

SPIRITUALISM.
A Paper Read Before the
Fort Wayne Occult Science Society.
BY H. V. SWERINGEN, A. M.,
M. D.

When an unorganized society, not only perfectly harmless in its every feature, but founded likewise upon a scientific spirit of inquiry and principles of universal benevolence, becomes the victim of an insane and unparagoned persecution and the object of unmerited obloquy; and when it has passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal to which it was subjected, and like gold in the crucible of the refiner, the venom of its enemies has but eliminated and brightened its virtues by separating them from their dross, it is a sign that the members while they deplore the unhalloved passions of man, and shudder at the pernicious consequences to which they often lead, to see that as yet unorganized society of which they are its constituency, like the ark of the patriarchal dispensation with a buoyancy and indestructibility peculiar to its own inherent force and vitality, surmounts in safety each successive angry surge that threatens to whelm it in the flood, till emerging at length upon tranquil waters, it floats quietly down the stream of time, freighted with blessings to countless generations of the human race.

Precisely in such a category has it been the lot of Spiritualism to be placed in almost every period of its existence. Virtue has ever been beset by enemies and innocence calumniated by those who would sully if possible her stainless robes. The charges arrayed against Spiritualism have been as diversified as the spirit in which they have been alleged and urged as venomous as the ingenuity of causeless malice could make them. Kingcraft and priestcraft have alike with a malevolence only equalled by its sleepless activity, engaged in a series of the most wanton crusades for the extirpation of Spiritualism.

Wherever despotism has dared to march the freedom of the press and to shake with its iron grasp the "alienable rights of man," Spiritualism has been pronounced, without shadow of proof, even in the face of the most conclusive rebutting testimony, and despite all the sober teachings of its history, as destructive of the interests of mankind.

Wherever bigotry and superstition have gained admission into the human breast and effected, as they never fail to do, those ties of brotherhood inculcated by the fatherhood of God, Spiritualism has been proscribed as a system hostile to the genius of Christianity, and its adherents have been branded as infidels and the accredited emissaries of the Devil himself. Cries, deep and bitter, for the destruction of Spiritualism, have been hurled by demagogues and mouthpieces in Christian pulpits by men who knew not what spirit they were opposing. Spiritualists have been accused as the living embodiment of everything odious. They have been denied admission into the Christian church, and in cases not a few have been threatened with expulsion from her communion as if they were the incarnation of something pestiferous in the view of high heaven. Efforts have been made again and again, by zealots under the sacred garb of religion and now by unprincipled politicians to enlist the secular power, the ultimate ratio of tyrants and bigots to light the funeral pile of Spiritualism and banish it by the strong arm of the government from the face of the earth. Thousands of our countrymen in various sections of this nation, destitute of charity, "which suffereth long and kindly, thinketh no evil and never faileth," and possessed of microscopic minds ever in search of blemishes in the little self, which can even detect in the refulgent orb of day, because we have sometimes found their way to the fold of Spiritualism, have worn in the cloak of virtue have wormed themselves into the spiritual family, have resolved if possible upon the utter extinction of the name among men. Nor have they stopped here. They have subsidized slander itself to advance their nefarious purpose; the foulest calumnies have been heaped abroad in bitter and oft-repeated denunciations of society whose purity and honesty of purpose its enemies refused to see, and whose benevolent, liberal spirit they had never imbibed.

But thanks to progressive thought, the storm of unmitigated persecution, which, rolling in darkness and gloom, inundated on swept over the world like a death angel of the desert, and threatened to submerge in an ominous sea of every vestige of Spiritualism, has been met by the power of the truth, and no more; no more will they be permitted to usurp the place of reason or to drag the name of Spiritualism into the mire of unbelief.

Progressive thought has pronounced credit upon the stratagems of intolerance and persecution from which it has no support, and Spiritualism, stone which the orthodox builders rejected, again stands forth to guide the blind on his way; to light the tempest-tossed mariner on the ocean of life; to be a haven of repose; the sign of the cross; the champion of the defenseless; the polestar of the mourner; to the new husband; a parent to the orphan, and a fast friend to universal humanity.

So strong is my confidence in the inherent integrity and in the recuperative energies of Spiritualism that perusal of this paper to conviction assures me that so long as our country's strand is laved with the waves of old ocean and you concave vault of heaven is bespangled with its gems of burnished gold, so long will Spiritualism, by whatever name it may be called, advance noiselessly but steadily, until societies and circles shall garnish every mountain and dot every prairie and find a spot of welcome in every city, town and village in the world. The visions of the prospective are daily becoming the records of the present.

The truths manifested and demonstrated by Spiritualism in so many ways will never become old; they will continue to enlighten and comfort the mind of man while another false doctrine shall have been assigned to oblivion.

What has been said away in this changed and changing world of ours? Nations have been changed from the roll of political and military empires have been thrown. The thrones of princes have been undermined; they have fallen. The great has been their fall. Philosophers and their systems have been swept away without a tombstone for the one or an epitaph for the other. Cities where men once walked erect in the pride of power now lie desolate without an inhabitant and the serpent coils himself in the grass which covers the streets. Where once stood the colossal and gorgeous palace the herdsman now stables his cattle. Time himself has grown hoary amid the devastations he has produced. The earth is one mighty burial place covered with the ruins of cities and of men as with the only monuments. Where is now the famous tower of Babel, beneath whose lofty summits its architects vainly believed the hunders of distant ages would roll and the lightnings of future times would flash. Where now are all the institutions and establishments which had their origin in the bustling wisdom of men? And they have successfully disappeared, not leaving even a vestige from the general wreck to console us with the brief tidings of Job's messenger, "and I only am escaped to tell thee."

And where is the sacred Temple on Mount Moriah, "the glory of the whole world," where the praises of the pious daily ascended and oblations of the devout were daily presented; where the cedars of Lebanon hourly emitted their fragrance and the gold of Ophir reflected its splendor? This, too, has vanished away like a dream. Even Solomon himself is without a sepulchre to mark his resting place. Where the high priest ministered to the altar, the oak now hoots to its mate, and where dwelt the holy Shalim of God, the Arab now fastens his goat. As the waves break in succession on the shore and die away again on the bosom of the deep, so do the generations of men dash on the shore of time, foam and fret for a moment, and then retire silently and darkly into the bosom of the unknown deep. The very winds sigh as they wander through the ruins of the palaces, grandeur and the heart of man is affected even to tears at the evanescence of all human toil.

"Oh, we are such stuff,
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
Thus it is, and thus it shall ever be
And like the baseness fabric of a vision
The cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples—the great globe itself,
And all which it inherits, shall dissolve
And like an unsubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a wreck behind."

Such have been the desolations enacted upon the theater of our world; but amid all these stern vicissitudes there has arisen from the truths of Spiritualism a star of hope, a ray more than hope, of absolute knowledge, which transmits its cheering rays through all the earth, unmistakably proclaiming the immortality of the soul; cheerfully answering in the affirmative Job's stupendous question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" I speak not of these things to elicit the applause of the vulgar, but to show the need of hope in behalf of Spiritualism. It needs no such extraneous support, and least of all, the capricious applause of the multitude who will deck the victims of their wrath to-morrow with garlands for the sacrifice, whom today they laud with peans of praise.

Spiritualism stands upon its own feet, and there it will stand immovable, despite the cavils and the calumnies of those who never imbibed its benign spirit, and who refuse to study its principles.

Spiritualism should not in reason be made to suffer from the conduct of fraudulent mediums or of hypocrites within its ranks, and the good and loving portion of mankind will love more justly to visit upon it the vices of some of its recreant adherents. They will not condemn it because bad men and women have dishonored it. As well might we pronounce the beautifully pure and the elegant because here and there upon its path we see the disfigurements produced by time. The intelligence or the heart of that man is not to be envied whose sole denunciation of Spiritualism is the admitted and regretted fact that immoral men and women have crept within its pale. The objection involves a palpable inconsistency which stamps with folly those who unduly urge it.

If Spiritualism may be justly censured because bad men are found in its ranks, then by parity of reason it should be commended when good men are enrolled among its adherents. Among the believers, aye, knowers in Spiritualism are found men of influence, virtue, and of unchallenged morality, equal in number and excellence at least to any be-

hind its precincts; from the humble laboring man, than whom there is no better specimen of humanity on God's footstool, to those who are endeared to us by their illustrious civil, political, scientific and religious achievements; men at the head of our armies, in the Senate, on the bench, and even at the sacred desk, who are so inseparably identified with all that is good in the moral history of our world, and who occupy so lofty a niche in the temple of virtuous fame that their memory will remain embalmed in the grateful hearts and their deeds be sung in the loud hosannas of generations yet unborn.

Spiritualism does more than merely ply the misfortunes and weep at the woes of others. While its Seyberts and Stanfords and Lincolns and Bryants and Longfellow and Tennysons have a voice to say to the naked: "Be ye clothed," and to the hungry: "Be ye fed," they have hearts to feel and hands to act, to furnish the garments and spread the table of benevolence that human life shall adequately speak its worth. The most enlightened states of heathen antiquity were unacquainted with this Godlike virtue. They had their temples dedicated to Mars, to Apollo, to Minerva, to Isis, and to a host of other divinities in their national mythology; but no sacred face bore upon its portals the inscription of charity, and no sodality consecrated to the mild virtues of fraternal sympathy relieved the brutality of their gladiatorial spectacles, or their relentless triumphs in their lust for power. It is no longer what a man believes but what he does that is the measure of his greatness morally, religiously and scientifically. It matters not what his creed may be, the vital question is or should be: Is he an honest man? To be good and do good will determine his destiny and assure his future mental happiness.

If there are any deeds done on this earth which ally us to the ministering spirits around the throne of God, they are the deeds of charity. If there be one trait which pre-eminently assimilates man to Him who sits upon that throne, it is the trait of disinterested benevolence. Even the pagan Cicero, under the faint inspiration of nature which he possessed, exclaimed that man resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to his fellowmen.

There is something truly noble—something of the spiritually sublime in the spectacle of disinterested benevolence; a benevolence in which little self is wholly lost and all personal considerations are merged in an unwavering aim of extending relief to the poor and distressed; a benevolence which recognizes all men as brethren, and which, sanctified by the love of God, and the wine of consolation into the wounded heart wherever it is found. Such a spirit confers a living dignity upon human nature and elevates man to a station but little lower than the angels.

The monuments being erected by Spiritualism are those of mind; of mind over matter; of knowledge over faith; of ignorance, superstition and bigotry; of intellectual liberty over mental bondage; of active benevolence over the lowest depths of human misery. Let the marble record the deeds of others; these are the trophies and mementoes of Spiritualism. These shall survive when those shall have crumbled into dust. These shall be told for a memorial of our beautiful philosophy when the last history shall have laid its pen to rest; the chisel shall have fallen from the grasp of the sculptor.

Let not the man who prides himself on his sanctity meet us with the scout that Spiritualism is not religion, and that its deeds are but the instrumentalities of a merely negative good. It is not only a religion but a science, and a most cheering, comforting philosophy. That science or philosophy which even in the most stunted degree bars the avenues of ignorance by the diffusion of a knowledge of a future existence, a knowledge which, like the fertilizing Nile, pours its pellucid streams into the turbid sea of popular opinion, not by one but by numerous channels, and by an extended delta of intelligence, does indeed commend itself to our best efforts by motives of no ordinary power.

Every usefully-educated man or woman is a rallying point, and every moral and virtuous citizen a beacon-light, of liberty, and they who multiply these nuclei of freedom these watch-towers of progressive intellectual thought, are patriots in the best sense of the term, and worthy descendants of those venerable sires who, to purchase this intellectual freedom, staked in an hour of hope forlorn their fortunes, their lives and their sacred honor.

As Spiritualists we should be students of nature, in a broader significance of that term than is commonly accepted. "To him who, in the love of nature, holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language;" to him who is not in communion with her, she speaks a word to say. To an earnest communicant:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea and music in its roar."

The basis of all science, law and theology is found in nature. He who studies her properly is continually delighted with new discoveries, wonderful to contemplate, and yet is never puffed up by their multiplicity, because order, proportion, design and fitness prevail throughout the whole system.

The grand results of scientific research are not obtained alone from dreamy flights into the regions of speculation, and yet is never perverted by technicality. We are too prone to attempt first the investigation of the merely speculative and more wonderful

phenomena, rather than to become familiar with the pebbles of simplicity or rather monotony which lie at our feet.

The raps and table-tippings are to many of us growing monotonous, and yet they are as wonderful, as important, as intelligent and as difficult of explanation as slate-writing and trumpet-talking. "There is a lesson in each flower; a story in each stream and bower; in every herb on which we tread are written words which, rightly read, will lead us from earth's fragrant sod, through nature up to nature's God."

The Spiritualist, above all others, is interested in and concerned with his destiny, for the reason that he possesses the assurance, the absolute knowledge of a future existence. To him it makes but very little difference

"Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come!
Who'll tread your church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come!
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth,
The rich, the poor, on land, on sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come!"

THE MOUND BUILDERS.
They Are of Interest to All Spiritualists.
Old Notions Exploded by Recent Scientific Investigations.
THE MOUNDS WERE MADE BY INDIANS, WHO ARE CONSTRUCTING SIMILAR ONES TODAY—A GOVERNMENT OFFICER ON THE ALLEGED LOST RACE.



IMAGES FROM STONE GRAVES IN TENNESSEE

To THE EDITOR:—We are glad to learn that word comes from Washington, D. C., as set forth by leading dailies, that a new and very curious map is about to be published by the Geological Survey. It shows the works of the Mound Builders all over the eastern half of the United States. They must have been industrious people, for the entire area is sprinkled with red dots—there are thousands of them—each of which stands for a group of mounds. It used to be supposed that they were relics of an ancient race which peopled this continent before the Indians. Twelve years ago Maj. J. W. Powell set a corps of experts at the business of investigating them. The result of that inquiry has been a revolution in ideas.

"The first thing done was to locate the mounds which were looked upon as relics of a vanished population," said Maj. Powell yesterday. "It was a big task, for they are scattered all over the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Gulf. There are thousands of groups and the mounds are numbered by hundreds of thousands."

"Next, the shapes of the mounds were studied. It was found that their forms were of infinite variety. Many of them were shaped like various animals, and these have been termed 'effigy' mounds. A great many of them were dug into and all sorts of things were taken out of them. In about 10 per cent of them articles were found which were of white man's manufacture—such as brass kettles, beads, knives and bayonets. It was evident that these mounds must have been built after the white man arrived in this country. They, at all events, were not the work of an ancient and vanished race."

"A search was made for testimony in all the books written by the old explorers—Spanish, French, Dutch and English. They said that they found the Indians of North America living on top of mounds, burying their dead in mounds, and holding religious ceremonies on mounds; they even furnished pictures of mounds, showing the savages occupying them and using them for ceremonial purposes. Columbus, when he landed, found the Indians building and using mounds."

The truth is the Indians have been building mounds right along from prehistoric times until the present. They are constructing them today, and for the same purposes as anciently. I, myself, have seen two such mounds in process of building—one by the Platte in Santa Clara County, Utah, and the other in the Pitt River Valley, California, by the Wintun. They were both designed for cemeteries.

"The greatest assemblage of mounds in this country is the famous Cahokia group, opposite St. Louis, in Illinois. It can be seen from the railway approaching the city from the East. This group is most remarkable for the number and size of the mounds. The most extraordinary of them is the 'Great Sun' mound, which is in all respects exactly like those of modern Indian manufacture.

What reason, then, is there for assuming that the mounds were built by a lost people in remote antiquity? On the contrary, there is every reason for believing that they were constructed by the ancestors of the Indians of today."

COPPER ORNAMENTS MADE BY WHITE MEN

"The oft repeated assertion that the arts of the Mound Builders were superior to the arts of the Indians is absolutely lacking in corroborative evidence. Among hundreds of thousands of articles found in the mounds, the only ones not satisfactorily accounted for in the ways I have spoken of have been a few



CONICAL MOUND, MARIETTA, O.

Hundreds of them are on the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi River, and there are hundreds more across the river, in Iowa. These are the 'effigy' mounds of which I spoke. Many similar ones are found in other parts of the country. They are supposed to be emblematic and to stand for the totems of different clans of Indians. The Bear clan built mounds in the shape of a bear, the Snake clan chose the form of a serpent, and so on. Usually these emblematic mounds were sites for council houses, in which religious ceremonies were performed. The biggest and most celebrated snake-mound is in Licking County, O.

"In the investigation of aboriginal antiquities in this country science has had to contend against all sorts of cheats. Frauds in Indian relics are without number. Most common are the stone arrow-heads, spear-points, axes, etc., which people in the Ohio Valley make a regular business of manufacturing and selling to private collectors and colleges all over the country. Such objects are made by hand. The white man is more industrious than the savage, and, using the same methods as were employed by the latter, can turn them out ever so much faster."

"About thirty years ago excavations were made in an immense mound at Grave Creek, Va. A curious tablet was dug up, covered with written characters. It gave support to the theory that the mound builders were a distinct race of comparatively high culture. The Indians use picture-writing to express ideas; but the characters on the tablet were hieroglyphs—that is to say, arbitrary signs standing for words, which represent a superior development in written language. However, it has been proved that this relic was a fraud."

"Some years later another hieroglyphic tablet was dug up at Cincinnati. It was supposed to be an historical record. To say that it was a fraud would be going too far. It is certainly not accepted as authentic. Alleged relics which have excited much greater attention were certain tablets covered with hieroglyphs found in a mound near Davenport, Ia. The tablets, though the characters were in the shape of elephants. The latter were apparently modeled after the mammoth, which roamed over this continent ages ago. If the pipes were genuine, they would seem to prove that the men who had made them had seen mammoths and were therefore very ancient. Archaeologists generally reject them, together with the tablets, though the latter are still a dispute on the subject. Evidence in support of their authenticity is derived from the so-called 'elephant mound' in Wisconsin. But it is a question whether the resemblance of this mound to an elephant is apt to be irregularly-formed mass of earth, which afford an opportunity for imagination to exercise itself upon with some freedom."

THE CARDIFF GIANT FRAUD.

"By far the most famous of all frauds in antiquities was the Cardiff Giant. On the farm of William Newell, at Cardiff, near Syracuse, in 1868, was dug up what was advertised as a petrified human being of gigantic proportions. Workmen came across it while digging a well. People flocked from all parts of the country to see it, paying 50 cents a piece for the privilege. Geologists of the highest reputation examined it. They declared it to be not a petrification, but a sculptured statue. That it was extremely ancient they said there could be no doubt. Its back and side had been eroded in a manner which indicated that it must have lain buried for many centuries. P. T. Barnum produced an imitation of it and exhibited the counterfeit as the original."

"At length the exposure came. It was proved that the giant had been carved out of a block of gypsum 12 feet long, the block was taken from the bed of a stream, where it had become water-worn through ages. The sculptor employed to carve out the form of the giant was instructed to leave the marks of erosion untouched, in order that they might give the appearance of age. Hull served as a model for the figure, which in due time was 'planted' on Newell's farm, to be afterwards dug up. If Martin and Hull had not committed the



CONICAL MOUND, MARIETTA, O.

imprudence of registering their own names at the hotel in Fort Dodge, the beginning of a chain of evidence against them would have been difficult to find, and they would have realized an enormous fortune. It is supposed that they did secure at least \$100,000 from the cheat, which was for a long time a subject of excited controversy among scientific men.

"Mounds of another sort mark the sites of ancient fishing villages along the Lower Potomac. They are great beds of oyster shells. In early days those tribes of Indians which lived near the sea depended largely for their food supply on oysters. The shells in the course of time formed vast accumulations. As the heaps grew new dwellings were built on them, and one finds by digging into them stratum after stratum of the remains of generations long dead. The debris often covers hundreds of acres, and in it are discovered flint weapons, implements of many kinds, objects of prehistoric art and fragments of the very vessels in which some of the oysters were cooked."

"In the beds, which sometimes are 12 feet in depth, the shells from the top to the bottom of the mass are excellently preserved. This fact shows that the shells were opened not by breaking the shells, but by cooking. It is believed that most of them were opened by heating stones and placing the mollusks on them, covering the whole with moist sea-weed. Inland tribes used to come down to the coast periodically centuries before Columbus landed to bake and eat oysters and clams. Their method of cooking was imitated by the whites, and is perpetuated in the modern clam-bake."

"The shell-heap villages were fishing stations. From them the dried meats of oysters were furnished by trading to the tribes of the interior. All of the oyster-producing region hereabout belonged to the Algonquins, who formed the most numerous and extensive confederation of savages that has ever existed. So long as the Indians lived in this region they occupied such oyster-fishing sites. They still have at least one settlement of the kind on the Potomac."

"To sum up: There is not an atom of evidence that any race of people occupied this country before the Indians. Whence the latter came is a mystery. Though many theories have been formed, the problem is no nearer solution than at the beginning. It has been suggested that they came across the Pacific from Polynesia in boats; that they drifted over from Japan; that they crossed from Asia by way of the Aleutian Islands. But no other theory has been so widely accepted as that the Indians are descended from the lost tribes of Israel, though there is absolutely no ground for such a notion."—RENE BACRE, in *Globe Democrat*.

Response to Judge Rosecrans.

A friend who wishes that his name be not mentioned, whose heart responds to the appeal of Judge Rosecrans in behalf of a needy widow, in a recent "Twilight Musing," writes that he will be one of five who will agree to pay \$5 a year, or one of fifteen who will pay \$15 a year, during the life of said widow, as long as either himself or his wife remains in this life. He adds: "If Spiritualists are what they profess to be, there ought to be no difficulty in providing for hundreds of such cases, if known. I would like to form one in a good many such clubs."

Spiritualist Sunday Meetings.

W. J. Colville will speak for the First Society of Spiritualists, morning and evening at the usual hours, at Washington boulevard and Ogden avenue.

The North Side Spiritualist Society will hold services at Schlottbauer's hall, corner Sigel and Sedgwick streets, at 7:30 p. m.

The West Side Spiritualist Society will hold services at No. 11 North Ada street at 7:30 p. m.

The Illinois Spiritual Association will hold services at Bricklayers' hall, No. 93 South Peoria street, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Mrs. S. C. Scovel will speak.

The Spiritual Society of Occult Science will meet at No. 82 East Lake street, Fischer's hall, at 11 a. m. sharp.

The First Spiritualist Society of the South Side will hold services at No. 77 Thirty-first street at 2:30 p. m.

The system of negotiating bills of exchange was first instituted by the Bank of Barcelona.

SPIRIT GUIDANCE; OR INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ERASTUS HERMOINE NOBLE WRITTEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS CLARA MARSH BY FRANK CROW.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Joseph Gibbons—Fisherman Jack—Rita—The Wreckers.

A lone, low, rocky coast, further on the cliffs rose high, and stood out boldly with their rough, rugged faces toward the sea—ragged, cruel rocks they were, which could be seen far out in the water, and they had caused the destruction of many a vessel. A point of land extended into the ocean from the mainland, having a low, rocky foundation. On this point was built a lighthouse, and night after night its cheering light shone out over the waters, so that vessels at sea could steer clear of the great mass of sunken rocks that stretched out into the water from the higher cliffs, their dark heads just showing above the water like some huge animal lying in wait for his prey. This point was a place dreaded by sailors in a storm; many vessels had been wrecked here; but they not only had the rocks to fear, but often faint lights were kindled on the cliffs to lure the poor ships to destruction. But the government had appointed a coast guard, and it was thought soon the wreckers would be compelled to give up their nefarious business. But they were banded together, and it was not easy to fix upon the identity of the parties.

The lighthouse was kept by Joseph Gibbons, or Joe Gibbons, as he was called by the fishermen on the coast. He had kept the lighthouse for ten years. His cottage was back a little distance from the coast, and was kept neat and tidy by his wife and daughter. Not far away from Joseph Gibbons' cottage stood another smaller one owned by Fisherman Jack, who lived there with his wife. The morning was bright, and Jack sat on the shady side of the cottage, overlooking the sea, busily engaged in mending his nets. His wife was bustling about preparing his noonday meal.

Jack was anxious to be gone, for he was sure by signs known to himself that there was a storm brewing. He wished to get another net of fish before it came, for he knew it might be days before the sea would calm down sufficiently to allow any fishing. Jack was an old sailor, and when he prophesied a storm it was sure to come. As he sat there mending his net, a young girl came from toward the shore. Stopping to speak to Jack, she said, in a clear, sweet voice: "Good morning, Mr. Jack."

"Good morning, Miss Rita," said Jack; "been for a walk on the beach?"

"Yes," said Rita, "and, Jack, I want to talk with you," she continued, sitting down on a stool beside him.

Though in a hurry to be away on the water, Jack was ever ready to listen to Rita, for she was a great favorite with him.

"Do you think, Jack," said Rita, looking anxiously at him, "that there will be a storm on the coast soon?"

"Yes, little one, I do," said Jack, "and for that reason I am hurrying with my nets; it will be a hard storm, with wind, too, as you all will find out soon," he said, as he dexterously tied knot after knot.

"I will not detain you long," said Rita, "for I see you are in a hurry to be gone, but I wish to tell you something."

"Well, little lass, I am listening," said Jack.

"Just before I came here," said Rita, "I was sitting on the rocks over there," pointing to some rocks a little distance away, "watching for father, when three men came and sat down not far from me, under the cliff. I could not see them when they came close, for I hid to keep from sight, then the cliff shielded them from view; but I am sure they were evil men from their talk. At a distance one looked short and thick, and the other two were tall."

"Could you hear their conversation, little one?" enquired Jack.

"Only a few words," replied Rita. "I was afraid to stir for fear they would see me, and you know the cliff is a lonely place, Jack."

"Aye, aye, child, that is true—a good place to lay evil plans. But tell me what you heard."

"I heard them speaking about a storm coming, and one said, with a terrible laugh, it would be a dark night and a good time to light a beacon; do you think they were some of the cliff wreckers, Jack?"

"Yes, Miss Rita, I do," said her companion, excitedly. "They intend to again begin their wicked work, and, blast my stars, I believe that short, thick man was Nat Kemp. I have mistrusted him for some time as being the head of the gang; but no one has yet been able to catch him."

"How soon do you think the storm will strike us, Jack?" said Rita.

"By next night sure," replied the sailor.

"Then Paul ought to know of this immediately," said Rita.

"Yes, indeed," replied Jack.

"There he comes now," said Rita, as looking up she saw coming toward them a tall, fine-looking young man of about twenty-four years of age. He was tall, but well proportioned. He wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, which came well over his features, but his face was browned by exposure to sun and wind. His

father had once kept the light-house, but had died several years ago, then he and his mother went to live in a little cottage you could see in the distance. They had lived together till a few years back, when she, too, was called to the spirit land, and Paul was left an orphan. He was muscular and strong, and had lately been appointed leader of the coast-guard, and so sharp and keen was he that there had not been many false beacons lighted of late. It had been his desire to capture the leader, and so break them up entirely, but as yet he had not been able to accomplish this. A large reward had been offered for his apprehension, and he wished to obtain that, and at the same time be doing an act of mercy, for he did not intend to spend all his life here on this dreary coast, away from all the refinement of civil life, but when he had laid by a sufficient sum Rita had promised to become his wife, and they had laid their plans to go to some other land to live. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, too, were tired of this lonely place, and many times they had longed for a more congenial clime.

Rita was a sweet girl of seventeen years; she had lovely auburn hair that clustered in tiny rings over her fair brow, and she looked at you with large, dreamy brown eyes, shaded by long, curling lashes. She was browned from outdoor exercise, for Miss Rita could row a boat as well as anyone on the coast, and was not at all afraid of the water. Her features were regular and fine, and clothed as she was now in a dark blue suit, with her wide-sleeved hat pushed back just enough to show the curls that clustered above her forehead, she made a picture sitting there talking to Fisherman Jack.

As Paul approached he was greeted with a smile from Rita, and a cheery "good morning, Jack," from Jack.

"I have been looking for you, Rita," said Paul; "I thought we would go for a row over to the light-house. Your father went over some time ago to trim and clean the lamps. Will you go?"

"Yes," said Rita, "I will go; I was wishing to see you just now very much, and father too. I have something interesting to relate to you."

"What is it?" Paul said, looking curiously at her anxious face.

"Yes, tell him all about it," said Jack, "for I must go now."

And, separating, each went their way. Jack, with his fish-nets and dinner-basket, was soon on the water.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Going to the Light-house.

Going to the beach, Paul unfastened a boat, and, helping Rita to a seat, they were soon rowing in the direction of the light-house. Well out on the water, Rita told Paul all her conversation with Fisherman Jack, and her seeing the men on the cliff.

"I think the same as Jack about that fellow," said Paul. "When we return I will inform the rest of the guard, and we will watch all suspicious fellows closely."

Now landing and securely fastening their boat, they went into the light-house and up the stairs to where the father of Rita was trimming and cleaning the lamps. Mr. Gibbons was a fine, noble-looking man, of English descent. Looking up from his work as Paul and Rita entered, he bade them good morning, his face lighting up with a smile as he greeted them.

Taking off her hat and putting on a big apron, Rita said: "While I talk I will help you, father, prepare the lamps," and Rita did so. This was not new business for the little lady, and swiftly and deftly her fingers flew till the work was completed, while telling her father all she had just related to Paul.

"What is the best thing to do?" said Mr. Gibbons. Then Paul told him his intention was to watch the men, and see if their plans could not be frustrated. Of this plan Mr. Gibbons approved most heartily. Having now finished their necessary work, they all prepared to return to the shore.

"If the prophecy of Jack proves true, I think, Rita, you will have to tend the light-house," said Mr. Gibbons, "for Paul will have to attend to the wreckers, and I may be wanted to go out in the life-boat."

"I am willing to do so," said the brave girl. Many times had Rita stayed in the light-house during a storm, and tended to the lamps, sometimes when the waves would go nearly over it, dashing against its sides with such terrific force that it would seem as if it would tumble to pieces, while the walls would tremble, shaken by the fury of the storm. But Rita was used to all this, and though lonely, she was never much frightened, for she knew the light-house was built stout and strong, and the brave hearted girl was willing to risk her own life in order to help save others. Sometimes she would stay several days, for in a storm the waves would toss and roll in great billows of foam between the land and the light-house; so no one cared to cross the waters that lay between unless duty called them. Returning, Paul bade Rita good-by, and started away to find the rest of the guard.

CHAPTER VIII.
Mrs. Gibbons—Rita a Medium—The Wreckers Watched.

Rita had told Paul to come again that evening, and now going inside the house she was soon busy helping her mother prepare the noonday meal, for Rita was an industrious and handy little lady, and was ever ready to help both father and mother whenever she could. Her mother was a very refined, lady-like person, gentle and kind. In her younger days she must have looked much as Miss Rita did now, having the same delicate features and soft brown hair, which lay in waves upon her shapely head. She also had that far-away expression in her eyes, and often a sad, longing look came over her fine features as she would look out on the dreary coast, and memory recalled to her scenes of her childhood days and early married life, and she would think of the cruel necessity that had compelled them to seek this dismal place; but she was not of a fretful, complaining disposition, and so was cheered by the love of her husband and sweet little Rita. If it was not for them her life would indeed be dreary.

In Rita's childhood days she and her husband had taught her, and quick to learn, she was moderately well educated; but what she lacked in book-learning she made up in sweet womanly ways that endeared her to her father and mother, and made her loved by all the rough fishermen on the coast; and sweet Rita was also a chosen instrument for spirit manifestation, and was rapidly developing into a grand and noble materializing medium. This was a great comfort to both her father and mother, for through her they received many tokens of love from departed friends, also messages giving courage and hope, as well as those of warning and guidance. Mr. Gibbons and his wife had long been convinced of the truth of spirit communion; it was to them a great and glorious gift beyond all price.

Paul found his men, and stationed them at different points along the coast, and told them to watch any suspicious characters lingering about. All the afternoon he watched and laid his plans, with what success we shall see.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Seance.

As the evening hour drew near, Paul turned his steps again in the direction of Rita's home. He was made welcome by all the family, and as the evening advanced Fisherman Jack came also in. He was a good old man, and had once saved the life of Rita when a child, and ever since had been a trusted friend of the family. Mr. Gibbons had gone to the light-house, and the three sat and chatted pleasantly together till the appearance of Mrs. Gibbons. The cottage was larger and better than most of the cottages on the beach. The room in which they were seated was a pleasant one, with windows overlooking the sea. The windows were covered with soft muslin curtains, that fluttered in the gentle breeze. The chairs and carpets, as well as many of the other pieces of furniture, were articles that they had possessed in former years, and had brought with them to this place. On the wall hung a guitar, the property of Miss Rita now, but which had once been her mother's.

"I feel," said Rita, "that our spirit friends have something to communicate to us, and I think we ought to give them an opportunity." This was not new to any of the parties, and ever anxious to hear from their departed friends, they made preparations to give them welcome. They formed a cabinet by stretching a curtain across the corner of the room.

Rita took her guitar from the wall, and, seating herself, struck some low, soft chords; then she and Paul West sang together, their voices blending in most delightful harmony. Then taking her place inside the cabinet, they sat in silence for some minutes. It was not long before many forms appeared, and spoke to them words of wisdom and words of warning. Beautiful music floated on the air from immortal lips, and it seemed as if heaven had descended and entered that humble abode.

Jack looked at and listened to all those beautiful sights and sounds, while tears of joy rolled down his rugged cheeks. He knew he had not many years longer to fish on these lonely coasts, but the old man had no fear, for had not his father and mother come to him oftentimes, and told him of that brighter land and home that one day should be his, when his days of toil were ended. Yes, indeed, they had come to him, as they had to many others on life's toilsome journey. Knowing this, the old man waited patiently for the summons that should take him away from the sorrows of earth to that happy home in the bright beyond. How many weary souls now on the earth plane would be glad of the knowledge and trusting faith of this old sailor? Let all mediums work for that glorious day when the whole earth shall be encompassed about by the grand truth of Spiritualism, and there will not be left one person to enquire of another, "Know ye the truth?" but all will have experienced its powerful and ennobling influence.

Among the messages received was one telling them to keep their lamps burning bright the following night, for danger threatened a vessel far out at sea. For more than an hour these demonstrations were carried on, affording the listening ones joy and comfort, then Rita was released from her trance state, and after talking over the events of the evening, they separated for the night and were soon slumbering in peaceful quiet, while watchful spirits hovered near.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Storm Approaching—Off Sunken Rock.

Next day they all watched the sky with great interest, in order to discover if there was any sign of an approaching storm; but the sea appeared to be unusually calm, with scarcely a ripple to mar its smooth, shining surface, while the sun shone bright, and it

looked then as if nothing could ever disturb its shining, placid waters, but toward evening there came a change—the air seemed to grow heavy and stifling, the birds on the cliffs flew out over the waters flapping their wings and creaking dully, and at times they dipped their bills in the dark waters beneath them, as if by their strange movements they were trying to give warning of the coming storm. A foggy, misty look appeared close to the horizon, and soon a bank of dark clouds took its place.

"There is a storm coming sure," said Mr. Gibbons, and the light-house-keeper began to prepare for it. He had already trimmed and filled his lamps preparatory for the night. Calling Rita, he pointed to the clouds, and she knew by them what to expect from former scenes. She immediately prepared herself to go to the light-house. Putting together such things as she thought would be needed, she unfastened her boat, pushed out, and soon had rowed herself to her destination. She preferred to go alone, not wishing to take her father away from the beach, where he was needed. Fastening everything securely, she set about making herself comfortable for the night.

Along in the early part of the night the storm burst upon them in all its fury. The waves dashed over the light-house with such force it seemed as if it could not withstand such violence. Going to the window Rita shaded her eyes with her hands, and tried to look out over the seething, boiling waters; but it was impossible to distinguish anything on account of the darkness and the spray that dashed against the windows. Not being able to see any distance on the waters, Rita again seated herself.

"I do hope Paul will be successful in preventing any false light being lighted on the cliffs," said the brave girl and patient watcher. "Heaven pity any poor vessel out in this terrible storm; but I will do my best to help them shun the sunken rock; I will keep my lights burning bright, and may they be the means of saving life this dreadful night."

Going again to the window she looked out, but still she could see nothing; so Rita sat down again, and amid the roar and thunder of the waves around her, and listening to the howling of the wind as it whistled and moaned, she prepared to wait for the morning light. But suddenly starting up, she cried: "The minute-gun! A ship in distress!"

Boom! boom! it sounded over the waters. "They must have struck the sunken rock," said Rita. "Can any boat live in this storm? I fear not; there will be great loss of life this night!" and Rita was filled with pity and sorrow.

"Before father and his brave men can reach them it will be too late," Rita was filled with fear for the safety of her dear father if he should attempt to launch the life-boat before the sea calmed down. She feared he would attempt it when he heard the boom of the minute-gun, for he was brave and thought little of danger if there was any chance to save life.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Captain of the Wreckers—A Ship in Distress.

Paul West and his few brave men, at the approach of the storm, hastened toward the cliffs, determined to thwart, if possible, any attempt to build a false beacon, if such should be the intention of the wreckers. During their watch of the day and night before everything appeared as usual; nothing unusual attracted their attention. But notwithstanding this, they prepared themselves for any unexpected event. The night was inky blackness, and the wind blew furiously. It was so dark that one could scarcely see his hand before his face. They could hear the dashing of the waves upon the rocks below them, and see the cheering light from the light-house shine out over the water.

"I see Rita has heeded the warning she received last night to keep her lamps burning bright," said Paul to himself. "I fear this will be a lonely night for her out there, but she is brave, and I know she will be protected. Invisible watchers guard and care for her. We must all do our duty to night; I fear the worst has not yet come." So meditating, he watched and listened.

Paul knew the storm would be very violent while it lasted, as was often the case, then suddenly cease after its fury was spent. He hoped its force would soon exhaust itself, and no damage be done. He had brought with him a dark lantern and several other articles he might need. He was covered with an oil-skin coat, and wore on his head a cap made from the same material. So protected in a measure from the storm, he continued his lonely vigil. Suddenly his sharp eyes caught the glimmer of a light further down the cliffs. As he looked, brighter and brighter it grew, blazing up and sending a gleam of light far out on the water, and in its glare he could see now and then the form of a man as he continued to pile stick after stick upon the fire.

"The wreckers, sure!" said Paul. "The miserable wretch! I can capture you, my fine fellow, I think it will be some time before you get another chance to build a false light on this coast."

Making his way slowly and cautiously in the direction of the fire, he stopped several times to listen for fear of discovery. There might be other men stationed between him and the beacon, and he did not care to meet them. His progress was necessarily slow on account of the darkness of the night. The rain had ceased, and the wind blew less, but the darkness was intense. He wished very much to capture the wrecker, and had made preparations to accomplish this if the opportunity presented itself, so he was more cautious than usual. The light had been burning some time before he arrived at where it was. Going cautiously forward he saw a man sitting in the glow of the fire, looking toward the sea, speculating, no doubt, on the probability of a rich

plunder. His back was toward Paul, who, upon observing this, went slowly forward. He intended to throw around him a strong rope which he had fastened to the cliff, but his foot slipped, and he came near falling. The man looked around, and "discovered" was the only word he uttered, and he started away in the darkness; but in his confusion and fright he stumbled and fell. Seizing this opportunity Paul soon captured the fellow, and found him securely. He did not struggle much, for in his fall he had sprained his ankle, so Paul had an easy victory.

This man had come alone to this place to show the rest of the wreckers that he was not afraid of the coast guard, and that he had now been caught in his wicked act. Turning his lamp on the man's face, the light disclosed the cruel, wicked countenance of a very one Paul had so long suspected as the leader of the wreckers, and who had succeeded in eluding justice till the present time.

"Good God, man, have you no mercy that you would thus deliberately try to lure innocent beings to destruction?" gazed Paul to the captured man. "I think," said sternly, "you will have a chance to answer for this crime, as well as numerous others for this nature; I only hope no harm has come of this. But before anything more is done, come of this. Out this treacherous light," and he let me put fire he scattered the brands right against to the he found it no easy matter to extend left; but fire, for the sticks were soaked with kerosene, the substance that resisted all his efforts in a last resort he pitched them into the sea. As

But his good act came too late. The sea sank within him, for just then his gun caught the sound of a ship in distress—their caught gun—that sound which, heard at some minute-dismay to the strongest and bravest hearts, strikes listened intently, and soon it came a great he, the water, appealing for help.

"A ship has struck off the Point!" cried Paul, and he rushed to the point. "I am sure to destruction by the vile wreckers said; rible thought! And no one will be able to reach them in time to give any assistance. He knew the wreck had been caused by 'false light, and in his anger Paul felt a strong desire to pitch this creature, who had been the cause of all this distress, into the sea. Then the tossing and tumbling beneath them. But was restrained his righteous anger; perhaps the man might be the means of capturing the this maiming wreckers, and that would be a result much to be desired.

Wishing help to get the man to the village, Paul sent a long, loud, piercing whistle to the cliffs; it was the signal agreed upon over between him and his men. He did not long wait before help arrived. He told his men to capture the man, and they were off. Going to the man, he was made to get upon his feet, which he did with much groans and cries for mercy.

"You showed no mercy, why should you expect any?" said Paul. "You have marred on your shoulders to answer for. Why can't tell how many brave men have met a cruel death this night by your wicked act?"

Slowly, with the help of Paul and his men, the man was taken to the village, and placed in the cottage of Mr. Gibbons. Paul left a man to watch him and tend to his needs, and then went swiftly in the direction of the beach to see if he could afford any help to Mr. Gibbons and the men stationed there.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Meeting in Kansas.

The Leavensworth County Spiritualist Association will hold a four days' meeting, from the 24th to the 28th of August, 1893, in Deuel's Hall, Wallula, Kansas. Good speakers and mediums will be in attendance. The hall is located on a beautiful elevation, midway between Wallula, on the K. C. W. and N. W. R. R., and East Fairmont, on the Santa Fe Railroad, one-half mile distant from each station, and two miles distant from Fairmont station on the U. P. R. R.

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IN THE
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A Remarkable Book.

This is a remarkable work by FAYETTE CHAPPEL, a native of the United States, who has spent fifty years in the Church of Rome. It is a history of the Church of Rome, from its foundation to the present time. The following is a partial list of the contents:

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turn may find their way into the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER before this matter is settled. If the gang makes a vigorous kick. They are worth waiting for. Investigation cured any desire our friend had to invest in the Stowell-Youmans bonds, and the "Plain Facts" communication was written to warn other Spiritualists against this subtle scheme to wrong them. Such is the "Plain Fact."

The slush and denials used by Youmans in the tail of his screed are inconsequential to the main issue of "attempted fraud" by the gang. As previously announced, we looked for misrepresentation and abuse from this mob of trespassers.

And, besides, it was impossible for them to answer without acknowledging premeditated crime, in either words or effect. In effect they have confessed, and even those Spiritualists who intelligently read only their interpretation of their designs will carefully "stand from under."

Will Incriminate the Gang.

Perhaps a word of advice to Mr. Youmans may not be amiss. It is said by good authority in law that if these bonds are placed before the public for sale, the mere act of offering will incriminate all parties joining in their issue. Youmans evidently imagines that the style of his endorsement upon them will save him harmless, and that he will escape by "a scratch." The law cannot look upon him otherwise than as a partner in the fraud. There is a good illustration of the effect of "a scratch" in *Maop*. It was prophesied that a certain young man would be killed by a lion. Thereupon the father of the young man shut him up in a tower. But there was a picture of a lion in the tower, and the prisoner scratched himself with a nail in the picture. Gangrene and death ensued: so it was said to have come to pass, after all, that the young man was killed by a lion.

Nothing, Mr. Youmans, will prevent disaster to any of the parties who scratch their names upon your proposed issue of "securities." You will be judicially and justly "scratched" in return, and for the honor of Spiritualism we could wish a better fate. There is surely something worth considering in this suggestion, even if otherwise you are willing to take the money of those who need it and expend it upon an experiment whose promise of return is remote and uncertain—almost sure to fail. Besides, you do not care to join the criminal class as a volunteer, at so great a risk. Do you?

Again, Mr. Youmans, you are mentally a child, although at man's estate; one whom nature huddled up in haste, and left his best parts unfinished. The rest of you is grown to be a man, only your brain stays behind, from want of strength. But you have not improved your first rudiments, nor attained any proficiency by your stay in the world. You are too many steps below a wise man to be much considered, and yet the law will take the same cognizance of your acts as if you were mentally sound. You are too easily led by the nose; flexible with anything but reason; with that only perverse and foolhardy. Any man's knowledge of you is better than your own, and for this defect you follow Will-o-the-wisps, make-believers, fraudulent mediums and confidence men.

A STARTLING FACT.

The Gang Have Not Complied with the Law.

Why Did They Not Demolish All Our Statements by Having Their Property Appraised?

Unsecured bonds were never yet floated, and if Stowell does it he will prove to be a miraculous financier, and it is not improbable that his big intentions will collapse when he learns that bonds cannot be issued in Ohio under the property securing them has been valued by three disinterested appraisers under oath, and that its valuation must be DOUBLE the sum of the bonds issued. Bonds issued in that State under any other conditions are utterly worthless, and subject those who put them in circulation to severe penalties. This fact may cool the ardor of the great financier. But in that case, what becomes of the great publishing house medium Stowell's controls have ordered established in Cincinnati? The scheme is in a haze, and there is a threat of a suit for damages. We cannot see that anybody is liable, except the maker of the obnoxious law, and he will find some way to wriggle out.

The Way Advertisers Have Been Wronged.

The immense circulation Light of Truth professes to have is stated by its publishers to "exceed 17,000 paid subscribers," and we are told that this figure was even sworn to last year! If it was, someone has more than

Ten Thousand Perjuries.

to condone, and they are perjuries, whether sworn to or not, for they were sent out by the gang. The Light of Truth had less than 7,000 paid subscriptions last year, and has less than 7,000 now. Oh, yes; we have proof of this statement, and do not propose to be backward in its use whenever occasion offers.

Advertisements obtained upon the strength of its stated circulation of "17,000 paid subscribers," were worth to the advertisers only 40 per cent of the sums paid for them. Those who responded favorably to Stowell's circulars, in which this circulation was claimed, have the legal and moral right to re-

cover 60 per cent of any sum paid him for advertisements. That is to say, he has taken 60 of every hundred paid him on this account.

By False Pretenses.

and probably his attention has only to be called to the fact to secure prompt restitution. It is worth trying. There is money in it for the once complaining patron. Even an advertiser does not relish the picking of his pocket.

Now Stowell says in effect to the public, which he doubtless imagines is completely gulled by the many lies already published by him, that \$25,000 have been invested in Light of Truth, and he wants to raise by bonding that plant \$25,000 more for the institution of a great Spiritualist publishing house, and that to this end he has mortgaged to Morgan G. Youmans, ex-president of the Better Way stock company, the entire plant of the Light of Truth as security for \$25,000 bonds of the denomination of \$50 and \$100 respectively, which will draw interest at 6 per cent. A deed of trust of the Light of Truth concerns might possibly secure the payment of \$300.

But Not a Dollar More.

as neither the good will nor subscription list can be legally mortgaged, and the other stuff would not bring more than \$300 and costs in a forced sale. Our informant was in the office less than six weeks ago, and examined it thoroughly from a practical outlook. He knows the value of such truck to a nicety. Then what does Stowell's proposition mean? you ask. The shrewd business man will have little hesitation in characterizing it as it deserves; the capitalist will not let go of his cash until he sees something more substantial than wind to warrant its repayment, and the criminal lawyer will be apt to see a prospect in it for the exercise of professional skill. The first year's interest upon these subscription bonds would amount to five times the sum of the security for both principal and interest, and of course the proposition is too absurd for serious discussion. An idiot would be a triple fool if he did not discover at a glance

The Intention to Defraud.

It will not be possible to induce the belief in Spiritualists that direct communication with exalted spirits could prompt the methods above referred to, nor will honest Spiritualists countenance or encourage them in any way. Those who already have a hand in the lion's mouth should release or loose it now. Better break away from the foul association. Better be mangled in body than cripple the spirit and the heart forever. The Cincinnati gangster's methods are a reproach to the cause, and a stench in the nostrils of honest men.

BUBBLE BONDS.

And Some Reflections Thereon.

Perronet Thompson says: "The world is under direction of two antagonistic principles, the desire to keep, and the desire to take away. The past history of the world is in the main a history of the conquest of the latter principle; and it is only comparatively modern periods that the other has made head against its antagonist with any marked success. The foreign and domestic policy of those who are styled the ancients may be summed up in the maxim that everything possible was to be taken by force from foreign nations, and everything produced by the industrious at home was for this purpose, to be at the service of the takers."

Is this battle of life a skirmish for shams and shadows—for just the weary opportunity to sow, that others may reap? And is it a law of nature that the garish magnificence of the few shall always be supported by the sweat and blood of the unpretending many?

If somebody must profit by the weaknesses of mankind, why should not the profit come to me, as well as go to another? Is the fallacious argument of thousands of calculating men and women, and results in much wrongdoing, and no end of criminal practices.

Those who have read the history of the eighteenth century are enabled to recall John Law's Mississippi scheme, which stole from the pockets of the people of France \$650,000,000, the interest upon which was \$19,400,000 annually. And the South Sea bubble was equally disastrous to the people of England. Both these schemes ruined prominent families, exhausted great estates, and sent more than a quarter of a million persons to subsist in institutions provided for the most abjectly poor. The History of Parliament thus refers to the collapse of the South Sea bubble: "And thus were seen, in the space of eight months, the rise, progress and fall of that mighty fabric, which, being wound up by mysterious springs to a wonderful height, had fixed the eyes and expectations of all Europe, but whose foundation being fraud, illusion, credulity and infatuation, fell to the ground as soon as the artful management of its directors was discovered."

Another authority testifies that its climax came "in the woes of thousands of impoverished and ruined families; the wealthy of yesterday became the beggars of to-day; the powerful and influential changed into exiles and outcasts, and the voice of self-reproach and imprecation resounded from every corner of the land."

The same desire for speculation that built up these projects and brought such

widespread ruin, is inherent in all mankind. Instances of its mad rush and all-consuming failures are of painful frequency. Failures of corporations and individuals, of which we even now have many startling examples, owe the entire sum of their disastrous features to its influence. And yet nearly all these firms and corporations were managed by people in whom the community had great confidence. Most of them were regarded as thoroughly responsible for their obligations. No business man in the entire west was more highly respected than Charles Foster, of Ohio, and as times go, he is a man of honor, and deserves the distinguished consideration he elicits.

But even Foster's judgment and foresight did not prevent terrible financial disaster to himself and the many confiding people associated in his business enterprises. The same remarks apply to many others who are equally honorable, and there is fair proof in the incidents thus afforded that individual effort is safer to insure a desirable outcome than the ordinary large association of work and means.

Individuals are quite sure to understand just what is going on in enterprises they manage, and to study details with an eye single to profit, for their money is invested, and they are at all the risk. But if they fall, the failure is their own, and not liable to involve others in financial ruin.

These quotations and comments come together as the result of a little reflection upon the fact that associated efforts by Spiritualists, especially those involving business enterprises of any considerable moment, have never succeeded. In all those cases where the few have "managed" the affairs for the many of our people, it has seemed to happen that the few were careless, incompetent or designing, and the many became their victims. This is not necessarily a reflection upon the managers. The issue was not wholly theirs—perhaps not partially; they had contributed but little of the capital, and their interest in the outcome was not sufficient to command their best work. In a time of sharp competition like the present, only the best and most untiring work insures success. Decayed methods and mediocre abilities have been relegated to the rear.

References have been made in previous numbers, and others are contained in the present impressions of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, to a plan at Cincinnati for the alleged institution of a Spiritualist publishing house. It seems to us more dangerous in conception than any stock company of modern times. As our readers have already been informed, it is proposed to put out \$25,000 in "bonds," but with nothing bonded save faith, wind, and a few pounds of well-worn type; but it is calculated that confiding Spiritualists will invest in them and consent to the use of the money paid in printing tracts and things! With no stockholders to hold them to account, or in any way interfere with their plans, these schemers would revel in clover for a time, and then, presto! would come the report that the tract business didn't "pan out," and that the money was spent, the concern in debt, and the d—l to pay. The bond-and-bag-holders would have no redress except prosecution for fraud, as the proposed bond issue is contrary to law; but of what benefit to the poor man or woman would such prosecution be? It would not restore their money nor peace of mind, but it would bring a foul reproach upon Spiritualism for such a crime committed in her name!

These "bonds" will not sell to Spiritualists or anybody else, at any price, for they are worthless!

A Word to Our Readers.

We owe you a duty, and that is to carefully guard your interests, and protect you, as far as possible, from the depredations of adventurers and schemers. We want no more such failures as the old Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. When that went to pieces men, women and children were left helpless, and some suffered for even the common necessities of life. The scheme proposed by the Cincinnati gang has far less foundation than the old Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, and we should consider ourselves grossly criminal to not sound a warning cry. Let us hope that this issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be sufficient to accomplish the object desired, and that we shall not be compelled to probe the gang deeper.

REPLY TO THE GANG.

Dr. Greer Indignant at the Base Insinuations of "Light of Truth."

TO THE EDITOR:—Because of your well-timed vigilance and opposition to a certain line of financial policy proposed to the spiritual public by the publishers of "Light of Truth," and through which well-directed opposition many, no doubt, will have been saved from financial embarrassment or disaster, and as if to justify their cause, they refer to me in their last issue with an attempt to stigmatize my motive when in the early days of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER I tendered to its publisher a donation of ten dollars for the express purpose of helping to send the paper free to certain indigent persons, and at the same time suggesting that you open in your

columns a "God's Poor Fund," like certain other spiritual journals, but which you promptly and positively declined, as will be seen by the following letter:

DR. GREER—MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Your remittance (ten dollars) for "God's poor," came duly to hand, and for which you are entitled to 1,000 thanks. So far, I have been able to answer all demands in that direction myself, and am not sure that it is best to call to my assistance and subsidize people as yourself and wife. Those who send a quarter and say they are poor, I put them down for a year; and if they say they can't raise even that amount, I send them the paper free. I will take the matter under advisement for two or three weeks, and if I conclude to adopt your suggestion, I will publish your letter, with comments thereon; and if I conclude that I can still carry the burden, which is not very great, I will return you the ten dollars. Your heart, doctor, is in the right place, and beats for humanity. Fraternally,
J. L. FRANCIS.

Why the publishers of the "Light of Truth" should so uncharitably and viciously question the motive that prompted the action, I am at a loss to know, excepting it to be further indulgence in bitter words, thirsting for literary gore, by way of retaliation. At any rate, any statement contrary to the above, impugning my motive, is a base fabrication, and in conclusion I will add that no true Spiritualist or honest man can deny the right of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER's great SEARCH LIGHT criticism of an erring sister journal.

With respectful consideration, I am fraternally yours,
DR. R. GREER.
Chicago, August 8, 1893.

DISHONEST PRACTICES.

Bro. Francis:—I don't know whether it is my part or not, but I'll try it any way. I don't mean, in the interest of truth and honesty to congratulate you on the magnificent fight you are making against the dishonest practices of the publishers of a Spiritualist newspaper. Whatever applies to them is true of nearly all publishers.

I have done a good deal of advertising during the last twenty years, and have paid out hundreds of dollars to learn that it is the general custom of newspaper publishers to multiply the actual circulation by ten, in soliciting custom from the advertiser. I have tried the paper of which you speak with absolutely no return, which is proof to me that your statements are correct. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best medium, out of hundreds, in its return; showing first, that its circulation is already immense; and, second, that its readers are wide awake and intelligent.

It is also true in these days of corrupt practices, that advertisers have prevaricated so much, that when a man tries to tell the simple truth, his veracity is questioned. Shall we ever get back to the old maxim, "Honesty is the best policy"? Good-bye, Bro. Francis. Let THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER continue to magnify the good, maintain its present integrity of purpose, and love for humanity, and it will carry with it the earnest support of everyone whose good will is worth having.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

Experiences with Maggie Gaule.

TO THE EDITOR:—In justice to Miss Maggie Gaule, and in due reverence to my dear spirit parents, I desire to present to your readers the following: On Sunday, August 7th, I visited the spiritualistic camp, Lake Brady, to enjoy the bounteous gifts of nature and the heavenly atmosphere impregnated with hosts of spirit visitors. Hundreds of visitors listened to the eloquence of Hon. A. B. Richmond and Mrs. Lake, our pastor. Having never before seen the wonderful platform test medium, Miss Gaule, I was anxious to witness such a manifestation of spirit power, rather curious, not expecting any tests to myself individually, because I have learned that positive, egoistic desires thrown out towards spirit control absolutely destroy the spirit's power to approach within the medium's aura in order to manifest. Consequently the tests I wish to relate and have received through the organizers of the medium test could not be mind-reading, for I had not thought of my spirit parents.

Miss Gaule, when under control, described the spirit form of a lady, "from appearance German Jewish origin, who calls for her son, Lewis Kohn, and gives her name as 'Yetta' Kohn; and with her I see a man, seemingly her husband, Jacob Kohn." I immediately arose to acknowledge that I was the son called for, and that the test was correct.

Now a conundrum for the skeptics: How could an entire stranger among an audience of two thousand people guess such a Jewish-German name as "Yetta"? And, besides, mother passed out of her form eleven years and father twenty years ago, in a remote village of Germany.

Furthermore she remarked: "In connection with your family I see coming towards me, and pointing to you and a lady in the farthest end of the audience (I being seated near the platform, and my wife quite a distance away from me in a different direction) gives her name, Sara Schwab, and says: 'Did I not promise shortly before my departure, out of the form, if spirit return is true I will come back and publicly proclaim it, and also told you several hours before my end came, in the night at 1 o'clock, that at 12 o'clock noon I have to leave you all!'" All of which really occurred on Friday, January 20, 1888, when with the first stroke of 12 o'clock spirit fled from its mortal environment. Witnesses can testify to what she had predicted ten hours previous to her departure, for they were informed of them at 8 A. M. by my wife, her daughter.

If these messages were not a pure spirit communication, what were they? I am open for scientific explanations.

Cleveland, O. LEWIS J. KOHN

Fear manifested invites danger; concealed cowardice insult known ones—Chetfield.

It is but a base, ignoble mind that mounts no higher than a bird can soar.—Shakespeare.

The men who are always fortunate cannot easily have a great reverence for virtue.—Cicero.

"CHRIST THE SUN."

Let Reason Decide All Things.

I have read carefully, in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of June 11, an article from Hugh Jenner Browne, entitled "Christ the Sun," which tries to compound the Bible with the constellations of the starry realms, as they are symbolized in ancient mythology; and a bungling piece of work he has made of it, by trying to base the writings of the Bible and the mythological gods on the orbital motion of our earth, which can not be done. If he does not know that there is what is called a retrograde motion of our earth, called the platonio or Great Year, and that it is on this motion of the earth that the Bible is based, he had better lock up his storehouse of astrological lore until he learns more about the constellations of the heavens and their astral relations to our solar system, and their mythological paraphernalia, as represented by Bible symbols.

Instead of Christ being the sun, he was the Lamb of the Zodiac, and by the retrograde motion of our earth it is 2,000 years since our earth passed from the sign of the Lamb and was brought under the reign of the Fishes, which represent a cross. I can see only one hint in his article which is correct, and that is that Aries is the Bull of Bashan, but the winged bull (called the white bull or the fat bull of Africa) belongs to another part of the heavens entirely, and is the sacred bull worshipped by the ancient Greeks and Romans.

I am writing a work on this very subject, and know of what I am talking. The great dragon spoken of in Revelations, which drew a third part of the stars after it, is Hydra, the water serpent, which overlaps almost four signs of the Zodiac; whereas he has given it the place of the Scorpion, and instead of Aquarius being John the Baptist the Twins are John the Baptist.

Upon looking at his article again, there are two more points where he is right in the symbols, but not in his illustrations. Of course the twelve signs of the Zodiac are the twelve tribes of Israel, but according to Jacob's prophecy, for them it cannot be proven by the orbital motion of our earth. And the typical stone vase of Aquarius is the rock that Moses smote.

With one illustration containing the twelve signs of the Zodiac, I believe the principles of Bible mythology could be made very clear to the masses by weaving them in with the constellations of the heavens.

"The Thoughts For the Scholar" in the above-named article, either show the writer to be deficient in astronomical lore and ancient mythology, or else very careless in his descriptions, for he seems to limit mythology to the twelve signs of the Zodiac, making no use of the other constellations without and within the zodiacal ring. Does he know that there is so small a thing as a bee represented among the constellations of the sky? It is called the bee of Assyria in the Bible?

This version of the Bible cannot be called a new departure until we get down to bottom facts, for to try to establish a new departure on ignorance of astronomical laws can never make any permanent headway; it is a complicated subject, and must be handled with care.

There have been many attempts to change the whole nomenclature of the heavens into Christian titles, but nothing as yet has been done that can be called "A New Departure." Julius Schiller in 1627 urged such a revolution, and made as bungling a job of it as others are now doing. Some thirty years ago one Joseph Treat tried to found the writings of the Bible on the orbital motion of the earth, but it was only a few columns and dropped.

Mrs. M. M. Sisco.

Clinton Camp-Meeting.

There seems to be about the same attendance at camp as at the same date on former occasions, but owing to the extreme heat and a lack of open-air music, that we have heretofore had, there seems a sort of spiritual as well as material drought. There seems a calm, a quietude that is both beautiful and terrible to many, a lack of enthusiasm in the air, and an increase of the peaceful harmony. That may be poorly expressed, but can be felt just so.

Mrs. Orvis closed her personal labors among us last Sunday, and Dr. Adah Sheehan began, and the appreciation of both these lecturers by our people shows the great wisdom in variety upon the platform at our camp-meeting. There is just enough difference between the two to make us feel that we have had a shower; not that the former was dry, but that matter-of-fact style of the latter, that way of striking from the shoulder, showing the Spiritualists where they are weak and how to improve and advance, is always in place, and no one can ever mistake who she means. Each of these ladies should be kept in the field constantly.

The memorial address by Prof. Loveland was splendid and well received.

The two splendid Chicago mediums, F. Corden White and Mrs. G. Partidge, have shown themselves to be great favorites on the platform in mediums meeting. Mr. Johnson, physical medium, also gave some fine evidences of spirit return. Mrs. Blodgett gave the independent slate-writing manifestations, and although she does not practice her mediumship on the grounds, her manifestations are always sought after.

This week the rostrum belongs to Dr. Sheehan and her guides, and all are in anticipation of her every word of truth, to prompt in their places, and attentive to her inspiration.

Byron Stillman, into whose hands, aided by his family, has been given the contract for the music and entertainments, was sent home Monday in a critical state of nervous prostration, and the family remains to do the work.

New campers are coming in all the time, and the remainder of the session promises to be lively.

Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake came in Tuesday evening, rather as an agreeable surprise.

Brother F. Corden White returned to his home in Chicago Tuesday last.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has its place in the hearts of our people, that none others can fill. "JACK."

A word or a nod from the good has more weight than the eloquent speeches of others.—Plutarch.

EXTRAORDINARY. THIRTY YEARS' PHE-NOMENAL SUCCESS.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

While DR. ROBERT GREER does successfully treat and cure all curable blood diseases and many diseases considered incurable, he does not publish extraordinary deathbed scenes nor graveyard stories. Why? Because he is not raising the dead, nor is he snatching anybody from the grave. Everybody must die sometime, but there are a great many diseases which, if handled by an experienced and competent physician, will yield readily to treatment, as abundant evidence will show upon making inquiry, or by referring to any of the few undermentioned persons in the different States, who have fairly tested Dr. Greer's new, matchless remedies.

ILLINOIS.

Mrs. G. P. McIntyre, Washington boulevard, Chicago.

Mrs. A. Spencer, 80 Ogden avenue, Chicago.

Mrs. Emma Nickerson-Warne, 1,355 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

In this State there are 3,500 references more.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Mrs. G. Griles, Westfield.

Mrs. N. E. Hopkins, Columbus.

Mrs. William Doad, Waymart.

In this State there are 1,600 references more.

VERMONT.

Mrs. M. S. French, Barre.

Mr. Emery Powers, St. Johnsbury.

Mr. Levi Premo, Rutland.

In this State there are 800 references more.

NEW YORK.

Mrs. Mary E. Sharps, 30 Chapel street, Albany.

Mr. E. Welbel, Norwick.

Mr. A. McKinley, Palenville.

In this State there are 2,000 references more.

WISCONSIN.

Mrs. M. McAllister, Mill Center.

Mrs. H. A. Leach, Palmyra.

Mr. J. O. Rudberg, Hartland.

In this State there are 1,400 references more.

MINNESOTA.

Mr. Herbert Dodge, Rochester.

Mrs. C. B. Banks, Winnebago City.

Mr. D. H. Morse, Winnebago City.

In this State there are 1,400 references more.

OHIO.

Mr. W. Randolph, Ashley.

Mrs. Amelia Challer, Haskins.

Mr. H. A. Clough, Oxford.

In this State there are 1,600 references more.

CALIFORNIA.

Mr. John Ivett, Little River.

Mrs. Mary T. Wilson, Benton.

Mrs. M. Field, Santa Rosa.

In this State there are 1,300 references more.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Francis Jackson, Lancaster.

Mrs. H. L. Nickerson, West Harwich.

Mrs. B. Rhodes, North Reader.

In this State there are 500 references more.

NEBRASKA.

Mr. Arthur B. Turner, Ames.

Mr. A. Farrara, Beaver City.

Mr. J. J. Rhodes, Nordor.

In this State there are 200 references more.

Though we dislike to publish cards and call them "miracles," we are willing, nevertheless, the public should have satisfactory references of our ability and success.

In subsequent notices other States will also be represented.

DR. R. GREER,
177 LaSalle street, Chicago.

This Frog Weighed a Ton.

The labyrinthine (says the St. Louis Republic), a huge creature resembling a toad or frog, and which lived in the earlier periods of our planet's history, has recently been found in a surprising state of preservation in the marl beds of Huetzelwits, Hungary. All species of this gigantic frog are now extinct, and are known to the naturalists only through the investigations of the geologists, who have often found parts or entire fossils of the monster in strata of the triassic portion of the mesozoic period. Southwick mentions it in a three-line entry in his "Quigism and Key," under the head, "A Frog as Large as an Ox," and in Barnett's "Geological Epochs" it is considered in a chapter in "Huge Frog-Like Creatures of the Mesozoic Age." The specimen unearthed in the Hungarian marl bed is entire, with the exception of the left forearm and the lower jaw. The skull measures eighteen inches between the eye-sockets, and weighs, exclusive of the missing under jaw, 312 pounds. The bones which have been discovered up to date and there is still hope of finding the missing parts) with the adhering matrix, weigh 1,800 pounds, almost a ton.

To give pain is the tyranny; to make happiness the true empire of beauty.—Steele.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside.—Cowper.

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.—Tyrus Maximus.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Reflections on Past and Present.

Replies to Some Questions.

COL. E. T. VAN HORN, IN THE KANSAS CITY "JOURNAL," PRESENTS MANY SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS WORTHY OF THE CAREFUL CONSIDERATION OF SPIRITUALISTS—REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.

While we are having a vacation as to current reviews of the higher intellectual discussions of the time we will answer a few questions, as far as we may, asked us in the past. And today will be given to some things in Theosophy. We are asked: "What was the Wisdom Religion?" What was meant by the title "Avatar?" What is "Karma?" etc. At the risk of being tedious in this hot weather, we will try to answer these questions, and we want the reader to understand that what we say is not that we think so, but as an answer from the best authority to the inquiries.

And we may preface it by saying that since the opening of India to trade, together with its conquest by England, the introduction of Oriental scholarship and thought into our literature has been apparent and widespread. This thought came through the prism of European mentality, in the form of dogmatic definitions by the missionary teachers who went to convert the "heathen world." Of course their efforts to understand or explain the symbolism of the Orient were always tainted by the training of European schools, and the interpretations of the symbols, images, etc., were biased by the ignorance of the interpreters. This put the Oriental at a disadvantage, for he is not a dogmatist by nature, but a casuist in his mental makeup. But he is not bound to any fixed system as a finality. Nor does he anywhere teach dogma or faith or religion for a livelihood—hence he had no ostracism of the missionary, but allowed him to live and teach. This mental attitude came from that, to us, strange course of reasoning found only among the metaphysical schools of the extreme East—that any mistakes of judgment or errors of life committed in one incarnation could be expiated in the next embodiment. So it may be seen that the subtle Hindoo was not seriously disturbed by his missionary friend's "plan of salvation," even if his dogma of "blood atonement" was insisted on as one of its essential features.

The theology of Paul or Calvin has never been a success in India, and never can be, for to the believer in Brahman, the dogma that would make him the slayer of himself as incarnated in Vishnu is something he could never for a moment entertain; and Brahman is only his name for the Supreme One, and Vishnu his manifestation in human living. But, however, this Oriental is not without his system of religious ethics, nor are the ideas on which it is built unworthy of serious consideration by thoughtful minds in all ages; and this becomes more so to us when we see how closely our own forms of faith parallel theirs. If they said God instead of Brahman, and Jesus in lieu of Vishnu, there would be little more difference between our forms of belief and theirs, if as much, as there is between our own sects. Yet they mean in thought concept just the same that we do when we use those terms.

The old teachers of India, under the title of Wisdom Religion—as we best translate it—left by symbol and by other channels the culmination of centuries of the most careful study and analysis of the ideas and forces that we at this day call the spiritual side of man's nature. They gave, as it were, a complete map of the pathway whereby the soul of man reverses the mazes of endless being, and how in those highways of existence it passes through all grades of manifestation in planetary life preparatory to its further progress in the spheres of an eternal life to which all of its earthly experiences are but as a dream of an hour.

This system, known as Theosophy by the Greeks, has lately been reintroduced to the office of the Western nations under the title of Theosophy, but it is sufficient to say that its modern namesake is only the shadow, not the substance, of the stupendous idealism that made ancient India the radiating center of the most magnificent system of spiritual instruction the world has ever known. For ancient India held in its purity the doctrine of the avatarship, a doctrine which, if true, disposes of all mysteries of the incarnation of Jesus, so puzzling to the material mind of this age.

This doctrine of the Avatars is nothing more or less than the ability of carefully prepared conditions about maternity, whereby the embryo shall be protected during gestation, so that earthly thoughts and sensual desires shall be in the ascendancy when the brain is forming, and that organ shall be responsive to spiritual rather than other thought during its earthly life. Hence, in all such cases the annunciation beforehand, by spiritual visitation, keep her thought pure and her body undeviated after the gestative process has begun, in order that the coming life may be a fit mouthpiece of the oracles of the gods, who shall reveal through him the lost knowledge which a world, oped from this sensual plane, of itself cannot attain without the embodied representative the higher thought to give it to the race.

These Avatars, according to the Hindoo philosophy, are, while embodied, the spiritually enlightened teachers of all truth, or of that department of truth that needs special explanation to the people of earth. They do not get their wisdom from books, but from the old of spirit, and not from the lower or unlighted spheres of that world, either, but in the mentality of the planetary gods, or world creators, as we would say in plain English. This system of ethics, which sounds strange to Occidental thinkers, was at one time the central light of Indian metaphysics, has been obscured by the craft of the Hindu priesthood, which sought to establish monopoly of spiritual instruction as a caste

privilege, but it has never been utterly lost to the world.

The system introduced by the efforts of later theosophists is the shadow cast by this great light of the avatarship, but as the Brahmin caste refused to recognize the avatarship of Gautama Buddha, it was left without a witness, and sunk into its present darkened condition. Modern Theosophy is the revamped edition of this Brahmin philosophy, not the radiant sun of the great teachers of the ancient world. As a proof of this there is no mention of the orders of "asheta," "mahatmas" and other such things in the ancient books or symbols now extant. Nor did the old teachers ever claim that any embodied representative of these mighty forces held the power in himself to do the works, but rather were instrumental—as Jesus said: "My Father doeth the works." The Wisdom Religion was, as its name implies, a religion of wisdom, free from superstition, and different from others in discarding tradition as of any value as evidence of being truth. It recognized the world of spirit as a factor in what we term mentality, and that all humanity was affected by it. It sought to give through its avatars a rational idealism of the spiritual nature, and it never sought to bind the powers of the mind with irrational commands, or to exclude it from receiving all the light from any source possible to give light. It even extended its benign power into all spheres of life in all worlds, and counted the savage tribes of the desert as equally capable of rising to the greatest attainment through a process of spiritual evolution which is symbolized under the idea of a reincarnation, or a return to conditions after death that should assist it on its upward way.

It never taught annihilation as the destiny of any soul, but in symbols sought to convey to the uninitiated masses such ideas of this and the eternal life as would stimulate them to make all the progress possible during their brief pilgrimage through this life, so that upon their transition to the next stage they could go forward without halting or return to live in the mental magnetism of earthy thoughts; for in the old philosophy of India all life in the spiritual was a life of thought, and all spirits were graded by their thought powers. The "elemental" was only a spirit in its first stages of development. The "deva" was one who had become purified from all the thoughts of earth. The Buddha was so far advanced that he was one in knowledge with the eternal mind, and the eternal mind meant changeless—not fickle—in thought and action.

The difference between this system and our own orthodox conception lies in this, that the Wisdom Religion brings all to ultimate perfection of spirit, while our system leaves a portion without the pale of divine consideration forever. All the claims of modern theosophical exponents that the phenomena of the so-called spiritual movement—which both accept as existing—are the work of a class of beings that have never had an earthly existence, or the "shells" of those who have, but whose real selves have gone on to other spheres of existence, has no shadow of countenance or even hint in the teachings of the old masters, and are not found in a work extant prior to those of the last twenty years. Again, the Mahatma teachers that are now located in inaccessible mountain fastness of Thibet were in the Wisdom Religion spiritual teachers, and in no way to be associated with the modern ideals of Mahatmic powers.

Next, the old philosophy had a clear, concise explanation of the progressive development of the soul after death. It can be traced even now in the philosophical lore of to-day by an expert linguist. For example: The soul at death enters "karma loka." The old Sanscrit "karma" is the root-word of our modern offshoot "character," or as sometimes given "consequence." "Loka" contains the root-word of locality or place. The phrase from this explanation explains itself. Again: The soul after purification passes to "Devechan." Here we have the same root again, or "place of the Devas." "Devas" in Sanscrit means the white or shining ones, equivalent to the Greek "aggelos" or angels. Angels were ministering or messenger spirits, and in the Wisdom Religion and in its imitators have ever been the companions of man in his pathway to Devechan.

And so we might go on through all the varied grades of spiritual evolution, which are still traceable in the phraseology of modern Theosophy, but we have only tried to answer a few questions as to some of the terms used necessarily in the discussion of these matters. The ancient Wisdom Religion was a pure Spiritualism. It ignored no sphere of spiritual thought, and sought to enlighten the world with its avatars, mahatmas, devas and other influences, but it never sought to inaugurate a priesthood or institute a hierarchy on earth. It never refused to recognize the greatest of all spiritual truths, viz.: That the wisdom of the gods was oftenest perfected in the mouths of babes, and through the instrumentality of the humble and despised the grandest ideas were often transmitted to mankind.

And so it came: Gautama left a throne and became a beggar ere he obtained his spiritual illumination. The great Brahman spent years in solitude as a woodcutter before the voice of Brahman came to him and told him to proclaim anew the doctrines of the dead and forgotten. Zarathustra, Capilya, Jesus and others, it is claimed in all lands and among all peoples to whom the great message of spiritual truth has come, were not chosen for any earthly advantage they might have possessed, and it is very significant that the most striking exemplars of all religions, like Melchisedec of old, came without known lineage or ancestral greatness.

The prophecy of this ancient wisdom is to the effect that when priesthoods have come and gone, and the decadence of spiritual light has left the earth in darkness, these avatars appear, and that when they come they are outside of all creeds and professions, and bring

anew the Wisdom Religion in its purity to the nations of the earth. The philosophic doctrine is that mental unfoldment, like that of all things else in the universe, ebbs and flows, waxes and wanes, and that its avatars mark the beginnings of new epochs of spiritual progress in man. We have thus, at greater length than we anticipated, answered some of the questions asked as clearly as the nature of the subject itself will permit; and in any future mention if these are kept in mind their repetition will be unnecessary.



Romish Armed Corps.

WHO THEY ARE AND WHERE THEY DRILL IN NEW YORK CITY.

In view of the fact that too many Protestants are too incredulous to believe or too indolent to find out for themselves that Rome has her armed and uniformed contingents in this country, the names of a few of the companies that are armed and drilled, with rifles, are presented below, together with their drilling places and commanding officers:

Hibernian Rifles, Company A, Kings county, Francis Smith, captain; drilling place, 392 Warren street.

Company A, Hibernian Rifles, James Killen, captain; drill at Star Athletic Hall, Long Island City.

Company A, Hibernian Rifles, New York City, Frank McAlavay, captain; drill at 229 East Forty-seventh street.

Emmet Guards, of Brooklyn; drill at 328 Gold street.

St. Patrick's Alliance Guard, Company A, Thomas Cahill, captain; drill at 232 West Thirtieth street, New York.

Company C, Hibernian Rifles, Pat J. Keenan, captain; drill at 522 West Fifty-first street.

A. O. H. Division 40, drills at Emmet Hall.

This list does not include about fifty uniformed ranks which do not openly parade with rifles, yet drill with them.—*The Patriotic American.*

TO BE BURIED ALIVE.

A. J. Seymour of Rockford Looks For a Grave.

WHEN HE FINDS THE RIGHT PLACE HE PROPOSES TO BE INTERRED AND ALLOW A CROP OF RYE TO GROW ABOUT HIM AND THEN BE RESURRECTED—BELIEVES THAT HE CAN BE RESURRECTED—BOUND TO DEMONSTRATE HIS THEORY—MANY PROTEST AGAINST WHAT THEY CALL SUICIDE.

TO THE EDITOR:—A letter from Rockford, Ill., to the *Chicago Tribune*, sets forth that A. J. Seymour's proposed burial and resurrection have excited a great deal of interest all over the country, and Dr. E. C. Dunn, who has consented to act as the physician in charge during the test, receives a large and interesting daily mail regarding the event.

Seymour was first known to fame in Pocattonica, a village in this county, where he evolved into a mind reader. He eventually went on the road giving mind reading exhibitions over the country. Finally he discovered that he could throw himself into a state of catalepsy or unconsciousness at will and determine the length of the condition. Then he read of the feats of the Indian fakirs in having themselves buried while a crop of grain was planted, grew, and was harvested, and conceived the idea that he could perform the feat. About a year ago he determined to attempt it and named June 1 as the time he would do it. Just prior to that date his wife died and it was her dying request that he would not make the attempt at that time nor until her body was at least cold in the grave. In conformity to that request and incidentally to give himself time to collect a \$5,000 insurance on her life and arrange with an insurance company who had insured his life for \$15,000 and notified him that they would cancel it if he persisted in being buried alive, he postponed the program for a short time.

But the fever overtook him again and he purchased two caskets in which to be buried—not in two pieces, but one within the other. Then he learned that Dr. E. C. Dunn of this city had seen the feat performed in India and believed it was possible, and he came here and asked him to act as his physician, prepare the body for burial after he had thrown himself into the condition, see that everything was arranged properly, and upon the resurrection morn rearrange his body for his return to earth.

PROTEST AGAINST THE "SUICIDE."

When arrangements were fairly in progress there was a wave of popular disapproval against permitting "Seymour to suicide," as it was termed. Seymour desired to do the act as publicly and ostentatiously as possible and went to the Mayor about it. The Mayor replied that he would certainly in no way encourage the attempt, but on the other hand he would take no steps to prevent it, as he did

not deem it his duty to prevent men from making fools of themselves. Then the local papers here quoted Rev. A. S. Maxham, a real estate man and retired Methodist minister, as threatening to get out an injunction to prevent the attempt. Maxham denied the report, but Seymour was frightened and went to Chicago to see if he could not get "Chicago's best Mayor" to protect his attempt in the interests of science. From there he has been visiting other places. Dr. Dunn, however, says that he thinks the attempt will be made in the vicinity of Rockford.

"Do you think he will attempt it?" was asked of Dr. Dunn.

"Yes, I think he will," replied the doctor. "He is bound to demonstrate his theory. If he succeeds he will have established a new fact to science. If he fails, he reasons he will only have cut off a few years of his life in the search for scientific truth."

Within a few days there has been some quiet talk regarding the amenability of Dr. Dunn to law should Seymour die as a result of the attempt, as everybody thinks he will.

Dr. Dunn heard of this and at once consulted Attorney William Marshall, who gave it as his opinion that if the doctor advised, encouraged, or abetted the test he would incur a certain responsibility, but if he was merely called in as Seymour's physician to prescribe for him or take care of him he would not be responsible.

Dr. Dunn at once wrote Seymour a letter, of which he doubtless preserved a copy, pointing out the dangers of the attempt and advising him not to make it.

In an extended interview yesterday Dr. Dunn told the correspondent for the *Tribune* exactly how the body would be prepared for burial. Said he:

"For several days before the test he would feed upon oleaginous or fatty foods, as in the case of hibernating animals. After he has thrown himself into the condition of catalepsy his body will be so prepared that he cannot possibly recover consciousness, unless he is resurrected and the artificial obstructions removed. He will first decide upon the day, hour, and minute when he intends to regain consciousness."

"PREPARATIONS FOR BURIAL."

"Then he will throw himself into the state of suspended animation. Then his physician will effectually stop up every passage by which air could reach the viscera. The tongue will be drawn out and turned back so as to effectually stop up the throat. The ears will be waxed. The body will be rubbed with an oily substance to thoroughly stop the pores. We will probably use paraffine. In India they use gee (clarified butter). Then the body will be put in a coffin which will be placed in another coffin, and these two will be buried in the ground. The outer coffin will fit closely into the excavation, which will be in a clay soil to insure against water from creeping through. The inner coffin will be considerably smaller than the outer one to leave an air chamber between. Both caskets will be perforated to allow any gases or odors to pass off. When the day agreed upon arrives the casket will be dug up, the body removed, the tongue straightened, and the entire body placed in a normal condition as nearly as possible. Then he will probably return to consciousness when the time decided on arrives."

"While he is in the grave, which will be about six feet deep, no means will be had or needed to communicate to the surface. Had he such an apparatus it would be of no use whatever, as he cannot have restored animation until he is assisted to it by his attending physician. The act of suspension of animation is purely a voluntary act upon his part, but the restoration, under these circumstances, is wholly dependent upon his physician. The time or duration of the sleep will be agreed upon by himself and his physician, and under no circumstances whatever will it or can it be changed."

"Who will be present at the test?" was asked of the doctor.

"A party of selected scientific men and newspaper representatives. Owing to the threats made to enjoin the attempt and Mr. Seymour's fear that an ignorant mob will dig him up to see if he is really in his grave, and thus spoil the test, he will probably select a house or building in the country near this city and be buried in the cellar. Those present at the test will be under a pledge not to make the place known until after the resurrection. They will appoint a guard to watch the place day and night and see that the body is not interfered with, or they can stay themselves if they want to. They will also be present at the resurrection. The growth of the rye can be forced in about four weeks, I believe, by artificial effort."

CHANCE FOR RESURRECTION.

"Do you think he will be resurrected, doctor?"

"I do not know. I think he is trying it for too long a time. I think he could do it for a week, but I fear four weeks is too long."

"You have seen the test made in India, have you?"

"I have seen the burial," replied the doctor.

"I never saw a resurrection, but the people I saw buried were resurrected. I was told afterwards."

"Why, there is nothing strange about it," continued he. "Catalepsy or suspended animation is a fact, not a theory. There are hundreds of cases where this phenomenon has occurred involuntarily, as where a person supposed to be dead has come to life—one case occurred right here some years ago. A lady died in a distant State and was sent here in a coffin. The journey occupied a week and after arriving here she recovered consciousness. No doubt some are buried alive while in this condition. Now the valuable point about Seymour's proposed test is that he can throw himself into this state voluntarily and he thinks he can determine when he shall come out of it; and if he can do it others can. Therein lies the value of the experiment."

Spiritualists will watch this experiment with great interest.

M. GLEANOR.

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