

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

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

VOL. I.

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THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

The atheist asks: "What does a disembodied spirit live on? How does it walk, talk, sleep or wake? How does it know itself from nothing?" We are free to admit that we do not know; but we do know "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and we know, too, that the spiritual world is as substantial as the material world, but we do not know what either the natural or the spiritual body lives on, neither does our atheistical questioner. No doubt he will say that his natural or physical body lives upon nourishment, such as meats, vegetables, liquids and the like, taken into the stomach, but we ask, "What are meats, vegetables and liquids?" Can our doubter answer? We think not. He can tell what their properties are, or rather point them out, tell where they come from, and what effect they have upon the system when taken into the body. So we can, but neither he nor we can tell of what they are composed. Magnetism, electricity, heat, light and galvanism are forces we all know, but we do not know what they are. No one knows what a piece of wood is, nor, indeed, a single one of the sixty-four elements of which the earth is said to be composed. If, then, we cannot tell what any of these things are; if we cannot tell what our natural body lives on, how much less are we able to tell what our spiritual body shall live on when the physical body is laid aside.

Of course our atheistical friend intends to be understood as rejecting the theory that there is a spiritual as well as a natural body. That we understand very well, and would not wrong him by putting any other construction to his query. The question arises: Have we a spiritual organism, and is there a spiritual world adapted to it? To both we unhesitatingly answer yes. And yet we cannot demonstrate either the one or the other proposition as we would a mathematical problem, nor is either one of them capable of being so demonstrated. But upon the hypothesis that man was not created, or that he was not evolved from a protoplasm by natural laws to merely act his part on earth's stage, and then go out into everlasting nothingness, we are bound to accept the theory that death only shifts the scenes and transfers the actor from a material to a spiritual stage of action without adding to or taking from his moral or intellectual worth—only that in the wholly spiritual sphere of existence and action he no longer sees through a glass darkly, but is brought face to face with himself, which gives him a higher, broader and more comprehensive view and understanding of the economy of existence—which is evolution—and which law of progression is as unalterable and indestructible as the eternal mind itself.

We furthermore hold that the spiritual body is as much a substance as the natural body. Now mark: Can there be power without substance? Does not existence necessitate substance? The theory that spirits exist as spiritual beings but are unsubstantial is illogical and far-fetched. They are spiritual substance, of course, but just where to locate the line that separates the spiritual from the material we do not know. The difference between steam and ice is very wide, as unlike, indeed, as two things could be, yet they are precisely the same substances, only in widely different form. The gases which compose water, taken separately, are as much substance as when united. Then why should it be considered impossible for God to so clothe us with mortal and immortal substance that when they are separated, both should continue to exist as absolutely as when joined together?

As Dr. Chauncey Giles says: "It does not require a very extensive knowledge of what are called the works of nature to see that all things are related and adjusted to each other with marvelous precision. The fish is made to live in the water. Its form, its internal structure, its fins, every particular in its whole organization is specifically adapted to that element. According to the same law, the organization of a bird is adapted to the atmosphere, a very different element from water, and consequently the creatures which are to live in it differ widely from those who live in the water. They have feathers instead of scales and wings instead of fins. They have feet, which fishes have not, because they have no use for them. If we look at particular forms and functions, we see that one demands the other. The eye demands light; the ear, air; the lungs, the atmosphere; the foot, the solid ground. Take any particular organ of animal or man, and its form and nature are the best possible evidence of the existence of an element or world which is adapted to its nature, and in which it can find free play. Thus, the fin of the fish is a positive demonstration of the existence of water; the wing of the bird is an equally clear demonstration of the existence of air; so are the ears and the lungs, but each in a different way. The existence of the eye renders the light absolutely necessary.

"We have the testimony of our own senses that every organic form in plant, animal and man is to be acted upon by some substance, and that organ and this substance are

adjusted to one another with absolute precision to produce some beneficial effect. Without such adjustment there would be no design or an entire failure in result. The creation, instead of being a unit, would be dislocated and fragmentary—a chaos of conflicting forces, instead of a cosmos of beauty and order. We are inevitably borne to the conclusion that the same fitness, law and order must prevail in the spiritual plane of creation. If a man, as a spiritual being, is endowed with a spiritual organism akin to his earthly organism, there must be an adaptability of these conditions suited to transformation. If he has eyes there must be spiritual light, or eyes would be of no use. If he has ears, there must be spiritual atmosphere whose undulations flow into them and cause hearing and fill the soul with harmonies. If a man as a spirit has feet, there must be a spiritual earth to walk upon, or feet would be of no more use to him than they would be to a fish. If he has hands, there must be spiritual objects to handle, or they would be of no use to him. If he has lungs, there must be spiritual atmosphere to breathe. If he has a heart, there must be spiritual blood to impel through the spiritual arteries.

"In a word, a spiritual organism demands a corresponding spiritual world which is adapted to it in form, substance and force. If man is not organized as to his spirit, then we can form no idea of him. The words we use in describing a spirit have no meaning; they have no relation to anything. How idle to talk of angels and glorified spirits seeing God if they have no eyes; singing His praises if there is no atmosphere and they have no vocal organs. How absurd to say anything about them, or try to think about them if you can have no conception of them. We are therefore driven by necessity either to deny the existence of spiritual beings, or to accept the conclusion that there must be a spiritual world, which bears the same relation to them as this world bears to its inhabitants."—Thomas B. Wilson.

A DREAM.

Probably suggested by recent events.

Not long since I dreamed that I stood just inside St. Peter's gate, and this was what I saw and heard:

Among a number of disembodied spirits who appeared at St. Peter's gate was one of short stature whose form and features were nearly hidden by a cloudy veil that clung closely about her. She approached Peter and inquired, "Is this the gate through which earth's great ones pass to reach the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Peter replied, "All pass in here regardless of rank." Again she addressed him saying, "I was one of earth's greatest sovereigns. On my kingdoms the sun never set. Were you not informed of my coming? I expected there would be a great retinue of angels, with harps and cymbals to welcome me and conduct me to a seat up near the throne among those of my own station. I desire that you furnish me a guide to conduct me there."

But Peter only shook his head, and with a wave of the hand beckoned them on and as she passed through the gate she heard the words, "Seek and ye shall find." Some easily found the path, while others wandered blindly to and fro. Among these was the lately arrived sovereign who soon became weary and discouraged and sank down by the wayside. Ere long, through the intense stillness that pervaded the place, there came to her ears a sound as of women's and children's voices, sobbing and moaning in most heart-rending tones. These sounds of wailing and distress alarmed her and she became sorely troubled. Soon she heard the sound of footsteps; then a tall, venerable form with white hair, and long flowing beard, a book in his hand, approached, and seeing her dejected attitude, thus addressed her: "Sister, what troubles thee?" "Who art thou that dares address one of my rank in such unseemly manner?"

"I am one appointed to minister to souls in darkness and prepare them for coming into more harmonious conditions with life on this plane."

"Were you a bishop, or a cardinal while on earth?"

"Neither, madam. I was an editor. Bishops and cardinals seldom become ministering apostles over here, at least not until they have been here a long time."

"Well, you may read some from your book. Maybe it will help me to forget those awful wailing sounds I heard just before you came, and I fancied I saw gaunt forms with long, bony fingers and hollow eyes peering at me through the darkness."

"Perhaps you did. Between the wars and famines on earth thousands and thousands of poor creatures are coming over here faster than we can take care of them, and their pitiable condition often makes the angels weep."

"Do angels weep over here?"

"Yes, especially of late. They realize that the people from earth must continue to come here in this undeveloped condition and that a true civilization will not be reached by man for ages yet; that living up to that highest stand-

ard for human action, the Golden Rule, must continue to be but a dream, an ideal, a far-off reality. As long as men are barbarous enough to go to war they will continue to come here fresh from the field of battle, their last breath going out while heart and brain were fired with a demoniac desire to rob a fellow being of that sacred thing, life; perhaps, one that had never harmed him. They will come here with souls seared and darkened with stains eternity can scarce efface. Listen, madam, do you hear those mournful, pleading voices? Perhaps, you remember the famine in Ireland many years ago when thousands and thousands had to come here because they had no food to sustain life there. Among them were many children, and some of them were so wasted and dwarfed that they have never grown any in body or mind all these years. Oh! oh! it's pitiful to see them hold out their little wasted hands, and look up at one so imploringly, their plaintive voices always repeating the words: 'Give me three grains of corn, mother, oh, just three grains of corn.' Why, it's enough to make stones weep as well as angels."

"Well, I don't think any of my children or grandchildren will ever come here in that condition. I have been looking out for that all my life, and left them many millions. I always tried to be kind to the poor, especially children. Only a short time ago I went to visit an orphan asylum and I gave every one of the children a stick of candy, and let them take hold of my hand, even if it did soil my gloves. Now, sir you may read a few passages out of your book for a change. Is it a Bible or a prayer-book?"

"Neither, Madam. It's primary lessons on natural law or the laws of life intended for new beginners on this side."

"Don't you use Bibles and prayer-books here?"

"No, Madam, our instructions are only intended to impress on the learner's mind useful, simple, natural truths. Bibles appear to have been a failure on earth. Their ethical teachings have had very little impression on mankind. For centuries they have been familiar with the commands: 'Thou shalt not kill.' 'Thou shalt not covet.' 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' Yet they go forth with great pomp and trumpeting to slay their fellow man that they may enter into his possessions, and when victorious, with great rejoicing they assemble in their so-called sanctuaries and their well paid prayer vendors thank an imaginary god of battles for helping them to deprive the greatest number of their brothers of life, and of course, thus causing the greatest number of widowed mothers and fatherless children. Now I will read you a few passages before I go. They will be familiar to you. 'A new commandment I give unto you, Love one another, and bear each other's burdens.' 'Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.' 'Remember the widow and the fatherless.' 'Inasmuch as ye do it to the least of one of these, ye do it unto me.' 'Where much is given, much will be required.' 'It is easier for the camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Sir, do you think that last passage about rich men applies to women too?"

"You will receive an answer to that, Madam, farther on."

"I don't remember of seeing those passages in my Bible or prayer book. I wish I could have brought my prayer book along. It was just elegant. Nearly bound in solid gold and had a large diamond in the clasp. If I had it now it would be a great comfort to me."

"Don't deceive yourself, Madam. I must now pass on to my work."

"Do they work over here?"

"Yes, madam, none escape. All work, part of the time for their own growth and development and a portion for the advancement of others."

"Well before you go I wish you to tell me where heaven is."

"Madam, the kingdom of heaven is within. Jesus told you that. And men talk of hades as a far-off place of torment, little dreaming that it is often within sound of their own heartbeats."

"Well, sir, I have always been told that heaven was a beautiful place with a great white throne and streets of gold and everything lovely."

"I have never seen any such place, Madam."

"Well, I am sure there is, and that my husband, Albert the Good, is there. I want to go where he is."

"A certain wise man once said: 'There are none good, not one.' I know a spirit called Albert, (we dispense with titles here) who is working in a division we call the India division. You see the poor unfortunate people who come here from that country have always been starved, not only physically but mentally and spiritually, and are wholly unprepared for life on this plane and a long time must elapse before they can come into harmonious con-

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PROGRESS.

Let there be many windows to your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let the light
Pour through fair windows broad as truth itself
And high as God.
Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-curtained orifice, and grope
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendor front unfathomed seas of space
Might bathe it with the golden waves of Love?
Sweep up the debris of decaying faith;
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
And throw your soul wide open to the light
Of Reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear
To all the worldless music of the stars
And to the voice of Nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness, as the plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half truths and grasp the whole.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Chicago American.

THE BIBLE.

"Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure thou art mine.
Mine to tell me what I am,
Mine to tell me whence I came."

The above lines once met with a glad response in the hearts of Christians everywhere, for the Bible was revered by Christian believers as much as ever pagan god was by pagans and anyone who would be so bold as to admit that any part seemed unreasonable, or that it might be possible that it was not inspired by God, was considered a heretic and the dungeon, the inquisition or the stake was his portion. But I am glad that I live in a day and age of the world when we may declare in the full freedom of our soul that we do not believe it to be the only inspired word of God, and, that since the time when he walked and talked with Adam, Moses, and all those favored old patriarchs, He has been silent, but that God or the Infinite Spirit, speaks to us in wonderful tones, and writes in unmistakable terms his lessons of beauty and goodness upon every page of nature's wide open book.

When I was a child at school one of my text books contained the lines at the beginning of this article and I was compelled to memorize them and to count the Bible my precious treasure which told me who I was.

Who was I according to it? Well, I was the daughter of a man and woman called Adam and Eve who had disobeyed what seemed to be a very foolish command from God, and in consequence had fallen, thereby causing the downfall of the whole human race. Because away back in that mysterious garden my ancestors had sinned I was a sinner, being under the curse of God on their account. Especially was I under condemnation since I was a girl, as my first mother had committed the original sin and caused her husband to sin. For that reason it seemed very doubtful whether any of my sex would be saved since God and man (masculinity) seemed to hold it against us, causing us to appear in a very inferior position upon this earth; and I had learned that many of the expounders of the Bible had serious doubts as to the salvation of woman since she had caused so much misery and suffering to poor man, who really, according to the Bible, was the favorite half of humanity with God. "Mine to tell me who I am," yes, mine to tell me that my mother's pains when she bore me, that the maternal suffering which was yet to be mine, and the subjection of all my sisters in sorrow to their husbands whether they were men or devils, was because God had said to my mother Eve when she ate of the forbidden fruit: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Poor woman! What an awful curse! And what made it still worse was that later on in the history of the race when God was handing the law down through Moses, man was permitted to divorce his wife if he saw fit to do so, but nothing was ever heard from the lips of Almighty God which would indicate that he was willing that woman should, under any circumstances, divorce her husband. Consequently thousands of good women have lived with drunken wretches of husbands, bringing forth children predestined to idocy or criminality in many cases, just because the Bible did not give them the right of divorce. But with this, like everything else, common sense and human justice are taking the front seats in the royal courts of earthly

proceedings, and despite the God given inspiration of the Bible about which a few narrow-minded, short-sighted bigots are prone to prate, right will prevail, and reason from her high throne will declare the true word of God unto man.

"Mine to tell me whence I came."

According to this Bible I came from the side of Adam, at least my origin was one of man's ribs. Yet, notwithstanding the grand philosophy and scientific explanation of human life set forth in the rib story, the wisest and best of earth have been puzzled regarding man, his origin, length of time upon the earth, etc., and the one great question of the ages, unguessed by scientists or sages, is the question of whence and whither.

So regardless of this divinely inspired book concerning the creation of man, his destiny, etc., man is as much in the dark regarding these things as if no such book existed; and aside from what science and the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism teach, he knows nothing whatever of his origin or destiny.

We often hear Spiritualists say: The Bible is our book and that we need it to prove our doctrine as it is full of the accounts of spiritual manifestations. So it is a record of spiritual manifestations, and when read in any other light is absolutely void of meaning, yet we do not necessarily need it to prove our doctrine, for have we not spirit manifestations now even greater than any we read of in the Bible?

Of course in the Bible we have Moses and the burning bush, the great slate writing seance on Mount Sinai, the woman of Endor who was a trance medium, just such as we have today and many, many others. But why go away back into that dark uncertain past for our proofs of spirit return when we have them all around us every day.

For instance, where is anything in the Bible to equal the beautiful portraits and fine scenery which appear upon canvas through the mediumship of the Bangs sisters without the touch of mortal hands. Also the scientific tests through which the famous Mrs. Piper has passed proving conclusively that she is controlled often by incarnate individuals to speak; and not only these but hundreds of mediums today are demonstrating the continuity of life after so-called death by giving the incarnate spirits the opportunity to manifest through their organisms.

Now I am not opposed to the use of the Bible in our work. I would give it the same credit I would give any other book of like value. While, as I said before, it is full of stories regarding spirit return, it is not the only book that treats of these important things. Swedenborg, A. J. Davis and many other writers treat of these things, yet we are not going to hug any book to our breast declaring it contains all the truth God has intended for man and make an idol of it, discarding all others as possibly the works of the devil.

O, let us be free! Why declare ourselves beyond creeds and dogmas, and then worship a book because it has been held by a very few of the world's people, comparatively speaking, to be the word of God. If all the Bibles in existence were stacked and burned the world would run along just about the same. Those who cannot live without a Bible would soon have another just as good and perhaps better, since it would be about as easy to make a new one as to patch up and revise the old one so many times as has been done recently to fit the growing ideas of its believers, and those who do not need a Bible, except the wonderful book of nature which is ever before us, indestructible yesterday, today and forever the same, would be no worse off.

Then sometimes I'm asked if I believe in God, by people supposing that because I do not take the Bible as the only word of God I do not believe in God. In answer I wish to say I believe in Infinite Intelligence or Divine Mind existent everywhere; a power of force of which I have no adequate language to speak. And this is the God of which the ancients had an idea when they wrote the Bible; and not only this but many others in a vain attempt to express themselves in regard to that powerful being which they felt must exist so far above them. Not only the Christians have had their God and their Bible, but all nations have had their God and many have had their Bible or tradition.

So let us get beyond such narrowness as to glare in holy horror at a fellow being who has the hardihood to acknowledge he does not believe the Bible to be the only inspired word of God, for if there be one among us who would, he has not outgrown the ignorance and brutality which founded and maintained the inquisition, the rack of torture and the stake.

Wondrous nature, book divine,
May thy lessons grand entwine
Like sweet tendrils 'round my heart
And deep holiness impart.
Let thy inspiration true
Point the course I should pursue
And thy laws of truth and right
Guide me on to realms of light.

SPIRITS INTRODUCED UNIVERSALISM IN AMERICA.

It is a matter of history that the church in which Universalism was first preached in America was built by a party who was instructed by a voice to do so, and told that a preacher would be sent to preach therein. Prof. J. R. Buchanan, in an article on Psychometry published some years ago, gave this as an example of the intuitive and prescient faculty in man. He related the circum-

A worthy and pious farmer on the seacoast of Delaware, named Potter, built a church at his own expense, but having an advanced idea of Divine benevolence, he could never find any preacher whose doctrines suited him. Nevertheless he was profoundly convinced that such a preacher would be sent to realize his hopes, and was not discouraged by the disbelief of his neighbors. His anticipation was strangely fulfilled. Rev. John Murray, almost crazed by the death of his wife, sailed from England for America in 1770, intending to abandon the pulpit entirely. The vessel put in at Philadelphia instead of New York, and as the stage for New York had left, Mr. Murray concluded to remain on the vessel and go to New York that way. But on the voyage they got lost in the fog, and got into Cranberry Inlet in a dangerous position. They went ashore, being out of provisions, and found a country tavern. Mr. Murray strolled along the coast, intending to get fish for the crew, and fell into company with Farmer Potter, who had a supply, and who at once told him, to his astonishment, that he was glad to meet him, and had been looking for him for a long time. Potter decided at once that this was the minister he had been looking for, and of whom he had often spoken when telling his neighbors, "God will send me a preacher of a very different stamp from those who have heretofore preached in my house; that God who has put it into my heart to build this house will send one who shall deliver to me His own truth, who shall speak of Jesus Christ and His salvation." Potter briefly sketched his own life and said:

"The moment I beheld your vessel on shore, it seemed as if a voice had suddenly sounded in my ears: 'There, Potter, in that vessel cast away on that shore is the preacher you have been so long expecting.' I heard the voice and I believed the report; and when you came up to my door and asked for the fish, the same voice seemed to repeat, 'Potter, this is the man, this is the person whom I have sent to preach in your house.'"

Murray says: "I was astonished, immeasurably astonished, at Mr. Potter's narrative, but yet I had not the smallest idea that it could ever be realized. I requested to know what he could discover in my appearance which could lead him to mistake me for a preacher." "What," said he, "could I discover when you were in the vessel that could induce this conclusion? No, sir, it is not what I saw or see, but what I feel, which produces in my mind a full conviction." "But, my dear sir, you are deceived, indeed you are deceived. I shall never preach in this place nor anywhere else."

Potter maintained that he had preached and that he would preach in his church, and that the wind would not allow him to leave until he had. To shorten the story, Murray at last yielded and preached in that church, of which we have a picture in his biography. He had a great fear of giving out the doctrine of universal salvation, expecting universal denunciation of himself by the clergy and their followers, but he went on from this beginning and established Universalism in America.

In New Mexico there is a class of religious fanatics called Penitentes. They are Catholics, but not the enlightened kind, believing in self-punishment as a means of salvation. From an essay written by a Washburn student I take the following concerning them: "Since my departure from my home in New Mexico I have learned that few people are acquainted with the religious customs of these people, and are unaware of their existence in the United States, or even in the world. Their customs seem to have come to Old Mexico from Europe with the Spaniards and from there have extended to New Mexico, and in that isolated place they still retain the heathenish ideas and live in the dark ages as far as their religion goes. If you should visit their church you would find the ceiling and walls are all stained with blood. They meet every night during Lent, and walk in a procession bare to the waist, and scourge themselves with long lashes which are covered with thorns. They desire to have these meetings secret, therefore they do not meet in the same place each time. It is rather hard to tell just where they will meet. . . . Every year these Penitentes are said to crucify one of their number just as the Savior was crucified. They do many other terrible things which would take too long to describe."

The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys! Blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, charming the wandering lovers on the vine-clad hills; but know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light, and dimples every cheek with joy. Oh rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and man, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care.—Col. R. G. Ingersoll.

We publish this week, on the fourth page, the advertisement of the Banner of Light, to which the reader's attention is hereby directed. The Banner of Light is the oldest Spiritualistic journal in the world and in the judgment of thousands of true and tried Spiritualists, it is still the best representative of their cause in the journalistic field.

PETER MCGUIRE; OR, NATURE AND GRACE.

It has always been thought a most critical case, When a man was possessed of more Nature than Grace; For Theology teaches that man from the first Was a sinner by Nature, and justly accurst; And "Salvation by Grace" was the wonderful plan, Which God had invented to save erring man. 'Twas the only atonement he knew how to make, To annul the effects of his own sad mistake.

Now this was the doctrine of good Parson Brown, Who preached, not long since, in a small country town. He was zealous, and earnest, and could so excel In describing the tortures of sinners in hell, That a famous revival commenced in the place, And hundreds of souls found "Salvation by Grace;" But he felt that he had not attained his desire, Till he had converted one Peter McGuire. This man was a blacksmith, frank, fearless and bold, With great brawny sinews, like Vulcan of old; He had little respect for what ministers preach, And sometimes was very profane in his speech. His opinions were founded in clear common sense, And he spoke as he thought, though he oft gave offense; But however wanting, in whole or in part, He was sound and all right, when you came to his heart.

One day the good parson, with pious intent, To the smithy of Peter most hopefully went; And there, while the hammer industriously swung, He preached, and he prayed, and exhorted and sung, And warned, and entreated poor Peter to fly From the pit of destruction before he should die; And to wash himself clean from the world's sinful strife, In the Blood of the Lamb, and the River of Life. Well, and what would you now be inclined to expect Was the probable issue and likely effect? Why, he swore "like a pirate," and, what do you think? From a little black bottle took something to drink! And he said, "I'll not mention the Blood of the Lamb, But as for that River it aren't worth a —;" Then pausing—as if to restrain his rude force— He quietly added, "a mill-dam, of course."

Quick out of the smithy the minister fled, As if a big bomb shell had burst near his head; And as he continued to haste on his way, He was too much excited to sing or to pray; But he thought how that some were elected by Grace, As heirs of the kingdom—made sure of their place— While others were doomed to the pains of hell-fire. And if e'er there was such, 'twas Peter McGuire.

That night, when the Storm King was riding on high, And the red shafts of lightning gleamed bright through the sky, The church of the village, "the Temple of God," Was struck, for the want of a good lightning rod. And swiftly descending, the element dire Set the minister's house, close beside it, on fire, While he peacefully slumbered, with never a fear Of the terrible work of destruction so near.

There were Mary, and Hannah, and Tommy, and Joe, All sweetly asleep in the bedroom below, While their father was near, with their mother at rest, (Like the wife of John Rogers with "one at the breast.") But Alice, the eldest, a gentle young dove, Was asleep all alone, in the room just above. And when the wild cry of the rescuer came, She only was left to the pitiless flame.

The fond mother counted her treasures of love, When lo! one was missing—"O Father above!" How madly she shrieked in her agony wild—"My Alice! my Alice! O, save my dear child!" Then down on his knees fell the parson and prayed That the terrible wrath of the Lord might be stayed. Said Peter McGuire, "Prayer is good in its place, But then it don't suit this particular case."

He turned down the sleeves of his red flannel shirt, To shield his great arms all besmudged with dirt; Then into the billows of smoke and of fire, Not pausing an instant, dashed Peter McGuire. O, that terrible moment of anxious suspense! How breathless their watching! their fear how intense! And then their great joy, which was freely expressed When Peter appeared with the child on his breast.

A shout rent the air when the darling he laid In the arms of her mother, so pale and dismayed; And as Alice looked up and most gratefully smiled, He bowed down his head and wept like a child. Oh, those tears of brave manhood that rained o'er his face, Showed the true Grace of Nature, and the Nature of Grace;

'Twas a manifest token, a visible sign, Of the indwelling life of the Spirit Divine. Consider such natures, and then, if you can, Preach of "total depravity" innate in man.

Talk of blasphemy! why, 'tis profanity wild! To say that the Father thus cursed his own child. Go learn of the stars, and the dew-spangled sod, That all things rejoice in the goodness of God— That each thing created is good in its place, And nature is but the expression of Grace. —Lizzie Doten, in Poems of Progress.

LET REASON RULE.

It is time that the people of Kansas do something sensible!

The hatchet crusade, while perhaps necessary as an initiatory step, will not rid the state of the evil against which it is waged. On the contrary, it threatens us with a worse condition than that which existed before it was commenced. Inaugurated by insanity, it has already led to anarchy and bloodshed. It should be brought to an end as quickly as possible.

By this method the joints would be closed for a time, but the liquor business will not be injured to any great extent. While the joints remain closed, liquor will continue to be sold illegally, by bootleggers and drug stores, and the number of social clubs will be increased. In a little while

these clubs will evolve into joints in dark places and later the joints will become gilded saloons on principal business streets. When that time comes, and it will come, judging by the past, are we again to bring forth our hatchets and spread anarchy throughout the state in order to close what Mrs. Nation very properly calls the "murder shops," only to see them reopened later when our vigilance ceases? The enforcement of a law should never be left to citizens. That is properly the work of officers. Why not do something sensible?

Naturally, we turn to the legislature for relief. The prohibitory law as it now exists is a failure. Everybody admits that, yet very few want to go back to the saloon as they have it in other states. Under these conditions, Mr. Green's measure for state dispensaries seems to be the only one that furnishes a way out. I have not seen all the details of the bill—indeed, I do not know whether they have all been worked out—but I gather from Mr. Green himself that they will be carefully looked after. It is the aim of this bill to establish dispensaries throughout the state, these dispensaries to sell at cost all liquors; liquor to be sold only for scientific, medicinal and mechanical purposes, as provided by the constitution; all packages sold and held by the state for sale are to be labeled. Of course there will be a penalty for counterfeiting these labels. It is to be further provided that any liquor found not so labeled shall be considered as prima facie evidence that it is being sold illegally. The law should be strict on this point. The owner of a building in which unlabeled liquor may be found should be the principal party against whom the law should be directed. He should have it stated in any lease he may make that such lease shall expire upon the finding of illegal liquor upon the leased premises. Failing to take all the precautions required by the law, he should be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor should illegal liquor be found in his building, and the penalty against all guilty parties should be cumulative for succeeding offenses. Possessing illegal liquor and not the illegal vending of liquor should be the chief thing to consider in this proposed measure. Would anyone, under such circumstances, dare start a joint? His business would be too small to face the penalty of the law, considering the fact that the state would be supplying pure liquor at cost for all legitimate purposes. All druggists, who, under the present law, are doing a legal business should favor this bill. They could get such liquor as they needed for their mixtures at cost, and could therefore sell them at a greater profit than now. Those people who really want a law that would minimize the liquor traffic in Kansas and one that could be easily enforced by the proper officers should favor Mr. Green's measure.

W. B. W.

AN OPINION AS TO WHY SPIRITS WISH TO COMMUNE.

Dr. C. S. Carr, in Panner of Light.

What think you is the real reason that spirit friends desire to commune with us? Is it the wish to tell us things we do not know, to keep us from harm we do not see, or to help us through troubles we do not understand? This may be an incidental effect of their communion, but I do not believe it could be the primary reason for it. The providence of God has already placed around us an environment suited to our spiritual training. The spirits do not seek to modify this environment, to guide us around this difficulty, or lift us over that obstacle. They could not do this if they would, and, with their higher knowledge of the facts of God's providences, I do not believe they would if they could do any such thing.

Why, then, do the spirits wish to commune with us? To simply let us know that they are. To let us know that they are with us. To strengthen our faith in immortality. To increase our spirituality. To save us from the rank materialism which besets us. For me to know that the spirits of my loved are near, and can make me sometimes feel their presence, go out with me and come in with me, is enough, is an overflowing cup of joy to me. If I could always feel sure of it, if I could always feel certain, I would ask no more. I do not wish or expect them to tell me how my aunt is in Boston, or where I lost my pocketbook years ago.

To some of these mediums I wish to pay a tribute, however. Some of them gave me good advice. They said to me that I was so constituted mentally that if I was ever to find any evidence through mediumship, it would be my own mediumship. They prescribed for me meditation in my own home—devotional meditation, I call it; they called it "sitting by myself." If you will continue to do this, they said, persistently, the light will come. You will soon learn to your own satisfaction that your departed friends do live, that they are near to you, that they can help you and commune with you. After you have fully established this faith in your mind, then you can come to us and receive messages.

Oh! how much we, as a people, need the ministry of stillness I can never tell. How much we, as families, would be benefitted by gathering together in one room, with dim light and absolute stillness, each one wrapped in his own meditation, with just enough suggestion by spoken words to keep the mind in one direction and with one accord. One hour, or two hours spent in this way at each home, once a week or oftener, would do much toward bringing the lives and spirits of the people into sweet accord with that spirit-world which surrounds us. The boys of this generation need such a meeting in their homes. The girls need it. The fathers need it. The mothers need it. It would bring the spirit world so near to us. It

would make the spiritual truths so real to us. It would make the future life so dear to us. It would make death so kind to us. It would make life so rich to us. It would show God so good to us, and would bring our elder brother, Jesus, so close to each hearthstone, that he would become to us, indeed, what he is now in poetry, an elder brother, a stronger brother, a holier brother.

Do you wish to strengthen your faith in the existence and nearness of your spirit friends? Take my advice. Take the advice that the mediums have given me. Seek that evidence in the sacredness and quietude of your own homes. And when the evidence comes I sincerely believe that the matter will have become too sacred, too sweetly confidential and private, to leave any desire in your heart to call to your assistance some roving stranger or flamingly advertised tramp imposter, who will immediately hold out his hand for your dollar as soon as he has delivered his alleged spirit-message.

But how are we, the people, to protect ourselves from these frauds? How are we to escape the snares that they are spreading for us continually? I will tell you how we can, and it is the only way I know of. Take the advice of the very best Spiritualists in this city, in this country.

Go into your own closet, shut the door; or gather your family by your own fireside, and there, in the sanctity of your own home, surrounded by the normal influences of blood fraternity and mutual confidence; there, in solemn meditation and secret petition, ask the Father, our Father, the Father of all Spirits, to give you all the light that he wishes you to have on this subject; to lead you into all of the truth you need to know; to console you with all the revelations that His loving care desires you to have. And wait and see if they will come to you. Do not attempt to set limits by any pre-conceived notions as to what will or will not occur."

"Seek and ye shall find," is as true now as in Jesus' time. But while seeking be honest, candid and conscientious; be also yourself, exercising your reason and best judgment.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY W. B. WAGNER.

An article in the Progressive Thinker by Henry Hammon, of Topeka, Kan., tells about a seance held at Lewis Hammon's home "for ascertaining if spirits could be photographed in the dark by flashlight without a subject, Mrs. Lillian Jurens, 327 Monroe street, being photographer." The idea conveyed is that the spirits photographed, about twenty in number, were materialized, as it speaks of orders given from the cabinet for the flashlight to be made, and as it does not mention the fact that Mrs. Jurens is a spirit photographer. It was probably an oversight on the part of Mr. Hammon that he did not make this point clear.

Madame Demorest, of Parkersburg, W. Va., according to the Daily State Journal of that place, is a medium whose powers advance the material interests of those who consult her. Her main accomplishment is that of locating oil wells, and besides being consulted by many private parties seeking information in regard to good locations, she is employed by a Northern Ohio oil company to locate wells. She seldom fails. If spirits coming through mediums would tell everybody consulting them how to get rich, the doctrine that they can return and talk with mortals would soon become firmly established among all people on the globe. But I take it, that in many cases they cannot convey such information; but in most cases perhaps, they do not do so because, in the long run, it would not promote our happiness. Happiness and not wealth is the sole object of human thought and action, although many hold the mistaken idea that wealth is the main, if not the sole, object. Only to a limited extent can the pursuit and possession of wealth contribute to our happiness. Only to a limited extent does our happiness depend upon material conditions. The wrong acquisition and the wrong use of wealth plunges the soul in darkness, rendering it unhappy in this world and the next. But it must not be inferred that spirit friends do not desire and try to advance our material interests? If wise, they do so, when in their judgment, it will not hinder the development of our souls to a condition of lasting happiness.

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 Church of Spiritualism will hold its regular conference meeting at Lincoln Post hall Sunday afternoon, promptly at 2:45. At 7:45 in the evening Rev. S. V. Searing will lecture on the relation of soul, spirit and matter. Admission free.

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A DREAM.

Continued from 1st page.

formity with conditions here, and those who look after them are the ones best fitted for the work. It would be injurious for fine, delicate, highly developed organisms to minister to such crude and as yet material creatures."

"What is my husband doing among those people?"

"He takes care of the children, rocks and swings them and keeps them from crying for their mothers. A very necessary work, Madam."

"Well I must say that's pretty business for one who occupied the high station he did! Nursing children! Black ones—at that! I never thought of asking him to take care of our own children!"

"Well, Madam, you see he spoke of being the father of a large family and that's one reason he was put there, and another was that they were your subjects while on earth. You might get a place as his assistant if you desire to be with him. I will do all I can for you, and let me assure you, Madam, that this is a realm where exact justice is meted out to every individual. Nature's law of compensation is always in operation. Somewhere, sometime every good act is rewarded, every wrong one atoned for, perhaps in silence, but no less with certainty. I now leave you to your own meditations."

As he passed on I seemed to hear the words, "I don't think I shall like it over here," uttered by her late majesty.

V. G.

Lincoln, Neb.

"Local Societies in Evidence."

Under the above caption, in the Banner of Light, Lyman C. Howe, an old-time Spiritualist, gives his views on the cause of the decline of local Spiritualist societies. Agreeing in the main with the Banner's editorial on the subject but thinking that it overdraws "the value of scholarship as manifest in the first three decades," he goes on to say:

"It is true that the following of those days was much greater in localities than now, and there were then no platform tests. But there are probably a hundred societies today to one in 1850-1860. The door fee has always been an objection, but a collection is as objectionable to many; and strong societies were maintained by the door fee plan forty years ago, with no test mediums upon the platform. It was no uncommon thing for people to drive twenty and thirty miles to a Sunday meeting and back the same day. Undoubtedly frauds have had a share in causing depressions, but are there not more who consult mediums today and seek comfort of Spiritualism, in private or public, than there were thirty and forty years ago? I think there are four to one. Spiritualism is stronger today than ever before. The attitude of the press, and pulpit, and courts all attest this fact. Yes, and there are three reputable scientists today who openly acknowledge, or tacitly confess to convictions of its truth, to one thirty years.

"Why, then, do local societies languish? A variety of causes might be assigned. I do not think it due to the narrowing creeds of Spiritualists, so much as the counter-attractions which enlist many. Nearly all churches are broader today and many of them cater to the agnostic and spiritual elements in society to "draw," whereas thirty and forty years ago it was a sin punishable with excommunication for any church member to attend a circle, or a spiritual meeting or express belief in the possibility of spirit communications. Christian Science has taken thousands from our meetings, not because they have anything new or better, but because they condense a few things culled from Spiritualism, and work on the credulity of those who are fascinated with mystery, and satisfied with assumption, and by close pursuit of authoritative pretensions, and church methods, they have led us in organized success. Others are mystified and hypnotized by the assumptions of theosophy, which has nothing new that is true, and nothing true that is new, and all its vitality drawn from Spiritualism.

"I cannot agree with your idea that the decadence is due to lack of progressive ideas and broad gauge, practical philosophy in the teachings from our rostrums. Of course, we have speakers who cannot cover a very large area, or lead into deep or high problems successfully. But such speakers as Lockwood, Clegg Wright, Sarah Byrnes, Geo. A. Fuller, Lizzie Harlow, Mrs. E. L. Watson, W. F. Peck, Mrs. H. S. Lake, Moses Hull, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Mrs. A. E. Sheets, A. E. Tisdale, and others, reach as deep and high, and furnish as liberal a mental and spiritual diet as can be found among any other class, in any church, or any of the new departures in which so many imagine they have found treasures not to be had in Spiritualism.

"The assumption of fragmentary thinkers that Spiritualism is a 'back number' and that these occult mystics are leading the world's thought into more extended and original fields, and practical growth, are preposterous. None of them have an idea, or practical purpose that was not evolved and applied in the first two decades of Modern Spiritualism by A. J. Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Joel Tiffany, Prof. J. S. Loveland, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Emma Harding Brittan, Lizzie Doten, Dr. R. T. Hallock, Dr. J. R. Buchanan and others; and, in fact, all of the later cults claiming superiority and originality with all they have said or can say, condensed into one comprehensive creed, make but a small fraction of what was given to the world by Andrew Jackson Davis when he was but a mere boy without any show of scholarship in his normal state. All of these cults combined, with all the wisdom they contain, are as dross compared to the far-reaching, all embracing, and truly wonderful revelations given to the world by Andrew Jackson Davis, before he was

twenty-one years old. Even the great seer Emanuel Swedenborg does not approach them in breadth, depth and rational consistency. Closely related to these wonderful illuminations of Mr. Davis, were the first two decades of Modern Spiritualism, and the trend of teachings bore much of the character of his revelations."

* * *

A Defense of Mrs. Nation.

O. G. Richards, in Eudora News.

I see from a late number of the Topeka Capital that one J. W. Sykes, who, I understand, is a dean in one of the Topeka churches, makes some criticism of Mrs. Nation's methods against the liquor traffic, claiming that theory will lead to anarchy, etc. He says: "It is my judgment that no citizen has the right morally or legally in a community where law exists to take the law into his own hands. I cannot conceive of but one condition in which individuals are justified of administering law and that is where persons live in a community where there is no statutory law."

Now, it seems that Dean Sykes approves the right of citizens in a community where there is no law of taking the enforcement of law into their own hands. I presume he bases this right on the higher law, that everybody has a right to protect themselves, a law that inheres to each individual irrespective of any statutory law.

Now, if an individual has the right and is justifiable of taking the law into his hands where there is no statutory law, how much more would he be justifiable in doing that in a community where there is an open, flagrant and wanton violation of law and no attempt on the part of the constituted authorities to enforce the law. It is much more justifiable, for laws are made to protect the people. Non-enforcement of law is worse than no law, for the reason that when laws are not enforced (and especially a beneficial law to restrain a great crime) people lose their respect of law. So far as Mrs. Nation's theory of smashing joints leading to anarchy is concerned, it is sufficient answer to say that there cannot be a worse state of anarchy and nullification of laws than there is at this time and has been for years in Kansas by the open defiance to the constitution and statutory laws of the state on the prohibition question.

Talk about anarchy! There has been more anarchy in Kansas in the last ten or fifteen years than Mrs. Nation and her little band of home defenders can stir up in their lifetime with their little hatchets.

Then again, Dean Sykes says, "the difference between destroying property used for illegal purposes and burning a murderer at the stake is in degree and not in the kind." Stupid indeed must be the mind and shallow the reasoning of one who cannot see a vast difference in a mob burning a murderer at the stake for committing a hideous crime and one who destroys property to prevent crime. One committed crime while the other has no criminal intent (the essence of crime) but simply destroys property used for an illegal purpose which leads to crime; and still they would have us believe there is no difference in these cases only in degree.

And again he says: "Mrs. Nation and her followers regard the illegal selling of liquor a damaging crime—hence they are justified in illegally destroying the property of those engaged in it. Yes; Mrs. Nation and her followers and thousands of others not only believe that the traffic in liquor is a damaging crime against society and a menace to the welfare and peace of the community and under the law a common nuisance, and as the proper officers fail to suppress the nuisance the people themselves have a right to abate it the same as they would have the right to kill a

mad dog or any wild, ferocious animal. This right inheres from the very nature of things. It is what we call the higher law—the law of self-preservation—the first law of nature; the same law that gave freedom to the black man.

Saloons and joints property in Kansas have been declared by law a common nuisance; they are outside the pale of law and property of this kind has lost its property qualifications and is no longer property in a legal sense and consequently not entitled to any protection. The trouble with Dean Sykes and other fault-finders and do-nothings is they cannot see a distinction in conditions, circumstances and things. They are great sticklers for law and very much shocked when some one in a summary manner is trying to enforce law; but they never lift their voices, pen or hands to help enforce the law in any other direction. If these fault-finders would do their duty as law abiding citizens and good Christians they would have no cause to criticize Mrs. Nation's methods.

After Dean Sykes sums up his many reasons for not endorsing Mrs. Nation's crusade he quotes from what St. Paul said, that we should not do evil that good may come of it. This last reason I presume he considers unanswerable and the irrefragable proof that Mrs. Nation's methods are wrong. St. Paul lived in a different age of the world than we are living today, and he advocated many things no one would adopt now. His ideas of a temperance crusade were not up to the standard of today, as evidenced by what he advised Timothy to do. He said: "Servants, obey your masters; wives be obedient to your husbands." He said women should keep silent in churches; he did not favor marriage, but said it is better to marry than to burn, which means better to marry than do worse. He advised Timothy to drink no longer water but take a little wine for his stomach's sake and oft infirmities, which every toper takes it for; and many other things he taught which are not applicable to this day and generation. If St. Paul were on earth today and taught and preached what he did two thousand years ago he would be called the biggest fanatic and crank of the age. So you see we have progressed considerably since St. Paul's day. We have abolished human slavery. Instead of women keeping silent in church they do nearly all the talking and all the church work; are equal to men; are in favor of marriage; are obedient to their husbands when they feel like it, and many of them do not drink wine even for their stomach's sake. There is not now much force in everything that St. Paul said two thousand years ago.

Why is it that ninety per cent of the people of Kansas down deep in their hearts approve of Mrs. Nation's crusade? Are the ninety per cent wrong and the ten per cent right? No. Still you will hear sniveling newspapers, cowardly officers, shysterizing politicians and hypocritical church members say her crusade is indefensible from any standpoint. I undertake to say her course is defensible for many reasons. First, on the theory of the higher law, that law of right and justice which appeals to the hearts and consciences of mankind. Second, the property she is destroying has forfeited its right to exist as property; it is no longer property in the meaning and protection of the law. Third, the business she is ruining is a sin against God, a crime against nature and a blighting curse to the holiest joys of home and the fireside. For these reasons and many more the accursed business "should perish from the earth and be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God."

* * *

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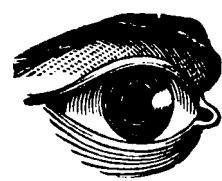
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