of Stanley Matthews, whose message is
just below:

"I shall strive hard to come to you in mater-
ialized form at the next meeting of that
nature. What grand possibilities in this
communion! THOMAS JOHNSTON TURNER."
The writing of Stanley Matthews reads as
follows:

"I can learn much in a little. How strange!
"STANLEY MATTHEWS."
Just below the signature of the late Justice
of the Supreme Court is a pencil drawing of
a procession. Dr. Hansmann supposes that
this has reference to some anniversary, but
just what it means he does not know. This
slate was obtained on the 27th of April. Sev-
eral colors were employed by the spirits in
writing the messages and making the sketches.
Just below the procession is a message of a
personal character:

"Tell my dear and sorrowing family I live

over there. WILLIAM HELMICK."

The train of cars on the slate the Doctor in-

terprets as having reference to a journey he

was about to make. The marked diversity in

the handwritings all obtained in a very brief

space of time is a fact which Dr. Hansmann

emphasizes when he shows this slate.

Washington, D. C. W. B. S.

The Death of the "Oo."

"Go out," said the King of the Cannibal Isle

To his servants, long ago,

And kill by arrow or snare or gulle

The bird which we call Oo.

"For this beautiful bird, on the tip of its wing,

Has a feather of yellow gold,

And gold is the color befitting a king,

And ever has been of old.

"And I'll make a robe for my own fair bride,

A gorgeous and wonderful thing,

Which shall be forever Oo island's pride,

From the gold of the Oo's wings.

"For every feather a bird must die,

A million must die in all;

They are shy and scarce, yet what care I,

With a thousand men at call?"

So over that balmy, melodious isle,

In the cruel long ago,

'Neath the tropical heaven's perpetual smile,

Men hunted the doomed Oo.

And through the forests they filled with song,

From their leaf-encircled nests,

They fell and fluttered—oh, piteous woe!"

With arrows through their breasts.

And in such a merciless, deadly way

They slaughtered the Oo bird,

That in all the isle since that cruel day

Their song has never been heard.

But a splendid garment of golden sheen

Was made with the finest skill.

'Twas the royal robe of the island's Queen,

And is kept by her wardrobe still.

But whoever the Princess who dares to try

The beautiful mantle on,

Be she young, be she old, she is sure to die

Ere the feeble year is gone.

For the gorgeous garment was wrought in vain,

It had cost melodious lives

Of that tribe of singers who never again

Will sing in those tropical skies.

L'ENVOI.

Incensed

to the front door and scratched
several times, and as there was no re-
sponse she was commissioned to go
and to the side door. Faithful Fanny
turned, jumped upon Mr. Mertie, and
as the chain was fastened she took
Mr. Mertie to the side door, where a
sant was found.
When asked what he would do should

of rain fell steadily, and the suffer-
ing of our little party grew keener as
day went on. We carved our names
and the date of that day, which we
believed would be our last on earth,
on the bark of the lone tree on our
barren island, growing narrower every
year.

Without food, or shelter or fire, food-
and, and helpless: those of us who
did ridiculed religion and used the
name of the Almighty with irreverence,
and we ourselves down and called upon
us to stretch forth His omnipotent
arm, and that the waters might be
that was denied us to give us courage
died bravely. Darkness settled down
ain upon us, and under its wing far
in the mountains the rain changed
snow.

When morning came once more, we
did see its effects in the lowering of
the tide, and though exhausted with
hunger and cold, we rubbed our be-
numbed limbs, wrung the water from
our blankets, and took comfort.

At noon the surface of the river was
clearly cleared of driftwood, and at 4
o'clock a boat from the Virginia side
reached us. We were taken across and
arrived at a safe anchorage, with no
angers; but the exposure and suffer-
ing we had experienced told heavily on
us and her mother. It was long be-
fore we fully recovered, but on the first
anniversary of our rescue there was a
dinner in the Douglass family, and
us and I began a new life together,
forgetting our first serious thoughts of
escape from the green wood at White
Bear Island. ARCHIE EGGLESTON.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Will Telepathy Succeed Telegraphy?

There is little doubt, says the *Inter-
trust*, that in time telepathy will be
reduced to a science, and its laws as well
understood and as much under control
telegraphy is at the present time. As
telegraph exceeds the carrying of
written messages by a stage coach or a
sailing ship, so the means of telepathy
is far as exceed the telegraph. Hu-
manity will in the not distant future, ar-
rive at a state as to development where
as in Calcutta said to have been the
project his thought on the mind of a
friend in Chicago, or the one in San
Francisco, thus communicate with one
in London. When the laws of telepathy
once discovered, space, of course
will be no factor in the problem. One
hundred or thousands will present the same
difficulties.

There is no question but that the
age is rapidly approaching when the
means of communication among man
and shall be as universal as the air we
breathe, or as the light by which we
see; when we shall no more need to de-
pend upon personal meeting or writing,
the telegraph or the telephone, but
when we shall flash thought and mes-
sages from spirit to spirit, as the light
flashes from star to star. There are an
increasing number of the most thought-
ful and cultured people who believe
that the spirit disembodied may hold
communications with the spirit embod-
ied.

It is but the logical sequence of
a belief to reflect that all life is spir-
itual—that only spirit is life—and that
individual, here as well as hereafter,
spirit dwelling among spirits in a
world of spirits. It is not unreasonable
to suppose that the mere material of
each death divests man may be a bar-
rier to this subtle communication, to
outreaching of spirit, and that
before the disembodied mind it is al-
ways more difficult than the disem-
bodied. Still, the psychic power may
be developed as to overcome the diffi-
culty. Of the possibility of developing
communication a London scientist
has written:

BETWEEN TWO SPIRITS.

Telepathy is really the spiritual rap-
port that exists between two spirits. It
is casual or occasional; it may be
become, persistent. The more spir-
itally-minded the agent the more per-
sistent is the rapport. The spirit com-
municating with another spirit (both
being in the body) ascends or rather
rises into the spiritual plane, where
it is nothing. When there it finds
the spiritual perception the affinity it
has to communicate with, if by a pre-
arrangement as to which both ends
of the telephone are ready. If no such
arrangement exists, the message is re-
jected by the guardian spirit, protected
mind, and conveyed when opportunity
is afforded or induced. It sometimes
occurs that the same guardian spirit
serves each, and then the communica-
tion is easy. It is then a beautiful ex-
planation of the affinity of each to
the spiritual plane is all reception
and communication as to which. None but
spiritually-minded persons can so com-
municate.

In casual cases the spirits meet
for a time spiritually discerned
receptive; by cultivation complete
communication is attained. This may be talking
with those who have no experiences
of kind. Such will seek explanation
on the physical plane, where no com-
munication of the kind exists. There
is communication between physical
beings except on the mental plane, where
the spiritual there is a clear, beauti-
ful interblending. Spirit blends with
matter, and for a time they are one; thus
serpents or affinities come into this
life faculty. Telepathy is a grand
power which clouds the real thing.
It is a better word, and such only
between spirits, in or out of the
body.

A NEW LIFE.

Humanity is undoubtedly on the
threshold of a new life. It will find its
mental and psychic power will
take their sway. The entire scenery
will be transformed. Unsuspected
resources will be liberated,
and will live in exaltation and ex-
ultation. There will be abounding
in plodding existence. Life will
be what Emerson says it should al-
ways be. The psychic transac-
tions that is drawing near will give
us wonderful results than any of
the old conquests of science in the
past.

When we come into the realm
of all things are possible. What
the natural plane would seem impos-
sible as simple as the most com-
mon occurrence. It seems not impos-
sible that this earth may be the theatre
of a life of newness of life on a scale
of our undreamed-of and un-
fathomable of it, has been
only the beginning of the new, while
the change could be made.

CONTINUED ON SEP. 20 PAGE.

entry. Price

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ters pertaining to practical life and spiritism
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