

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people."

VOL. I.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1901.

NO. 16

A Well-Authenticated Psychic Phenomenon.

For many years prior to the night of November 7th, 1877, there had resided on a farm in Denton, Texas, a widow, Mrs. Laura Jones, her two nearly-grown sons named Frank and John, and several smaller children. Frank had left home in September to search for some lost cattle, had reported his movements from time to time by letter, at last accounts being 200 miles south of Denton still engaged in the search. On that night, after all were in bed, John heard steps on the front porch which approached the door. Then the door knob was turned, the door opened letting in a draft of cold air which John felt so that he raised himself up on his elbow. A fire that had been burning in the wide stone chimney had not yet gone out and, in the quite dim light, John saw the outlines of a man. Reaching for a revolver, he called: "Who's there?" The familiar voice of his brother answered, while Frank came and sat down on the foot of John's bed. They conversed in low tones for some time. Then John told Frank that his bed in another room was ready for him, being just as he had left it six weeks before. The dim outlines and retreating footsteps vanished through the opposite doorway and all was still. John soon fell asleep happy over his brother's return. In the morning he arose, started the kitchen fire for his mother, and went to the barn to care for his brother's horse and the other animals. The horse was not in his accustomed stall, nor the pasture outside. He returned to the house, when his mother who had heard the voices asked: "What were you talking about last night?" "Why, I was talking with Frank who came in last night," replied the son. An examination of Frank's room, however, showed no one and no signs of occupancy. He returned to the kitchen and told his mother a part of what Frank had said to him in the night. She, of course, was very skeptical about the story, but John's earnestness led her to feel that something was wrong. That day they hitched up a team and taking the children drove to the house of "Uncle Bob Saunders," and, of course, the strange occurrences were related to him. He discredited the whole affair but concluded to accompany John to the telegraph office to see what trace could be got of the missing brother. While crossing the public square of Denton, they were hailed by the sheriff of Denton county, who showed a telegram that he had just received from S. P. Williams, county judge, dated McDade, Texas, November 8, 1877, and reading: "Man found dead near here last night. Papers disclosed identity of Frank Jones of your county. Notify his people."

A year later, this Bob Saunders, who was administrator of the estate left by the father of the Jones family, decided to sell a tract of Jones' land in the southern part of the state. John strenuously objected, at first refusing to say why, but finally, being otherwise unable to carry his point, he said that on the night of November 7th, when Frank appeared to him, Frank told him that he had found the lost animals near the town of Stellar, in a pasture owned by Mrs. Mary Williams, a widow who had a large cattle ranch there; that she had told Frank of her desire to purchase the Jones tract of land near by; that he, Frank, knowing the danger from Indians and horse-thieves to stock on that land had decided to sell, had sold it to her as well as the stock which Frank had found there, that she had paid him the entire amount of purchase money, that he had promised to send the necessary deed and other papers upon his return home and that Frank had urged him (John) to make and forward the papers.

John now acknowledged that he had not sooner reported this part of the nightly interview, because so much incredulity and even ridicule had met his other statement. But now, rather than see the administrator go and sell the land in question, he had told all.

Accordingly, a letter was sent to Mrs. Williams asking what she knew about Frank Jones' movements. She came to Denton in person, as she had never received any deed, and exhibited to Administrator Saunders a bill of sale for the stock in the handwriting of Frank and also a receipt for the money paid to him. Her story agreed in every respect with the report John had given of the facts as described by his visitor on the night of November 7. John Jones later went before the county court of Denton county and made affidavit, which is a matter of public record, that his brother Frank had detailed to him this trade with the widow Williams and that the administrator of his father's estate was bound to give her a deed to this property. Had John concealed the facts and let Saunders sell the property, John as one of the heirs would have profited a considerable sum of money thereby. He proved the certainty of his conference with Frank, at a time when Frank's dead body lay 200 miles away, by a legal oath and caused the issue of the deed in question to the widow Williams.—Occult Truths.

The Power of Thought Concentration.

No great act in life was ever achieved that did not have for its basis the concentration of the thought forces. Thought, backed by earnest desire, has brought man to his present state. It is the constructive force of the universe. It is the basic principle of all life and every condition of life. Everything that lives, thinks, and when intelligent thought is supplemented by concentration, there is no

power on earth or in the heavens above that man can not cope with.

Thought, unaccompanied by concentration, accomplishes very little. Some are able to concentrate their thoughts more readily than others, and can, therefore, act more promptly. But there has been no great undertaking in the history of the world that was not preceded by earnest concentration of the thought forces; and just in proportion to the ability to concentrate the thoughts will desired results be reached—provided, always, that conscientious, intelligent thought is employed.

If you wish to succeed in any line of business, concentrate your thought forces upon that business, and you will surely reap the fruits of your desires. If your aim is success in any of the professions, in music, literature or any of the arts or sciences, the employment of intelligent thought concentration will alone insure the consummation of your aspirations. The ways and means will come to you easily, and that which had previously appeared like a difficult undertaking will lose its complexity, and the road will be traversed with ease and delight.

But when you are seeking that which you desire through the medium of thought concentration, you must not get the idea that you are drawing upon some mysterious force for your supplies, located in an unseen and impenetrable realm. You must concentrate your thoughts upon the I Am within your own brain—that wonderful power within yourself that will never lead you astray. Other forces outside yourself cannot be depended upon; besides, you lose your own individuality when you try to draw strength and power outside your own reservoir of supply. This reservoir is never empty; it is constantly filled to the very brim with all the wisdom of the ages, and more. Its resources are inexhaustible, and you have but to drink of its crystal waters to be illumined with the fulfillment of every ambition. There are no dregs in this reservoir, and consequently no filtering process is required. Drink your fill, and then drink some more, and the whole world will put on new raiment. The sunlight in your soul will radiate and not only illuminate your own pathway, but that of every human being who comes within the radius of your aura. In the process of thought concentration, one comes into close and harmonious touch with one's self. But in order to do this you must first have implicit confidence in yourself, in your own ability to accomplish anything and everything you undertake. If you distrust yourself and go around seeking help and advice from others, you will never succeed in anything, and will constantly appear in the light of a weak-minded, dependent creature, commanding the respect of no one. Better die and try it over again than to struggle along in a half-baked condition. You are not only hindering yourself, but you are obstructing the progress of others.

All life is endowed with a divine self, and when this divine self is given full and complete recognition, there are no limits to the achievements attainable. The divine self in man is the I Am within; the God of life; the element of eternal existence that never sleeps and knows no death. This is the eternal force within man that flies aloft when debarred of proper recognition and an inhabitable body is denied it. This is physical death. . . .

The question here arises, how are we to come into possession of these truths in the face of the teachings of the centuries that man is but a groveling worm in the dust, and unfit to die or live until he has divested himself of every semblance of self-respect, and has endowed a few cheap churches? Through the process of thought concentration, accompanied by a strong and persistent desire for the possession of absolute truth concerning man's destiny, all knowledge is available, all theological emanations to the contrary notwithstanding.

It may be pertinent to here give a few suggestions as to the most effective methods of concentrating the thoughts upon any desired subject.

First. In the early stages of development absolute quiet is essential. Anything that disturbs the chain of thought is a material hindrance. If convenient an unused room should be secured, in which there is, at least, one window admitting sunlight. This room should be thoroughly ventilated each day, and the sun allowed complete access, except at the time of sitting for concentration, when it should be made as dark as possible. A certain half hour each day should be devoted to the work. Regularity as to the time is important. There should be but one occupant in this room, and care should be taken to avoid interruptions. It is best to lock all door connections.

Second. Sit in an easy chair that will afford you the greatest amount of comfort. Face the north. The north is the home of the positive pole. Rest your hands in your lap, interlacing your fingers, but avoiding bringing the ends of the thumbs together. In this way you establish an unbroken magnetic circuit. Low-seated, high-back chair is preferable. Lean your head back on a small, soft cushion that no one else uses. Place both feet on the floor. To cross the legs is to check the free flow of the life cur-

rents. To us a high-seated chair has the same effect, as there is a strong pressure on the under parts of the thighs. Persistent pressure here will in time produce paralysis in some portion of the body. As you lean your head back, turn your eyes upward in the region of the brain called the cerebrum. This is the intuitive part of your being and is the seat of divine life.

Third. At this stage you relax every muscle and become passive and receptive. Every positive condition must be removed. It will take some little time to accomplish this, but perseverance will surely find its reward. Now give the divine self within you absolute recognition. Recognize the fact that within the cells of your own brain lie latent powers, that if brought to the surface and externalized, will enable you to accomplish anything on earth that you desire to, and some things in heaven. You are not appealing to a power outside yourself, as some are wont to do with disastrous results; but you are simply recognizing the power and strength and intellectual forces contained in your own being. You are learning to know yourself and understand the secret of placing confidence in your own abilities. There is nothing in the world that you wish to know, no matter how apparently obscure, that you cannot master by persistent introspection—self-study and self-development. But your wants and desires must be earnest and honest and free from every semblance of selfishness and greed. Your heart must be overflowing with love for every living thing. You must know no enemy. You must recognize the fact that all mankind is on an equal footing and filled with the same divine essence of eternal life. There must be absolutely no doubt in your mind about this. The fact that there is here and there a distinctive difference in individual unfoldment, creates no class distinction. Because the average man thinks himself superior to his neighbor, does not make it so. Persist in concentrating your thoughts upon that which you are striving for. They will want to think of everything else at first, but you must bring them back as often as they wander, but not in a positive irritable mood. If you do this, you might as well stop short, for you will meet with disappointments all along the line. Patient calmness will have the same effect on refractory thoughts as on a balky horse. . . . While still in the concentration posture, remember this: All truth is available. The universe is founded upon eternal, immortal truth. Thought, concentrated, is the ever-existent creative force. The I Am within you and within me is the beacon light that guides the star of hope in the search for truth. —Edgar W. Conable, in Freedom.

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Extracts from E. F. Robert's Lecture on Spiritualism

What is Spiritualism? The question is being asked by thousands today and being as often answered. The door of spiritual knowledge stands ever ajar to him who is willing to enter there and investigate its sublime philosophy. Whosoever will may come and kneel at its pure fountain of truth and drink of its living waters of wisdom and virtue. Spiritualism is the philosophy of life. Its fundamental principle is the absolute proof of a life beyond the grave. It teaches the continuity of life by bringing into requisition the testimony of those who have passed to a higher plane of existence. In teaching men the way to live it teaches how to die, and by importing a knowledge of the hereafter, it robs death of its terrors and makes life a pleasure. Spiritualism is the religion of common sense; it is the faith of reason. Reason and common sense are the most practical attributes of the human mind, and if we have a practical religion it must be in harmony with these attributes and receive their approval. This religion is not founded upon blind faith. If it were doubtless it would have more followers than it has today, for men are still more prone to be ruled by faith than by reason. They still cling to those old time-worn creeds and senseless dogmas that science proved false three centuries ago. . . .

The most prodigious myth that we are taught to believe in this so-called enlightened age is that because of the sins of Adam all men are conceived and born in sin and that some one, a long time after Adam, gave his life that through his blood all mankind might be saved from the sins they never committed, or, which is equally as ridiculous, that they might escape the punishment of the sins they do commit. . . . It is plain that there is great need of a revolution of religious thought, and that revolution is slowly but surely coming. Religious beliefs are ever changing. Progression is the supreme law of life. Every dead religion of the past has given way to a better religion and every new faith partakes of all the good in the religion that it supercedes.

Let us consider for a few minutes the past history of Spiritualism, not merely since 53 years ago, but since man first existed; for Spiritualism is as old as the human race. This is true simply because it is founded upon unchanging laws, and what is true of it today has ever been true. We find in the perusal of history that man from his very origin has had some form of religious worship; that there has ever stirred in the human heart a longing for immortality; that there has never been a time in all history when the majority of the human family believed that death ends all, but that they have ever pined for a higher life. And we also learn that this inborn principle, this unquenchable thirst for soul-growth and for a higher state of happiness

Continued on 4th page.

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GOOD IN ALL.

'Tis a beautiful thought, by Philosophy taught,
That from all things created some good is outwrought;
That each is for use, and not one for abuse,
Which leaves the transgressor no room for excuse.

Thus the great, and the small, and the humblest of all,
To action and duty alike have a call;
And he does the best, who excels all the rest,
In making the lot of humanity blest.

As Jonathan Myer sat one night by the fire,
Watching the flames from the embers expire,
O'er his senses there stole, and into his soul,
A spell of enchantment he could not control.

The wind shook his door, and a terrible roar
In his chimney was heard, like the waves on the shore.
In wonder, amazed, old Jonathan gazed
At the huge oaken back-log as fiercely it blazed.

The flames of his fire leaped higher and higher,
And out of its brightness looked images dire;
Till at length, a great brand straight on end seemed to stand,
And then into human proportions expand.

Old Jonathan said, with a shake of his head,
"There's nothing in nature I've reason to dread,
For my conscience is clear, and I'd not have a fear,
Should Satan himself at this moment appear."

"Ha! your words shall be tried," quick the demon replied,
"For, lo! I am Satan, here, close by your side.
Men should never defy such a being as I,
For when they least think it, behold I am nigh."

Said Jonathan Myer, as he stirred up the fire,
"Your face nor your figure I do not admire;
But if that is your style, why, it isn't worth while
For me to find fault or your maker revile."

"Now don't have a fear, lest it should appear
That you're an intruder—I welcome you here!
So pray take a seat, and warm up your feet,
For I think I have heard that you're partial to heat."

"Well, you are either a fool or remarkably cool,"
Said Satan—accepting the low wooden stool—
"But before I depart, I will give you a start
Which will send back the blood with a rush to your heart."

"Well, and what if you should? 'T might do me good,
For a shock sometimes helps one—so I've understood.
But just here let me say, that for many a day
I've been hoping and wishing you'd happen this way."

"So give us your hand, and you'll soon understand,
What a work in the future for you I have planned."
Satan's hand he then seized, which he forcibly squeezed,
At which the arch fiend looked more angry than pleased.

A puzzled surprise looked out of his eyes,
Which was really quite strange for the "Father of Lies."
"Come," said he, "this won't do—I am Satan, not you."
Said Jonathan Myer, "Very true, very true."

"Now don't get perplexed, excited or vexed,
At what I'm about to present to you next.
Your attention please lend, and you'll see in the end,
That Jonathan Myer, at least, is your friend."

"I've been led to suppose, in spite of your foes,
That you are far better than any one knows.
Now, if there is good, in stock, stone or wood,
I'm bound to get at it, as every one should."

"So I'll not have a fear—though you seem sort o' queer—
But what all your goodness will shortly appear.
Fact—I know that it will, though 'tis mingled with ill,
So—so—don't get restless—be patient—sit still."

"Now I long since agreed, that there was great need
Of a Devil and Hell in the Orthodox creed.
All things are for use, and none for abuse,
(And the same law applies to a man or a goose.)"

"So they'll keep you in play till the Great Judgment Day,
When the Saviour of sinners will thrust you away.
But then, don't you see, they and I don't agree;
So you'll not be obliged to play Satan to me."

"Even now, in your eyes, does there slowly arise,
A look, which no lover of good can despise.
So open your heart and its goodness impart,
For now there's no need you should practice your art."

O, strange to relate! all that visage of hate,
Which wore such a fearful expression of late,
Grew gentle and mild as the face of a child,
Ere the springs of its life have with doubt been defiled.

And a voice, soft and low as a rivulet's flow,
Said gently, "I was but in seeming your foe.
Man ever will find, in himself or his kind,
Either evil or good, as he makes up his mind."

"As God is in all, so he answered your call,
And the evil appearance to you is let fall.
This truth I commend to your soul as a friend,
That evil will all change to good in the end."

Then Jonathan Myer sat alone by his fire,

Till he saw the last light from the embers expire,
And he thoughtfully said, as he turned toward his bed,
"I will banish all hate and put love in its stead."

"I will do, and not dream—I will be, and not seem,
And the triumph of goodness I'll take for my theme.
Great Spirit above! I have learned through thy love,
That the Serpent has uses as well as the Dove."

—Lizzie Doten, in Poems of Progress

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE JEW.

Christianity, or Churchianity under that name, licenses its followers to kill. Slay and eat is virtually its command in the face of the one it is supposed to keep, viz: "Thou shalt not kill." And not only is their killing to the end that they may eat, but it reaches out to the horrible massacre of their fellow beings; hence, war and bloodshed, hatred and malice have followed in the wake of so-called Christianity. The Christian hates the Jew and would, if possible, scoop him from off the face of the earth, yet to the fair-minded thinker the Jew adheres more closely to the laws of right living than does the Christian. Especially is this true with regard to killing, which point I have only room to consider here.

The Jew does not believe in killing, or even quarreling with his fellow man, and will not. And while he still clings to some old traditions in regard to meat eating, which cause him to partake at certain times of a feast of flesh, yet they do not hunt the wild game or go out promiscuously to slay living beings for food. Instead they have one person, or certain ones, appointed and given authority to do the killing for the community, thus making it unnecessary for any other to go out on a slaying expedition. But you may say how much better is this than one individual do the killing? Would it not be better that each one bear the sin of killing instead of placing it all upon one?

Now, if we consider it in the sense that it is a sin in the sight of God to kill, then it would be but just that each share his burden of sin. But this is not the idea, and the Jew does not take this view of it. What is sin? Sin is a transgression of law. What law? Any law or laws governing the physical or spiritual man. Then any violation of the law leading the race to higher unfoldment is sin. Thus the Jew argues that while it is to be deplored that any individual must kill, yet it is better that a few should do the killing than that all the race should be engaged in warfare, for by this plan the direful effects of murderous thoughts are not engrafted into generation after generation of the yet unborn; the object being to save the masses from thoughts of blood-shedding, and lead them farther and farther from the desire to destroy life is a most worthy one, and even though it be that of the despised Jew is highly commendable. And not only in this but in many things, we find him following close along the line of spiritual unfoldment. And though he said as a race that he thanked God he was not born a bea t or a woman, he is not behind his successor, the Christian, who, if he has not made this declaration in his creed, has nevertheless lived and practiced it all along down the ages and is only letting go of the idea in the measure that he is forced to do so by the torchlight of reason and of knowledge, held aloft in the fair hand of the goddess of civilization.

SPIRITUALISM.

It is sometimes remarked that if Spiritualism does not make people better, then it is not worth while to have it in the world or to seek to promulgate its doctrines. But since Spiritualism is founded upon spirit communication, and since birth into spirit life and spirit return are as sure and as natural as birth and life here, how shall we escape having it in the world. We would as well talk of an escape from an existence here and rebel against the stern laws of this life as against those of the next, for we find they are not really two separate lives, but the one beyond is but a continuation of this. And whether we will have Spiritualism or no we have it just the same, as naturally as we have the flowers and trees, the rocks and hills. Since we have no choice in the matter, then the only thing to do is to study the beautiful, the grand philosophy thereof that we may learn to adjust ourselves to its laws and thereby grow into harmony with the universal life and be happy, be saved as the Orthodox would say.

If it be true that the exarnates come enrapport with the incarnates impressing them to do the work of either evil or good, and it has been many times proven that such is a fact, then it behooves every one, not to try to escape a responsibility by refusing to know the truth, but to be as diligent in learning the laws of Spiritualism as those of the physical body and material life. To be ignorant of the law excuses no man; and since spirit control is a natural phenomenon if the world learns the facts concerning it, it will lift it out of superstition and ignorance by clearing up the mysteries of the past and solving the riddle of the ages, "If a man die shall he yet live." And not only this but the knowledge which brings man into a "closer walk with God;" into more perfect harmony with the laws of life, makes him happier and better. Thus does Spiritualism make the world wiser and better.

At Springfield, Mo.

We held a meeting Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Zoo Park, in one of the ample buildings with which the park is furnished and had a nice crowd and a good meeting. I spoke from the subject of "Selfhood" and was followed with clairvoyant readings by Mrs. Inez Wagner. The singing was excellent and altogether it was an enjoyable meeting.

The evening meeting was in G. A. R. Hall on Commer-

cial street. The crowd was much larger than was expected and very enthusiastic. The subject for my evening lecture was "Hypnotism and its Relation to Mediumship," and the hearty applause, the warm hand shakes and complimentary remarks at the close of the meeting bespeak the appreciation of the audience. Mrs. Wagner excelled all her former efforts in pellet reading. For more than thirty minutes she read one after another without a mistake. The audience, skeptics and all, with one accord, acknowledged the genuineness of the tests. There was choir and solo singing, and taken altogether the meeting was a grand success.

Next Sunday closes our engagement at this place, and while the weather for the most part has been against us, our meetings have been fairly well attended and very enthusiastic.

An Important Question Propounded.

Mr. W. B. Wagner, Dear Sir and Brother:—In reading The Psychic Century, I ran on to these words uttered by J. S. Loveland, "Spiritualists must arouse and perform the work to which they are called." This calls forth from within me the question long pondered over, Why is it that Spiritualists, who do know the truth of Spiritualism, are so indifferent in regard to bringing this beautiful, ennobling, soul-inspiring truth to the world? When I consider the activity of the churches in this little place, how they labor and work every imaginable scheme to ensnare the people into their way of thinking, and to join their church, then it is that this great question comes up in me, knowing as every true Spiritualist does know, that while we do not possess the whole truth, we are certainly nearer the truth than any orthodox church ever has been or ever will be. I know from personal experience whereof I speak. I was a Roman Catholic by birth, lived up to it as strict and conscientious as I knew how until I was thirty-eight years old; then drifted into the material wilderness for a few years and finally became a Methodist, enjoying it very much as I saw I was nearer the truth than when in Roman Catholicism. But when I attended materializing seances given through the mediumship of Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, of California, it upset me completely; took every bit of orthodoxy out of me and brought me to my ordinary common sense, as my tests, so called, were so dumbfounding that I could not get away from them if I wanted to, and I don't want to for it is the only happy time of my life since I have stumbled into this beautiful truth. But this is the query. So many others, who have had the same opportunities, and tests enough to convince the most skeptical, are still on the fence of doubt; and others who are as fully convinced as I am and far more able to advance the cause, are so indifferent to it, seemingly satisfied with what they know, and not caring whether the other fellow ever finds out anything about it or not. Oh, selfishness where is the end of thee! It is not only in the greed for money but everything else. I wish to further state here that my experience with the loved ones from the spirit side of life, through the mediumship of Mrs. Inez Wagner, has been so complete and beyond doubt that I can not do otherwise than regard her as one of God's chosen vessels to enlighten the world. I would like to give my whole experience as I entered into it, to show the world how wonderful they are, but as it would make my article too lengthy, suffice it to say that there are few instruments in the hands of the spirit world that are truer and nobler than Mrs. Wagner. Wishing The Psychic Century a vigorous growth and long life, I am yours for truth.

JOHN BYER.

Sterling, Kan.

Soul Mate.

A perfect soul affinity carries with it the meaning of soul mate. When two souls, male and female, realize that there is no actual existence apart from each other, that they are as one, a perfect counterpart, that without each other their lives are imperfect and unformed—and find their life a perfect dual in every thought vibration. Where there is found such harmony, true soul love is the bond of union which unites them. Soul mate vibrations exist independent of personal attraction or charms or mental requirements. It destroys all things pertaining to selfishness, and prefers its beloved one beyond all others, it subsists through sickness or in health, good or evil, lives only for the one loved, and passes over to spirit life and realizes only heaven in the union which the death of the earth body may intercept, but cannot sever the sacred tie which binds it to its mate. Divine spiritual affinities survive death and the grave; unite the two halves of one soul, and in eternity perfect the dual condition of male and female into one angel in thought and action for eternity. We know of an instance where a divine angel waited four thousand years for his soul mate. Thus in high heaven today vast multitudes of souls are awaiting their mates. As soon as this mate is created at the conception they feel the vibration in their high sensitive condition and constantly watch and send their love thought to them. Some souls upon passing over to the spirit life are at once received by their soul affinity and grow into perfection with them. All souls do not receive their affinity or mate from the world or planet which they existed upon while upon the material plane. Consequently, dear reader, your soul mate may now be upon the earth or one of the countless thousands of worlds, or may be awaiting you in heaven or you may pass over to the spirit side of life and there await the coming of your soul affinity, who may as yet be unborn.—Soul and Mind.

A 35-cent book and The Psychic Century for \$1.

MESSAGES.

The spirits giving the following messages requested that the parties to whom they are given, if they recognize them, answer to that effect through the paper.

Mary Holmes.

I want to send a message through your valuable paper to my mother and brother. I passed out of the earth way a very short time ago and am so anxious to have my mother and brother know I am not dead but come to them daily. I left the earth way through an operation and passed out under the influence of chloroform. My mother will, I know, be so glad to hear from me. I have a very dear friend who is a subscriber to your paper; he, I know, will take this to my mother. I am so happy to come for I hope through this avenue to reach my loved ones. I passed out at Ellenwood, Kan. My name is MARY HOLMES.

Clara Crowthers.

I want to send a message to my loved ones. I want Ida to know I am with her. Dear sister Ida don't get discouraged; I am helping you all I can. Emma comes with me and sends greetings to you all. She is doing much to help with your development, and the time is very near at hand when you will be doing the work so desired by you—a work that will benefit all humanity. I am so thankful to come in this way. My sister is a subscriber to your paper.

CLARA CROWTHERS.

Nancy Parker.

I want to send a message to my son James Parker. I am so happy and see the time very near at hand when you will be sufficiently developed to give this grand truth to the world. There are many here today and Maggie McKinzie too, and says she wants to send a message to her boy. It makes her happy to know he is treated kindly. I come to you in your new home and feel so glad you are happy. Your little wife is a medium though not developed. I love her, too, as my child. I want you to sit for me.

NANCY PARKER.

William Bashore.

I want to send a word of encouragement to my son. I am glad to see his progress and the work so earnestly commenced will ripen into rich fruits. I am so glad you are interested in this line of work. I am with you and am helping you with your treating, and am here today to express words of encouragement to you. Your mother comes with me and sends love greetings to you. My son is Dr. William Bashore. My name is William Bashore and my wife is Elizabeth Bashore.

The above messages were sent by the editor from Springfield, Mo., where she and Mrs. Inez Wagner are holding meetings. It was not stated through whom they were given, but I presume Mrs. Wagner.—W. B. W.

The Development of a Child in Spirit Life.

A great many people have witnessed some remarkable phenomena, both mental and physical, given in public and private through the mediumship of Mrs. Inez Wagner, of this city, and that she has convinced the most skeptical of the truth of life after death and of spirit return, is a fact beyond question. Through her in a trance or semi-trance, through her clairvoyance and clairaudience, or through her automatic writing, hundreds of people have received messages from their loved ones, who would give their full names and otherwise prove their identity, and in her presence, in broad daylight, they have seen heavy articles of furniture rise in midair, often without the touch of a mortal hand, while raps in different parts of the room would answer their spoken and mental questions. These are the phases of her mediumship that are usually manifested. But a few of her most intimate friends as well as myself know of another phase, that of independent voices, usually accompanied by spirit touches. This phase is seldom manifested except when I am with her, and never under any save the most harmonious conditions. It is through this phase that I have obtained the most of my information about the development of children in spirit life. Through it, also, I have learned much of the daily lives of spirits, which has been of great interest to me.

Somewhere at home is a card on which is written: "Carl Wagner, passed to spirit life, February 4, 1892." His mortal birth and spirit birth were one event. Some months afterward, in a circle held for that purpose, we christened him, a lady friend suggesting the name of Carl, and her name as well as those of myself and wife are on the card. The friends in Summerland accepted the name we gave him, christened him as we did, and so by that name he has since been called by them as well as us.

On the following Christmas eve, before we went to sleep, and while the light was burning low, I felt a tiny hand tugging at my gown. It was a new experience to me, and at first I hardly realized what it meant. A few moments later, tiny touches came upon my brow, and then I knew that baby Carl had come and thus was manifesting. For many years, on Christmas eve or morn, this little child would come, and we would always recall the experiences of the preceding Christmas times, and note the development of his mind and baby hands that had taken place each year.

Some months after he began to touch us, I was amazed one night by hearing the whispered word, "Papa." I am not clairaudient. Furthermore, I was in a perfectly normal condition. I listened again and the word was repeated. My wife heard it, too, and though she is clairaudient, she heard the whispers with her mortal ear, and, like me, was in a normal state. For some time he could only say "Papa" and "Mamma," and touch us with his soft, warm baby fingers, as natural as those of a mortal infant. Later

he began to lisped other words in an audible whisper, such as "Night" for "Good-night," and soon the infant lisplings grew into a childish prattle. The hand, too, grew larger. He seemed to develop somewhat faster, especially in mind, than he probably would have developed as a mortal child. But in the main, he expressed ideas and framed sentences after the fashion of a mortal child of corresponding age. Every Christmas he would describe, with childish delight, the many presents given him by different spirits. Some of these were the usual toys of a child of that age in earth life, such as drums, tops, mouth-organs, etc., but who would have thought of a spirit child receiving a pony—"a real, live one," he said—for a present? He was quite proud of his first suit of clothes with "pottits" in. He prefixed "Auntie" or "Uncle" to the name of nearly every one who took an interest in him, whether related to him or not. It was "Uncle General Bledsoe," he said, who gave him the pony. He took a fancy to a gray suit of clothes given him, and called them his "rebel clothes."

Sometimes, he would take a notion to describe the appearance of different spirits present, and I noted that these descriptions gave evidence of the degree to which his mind was developed. He observed many things which an adult would not have noticed or would have considered too trivial to mention, and overlooked other things which the latter would have considered important. For instance, a bright button, an article of jewelry, a gay plume or ribbon would first attract his attention. The bright robes that some spirits wore filled him with delight. One time he described in detail the colors and tints in our magnetic aura. At the back and base of the brain is red; at the top, purple; near the seat of reason, almost white; around the perceptive faculties, some blue, etc.

One Christmas morn, it was daylight when I awoke, and felt him touching me. I examined his hand closely. It was perfectly formed, was white and opaque, but the outlines were not as clear-cut as those of a mortal hand. The arm was covered by a gauzy fabric, and came from underneath the cover at my back. His whispers were quite audible in the light. He as well as others have spoken in full voice in the dark, and have also given us hearty handshakes. I have written this article not so much to describe a physical phenomenon as to show the growth of a child in spirit life. He has sometimes told us about trips he has made, usually with his grandpa, to light and dark spheres. "One time," he once said, "I went with grandpa to a dark place, and the awfulest old woman wanted to take me. My! didn't I love my grandpa, then?"

When Carl was about five years old, he announced to us one evening that he was going to school. "What did you learn?" I asked. "I learned, papa, 'A is for apple round and small; B is for bat that flew on the wall.'" I expected a different answer, but it gave me an idea of the methods employed by the teachers of children in the spirit land. Life unfolds there pretty much the same as here.

W. B. WAGNER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY W. B. WAGNER.

The Banner of Light, according to Dean Clark, who got his information from the founders of the paper, spent \$25,000 before it began to pay.

Eleven of the fifteen original founders of the British Society for Psychical Research were avowed Spiritualists, and their belief did not change after the society began to accumulate knowledge of psychic phenomena. Some of them are still in the form.

The forty-fourth anniversary number of the Banner of Light, with its colored cover and adorned first page, its able editorials and articles from leading, old-time Spiritualists and their portraits, not only pleases the eye but furnishes abundant food for the soul.

The president of the Steel Trust is to get a salary of \$1,000,000 a year. The trust "holds up" the people, the president "holds up" the trust, and the devil—but I forgot, there is no personal devil. Anyway, it is a case of "hold up;" such salaries are not earned.

Last week a circuit judge in Milwaukee, Wis., decided that the doctors' law in that state against Christian Scientists and other healers is invalid. He stated that the healers have a right to treat the sick, and to receive pay for their services the same as ministers. The suit was brought against a Christian Scientist. The doctors are not having everything their own way.

The Wagner bill, depriving a person in that state of the right to choose his own physician, has become a law in New York. It was fought by the State Spiritualist Association but without success. Its validity should be tested in the courts. The Banner of Light says: "Honor is due Moses Hull, H. W. Richardson and their helpers in this great contest. They fought the battle of the people, and deserve the people's gratitude. Will the Spiritualists of the Empire State rise above parties and vote for men of principle hereafter? When the Bell bill, that makes mediumship a misdemeanor, is put upon the statute books, they will see the need of working together, regardless of their political affiliations in the past."

The importance of state organization has been again illustrated by the result of a case against a medium in Los Angeles, Calif. There is an ordinance in that city imposing a tax of \$5 on public mediums. All reputable mediums refused to pay the tax, and Mrs. Nickless was arrested, the charge being that she carried on the business of "palmistry, clairvoyance, life-reading and prophecy." Says a writer in the Philosophical Journal: "Mrs. Nickless did not deny being a public medium, but claimed that public

mediumship is a necessary part of the religion of Spiritualism, and that the free exercise of religion was guaranteed by the constitution of the state. She also claimed to be a regularly ordained minister, having a license under the laws of the state of Colorado, was endorsed by the California State Association of Spiritualists; her credentials also being recognized by the Harmonial Society of Los Angeles, acting under a charter from the state. As a minister she claimed the tax was not uniform in its action in that Protestant ministers who took fees for professional services, and Catholic priests who exacted a fee in the confessional and under other circumstances were exempt." The case was dismissed for want of evidence to sustain the charge. Commenting on the case the Journal says: "The State Association claims considerable credit for this victory, as the grounds of her defense have been repeatedly outlined in communications sent to the mayor and city council. We predict that the ultimate solution of the license problem will be found in organization and loyalty to the State and National Associations."

There is a magazine called *Psychic Science*, edited and published in Topeka—sometimes—by Cyrus W. Corning. That it is not a magazine of wide circulation and great influence is therefore evident. Corning never builds up anything; he always tears down. In politics he has always been a discordant element—always a "kicker" and disorganizer. "Rule or ruin" has been his policy in everything. Some months ago he commenced this policy with Mrs. Jurens, the spirit photographer. He proposed that he be her manager and that they travel, he to advertise her and receive 40 per cent. of what she earned through her mediumship and work as a photographer. Of course this ridiculous proposition was not seriously considered by her. Then he wanted her to go out to his house and take a picture for him and he would pay for it by giving her a "write-up" in his magazine. She said she was perfectly willing to go, but instead of the "write-up" she preferred \$3, the price she charged other people. He did not agree to those terms, and she did not go to his home. So now Cyrus has commenced to put in operation the "ruin" part of his policy. He has given her a "write-up," and without the slightest evidence, pronounces her a fraud. It is a cowardly, unwarranted attack, but then it is characteristic of the man who makes it. He points out that the same forms, in the same attitudes and relative positions, sometimes appear in two or more pictures. If the lady were producing these pictures without the aid of a power she could not govern, that would be the very thing she would avoid. If any one thinks that Mrs. Jurens does not take pictures under test conditions, he is not obliged to go there and have his taken. She states plainly what those conditions are. There is no misrepresentation. You can furnish your own negative, or she will furnish it. You can have the picture taken at the gallery, or in your own home, if you live here. In your own home, the forms are photographed in connection with whatever furniture may be in the room, sitting in a natural position in chairs, on sofas, etc. Some claim they recognize departed friends in the photographs; others say they recognize no one. Until other photographers produce similar results under similar conditions, I must believe Mrs. Jurens a genuine medium. They ought to produce more perfect results than she, for she is but an amateur in the business, and knows little about the laws of art.

The Sunday evening meeting at Lincoln Post hall was well attended, and the lecture by Mrs. E. G. Hammon, who spoke under control, was eloquent and instructive. It was shown how we make our own heaven and hell here on earth and carry those conditions with us when we enter spirit life. Prof. Roberts will lecture next Sunday evening. Conference at 2:45 p. m.

A good program should be arranged for the State Convention here. Good music should be procured and made a prominent feature. There should also be some literary exercises besides the speech-making. Any one willing to help in any line should let the fact be known by writing to W. F. Bellman, 819 Kan. Ave.

In the manuscript of Mr. Chesney's article published last week is the following sentence: "The absolute equality of all men is the fundamental fact in all the teachings of spirits and of Spiritualism." By mistake the printer set up the word "mental" for "fundamental."

Judging from articles in the *Philosophical Journal*, the Spiritualists of California are "getting together" and organizing. Persecution is uniting them, it seems. Unless we do unite there will soon be laws against mediumship in every state in the union.

We would be glad to receive communications from those who desire to help the cause in this way. If you have a good thought give it to the world. Don't let it die for want of light and air. All communications not available for use will be returned if so desired by the sender.

The *Psychic Century*, published at Topeka by Laura Payne, is one of the best papers of its kind we have ever had the pleasure of reading.—*Junction City Tribune*.

A few more copies left of "Mediumship and Its Laws," a 35-cent book to be given away for each \$1 paid on subscription.

The editor must not be held responsible for all the various shades of opinions expressed by correspondents.

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

Continued from 1st page.

has been the motive power which has stirred men's souls to action and caused them to cling to life, to suppress their groveling passions and to cultivate their higher moral natures, and has caused a hope for something better to "spring eternal in the human breast." And I would say with Addison:

"Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire
This longing after immortality?
Why sinks the soul back upon itself
And startles at destruction?
Why this secret dread of falling into naught?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us.
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter
And intimates eternity to man."

Yes, 'tis the divinity that stirs within us. 'Tis that divine spark from God that animates each human being that comes into the world. 'Tis that spirit or real self within which knows within itself that it is immortal. It needs no book of divine revelation for it is within itself divine.

But the proofs of Spiritualism which can be gleaned from history are not confined to the inspirations of spirits incarnate, for the works of those who have departed this life which have long been misunderstood are unmistakably recorded in the profane and religious records of human events. Every so-called miracle and supernatural event that ever occurred is clearly explainable under the simple and perfectly natural laws of spirit forces.

The old Bible stories, many of which are of course founded upon fact and must be accepted as matters of history are the principal sources from which to observe instances of spirit manifestation for that book is replete with the records of spirit power. Without these it would be almost worthless in a religious way. All through the ages the spirits of the departed have contrived to bring about certain results and innovation in the lives and affairs of men. In a thousand different ways they have manifested their subtle power. This is shown in the story of the fall of Jerico, of Saul and the woman of Endor, of Moses and Elias on the mount. But greatest of all these was the good work done through the mediumship of Jesus; how he healed the sick and lame and blind and cast out the spirits of evil; and, though these things have been misunderstood and wrongly interpreted for centuries, yet every Spiritualist knows and understands their true meaning and import. In the olden time every spirit that appeared was generally thought to be the "Lord," and everything he said, whether true or false, was made a part of that wonderful "Word of God" to which so many yet cling and believe it contains all of God's mandates to man.

How grievously have the powers and teachings of Jesus been misrepresented. Jesus was perhaps the most spiritual man and the greatest medium that ever lived upon the earth, but he was not a God and never claimed to be. The ignorant and over-credulous people who wrote the story of his life, not understanding his true teachings and his real position in the world, gave him a fictitious origin, attributed power to him that he never claimed for himself and quoted assertions that he never uttered. Jesus never claimed to be the "saviour of the world." He was too wise a man not to have known that every individual must be his own saviour. The high moral teachings and examples of the lowly Nazarene, if followed, may save many from dissipation and sin; but in this sense alone could he or any one else be another man's saviour. For it is only by self-control, self-restraint, self-effort, self-reliance, self-purification, self-elevation that any one can rise above carnality, and, by asserting and developing his own soul qualities "be saved" from the degradation and crime into which it is possible for every one to fall. But where is the justice in one man dying that others may be saved? If I commit a wilful sin is it not just and right that I should receive the punishment for it? And would it not be wrong if I should escape that punishment? Certainly it would. And therefore I say that it is wrong for any wilful sin to be forgiven except by him who receives the injury, and since the divine plan is founded upon justice there is no other forgiveness for sin. And it is nothing short of cowardice for any man to commit a sin and then seek to have it forgiven by the cleansing blood of Jesus or anybody else.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was exactly right when he said: "Punishment is a fruit which, unsuspected, ripens in the flower of the pleasure that conceals it." The eternal law of compensation operates with unvarying precision throughout the universe, and the man who tries to escape it had as well try to make the sun quit shining. Every man that sins knows that he ought to pay the penalty, but it is plain that under the popular teachings, morality takes a second place. The sinner can be shielded behind the saviour, and while the religionist is endeavoring to secure more members for his church than some other has, dissipation and crime run riot, and yet at the deathbed of the erring church member, "all is well with his soul."

All through the varying events of ages Spiritualism has done its work. It was the inspiration of Mohammed and Zoroaster, of Garibaldi and Swedenborg, of Cener De Leon and Peter the Hermit, of Joan of Arc and of Jesus. But, like many of the great central truths of nature, its laws have not been generally understood until recent years. Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism were perhaps identical. Christianity, even in its warped condition through the lapse of time, has proved to be far better than barbarism which it supplanted, and has, no doubt, done much in the past to civilize the world. But the child of orthodoxy is beginning to outgrow his teachings; is beginning to question faith with reason. The unstable foundation upon which he has stood so long is beginning to crumble beneath his feet, and those who are the more considerate are already beginning to look around them for more solid,

substantial belief upon which to stand. From the crumbling pedestal of Orthodoxy, upon which common sense, that grim destroyer of creeds has been at work, the first transition of him who would find the true faith is usually to the low grounds of materialism. But, finding this a cold, barren and uninviting waste, he soon begins to mount to the summit of this grand new temple of spirituality, where he can overlook the dark chasm of death and behold the bright angels of light in that higher, holier, happier home.

Though Spiritualism received the scorn and the sneers of the unthinking, the bigoted and the prejudiced, yet it is a notable fact that it is commanding the attention and receiving the approval of the best scientists and ablest investigators of the age. It seeks and secures its devotees in the most liberal minded and highly cultured classes of society, and holds within its ranks the moral and the intellectual....

Mark Twain and George W. Cable.

The following is from The Philistine for April, published by that erratic humanitarian, Elbert Hubbard:

It perhaps is not generally known, but the fact no longer need be concealed, that Mark Twain is not especially religious. He smokes the fiercest kind of big black cigars, punctuates his conversation with many swear words—when Mrs. Clemens is not present and at Stag Parties reveals a command of an underground vocabulary that was the envy of the late Eugene Field.

All of which is not here recorded to the discredit of Mark—it is merely mentioned in the interests of Truth, that's all.

As a further apology I will add that my experience is that men who swear a bit, or occasionally tell "Lincoln stories" are neither better nor worse than those whose speech is immaculate. And in a few instances I have known men who never in public voiced an off color word, yet whose souls were full of rottenness & dead men's bones. On the other hand, some of the gentlest, most generous and manly men I ever knew, told stories, on occasion, that would make your hair curl.

There is a goody-goody tale going the rounds, and recently published in Rev. DeWitt Talmage's "Christian Herald," of how Gen. Grant at a Party strictly Buck, sniffed a bit of facetia from afar, and arose and informed the company that he could not remain in the presence of those who indulged in remarks not vided by Anthony Comstock. This, however, is a beautiful vagary worked out by Dr. Klopsch, for the edification of the undiscerning. General Grant was no fool.

The man who reads Balzac's Droll Stories with relish, may be a very Saintly Character. And if he hand illumines one of these stories, as Mark Twain sometimes does, and gives it out in public, it is no proof of his Depravity. Possibly this is God's plan of allowing a man to tap his moral pus cavity; but what can you say of the white chokered Prig who bottles his badness up in him, refusing to give it vent for fear some one will think him indelicate!

And this brings us up to Mark Twain & George W. Cable, who traveled together for three weeks and never once spoke to each other, excepting on the stage. It all began by Mark telling a few Warm Ones to Major Pond in Cable's presence. Cable, fearing he would be smirched, or wanting to prove his purity, flew. At other times Mark would swear ultramarine streaks over nothing while George was studying his International Sunday School Lesson Leaves.

Finally George decided he would win Mark over to the Lord's side. To that end he made an appointment with him where they were to meet at a certain time to talk over a matter "of great and serious import."

Mark thought it was some business deal and made no objection. When they met, Cable began the trouble by locking the door, dropping on his knees and praying aloud that Mark would cease his unhallowed ribaldry, quit tobacco, abstain from smoking and give his heart to Jesus. Mark lit his pipe while the prayer was in progress and finally said, "Hell!"

Then Cable got up and rastled with Mark as to the sin of smoking, especially Smoking in Bed; the folly of turning in at Three O'clock in the morning and eating breakfast at

noon; the vice of profane swearing, and the heinous sin of telling tales that bring the blush of Shame to the cheek of Innocence.

Mark was urged to fall on his knees right there and make an appeal to the Throne of Grace for Pardon. He was urged to resolve then and there to live a clean, wholesome, Christian life; to have family prayers, say grace at meals, and go to church on Sunday.

"Burn your tobacco pipes, throw the Budge Bottle out of the window, and promise me now you will never use another swear word—do it now, Mark, in the name of your sainted mother, do it now." And the little man, with his arms around Mark's neck, tried to force him to his knees.

But the big man, still smoking, finally said, "George Cable, inventor of the Creole—you keep your religion and be damned, and I'll keep mine."

Then Mark indulged him in a demonstration of ill concealed weariness, and going to the door, he unlocked it and called in Major Pond and requested him to take the runt out and buy him a Scotch High-Ball to steady his nerves.

Cable was furious with disappointment & rage. He declared Mark had grossly insulted him. He protested that all he had said and done was done in love, and for Mark's benefit, and he declared he would not again speak to Mark until he apologized.

Major Pond was sorely troubled. There were seventeen dates ahead, and if these men parted now it meant the loss of thousands of dollars. The Major begged Mark to apologize and heal the breach, but Mark smiled grimly and said the little Creole catcher could go to the devil he believed in, for all of him.

Yet Major Pond, by his masterly diplomacy, managed to hold the combination together, and every night for three weeks Mark Twain and George Cable read from the same platform, and made sly remarks about each other before the audience, and the audience thought it only a kindly banter. Mark says he holds no enmity toward George, but he has refused to apologize, and thinks that George should apologize to him for trying to take away his religion, which consists in Every Man Minding His Own Business. On the other hand Cable has given Mark up as Lost—irretrievably Lost.

And there the matter rests.

State Convention, at Crawford's Opera House.

Ed. Psychic Century: Owing to the fact that we cannot secure the Auditorium for the full five dates, as before mentioned, for our State Convention, we have secured Crawford's opera house May 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29. A small admission will be charged. By order of Committee, W. F. Bellman, Secretary.

It is related of Emanuel Swedenborg that upon a certain occasion he delivered a sermon in which he stated that in heaven there is no sickness, sorrow or death, and that when the soul reached that place it would engage in the same work as it did on earth, but in perfection. After the discourse, an Irishman, who had been an interested listener, accosted him, and the following conversation took place: "Mister, did ye say that there is no sickness, sorrow nor death in heaven?" "I did," said Mr. Swedenborg. "And, Mister, did ye say that when a man gets to heaven he will do the same things he does on the earth?" "I did," was the prompt reply. "Then, Mister, will ye please tell me what I will do in heaven, for I am an undertaker."—Ex.

About this time there came a smallpox scare in the land of Uz, and the physicians were sent around to vaccinate the people. In due course they came to the house of Job. Now Job was the most patient man in the settlement, and, instead of pleading that he had troubles of his own, as indeed he had at that time, he gave orders that they be admitted. "Job," they said, stepping up to his bedside, "we have come to vaccinate you." "Go ahead, gentlemen," he groaned, "if you can find a place."—Chicago Tribune.

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