

In later years, when I used to hear the tradition, I heard the skeptic say it was imagination, or illusion. My grandmother would defend her mother, and had no doubt she heard angels sing, and she herself knew she saw spirits, which others did not. Well, now, as a Spiritualist of much experience, I am able to consider the spirit-singing phenomenon a fact, and that my ancestors were always sane, and that I came from a mediums' family, but not from an insane one.

This old lady had a brother who was said to have been insane: used to act and dress like an Indian, and at times would frighten the family. In those days, early in the eighteenth century, Indians prowled around the clearings, and were dangerous, and I have no doubt Indian spirits used to control him, as they do now our mediums of today.

My grandmother, of whom I have spoken, had a daughter a little younger than my mother, who was queer, said to have been crazy, and was, four years in an insane asylum. She came out and

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BY EMMA MINER,
Author of "Bars and Thresholds," "Led,"
and other stories.

CHAPTER III.

A False Prophet.

The next time they were seated quietly at their sewing, Alma said: "Mamma, you said the other day that you had had some strange experiences with regard to mediums. Would you object to telling me some of them?"

"Perhaps I had better tell you. It will illustrate what I was referring to when I was trying to caution you."

"It was at the time I received my first communication from a medium named Mrs. Echo; I had previously received some messages from the lady, who afterward went West, and as these had always been correct, of course I had great faith in such things. So, when Mrs. Echo approached me at the close of a meeting and gave me an excellent description of my husband's personal appearance, of course I thought she really saw him, and I think to this day she did; only I doubt the other part of it."

"Now, this Mrs. Echo had been living in town several months, but I had no personal acquaintance with her. She had a brother who had been in the locality a part of the time, but not so long as she had been."

"She told me my husband wished me to sell my house. It was a small, comfortable place, and we had always dearly loved our home; so I naturally felt some surprise, and very much disturbed."

"She said the spirit said I would have an opportunity to sell within a few weeks, three at the most, and must sell according to the man's proposition—which would be part cash and balance in a note or mortgage. She described the buyer as being a very dark-complexioned man."

"When I asked her where I should go, or what I should do, she said 'the way would be unexpectedly opened to me. You must not hesitate to accept the offer from that man.'"

"You were only nine years old then, and I had not been accustomed to labor, or, indeed, not even to privations, so I had been feeling quite worried about many things."

"Sure enough, in two weeks' time a very dark-complexioned man came to the house, and asked if I didn't want to sell my place. He said he 'felt as if he wanted to buy it, and wanted to look it over,' and finally urged me to sell it to him. He made me an offer of fifteen hundred dollars; five hundred cash and a mortgage for the balance, or note, just as I chose. He influenced me to take the note."

"Now, I had heard your father say he wouldn't sell for less than twenty-five hundred, so it seemed quite a loss to me. I had a couple of days to think it over, and that very afternoon Mrs. Echo called on me and said my husband urged me to do it. So that settled it, and I, being in want of money, tried to think it was the better thing for me to do. He finally persuaded me to take his note."

"The man seemed to be in quite a hurry to get the business transacted. Now, here was my first mistake. I ought to have taken more time to think and plan about it. It was the means of leading me into many hard places."

"I had just signed the papers, and was beginning to pack up, when I received a letter from the medium who went West, the one I used to consult."

"She wrote me she had just had a strange vision of my husband and myself, a few days before. She wrote he had appeared to her in great anxiety, and begged her to write to me at once, and urge me not to sell my home; that I had been shamefully imposed upon by false pretences, and she must help me so."

"I felt almost crushed by this letter, for I somehow had a feeling it might be true."

"Then I tried to have the man sell it back to me, but he refused. I told him why; but he only sneered at me."

"I soon learned he was Mrs. Echo's brother; that he wanted to settle in business in that town, and my place would make a most convenient home for him. I felt inwardly convinced that Mrs. Echo had done this purposely to get the place into her brother's hands; for, as the medium out West knew nothing of the circumstances, I felt she had written me truthfully."

"Couldn't you do anything about it?" asked Alma.

"No; I tried to get advice, but my lawyer said I could do nothing. He intimated that I was a fool for listening to advice from such sources, anyway; said I had 'made a bargain and must stand by it.'"

"I finally left the town, for I could not bear to stay where I could see the house and not be in it."

"I wonder if that man prospered?" said Alma.

"No; he didn't. But then, I guess he would not in any case, for he was an intemperate man, and didn't attend to business."

"I afterward heard that Mrs. Echo let him have the five hundred dollars he paid me, and he promised to keep the fire insurance paid up, but he didn't, and one night about six weeks

after the insurance had run out, it burned to the ground; so that was the end of that. Then the man died suddenly, and I found my note was worthless. Everything was managed so I never got a cent except the first payment; and Mrs. Echo lost her money. I didn't feel very sorry for her. Some of my old neighbors said 'it was a judgment on her, but I never did believe in that sort of judgments.'"

"It wouldn't have hurt my feelings much," said Alma, indignantly.

"Perhaps not; unless you were thoughtful about it; but I have come to question whether we can afford to spend any part of our life in wishing harm to another."

"Yes, in one sense, but doesn't it seem good to see some folks get some of their deserts? It does me good!" and Alma pushed her needle through a seam a little defiantly.

"That may be, but is it right?"

"No, of course. I shall have to admit it is wrong, and small, too. Ma—I'll try not in future." Mrs. Andrus smiled a little.

"Well, as I said—I had my lesson, and ever since I have taken time to question and think well before I take any decisive step."

"What is the reason we can't get these advices ourselves? It doesn't seem right that we should have to depend on others."

"I don't know. I have thought I can get impressions much more clearly than I used to do. For instance, after you spoke of going to Druid street, I felt impressed you ought to go, but I don't think I could ever have sent you there. I have sometimes felt you might develop a power, or gift to do, or see, or hear things yourself."

"I should think there might have been some indication of it before now," said Alma.

"Perhaps not, for several reasons. One of which is, unless we are in some special need we don't make the effort to learn about these things. I fancy it is very much like holding and barring our doors from all friends, and refusing to open to their calls unless we have some special need of them. Then, when we do need them, we get so anxious and excited we are afraid to trust our own impressions. I feel more than half ashamed of myself for my indifference frequently."

"Then suppose we try to see what we can get about our affairs ourselves, and then see what Mrs. Millis says, and compare notes," suggested Alma.

"It would be a very good way indeed. I would like to have you become interested in this subject, but I do not want to force it upon you; though I really think if we make a beginning it would not be justice to our spirit friends to give it up without a fair trial."

"How queer that sounds! to give dead folks a fair trial!" said Alma, smiling.

"Well, doesn't the Bible say, 'try the spirits'?"

"Why, mamma! Is that what it means?" exclaimed Alma, doubtfully.

"Why not? Likely as anything, isn't it?"

"How shall we go to work to try?" asked Alma.

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps Mrs. Millis could tell us."

"Well," said Alma, after a pause, "if this matter turns out all right, and we can earn something to spare, I will go to Mrs. Millis again, pay her for what she has already done, and ask her advice about it."

"Just the thing, I am sure," said Mrs. Andrus, commendably.

The anxiously-anticipated Saturday morning at last arrived. Alma went to Mrs. Ames' house with a soul possessed by alternate hopes and fears.

"I fully expected you," said Mrs. Ames. "Now, my dear, I have a plan in my mind by which I think I can help you. I can do something for your mother, but I must see her first; I want to talk with her. If she is what I think she is, I will help arrange some matter for her. I would like to go back home with you, and then we can arrange matters at once."

"Mamma will be pleased, I am sure," said Alma, looking at Mrs. Ames curiously.

In a few moments they were on their way to Mrs. Andrus' house.

A quick glance showed Mrs. Ames the signs of recent severe illness in Mrs. Andrus' face, but as quickly she decided they were the signs of physical weakness which might be overcome by less worry and proper nourishment. She broached her subject immediately.

"Now, Mrs. Andrus, I have a friend, a Mrs. Adams, who is opening a large lodging-house. I suppose there will be something like forty lodgers. She is in need of a reliable woman to look after the house linen, and many general matters. Also, in need of a young girl who would wait upon the door, and do other useful things in such a line."

"I am of the opinion there is no nonsense about you. Labor is honorable, and some of us must do as we can."

"True; I don't think I should hesitate on that score."

"So far as your health is concerned, I feel sure you would be equal to the duties. I think you could serve the purpose."

"As for Alma, I am sure my friend would be pleased with her. You would have good accommodations, good food, and consideration

shown you. Why not try for the position?"

"I would be more than glad of it, Mrs. Ames. I shall be truly thankful."

"You can call there any time to-day, or Monday, and arrange for terms. I think you will have reason to be satisfied."

"We will lose no time, then. We will go this afternoon," said Mrs. Andrus.

It was with renewed courage they found their way through the crowded streets to Estey street.

Mrs. Adams received them. She had a pleasant, patient face. The duties for each were explained and discussed. Then their rooms were shown them—away at the very top of the house, but "all the better for being high," said Mrs. Andrus.

Mrs. Adams said Mrs. Andrus might bring any of her special pieces of furniture she wished: This was gratifying, for it would make the rooms seem homelike.

The terms for service were far beyond Mrs. Andrus' expectation; and they at last retraced their steps, feeling quite happy in the opening which had so suddenly come to them.

It was but the work of a couple of days to arrange about disposing of their few goods in the present home; and then on Tuesday they found themselves very pleasantly domiciled in Estey street, where, after certain duties were performed, they could be together, and call it home.

Little did they, in their new contentment, know of the cloud which would soon darken their horizon, or of the treachery which would soon work harm for them, even in this homely retreat.

CHAPTER IV.

Shadows on the Wall.

The customs of the house were quite unlike Mrs. Andrus' ways; and Alma did not at all like many things to which she was subjected by coming in contact with the clerks who were Mrs. Adams' lodgers.

Among them was a young man named Edward Ledyard, who was a clerk with the Marcella firm. She had instinctively repelled his advances when she, too, was with Marcella, and now Alma was far from pleased to meet him under these new circumstances.

She could not actually complain of anything he said, or openly did, but under all his covert acts there appeared an unmistakable determination to annoy her.

Neither Alma nor her mother wished to make any complaints to Mrs. Adams. They wanted to avoid trouble, so Alma resolved to bear it patiently, meanwhile holding herself as much apart from him as her duties would permit.

For this he meant to have his revenge. He took his cue from the report which Mr. Vane had quietly and carefully spread among the employees concerning Alma's former position at Marcella's, in regard to suspicions of her dishonesty.

Edward Ledyard had hinted this story to first one and then another of the members of Mrs. Adams' large family.

These people, all too ready to believe harm of her instead of good, discussed it among themselves, and wondered what she had really done.

Thoughts make themselves felt. Soon Alma began to have a very decided opinion and impression that something had happened, or was being talked about, which was to her disadvantage. She felt it. She questioned Mrs. Adams, but she knew nothing about it. Mr. Ledyard had taken very good care it should not come to that worthy lady's ears, who, he knew, would investigate the rumor.

There was one among the family, however, who refused to believe Alma could be guilty of any wrong. He was Calvin Emmons.

"I cannot believe it of Alma Andrus," he said. "There must be some great mistake, or horrible injustice."

"Then, perhaps—as you are right there, you had better inquire of Vane. She was discharged from Marcella's."

"That may be, and still she may be all right."

The shadow grew more and more oppressive. Some of the young women began to annoy her in various ways concerning it, and some openly insulted her. She could no longer bear it. She went to Mrs. Adams, and with tears streaming down her pale face, asked her to inquire into the matter.

"Who do you think is doing all this mischief, Alma?"

"I have an impression it is Mr. Ledyard."

"Well, I will try to make short work of this. To Mr. Ledyard she went that very night."

"Mr. Ledyard, do you know what this matter is which is distressing Alma Andrus so much?"

"Very likely her story has followed her. Such things generally do. Perhaps it's that."

"Do you know the story?"

"I suppose it may be the one concerning her discharge at Marcella's."

"What was the charge against her?"

"Well, I don't know as there was one made positively, but it seems Mr. Vane had some suspicions, and sent her away. You'd better ask him."

Mrs. Adams saw that she could do nothing with Mr. Ledyard. On her way through the hall, she met Mr. Emmons.

"Do you know anything about this dreadful rumor about Alma, Mr. Emmons?"

"Only what Mr. Ledyard has hinted. I have an impression something was floating about the store, but I don't believe it."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Adams. "I must have some proof."

At that moment Alma passed through the hall. Her face was pale, and her eyes heavy with constant weeping. Mrs. Adams' eyes followed her form with a pitying glance.

"I wish I could see Mr. Vane," she exclaimed suddenly. "I believe I will go down and see him."

"I wish you would," replied Mr. Emmons. "As I am a clerk there, it might occasion

some unpleasant comment for Alma if I were to go; but nothing on earth could make me believe her guilty of any wrong."

When Alma came back through the hall, they were still talking. "She knew they were speaking of her."

"I am going to do what I can toward clearing up this mystery now, Alma," said Mrs. Adams.

"Oh, if you only would!" exclaimed Alma, gratefully, "it seems as if it would kill me."

Mrs. Adams left the hall. At that moment the bell rang. Alma answered it, and called Mrs. Adams into the office to see the lady whom she admitted. She was a stranger to Alma. The lady engaged a good room.

The next day the lady passed by the open door of the office where Mrs. Andrus was busy, who, turning her glance suddenly upon the new-comer, recognized Mrs. Echo, the medium who had once deceived her about her home.

"The recognition was mutual. A flush of surprise passed over Mrs. Andrus' face, which was quickly answered by a glance of dismay and hatred from Mrs. Echo. She passed on quickly, and no word was spoken. Mrs. Andrus' soul was suddenly filled with a sense of new trouble and anxiety."

"Mrs. Echo is selfish and mercenary, and utterly without regard for the truth, for all she talks with the angels. We must not have anything more to do or say to her than we can possibly help," said Mrs. Andrus to Alma a few hours later. "She works harm wherever she goes, and all with such a saintly face! It is intolerable to me!"

"I will keep away from her surely, ma," replied Alma.

Mrs. Andrus was in her room for her resting hour, but it was not a restful one this day. It was filled with forebodings of harm, and mixed with Alma's present trouble.

Mrs. Echo had returned to her room, and her thoughts were centered on Mrs. Andrus. She blamed Mrs. Andrus for exposing the part she had taken in the sale of the house. When some people have done a mean and dishonorable action, they generally do blame others for exposing them. They seem to think it must all be borne quietly and without remonstrance.

Mrs. Echo had meant to revenge herself if ever she had the chance, and now here was the opportunity, since Mrs. Andrus and her daughter had both come into her surroundings. She fancied 'good spirits' had placed her in Mrs. Adams' house for the purpose."

It did not take her long to discern the state of feeling prevailing against Alma; nor very long, with a quick intuition which might have been employed to better advantage, to see that Mr. Ledyard was really Alma's enemy. She also believed Alma to be innocent. For all that she meant to use the trouble as capital against her, and help the sentiment of distrust deepen. She also saw that Mr. Emmons would defend Alma to the last; then, with impressions quickened by the remarkable psychological powers she possessed, she deliberately set herself to work Alma's ruin.

Mr. Ledyard became exceedingly interested in Mrs. Echo. Her conversation was witty and bright, and full of quaint sayings. Here and there through it there flashed occasional expressions which made him wonder if she were not a witch. She fascinated him, as she did most of them. She was a woman of tall and symmetric form, magnificent dark eyes and hair, a melodious, well-trained voice, with a ready and eloquent expression of language; she was, indeed, one to be admired. This, with a wonderful personal magnetism which brought many within her companionship, holding them there as by a spell; go wonder she was able to work ruin as well as good, did she but so choose.

Against such a woman as this, Alma was but as a straw against a powerful wind.

Mrs. Echo was cunning. She did not mean to take Mr. Ledyard into her confidence; only to use him as a tool to advance her schemes. This was easy to do, for his perceptions were not quick. Besides, he was not on his guard. He did not suspect Mrs. Echo of any evil, and he would not have cared if he had, so far as Alma was concerned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Call for a Convention at Lincoln, Nebraska.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF NEBRASKA, GREETING:

At a meeting of the Spiritual Society of Lincoln, Nebraska, July 1st, 1894, it was decided that a convention be called on September 7th, 1894, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the city of Lincoln. A committee was appointed to issue said call to the Spiritualists of the State, and all others who may be able to attend said convention. We, the undersigned, being the committee so appointed, do hereby call the Spiritualists of this State to meet in mass convention on Friday, September 7th, 1894, at 3 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of organizing a State Spiritual Society, and to devise plans and means whereby we will be better prepared to protect all genuine mediums from the persecutions of legislative and other bigots of superstition, and to transact such other business as in the wisdom of the convention may seem to be necessary to promote and teach the truths of Spiritualism among the masses of humanity. All Spiritualists and friends of truth are cordially invited to attend said convention.

We also call the attention of all the friends of truth to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Bates, trance and inspirational speakers, of Manitou, Colorado, will be on the platform during the recesses between the deliberations of the convention, and we pledge the Spiritualists and friends of truth of Lincoln, that those from abroad will receive a hearty welcome in this beautiful city, and that all will be made to feel at home among us during their stay.

JAMES CAMPBELL,
H. E. GEORGE,
A. V. HERMAN,
Committee.

Lincoln, Neb.

The Ladies' Union of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists Association, Clinton, Iowa.

This independent organization was incorporated under the laws of the State of Iowa, August 30th, 1890. The object was to render assistance to the association. It has power to make contracts, acquire and transfer property according to law. The success of the Union has been phenomenal under the circumstances. Organized under the clouds and shadows when the camp work of the association was almost stranded by treachery to the greed of mammon, and had just begun to rise out of bondage that threatened its destruction, through the efforts of a new corps of officers, it was at this crisis the ladies of the association determined to put their shoulders to the wheel and help forward the sacred cause of Spiritualism. The result of this united effort has been just what may always be expected when women are at the helm and their souls are in the work. It was with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure that our organization, scarcely two years old, found themselves able financially to render the association efficient aid in furnishing the lodging hotel (built by the association) with every modern convenience for comfort and cleanliness at the cost of six hundred dollars, besides a donation of one hundred dollars in cash. Every dollar was accumulated by the Union during the period of two years, with the exception of some bedding and fifty dollars which was received from Mrs. Dobson, who formerly had charge of the Bazaar before the Union was organized. Since then the Union has remodeled its own building and opens up this season with a good stock of merchandise and one hundred and thirty-three dollars in the treasury. I was requested to write up our work and progress for publication, hoping our success might stimulate others to greater concert of action, having proved "in union there is strength."

We are justly proud of our efforts, especially so when our grand speakers from the east compliment us in having the best lodging hotel accommodations, as well as the best managed camp. Loving care was taken in furnishing the rooms dedicated to our noble workers. Nothing is too good for them and the conditions made foreshadow their work. Especial mention is due Mrs. F. C. Steinhart and Mrs. Clara Dixon of Dubuque, Iowa, who each furnished one of those rooms complete as a gift to the Union. The other rooms are equally nice. All are carpeted and have every convenience for the toilet, including spring beds, good mattresses, feather pillows, cool white linen, coat-racks, low rockers, etc., etc. The reception-room is to have a new carpet this season and the hotel windows screened and it will be cool and inviting, with its easy rockers, where any one can go and rest after a stroll over the beautiful grounds, as upon arriving at the park. This is indeed inviting to strangers as well as friends who come within our gates.

Mrs. Rose King, a very sweet and genial spirit, president of our Union, will have charge of the hotel this season, and all who come will find a royal welcome and be made comfortable and happy. The price of lodging is less than at any other camp. The Union also has several nice rooms to rent by the day, week or season in its own building, at very reasonable rates. A complete stock of useful merchandise is always on hand to sell or rent to campers. In this building you will find the postoffice and the camp register, where all are requested to register their names and addresses. The Ladies' Union Building and Bazaar will be under the supervision of Mrs. Mary E. Hammond, chairman of the Bazaar committee. The annual business meeting of the Ladies' Union for the election of officers will be held Wednesday, August 15th, 1894. We trust every member will remember their pledge for the Union this season, and with a new zeal put forth their best efforts for success, hoping that better conditions will soon be inaugurated for all classes and that right will triumph. I expected to go early to the Twin City Park, Minnesota, but have been unavoidably detained by a combination of circumstances. I still hope to spend one week there before camp-meeting opens at Clinton.

Please send all communications to my home address, Davenport, Iowa.

OLIVE A. BLODGETT,
Secretary L. I. U.

The Dreams Which Never Came True.

They lie about us on every side,
Sweet as the days of youth;
Glad as the heart of love's Summer-tide,
Pure as the light of truth,
Sadder than sobbing, or death or life,
Gay as the sky's own blue,
Weighted with sorrow, with sunshine rife—
The dreams which never came true.

The ghosts of the time which we never spent,
The pleasures that never came,
The strange, fair lands where we never went,
The treasures of love or fame
Which we sought in vain, as the years flew past.

And missed all our lifetime through,
But the sweetest thing in the world at last—
The dreams which never came true.

Oh! wonderful visions which come and go,
Which glimmer and fade and die,
Which bloom in the hour when the fire burns low,
And wither as time goes by.
Folded away in the sacred place
Of each heart which the world e'er knew,
Like a broken hope, or a dear, dead face—
The dreams which never came true.

—Ethel Maude Colson.

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THE CONFSSIONAL.

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CHAPTER V. The highly educated and refined Woman in the Confessional—What becomes of her after auricular confession at surrender—Her irreparable ruin.

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CHAPTER VIII. Does Auricular Confession bring Peace to the Soul?

CHAPTER IX. The Demands of Auricular Confession a Sacrilegious Impiety.

CHAPTER X. God compels the Priest to come to confess the Abominations of Auricular Confession.</

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SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1894

THE SPIRITUAL PRESS.

A Glance at Its Present Condition.

How It Languishes with 10,000 of Spiritualists.

A Heartrending Wall!

There are several thousand dollars due the Journal on subscriptions. We need this money—the need is urgent. We have to meet large bills every week and depend entirely on remittances. We are carrying a large number of subscribers who are in arrears. If they should send what they owe we should have no difficulty in meeting obligations and would be relieved of that anxiety which now prevents our doing full justice to the editorial department of the paper. If you wish THE Journal to continue, remit at once what you owe, and if possible, send a new subscription. The increased interest in THE Journal is gratifying, and all who renew promptly have our sincere thanks, but the present business makes it absolutely necessary that those who are in arrears pay what they owe. We have carried THE Journal, the expenses of which greatly exceeded the receipts when we took charge, through five months—the most trying period in the history of this country—and now we are compelled to appeal to the friends of the paper to come to our assistance, by paying what is due and helping us every way possible in the crisis through which we are passing.

The above is from a late issue of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. It is under the management of B. F. Underwood, a man distinguished for his erudition, and who is worthy of a better fate than to be attached to what has proved to be an elephant on his hands. But it did not require very prophetic clearness to see its gradual demise, even at the date of the death of S. S. Jones, if not revised throughout to meet the demands of changed conditions. There never has been connected with the paper the money to do that, hence it has gradually been declining, until now we have the despairing wall as presented above.

It is a fact that to-day there are too many Spiritualist papers to be well sustained, and we venture to make the statement that not a single Spiritualist paper except THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has during the past year paid actual current expenses from the weekly receipts, saying nothing of the profits. We make no exception to this statement, and simply assert it on the basis of a critical examination of the exact status of our cause. What is true of this country is also true of England, Light, a grand paper published there, is compelled to have a "Sustentation Fund." The Medium and Daybreak, full of spiritual truths, has never been self-sustaining. The Two Worlds, a bright exponent of our cause, may possibly pay living expenses, but we doubt it. This is the exact condition of affairs in reference to Spiritualist papers, and it is most lamentable.

California has been prolific in starting Spiritualist papers, none of which have been self-sustaining. All have started out with lofty anticipations and mammoth promises, and after dragging out a most miserable existence, have been compelled to die. Nor can a weekly Spiritualist paper be sustained on the Pacific Coast. The Rocky Mountains seem to be too formidable a barrier for a returning current of literature, and no weekly Spiritualist paper published there can receive an adequate support. All will die, sooner or later.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal would have suspended under Col. Bundy, if he had not whined most piteously for assistance; those who granted it can see that they only put off a little further its final demise, and nine out of ten of them now regret their gift. Light of Truth would be dead to-day if it had not repudiated sacred obligations—the stock of the old Better Way, appropriating to its own use what legitimately belonged

to others, and which to-day should be in their hands and not in possession of Light of Truth. Everybody on the Pacific Coast knows the questionable methods adopted by Schlesinger to sustain his paper, resulting in its final demise. The Golden Gate was never conducted on correct business principles and now has a resting-place in a spiritualist graveyard.

Now what of this outlook? Not a single Spiritualist paper published in England or the United States, with the exception of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, that has been self-sustaining from weekly current receipts! Allowing that there are 10,000,000 Spiritualists in the United States, as claimed by some, only one in three hundred takes a Spiritualist paper, and that is the reason why they languish.

It is well for Spiritualists to occasionally take an account of stock and learn the exact status of the Spiritualist press, and what its prospects. With only one Spiritualist out of three hundred who will subscribe for a Spiritualist paper, however cheap it may be, what other result than that expressed could be expected?

Spiritualism does not require a press to make proselytes, for it is now advancing from its own inherent momentum and energy, and nothing can impede its progress. It does, however, require widely-circulated papers to chronicle passing events and to give a digest of educational thoughts now surging through the world, for Knowledge, with the cardinal virtues blooming out in full fruition in each one, must be the Savior of the world. Really, then, what are the prospects? With seventy Spiritualist papers quietly lying in the Spiritualist graveyard, and nearly all of those now being published languishing, sinking money in order to present the truth to the world, or resorting to the questionable practice of selling bonds (which will never be redeemed) or repudiating sacred obligations, what is the import of the lesson taught?

While Spiritualism has not a single charitable institution, no hospitals, no asylums for the aged, no free dispensaries, no home for mediums when worn out, no system of benevolence, no systematic method to relieve the destitute in times of turbulence and distress, no sustenance funds to aid the struggling, and no combined effort in any one direction, is it any wonder that the graveyard of the Spiritualist press is full even to repletion, and that the papers now published in the interest of our cause are languishing like sick kittens, while repudiated stock and unpaid obligations stand forth like grim skeletons, as evidenced by the methods of the "Better Way" and the old "Religio-Philosophical Journal"?

What think you, Spiritualists, of the outlook? Is it pleasing to contemplate? The difficulty in a measure arises from the fact that Spiritualism is founded on an inherent natural law, and it is difficult to base a religion thereon which can compel people to do this or that. It rains; it snows; the seed germinates and produces the golden harvest; and the trees blossom and form the luscious fruit, and all this is the result of natural law, and to formulate a creed, a religion or an organization thereon would be difficult. Spiritualism is based on the fact that Richard Roe, John Smith, Timothy Green and millions of others have discarded the physical, and now, as spirits, talk face to face with us, telling us of the beauty and grandeur of the spirit realms. In no wise have they changed their personality, and the fact that they can communicate with mortals is in accordance with laws as natural as the growth of plants or fruit, and such being the case it is difficult to unite in combined action those who recognize this fact; hence Spiritualistic "organization" trembles in the balance, and can exercise no potent authority.

The fact is, there should be a Spiritualist paper in every State of the Union, but as the few now published are not sustained as they should be, we can only come to this conclusion, that there are too many to be supported by those who take an interest in spiritual literature; and that some of those now sorely languishing will be compelled to suspend, we verily believe, and be added to the large list of those now reposing in the Spiritualist graveyard.

There being ten millions of Spiritualists in the United States, there should be such a voluntary, spontaneous outburst of feeling on their part, that they would not only support a dozen Spiritualist papers, but build homes for indigent mediums, asylums for the aged, hospitals for the sick and institutions for the insane. There is no harmony existing between the ten millions of Spiritualists and an ill-supported press, and an almost total lack of any kind of practical philanthropic work. The fact that a Spiritualist paper is compelled to repudiate its stock in order to live is a lasting disgrace to Spiritualism, and especially to those who play the important part in beating the stockholders. Such methods are not divine; they are not angelic; they are not in harmony with the spirit of age, and should be frowned down by all true Spiritualists.

Eunice is Greek, the fair victory. Eunice is Hebrew, the supplanter. Ruth is Hebrew, and means beauty. Douglas is Gaelic, signifying dark gray. Caesar, the Latin name, means hairy man. Catharine, a Greek name, means the pure one. Constantine is Latin, signifying the resolute. Christopher is Greek, signifying Christ-bearing. Reuben, Jewish name, signifies: the son of a vision.

HAYMOND'S GHOST.

Maggie Rodden's Untimely Death.

She Appears to Her Friend.

HOW MAGGIE WAS MURDERED—HER HUSBAND INSANELY JEALOUS—THE APPARITION—THE SUICIDE—THE PALACE OF GHOSTS.

The late Creed Haymond, chief counsel of the Southern Pacific, could hardly be called a debaucher in the occult or a believer in things supernatural, and yet, as his intimate friends will remember, he did believe implicitly that he had seen one ghost.

The story—for there was a romance, and a tragic one, connected with this ghost—was not one that the lawyer cared to tell, except to those who enjoyed his personal confidence. He did not like to be charged with superstitious fancies, nor did he appreciate attempts to ridicule him out of his faith in the evidence of his own keen eyes. To his death he maintained firmly that it had been his fortune to meet face to face the spirit of one who had passed from life.

It was early in the fifties when Haymond, then a stranger in California, became an express rider. He used to make regular trips into the mountains, visiting the camps at stated intervals, carrying in his big saddle-bags letters, papers, and such small articles as could be transported in this way.

On one of his first trips away up in the Sierras he came to an almost deserted camp where a rich strike had been made and the pocket quickly exhausted. Only one family had remained, that of a man named Rodden. In a small, comfortable house close against the wall of rock which rose behind the camp a light was burning as Haymond rode into the deserted place, and he knocked at the door brought forth the occupant. To Haymond's request for lodgings the man growled a surly response and reluctantly let him in.

The express rider was surprised to see sitting beside the little table, on which stood the lamp, a young and pretty woman. He was surprised to recognize in her a schoolmate whom he had supposed to be still safe in her eastern home. After their greetings had been said, Haymond explained to the ungracious husband how he had known Mrs. Rodden back east. Rodden grunted some response, but Haymond and the woman were too busy asking and answering questions to heed his manner. The man seemed relieved by Haymond's departure the next day. He told the express rider to call whenever he was passing over the trail, and the woman came back to him again and stop for the night, that they might talk about people and things at home.

It was more than a month before he again came to the deserted camp, and this time, reaching it at an earlier hour, he found the woman alone, her husband having not yet returned from his work. Haymond learned from her that she had married Rodden against the wishes of her family and had come to the mines with him without letting her parents know where she had gone. She said little about her life in the mountains, but that little showed that it had not been a happy one. They had come to the camp with a number of others, but some quarrel had arisen between her husband and the rest of the miners, so when they moved on he had remained behind and by hard work was making fairly good pay in the deserted diggings. She dreaded the loneliness of the place, but with a patient sigh said she hoped before another winter her husband might be willing to move on to some camp where they would have more company.

Haymond made two trips more, calling each time at the cabin where his schoolmate lived. When leaving the second time he told them that one trip more would be all he could make before the snow blocked the trail. Two or three times Haymond had suggested to Rodden that he take his wife to some settlement before winter shut them in, but had received no answer. He did not feel at liberty to say more, so with the promise to visit them on his return in a few weeks he mounted his horse and rode down the narrow trail.

A few steps took him out of sight of the cabin. He heard a faint call, and looking back, saw Mrs. Rodden running down the trail after him. She waved her hand for him to return and he rode back.

"Will you do an errand for me while you are in the city?" she said.

THEN RODDEN ROSE UP.

Of course he consented and she gave him her commission, and with a few parting words she ran up the trail while he turned his horse again to descend. He looked back after his friend and to his surprise saw Rodden rise from behind a bush near the trail. He thought the man had been hidden watching him, as if a reflection made the idea seem absurd—probably it was a mere coincidence. Even if Rodden had heard every word of the conversation, it could only have spoiled Mrs. Rodden's little plot, which was nothing more than a Christmas surprise for her husband.

Haymond was detained a week longer than he had expected, and when he started for the mountain again his friends told him he would never get through, but he persisted and finally after a long battle with the snowdrifts he reached the last camp on his route, having lost a week on the way. It was almost night and snow and wind were in riotous possession of the mountains when he found himself riding down the trail a mile or two above the camp where he was to pass the night with the Roddens.

Dusk came while he was still more than a mile from the cabin. He pressed on as fast as he dared, when suddenly his horse stopped short with a snort and stood quivering. Haymond could see nothing, and sooting the animal with hand and voice, urged him on. There was still light enough to see around clearly enough to distinguish objects near the trail. Haymond thought as he started again that he saw something move across the trail a little way ahead. The horse went slowly forward, but with great reluctance, and when they reached an open spot where the light was sufficient to show objects for some distance

he again stopped, trembling, and Haymond for a moment could not persuade him to start. At last the horse started forward with a bound, and as he did so Haymond saw Maggie Rodden on her pale face, her hair hanging around her face, her hands stretched pleadingly toward him, and an expression of mute agony upon her white face.

MAGGIE HAD VANISHED.

Reining up as quickly as possible Haymond turned to speak to her, but she had vanished. He rode back and called her name, but there was no answer. He dismounted and looked for tracks at the spot where she must have left the trail, but found none.

Puzzled and annoyed he mounted and rode as rapidly as possible to the Rodden cabin. He hurriedly dismounted Haymond called Rodden out and asked if he knew that his wife was wandering alone through the snow away up the mountain trail. Rodden was too unnerfed for a moment to reply. Then he managed to say that the express rider must have dreamed he saw her, as she had gone home, gone back East, more than a month before. Haymond stuck to his story, but at last he was obliged to conclude that his imagination had played him a trick. He couldn't help wondering, though, what had frightened the horse. There was nothing to be done or said, for if Mrs. Rodden had gone home a month before, certainly she could not have been roaming around in the snow, and as there was no other woman within miles of the camp he must have been mistaken. Rodden, though not at all hospitable in manner, got supper and allowed the express rider to stop for the night.

After supper Haymond opened his saddle-bags, saying: "Well, as Maggie is not here to take her package, and it was intended for you, anyway, I suppose I'd better give it to you, and you can write her that her Christmas present got here a little ahead of time."

He tossed the package across to the man, who stared at it as if petrified. He stretched out his hand slowly and opened it with shaking fingers. The package contained a pair of thick, warm gloves, nothing more.

"When did Maggie send for these?" he asked.

"The last time I was here. You came near not getting them at all, for she had no chance to tell me to buy them while I was here and had to run after me to give the order."

"Was that all she ran after you for?"

"That was all."

Rodden tilted back into his chair with a groan and hid his face in his hands.

Haymond sat silent for awhile, then, finding that the man did not intend to speak, he concluded that the best thing he could do was to go to bed. He was soon sleeping and knew nothing more until the morning light shining through the uncurtained window awoke him. He dressed hurriedly and went out into the room where he left his horse. He opened the door and a glance into the side room showed that the bed was unoccupied, and Haymond went out to look after his horse as well as to see if he could see any signs of his host. The horse had been stabled in a deserted cabin, and Haymond pushed open the door and then sprang back into the open air. Swinging by a halter from the rafters was Rodden's dead body.

Haymond cut the body down and laid it carefully in the bunk. He could do nothing for it, as the snow covered the ground and he could not get to the body. He wrote a letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he received any answer and then he was astounded to learn that Maggie had never returned home—in fact had never even written since she left for California.

By this time spring had come and he was about to make his first trip to the mountains. He reached the town where he was to change the city he wrote a letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he received any answer and then he was astounded to learn that Maggie had never returned home—in fact had never even written since she left for California.

A thorough search had been made, but nothing had been found to explain the suicide. Hidden away in one of the distant cabins they found Mrs. Rodden's clothing, her few ornaments, even her work basket, and, in fact, so far as they could judge, every article that had belonged to her.

Haymond told the men of the events of that last night and his interpretation of them, but he said nothing of his meeting with the wronged woman in the storm.

They argued that Rodden, jealous because his wife had gone down the trail after Haymond, in his anger had killed her. Filled with remorse when he learned how causeless the deed had been he decided to die in the same way as if the world knew of his crime.

That was Creed Haymond's one ghost story. Years passed before he could speak at all of that meeting in storm and darkness, but till the day of his death he believed that the spirit of murdered Mrs. Rodden had appeared to him on the trail. MABEL H. CLOSSON.

A PALACE OF GHOSTS—HAUNTED BY SPIRITS OF WOMEN WHO POISONED ONE ANOTHER.

In the midst of all the old ruins and palaces of Italy, stained with countless deeds of blood, it remains for one modern structure to be known particularly as the home of ghosts. This interesting building is described by Marlon Crawford in an article in the Century devoted to the wonderful Italian coast between Sorrento and Salerno.

Above Agerola, which itself is almost directly above Praiano on the southern side of the peninsula, stands an enormous palace visible from the sea at a great distance. It is known as the Palazzo degli Spiriti (the palace of the ghosts), and I once took the trouble to climb up from Praiano and go all over it. It is entirely deserted and has neither doors nor windows, a building almost royal in proportions and plan, standing on a vast terrace overlooking the sea, by no means ancient, and in some parts decorated with frescoes and

stucco work, which are fast falling a prey to the weather.

It was built by a personage known as Gen. Avitabile, who came to a tragic end before he had completed his magnificent residence, and whose heirs are, I believe, still quarreling about the division of the property, while the building itself is allowed to fall into ruins. It would be hopeless to attempt to disentangle the tales told about the family by the simple folk. There were women in the case who poisoned one another and whose spirits, venomous still, are believed to haunt the vast halls and corridors and staircases and underground regions of the palace.

Whether they do or not, a more appropriate place for horrors, banquets, ghasts, and rampages could scarcely have been created by a diseased imagination in a nightmare. Even at mid-day, under the southern sun, the whole place seems as uncanny as a graveyard on St. John's eve. Bits of staircase lead abruptly into blank walls, passages end suddenly in the high air, without window railing or parapet. Lonely balconies lead around dizzy corners to dismal walls where the silence of a human voice could hardly find its way to the halls within. The most undaunted explorers of the Society for Psychical Research might learn what "gooseflesh" means in such a place as this.

The Great Strike.

The force of the great strike has been in a measure exhausted. Business for a few weeks has been completely paralyzed, travel unsafe, and rioting and the burning of valuable property has kept the law-abiding citizens in a continual state of excitement. The worst is now undoubtedly over, and business will soon resume its normal condition. The "Tribune" gives a graphic picture of the strike in the following:

There had been several large railroad strikes in the past, "and it had always happened that they have resulted in disorder, violence, and subsequent bloodshed," and that this must be expected now.

This expectation was abundantly justified. The strikers assaulted men hired to fill the places they had vacated. They upset and burned bridges, set fire to trains, assaulted men on the locomotives, and defied the legal authorities.

They were not content to stop the passage of trains composed in part of Pullman cars, but even attacked those hauling the Wagner sleepers on rival lines. They did not confine themselves to interfering with passenger travel, but attacked mail and freight cars, caused a paralysis of business at the great Stock Yards, at the wholesale market on South Water street, at many manufacturing plants, the men working in which had to be laid off and sent home because of the stoppage of freight transportation by the Debs strikers. They caused a lock up in coal, fruit, vegetables, ice, grain, live stock, and in manufactured products which it was desired to distribute to consumers. They burned and otherwise destroyed property worth millions of dollars more than the total amount demanded by the Pullman strikers; they interrupted the commerce and manufacturing industries amounting to a loss of many other millions in the aggregate and necessitated the calling out of Federal and State troops to prevent them from carrying further the work of destruction.

All this will have to be paid for by the taxpayers of Chicago and the county of Cook; but the lives lost and the wages which could not be earned by the many who wanted to work through the strike, but could not, never will be made good.

Finally the strike leaders, not contented with this horrible mischief, and still less appalled by it, proceeded to a further and greater enormity, the calling out of workers generally in this city, and many other places outside, some of them proposing that the diabolical strike be made to extend over the whole Nation. They deliberately proposed to apply the starvation thimble to the million and a half of residents in Chicago, in order to force them into joining first in the crusade against George N. Pullman, and secondly against the whole railroad system of the country, which a majority of the strikers seem foolishly to have thought could be "tied up" by an order from Debs. Had the order been obeyed it would have put Chicago in the position of a besieged city, so far as food supplies were concerned.

If George M. Pullman, who is worth millions, had possessed a single spark of humanitarian feeling, instead of oppressing his workmen as he has done, he would have devoted a portion of his ill-gotten gains to assisting them to bridge over the hard times, and thus carried out one of the cardinal principles of Spiritualism. The workmen have assisted him in making his millions, and were entitled to tender consideration. Without them he could have accomplished nothing; with their aid success has accompanied all his efforts, creating in him, we regret to say, that selfishness which seems to be a characteristic of nearly all wealthy Christians. But there seems to be no way to escape these labor difficulties while the flood gates of emigration are wide open to admit the vile scum of Europe, those who are but little above the ordinary brute. This class is often brought here by greedy capitalists in order to defeat honest workmen who ask for reasonable wages, and when they become a little enlightened they also turn on their employers and demand better treatment. The time is approaching when there will be a higher standard for labor.

A Medium Arrested.

Dr. Martha E. Jameson writes from Toledo, O.:

"Come to you to-day asking for help. Mrs. Ketchum, or as her guides say, Madam Moraine, was arrested here as a fortune-teller. Her lawyer had her case postponed until the 13th."

She is a fine medium and has given tests in Cleveland, Canton and Toledo, O. Like many others, she has no money. I desire that you ask the help of all our co-workers to raise some money, carry it to a higher court, and make it a benefit to our faith."

Here is a case for the National Association to investigate. Contributions to assist the arrested medium can be sent to Dr. Jameson, 328 Erie street, Toledo, O. Prompt action should be taken.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

It Comes From a Generous Heart.

EDITOR PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—A gentleman in one of the Southern sections of our country, who endeavors to live his Spiritualism, as well as to profess it, comes forward with an offer to be one of ten or more persons to give the sum of five hundred dollars each to the National Spiritualist Association. This generous offer should be promptly met by other philanthropic men and women in our ranks. The money is to be given for specific purposes, and will not be spent in salaries or contingent expenses of the Association. The officers of the N. S. A. are compelled to refuse many appeals for aid because of the lack of means with which to send out missionaries, and to defray the expenses of mediums under arrest. If our friends' offer is promptly met, these several difficulties can be obviated.

Who will be the first to meet this offer? Not one of the officers of the N. S. A. receive one dollar as salary outside of the secretary, who often labors eighteen hours per day at his post in return for the sum paid him. This fact clearly proves that the money will be strictly applied to the furthering of the interests of the cause of Spiritualism.

Many calls for speakers and mediums have been unanswered, as we have stated above, because of the lack of means to defray traveling expenses. Some places have been visited by us during the past nine months when we have not only paid our own traveling expenses, but our hotel bills as well, out of our own pocket, besides giving two or three lectures gratuitously. No doubt many other speakers can say the same thing. They have done this, as we did, for the good of the cause, but is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Why can a missionary fund be established from which all pioneer workers can be compensated for their actual expenses, at least? Why not meet this splendid offer of our philanthropic friend, and establish a fund such as the Unitarians are in possession of, for similar purposes?

Spiritualists can lay the foundation for such a fund through ten men or women who will unite in paying the sum of five hundred dollars each into the National Association treasury. Now is this all? What ten can do can be done by thousands. Let us suppose there are 250,000 active Spiritualists in the United States. Can they not also give according to their means, either one dollar, or more, to the same fund? An endowment of \$250,000 would place the National Association upon as firm a footing as any other corporate religious body enjoys to-day? Can we not do this? Is Spiritualism worth anything to us as Spiritualists? We are members of a Christian church, we should give ten, twenty, and perhaps two hundred dollars per annum for its support. Can we not be one-tenth as generous, one-tenth as just towards Spiritualism? Some of our workers upon the platform have sacrificed several hundred dollars for the sake of the cause during the past year. Is it just for Spiritualists to allow a few to bear the burden alone? We are certain that they will respond with one accord, in a loud, earnest "NO!" Let us, then, all do our duty in the present case by meeting the above-named offer in kind and give whatever sums we are able to the National Association. By so doing we can become a power for good in our land, through the spreading of the light which Spiritualism has for the whole wide, wide world.

Fraternally,

H. D. BARRETT,

President N. S. A.

510 E. St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mount Pleasant Park.

I came here on the 6th inst., to remain until after the close of camp.

The Park is beautiful and lovely, although it sadly needs rain to freshen the foliage and revive the grass, which is rapidly drying up. Several tents are already occupied by early-comers, among whom is Grandmother Dean, of Wichita, Kansas, who is always among the first to pitch her tent at Mount Pleasant Park. She occupied the same location many years, but has moved this season, to give way for permanent improvements.

Several rooms and tents are engaged in advance, and the outlook is favorable for a large attendance and a good meeting.

New arrivals are coming in daily, and the work will soon be a city of life and activity.

Mr. Stowell intends to open the dining-hall on the 23rd, and will be prepared to furnish meals to all who desire after that date.

I regret to say that we are restricted to a very limited territory by the railroad this season. We have secured a one-and-one-third rate on the certificate plan for a distance of 100 miles only. This is the best we could do, and we regret all who come from whatever distance, to take a receipt from the agent when you buy your ticket, and deposit the same with the secretary at the camp grounds immediately on your arrival.

One hundred receipts must be collected and stamped by the joint agent at Clinton before a reduction will be allowed.

L. P. WHEELLOCK,

Secretary M. V. S. A.

ROCKY NEST.

A Story of Spirit Helpfulness.

We take especial pleasure in announcing this story. It comes from Massachusetts, not far from the hub of the cultured universe. It is the production of Mrs. Emma Miner, famed for her many literary productions. This story will run through the paper for eight weeks, and it will prove refreshing and exhilarating reading to all. We have a large number of subscribers in the East who will take especial interest in this story, while those in other parts will give it a cordial welcome. Now is the time to send in your subscriptions.

Providence is known as Roger Williams' city. Bismarck, North Dakota, was so named in 1872, just after the Franco-Prussian war.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

lived a quiet life, but her hallucination continued. She lived a decade or two after leaving the asylum. I have lately referred to her in an article in the Boston Herald, and I will now describe her mediumship (for it was that) more at length, which I consider one of the most interesting cases of the phenomena that I have ever experienced, and as a matter of course, know it to be genuine and reliable, and only regret I did not understand her case as I do now, with my experience of modern Spiritualism.

Aunt Hannah used to hear voices talking behind her. She called it "jabbering," and it annoyed her. None of us could hear any voices; we did not believe she did, and we thought she was not in her right mind, and I should think so to this day if I was not a believer in Spiritualism. I am glad I paid the attention to her phenomena that I did, but wish I had the experience I have now; but my memories of my intercourse with her are very pleasant facts to me now. I will now describe her mediumship, and the remembrance of them are among my most interesting experiences, and I am sure a little elaborate description of them will interest the spiritualist reader, for all who know me know I do not make up my stories.

She came to me once to drive those devils away, as she called these jabberers. "Why don't you turn round and drive them away yourself?" said I. "I will," she replied, "she did it herself still be behind her."

"They are always behind me, I know," said she, "who they are by their voices. One is Marshall Keith, and one is his brother Hampden."

She named several others, all relatives of ours. I said: "That can't be, for they are all dead." "I guess," said she, "you would not call them dead if you heard the noise they make. Uncle Abial comes sometimes and tells them away. He has great power over them, just as he did when he was living here."

Her Uncle Abial died in 1816. He left a large property, and having no children, he distributed it by will to his brothers and sisters or their children, and these devils, as she called them, were his legacies. So they always minded him, and she was always glad when he came and drove them away, saying to them: "You have plagued her enough." She said that Abial told her that if they annoyed her she must go to John (meaning me) and he would drive them away. I of course did not believe in all this, but I told them to go away; that it was not right to annoy Hannah, and she said: "They are going away; I can hardly hear their footsteps or their voices; they are so far off. Now they are gone."

All this was said to me. Hearing nothing myself, and believing nothing in it, I felt that she was not in her right mind, but I knew also she really heard voices. I always liked to talk with Hannah, for it seemed so strange, and I pitied her, and always felt she was not right in her mind. Some very strange things were said by these invisibles, and she proved quite well that they were the people they claimed to be.

"Don't you suppose," said she, "I know Uncle Abial's voice when I hear him," and she said that what they stated was true. "He told me to come to you to drive them away, and I did, and you drove them off." That was not very convincing to me, for I heard no voices, and I had only her say-so that they were gone. She said she had proved them to be reliable, and said when she was walking in the street she could hear them talk behind her, and sometimes would say: "Here come Tom Jones," referring to a man a stranger, who was passing along, and I would stop him and ask him his name, and he would say, "Tom Jones." She had tried these voices so many times, and had always found them right. She had no doubt that when they gave a name it would be found correct.

She was a remarkable medium, like her mother and grandmother; one saw spirits and one heard them sing, and Hannah heard them in a way. If I have been clear in my statement, it will interest the reader, as it has me. What a pity it is that this occurred before I was a Spiritualist, as I could have gotten such positive evidence of an invisible intelligence, for I am sure it was what it claimed to be, intelligences from over the river, and the memory of it is a great satisfaction to me, and among my pleasantest recollections, and no one will wonder that I, with Professor Wallace, consider it no small thing to accept such things as fact in history

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BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare Must Go.

To THE EDITOR:—Mr. Ira Gale Tompkins has undertaken to prove in a three-column article that Bacon did not write the works of Shakespeare. His reasoning is exceedingly weak, and I would not have thought of writing a word about it, but for the fact that his strongest point is a *faux pas*. He has quoted two lines from Bacon's verification of the Xth Psalm, and he has so interpolated the first line as to make it appear that Bacon had no sense of rhythm. I now reproduce the two lines, with the bungling interpolation in parenthesis:

"As a tale (that is) told, which sometimes men attend,
And sometimes not, our life steals to an end."

Omit the words in parenthesis and the rhythm is perfect. Was it you, Mr. Tompkins, who made the interpolation? or did you copy it from another interpolator? You have wasted half a column on that false quotation. The latest and best biographer of Lord Bacon was James Spedding. He reproduced Bacon's verification of some of the Psalms, and expressed the opinion that "Bacon was not without the fine phrensy of the poet," and that it had taken the ordinary direction, "it would have carried him to a place among the great poets."

We know that Bacon wrote sonnets to Queen Elizabeth and excused himself by saying: "I profess not to be a poet."

We know that he composed masques anonymously before Shakespeare's name appeared as a playwright or as the author of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," and that those masques were essentially poetic compositions, in the nature of plays, and sometimes contained verses in rhyme equal in merit to the average of Shakespeare's. Take, for example, the following from a masque composed as early as 1594 (the date of "Lucrece"), and believed by Spedding to have been the work of Bacon:

"Seated between the Old World and the New,
A land there is no other land may touch,
Where reigns a Queen in peace and honor true,
Stories or fables do describe no such.
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,
As she, in holding up the world oppress;
Supplying with her virtue everywhere
Weakness of friends, errors of servants
To a will.
No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,
And yet she calms them by her majesty;
No age hath ever wits refined so far,
And yet she calms them by her policy:
To her thy son must make his sacrifice,
If he will have the morning of his eyes."

Shakespeare scholars will recognize phrases in the above that are repeated in the plays. Compare it with the speech of John of Gaunt in Richard II, act ii, scene 1:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd
isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in a silver sea,
And act iv, scene 1:

"O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refined
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
And in this seat of peace."

And in 3d Henry II, act v, scene 1:
"Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight."
And in As You Like It, act iii, scene 2:
"Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere."

And, lastly, note the singular expression, "morning of his eyes," repeated in the plays:
"Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus."

—Troil. and Cress., i, 3.
"You grey is not the morning's eye."
—Rom. and Jul., iii, 5.

The composition of all these plays was of later date than the Masque.

In one of those Masques a speaker is made to say: "The monuments of wit survive the monuments of power; the verities of the poet endure without a syllable lost, while states and empires pass many periods." Two years later, in 1596, the composer of that speech, writing to Sir Faulke Greville on his studies, said: "For poets I can commend none, being resolved to be ever a stranger to them." Greville (1554-1628) was a poet, and wrote the life of Sir Philip Sidney.

In 1603 Bacon wrote a private letter to the poet John Davies, begging him to speak a good word for the writer to the incoming King James I., and closing with these words: "So, desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue."

Bacon's most intimate friend, Toby Matthew, in a letter with cancelled date, but as late as 1605, acknowledged the receipt of some work by Bacon, and added this postscript:

"I will not return you weight for weight, but Measure for Measure."

"Mesur for Mesur," by "Shaxberd," was played before King James, at Whitehall, December 26, 1604.

Again, about the time of the publication of the Shakespeare Folio, 1623, Matthew acknowledged in a letter without date, the receipt of a "great and noble favor," and added the following:

"P. S.—The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of, my nation and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another."

Until 1598, when Bacon was 37 years of age and Shakespeare 34, all the printed plays, afterwards attributed to Shakespeare, were anonymous, and most of these earlier ones continued anonymous in subsequent editions; for example, Titus Andronicus, Henry VI. (in three parts) and Romeo and Juliet—the fourth

edition of the latter being ascribed to Shakespeare in 1611. Henry V. went through three editions, 1600, 1602 and 1608, all anonymous.

William Shagsper was married at Stratford, November 28th, 1582. How came the name to be Shakespeare? His five autographs have no e in the first syllable, nor a in the second. Francis Bacon was a profound student of Greek Mythology; he wrote essays on the Wisdom of the Ancients. Pallas Athene was the most illustrious of the Greek deities; she was the patroness of literature, art and science, and her sobriquet was the "Shaky lady with the Spear." The first and last syllables of this sobriquet are Shake and Speare, as the same would have been written three hundred years ago.

The five autographs of "Shaksper," so widely published in fac simile, were traced by me from engravings in the Congressional Library, and they coincide perfectly with the recent photographic prints of the originals in the British Museum and Library of London. Horace Greeley, like William Shakespeare, had a son and two daughters. The sons died early, but the daughters grew up. Judith Shakespeare, at the age of 26, witnessed two papers by making her mark. Susanna Shakespeare, widow of Dr. John Hall, betrayed her illiteracy at the age of 57, by disputing the unmistakable handwriting of her late husband.

Suppose that two hundred years hence the only handwriting extant of Horace Greeley should be five autographs attached to legal papers in the last three years of his life, as follows:

1. Hor. Grele, with an a above the final e.
2. Horace written over Grely.
3. The same, three years later, attached to the first leaf of his will.
4. Hor. Grell, followed by a grotesque scrawl, the whole name being three times longer than the previous autographs.
5. Horace Grely, written worse than any of his now known autographs, and with an illegible scrawl prefixed, which was intended to be "By me," as required in the final signature to a will.

I once asked Col. Ingersoll how he accounted for the fact that no letter by Shakespeare had ever been found, and none addressed to him, except one asking for a loan of £30 (which letter, by the way, Halliwell Phillips, Shakespeare's latest and best biographer, thinks was never delivered). The Colonel, with a "hem," said: "I account for it by the great fire in London, which destroyed ever so many records." The great fire was fifty years after Shakespeare's death at Stratford, and forty years after Bacon's death in London. Did it burn up all manuscripts of Shakespeare and spare all those of Bacon?

Shakespeare must go. W. H. BURR.

Ben Hafiz, the Muezzin.

Far lifted from the city's far and fret
Ben Hafiz waited on the minaret;
And gazing where the Prophet's city stands,
A benediction waved from wrinkled hands.

His prayerful voice was raised—the hour was
nigh—
To Allah lifted his imploring eye.

Below him sparkled many a twinkling fire,
Where pilgrims camped around the sacred
spire.

"Oh! where is God?" the old Muezzin cries;
With eagle glance he scans the vaulted skies.
All silent trembled the thin realms of air—
Ben Hafiz vainly sought an answer there!

Beneath his feet stretched far the sapphire
sea—
"Lo! in its depths—Divinity may be!"

The blue waves rippled on the lonely shore;
No token reached him in their hollow roar!
The campfires leaped, their red glow mounting
higher.

He pondered: "There! Perchance, is Allah
nigher?"

Bright gleams lit up the sleeping host in
vain—
Not a response! Ben Hafiz asked again.

The mountains, hung above him, crested
round,
Caught his quick eye—"Is God there hidden
found?"

But scarp'd rocks and peaks all silent lay—
With no reply, Ben Hafiz turned away!
"Alas! All silent!" the Muezzin cried.
The hopes which warmed his heart in sadness
died.

"Earth, air and fire—the waters, I explore—
For God, whose footsteps here return no
more!"

When, like a lark, a sweet voice thrilled
above:
An angel sang—"Ben Hafiz! God is Love!"
—Richard Henry Savage.

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We have a grand treat for all this year, and hope to make all who attend happy.

Mantua Station. W. F. BALL.
ENCOURAGING WORDS FROM MAPLE DELL.
Geo. F. Perkins, lecturer and platform test medium, writes from Maple Dell Camp, Mantua Station, Ohio:

MAPLE DELL CAMP.
We find ourselves located on the camp grounds of Maple Dell, and the first of the season to lodge thereon, being two weeks ahead of the camp opening. This is a charming little secluded spot, well fitted for spiritual enlightenment and demonstrations.

President Danforth came upon the ground to-day with the intention of immediately erecting his cottage. Secretary White was also here from Hiram, transacting business pertaining to his office.

Mr. D. M. King and Dr. Ball are among the active workers, overseeing the building of several cottages. We held a meeting this afternoon, in King's Opera House, with good results. The courtesy of the people in this charming little town is commendable and appreciated by us.

We are engaged the entire season to conduct the singing and to make ourselves generally useful on the platform in speaking and giving tests. The prospects are favorable for a grand season at Maple Dell.

Geo. F. PERKINS.

Westbrook on Wettstein.

We have carefully read the six-column article of Mr. Otto Wettstein in *The Investigator* of April 14th, and I am reminded of what John Quincy Adams said of Chaplain Maffitt's preaching, viz., that "it is infinitely entertaining to hear a man utter such consummate nonsense with such imperturbable gravity." Life is too short to answer him in detail.

I knew that my article published in *The Progressive Thinker*, *Secular Thought* and *The Investigator*, December 6th, 1893, in reply to Mr. Charles Watts, would stir up the materialistic monkeys for some time; but I never dreamed that the chattering would be kept up for nearly five months. The "Liberal Jeweler" writes so kindly that I must explain, though wherein does he differ substantially from the monkey, if he has no God, is not a spirit, and expects no hereafter? I bear in mind that the "materialistic brother" is the proprietor of "Wettstein's Watch" and the "Ingersoll spoon," and that most of his time must be taken up with "atoms." When I read his wordy article full of "chestnuts," I thought of the man who could not see a certain star in the daytime (though a thousand people were gazing at it, when his short-sightedness was fully explained by the fact that he was a watchmaker, and mainly accustomed to deal with near-by things. It is useless to attempt to follow Mr. Wettstein in his baseless assumptions and reckless assertions; This has been done scores of times; but it does no good. He reminds me of a little story told by a friend of mine who, when visiting a lunatic asylum, saw a fine-looking man riding a

broomstick, and supposing this to be his delusion, thought he would humor the whim. He said to the man, "That is a fine horse you are riding," and the lunatic very sanely answered, "This is not a horse, it is a hobby." When asked what is the difference between a horse and a hobby, he answered, "You can sell a horse, but you cannot give away a hobby." Now, friend Wettstein has been mounted astride of his materialistic broomstick, prancing and kicking up his heels and performing various other fantastic tricks for some time, and has not yet learned that he can neither sell nor give away his hobby. Now, my old fellow-orator, why not give up this little circus? Theists think they have good reason for believing in God, and almost everybody finds comfort in hoping for a future life, and these weak-minded, unnumbered millions find in their theories many good motives for cherishing the right and avoiding the wrong. Why not let them alone, while you materialists get all the comfort you can from denying the existence of what Herbert Spencer calls the "infinite and eternal energy," and believing that at death man plunges into everlasting nothingness? I only pause to inquire which of these two theories exerts the best moral influence. I could quote scores of admissions and assertions from Spencer, Tyndall, and Huxley in opposition to what Mr. Wettstein affirms; but I only give the quotation he calls for from Haeckel, the renowned German materialist: "The more developed man of the present day is capable of, and justified in, conceiving that infinitely nobler and sublimer idea of God which alone is compatible with the monistic conception of the universe, and which recognizes God's spirit and power in all phenomena without exception. This monistic idea of God, which belongs to the future, has already been expressed by Giordano Bruno in the following words: 'A spirit exists in all things, and no body is so small but contains a part of the divine substance within itself, by which it is animated.' " Again, and again, in other connections Haeckel has expressed the opinion that "all matter is, in a certain sense, alive." In conclusion, let me say, that Mr. Wettstein's form of materialism is founded on the most superstitious self-conceit, and involves "the assumption that man has a capacity to know God, knows all the evidence of his existence, which the universe contains now, or ever has contained, or ever will contain, and he knows also, that this evidence is inadequate, and that God does not exist." This form of Atheism assumes for its basis the omniscience of the Atheist, for if he does not know everything, that which he does not know may be God or the evidence of his existence.

R. B. WESTBROOK.
Philadelphia, June 10, 1894.

The Inter-State Camp at Muskegon, Michigan.

To THE EDITOR:—Our camp is in session here, pushing its work with pluck and energy, and yet the attendance, owing entirely to the unsettled state of social conditions, is not what it would be if peace reigned in all the land. If people felt that they could leave home safely with a certainty that they could get back without having the means liable to be "tied up," they would largely have increased the attendance. Having felt this influence, and believing that the paralytic state of transit will improve very soon, we have concluded to-day to extend the date of our meeting, and add another week, which will make our camp end on Monday the 23d day of July, instead of the 16th. We had expected a large attendance from Chicago, Milwaukee and other points beside. We believe that the condition of travel will now improve and that the friends will yet have the pleasure of meeting with us. The large number of speakers and mediums here are delighted with the location, and express themselves freely that it will be the camp of the surrounding States.

W. S. DECKRA,
Secretary Inter-State Spiritual Camp.
Muskegon, Mich., July 10, 1894.

THE INTER-STATE SPIRITUAL CAMP.

To THE EDITOR:—Yesterday I attended all the sessions here, and acted as chairman in the absence of Bro. Schermerhorn, speaking in the evening. The attendance so far has been good, especially Sunday, when the largest test that will seat ten hundred was full. The lectures by Mrs. Jennie Hagan Jackson and Mrs. Richmond were listened to with rapt attention, and applauded repeatedly. The subjects naturally touched upon were the labor question and the signs of the times. The hopeful promise of better times, the foregleams of an adjustment of the present difficulties, wiser legislation and juster laws seemed to be foreseen, coming on the waves of this now distracted nation. Mrs. S. F. DeWolf, of your city, gave some fine slate-writing tests in public, and one, the message of Mrs. Bent, of St. Louis, to the writer. Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, of Troy, N. Y., gave a fine discourse yesterday and is making an impression favorable as a highly-inspired medium. Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Coffman, of Grand Rapids, Mich., have shown themselves competent as clairvoyant test mediums in their respective lines of mediumistic work. The chairman, Dr. Schermerhorn, is the right man in the right place, and seems raised up for this special work inaugurated here. The camp ground is delightfully situated on the lake shore, and has every facility to become one of the most popular spiritual camp grounds in the land. The Spiritualists here are warm-hearted, generous-souled people and once to know them is to always love them.

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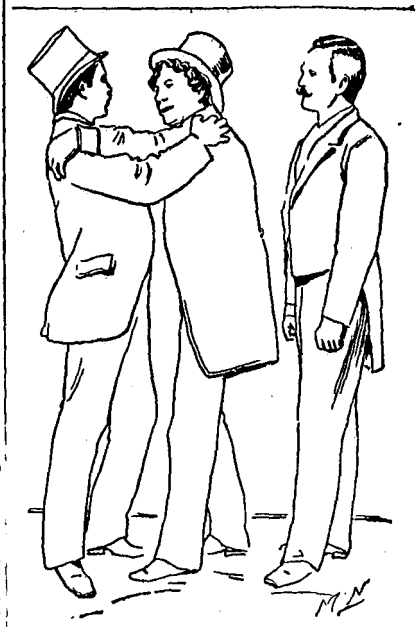
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