

# STAR OF THE MAGI

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## NEDOURE; The Priestess of the Magi.

An Historical Romance presenting a true conception of  
White and Black Magic.

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### CHAPTER II.

The Ouri Monastery had been constructed several hundred years previous to the time of which we write.

In harmony with the prevailing custom its site was selected high upon the mountain side, almost upon the extreme summit, so as to place both the Neophytes and Initiates in a region of purest atmospheric conditions, far above the disturbed vibrations continually emanating from humanity.

The mountain peak upon which it was thus located formed a part of the range that inclosed the beautiful and picturesque valley of Kashmir.

That side of the mountain which sloped toward the valley was thickly covered with trees and foliage; the other side was, however, totally barren of any vegetation. A steep, rugged road, along which here and there could be seen a vehicle or pedestrian, took its course in zig-zag fashion down the steep incline, toward the village of Horis, which was plainly visible and about a dozen miles distant.

Horis was a small hamlet, containing about four hundred inhabitants, composed principally of guides and inn-keepers, who waited in comparative idleness the greater part of the year that they might reap a golden harvest in the pilgrim season.

As the road was part of the great highway which led to the shrine at Mecca, many of these pious travelers sought shelter at the monastery, when accommodations could no longer be had in the town of Horis. The doors of the gloomy building, which sometimes seemed a prison to me, were always opened to any weary pilgrim or belated traveler who might apply.

As stated in the previous chapter, it was now past the hour of midnight, and all were asleep. Did I say all? All, perhaps, but one. I had prepared to retire more than once, but as many times refrained. I felt restless, apprehensive and, I might say, fearful; but fearful of what? That question I was powerless to answer.

I took from a shelf, suspended against the wall, one volume after another. First, I tried to decipher some problems from the Chastras. Failing in this, I endeavored to become interested in the Pouranas, which treat of law, theology, medicine, of the creation and destruction of the world, etc., but all to no purpose. When, in disgust, I had replaced the last of them, an unearthly, mocking laugh of derision rang in my ears. Such phenomena had long since ceased to surprise me, and upon this night I actually felt defiant.

In a decidedly unpleasant state of mind I turned from the book shelf and started to again resume my seat at the little wooden table which stood in the center of my room, when, to my surprise, I plainly saw what appeared to be *my own self* seated in the chair that I was about to occupy. At any other time such an apparition would, undoubtedly, have startled me; but that shrieking laugh, which even now echoed in my ears, had awakened such a spirit of resistance in my nature as would have given me strength to defy even Siva, the great destroyer, himself. But the mild expression upon the visitor's face, which was turned full toward me, indicated most plainly that he was not a destroyer; on the contrary I felt impressed that he was a messenger of good tidings.

Though sufficiently familiar with my own appearance to recognize in this strange being a double, yet I also felt certain that my facial aspect had never shown such an illumination as I saw in the one before me.

Thick, massive dark curls fell about his well shaped shoulders and formed an appropriate setting for the thoughtful young face, with a forehead of such size as to become the noticeable feature. The large, expressive dark-brown eyes, small mouth and full lips, with the dark-brown complexion of the Brahmin, presented a perhaps flattering likeness of myself. It may again be added that the exalted expression of the face was not mine—from it beamed a blissful, contented and happy light, rarely seen upon this earth.

As I gazed wonderingly into those large, liquid eyes, a smile lit up the features of this being, beyond the power of words to portray. At the same time he held out his hand assuringly to me. Seizing it, I felt a powerful magnetic current flowing up my arm, and from thence it pervaded my whole system, as it flowed up one side of my spinal column to the brain, then down on the other side to the Lotus of the Kundalini. The most delightful thrill I had ever known permeated my whole frame. I felt revived, exhilarated; in short, I was perfectly happy.

While I was lost in this state of bliss he began the beautiful chant of the Upanishad, in a low, musical voice, which held me spellbound. The words, as I remember them, are:

"Ohm! To Brahm that Is! All hail!

Ohm! May Brahman of the Sacred Teachings, All in All, perfect my members—

Speech, Life, Sight, Hearing, Strength,  
As well as all my powers.

May I not be cut off from Brahman; Brahman not cut off from me;

May there be no cutting; for me no cutting off.

Let all the virtues in the Sacred Lore repose in me,  
Who find my sole delight in that Self;

May they in me repose.

Om! Peace, peace. Hari Om!"

As this bright being sang an ecstasy took possession of me, so that when the last of the chant was reached my voice had unconsciously blended with his own. When the last sounds had died away he arose and motioned me to the seat which was, by the way, the only stool in the room. I started to remonstrate, but he placed his finger to his lips to enjoin silence and again motioned me to the seat, which I reluctantly accepted. He then folded his arms upon his chest and regarded me with a look of ineffable kindness and love.

He remained thus for a few seconds, but in my state of suspense I thought it much longer. Finally, in the same low, musical voice, he said:

"Brother, as you possess not the knowledge which would have enabled you to come to me, I have now come to you."

I essayed to speak and ask him who he was and why he had favored me with such a visit. Though my lips moved no words came forth; however, he must have read my thoughts, as he answered:

"*I am your higher self*, and have come to tell you that which you should know. You must choose, this night, whether you will be a king, ruler of men, or a priest, servant of Brahma."

"I do not know if I entirely comprehend your meaning," I ventured, hesitatingly. "To begin with, I do not understand exactly what is meant by my 'higher self.'"

"Ah," said he, "that is as I supposed. Man is and ever will be in his infancy concerning things of most import. It is for that reason the great Self incarnates from time to time during the ages of the earth. It is through the great Buddhas or teachers that the wise Creator propagates truth throughout the world.

"Man is composed of soul, spirit and matter. Everything, animate and inanimate, has a Spirit, but man alone, of all the corporeal creatures, has a Soul. What you now see before you, my brother, *is your soul*, clothed in the shell of your astral body. Since the time you beheld the sparkling gem upon the breast of the Maharaaja you have existed apart from your own soul. You were at that time entranced, or, in other words, became so negative that the adhesive power of your constitution was overcome by the law of spirit attraction, which is ever struggling between the World of Causes and the World of Effects."

"Kind sir," I said, "may I again expose my ignorance by admitting I do not know what you mean by the 'World of Causes and the World of Effects.'"

"The World of Effects," he replied, looking at me with a kindness akin to pity, "is the material world, with which you are most familiar. In the material world you observe constant changes. There is ever growth and decay, the masculine and feminine, the positive and negative, organic and inorganic. The difference between the latter is not near so complicated as many suppose, consisting only of what is called vitality; which is, in reality, simply the power to retain heat, saturated with light, indefinitely. The World of Effects is also justly called the great illusion. As no material thing is lasting, it cannot, therefore, be real. Change is the universal cry of earth; nothing ever remains the same for one minute.

"You would now ask concerning the great World of Causes, all the truths of which you are not at present prepared to receive. But I may say that in the World of Causes there is also an endless chain of transformations as in the World of Effects. Castes are also observed in the spiritual sphere, of which there are seven grand divisions. Here let me impress upon you the importance of the number seven, as success will in a measure depend upon your familiarity with the properties of this sacred number, in the studies you will assume later. Know, also, that there is one, unity principle which operates in all spheres."

"Pardon me, one moment," said I, at this point.

"Speak without fear, brother," said he, "for he who asks questions and he who answers them are one."

"You have said that seven is the number of power; at the same time you tell me that the Unity principle operates in all spheres."

"True," he replied, in the soft, melodious voice, which gave me confidence and again restored my equilibrium. "It is true that man has seven principles. The earth has seven ages; the solar universe contains seven planets, there are seven great colors, etc. The number seven consists of two trinities with the unit for a pivot or equalizing principle.

"As my visit to you this evening is for your enlightenment, I will begin by instructing you in esoteric addition, so that you may better comprehend the qualities of the number seven. When we begin at the unit—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7—and add together the figures, we have twenty-eight as the sum. If we continue, and add together the 2 and 8, we have 10—the unit in a different octave; dropping the cypher, we have 1, and thus the added powers of seven give unity. The process of reducing any given figure thus is called esoteric addition, which you will do well to remember, as from the ultimate atom to the Central Sun of the universe nothing is the result of chance. Everything vibrates according to the exact law of numbers.

"But, my brother, as I may not converse with you too long, perhaps it were better if we discuss those things upon which our future depends."

He paused for a moment and cast his gaze upward. His lips moved as if uttering a prayer or conversing with some invisible being. He then continued:

"Fifteen years ago grief and lamentation filled the vale of Kashmir. Both old and young were ruthlessly stricken down by that great invisible monster, the oriental plague, which is even now following its cruel vocation in the land of Cathay. Among the first to fall was Randjid Sing, followed by his beautiful wife. Their bright, orphan child was left in the care of the deceased King's only brother, Pundit Sing. The surviving brother faithfully promised to love and care for the child as his own. With sacred vows of fidelity and protestations of love he also agreed to hold the throne for him in trust until he should arrive at the proper age to rule.

"Pundit, whose grief seemed deep and sincere, retired within the beautiful palace at Kashmir that he might exclusively devote himself to the memorial services for his departed kinsman. For weeks he denied himself to all visitors, and, as the plague was still ravaging the land, the royal palace was placed in a state of strictest quarantine. No one was allowed to enter or depart, except messengers on the most important business.

"Although the inhabitants of the valley yet believe him to be the soul of honor, there are those nearer to him who have become cognizant of his crafty and cruel nature, which has led to the darkest crimes that man can conceive. And to-night, as the Maharaja sits upon the throne, he is to all intents a murderer and perjurer; a slayer of the infant kinsman he had sworn to protect.

"When Pundit Sing, the regent, conceived the dark, tragical scheme to remove from his path the innocent child who alone stood between himself and the throne, he took to his side and admitted to his confidence one person only—the old royal physician who had assisted at the parturition of both the victim and destroyer. When informed of the Maharaja's or regent's intention he was sorely shocked and horrified, as the brutal and cold-blooded purpose could not be obscured by soft words and elegant phrases.

"Yet the old physician did not betray his wounded feelings by either word or expression. With a grave brow, his only reply was, 'Thy will, O great Maharaja, is the will of Brahma; so it shall ever please thy humble servant to do thy bidding most faithfully.' Saying which, he begged leave to retire to his private apartments.

"As he entered his gorgeously appointed rooms, furnished with all the elegance that wealth and a refined mind could suggest, he paused a moment in deep meditation. A wave of anguish swept over his features and a mist gathered in his eyes. Then a halo of light seemed to play, for an instant, around his venerable brow; the air moved, as though disturbed by an invisible presence, and shook an embroidered hanging at the further end of the apartment. He smiled, nodded his head, and, approaching the still swaying silk, he drew it aside. Now was disclosed a being of frightful mien, who, with upraised sword of glistening steel, seemed to start half through the gilded wall, ready to strike any rash being who should unveil him.

"Drawing the hanging to behind him, the venerable physician reached his left hand upwards and grasped

the fist closed fast around the hilt of steel; then, with his right hand, he pressed upon a little sash ornament over the left breast of the menacing figure.

"The image here moved noiselessly backward and aside, its body straightened, and its sword came to a salute. 'Ah! my sentinel,' murmured the royal physician, 'how well you have guarded my secret place all these years; would that I could be as calm and unfeeling as you when I am as terrible.' Releasing his hold on the figure, it again assumed its menacing attitude and moved swiftly around to its former place.

"Stepping from a niche into which he had retreated on releasing the guarding image, a flight of narrow stairs presented themselves, down which he passed. Opening a massive door, by means of a secret spring, he entered his secret laboratory. This hidden retreat appeared to be cut out of the living rock on which the palace of Kashmir had been built. Absolute quiet here reigned supreme. Its ample dimensions were lit up by a swinging globe, whose oil of gold gave forth a perpetual radiance, the glory of which disclosed such a multitude of those wonderful treasures of the secret sciences as would have delighted the heart of the most exacting alchemist.

"Walking slowly over to a row of shelves, he selected a small, black ebony box. This he carefully carried to a stool, a small key was brought forth from the seclusion of his robe with which he soon opened it. Within could be seen half a dozen small and peculiarly carved horns. Scrutinizing them closely, he found the one he sought and lifted it from its resting place.

"As he did so the suspended light of the secret laboratory grew dim. The flood of sunlike light that filled the spacious apartment grew to a sickly red. A cloud of shadow grew upon the face of a large mirror hung upon the further wall. The shadow assumed the form of two figures, one bending over the other. The one above was that of the Maharaja, the other was *his own*.

"The omen,' he muttered. 'I must initiate my successor.'

"Again the golden globe shone with sunlike radiance. He quickly relocked the ebony box, replaced it, hid the key and fantastic horn in the deep folds of his robe, and hastened away.

"A few days later it was whispered around that the infant heir to the throne had been seized with the plague. The child was isolated in the same old wing of the palace that had witnessed the passing of his parents. No one was permitted to visit him save the old trusted physician, Pondichery, and a number of nurses and attendants. Finally, the sad news was proclaimed that young Keshavah was no more.

"So dreadful had been the ravages of the plague, however, that the populace gave but little attention to the event, which under less distressing circumstances would have called forth widespread grief and sympathy. The perfidious regent appeared almost overcome by his assumed grief, and after the most ostentatious funeral ceremonies had been held over the young heir, Pundit Sing was proclaimed Maharaja over all Kashmir, and the royal child was soon forgotten.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

## REINCARNATION.

### A Plea for this Truth from the Modern Scientific Standpoint of Natural Evolution.

#### XIII.

##### MR. WALKER'S CONCLUSION.

We are lotus-eaters, so engrossed with the ignoble attractions around us as to have forgotten the places through which we have long strayed away from home, and to heed not the necessity of many more perilous journeys before we can reach our glorious destination. It is only by rousing ourselves to the important fact of the past pilgrimage by which we have traveled hither, and to the still more vital reality of the incalculable sequences of our present route, that we can attain the best progress. Our repugnance to the idea of a cycle of lives, with myriad meanderings through varied forms, is the cry of Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters:

While all things else have rest from weariness,  
All things have rest, why should we toil alone?

\* \* \* \* \*

Nor ever fold our wings  
And cease our wanderings.

Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

This is virtually the longing for Nirvana, and the cause of the irrational belief in an eternal Heaven immediately following this life. But it is neither wise nor religious to ignore the necessity of continuing our ascent at the present pace, until we have journeyed all the way to that distant goal. The restlessness of our nature comes from the established habit of straying about in temporal realms, and has developed a love of adventure in which the occidental world finds profounder delight than in the oriental yearning for inactivity, and which shall have abundant exercise before it disappears. The only path to that perfect satisfaction which is found in complete oneness with the Supreme winds through the ascending planes of material embodiment.

In which one of its various guises we shall receive reincarnation depends upon the individual. Whether it shall be in the crude form of transmigration through animals as received by most of the world; or in the Persian and Sufi faith as the unjust banishment from our proper home by the powers of evil; or, following Egypt, Pythagoras, Plato, Origen, and the Druids, as a purgatorial punishment for pre-natal sins; or, in the form of some Christian teaching, as a probationary stage testing our right to higher existence and ushering us into a permanent spiritual condition; or, as maintained alike by the acutest Eastern philosophy and the soundest Western thought, as a wholesome development of germinal soul-forces—through all these phrasing the same central truth abides, furnishing what Henry More called "the golden key" for the problem of life, and explaining the plot of this "drama whose prologue and catastrophe are both alike wanting." But the broadest intelligence leads us directly into the evolutionary aspect of reincarnation, and

finds the others inadequate to the full measure of human nature. In this view the present life is one grade of a stupendous school, in which we are being educated for a destiny so far beyond our comprehension that some call it a kind of deity. The experiences through which we have come were needful for our strengthening. Even though we have descended below former altitudes, the only path to the absolute lies through the sensuous earthly vale. Sin itself, after we have escaped it, will lead to a mightier result than would be possible without it, or it would not be permitted. The richest trees of all the forest world spring from the unclean miasmatic fens. The severest present disciplines, coming from our earlier errors, are training us for a loftier growth than we ever knew. Our physical schooling, through all the grades necessary to our best unfoldment, will build a character as much sublimer than our primitive condition as virtue overtowers innocence, and when the race finally emerges from the jangling turmoil of self-will into complete harmony with the Perfect One, as it must at last, the multitudes of our lives will not seem too enormous a course of experience for the establishment of that consummation. The victorious march of Evolution through all the provinces of thought will at length be followed by the triumphal procession of Reincarnation.

The Father's purpose with us seems to be to educate us as his children so that we shall be in complete sympathy with the divine mind. The only method of accomplishing this glorious result is for us to enter with him into all the phases of his being. Our long series of physical lives will finally give us a thorough knowledge of the grosser nature with which he cloaks himself. We penetrate the animal existence in human form more successfully than would be possible if we transmigrated into all the species of zoölogy; for here we carry sufficient intelligence, along with the material condition, to comprehend these creatures around us which cannot understand themselves. We cannot expect to permanently leave this department of God's house until we have essentially grasped the secret of all earthly life. The highest individuals of mankind, the saviors of the race, the true prophets and poets, attain this intimate communion with Nature, this mastery over the lower creation, which demonstrates their fitness for introduction to a higher stage.

It is difficult to account for the great geniuses except by the consideration that they are the result of many noble lives. Emerson arrives at this conclusion in his essay on Swedenborg:

"In common parlance, what one man is said to learn by experience, a man of extraordinary sagacity is said, without experience, to divine. The Arabians say that Abul Khain, the mystic, and Abu Ali Scena, the philosopher, conferred together; and on parting the philosopher said, 'All that he sees, I know;' and the mystic said, 'All that he knows, I see.' If one should ask the reason of this intuition, the solution would lead us into that property which Plato denoted as reminiscence, and which is implied by the Brahmans in the tenet of transmigration. The soul having been often born, or, as the Hindoos say, 'traveling the path of

existence through thousands of births,' having beheld the things which are here, those which are in heaven, and those which are beneath, there is nothing of which she has not gained the knowledge—no wonder that she is able to recollect, in regard to one thing, what formerly she knew. For all things in Nature being linked and related, and the soul having heretofore known all, nothing hinders but that any man who has recalled to mind, or, according to the common phrase, has learned one thing only, should of himself recover all his ancient knowledge, and find out again all the rest, if he have but courage, and faint not in the midst of his researches. For inquiry and learning is reminiscence all."

It is significant that the young prodigies in any particular kind of skill do not come until that skill has been well established on the earth. Guido followed generations of great painters, Pascal was preceded by a long course of mathematicians. Pope "lisped in numbers" after a vast procession of poets. And Mozart waited until the new era of musical harmony had been well inaugurated. The colossal characters who stand out from the race, with no predecessors equal to them, like Homer, Plato, Jesus, Raphael, Shakespeare, Beethoven, all reach their maturity later than other prodigies, after infancy and youth have fastened the Lethean gates upon the prehistoric scenes from which they seem to hail. But the unfathomable vagaries of the soul, as it works out successively its dominant impulses, easily disguise the individual in different personalities, so long as the physical realm is most attractive to it. Yet it is noticeable that the great minds of history come together in galaxies, when the fullness of time for their capacities draws them together. Witness the Sanskrit sages, the Greek poets and philosophers, the Augustan writers and generals, the Italian artists of the Renaissance, the German masters of music, the Elizabethan authors, the nineteenth century scientists. The traits of the commonest child, however, as much as the miracles of a genius, have no satisfactory explanation outside of the philosophy of re-births.

Evolution of the physical nature and of material strength attaches our future to body and matter. But the attachment hastens toward a release by at length proving these to be low steps in the ascent of life. As in the geological programme of animal development each era carried its type to gigantic dimensions and then was surmounted by a higher order of creatures, which in turn grew monstrous as tyrants of their age and then succumbed to a still higher rank; so the soul's progress from the earthly domain lies through the mastery of physical things to mental, thence to psychic, and at last to spiritual. And the passion for material achievement animating our side of the planet should not be underestimated, since it governs an important epoch in the world's growth. But the danger lies in esteeming it a finality. It is chiefly valuable as the foundation upon which we may build skyward, in an evolution of character. When the structure is made high enough, the buoyancy of the upper stories will conquer the weight of the base and float away our abode to ethereal climes. Only the education of the

spiritual in us, of sacrifice, nobility and divinity, can divorce us from these uneasy earthly affinities to the permanent rest of union with God. While we must not abandon the glories of physical beauty, power and pleasure, we must not forget that the true business of life is to wean our affections from the visible to the invisible, to transfer the preponderance of our magnetisms from shadows to substances. For we bridge the two kingdoms of matter and spirit, and we have the choice between them more freely than we know.

The mechanical transmigration which was fancifully told in Grecian mythology, gathered and beautifully rendered by Ovid, which was taught in the Egyptian and Pythagorean dogmas and still floats broadcast throughout the vast realms of Brahmanism, Buddhism, and barbarism, which fascinates the thought of our poets, and which is daily enacted by a myriad object lessons in Nature, is merely the objective expression of a subjective truth, discerned by all the mystics, seers, and philosophers, and most elaborately stated by Swedenborg. It means that the infinite progress of the soul conveys it through countless epochs, moving in perfect succession by the dynamic laws of its own being. During this development, the universe arranges itself peculiarly to each individual according to his thought and character. We shape the outer world by our inner nature, and we say just how long our stay shall be among dust and mortality.

Instead of being a cold pagan philosophy, as it is frequently considered, reincarnation throbs with the most vital spirit of Christianity. It is no more Buddhism than kindness is Christianity. It is the hidden core of the gospel of Jesus as of all other great religions and philosophies. This is what has preserved them in spite of their degrading excrescences. It is "the religion of all sensible men" who refuse the weak sentiment and bigoted dogmas that obscure the light of Christianity in the churches, for it clearly unfolds what they unconsciously believe, in the laws of cause and effect. It spurns the despairing doctrine of total depravity, but shows the cause of partial depravity. It teaches salvation as Jesus did, not by heaping our sins upon him, but by recognizing the Fatherhood of the Supreme, entering the new birth into spiritual life and watchfully growing Godward. It revolts against the thought of everlasting punishment for brief errors but provides infinite opportunities for restoration and advancement, while emphasizing most vigorously the unescapable results of all action. It is therefore a corrective of modern Christianity holding fast to the strength and beauty of what the Nazarene taught and lived, but including those very principles which breed religious skepticism in the extreme advocates of science and evolution. It enlarges Christianity to a grander capacity than it has hitherto known, and so furnishes at once an inspiring religion for the loftiest spiritual aspiration, a most satisfactory philosophy for the intellect, and the strongest basis for practical nobility of conduct.

As Christianity has degenerated in the West, so has reincarnation in the East, and the hope of the race lies in an exalted marriage of them. They need each

other, as husband and wife, allied in purest devotion, supplementing the defects and strengths of each other and regenerating their lower unassociated tendencies.

Reincarnation unites all the family of man into a universal brotherhood more effectively than the prevailing humanity. It promotes the solidarity of mankind by destroying the barriers that conceit and circumstances have raised between individuals, groups, nations and races. All are alike favored with perfect poetic justice. The children of God are not ordained some to honor and others to abasement. There are no special gifts. Physical blessings, mental talents and moral successes are the laborious result of long merit. Sorrows, defects and failures proceed from negligence. The upward road to the glories of spiritual perfection is always at our feet, with perpetual invitations and aids to travel higher. The downward way into sensual wreckage is but the other direction of the same way. We cannot despise those who are tending down, for who knows but we have journeyed that way ourselves? It is impossible for us to scramble up alone, for our destiny is included in that of humanity, and only by helping others along can we ascend ourselves. The despondent sadness of the world which dims the lustre of every joy, chanting the minor key of Nature, haunting us in unaccountable ways, cropping out in all literature and art, making the grandest of poetry tragic and the sublimest music sombre, is the unconscious voice of mankind, humming its keynote of life. While we continue to dwell in the murky realm of sense, that must prevail. But the bright rifts illuminating the advance guard herald the approach of day, and assure us that the trend of restless human gyrations is away from that condition.

Contrary to the common opinion of eastern thought, reincarnation is optimistic. The law of causation is not a blind meting of eye for eye and tooth for tooth. It opens out into a scheme of beneficent progress. Science recognizes this in the *vis medicatrix remedia naturæ*, the healing power of Nature. What was once denied in the creed of the alchemists concerning the ascending impulse of all things is now preached by science, which declares in Tyndall's words that "matter contains within it the promise and potency of all life." All minerals have the rudimentary possibility of plants and animals. Crystals strive after a higher life by assuming arborescent and mossy shapes. Plants display the embryonic qualities of low animals. No naturalist can mark infallibly the boundaries of the three kingdoms, so closely are they interlinked. A zoölogist does not doubt the possibility of minerals becoming plants and these mounting into animals. The movement of vital energy is manward, and the cry of mankind is "excelsior," towards God.

The strongest objection to reincarnation, our ignorance of past lives, is met by the fact permeating all Nature and experience, that progress depends upon forgetfulness. Every great stage of advancement is accompanied by the mental loss of earlier epochs. One of Montaigne's best essays shows the blessedness of defective memory. All deep philosophy agrees that after an experience is absorbed into the soul, its pur-

pose is accomplished, and the only chance of improvement consists in "forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before." It would be intellectually impossible for the memory to grasp anything new, if it clung to all it had known. One of the grandest discourses of that greatest English preacher of the last generation, Frederick W. Robertson, is upon the theme of "Christian Progress by Oblivion of the Past." The experience of the race affords no sufficient endorsement of the continuation of our mortal memories. It is impossible to escape the liberal scientific teaching that the mind is only an instrument of the soul, and when it decays with the body the soul retains of its earthly possessions only what has sunk down into the character. The logician of the Scriptures expresses this in saying, "Whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away." But the everlastingness of character insures the permanence of our identity and of our dearest ties. And as the scale of being on earth shows a gradual development of memory from the lowest protozoön to man, so in man the unconscious memory shall become more and more conspicuous, until it reveals the course of our complete career.

The glorious unfoldment of our dormant powers in repeated lives presents a spectacle magnificent beyond appreciation, and approaches more grandly than any other conception to the sublimity of human development. Addison wrote:

"There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing consideration than that of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creatures forever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance."

Reincarnation shows the programme by which this stupendous scheme is being worked out, step by step, in the gradual method of all God's doings, and glorifies the present cycle as a specimen of eternity which shall ever grow brighter until the full brilliancy of the Highest shall radiate from every life.

The practical application of this truth not only dispels the haunting enigmas of life, but incites us to the strongest habits of virtuous conduct in ourselves, and of generous helpfulness toward others. It inspires us to nurture all the means of developing noble traits, since the promise of all good, and the only highway out of the bogs of physical life into the mountain heights of spirituality, is character.

It is not strange, therefore, that Professor William Knight, one of the leading writers of Great Britain, says of reincarnation: "The ethical leverage of the doctrine is immense. Its motive power is great. It reveals as magnificent a background to the present

life, with its contradictions and disasters, as the prospect of immortality opens up an illimitable foreground, lengthening out the horizon of hope. It binds together the past and the present and the future in one ethical series of causes and effects, the inner thread of which is both personal to the individual and impersonal, connecting him with two eternities, one behind and the other before. With peculiar emphasis it proclaims the survival of moral individuality and personal identity along with the final adjustment of external conditions to the internal state of the agent."

Alongside of the Scotch professor's words we place these sentences from an adept of India, that the wisdom of the antipodes may grasp hands in one common brotherhood for the instruction of the world:

"There is in each incarnation but one birth, one life, one death. It is folly to duplicate these by persistent regrets for the past, by present cowardice, or fear of the future. There is no Time. It is Eternity's *Now* that man mistakes for past, present and future.

"The forging of earthly chains is the occupation of the indifferent; the duty of unloosing them through the sorrows of the heart is also their occupation.

"Liberate thyself from evil actions by good actions."

Emerson, who unites in one personality the sublimest intuitions of the Orient with the broadest observations of the West, may well represent a noble harmony of these distant kinships when he says:

"We must infer our destiny from the preparation. We are driven by instinct to live innumerable experiences which are of no visible value, and we may revolve through many lives before we shall assimilate or exhaust them. Now there is nothing in Nature capricious, or whimsical, or accidental, or unsupported. Nature never moves by jumps, but always in steady and supported advances. . . . If there is the desire to live, and in larger sphere, with more knowledge and power, it is because life and knowledge and power are good for us, and we are the natural depositaries of these gifts. The love of life is out of all proportion to the value set on a single day, and seems to indicate a conviction of immense resources and possibilities proper to us, on which we have never drawn. All the comfort I have found teaches me to confide that I shall not have less in times and places than I do not yet know."

We conclude, therefore, with the conviction that all the best teachers of mankind—religion, philosophy, science and poetry—urge the soul to

Be worthy of death; and so learn to live  
That every incarnation of thy soul  
In varied realms, and worlds, and firmaments,  
Shall be more pure and high.

### Ecliptic and Zodiac.

The ecliptic is the Sun's path, the great circle of the celestial sphere in which the Sun appears to describe his annual course from west to east, really corresponding to the path which the earth describes. The ecliptic is divided into twelve equal parts, of thirty degrees each, and these are occupied by the twelve zodiacal constellations, the zodiac being a belt of the heavens extending nine degrees on each side of the ecliptic.

## OUR ASTROLOGICAL PAGE.

[Conducted by ERNEST S. GREEN, 1804 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., to whom all communications regarding this department should be addressed.]

### A SOLAR READING FOR YOU.

**For those Born between August 24 and September 23.**

In the following reading much will depend on how the planets are aspected at birth, as to its complete correctness, but generally it will be found correct.

Persons born during this period are more or less under the influence of Virgo, with Mercury as their chief ruling planet, and more particularly if they were born about sunrise.

Virgo people are industrious, thoughtful and contemplative, but often very sensitive and changeable in opinion. They have very strong likes and dislikes, and make many enemies by being too severely critical of others. If Mercury be afflicted by Mars in their nativity, as is often the case, they have almost unmanageable tempers. Although very persistent and industrious, they lack confidence and are often pessimistic in ideas.

When Mercury and Jupiter are well aspected, Virgo people succeed best as journalists, printers, and other occupations, where they can use their wits; but those who have not trained themselves for a professional life will best succeed in agriculture or mining, as Virgo is an earthy sign, and often gives its natives a fortune from the products of the earth.

Virgo people generally suffer more from bowel trouble than any other complaint, but this also depends upon the signs in which the malefics happen to be posited. They often make good physicians, are fond of scientific studies, and are very intuitive.

The pink jasper and hyacinth are generally considered the mystic gems belonging to this sign, but some give the topaz and diamond. The astral colors are azure-blue and black; also gray or dove-color.

Virgo people are generally healthier and happier away from the bustle and worry of city life, where they can enjoy the beauties and harmonies of Nature. ERNEST S. GREEN.

### CAMPAIGN PREDICTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR: Mr. Ernest S. Green says:

"At the time of Mr. McKinley's nomination, the affliction of Mercury by the Moon shows that the Republican leaders will resort to falsehoods and misrepresentations and deceit of all kinds during the campaign, but they will not triumph for all that; while the good aspect of Saturn with the Moon at the Democratic convention shows that honesty and fair dealing will mark the work of the Democratic campaign."

I desire to predict the exact contrary of this, especially during the *last two weeks* of the campaign. I also predict that Mr. Bryan's popular vote will be over a million less than it was four years ago. Also that some Southern states that have never gone Republican before will be carried for McKinley, and that Bryan's avowed policy of pulling down the American flag will be *overwhelmingly* repudiated by the people.

Chinese developments of great importance will come between August 24 and October 5. I regard September 5, or contiguous days, as the most critical point. WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

### NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Mr. Julius Erickson, a geocentric astrologer of St. Louis, publishes, in the *Star* of that city, horoscopes of the candidates for president, in which he agrees with Mr. Campbell that President McKinley will be re-elected. We have received criticisms of the work of both Mr. Campbell and Mr. Erickson from Mr. Green, who does not agree with them, which we do not publish as we have not the space for the horoscopes they apply to. We note that Fredrick White, in his September *Adept*, makes a rectification of some twenty-one minutes later in Mr. Bryan's horoscope, and says that "if we follow the rules given by old authors—Lilly, Simmonite and Ptolemy"—all *geocentric astrologers*—that we must conclude Mr. Bryan will be elected. A gentleman friend suggests that figures of the acceptances of nominations would show the final result of the campaign.

This department is necessarily curtailed in the present issue.

# STAR OF THE MAGI

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF OCCULT SCIENCE,  
ART AND PHILOSOPHY.

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A., SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

NEWS E. WOOD, A. M., M. D., EDITOR AND  
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### TO OUR READERS.

We have decided to enlarge the STAR, by the  
addition of eight more pages. This increase of  
fifty per cent will begin with the October num-  
ber. There will be no increase in the price, which  
will remain as at present, but the first year being  
then completed, the premium will be withdrawn.  
Those who have not yet subscribed, who wish to  
obtain THE MYSTIC THESAURUS as a premium  
must send us their dollar before October 1 or  
they will not receive it. NEWS E. WOOD,  
Editor STAR OF THE MAGI.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR Theosophical brethren have been  
aroused by an article written by Wash-  
burn Hopkins, professor of Sanscrit at  
Yale, and several replies in the daily press  
of Chicago voice the resentment of their  
leading lights. It is not our intention to  
criticise either party to the discussion,  
but for the enlightenment of our readers  
we will quote the words of Dr. Papus in the  
"Traite Elementaire de Science Occult:":

★

"TRUE initiates, whether of the Orient  
or of the Occident, always recognize each  
other, and understand how to communi-  
cate with the same source, as both are  
cognizant of the divine mission of Christ.  
But certain Europeans have attempted to  
present, as a pure oriental initiation, an  
adaptation composed entirely of hetero-  
clitical elements gathered from every  
source. This has been one of the greatest  
mistakes of the Theosophical Society, from  
which all of the French initiates retired  
abruptly. No one more than the author of  
this present work respects loyal conviction  
and sincerity; no one more than he real-  
izes that the Orient contains initiates of  
the most profound knowledge; but these  
initiates are attached to the secret sanctu-  
aries of Brahmanism, and never of Bud-  
dhism. Among the Brahmins may be found  
initiates of the grand mysteries who pos-  
sess the key to the primitive language of  
the Atlanteans, the Watan, which is the

fundamental root of the Sanscrit, Hebrew  
and Chinese, as well as the hieroglyphic  
writings. However, we affirm that the  
doctrines propagated by the Theosophi-  
cal Society are the result, not of initia-  
tion, but of compilation."

★

WE refrain from further quotation, but  
our readers can readily comprehend the  
sentiments of this learned man with re-  
gard to the society. We have watched  
with some interest the progress of the  
Theosophists, and the recent entangle-  
ments have not been entirely unexpected,  
as many brilliant intellects have been at-  
tracted to them whom we could hardly  
expect to remain satisfied with discon-  
nected parts of truth, however great.

★

THE sublime teachings of Yogi cannot  
be comprehended by those still confined to  
the realm of physical sense. By the aid  
of the spirit alone can one realize the pro-  
fundity of oriental philosophy, and as long  
as the elementary training for develop-  
ment is wanting no definite and practical  
result, other than the breaking down of  
sectarian thought, can be accomplished.

### A YEAR'S PROGRESS.

The course of the STAR since its incep-  
tion, not quite a year ago, up to the pres-  
ent time, has been one of steady growth  
in the quantity and quality of its contents,  
and its circle of enthusiastic friends, as a  
consequence, increases daily. The first  
number contained much less than the sec-  
ond, and each succeeding issue thereafter  
saw such a pressure upon our columns that  
we were obliged to curtail many features  
that will, hereafter, have ample room.

With our increased size next month new  
departments will be added, as announced,  
and we will also give our readers such im-  
portant matter as may come within our  
purview at the time it comes up instead of  
waiting for a chance to appear in our  
present overcrowded pages.

We are sure that those who have fol-  
lowed closely the evolution of the STAR  
will rejoice at this increase in its size, and  
that they will bring it to the notice of all  
interested in *real* Occultism—the kind that  
is "*all wool and a yard wide*"—the *only* kind  
that the STAR has any use or desire for.

The future of a journal may be judged,  
we hold, by its past. The steps taken by  
us have never been backward but ahead.  
The light of the STAR will continue to  
shine brighter and better, with each suc-  
ceeding volume, until it is the acknowl-  
edged leading occult journal of the world.  
This is our aim and certain destiny, and  
we are now quite a way on the road to that  
point. Every future issue of the STAR  
will be worth its subscription price for a  
year, and all true occultists *will have it*.

### THE OVERTHROW OF POMPEII.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii,  
says Emmett, every turn of the spade  
brings up some relic of the ancient life,  
some witness of imperial luxury. For far  
the greater part these relics have a merely  
curious interest—they belong to archæ-  
ology, and find appropriate resting places  
in historical museums. But there are  
some exceptions. Here, for instance, the  
excavator drops, an uninvited guest, upon  
a banquet; there he unexpectedly ob-  
trudes into a tomb. In one place he finds  
a miser cowering on his heaps, another  
shows him bones of dancing girls and  
broken instruments of music lying on the  
marble floor. In the midst of painted  
chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains  
—among the splendid evidences of mate-  
rial wealth—he sometimes stumbles on a  
simple incident, a touching human story,  
such as strikes the imagination, and sug-  
gests the mournful interest of a great dis-  
aster, as the sudden sight of a wounded  
soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of  
battle. Such, to our mind, is the latest  
discovery of the excavators in this melan-  
choly field. It is a group of skeletons in  
the act of flight, accompanied by a dog.  
There are three human beings, one of  
them a young girl, with gold rings and  
jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives  
had bags of gold and silver with them,  
snatched up, no doubt, in haste and dark-  
ness. But the fiery flood was on their  
track, and vain their wealth, their flight,  
the age of one, the youth of the other.  
The burning lava rolled above them and  
beyond, and the faithful dog turned back  
to share the fortunes of its mistress—dying  
at her side. Seen by the light of such an  
incident, how vividly that night of horrors  
looms upon the sense! Does not imagina-  
tion picture that little group in their own  
house, by the side of their evening foun-  
tain, languidly chatting over the day's  
events and of the unusual heat? Does it  
not hear, with them, the troubled swell of  
the waters in the day—see as they do how  
the night comes down in sudden strange-  
ness, how the sky opens overhead and  
flames break out, while scoriæ, sand and  
molten rocks come pouring down? What  
movement, what emotion, what surprise!

The scene grows darker every instant.  
The hollow monotone of the bay is lifted  
into yells and shrieks. The air grows thick  
with dust and hot with flames, and at the  
mountain's foot is heard the deadly roll of  
the liquid lava. Jewels, household gods,  
gold and silver coins are snatched up on  
the instant. No time to say farewell;  
darkness in front and fire behind, they  
rush into the streets—streets choked with  
falling houses and flying citizens. How  
find the way through passages which have  
no longer outlets? Confusion, danger,  
darkness, uproar everywhere: the shouts  
of parted friends, the agony of men struck  
down by falling columns; fear, madness  
and despair unchained. Here penury  
clutching gold it cannot keep, there gluttony  
feeding on its final meal, and frenzy  
striking in the dark to forestall death.



Through all fancy hears the young girl's screams—the fire is on her jeweled hand. No time for thought—no pause; the flood rolls on, and wisdom, beauty, age and youth, with all the stories of their hopes, their rank, wealth, greatness—all the once affluent life—are gone forever. When unearthed after many ages, the nameless group has no other importance to mankind than as it may serve “to point a moral or adorn a tale.”

### AN EARNEST MAN.

One of the most potent elements of success is earnestness, says the *Masonic Standard*. The man who is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of earnestness is sure to succeed in whatever he undertakes. There are measures of success as there are grades of earnestness. It is the earnest man who reaches the top rung of the ladder of fame. It is the earnest man whose labors are fraught with good to others. It is the earnest man who acquires wealth and scatters good deeds broadcast over the earth.

Earnestness in the abstract is simply throwing one's whole soul into any work undertaken. Faith is the strongest element of earnestness. A man must have faith in his ability and faith in the cause he espouses. Without faith earnestness is like a bird with a broken wing, its flying is difficult; or a ship without a rudder, which is at the mercy of the waves.

The history of the world in every department, in letters, in science, in commerce, in war, in peace, in everything, is but the record of earnest men. Galileo said the world moves, and his earnest assertion of the fact led to his own undoing. Alexander was called great, because in his earnestness he conquered the world. Columbus declared that a new world existed toward the West, and by his faith and earnestness, his perseverance and persistence, he was enabled to prove that he was correct in his assertion. Our forefathers had faith in the cause of liberty and freedom, and in their ability to secure them. Their earnestness wrought deliverance from the oppressors' tyranny. Fulton believed in the power and force of steam, Morse in the subtle and unknown qualities of the chained lightning, and right earnestly did they labor to prove their faith.

The importance of being earnest is manifest to everyone who will for a moment reflect upon the subject. Everyone admires an earnest man, even though he may be earnest in a cause not to their liking. Earnestness begets enthusiasm, and fills the soul with power. The earnest man sends forth an influence well nigh irresistible. He thinks of the cause he espouses as he walks the streets, he dreams of it as he sleeps. He talks of it everywhere and to everybody, until he is styled a crank. Such a man is sure to succeed.

The world to-day needs earnest men, those who will earnestly espouse the right for the right's sake, and facing opposition will overcome difficulties and plant the banner of truth firmly in the world.

### WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;  
No more I rave 'gainst time or fate.  
For lo! my own shall come to me.  
I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind shall drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.  
What matters if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.  
The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs from yonder height;  
So comes the good, with equal law,  
Unto the soul of pure delight.  
The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time nor space nor deep nor high  
Shall keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

### A GREAT SECRET DISCLOSED.

The secret of happiness is so simple it is no wonder we often overlook it. Simplicity is the height of wisdom, and, therefore, difficult to attain. Christ told us that a little child should lead us, that truth issues from the mouths of babes, and that except we become as little children we could not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, which is everywhere in the Universe that happiness reigns.

What Jesus especially referred to in these often misunderstood statements was the blissful unconsciousness of self, the teachableness, the enthusiasm and absence of malice which make healthy children the happy and lovable beings that they are. No man, however hardened by disease, self-seeking or vice can look upon the innocent sports of healthy childhood without a sigh of regret, an involuntary quickening of the heart's best impulses.

It is selfishness, self-consciousness and sensitive vanity, egotism and a morbid desire for sympathy, notice, etc., exciting, harmful emotions, leading to base actions and placing men in wrong attitudes towards life, that causes unhappiness. There are people whose presence we cannot enter without an intuitive and oppressive feeling that we must render tribute to their vanity to get along with them. In others natural egotism incites them to speak in censure or detraction of everything and everybody. Selfishness leads men to take advantage of others in the attempt to secure riches, personal ease and indulgences.

The sensitive, self-conscious man is embarrassed and hampered by a constant sense of his deficiencies. Fear of criticism and failure paralyzes his energies. He wearies his friends with continual draughts on their sympathies. He magnifies and exaggerates the misfortunes of his condition until everybody dreads his company.

All of these people are unhappy because happiness lies in self-forgetfulness. To be happy one must cheerfully accept the conditions and circumstances of his lot, hope

for the best, have faith in the final issue, and exert his powers intelligently to do the best he can for himself and fellows, leaving the consequences to take care of themselves.

The vain man is unhappy because he fritters away his time and energies chasing the will o' wisp, popular approbation, which cannot satisfy the soul's hunger for immortal principles. The egotistical man is not happy because he is wronging others, and conscience pricks. Selfishness hardens and vulgarizes. The selfish man's finer sensibilities atrophy. He ceases to grow morally and intellectually. Sources of pleasure dwindle. Abused appetites and functions refuse to serve purely animal ends. Strife between soul and body after much discord and friction terminates in disease and death.

The self-conscious man can steel himself by doing his best systematically, losing himself in enthusiasm for his work and love for those dependent on his labors. Those who crave sympathy or adulation should cultivate the sense of justice, for they are weakening and demoralizing their associates. Unhappiness attends attempts to satisfy these cravings because the keen intuitions of the soul are bruised and lacerated by every violation of right, whether the intellect understands the cause or not. Happiness is the natural reward of right living. It is a sort of joyous peace or untroubled calm. It is stirred by passing moods, as the wind ripples the stream, but abides in the depths of the soul.

Happiness varies in degree and kind with the character and development of the man who harbors it, of course. In the shallow, it shows itself as simple good-nature. In those who have suffered, learned and grown strong, it is manifested in broad charity, a diffusive kindness and helpfulness, while there are a few who seem to radiate a pure exquisite sense of happiness, as beings who walk always with God. These are the fragile vessels over whom we sigh with foreboding, feeling that we must all too soon surrender them to a less harsh and rigorous world.

Happy people attract us all as a loadstone does magnetic particles. We feel, intuitively, that happiness is the natural destiny of man, but most of us set out on the wrong road, make many mistakes and endure the inevitable penalties before we are willing to become as little children and enter into our natural inheritance of love.—*The Medical Brief*.

### PSYCHIC LIGHT.

Dr. E. D. Babbitt, in a lecture on “The Higher Forces,” gives the following description of psychic light: “There must be different octaves of light and color which the ordinary eye cannot see, just as there are different octaves of sound in music. The first upper octave has sometimes been termed fluorescent, being revealed in part by fluorin and other substances. This octave is really the odyllic grade of light and color, which Baron

Reichenbach discovered, and includes the X-Ray which we hear so much about. This grade of light is so fine as to penetrate opaque substances, and thus render them more or less transparent, being twice as fine as ordinary light. The next color octave is the *psychic light*, which is four times as fine as ordinary light, and constitutes the interior and mighty influence by which a more magnificent universe is revealed, compared with which the outer universe is hardly worth looking at."

### A STRANGE STORY.

One day a beautiful Corsican lady was brought to me, says Dr. Paul Edwards in *Light*, suffering most acute pains in her head. She was scarcely able to give me an intelligent account of herself at first, but later she made me understand that she was the victim of a near neighbor—a Mexican woman—who was her enemy. This woman had purchased a small doll with a rubber head, into which she would thrust pins constantly, declaring that the pains would be reflected upon the head of my patient—which, strange to say, *seemed* to be the fact, for until the pin-pricking of the doll's head began my patient was in good health, but when she came to me for treatment the pain was so severe that the case had baffled two medical men, while the patient was fast growing worse. I gave her a treatment and sent her home, telling her I would prevent the Mexican woman from further stabbing the doll's head. That night, from my office, I mentally acted upon the Mexican woman, directing her to desist from her fiendish persecution, and the next day she told the Corsican lady (my patient) that she desired to become friendly, and that she had sent the doll away, as she did not wish to torture her further. I will here add that this is a well known means of torture in Mexico, and I have treated several patients for similar pains.

Three weeks later I asked the patient to move into town in order to be nearer my office, which she did; but suddenly she became financially embarrassed, and told me that there was a young Corsican gentleman in the city whom she had known in her childhood in Corsica, and that if she could see him she could borrow a little money. My patient was very modest, and at this time in a perfect mental condition. She would not send for her old friend, and asked my advice in the matter. I told her to leave the whole affair to me, not saying what course I would adopt.

Here is what I did: That night I sent out a mental message to the young Corsican, telling him to seek out and assist his old friend, who was in distress. Now observe, I had never seen this young man, nor have I seen him since, and I have never even heard his name; but the next day but one when I called upon my patient she told me, weeping, that the Corsican had been out to her residence and found where she was stopping in town, and rushing into her presence had demanded what he could do for her, for *he knew* she was in

need of help. My patient was so surprised that she at first denied her true condition, but her old friend became so much in earnest that he left a considerable sum of money on the table, and continued calling nightly till the lady was completely restored to health. He, perhaps, has never known what aroused his latent friendship in his old schoolmate. I have not given the explanation how thrusting pins into a doll's head will reflect such excruciating pain upon a human being, but it *will* do it.

My explanation of these phenomena is that they are all due to *telepathy*, for I did not at any time appeal to the spirits. Let others do so if they wish—for me, I am satisfied with the possibilities found in telepathy and mind.

### RELICS OF BABYLON.

#### Finding of Over 23,000 Valuable Cuneiform Tablets.

The Rev. Prof. H. V. Hilprecht, Ph. D., D. D., writes the following interesting letter from Babylon:

"Nippur, Babylon, May 9, 1900.—Dear Friend—About the middle of May I propose to bring to a close this year's campaign of the University of Pennsylvania's expedition, and to leave the scene of so many historical and biblical recollections. Before setting out from this place with my companions I send you greetings from the plain from which Ezekiel comforted his people groaning in captivity, and pointed them to a future full of grace. The ground on which I stand and work is holy ground, the fatherland of Abraham, and the land of bondage of his descendants, whom the Lord led for the last time into Babylon, into the school of his discipline, before the final catastrophe, in the destruction of the second temple after the rejection of Christ, and the dispersion of Israel into all lands, came to pass. He had often called and allured them—but they would not.

"And Babylon, that proud kingdom which so long ruled over the nations of the Orient with a rod of iron, has also disappeared. Under the curse pronounced by Israel's great prophet, its beautiful and fertile country has become a desert and morass. The burning rays of the Sun beat upon the parched fields, upon which only bushes of thorn here and there break the monotony of desolation. The jackal and hyena, the wildcat and the owl make their habitation in the cavities of sunken palaces, and soon silence will again have fallen upon the glad outcries and laughter of the Arabs who have been digging in the ruined halls of the proud temple of Baal, stretched out, like a mighty bull, upon the plain.

"And yet a mighty change has taken place in the land since last I wandered through Babylonia. It seems as if a silent peace were resting in expectation upon the parched fields, and soon the spirit of God, long ago called into being, and heard in the cool of the day in the Garden of Eden, will bring together the dead bones. The German railroad, in the service of a

higher power, is becoming the means to bring about the resurrection of Babylonia from a long sleep of death. For the wondrous ways of God the redeemer move within the laws of historical development laid down by God the creator and preserver. It is so in the life of every individual, and it is so in the movements of nations.

"Although each of the preceding expeditions had its great and even greater results in proportion as we penetrated deeper and deeper into the oldest strata of human occupation, the campaign now drawing to a close surpasses all others in the number and importance of the antiquities found, as well as in the scientific, topographical and architectural results achieved.

"Without at this time entering into particulars, I may mention that on the very spot which I pointed out eleven years ago we have found the great temple library and priest school of Nippur, destroyed by the Elamites 2,280 years before Christ, and that we have taken more than 16,000 clay tablets with inscriptions from its eastern wing. They are of the very greatest importance, because for the most part they consist of religious, astronomical, linguistic and didactic cuneiform texts, besides letters and other historical monuments. From other parts of the extensive ruins we have taken out 5,000 other inscriptions, mostly referring to business transactions, so that our entire find of valuable cuneiform tablets amounts to over 23,000. In addition to this, I have to a large extent uncovered and determined the eastern fortifications, which reach back to the fifth thousand year before Christ, together with the northeast gate of Nippur.

"One of the most important discoveries was the southern facade, over 600 feet in length, of a palace deeply buried in the earth, belonging to the fourth thousand year before Christ, and the complete uncovering of a large government building, with a colonnade belonging to the first thousand years before Christ.

"You will readily understand that I devoted special attention to the reconstruction of the temple of Baal at Nippur, the greatest National sanctuary in the whole of ancient Babylon. But in regard to this and the great number of articles of art, ornaments of gold and silver, and other antiquities, you will excuse me from speaking to-day, as the time is far advanced and I have been at work since 3:45 this morning, as is the case daily. My daily allowance of sleep since I have come to Babylonia has been between three and five hours. The rest is work—hard work—and but little time is left for meals.

"With the exception of the shooting of one of our Arabs at 4:30 o'clock in the morning by a number of hostile Arabs—in accordance with their law of retaliation—we have not been disturbed by the Bedouins. I am in the enjoyment of good health, but look forward with pleasure to the comparatively quieter eight weeks before me, which are to be devoted to the

exploration of Southern Babylonia, Assyria and Cappadocia. On the first of June I shall start northward on horseback for a journey through entire Western Asia to Angora, from whence about the middle of July, I hope, by way of the German railroad to reach Constantinople in two days, in order to present in person my thanks to the Turkish authorities for the extraordinary attentions I have at all times received at their hands. I expect to reach Germany at the beginning of August, and there, in our summer home in Jena, I shall work out the scientific results of our discoveries. I expect to reach Philadelphia in the beginning of October.

"With heartiest greetings to you and to all who remember me, yours faithfully,  
"HILPRECHT."

Since the foregoing letter was written, mail advices from Constantinople, dated August 8th, announce the arrival there of Professor H. V. Hilprecht, head of the University of Pennsylvania expedition to Nippur.

"The yet unexplored remains of the library," says the correspondent, "will require five years for excavation. If those parts prove as rich in results as the portion already found, there will be no example in the world's history, not even in Egypt, of so complete a recovery of the records of ancient civilization."

#### HORSESHOE MAGIC.

A writer in the *St. Paul Magazine* says that horseshoe magic has nothing to do with horseshoes. It existed long before horses were ever shod, and it has left traces of its presence in places where horses have never been known.

In comparatively modern times the horseshoe over the door—nailed to the lintel with the points uppermost, be it noted—has been chiefly regarded as a protection against witchcraft, a belief which has survived in its modified "luck-bringing" form to the present day. But the horseshoe shaped mark has been a mystic symbol from immemorial days, and all that modern superstition has done has been to fit it to the horseshoe. I have seen the mark, he says, sometimes painted and sometimes cut on ancient shrines and temples in the interior of China; it has been in use for many centuries in India; it is to be found in the Aztec ruins and on the stonework of buried cities discovered recently by Dr. Schlichter in the region now known as Rhodesia.

It has been found incised on the sacred Churinga stones of the tribes of Central Australia and painted on the bodies of such of the tribesmen as have gone through the religious mysteries peculiar to those aboriginal survivors. Messrs. Spencer and Gillen tried last year to induce the tribal priests to expound the horseshoe mystery to them, but it was either too sacred or too obscure, and they learned nothing save that the mark was an indispensable part of their mystic rites. The horseshoe mark is found also in British Guiana, in the region of the Amazon, in

Georgia and Illinois, in Zululand, in the temple of the Goddess Mut in upper Egypt, and on innumerable dolmans, kists and boulders in the British isles, and always with the points uppermost. In so far as antiquity confers respectability, horseshoe magic is pre-eminently respectable. The only awkward thing about it is that we do not know what terrible mysteries it may have originally signified, or to what pagan rites we may be unwittingly committing ourselves when we nail the rusty symbol over our lintels.

#### NEW LIGHT ON MARS.

##### The Ganges Canal Separates and Runs in Parallel Lines.

Observations made at the Lowell observatory by Mr. Lowell, Mr. Drew and Dr. T. J. J. See, have made plain many things regarding the canals of Mars. The doubling of the Ganges Canal is confirmed. This is a conspicuous canal in one of the most interesting regions of the planet. The Ganges is situated largely in the northern hemisphere, in longitude fifty-five degrees. It extends from eleven degrees of south latitude to twenty-four degrees or more of north latitude, and may be seen upon any good map of the planet. It is north and east of the Solis Lacus, a marking which, from its eyelike appearance, has been noted by observers for many years.

The dark areas, formerly called seas, and now considered to be vegetation, appear as faint greenish shadings crossing the upper or Southern Hemisphere of the planet.

The canals are lines so narrow that at the very first view they often do not seem to be there at all, but by persistent watching and allowing the eye to adapt itself to the particular kind of work which it is attempting, one canal after another becomes plainly visible and is located.

The doubling of canals, the separation of one of these narrow straight lines into two parallel lines, is a phenomenon seen by so few, and questioned by so many, that all data in regard to such channels are valuable. The Ganges, partly on account of its size, has been the first, or one of the first, to be seen double, and so it has happened this time that although more than half of the planet has been scrutinized and drawn, no double canal was seen until the Ganges came into a favorable position for observation.

The appearance of a double canal is as singular as it is an interesting phenomenon. It consists in the absolute parallelism throughout their whole distance of two fine lines traversing the disk. Sometimes there is a shading between these lines less dark than themselves, but darker than the adjacent surface of the planet; sometimes the part between is quite bright, like the surrounding regions. This depends apparently upon the particular canal.

The appearance of the Ganges at the time of the detection of its duplication was that of twin lines, about six degrees apart, absolutely paralleled throughout

their whole length of about thirty-two degrees, and connected in the middle by a sort of shading, the width of each line being a fifth of the distance between them. A degree on Mars is thirty-seven of our miles long. Consequently, these twin lines were about two hundred miles apart, and each about one thousand two hundred miles long. In this observation the planet was magnified five hundred diameters, making it appear in the telescope two and one-half times the size of the moon, or six times its area.

Besides being interesting as a phenomenon, the duplication of the Ganges is important in its bearing on the seasonal changes that take place each Martian year on the surface of the planet. Observations begun by Schiaparelli in 1877, and continued almost to the present time, have shown that all the markings on the planet's disk were periodic in their appearances, and that this periodicity is synchronous with the Martian year. In other words, that each marking is quite different in appearance, according to whether the season be spring, summer, autumn or winter in the Martian year at the place upon the planet where it is situated.

The changes thus detected by Schiaparelli were observed in still greater detail at the Lowell Observatory. Not only did the observations verify Schiaparelli's conclusion that regular changes took place each year, but they revealed the gradual developments of such changes. In consequence, it becomes evident that they were dependent upon the Martian year, while their order and character pointed to a certain factor as their cause, very familiar to us upon the earth, namely, the sprouting, growth and decay of vegetation.

The chief argument for this lies in the channels observed, for large areas of the planet, and especially dark areas of the southern hemisphere, exhibit a certain succession of tints, first yellowish, as if desert land, then land green or blue upon the melting of the neighboring polar snows, as if produced by the development of vegetation, then yellow again, as if due to the drying up of the vegetation from disappearance of the water supplied by the snow.

We have begun this allusion to large, dark markings on the planet because they lead directly to that much more curious set known as the canals of Mars. The canals of Mars, discovered by Schiaparelli and more than doubled in number by the Lowell observations in 1894, are markings of a most peculiar, and, so far as we know, a unique character. They have but one counterpart in anything celestial or terrestrial of which we are acquainted. If a mesh of fine network be drawn over a globe and then viewed from a distance, the effect will be like that produced by the canals of Mars in the telescope. If, now, where the lines of the mesh cross one another we conceive small dark dots, we have then the system of the so-called oases. Then, furthermore, supposing the mesh to be irregular, so that in places only three or

four of the lines meet at one of these dots, while, at others some eight or ten of them do, we shall have a still better idea of the appearance of the planet, and it will at once be seen how similar the appearance is to that which the city of Washington, for example, would present at a distance, with its streets running from square to square. This network is not permanent. Sometimes a large part of it is invisible. At other times it seems to overlie all the light areas of the planet.

As with the dark areas, these metamorphoses belong to certain periods of the Martian year, thus identifying them with the season and the canals in which they occur with a something on Mars which must be very like our vegetation.

## ARMAGEDDON.

### Views of Lieut. Totten Regarding the World's Last Great Battle.

Last March C. A. L. Totten, formerly lieutenant of the United States army, and as such detailed to Yale as professor of military science, at his home in New Haven, Conn., gave his views regarding the possibility of war in the future. In speaking of the European outlook, he said:

"I believe that all the movements on the European checkerboard are pointing to Russia's ultimate design upon Palestine, carrying out the famous will of Peter the Great, verifying General Upton's own convictions that the plain of Esdraelon would soon be the final battlefield of the world. All this is merely in fulfillment of the prophecies of Ezekiel, which really anticipated Peter the Great's will. The present war in Africa is but a phase upon the outer rim of international affairs that must all concentrate at that center from whence all truths have sprung—Palestine. It has been the battlefield of the ages. Every empire has marched her armies across it to ruin, and the prophets anticipate a final conflict there, previous to the incoming of the new age, no matter by what designation we call it.

"The course of empire, in its westward way, has been with arms in its hand from Babylon to Persia, to Greece, to Rome, and, note this—a great mountain fell into the sea when the Anglo-Saxons crossed the channel and their descendants, radiating out from that little impregnable island, have conquered the earth, and are conquering it.

"From my position, England and America represent the lineal descendants of the ten tribes of Israel. They built the world with their colonies, occupied their desolate heritages, and are beyond all odds the dominant people of the earth. United they could defy the rest combined. Though relatively iniquitous, yet they have done more toward the amelioration of the human race, in the spread of civilization and commerce, and truth and education, than all other races put together.

"For fifty years the gathering of a tremendous army has been going on, and this

bitter burden upon the people of Europe will lead their rulers to the final battle with which the Scriptures are loaded. With the assistance of the prophets, I foresee that the old battlefield, Palestine, which, in Hebrew, is the 'Navel of the Earth,' is to be the bone of contention. The power that owns Palestine sits at the gate of the universal commerce of the future.

"Spread out a map of the world on an equal surface; see how the lines cross and crisscross through that wonderful track, the Arabian inclosure. I maintain that this is the strategic point of empire; that every great soldier has seen it; the Czar knows it; Napoleon knew it; Upton knew it; Miles knows it; King William knows it; the Jews know it. The Turks, whom I believe to be the descendants of Esau, will be most likely to sell out Palestine for a mess of golden pottage. In fact, it is practically sold now, for the Rothschilds and others hold mortgages on all the land, and will ultimately secure its possession."

"About the final gathering of the nations, who will be antagonists and who allies?" he was asked.

"Russia against England, America and Germany, with a complete wiping out of Russia. Believe it or not, the end of it all will be a promised time when war shall be no more. That age will be the millennium, and I have not the slightest doubt but that it will be personally ruled by the Savior and those that are counted worthy to be his coadjutors, in the day immediately following that besom of destruction, which ends at Armageddon."

As long ago as 1872 Lieut. Totten foretold the wars that are marking the close of the century. He believes that all things tend toward the carrying out of the prophecies of the Bible. Regarding the Boxer uprising, he says:

"Of course, it is impossible to forecast the outcome of this uprising. The present crisis is one of the most remarkable the modern world has been called upon to face.

"All the eagles are already gathered about the most ancient carcass of empire that the world contains. The military aspect is suggestive of an Armageddon upon a scale quite gigantic enough to promise us at least a tremendous type of the final conflict itself—promised to all nations."

In 1880 Mr. Totten published his singularly prophetic dream, and Secretary of War Ramsey published it. Two years later Secretary Folger, at Mr. Totten's suggestion, struck off the great seal medal for the United States. This dream occurred as far back as 1872, and Mr. Totten used it in a story—"Strategos." It was as follows:

"It seemed that a terrible struggle of races was in progress; it was a war a' l'outrance. Myriads of Mongolians had landed upon our coast and an endless fleet of junks and rude barbarian crafts of every description continually re-enforced the vast army of invaders. America, fully awakened to the magnitude of the invasion, and to the

desperate chances involved, had risen as one man to meet the issues. The struggle was to be one of existence, for the Mongolians had profited by their intercourse with their civilized neighbors, and it was understood had, with true Celestial aptitude, copied all our arts in the interior of their closely guarded empire, and were now sallying forth from the lands that had at last become 'too strait' for them, armed and equipped like Europeans and in hordes as countless as the sands of the seas.

"A vast American army was collected together and in the best array, and commanded by the first military talent of the country, had taken up its position in the interior. When the army of Mongolians at last came into view it was noticed that they had arranged themselves in a quin-cunx order, extending far to the rear and beyond the limits of sight. The mind instinctively carried this awful array back to the very shores of the Pacific, upon which their endless hordes were ever disembarking. Their onward movement was like that of a vast machine, a perfect horror of tactical precision and blind obedience. The vast army seemed to be actuated by the same impulse which sends an army of ants onward in spite of fire and water, and smother all opposition with the very bodies of 'forlorn hopes,' 'sacred bands' that lead the rest.

"Far back in the distance, dimly described by the best glasses in our army, one who seemed a military mandarin of highest rank at length made a signal which was quickly repeated by others throughout the mass, and from the nearest ranks a word of command was faintly distinguished by our foremost pickets. It sounded like 'Cobah!' and was apparently some order similar to our 'Forward!' or 'Ready!'

"On they moved with dreadful, fascinating precision. They were as yet far beyond the range of any of the weapons of the main army and seemed to pay no attention to the fusillade that our skirmishers and outposts, located far in advance, sent among them. The smoke of their friendly arms could be seen readily, but their reports could hardly be distinguished on account of the distance.

"At last the irresistible advance swept over these devoted lines of skirmishers, and with direful significance to our main army, still too far back to use or waste its ammunition, the smoke of their hopeless resistance died away only to show the continued onward and unchecked movement of the barbarians.

"And now another signal was made by the central chief, and duly repeated right and left as far as the eye could reach. At this signal each Celestial, without in the least altering his peculiarly swinging gait, that could now be almost individually distinguished by the motion of the whole mass, turned to his weapon, and borne upon the air toward us was heard a faint murmur, like the word 'ching,' repeated in unison by the myriads of the host before us. With every step they took this word was uttered—'Ching, ching, ching, ching!'

"At the next signal from the mandarin the line of pigtailed in his immediate vicinity opened fire into the air. This peculiar tactics was astonishing, but soon explained itself. The 'firing line' was just far enough in the rear to sweep a zone commencing about eight hundred yards in front of the most advanced line of the defending army. This zone had, from the distinctly visible fall of the projectiles, a dangerous width of some 500 yards extended back.

"Again a signal was given, at which another line, the next in front, took up this fire, and then the next, and next, and with each successive addition to the widening firing line the belt of dangerous space leaped, as it were, toward us by bounds, while the whole area, swept by the spatter of that 'rain of death' kept constantly approaching with the onward motion of their advance.

"As the nearest ranks opened fire we could distinguish indistinctly the nature of their weapons, and excited imagination filled up the description. It flashed upon our lines almost at once. 'They all have Gatlings,' was the subdued remark muttered along the front. Then came the order, passed along our lines, to hold fire until the now rapidly approaching zone should get within one hundred yards. Word was also passed along to encourage us that their ammunition would give out. So with bated breath, mid awful strain, we held our fire and waited.

"But a new change in their tactics now appeared, and one of boding significance. The widening belt of their firing line had barely reached the front rank of their army, when these ranks halted, continuing, however, their fire unabated. Rearward on the distant hilltops we could see that the motion did not cease, but the low-lying smoke concealed the movements going on immediately behind the front and now stationary lines of Mongolians.

"At last some one in our ranks, catching the purport of their tactics, and assisted by the wind, which for a moment carried the smoke from off a part of the field, exclaimed: 'They are effecting a passage of lines!' And, surely enough, we soon saw, advancing between the stationary mouths of flame that marked each halted Celestial, other mouths in motion. At length the new lines emerged from the intervals, continued the deadly advance as at the first, and those relieved fell back to replenish their ammunition, or to be in turn relieved by others further back, as the vast process of unrolling should reach them.

"The zone of death now crept towards us; the air was disturbed as by a cyclone, and the sword sank beneath the hail of lead as though before a scythe. Our lines could be restrained no longer; instinctively they opened fire. It was none too soon for with a rush like that of a tornado, the hostile fire reached our ranks. The observer, stationed with a group of staff officers in the rear, could see the front lines wither at its guns. The gaps their feeble efforts made in the ranks of the enemy were

quickly filled by those continually pressing to the front, and, as the remnants of our first line at length fell back upon the second, it too, in useless effort, plied the advancing hosts with shot and shell, with musketry and mitraille, and yet, amid the havoc that it wrought, it suffered worse. The wild frenzy of the battle now reached the third line. Here the same scenes were enacted, and the same relentless fate doomed all its efforts useless—there were no other lines left and no reserves!

"Bleeding beneath a gun where he had fallen, the narrator lay in a semi-conscious state, and heard at length the onward tread around him of the foe, heard the monotonous 'Ching, ching, ching,' with which they still kept unison to march and fire, and consciousness then left him."

## HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

### Medical Advice on Matters of General Interest.

#### SUCCESS OF A SWINDLER.

Dowie, the notorious "faith healer," has gone to Europe. He is estimated to be worth five million dollars, which he has wrung from his dupes, all vested in his own name. Report is made he will not return, and his followers are uneasy about it.

#### EARTHLY IMMORTALITY.

The insane idea is becoming more prevalent that people, by living rightly and eating proper food to supply the wastes of the body, may succeed in forestalling death itself and establishing an earthly immortality, says Dr. E. D. Babbitt in the *Medical Brief*. It makes no difference with these theorists that all the billions, and no doubt trillions of human beings that have lived heretofore, have had to meet the great transition without a single exception. The STAR wishes to warn its readers against physical immortality fakirs who, for a consideration, promise to point out a possible way of avoiding the common end.

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Unto the pure all things are pure;  
So some expounders claim;  
But still it's always well to boil  
The water just the same.

★

#### WORTH REMEMBERING.

Drugs which are deleterious to the well are poisonous to the sick.

Fruit skins of all kinds are full of germs. Wash the fruit well; in cold running water if handy.

Never wet the tip of a lead pencil with the tongue. It not only spoils the pencil but is an unhealthy habit.

Deep breathing in the open air with the mouth closed will oxygenate the blood, expand the lungs and enlarge the chest.

Cabbage is said to be a cure for intoxication. Natives of Egypt eat boiled cabbage before their other food if they intend to drink wine after dinner.

A raw cranberry, crushed, laid over a pimple or boil on the face, and kept in place with a daub of stiff-boiled starch, will relieve pain, if any, and cure the trouble in twenty-four hours.

Never wet your finger or thumb to turn the leaf of a book. The books of circulating libraries are very apt to become infested with tubercle bacilli in this manner from the consumptives who read them.

Too much leisure often leads to mental indolence and ill-health. A useful hobby or pursuit of some kind to provide occupation will give zest and enjoyment even in old age. "Ease is the way to disease."

★

#### HOME HINTS FOR EMERGENCIES.

To treat a child in convulsions, place him in a hot bath to which mustard has been added. Wring a cloth out in cold water and wrap it about his head, changing it when it becomes hot. Sponge him and roll him in a blanket.

To stop a bleeding nose, keep the patient's head thrown back and his arms raised. Hold a cold cloth to the nose and press the fingers on each side of the nose where it joins the upper lip. At the back of the head place a piece of ice.

To care for a person who has fainted, lay him down, keeping the head low, and loosen the clothing. See that he has fresh air in abundance and dash cold water in his face. Use stimulants and smelling salts when consciousness has returned.

When the boy's knife works too well, bathe the cut with clean, cold water. Cut strips of plaster an eighth of an inch wide, draw the edges of the cut together and strap it, leaving a space between strips. Cover the whole with absorbent cotton.

★

#### TREATMENT OF HICCOUGH.

M. J. Noir records the case of a girl, six years and a half of age, who suffered from persistent attacks of hiccough. M. Noir, on seeing her in one access, which had continued for six hours and a half, drew out the tongue and held it protruded for the space of a minute and a half, which calmed the spasms as if by magic. They did not reappear. This procedure is not altogether new, but is not, we think, sufficiently appreciated.

#### OIL OF TURPENTINE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

Dr. Wilbur C. Wright, of Unionville, Mich., writes that he has treated thirty-seven cases of diphtheria without a death or any alarming symptoms. "To a child from ten to sixteen years old I have given teaspoonful doses of undiluted turpentine every two hours until from four to six doses have been administered, and then wait about forty-eight hours before repeating the dosage. In only five cases out of the thirty-seven have I had to repeat the medication. In nearly every case the temperature returned to normal inside of twelve hours, and remained so. In two cases the temperature went up a second time, but returned to normal when the turpentine was again given. The only reason I can suggest in explanation of the absence of any manifestation of urinary disorder following the administration of such large and frequently-repeated doses of turpentine is that in diphtheria turpentine is an antidote to the toxins as well as an antiseptic."—*Post-Graduate*.

## HIVES.

When a child is attacked with hives, a good rule to follow is to give a good dose of castor oil, for in most cases there is some gastric or intestinal trouble that is acting as the cause. After administering the oil, the diet should be simple for a few days. Bread and milk is sufficient.

## PREVENTION OF CONSUMPTION.

Consumption prevails most among those who are stunted or who stint themselves of butter and bacon. These are the ideal and most digestible of food-fats. We have never known a family or an individual that was "brought up" on a liberal supply of butter and bacon that became tuberculous. Moreover, such food fortifies the system against other diseases as well as consumption.

## TO MAKE THE HAIR GLOSSY.

Shake the yolk of an egg in half a pint of alcohol till thoroughly mixed. Strain, and you will have a clear fluid left, which will keep for an indefinite period. Into each basin of water used for washing the hair put one or two tablespoonfuls of this liquid. Rub well into the scalp and through the hair. Rinse in clean, warm water. Rub with a linen towel till partly dry and then take a large fan and fan the hair vigorously till it is perfectly dry, when it will be delightfully soft and glossy.

## GOOD EFFECTS OF SINGING.

Singing is a most important exercise on account of its influence on the respiratory movements and the consequent development of the lungs. Nothing better shows the beneficial effect of singing in developing the chest and warding off lung diseases than the great pulmonary development and freedom from pulmonary diseases among professional singers. Their general health, moreover, is exceptionally good, and this is probably in a large measure attributable to the mere exercise of their calling. It is especially useful in defective chest development and in chronic heart disease.

## SMALL-POX CURE.

I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases of small-pox. It will prevent, or cure, though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered the cow-pow in England the world of science overwhelmed him with fame, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world, that of Paris, published the recipe, it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it to cure small-pox: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; digitalis, one grain; sugar, one-half teaspoonful. Dissolve in a wine glass of soft water or water which has been boiled and cooled. Take a teaspoonful every hour. Either small-pox or scarlet fever will disappear in twelve hours. For children the dose must be diminished according to age. If countries would compel their physicians to use this treatment there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value your life use this recipe.—Correspondence *Southern Dental Journal*.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

## The Editor's Vacation.

The editor of the STAR, accompanied by his "better half," left Chicago on August 2d for Atlantic City, N. J., via the Pennsylvania Line, for a brief vacation and a much needed rest. After a pleasant journey, and a brief stop at Philadelphia, we arrived at the famous seaside resort and secured suitable rooms at the "Bleak House," immediately on the Boardwalk, where we spent a delightful three weeks—in the surf, on the sands and piers, listening to the murmurs of the ocean waves and the notes of the famous Innis Band, and in feasting our eyes on the fair forms and gay costumes of the twenty thousand fair maidens who daily bathe in the surf or parade the sands of the beach at this popular resort.

We returned by the way of New York, visiting for a few days at the old home and birthplace of the editor, where much pleasure was had in renewing old acquaintances and shaking hands with friends we had not seen for twenty years.

We arrived in Chicago August 23d, after a day's stop over at Niagara Falls, and found the STAR ready to go to press with this issue, for which credit must be given to our associate editor, Dr. Betiero, and Mr. Willis F. Whitehead, who has been in charge during our absence and has gotten out an excellent number.

TWO new features of the STAR, commencing with our next issue, will be a series of selected articles, of general interest, drawn from Masonic sources, and a "Quaint and Curious" department.

THE offer of sending our premium and the STAR for one year to secretaries of occult societies does not include little bands of some four to a dozen people. We wish to send the STAR as an honest remuneration for honest services rendered—where a society numbers at least fifty enrolled members or more.

WE cannot agree to send back numbers of the STAR to such subscribers as fail to notify us of any change in their address. If you move and do not notify us of the change, you cannot blame us if you do not get your STAR regularly.

## "Faith and Hope Messenger."

Every issue of this bright monthly contains much to instruct and practically help the occult student, especially if he is studying along astrological lines. It is one of our best exchanges, and we always examine its contents with much interest and pleasure. If you have never seen it, consult the advertisement of Albert and Albert, in another column, and send for it.

We wish to acknowledge the personal courtesies and kindness extended to the editor of the STAR and his wife, while sojourning at Atlantic City, by Prof. and Mme. Albert. Our visit with them was one we will always recall with pleasure.

## "The Future."

We have received an astrological treasure in the shape of a bound volume of many of the first issues of *The Future*, a monthly magazine edited by the great English astrologer, Alfred J. Pearce. This excellent publication is the leading astrological journal of England, and we commend it to our readers.

## Occult Book Catalogue.

An extensive catalogue of occult works is sent us from Paris, by Lucien Bodin, No. 43, Quai des Grands-Augustins, which tabulates some nine hundred volumes, chiefly in the French language, which he has for sale. His assortment covers every branch of the occult and is very complete.

## A New Book on Economics.

We have received a cloth-bound volume of 175 pages, by J. B. Herboldshimer, Gibson City, Ill., entitled "The Enslavement and Emancipation of the People," which he will send to any address, postpaid, for 75 cents. The work is well written, and argues for a higher social order founded upon certain well defined propositions. These make land, labor and capital the trinity of human economy and the basis of all wealth. Labor is proposed as "the unit of value," and his plan adjusts all other relationships to it. He would reduce the hours of labor until all are employed, and then increase the wage earnings until all products find a home market. He considers "female industry" in a vigorous and manly fashion, and would enable the gentler sex to regain her natural sphere of the home from which the struggle for bread now tends to force her. The author does not weary us with a lot of "drudge" reading as he has his subject well digested and knows what he wishes to say and how to say it. We regard his title, however, as one that could be bettered. "The Attainment of Social Justice" more clearly expresses the individuality of the book, which is really a valuable contribution to the economic literature of the day.

## New Exchanges.

*The Higher Law.* Monthly, \$1. 272 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

*The Temple Artisan.* Monthly, \$1. 239 W. Onondaga St., Syracuse, N. Y.

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(Signed) B. PETERS, M. D.

[Extract from letter from an Arizona Miner.]

JEROME JUNCTION, Arizona, June 17, 1900.

Your horoscope of April 18th arrived April 20th. Your delineation of my temperaments, characteristics and fortunes in the past (including some startlingly accurate dates of misfortunes in the past), I know to be correct; furthermore, your dates for the future have come so true that I can with pleasure recommend any person to you who is desirous of getting an astrological reading, and I know they would be astonished as well as highly pleased.  
(Signed) GEORGE A. SMITH.

[From the Minneapolis "Nya Tilden" (New Era—Swedish) for May, 1900.]

Mr. Ernest S. Green, 1804 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., editor of the "Psychical Science Review," on receiving hour, day, year, and place of my birth, sent me six typewritten sheets of astrological description of my life; all surprisingly accurate. He especially mentioned certain times when the planets would have a favorable influence over me, and also times when they would have an unfavorable influence over my life, also dates of certain events, all correctly given. Mr. Green does not know me personally, and an abler astrologer I do not know.  
CARRIE SWENSON (Editor).

QUILCENE, Wash., May 11th, 1900.

This is to certify that on the 3rd inst., of my own motion, I wrote to Ernest S. Green, of San Francisco, giving him the dates of birth of Annie Donovan, born May 23, 1886, and Mary Donovan, born November 27th, 1887, and stated that one of them is blind, asking him if the science of Astrology could tell him which one is afflicted.

On this date I received Mr. Green's reply, stating that Annie is the one afflicted, and that the cause of the affliction was close to Feb. 1, 1897.

Annie is the afflicted one, and her mother tells me (without knowing this correspondence) that it was in the spring of 1897 that Annie's eyes began to be afflicted, and, as near as she remembers, it was about six months before blindness was total.

I regard this as a most satisfactory test of the value of Astrology as practiced by Ernest S. Green; for I solemnly affirm there is no fraud or collusion in this matter, which is voluntary on my part in quest of truth.  
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Four Left Ear	♑ Libra	Air	Sept 23 to Oct 23
	♒ Scorpio	Water	Oct 23 to Nov 22
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