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GERALD MASSEY: AN APPRECIATION.

A great hero has gone from our physical sight, a man of great reputation and of superb courage. Spiritualism has not had within its ranks any voice or pen of equal weight to that of the poet, Gerald Massey. On the morning of Tuesday, October 29, 1907, the gate opened for him and he entered upon his new pilgrimage. We can scarcely estimate, as yet, the full worth of his great work, but one day the many pearls of wisdom and truth which are scattered throughout his writings will be gathered together, and they will show to the world that the phenomena of Spiritualism contain the sole possible, palpable, natural evidence of a future life that men have, or ever had, to go upon. Spiritualism to him was a sublime revelation which would for ever destroy the fear of death. He felt that it would put a new soul into religion, as any science of religion with the ghost left out was meaningless. "Modern science," he said, "has let loose a deluge of destruction that is fatal to the ignorant beliefs and the false faiths derived from misinterpreted mythology, but it can never efface one single fact or uproot a single reality in Nature. Religion proper commences with, and must include, the idea of, or the desire for, another life. And Spiritualism alone offers the means of establishing it as a fact—Spiritualism alone offers a scientific basis for a doctrine of immortality!"

The word duty had to Massey a real meaning, he was the living exponent of Carlyle's: thoughts "Truth, though the heavens crush me for following her! No falsehood, though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of apostasy!" Half a century since he shone on the world as one of the most graceful and charming of lyric poets, but he cared not so much for his reputation as a poet as for making clear to humanity that a cable had been laid between the two worlds and that there were intelligent operators at the other end of it who could send us messages in human language. If all Spiritualists had shown one-tenth part of his sublime courage our cause would have stood forth much more prominently than it does to-day. What he caught hold of at first he never let go. He heard all the theosophic babbling, and he marvelled at the crass blindness of "researchers" who discovered nothing. His was real light which helped him to see clearly in many realms.

The story of his life need not be entered upon here. He learned in suffering what he taught in "song," and he devoted himself from his youth to championing the cause of the weak, the poor, and those whose lives were made bitter by having to bear heavier burdens than rightfully belonged to them. Many of his brave heart-utterances will yet be treasured in the brighter days which he clearly saw were ahead. His noble ideals and passionate appeals for justice have never been surpassed. The newspaper notices of the past week have told some parts of the story of Massey's literary life—a life of heroic struggle with little to aid him but the divine promptings that welled up in his being. Every great contemporary felt and admitted his power and depth. Walter Savage Landor said there were thoughts and expressions in his poetry which reminded him of Shakespeare in the best of his sonnets. Carlyle said of his In Memoriam, one of the most sublime spiritual poems, that it was "heroic." Ruskin acknowledged his debt of gratitude to Massey for many an encouraging and noble thought, and said that his poems were a helpful and precious gift to the working classes. Mathew Arnold, Thomas Ard, Hugh Miller, and crowds of others alike paid tribute to the earnest and passionate voice which rang out in appeals for justice.

With his knowledge of Spiritualism a new mandate came to Massey, which he obeyed. The evidence which convinced him beyond all doubt that his loved ones who had passed from view could come round about him in

his daily life, prompted him to pen his poem entitled A Tale of Eternity, an epitome of spiritual facts, a profound work of genius, replete with passages evidencing spirit action, while the scientific allusions which it contains reveal the master mind of the inspired thinker. The publication of this volume almost destroyed his position in the realm of letters. The world to-day is more favorably disposed to listen to the psychical than it was then—thanks as much to Massey as to any one. To openly proclaim one's self a Spiritualist at that time cost something: Robert Chambers was careful to hide his knowledge and never lost position; Massey spoke out boldly and paid the price. He had been for some years one of the most popular of platform speakers, his lecturing engagements each winter numbering seventy or eighty; but the next year, after his Spiritualism had been sounded in the press, these engagements dropped to seven. Young Men's Christian Associations which had formerly looked upon his poetry as specially religious, now regarded the new voice which came to them as a sinful one, and I have heard him describe, with that fine touch of humor which was one of his marked characteristics, how he got the cold shoulder from old admirers. Then followed his little work, now long out of print, entitled Concerning Spiritualism. This was an extension of an address which he had delivered in London in July, 1871, at a farewell meeting held in honor of Mrs. Hardinge Britton. How valuable Spiritualism had become to him is shown by some of the fine passages with which the book abounds. Nothing could be more admirable or more truthful than these words:—

"Spiritualism will make religion infinitely more real, and translate it from the domain of belief to that of life. It has been to me, in common with many others, such a lifting of the mental horizon and a letting in of the heavens—such a transformation of faiths into facts—that I can only compare life without it to sailing on board ship with hatches battened down, and being kept a prisoner, cabined, cribbed, confined, living by the light of a candle—dark to the glory overhead, and blind to the thousand possibilities of being, and then suddenly, on some splendid starry night, allowed to go on deck for the first time, to see the stupendous mechanism of the starry heavens all aglow with the glory of God, to feel that vast vision glittering in the eyes, bewilderingly beautiful, and drink in new life with every breath of this wondrous liberty, which makes you dilate almost large enough in soul to fill the immensity that you see around you."

Tennyson was an admirer of this little book, and wrote to Massey, saying that he had read it again and again, and had bought copies to give to friends. Over twenty-five years since, when it was my privilege to sit and talk with the poet daily, and take walks with him, I asked him to what book Tennyson had referred, thinking at the time it must be The Natural Genesis, or The Book of the Beginnings, which had just then been published. "No," he said, "it is my little book, Concerning Spiritualism; don't you know that all the Tennysons are Spiritualists?" I found out afterwards that Frederick Tennyson, whose poetic reputation was dimmed by that of his great brother, had been a contributor to the Spiritual Magazine and a friend to mediums and workers like the late James Burns.

It was a surprise and a cause of regret to some of Massey's literary friends when, after 1872, he turned his thoughts from poetry to the subject of Egypt and her mysteries. A. B. Grosart, editor of Old English Poets, called it sheer blasphemy against the gift which God Almighty had given him. I well recollect a letter coming from his old friend, John Stewart Blackie, the genial professor of Greek while I was paying Massey a visit, in which the old philosopher jocularly

protested against the poet devoting himself to work that more befitted some learned German. Who could but wonder that a person of such poetic reputation would give a life's devotion to what Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace said, after reading the two first volumes, not a score of people were prepared by their previous education to understand? Massey, however, was content to toil for a future generation; to make a pathway through the forest of ignorance so that others in after years might walk therein. He felt he had got a key which unlocked many mysteries of the past and would help the world to see the true foundation stones of Hebrew legends and Christian dogmas. "The half-gods had to go, in order that the whole gods might come." When he had finished his first two works on Egypt he made a lecturing tour in Australia and America, dealing with such topics as the Devil of Darkness, The Historical Jesus and the Mystical Christ, the Coming Religion, &c. These lectures were afterwards published in London and found many readers. His Coming Religion contains some remarkably pointed and beautiful affirmations of the value of Spiritualism.

I was privileged to visit Mr. Massey at his home in London during the writing of his last great work. I could not claim to grasp his profound thoughts, but I had the most sincere admiration for his patience and sweetness in endeavoring to make many stellar, solar, and lunar myths clear. The great joy to me, however, was to converse with him regarding the men and women with whom he had mingled during his long career—Thackeray, Browning, George Eliot, and so many others. His poems on Thackeray and Tom Hood had long been amongst my mental treasures. He could tell all about the publication by Thackeray in the "Cornhill" of Robert Bell's article on Spiritualism, entitled Stranger than Fiction—which article Mr. George Smith, of Smith, Elder and Co., told him had sent down the circulation of that magazine by twenty thousand copies almost at a swoop, thus proving that the price had to be paid for throwing pearls before the unripe and the unready. Of Massey's own Spiritualism I had glimpses, and of spirits belonging to the far past who came back to him. But he was no believer in depending solely upon spirit aid, or accepting, as authoritative, statements from the other side; he strongly reiterated that he dug all the time for such facts as had been brought to light. If spirits corroborated his gropings, well and good, but he believed that it was man's place to use all the faculties of research with which he had been endowed.

His last great work, entitled Ancient Egypt, the Light of the World, on which he was engrossed for over twenty years, only saw the light of publication on September 30th last, being published by T. Fisher Unwin at two guineas net, and only five hundred copies printed. A mere glance at the contents will reveal some of the herculean labors which have been spent on the work. This he considered the crowning epoch of his life; he looked upon it as the one thing which made his life worth living. The preface note is most touching; he says: "It is enough to know that, in spite of many hindrances from straitened circumstances, chronic ailments, and the deepening shadows of encroaching age, my book is printed, and the subject matter that I cared for most is now entrusted to the keeping of John Gutenberg on this my nine and seventieth birthday"—he was born May 29, 1828. He said, a short time since, to a friendly visitor, that he had put more of poetry, more of the real spirit of poetry, into these last volumes than into all his verse. After more than thirty years of close study, he satisfactorily evidenced that the Egyptians entertained no doubt about the existence, the persistence, or the personality of the human spirit; that what has latterly been designated telepathy, or the transference of thought, was well known amongst the aboriginal races, and that many simplicities of the early time have now

become the mysteries of later ignorance which we cling to as sacred in our superstition.

Early in October there were fears expressed that the end of his physical life was near. He had finished his great task, and it was hoped by many that serene days might be his to reap some of the fruits of his labors. On October 9th his daughter wrote me that her father had expressed the kindly desire that I would write a synopsis of the various sections of his book, which might be made interesting to Spiritualists. The next letter, two weeks later, told of his sufferings, and how Sir Richard Douglas Powell had been called in to consult with the family physician, who could give but little hope. A letter dated October 25th spoke of his not being likely to pass the night. He lingered on, however, until 8.20 a.m. on Tuesday, the 29th, when relief-promotion came and he stepped into the land about which he had so often sung.

On earth he had plumbed the void of death, so that he had no misgivings. The future life he knew to be the natural outcome of this; and so departed a great, brave, sincere soul who played his part in the battle of life with clean hands. We are all the poorer for his loss, but all the richer that such a life of courage and hope has been lived. We can say of him, as he said of his friend Tom Hood when the death angel came with the summons:—

"Ever the blind world
Knows not its Angels of Deliverance
Till they stand glorified 'twixt earth and heaven.
It stonies the martyr; then, with praying hands,
Sees the God mount his chariot of fire,
And calls sweet names, and worships what is
spurned.
To those who walk beside them great men seem
Mere common earth; but distance makes them
stars."

—James Robertson in London Light.

My First Materialization Seance.

Through the kindness of Mr. Lobb (when speaking in Middleton during August) inviting Mr. Ratcliffe (secretary of the Progressive Society) and myself to London, an opportunity to go has most anxiously been waited for. This came on September 23d, and the following day saw us posing at the photographer's in order that those whom the world has called dead might manifest their presence, with a result which is most satisfactory. We were staying at a boarding house, and having been disappointed in connection with a private seance, the good lady of the house was most solicitous that we should receive something worthy of acceptance.

Countess A—and Lady G—(both ardent Spiritualists) were also staying at the same house, and having arranged for the attendance of Mr. Cecil Husk, Mr. Ratcliffe and myself were kindly asked to avail ourselves of witnessing the manifestations obtained during his presence. We were only too pleased to fall in with the offer, and assisted in the arrangement of the room, placing chairs, etc. The seance commenced at 7 p. m., there being eight persons present, including the medium and his niece. We opened with a hymn, and almost immediately were aware that those who had arisen to the higher life were with us. A voice, which seemed familiar to several of the sitters, wished them a cheery "Good evening," followed with an introduction of myself and friend to this angel visitor. Other spirit friends and guides made their appearance, all full of love, and sweetness, and desire to please and assist.

The piano began to give forth beautiful music, though untouched by human hands; the musical box and zither-like instrument were set going, and were carried over our heads round the room and touching the ceiling; the candlestick and match-box were removed from the table to the mantelpiece. Other spirits appeared, one who was addressed as "Joey" acting the part of entertainer to the company and by his witty and humorous remarks kept us cheerful, and prevented us from becoming too engrossed with the seriousness of the situation. Mr. Husk's niece inadvertently let fall a small gold locket belonging to her bracelet, and on asking our spirit friend, without describing

its real nature, to pick it up when he had occasion to be in the direction it lay, was met with the quick reply that he would do what was necessary immediately, as it would be difficult to exist without a heart, and if there were any unmarried gentlemen present, there might be an undesirable rush made to gain possession of it. Of course, the incident was the frequent cause of much innocent amusement during the evening.

The hymn "Lead, Kindly Light" was sung, when a bright cross shined above us, and "Cardinal Newman" appeared. He pronounced the Benedictum in Latin before us, afterwards singing a hymn. During conversation it was mentioned that we came from Lancashire, when "Joey" said they often had Lancashire spirits at their seances, and one would manifest now. Scarcely were the words uttered before a voice spoken in true Lancashire dialect greeted us with "Good nee, o' yo'."

This turned out to be a man who had lost his life in a colliery disaster at Bolton some considerable time ago, and who proved to be very entertaining, giving us particulars of his duties in the spirit world, and singing the well-known song, "Come Whoam to thi Childer an' Me," before returning to his spirit home. "John King," the leader of the spirit band connected with Mr. Husk, of course, was much in evidence, his voice being undoubtedly the loudest we have ever heard. He gave instructions to the spirit chemists in no unmistakable terms, and if for no other reason must command the respect of all working under him.

Materializations followed, and this being our first time of seeing such phenomena, amazement and wonder at the power is excusable. We were all favoured in being allowed to gaze once more upon the life-like forms of those loved ones who have passed from mortal ken, and no words of mine can express our feelings at this privilege. Members of all our families manifested their presence in no unmistakable fashion, holding conversations before retiring. The spirit friends frequently gave us renderings of beautiful music on the piano and other instruments, besides singing in chorus. The seance was brought to a close about 9 p. m., all present, seen and unseen, joining in singing the Doxology, thus ending the most remarkable evening it has ever been my lot to experience—W. H. Wallis, in The Two Worlds.

Mrs. Exton Predicted Explosion.

Over three months ago a party of fifteen people in a seance at the home of Mrs. Charlotte Exton, Lorain, Ohio, heard of an approaching disaster in Lorain. It was at that time stated that the disaster would be in the form of an explosion and one fatality would result.

Mrs. Charlotte Exton seems possessed of a wonderful power and predicted the river accident occurring here recently, as well as several others, all of which have become a reality. Mrs. Exton stated that she cautioned all her clients to be perfectly quiet on the subject until after it occurred. She further stated that the vividness of the affair has been in her mind some weeks.

A gentleman who was at the seance, when the exposition was first predicted, testified to a Times-Herald reporter that all said was perfectly true, and that he knew of the approaching accident. A lady residing in the southern portion of the city also was present when the prediction was made and vouches for the fact.

It was also stated that another disaster of the same sort would take place in the near future, and that it would be far more serious. As to the locality in which it was to occur, no statement was made.—Times-Herald.

Life is a tender thing and easily molested. There is always something that goes amiss. Vain vexations; vain sometimes, but always vexations. The smallest and slightest impediments are the most piercing; and as letters most tire the eyes, so do little affairs most disturb us.—Montaigne.

The tender and human passion in the human heart is too precious a quality to allow it to be hardened or effaced by practices such as we often indulge in.



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N. S. A. Prosperity.

The N. S. A. official board has expected to witness a prosperous year, and is beginning to realize it.

The Gratitude Day prospects for contributions to the Mediums' Relief Fund have opened with early realizations. The first to respond was our esteemed brother, A. J. Davis, who knows how much mediums are apt to need our loving care. The first response upon the blue slip I sent forth came from Kansas, and it had a donation for each of the funds. That is a good plan, for each of these needs help. The General Fund is for immediate use in necessity, the Endowment Fund is to secure a perpetual income by its annual increment, and if sufficient accumulates to that fund the N. S. A. will be self-supporting, and the Mediums' Relief Fund is to support sick and indigent mediums who have worthily given their lives in a manner to merit our gratitude.

We are compelled to fight too often to receive legacies left our cause. The Goff will, entailing a goodly sum for the Michigan State Association, is being vigorously contested, and the N. S. A. is protecting the Spiritualists, interests there and elsewhere by a liberal use of funds necessary to gain our rights. Why not give to the cause now? That is the surest way.

About December 1st the first installment of Lyceum Lessons will be issued by the N. S. A. The first issue is to be sent free to all who will send for it, and other issues at only the cost of publication. Send in your application for copies.

Also file your address at this office for the receipt of all notices or other matter issued by the N. S. A.

Send here a list of your society officers, and all other Spiritualists in your community. You may call on us for essays on Spiritualism for distribution but send postage and any help you can to pay the printer. We are at your service. Let us co-operate and spread the good tidings for the spiritualization of the world.

I have faith in you.

Faternally,
GEORGE W. KATES, Secretary N. S. A.
600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington,
D. C.

A Pretty Big Discount.

"There was a children's hospital in New York which a society lady visited regularly, taking fruit and flowers to the little patients, and in a certain ward a boy was pointed out to her one day as a bad customer.

"Oh, he is incorrigible," sighed the nurse.

"Miss Society talked awhile with the little chap, and when she arose to go she said:

"See here, I have heard bad reports about you. Now, I want you to promise me to be good. If you are good for a whole week, I'll give you a dollar when I come again next Thursday."

"The boy promised to try to be good. This promise, though, he did not keep. On her next visit Miss Society, going to his cot, said:

"I shall not ask the nurses how you have behaved this last week. I want you to tell me yourself. Now, what do you think—do you deserve that dollar I promised you or not?"

"The boy regarded Miss Society with a troubled frown. Then he said in a low voice:

"Clumme a nickel!"—New York Tribune.

An Interesting Animal.

Higgins—My "vet" was greatly pleased with that horse you sold me. Wiggins—What pleased him about the animal? Higgins—Why, he discovered twelve new diseases he never suspected before.—Illustrated Bits.

TRUTH.

Truth is that principle which bears with it that indisputable evidence of demonstrated facts, which cannot be refuted. This appertains to all things. Truth is truth to every mortal being, but not recognizable to all with the same understanding.

Soul, mind and inspiration, love divine,
Truth, unto mortal's heart thy force entwine;
With kind and loving thoughts, fill all earth's space,
Blessing each brave soul of the human race.
Soul unto soul can inspiration send,
Then, mind to mind, with its keen truths shall blend.
Truth to weave mighty fabrics into life,
And with love divine, to conquer strife,
Truth, firm indeed, with all its conquering power,
Gives to each soul a lasting strength for dower.
Search for Truth's gems, with honest, high desire,
To crown life's high unfoldment still the higher.

N. H. EDDY.

Real Ghosts—Remarkable Stories.

Speaking on Thursday, November 7th, before the members and associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance at the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk street, W., Mr. George Spriggs, the, at one time, well known materializing medium and now the president of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, related some remarkable stories of his experiences in this country and Australia, all of which were, he said, well authenticated and could be easily verified by those who cared to look up the official records, duly signed by a number of competent eye-witnesses. He had had fifteen years' experience of Spiritualistic materializations, his work in this direction having been of a purely honorary character and free from all monetary considerations.

"At a seance held in Cardiff," said Mr. Spriggs, "one of their regularly attending spirit friends, of erect, soldierly bearing, who exceeded by some six inches the stature of the medium, appeared in a long white robe, which set off his tall figure to advantage. He quitted the room entirely and walked down stairs, returning in a few minutes with a dish of fruit, which he was kind enough to hand round as well as to partake thereof himself. His greatest effort, however, consisted of his quitting the house entirely, through the back door, and presently returning to the circle room, bearing in his arms bunches of a fuschia bush."

At the residence of Mr. Rees Lewis, in Cardiff, a "sitting" was held in the front room round the table, the latter being covered with a heavy cloth to make it dark underneath. There were amongst those present Father Butcher and the Rev. David Jones. The conditions were that none of the sitters were allowed to put their hands in their pockets or down at their sides after entering the room. All kept their hands on the top of the table. In about five minutes raps were heard and on looking under the table there were found small bunches of grapes, a branch from an apple tree and from a pear tree, bunches of wheat and barley, also peas. One of the reverend gentlemen exclaimed: "This is as near a miracle as possible."

"When it was remembered," said Mr. Spriggs, "that these things took place in the broad daylight, with the spirits talking familiarly to them nearly all the time, it did seem to show that with careful cultivation the time would be long drawn nigh when our ascended ones would manifest their welcome presence in our midst with ease and freedom."

Describing some of his experiences in Melbourne, he remarked that at one seance a spirit form, dressed in white gown and red girdle, drank half a tumbler of water and ate a biscuit. Weighing machines were used to ascertain the distinguishing features between the medium and the materialized spirit forms. "My clothes were taken off before the sitting commenced and weighed, and I also was weighed," said Mr. Spriggs. "The same procedure took place after the sitting, and I always found that as a result of the seance I had lost about three pounds in weight, which it took me three days to recover.

The first spirit form who stepped on the scales turned the beam at 100lbs., but subsided so rapidly in weight as to

prevent a successive record being taken. Indeed, failing to turn the scale at 80lbs., he hurriedly retreated. Returning again, his weight was registered at 104lbs., then 102lbs., and then under 100 lbs. The 20lbs. weight being then removed, he failed to turn the beam at 80lbs., losing at least 24lbs. in weight in about 30 seconds. Another spirit form weighed 139lbs. at first, and then subsided to 117lbs. Dr. Mueller, who was present, distinctly felt the pulsation of the forms, the medium being shown sitting on his chair immediately afterwards. Dr. Motherwell also found the beating of the heart to be quite natural.

One of the sitters, taking an unfair advantage, contrived to smear his hands with printers' ink before grasping that of the materialized form. When the medium was examined, however, the sceptic was grievously disappointed to find no traces whatever of the ink which he had impressed upon the hand of the form.

Dealing with clairvoyance, Mr. Spriggs related the case of Mr. Hoogklimmer, who disappeared rather suddenly. His wife brought an article he had worn to Mr. Spriggs, who clairvoyantly saw the missing man on board a vessel going to Europe. Months passed, however, and he was not heard of, and his clothes being found in the scrub at Frankston, it was assumed by his wife that he had been drowned, and a notice of his death was inserted in the papers; his furniture also being sold off. Being again consulted, however, this time with the missing man's waistcoat, Mr. Spriggs clairvoyantly described him as being "in a country where it was dark," meaning Europe. The wife persisted that this could not be, but that he was dead. Soon after this interview she received a letter from her husband's parents saying that if he was wanted he was there. He was in Holland.—H., in the Two Worlds.

Practical.

The great Marchesi, like other famous singers, was the recipient of valuable gifts from an admiring public. Many of these were of a perishable nature, and some were rich and rare. One only bore the character of absolute practicality. During a concert tour in Switzerland there was one concert in which the prima donna was especially brilliant. She sang a varied programme—a song from Handel, an Italian air, some German songs—and not only through the greatness but the diversity of her gifts roused the audience to a tremendous pitch of enthusiasm. Many persons crowded up to her when the concert was over, overwhelming her with the profusion of the flowers they brought. After the crowd had dispersed a bashful looking girl came up, holding a parcel in her hand.

"You delighted me so very much at your last concert," said she, "that today I should like to express my admiration for you in person. Flowers, however, fade. I therefore beg to offer you a lasting and practical souvenir which will keep me in your memory."

With these words she unwrapped a silver soup ladle, presented it and disappeared.

A good way to get on in the world is to make people think you are doing it.—New York Press.

THE PEANUT SECTION

It Takes In Portions of Virginia and North Carolina.

ENORMOUS CROPS IT GROWS.

Nineteen Counties in the Two States Produce an Average of Twelve Million Bushels a Year—The Way the Toothsome Goober Grows.

Suffolk, Va., is the greatest peanut shipping point in the world. More of the delicious goobers are raised in Nansemond county, of which Suffolk is the capital, than in any other county on earth.

If one takes the map and draws a pencil mark around nineteen counties in southeastern Virginia and northeastern North Carolina he will put a fence, so to speak, around the greatest peanut section of the world. Those counties are: In Virginia, Nansemond, Norfolk, Isle of Wight, Southampton, Sussex, Greenville and Prince George; in North Carolina, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Gates, Hertford, Chowan, Northampton, Halifax, Edgecombe, Martin, Pitt, Bertie and Washington.

This territory, which is within a radius of 150 miles from Norfolk, produces 3,000,000 bags of peanuts every year. Every bag contains four bushels, so that 12,000,000 bushels is the average annual production. The shipping centers of this belt are Suffolk, Norfolk, Petersburg and Smithfield, all in Virginia. Some peanuts are raised in Tennessee and California, but the crop of those states is a bagatelle as compared with the production of the Virginia-North Carolina territory.

The shelled peanuts are planted about the middle of May by means of a drill, similar to a corn drill, which drops one or two kernels in a place, about twelve inches apart. The soil that raises the best peanuts is light, sandy loam. It need not be rich. In fact, a great deal of Virginia land that was considered in the antebellum days too poor to raise anything on is now producing great quantities of peanuts.

Very little cultivation is required. Peanut lands are usually plowed only once or twice when the plants are small to choke out the grass.

The digging time is October, when the peanut leaves turn yellow. A plow is run under the peanut vines and throws up the goobers after the fashion of digging potatoes in the north. Poles seven or eight feet tall are stuck into the ground, and the vines are shackled around them, with the peanuts next to the pole, so that the leaves and vines form a protection from the weather. If the weather be bright and cloudless while the peanuts are curing, so much the better. If rain sets in, the hulls become blackened and mildewed, which lessens the value of the crop.

Formerly all peanuts raised were picked from the vines by hand. Now machines similar to thrashers separate fully 75 per cent of the peanuts from the vines. No machine has been invented, however, that will do this work perfectly. The tendency of machines is to crack the hulls, and peanuts with cracked hulls are likely to spoil.

When the peanuts are separated from the vines the farmer sacks them and hauls them to a factory, and his work ends there. Delivered at these so-called "factories" his nuts bring 3 to 5 cents a pound (each bushel containing twenty-two pounds) for the best grades and 1 1/2 cents to 4 cents a pound for lower grades. The nuts still have on a generous coat of dirt.

At the "factory" they are dumped first into a drum where the dirt is removed and a powder is mixed with them to brighten and polish them. At the same time two fans separate the light and shriveled nuts from the perfect ones. The nuts are then dumped on slowly revolving tables, where negro women and girls continue the process of separating the good from the bad.

When the nuts are cleaned and separated they are carefully sacked and graded according to quality and are then sold at 4 1/2 to 6 1/2 cents a pound to jobbers all over the country. From the jobbers they find their way to street vendors, candy manufacturers and factories that make peanut butter and salted peanuts.—Exchange.

In Nameless Graves.

Not far from Hamburg, on the island of Westerland, is a small graveyard to which pathetic interest attaches. Here the bodies of those washed up by the sea—bodies unrecognized and unclaimed—are buried. The cemetery was dedicated to this use in 1855, and from then up to now over sixty nameless ones have found their rest. In 1888 a stone was raised bearing the dedication "The Home of the Homeless," and each little mound is further marked by a simple black cross.

Insincerity in a man's own heart must make all his enjoyments, all that concerns him, unreal, so that his whole life must seem like a merely dramatic representation.—Hawthorne.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The best tea sells in China for less than 10 cents a pound.

The average duration of the reign of English monarchs for the last 600 years has been twenty-one years.

The bicycle craze has at last reached the Mexican city of Vera Cruz. There is also a motor cycle in town.

Miss Beeks, who has inspected the housing conditions on the canal zone, says bedbugs, cockroaches, fleas and rats are everywhere.

The citizens of Wellington, O., were shocked the other day when they discovered that there was no Bible in their public library.

Vanilla grows well in Panama, but great difficulty is experienced in curing the beans owing to the extreme dampness of the climate.

Claims have been filed in the Canadian province of Alberta for 12,000 acres of what is said to be the best coal land in the northwest.

Several razors were dulled in a fight between New York negroes as to the relative magnitude of the two great figures in modern history, Joseph Gans and Professor Booker T. Washington.

Mrs. Anna Brooks in applying for a divorce at Denver said one of the amusements of her husband was to peep the pictures of her ancestors on the walls with her homemade biscuits.

Extensive beds of lobsters are to be planted soon in the waters of British Columbia, and it is expected that in four or five years the lobster taking industry will be established on a large scale.

Cocoa importations into the United States are now averaging more than \$1,000,000 a month against \$250,000 per month a decade ago. Meantime importations of both tea and coffee show a decline.

The citizens of California are anxious to have Admiral Dewey come to San Francisco as the city's guest when the fleet of battleships is there next spring so as to add to the importance of the occasion.

About eighty tons of woolen rags are collected annually at Smyrna and shipped chiefly to England and France. They are sorted in Smyrna by women, who get 23 to 30 cents a day, working from dawn to sunset.

There is at present not a person in Bolton, Conn., depending upon the town for aid, and for the past six months there has not been a pauper in Bolton. The population of the town is about 600, and the tax rate is 18 mills.

The salaries of presidents of banks, even those in the largest cities, are, as a rule, very much less than the salaries of railroad presidents. James Stillman, president of the National City bank of New York, gets only \$25,000 a year.

The Japanese government has sent a man to Switzerland to study hotel keeping. He's now a waiter in a hotel at Gryon, canton of Vaud. When he completes his studies he's to open a training school for hotel servants in Tokyo.

At Rio Janeiro an expert Chilean marksman attempting to shoot an apple from the head of a man missed his mark and killed the apple bearer outright. The "marksman" only just escaped lynching at the hands of the circus crowd.

A Boston tailor has made a hit with a large number of customers by inserting a secret pocket in the coats of married men who trade with him. As he broadly advertises the new trick, it is for the purpose of enabling married men to hide their change from their curious wives. Already he is hiring more help.

The Greenwich observatory will have to be moved. From year to year the magnetic observations made there have become less reliable because of the increasing traffic, and the impending establishment of large electric works in the immediate neighborhood will make it necessary to make the nautical calculations elsewhere.

In the Kreisblatt, a newspaper published at Hoechst, near Wiesbaden, Germany, there recently appeared the following advertisement: "Can any one favor me with the names of the balloonists who when passing over the village of Ried last Thursday evening dropped a bag of ballast down my chimney and completely ruined a fruit tart which I was cooking? Julia Schmidt, 14 Britzelgrasse, Ried."

Dr. Koch, the celebrated German scientist, who has been over eighteen months in central Africa studying sleeping sickness, has achieved such widespread fame that the tribesmen regard him as a wizard. In one large village near Lake Victoria, where Dr. Koch, with his assistants, went, the chief erected commodious huts, treated the white visitors as deities and even paid reverence to the instruments.

Much Impressed.

Professor of Natural History (at the zoo)—In the animal creation some of the works of nature fill us with awe and admiration for their stupendous size and weight and the colossal proportions on which they are modeled. Here, for instance, is the hippopotamus—Giggly Puppi—Ain't he cute?

LILY DALE NEWS.

Miss Abby Olmstead left last week for Erie, Pa.

W. Blending spent a day in Jamestown last week.

Mrs. I. G. Turner visited friends in Dunkirk recently.

Dr. James Watson and family were recent guests at the Hyde cottage.

Grayson Green has added a new kitchen and wood-room to his house.

Mrs. Nettie Nutting and son, Harold, are spending a few days at the Dale.

Mrs. Agnes Bennett of Falconer was a recent guest of her father, Otis Maxham.

Miss Agnes Fisher of Cassadaga was a recent guest for a week of Dr. and Mrs. Hyde.

Miss E. Keenan closed her cottage the 18th inst. for the winter and left here for Buffalo.

Tommy Burke and Miss Lula Dayton of Fredonia are guests for a week of Mrs. May Burke.

Mrs. M. R. Rouse of Titusville is spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Henderson.

Mrs. L. C. Hutchinson returned last week from a visit of several weeks among friends in Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Markham and son, of Portland, N. Y., have been guests at the home of John Horton.

Mrs. Lu. Eustaphie spent a few days of last week at Sinclairville, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Watson.

B. F. Hastings spent a couple of weeks at Dunkirk, but returned the 18th, and is stopping at C. M. Carroll's.

Miss May Huntington has returned from Randolph. She expects to spend the winter with Dr. Henderson's family.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Winchester spent a few days here last week, looking after the water mains of the grounds.

Harry Griswold, who smashed his finger some time ago, has so improved that he has returned to his work in Fredonia.

A number of our citizens met at Mrs. Mary Todd's Wednesday evening, to organize a progressive whist club for the winter.

The former sick ones in this vicinity are all well or recovering. J. C. Shults was taken very ill the 19th, but is much better.

Mrs. Maude Smith and family are preparing to move for the winter to Cassadaga, where they have secured employment.

The dance in Library Hall Saturday evening was a success and all reported a good time. Smith's orchestra furnished music.

The Sunflower correspondent being out of town last week, accounts for the fact that no items appeared in the last issue of this paper.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harper of Simcoe, Ont., spent several days here recently at the home of their sister, Mrs. I. R. Raymond.

Mrs. Mildred Sciple of Pittsburg came the 21st for a course of treatments with Dr. Hyde. She is the guest of Mrs. Ella Greenland.

Miss Drusilla Knox of Dunkirk, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Champlin of Fredonia and Mrs. M. Donovan and daughter, Carrie, were Sunday visitors here.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Turner, who were appointed to take charge of the winter dances here, held the first one of the series Saturday, November 18th.

Our district school teacher, Miss Mildred Fox, is preparing to give her pupils a Thanksgiving treat, though the plan of entertainment is not yet fully decided upon.

Our summer librarian, Miss Lucy Green, left the 18th, for her home in Grand Rapids, Mich. She is engaged as librarian for the coming summer. L. C. Hutchinson has charge of the library until her return.

Mrs. Waterhouse and son, of Fredonia, visited the Dale the 20th inst. Young Waterhouse says he, with two other friends, accompanied pedestrian Weston to Erie from Fredonia, making the distance, 48 miles, in 12 hours.

Miss Helen E. Smith, our Assembly pianist, is to spend the winter in Warren, Pa., for the purpose of studying the noted Polish system of piano playing, conceived by the world-famed Leschetizki, of whose system Paderewski, who plays in Buffalo November 28th, is the most brilliant living exponent.

Mrs. Julia Hyde returned the 16th inst. from a business trip of several

days in Warren, Pa. She reports the new Universal language, Esperanto, invented by Dr. I. Zamenhof of Warsaw, as eliciting very lively interest in the public schools and library circles of that city. At the first meeting held to introduce the language over eighty teachers were present.

Catholic Idea of Church Sociability.

The visits of "Miss Smith," the "plain young woman" employed by the Ladies' Home Journal (Philadelphia) to the Protestant churches of the East and West, to gauge the degree and genuineness of the welcome offered by them, has led The Catholic Monitor (Newark) to analyze the "social" qualities of Protestant churches. The writer notes the fact that only non-Catholic churches were visited; implying, he thinks, the distinction "that the Protestant church is a club, but the Catholic church is the house of God." The Catholic, he asserts, on going to church, "expects no human welcome; his welcome comes from the depths of the tabernacle." The writer adds:

"He cares not whether his fellow worshippers greet him or whether courtesies are extended to him. He goes to his church because he has a right and because it is his duty. Bound together by a common belief, afire with the same love, urgent on the same purpose, all the worshippers are brethren—brethren whether in the jungles of Africa or in the stately edifice in the crowded city. There are no strangers."

The view of the Protestant church which the Catholic writer here presents is deduced from the spirit and effect of the recent articles that have attracted wide-spread notice:

"It must be evident by this time to observant men that the Protestant churches have degenerated into mere social clubs. They have no other binding tie and seemingly have no other ulterior end than the social features. There is no longer required any unity of doctrine among the members of the Protestant church; in fact, doctrine is rather considered the badge of narrowness and illiberalism. Pulpit and pew are without any positive doctrine or the need of it. Modern Protestantism has lost all appreciation of doctrine and the sweet tyranny of truth. The Methodist minister exchanges pulpits with the Baptist, and he in turn with the Presbyterian, with delightful inconsistency as though the doctrines in their official standards of faith did not differ an iota from one another. The teachings of the ministers within the same sect differ widely. Each has his own doctrine-plant. Each preaches his own opinions, ventilates his own views. Sensationalism, and not doctrine, dominates the Protestant pulpit. The minister preaches what pleases his people and fills the pews on Sunday morning. He ignores any such duty as measuring his utterances by the standard of his church's confession of faith.

"The confusion of the pulpit is reflected in the pews. Each member sets up his own standard of belief, if he does not ignore all positive doctrine. He goes to the church service to be entertained or amused. His mental attitude is not that of a man of faith, seeking the doctrine of his church. He compares the opinions of his minister with his own opinions and is pleased accordingly. To keep alive his interest, he, with his fellow members, demands an able minister, an eloquent minister, a sensational minister. They pay their money to the club and they desire in return an up-to-date service. Outside of this, they see no reason to attend the church, unless perhaps to satisfy an exacting wife and soothe her religious nerves.

"Doctrine gone, preaching satisfactory, the minister must develop the social side of his make-up. In this, a rich wife is a useful accessory. For a short time, an unmarried minister is at an advantage in his parish, till curiosity deepens and darkens into gossip. Constant intercourse among the church-members develops friendship among them. Acquaintance ripens into family ties. Sitting under the same teacher, similarity of view is likely to follow; similar opinions may lead to similar interests. By degrees, the unit of fellowship has built up a successful club. Divergent members fall away or follow the path of least resistance into more congenial atmosphere. And thus finally compact social organization is developed—a Siamese twin type. This is the modern Protestant church in the United States."

Each attendant that presents herself at the church door on a Sunday morning or evening is looked upon as a possible applicant for membership in the club, the writer continues; and

acquaintance must disclose the desirability of the applicant. Further:

"Therefore, any stranger who appears, is taken in charge. The better dressed she is, the more refined, the more welcome. The glad hand is extended to her; polite ushers lead her to a prominent pew; a new hymn-book is provided; her attention to the sermon is duly noted and the quality of her voice. After service, the responsiveness to the churchly courtesies draws a group of women members around her; they compare notes with her, till the minister appears and is introduced. She is invited to return the following Sunday. And all the ladies await her the next Sabbath—if she has come in a coach. Gradually a new member is annexed to the club, to become part and parcel of its working force. Possibly, the stranger is neglected at the church door. Her mien or her habit is not attractive. Mayhap the neglect is the veriest oversight. But her feelings are wounded. There is an undercurrent of bitterness as the result, for, let it be confessed, the newcomer's notion is somehow or other not that of a church, but of a club. And so the sad comedy goes on from Sunday to Sunday—the tragi-comedy of modern Protestantism."—Literary Digest.

MEDIUMS' AND SPEAKERS' DIRECTORY

Mediums and speakers frequently lose engagements because people do not know where to find them. To avoid this have your name and address listed in this directory, under the proper heading. Speakers and public mediums who subscribe for or advertise in the Sunflower by the year, can, upon application, have their names and addresses placed in this column under one heading free of charge. If more than one heading is desired, \$1.00 per year for each heading. Those marked with a star will attend funerals.

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*Mary E. Clark, 351 So. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Fred B. Niles, 28 Gay St., Marlboro, Mass.
Mrs. Tyler Miller, 424 L. Ave., Columbus, O.
Mrs. Elise Stumpf, Lake Helen, Fla.
Harriet H. Danforth, Lily Dale, N. Y.
Charles Harding, 632 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.
Mrs. B. W. Belcher, 293 Pleasant St., Marlboro, Mass.
C. Walter Lynn, 734 8th St., Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. O. W. Grant, 135 Prospect Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. Edith McCrossman, 262 East First Ave., Columbus, O.
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Demarest, Lily Dale, N. Y.
Eva Schwartz, 214 East 25th St., 3d Avenue, New York City.
Prof. C. Otis Johnson, 388 Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. J. S. Steele, 3942 Penn. avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEALERS.

Dr. C. D. King, Onset, Mass.
Mrs. E. E. Ellwanger, 2241 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Mattie Rector, 140 Hicks St., Utica, N. Y.
Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, 230 North 6th St., San Jose, Cal.
Mrs. A. A. Cawcroft, 333 East 2nd, Jamestown, N. Y.
Vincel Drahos, Jim Block, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

LECTURERS.

*Charles S. Hulbert, 54 Morgan St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. Jennie Martin, 49 Dudley Place, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mrs. F. E. Ellwanger, 2241 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. M. E. Williams, 201 Richmond, S. I., N. Y.
Mrs. S. Harris, 165½ North High St., Columbus, O.
Rev. Dr. J. B. Geddes, 103 Lafayette St., Jersey City, N. J.
Mattie E. Hull, Whitewater, Wis.
Mary C. Ward, Kingsville, O.
G. W. Kates and wife, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E. Washington, D. C.
Mary M. Jennings, Moravia, N. Y.
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Mr. and Mrs. A. Normann, Lily Dale, N. Y.

SLATE WRITING.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Normann, Lily Dale, N. Y.

ASTROLOGERS.

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THE PREY OF DREAMS

Persons Often Obsessed by Hallucinations and Nightmares.

QUEER DREAMLAND DRAMAS.

Visions In Sleep That Have Driven Their Victims to Madness—Odd Cases Culled From the Notebook of a Specialist In Mental Diseases.

"Dreams, dreams, dreams!" began the specialist in mental diseases gloomily. "Dreams have sent me many a melancholy patient."

"I was early impressed with the analogies presented by dreams to insanity, but some years ago I remember this impression was strengthened by an incident which I can never forget. A young man consulted me about a trifling mental ailment. I dealt with his case in the ordinary way, and I was pleased to notice he quickly improved. Some weeks after I had told him he was quite recovered, however, he returned, looking an awful wreck, and, fighting hard to keep the tears back, he begged me to help him. He had become a victim of nightmare."

"Here you are," he whispered nervously, pressing a sheet of paper into my hand. "Here you are. Some of the things I see."

"Sketched on the slip were skeletons, crossbones, a gallows and a coffin."

"And you really see these things?" I inquired carelessly.

"See them?" he replied. "See them? Why, I feel them! Feel them! Feel the rope! Smell the coffin!"

"And the poor fellow clutched at his throat in real agony."

"I did my best for him, but he became worse. The last time he called upon me he whispered in my ear that he had been duping me; that he was the man wanted for the B. murder. Just as I feared, nightmare had shattered his reason."

"He went away, and I never saw him again. The murder of B. was explained, but it was not my former patient's name I read in the accounts of the execution. I have every reason for believing that he ended his nightmare in suicide."

"Such are the instances that stud the mental physician's book of dreams. One of my earliest patients was a young man who labored under the delusion, the result of a repeated dream, that he had suddenly come into a large fortune."

"I am not surprised, doctor," he said. "I am not surprised. I am destined to fill important positions, and very naturally the Providence which demands that I serve the state has come to my aid with the means I shall find necessary."

"Then to my astonishment, he informed me that in order to give the proper touch of dignity to his exalted state he had ordered a number of motor cars and horses and carriages and was negotiating for the purchase of a large residence, which a leading firm of house furnishers was to fit out in lavish style."

"I must do these things, you know," he added. "I must."

"Having uttered these words, I recall, he drifted to other subjects and conversed as rationally as any one."

"It was a case in which I took a special interest. The young man had a good face. He was a favorite, I found, with his employers, and when he expressed regret at having to leave them consequent upon his imaginary good fortune his look of sorrow was something to remember. I told his employers so and discovered that the regard was mutual. They closed their eyes to his strange fancies, accepted his notice in gloomy silence, afterward complimenting him on his good luck, predicted for him a great future, and—I was doing my best."

"In the end, I am glad to say, I was successful. I found that the young man had actually given out the orders enumerated to me, but these I easily countermanded. The dreaming and the delusion ended when I induced my patient to go to reside in another district. "He never referred to his visionary fortune again. It passed away from him like the phantom that it was and was forgotten. Indeed, very likely were you to speak of it now he would laugh in his natural quick, business-like way and sarcastically request you to explain the lamentable condition of your mind to the person he does not remember—myself."

"I had scarcely finished with this case, strangely enough, when another of dreamland's dramas came before my notice. Late one night it was and the end of an exceptionally busy day. There was a violent ringing at my bell, and a moment later a man burst excitedly into my room and begged me to accompany him to his home."

"Strangest thing in the world!" he jerked. "My wife it is. First she is covering the baby with kisses; next she is wanting to kill it. Woke up with a scream and wanted to put the infant out of its misery, and it wasn't in misery at all!"

"I smiled and accompanied the man to his home. It was not an extraordinary thing for an insane woman to do, and this I remarked to the husband, who at once replied:

"But she is sane as you or I."
"And I smiled again. This horror of insanity in one's family is with us always. The man was, however, partly right; his wife was simply another victim of nightmare. The previous evening she had visited the local theater, and, being very much impressed with the melodrama she had seen there, it had affected her sleep."

"She dreamed that her baby was being cruelly tortured and that she could hear it screaming. Waking up, with a shriek, she rushed to the little cot where the sleeping infant lay, and had her husband not caught her in time nightmare would have been responsible for another tragedy."

"And I have a most vivid recollection, too, of a still more extraordinary instance which came before me in a northern city many years ago. A sergeant of police while going his rounds heard a female voice exclaim: 'Oh, my children! Save my children!' He proceeded at once to the house whence the cries came and eventually found the room and gained an entrance to it."

"Where is it?" the woman cried.

"Where is what?" asked the sergeant.

"Then, with an agonized 'Oh!' she threw her arms into the air and fell down unconscious. 'It' was her baby, and she had thrown it through the window."

"The woman, who ordinarily was quite sane, had been dreaming that the house was on fire. So vivid was the vision that when she awoke she thought she could smell the burning wood and hear the crackling of the flames. Hastily raising the bedroom window, she seized her youngest child, and, calling out to the imaginary crowd below to catch it, she threw it down to the street."

"Not the least remarkable circumstance in this case was the strange statement made by the police court magistrate during the subsequent investigation. He said he considered that it would be a most dangerous doctrine to lay down that because a person was dreaming while committing an offense he or she was not responsible for the act."

"At the subsequent trial, however, the judge viewed the matter more mercifully. If the prisoner, he said, really did this with the idea that it was the best means of insuring the safety of her child, the jury would be justified in concluding she was not guilty. And the jury very properly declined to convict."

"A frequent delusion, particularly among women and girls, is that they are possessed by devils or witches, and invariably the delusion comes of dreaming."—Baltimore Sun.

DREAM SENSATIONS.

Causes of Some of the Feelings We Experience In Sleep.

Some of our common dreams seem to be directly traceable. Slipping down of the blankets is followed by dreams of arctic relief expeditions or falling into snowdrifts. A gas distended stomach, pushing up the diaphragm and compressing the lungs, produces dreams of "something sitting on your chest" or dramatic struggles against other forms of suffocation.

The common single dream, that of falling, falling, falling, from a great height, to wake with a gasp of relief just as you are about to strike and be dashed to pieces, is probably due to the general muscular relaxation and falling of the head, arms and limbs which accompanies settling down to sleep. Careful studies have shown that it almost invariably occurs during the first forty-five seconds of sleep. A slip, a change of position of a sixteenth of an inch, is enough to suggest the idea of falling to the brain. It "does the rest" and provides out of its swarming storehouse of images the precipices, flights of stairs, giddy mastheads and other scenic effects. If the impression is not vivid enough to wake you, you "strike bottom" with a delicious sensation of restful warmth and repose just such as your tired body is getting from its "downy couch."

The next common dream, which we have all had scores of times and which, as Dickens quaintly said, he was sure even Queen Victoria, with all her royal wardrobes full of clothes, must have also had, that of suddenly finding yourself in public half dressed, seems almost equally traceable.

The dream, and we can all recall its mortifying vividness, is usually associated with insufficient or displaced bedclothes. This gives our drowsy brain cortex the idea that we haven't sufficient clothes on. Our arms and shoulders being completely covered by the close fitting upper half of the nightgown, the impression of unprotectedness comes most vividly from our uncased lower limbs. Our well-trained modesty takes furious fright, and hinc illae lacrymae (hence these tears). — Dr. Woods Hutchinson in American Magazine.

NEW WORLD DISCOVERED

Home Circle Established—Messages from Friends in the Other Sphere.

About a year and six months ago I determined to investigate along psychic lines, and that fraud might be eliminated, the home circle was established, wherein I have discovered a new world which has so filled my soul with harmony and love that I am willing to risk criticism and proclaim some of the sayings of incarnate loved ones who controlled in unconscious and semi-conscious trance two ladies. Some have spoken in independent voice, while some communications were received by telepathy and some by automatic writing.

Several proved their identity by what was said, or by appearing on a photograph as agreed, while some were recognized by clairvoyants. An alleged Frenchman has written in French, an Egyptian has spoken in an unknown tongue, while an alleged priest has spoken in Latin. They do not claim to be infallible, but they are in a position to know more about heaven than people who have never been there. Their mental powers are so developed that they discover truth sooner than mortals, and what they say should receive careful consideration.

Every religious system claims to be on the rock of eternal truth, while others are heathen, or in the quicksand of error. No man should be censured for believing anything true, when he has been so taught from childhood, and no mortal knows all truth. Men cannot think alike, but each can aspire to higher spiritual development and love. All are brothers, influenced and protected by God's angels, though many are unconscious of it. They say every trial is for our good and the desire to impress humanity to live the life, unshackle the mind, and step forward onto the car of eternal progress, which is life's real purpose, on which is inscribed in golden letters, "Mental Freedom."

Proper magnetism with perfect harmony and peace appears to be required for the best manifestation, while on the spirit side a band must be formed with sufficient power to protect a sensitive from undesirable influence. Each band has a leader. One purported to have been a French Dr. La Blank, who passed from the body about seventy years ago. He often says: "God bless you all." He informed me that I have his spirit picture. The other leader purports to have been an English farmer who left the earth plane about one hundred years ago at the age of 58 years. Dr. La-Blank informed us what spiritual gifts we could develop, and to corroborate his opinion he called an ancient Egyptian from the higher spheres, who fully agreed with him.

Telepathy is an established fact, and I have succeeded in calling a number of spirits who said they felt my thought and came instantly, though many miles away.

About seventy-five spirits have spoken to us, and after each meeting I wrote from memory what was said, some of which, is as follows:

"Some spirits wander in darkness a long time, and many desire to see God and we have to inform them that we have never seen a spirit who has seen him, though we can feel his love. You have no idea of the magnitude of our work, and need of intelligent teachers. In time more truth will be taught the dear children on earth, then so much will not have to be unlearned."

"In evolution the church has done good fighting evil and tending to morality. As its foundation was largely borrowed from other religions that were evolved from the fertile imagination of an ancient ignorant people, it is built on false premises and must change or decline as people gradually outgrow it. Many doctrines are no longer proclaimed from the pulpit. The story of the fall of man, three equal Gods in the God-head, blood atonement, the immaculate conception, physical resurrection, and miracles of Christ, together with a future general judgment, and a devil, will soon be outgrown."

You reap what you sow. Every thought and act is pictured in the ether and forms your spirit's home. None are wholly good and none wholly bad. There are many degrees of happiness and remorse here as well as on earth. You bring what you carry within your own soul, heaven and hell are conditions more than locations. So-called death never came to man as a curse. It may be a beautiful progression with love, memory and comprehension of the glories of the universe greatly increased.

We are busy helping others, and the

greater the degree of helpfulness the more we help ourselves.

"We have repentance and growth in knowledge and character and your prayers and good thoughts help us. We can read your writing, your thoughts, and like an X-ray, penetrate your bodies and diagnose diseases. For nervous diseases no treatment is equal to spiritual magnetism."

Was Christ the son of God?

"The great universal love called God, in ages past sent spiritual men as reformers to raise humanity to higher planes. Christ was one who taught love and brotherhood. He made mistakes like any other mortal. As the origin of life is spirit, you are sparks of Divinity, or of spirit with different degrees of development. There are no common people."

What constitutes a successful earth life?

"Have good thoughts, be cheerful, dry tears, practice the golden rule, add knowledge, develop the God within and with peace, love and harmony in your soul you will inspire others to higher attainment, so that in time greed, fraud and injustice will get off the earth, as light dispels darkness."

"It is not necessary that any particular organization or cult grows, as truth is coming through many channels."

"Tell my wife not to grieve so, for I can not rest until she overcomes it."

One caused the medium to kneel and ask forgiveness of a lady present whom the spirit had wronged. Another did not know that a lady friend had passed to spirit life until I informed her, and at the next meeting she brought the friend, who proved her identity by calling attention to conversation we had years ago. A bride who had passed from the body four days previous came and said: "Why don't my people speak to me? They will not notice me. Where am I?" A spirit took charge of the dear one to instruct her.

A teacher who knew a lady present came and said: "If I had known the truth, how much more I could have made of my life! Pray for me." Later she came and thanked us for help given and she was recognized by a clairvoyant and pupil. William McKinley was recognized and said: "Never be afraid to face any man with truth; that will finally prevail. This spot of harmony is a light for angels. God bless you. If you need help think of me and I will come."

At another meeting George Washington was recognized and I remarked that I felt honored by his presence, when he replied: "You need not feel that way, because we are weighed here for just what we are worth in character. In time of peace prepare for war." Did you know anything about spirit communion when on earth? "I had a band of spirits to help me, but I did not know it until I came to this side."

Thomas Paine said: "In my time it meant something to proclaim truth when discovered." Did you write the Declaration of Independence? "I helped. That was the product of many minds."

One spirit went to Tioga Co., N. Y., and reported the condition of my brother there in about one minute, and when I asked how he found him, he said that spirits directed him. Possibly in time the world will not be so much disturbed if telegraphers do strike.

A spirit who was a hard drinker said he was progressing nicely helping the boys, and he brought an old chum who did not know it was possible to talk with people on earth.

My father said: "William, isn't this wonderful! wonderful! and I never knew it was possible. It isn't water that saves (he believed in immersion), it is the life you live. You have my spirit picture and your brother Marvin's."

Robert G. Ingersoll said: "My mistake was in stopping at the grave."

Another said: "I was a preacher named Stevens, and regret much that I proclaimed and honestly believed to be true. Changes are coming slowly within the churches. The Crapsey trial was a good thing to awaken thought."

An Egyptian said he was in the third sphere of the seventh realm and could speak all languages. Another said: "Trouble with Japan is pictured in the atmosphere, but may be avoided. I can see pictures of probable accidents and sometimes give warning."

"Every natural object is reproduced in the ether in finer substance."

"By the power of thought we are clothed, and our buildings are constructed by that power."

How do you control a medium?

"We have to learn and sometimes search a long time before the proper conditions are found. Then our spirit leaves our spiritual body and makes use of the vocal organs of the medium."

What becomes of the medium's spirit?

"That leaves the body, but the silver cord is not broken or death would result."

"We condense magnetism and from the chemical elements of the atmosphere can build the body. Your loved ones will be able to shake your hand and talk direct to you. You must, however, be patient, sit passive and think of peace and harmony."

"New magnetism retards our work now, but later you can admit people free of charge."

The English farmer dismissed by benediction or by singing "Blest be the tie that binds."—William H. Andrew, in Journal of Man.

SEEKER AFTER THE MARVELLOUS.

In a striking preface to his remarkable volume of short stories, entitled *Le Chercheur de Merveilleux*, which, having attracted considerable attention in France is already in a fifth edition and is being translated for an English publishing house, Monsieur Jean Joseph Renaud declares himself a convinced occultist, and bears testimony to several personal hyperphysical experiences. He gives an instance of how a girl saw in a crystal the murder of her brother, a French officer, by the Pavillons Noirs (the Tongkingese rebels) two months before the news of this occurrence reached Paris. He admits having found himself in communication with the spirits of murdered persons when, as a journalist, he has lingered on the scene of the murders, and holds it true that the astral body of a murdered person remains for some considerable time in the neighborhood of the place of the crime which set it free. He has had actual and inexplicable experiences in haunted houses, and relates how once a friend and himself came upon a ruined chapel in an old park in Poitou, and one night heard High Mass being sung behind the tottering walls. He says: We could see the lights of celebration, and we could hear the chants, and we could distinguish the voices of men and women, and children, the harmonium, and the Latin words. Then, when they tried to peep through the windows into the chapel, everything vanished. The experience repeated itself frequently.

Monsieur Renaud's belief in the occurrence of supernatural manifestations is peculiarly interesting, because there are perhaps few men, especially in France, who lead the physical life more fully than he does, who are more active, or who enjoy more vigorous health of nerve and muscle. His name may, perhaps, be familiar to some readers as the champion gentleman fencer of France, who, at the International Tournament held in Monte Carlo in the spring of this year, defeated all comers and carried off the Grand Prize. Monsieur Renaud is also a skilled boxer, a wrestler, an adept in jiu-jitsu, a noted athlete, a man of keen brain, quick eye and iron nerves and muscles. It would be impossible to conceive in him any of those morbid psychological conditions in which the ignorant profess to find an explanation of the witnessing of certain psychical phenomena by persons whose absolute good faith and credibility cannot be impugned.

It is a noteworthy fact that Monsieur Renaud's book has been eagerly read in Paris. It seems to have provided the Parisians, who are ever hungering after the aliquid novi in sensations, with novel emotions of fear. On his title-page the author quotes from Poe's *Eros and Charmion*: "He oppressed us by the terrible novelty of the emotion," and it seems to have been his aim to produce upon his readers exactly that impression. He does not attempt to explain the occurrence which he relates. In *Le Violon de l'Enlize* we are told of the sounds of fiddling which assail the ear of a belated wanderer over the Mont St. Michel sands, said to proceed from the violin of a strolling player who was engulfed in the quicksands, and which portend death to the person who hears them.

In *L'Hallucinee* there is the very poignant confession of a patient under hypnotic influence who relates the events which drove her mad. This woman's husband was murdered one night, while he was away from home. His wife heard him call her just at the time of his death-struggle and saw him appear, wounded and bleeding, in the quiet parlor in which she was sitting with her parents, who noticed nothing. It transpired that the unfortunate young man had called his wife 'Jeanne' several times after he had been shot, and here we have a repetition of that famous incident in *Jane Eyre*, which Charlotte Bronte described because, as she said, "it was true"—the scene where Jane hears Rochester calling her. Afterwards the Jeanne of Monsieur Renaud's story writes with planchette in her husband's handwriting and later on sees him appear to her every evening in the

looking glass. In *Fatima* we have a study of 'exteriorization'—the exteriorization of a malicious woman, who delights in 'homicide. In *Epouvantes* the unreasoning nature of fear is well described and analyzed.

It is not surprising that Monsieur Renaud's book has achieved much popularity in France, for the French have long realized, what in many quarters in bigoted England is still denied, the reality of psychical phenomena and the existence of a spirit world which envelops our physical life.—Irene Osgood, in *Light*.

A Haunted House in Norwich.

During the last twelve months or so, the inhabitants of a house in Norwich, Eng., have been greatly disturbed by the hearing of strange noises, mostly taking place in the dining room and an adjoining cupboard, where at times it seemed that a terrible struggle was going on with the unseen, which generally ended with groanings and gasping for breath, as though someone was being choked to death. At other times the noises resembled that of a body being dragged down stairs.

These noises were at times so violent that no one could sleep at night, and no tenant would stay in the house for long.

The last tenant frequently saw what seemed to be a large ball of lighted mist covering a picture on the wall, not simply a lighted space, but bulky and heavy looking, as though you could take it in your hands.

Some members of the Norwich Spiritualists' Union heard of this phenomena and obtained permission to hold seances in the haunted house. Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, was chosen for the occasion. About a dozen members of the Union and five or six interested friends (including a Norwich minister) attended to offer services and their prayers for the help of the poor earth-bound spirit. Very good conditions prevailed, and scarcely had the first hymn been sung before the lady medium (who had so kindly offered herself for the rescue work) was under control, and by the struggling at her throat and other signs, it was evident that we were already in touch with the one we had come to help.

We had with us a most excellent clairvoyant, who described the control, and persuaded him to speak to us and unburden his mind. After great effort he (the control) told us that about eighteen months since he had committed suicide in this house by hanging himself, and that he could not free himself from the place and the horrible conditions surrounding him. He was in a most unhappy state, and had suffered bitter remorse for his horrible deed and for how badly he had treated his mother. At this point he completely broke down, and begged us to pray for him. Prayer was then offered on his behalf by the minister present, and the clairvoyant did her utmost to calm him, pleading with him to make the effort to leave the medium and go with a most beautiful spirit who was standing there with hand outstretched to help him.

The poor miserable spirit knelt and prayed to God to forgive him, saying how penitent he was. Whilst in this position the medium was taken possession of by a fresh control, who told us that the one we had come to rescue had gone on with others better than himself, to make, he hoped, progress, and to undo some of his wretched past misdoings. This control exhorted us to go on with the great and glorious work for God, saying that this had been one of the best-spent evenings of our lives. He then asked that a hymn should be sung, and for us to bring the medium round quickly.

Needless to say we left the house greatly pleased and encouraged, most of us longing to be used again for so grand a purpose.—*The Two Worlds*.

Antiquity is infallible, and cannot err. Its antiquity is the indubitable proof of the soundness of an opinion, of a custom, or a ceremony. It is highly important to repulse and discourage all attempts at innovation. The clergy must never relinquish whatever they have hitherto practiced.—Voltaire.

It is easy enough to be pleasant, When life flows along like a song. But the man worth while is the man who will smile

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W. H. BACH SEES BIG THINGS

Interesting Letter from Former Proprietor of Sunflower---Some Big Fish Stories

Seattle, Wash., November 6, 1907. I thought I would write a description of my trip as soon as I got time to do it, but it seems hardly as though it would come. However, I will try it now, as I am alone in my room for a short time.

I had a fine visit in Minneapolis and Dakota. I saw a whole lot of people I knew when I was out there, and enjoyed it greatly. I saw but few I ever saw before in Minneapolis, and got ready for my western trip with great ideas of what it was to be. I was not disappointed. It was great. I could not make arrangements to go by way of Helena, Mont., and stop and see Lutgens people, so I went by the Soo Line and Canadian Pacific.

The scenery was immense. There is no use trying to describe it. We went through places where it took four engines to take a train, and we would be first where it was down a sheer precipice hundreds of feet high, then it would be a wall the same height. Down through this gorge the river was boiling, and falls of from ten and fifteen feet to hundreds were common. The most beautiful was between Lagan and Field, in British Columbia. We passed glaciers where the ice was perhaps 50, perhaps 150, feet thick, no way of telling, which, with its blue tinge, was simply beautiful. In every direction there was something to see, and as they put on an observation car through the nicest part of this, we were all in shape to see it. This is merely a car that is all windows, and seats right next to them for people who are not afraid of heights, further back another row for those who are and want to be away from the edge. We passed one place where the water ran down and divided, then part of it went one way, part the other. The Great Divide, the watershed between the north and the south, the Saskatchewan and the Columbia. The mountains all had that blue tinge that seems so unreal in a picture, but it is real when you see it. One place there was a waterfall 265 feet high, and it was certainly a sight to be remembered. I had a second class ticket and tourist sleeper, and don't want better accommodations.

I had a fine trip and good company all through. At Minneapolis two school teachers from Michigan had the berth next to mine, and they went as far as Moose Jaw, and when they got off a school teacher from North Dakota and an old lady from Toronto took the section, and they were all good company, and so I was not lonesome on the trip any. The last outfit came through to Seattle, and as we had several hours in Vancouver we took the street cars and went out to English park and another park, on Puget Sound, and saw the business part of the city.

I was not satisfied with the explanation I got of the trip to Seattle, so when we got back to the station I went to find out about it and found that one boat had been damaged in a collision and we had to wait until 1:30 the next day, then go to Victoria and stay over night again, then go on to Seattle and not get there until 2:30 p. m. That did not agree with my plan, so I told them something in four different languages. After I had talked long enough to them they sent me up to the passenger department, and I whispered to them again, and they gave us tickets on another boat for Seattle, one that went at 9 the same night. Well, it was a dandy. Not even a deck chair to sit on, only a place to stand up against the railing. I wanted to see the Sound at night, and as the old lady was tired out she went into her state room and the school ma'am and I walked around the boat for a while, then she went to her stateroom and it got foggy soon after, so that we could not see a thing, so I went to my berth, and lost the whole trip on the Sound that I had counted on so much. But I have seen quite a little of the Sound since I got here, for I have been out on it a number of times. Boats run from here in all directions, and for from 5 to 25 cents you can go almost anywhere. I went down to Tacoma one day, thirty-eight miles away, fare twenty-five cents. On an elegant boat, the Flyer. It was a nice day and I saw much of the Sound

then. There was a whale in the Sound since I got here, but I did not happen to see it. Harry saw it several times, and once when mother and Alice were out they saw a whole school of them. They follow the fish in here. You know this is the salmon season, and you would be surprised to see what they have here. Fish are the only really cheap thing I have found since I have been out here. Salmon are thick as flies around the bung of a molasses barrel, and at almost the same price. I saw some that would weigh from 12 to 40 or 50 pounds and the prices ranged from 35 to 60 cents for the whole fish. Just about what we paid back east for one or two pounds. There are several varieties, and the rich red-fleshed ones are the highest priced, while a kind of black-skinned ones are the cheapest.

I went across to West Seattle one day on the ferry boat, and saw people trolling for them. I did not see them catch any, but great fish, from 20 to 50 pounds, one would think, jumped clear out of the water, four feet in the air, at least. They broke water with hardly a splash, and went back in the same way. About four miles out from the heart of Seattle is a dam where they jump. I have been out there twice to see them. There is a dam with a long apron, and evidently fishways about 20 to 25 feet wide at the apron, and it foams and boils down under the edge of the apron. The salmon come up to this and think it is a waterfall and they must jump over it. Some of the larger ones will jump ten feet up on to the apron and struggle bravely to work up against the current, but go back, then after a while you will see them jump just right and go back under the apron into the fishways under it. There is sometimes a dozen of them in the air at the same time, from eight inches to four feet long, and it is a sight once seen never to be forgotten. It is at Lake Union. There is a continual stream of them coming up and you can stand on a bridge and see them break water every few feet as they work up the stream.

This stream is no exception to any of the streams in this section that connect with the sound or ocean. In fact, I have seen boat loads of them on the market in the forenoon when I would go down on the wharf. They have mackerel, halibut, squids, hering, smelts, skates, and many other fish on sale, and to see the crabs, shrimps, etc., would be amusing to one who had never seen it. It is no uncommon thing to see a man go along with a handful of fresh shrimps, cracking the shell off from them and eating the part that is good to eat, just as you might eat peanuts.

Most of the people away from the seashore do not know that there is anything more to a shrimp than the little end that looks like a red grub-worm, but that is only the tail of the craw-fish, the part that is eaten. I can not say that I am very fond of them myself, but some people are. They have big crabs here, too. Shaped like the soft-shelled variety of the east, only bigger. In fact, everything is bigger here than in the east. I laid my rule on a maple leaf in Point Defiance Park, Tacoma, and it was 15 inches across, and it was not an exceptionally large one, either. It had dried up and dropped from the tree, so was not so large as it was when it was green. These crabs are about as big as four of the Atlantic coast soft shells, or from 10 to 12 inches across, and down on the docks you will find people standing by a box, with a big handled knife, cracking the shell and eating the meat of these crabs. I have not tried them yet. May do so, but, some way, they don't appeal to me.

I went over to Brémerton, where the Navy yard is located. That was a sight. There were more than a dozen of the largest war ships on this coast there, and the Nebraska had just come out of the drydock. It is one of the largest of the United States first-class battleships. It was certainly a sight. It was not visiting day, so I could not get on the ship. They had just finished taking on 250 tons of coal, so everything was dirty. The Oregon

was there, also the Wisconsin. Then there was a prison ship, a repair ship and a training ship. They are going to spend \$3,500,000 in improvements at this yard in the next five years, so it will be bigger than ever. They have to make a new drydock, one of the largest yet made.

I went out to a lumber camp at Poulsbo, about 22 miles from Seattle. Well, it is just like everything else. So big it takes your breath away. I did not see any of the largest trees, as they had all been cut down in the immediate vicinity of the mill, but I saw stumps that were 8 to 10 feet in diameter, and Harry saw a log 7 feet in diameter 6 feet above the ground, and 96 feet from that to the first limb. About 8,000 feet of lumber in that one log, or enough to build a good sized house. I saw a log 48 feet long that squared up a timber 2 feet square, and I stood by the carriage while it ran through the saw and I did not see a knot in the whole log. They turn out boards 30 inches wide and 70 feet long at that mill. At their yard they had a million and a quarter feet of lumber piled up, and they were getting a shipment of 400,000 feet ready to ship to Germany. That had to be loaded on to lighters (small boats), which were towed out alongside the big ship that takes it round Cape Horn and across the Atlantic to Germany.

Fruit is immense. Apples, pears, vegetables, everything grows so big that it does not look natural—but I have not seen a really good potato nor a good flavored apple since I have been here. I saw some white radishes on the city market that were nearly, if not quite, three inches in diameter and 18 inches long, and one of them was broken in two in the middle. It was not pithy at all—was just as hard and firm as any little one. I did not taste of it, and it may have been very nice. Celery—I never tasted finer. It is large and white. Eggs are from 30 to 50 cents a dozen, the latter price for home made, the cheaper for shipped stock. I saw a sign, Oregon ranch eggs, every egg warranted, 30 cents. Butter is from 30 to 35 cents a pound at the stores. Of course, all I know about any of these things is that I saw them marked on the goods at the stores. I don't think meats are much, if any, higher than in the east. I saw large beef hearts for 20 cents for the whole heart, nice pieces of beef for 12½ cents, and Frankfurt sausage for 12½ cents.

Vegetables are high and all sold by the pound. The farmers get about a dollar a hundred pounds for potatoes, that is 60 cents a bushel, at their farms. They tell me that buyers go out and take the farmer's produce right at the farms and pay cash for it. I was talking with the manager of the American Typefounders Company here and he said he had a little place out eight miles, and people came right there and bought his eggs at 50 cents a dozen, and were mad because they did not have more. Milk is 10 to 15 cents a quart, and they have made arrangements in the outskirts to allow a family to pasture a cow on the roadway so as to get a supply of milk.

This city must, of necessity, be a high priced city to live in. It is built on a side of a bluff, and is all up and down hill. The cable car on Madison street that goes past the place where mother and Alice are stopping broke loose and went down hill, five blocks, three times lately. The last time it hurt twenty people and smashed three cars to kindling wood. A man with a team and wagon gets \$7.50 a day, but as hay is \$28 a ton that is not so high as it appears at first. Out in the lumber camps they pay a four horse driver \$60 a month and board. Understand that they furnish the horses, wagons and feed. This is only the man's wages. Common laborers get \$2.25 to \$2.50 a day and pay \$5 a week for board. Foremen get from \$3 to \$5 a day and board. To get that they must understand everything about a lumber camp.

It is a sight to see them get a big log out. They use two donkey-engines from the woods to the mill. They have a big cable, wire rope about an inch or an inch and a quarter in diameter, and that is hitched to the drum of the engine. Then it is run out into the woods, taking a turn here and there, passing over a pulley that is held to a stump by a sling, then it gets a 50-foot radius there, perhaps three to six blocks from the engine. A smaller cable, called the "pull back," hauls it out there. Then they hitch a log, anywhere from 24 to 72 feet long and from 16 inches to 7 or 8 feet in diameter, give a signal to the engineer and that log is so arranged with the cable that it will roll out of the way of the

stumps, around other logs, and go right down to the main road as fast as a man can run. Then it is turned, goes down the "skid-road," a road made by putting logs across a road, about 8 feet apart, and comes down to the second engine. There they fasten a dozen logs together and the first engine pulls them down to the mill, runs the whole bunch in the pond where the dirt is washed off, so it will not dull the saw, and they are run through the saw. Hardly a particle of hand work is done on the whole trip.

I certainly had a fine time at the camp. While I was there I was the guest of the manager of the company, stayed at his house at night and had my meals at the mess-house at the mill, as his family was not at home. Harry is interested in the company and I could go to work for them any day I wanted to, but I have made up my mind to spend this winter in the mountains in Eastern Washington or Idaho, and not be in any more active life than I have to.

Nothing seems to be too big for this city. They are cutting down the hills. They took a big hotel of 300 or 400 rooms, that was on a high hill, tore it down, cut the hill down 90 feet, and are now building a new hotel on the spot. One man I met just finished building two houses at \$5,000 each. They established a grade shortly after he built them and now he has to move the houses off and the hill has to be cut down. If he did not do this his houses would be up in the air 60 feet above the street. There is a house that I pass nearly every day going down town that is at least 40 feet above the level of the street. The people moved out of it a couple days ago and it is now being torn down. It is a house that cost \$3,500 to \$4,000 to build.

The hotel help here is mostly Japanese. They are neat little fellows and are very quick to learn. One of them heard my typewriter going and wanted me to show him how it worked. I did, and it was surprising how quick he understood the mechanism. The people are all nationalities and it looks strange, Indians, Japanese, Chinese, many Scandinavians, and all kinds of mixed breeds. Some of the Japanese women are very nice looking. Many of them are quite light, but most of them are about the same shade as the Chinaman. Unlike the Chinese, the Japanese bring the women here. You seldom see a Chinese woman.

Their money is strange here, too. Everything is based on "bits." Two bits is 25 cents, four bits 50 cents, six bits 75 cents, then comes the dollar. The worst feature of this country is the price of the necessities of life. Beer is 15 cents a glass at most places. But there seems to be as much drunk as anywhere. But I suppose there are lots of places where it is less than that.

ART OF TELEPHONING.

How to Speak Into the Transmitter to Get Good Results.

The art of telephoning is still an accomplishment that few people regard as a necessary part of their education, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The way to use the transmitter is to place the lips within half an inch of the mouth-piece and speak in a considerably lower tone than you ordinarily use in face to face conversation.

The reason for this is simple. Just behind the mouthpiece is an aluminum diaphragm, backed with a very thin sheet of hard carbon. Between this sheet of carbon and the point of contact of the wires is a space filled with finely powdered carbon.

The sound waves of the voice make the aluminum diaphragm vibrate, and this in turn affects the carbon sheet, which stirs the granulated carbon behind it.

The electrical current that is passing through the carbon powder feels all these vibrations, however slight, and reproduces them in the receiver and the other end of the line, setting in motion sound waves corresponding to those in the transmitter.

If you shout at the transmitter, the vibrations may be so violent as to result in only a confusing jumble at the other end of the wire. Besides, loud talking through a telephone is distressing to the listener, who, you must remember, gets the full volume of sound very close to his ear.

If you hear a telephone man talking by wire, you will notice that he draws his words a little—not enough to make conversation noticeably slow, but sufficiently so that one word is started on its way before another can tread on its heels.

Clipping words, which is sometimes done under the impression that it gives them a sharper sound, is a mistake. Even for talking over considerable distances the voice should be lowered in telephone conversations.

Horoscope and Outlook for December.

BY J. N. LARSON.

December has 14 high tide days in it, the others are of low tide, when the vital forces in the solar system are below the normal, the best vibrations coming to the earth when the masses are generally contented and happy are December 9, 13, 14, 15, 16, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29, 30, 31. These are the best dates for health, changes in business, traveling, having operations performed or starting any new enterprise, as the nerve and courage will not be apt to fail any one on those days, besides one's judgment will be clearer than on the other dates.

Mercury will be the ruling star the first eight days in December, which I don't consider very good, only for small business transactions; people will be low spirited then and not care much whether they do anything or not. Many will take to drinking and numerous suicides will be recorded. All manner of accidents on land and on sea can be looked for, owing principally to carelessness. The weather will be quite stormy.

Children born the first eight days in December will be of a happy and cheerful disposition and great workers, but restless and changeable, and not to be relied on to any extent. They will be proud and ambitious, also great money spenders. The boys will be bright enough and are fitted for any line of subordinate work, in mechanical as well as commercial lines; they will take to smoking cigarettes before they are 10 years of age. The girls are fitted for stenographers and typewriters, also musicians of the instrumental order.

Saturn will rule the earth from the 8th to 23d. This is a very much better vibration, and health will come to people in great abundance except on December 11, 12, 17, 18, 19, which are the evil days generally. This will set money in circulation and most people will be cheerful, as all lines of business will take on added life. Labor will be in great demand and no one will be laid off at this time. One of the most favorable horoscopes imaginable forms on December 23d, which lasts till January 22, and for enterprise, push and energy it is a good one. This will be a rush order period when lost time will be made up, for this will bring on a great demand for both raw and finished material in the metal lines, and the price of copper will advance. The railroads will be placing large orders for the future in cars and rails. There will be more activity in speculation in December than for several months past in the various money centers of the world, but a bear raid on prices will be set for the first eight days, to the great chagrin and disgust of the hopeful ones, who will not be able to see why this should happen just at this time, when all other business seems so bright, but this is the law of speculation, which is governed entirely by the hosts of the heavens. After December 9th is the time to buy stocks, as from that time stocks will advance quite rapidly after the weaker ones have been shaken off. The bull movement, starting about that date, will run on until it runs itself out, on or about January 22d, so this is the time to get in the big fellows' "band wagon," and turn an "honest penny," as there will be an advance of about \$10 to \$20 per share.

Solution of a Mystery.

Sir Humphry Davy had been studying one evening in comfortable negligence of dressing gown and nightcap at a little table in his chamber when he became aware of a curious phenomenon. A bright dancing circle of light appeared upon the ceiling. It was unsteady, yet persistent, and he was unable to account for it. He extinguished his lamp, but it only appeared the brighter. It was accompanied by an odor—a scorching odor—and also by a slight sound of sizzling. He was greatly excited and running over rapidly in his mind all kinds of electrical and other interesting theories to account for the mystery when he became aware of a sensation of uncomfortable warmth about the scalp. He hastily put up his hand, and down tumbled his theories and a blazing nightcap. The tassel on its peak had bobbed into his candle as he bent above his book, and the fascinating problem on the ceiling was no more than the reflection of the evening bonfire on his cranium.

LOVE'S CHOICE.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain eyes' fires,
As Old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
BUT a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined
Kindle never dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.
—Thomas Carew.

THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT.

Harmonious Tendencies of Natural and Supernatural Religion.

Mr. George S. Merriam again discourses in the New York Sun:

"Good men can never differ in so deep a sense as they agree." This saying of Charles Ames recurs to me as I trace the underlying agreements of men of a religious spirit, but using different forms of expression.

When we place ourselves confidently and rejoicingly on the ground of natural religion, let us listen to the questions, the challenges, perhaps, of our friends who hold by the Church's authority or the supernatural creed. They ask: "Does this natural religion, as you call it, give you any real access to God?" My answer would be that fidelity to the truth and reality of things—the disposition and attitude I have described as the substance of religion—surely must lead straight toward whatever deepest reality is at the heart of all—that supreme reality for which our best name is God. Specifically, it seems to me that the good life itself, stripped of all mere forms and theories, does open man's nature to the inflowing of divine influences of support and joy and peace. It seems to me that man's moral obedience and aspiration are naturally called the filial attitude, because the natural and actual response to them is a sense of guidance and care for which our instinctive word is "fatherly." Surely we see the habitual temper of calmness and peace as the natural accompaniment of steady goodness. And it is to the heart schooled in obedience and reverence that there come the impressive, vivid uplifts of the spirit which sometimes transfigure the crises and emergencies of life. They cannot be surely foreseen, and in their power they leave memory insufficient and description poor. It is such transcendent experiences of strength in weakness, triumph in disaster, victory over death which those who underwent them have expressed and transmitted in stories and pictures—the genuine material, the vital reality, crudely fashioned into forms.

Again, the champions of the supernatural creed think that they alone have assurance of a hereafter. What shall we do to whom that traditional assurance no longer proves anything? On this theme there is much discussion and a great deal of it seems to me pathetic. When I see men running around with endless argument and with modern "tests"—with theosophy and psychic research (I speak of these not disrespectfully in themselves, but only so far as they profess to demonstrate immortality and to base religion on the demonstration)—I am reminded of Thoreau's saying: "One world at a time is enough." It is an inversion of the right order to try to base this life on a future life. Not that I would for a moment speak lightly of the hope of a future life: but that hope should be an incident and outgrowth of a genuine and worthy present. The hope is not the root of the plant, but its flower. And as a hope, to my mind a most lofty and sacred hope, it seems only discredited and weakened either by stories of bodily resurrection in the past or by essays of exact demonstration. That last earthly hour which confronts us all, what preparation for it save in living out to the fullest and noblest possibilities of the present existence? Historically it is the passing of lives that has given power and vividness to the immortal hope. The philosophizing of Plato upon a hereafter would seem lifeless were it not given wings by the history of the life and death of Socrates. The resurrection story, which men sometimes go on repeating even while they are ceasing to believe it, seems to be the crude expression of a profound spiritual experience, when the noblest and dearest of human souls passed into the unseen, and his friends were thrilled with some inexpressible sense of continuing life and love, which took form as stories of physical fact. Our own questionings about the future often press closest as to the affections which make the best of ourselves. As to these, what formal certification by the Church, what ingenious argumentation, is of avail compared with that sense of divine and as we hope deathless quality which grows in us as love becomes pure and ardent and unites us in noble aims, and which under the last stress of parting takes on a holier tenderness and an instinct of more intimate and enduring communion?

From those topics where the supernatural religionists especially press the comparison with natural religion, we turn to name what may fairly be called new evolutions in conduct and character—new blossoms on the tree of life. And let it be said that these advances in thought and practice have immensely affected the churches themselves. Whatever actual or formal dependence they retain on their old creeds, the incoming tide of new life is carrying them forward. It is thus of modern religion in its most inclusive sense within the churches as well as without them, that we now go on to speak. Chief perhaps in the steps of progress is the recognition of natural law as man's guide to spiritual attainment. Salus—health, safety—is a keyword of religion. Our fathers rendered it as "salvation," the rescue of man by divine grace from a lost and ruined world. We translate it as "health." We recognize that the road to happiness and holiness has as one of its chief branches the soundness of digestion and nerves, the pure blood which spirals into clean appetite and straight thought, the vigorous muscles which energize the brain cells of will. And almost every day some new discovery helps on the work of feeding and clothing the human family; of spreading comfort and multiplying power; of building the social fabric into a worthier shrine of the kingdom of God on earth.

Religion has learned a new significance in beauty as the symbol to the senses of spiritual reality. It has caught a wholly new glimpse of the future in the promise evolution gives of the upward march of the race. And crowningly, it has learned that while sorrow has a sacred function, the normal tone of human life is gladness. It sets happiness—not of the one, but of all; a generous and lofty happiness—as the true goal, the true temper. It is not afraid to laugh. It alone knows the secret which transfigures sorrow, the strength which makes a disaster a stepping stone. But for everyday companions it takes cheerfulness and diffusive happiness. Here we have broken away from the pathetic religion of the Dark and Middle Ages.

A Dialogue on Religion.

In 1891 I visited Pine Ridge Indian Agency. Rev. John Jutz, being in full sympathy with my views of Indian policy, entertained me in his Catholic Mission.

Father Jutz is a Jesuit priest. He had read a lecture on religion I had given at Rushville, Nebraska, a few days before, which was printed in a paper of that city. On the first evening of my visit with him, he said:

"Dr. Bland, you are all right on Indian policies but you are wrong on religion. I would like to ask you some questions on that subject."

His questions covered the main points of the creed of the Roman Catholic Church, and in my answers I gave the history of the Council called by the Pagan emperor of Rome, Constantine, in 325, for the express purpose of uniting the Christians and Pagans in a religious hierarchy or state church, of which he would be the head.

The Roman Catholic Church was founded on a creed which was far more Pagan than Christian and, it being a state church, heresy was treason, the penalty being death.

The dogmas of the trinity, of total depravity, of vicarious atonement, etc., were shown to be Pagan, as were most of the institutions of the Church.

At the close, Father Jutz said: "Dr. Bland, you astonish me. You are a great historian. You have given me much to think about. I will look into these matters for myself."

I have given this dialogue as a lecture a number of times. Now I have put it into a booklet, with a review of the rise and progress of Unitarianism, Spiritualism, etc. T. A. BLAND.

Bound in elegant leatherette, price, 25 cents.

For sale by the Sunflower for 15 cents.

It's a poor brand of religion that doesn't cause a man to try to treat his neighbors decently.

The moment we fully and vitally realize who and what we are, we begin to build our own world, even as God builds His.

INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

BY THE HAND OF MABEL H. COVELL.

(Read at the close of 1907 Assembly at Lily Dale Camp.)

Oh, fair Lily Dale, unfurl your white banner.
The emblem of purity, justice and right;
Let it wave over the heads of your people,
As dear to their hearts as the stars and the stripes.
That emblem of freedom, so loved by your nation,
That men will willingly forfeit their lives
To keep it unsullied and free from dishonor—
The old flag so dear to American hearts.

And now let another be unfurled beside it,
With white silken background, and tiny blue stars.
One star for each year since the rappings at Hydeville
Proclaimed to the world that spirits were near.
And said to the mourner, grieve not for your loved ones,

Death only removes them from your mortal eyes;
They still linger near you, bright visions of beauty,
Perfected by God's immutable laws.

And now to return to the subject before us,
This emblem and pledge we wish you to have.
The banner to float by the flag of your Union,
The small ones as pledges for each one to wear.
That stands side by side, heart to heart with your leaders

All ready and willing their hardships to share.
How bravely they worked, each doing their duty,
We feel you have chosen both wisely and well,
The incoming board, the trustees for next season,
So be thankful you have such brave hearts at the helm.

Now meet and prepare your pure white badges,
The symbols of purity, justice and right.
See how many hearts you have on your island
That will conquer themselves and dare to do right.
And then when you see the tiny white banner,
Pinned over the heart of some neighbor or friend,
Give the right hand of fellowship, pledge them in honor
To stand by their side whenever you can.

Be brothers and sisters, in truth, word and action,
Never let a chance pass of doing some good.
Create harmony here, and when next season opens
Great changes you'll see in these beautiful woods.
Keep in touch with your leaders, let them know you are trying
To better conditions here on the grounds,
And next season go meet them, your white banner flying,
And greet them with smiles and welcoming sound.
Their hearts will respond, and being united
Together you'll work for the good of the cause,
And fair Lily Dale will live through this crisis,
And come out as clean as pure, shining gold.

And now let your spirit friends say in all kindness
You must stop all contention, inharmony here.
Set your heel on the serpent that has entered your Eden
And is killing the white dove of peace and good will.
Set the stern seal of silence on gossip and slander,
Show the world you have something more noble to do.
Let your lives be examples of spiritual teaching
And prove your religion means something to you.

Leaves \$250,000 to Spiritualism.

Bloomington, Ill., November 9.—The Crumbaugh will litigation came to an end in the McLean County court this week, and the last testament of James T. Crumbaugh, Leroy, this country, and the will of his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Crumbaugh, both of which were attacked by dissatisfied relatives, have been declared valid, and the unique bequests will stand. The litigation has been in progress for two years, and the Supreme Court has passed upon one phase. The bulk of the fortune of \$250,000 is left for the founding of a church for Spiritualists and a public library in Leroy, a city of 4,000 people. It is intended to use about \$50,000 for the erection of the church and \$25,000 for the library.

More than \$100,000 will be left, the earnings to be utilized in covering the cost of conducting the church and also of disseminating the tenets of the cult.

Mr. Crumbaugh was a wealthy banker, and was a convert to Spiritualism several years before his death. He became enthusiastic concerning the belief that communication could be maintained with spirits of the unseen world, and was led to believe that his baby son, who died when a few months of age, had become an adult and was constantly by his side and advising him on various subjects. He directed a portrait painter to delineate an imaginary picture of the grown son as he might have appeared had he survived and attained manhood. This picture, showing a bearded man, was labeled,

"Bright Eyes," and was hung in the library in the Crumbaugh mansion.

After the death of Mr. Crumbaugh, and when dissatisfied relatives sought to break the will on the ground that the testator was insane, this portrait was placed in evidence. It was argued that no man could indulge in such fancy and be in his right mind. The courts decided, however, that Mr. Crumbaugh was sane and that mediums had not exercised an undue influence over the couple. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Have you Read Dr. Bland's Book? In the World Celestial.

If not, there is a great treat before you. It is a realistic revelation of the spirit spheres, and a charming romance of two worlds; being the story of a man whose angel sweet-heart had him put into a trance by spirit scientists and visit her in her celestial home. That man gave Dr. Bland permission to put his story into a book, and the heroine gave the doctor the title through a medium—Edgar W. Emerson—and assured him that the book contains a true revelation of scenes and conditions in the celestial realms. It is a charming book and its popularity is so great that edition after edition has been printed and the demand for it continues unabated.

In elegant binding with gold title and a full page photo of Pearl, the heroine, from a spirit painting. Price \$1.00. For sale at this office.

Two good rules of life are: Never be discouraged; never be a discourager.

There May Be Some Frauds.

Yes, positively, there are frauds in everything, excepting politics!

No physician will question the fact that there are quacks in everything but medicine. All merchants accept the facts that there are cheats in everything but business. No minister of the gospel doubts the fact that there are hypocrites in everything, excepting religion.

All politicians are satisfied that fraud exists in everything but politics, and some reluctantly (?) admit that a little fraud has sometimes crept into the ranks of the opposing political party.

Spiritualism is not an exception to the rule. It may have quacks, but it has very few hypocrites. It has not yet become popular enough to attract hypocrites. The church is more attractive to that class, because of its wealth and popularity.

There may be a few who have brought their "business acumen" into Spiritualism to its detriment, and their downfall—for unprincipled methods cannot stand or flourish long in Spiritualism, because the clairvoyant eye soon discovers them, and besides the Spiritualists put their mediums under "test conditions," and make them "prove up."

If all the ministers of the gospel and professors of christianity could be placed under "test conditions," what proportion of them would be full believers in such doctrines of the true church as follows: Total Depravity, Election, Atonement by Blood, Forgiveness for Sin, Salvation through Faith, Regeneration through Baptism, the Efficacy of Holy Water, an Infallible Bible, Personal Devil, Eternal Punishment, The Sacraments, etc.

That "consecrated" bread and wine are the genuine "body" and "blood" of a crucified Jesus would be hard to prove is true, but if the "believer" in this scientific (?) mystery could be placed under "test" conditions and made to prove his belief in it, as we test our mediums by making them prove their genuineness, might it not be shown that all the frauds, deceivers and mountebanks were not concentrated in Modern Spiritualism?

If all merchants, doctors, politicians, etc., etc., could be placed under test conditions, would there not be as much fraud exposed in these several realms of activity as we Spiritualists are exposing in our ranks? Methinks there would be.—E. W. Sprague in Progressive Thinker.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

To Spiritualists of New York State.

Dates are now being arranged for State Association meetings and the work of our State organizer and missionary for the fall and winter campaign.

We shall be glad to hear from Spiritualists from all parts of the State, especially in localities where there are no organized societies, with a view to making arrangements for the holding of State Association meetings.

We urge each Spiritualist to co-operate with the State Board in this matter, and request that you let us hear from you soon with information as to conditions in your locality. Write either to Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y., or to the president of the State Association.

H. W. RICHARDSON, Pres.
East Aurora, New York.

Troubles of an Amateur.

"I thought you had gone to raising bees," said the man from the city. "I don't see any sign of them around here."

"I had half a dozen colonies of the finest bees I could get," answered the suburbanite, "and a whole library of literature on bee raising, but they swarmed one day, and while I was looking through my books to find out what was the proper thing to do when bees swarmed the blamed things flew away, and I've never seen 'em since." —Chicago Tribune.

Ambitions.

The toll in the city had been given an advance in salary. "Now," he said jubilantly, "I can begin saving to buy a farm."

The agriculturist looked at the check received for his season's wheat. "Another such crop or two and I can move into the city," he mused. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Light Work.

"Want a job, Rastus?"

"No, sah; no, sah. Done got a job, sah."

"Indeed! What are you doing?"

"Takin' in washin' foah ma wife to do, sah." —Lippincott's.

Grieving for the lost opportunity is the very worst way to find new ones. —Baltimore American.

LIGHT FROM EVERYWHERE



This department is conducted to enable Spiritualists and Public Workers to keep in touch with each other and with the work. Send us notices of your engagements or any other items of interest. Officers of societies, send us reports of your meetings, entertainments, what speakers you have, your elections, reports of annual and other business meetings, in fact, everything you would like to know about other societies.

Write reports with typewriter or plainly with pen and ink. Never use a pencil or write on both sides of the paper.

Make items short and to the point. We will adjust them to suit the space we have to use. A weekly notice of your meetings written on a postal card would look well in this column.

Always sign your full name and address to every communication; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith; "correspondent" or "subscriber" gives us no clue to the author. The printed article can be signed that way if you wish it, but we must have your name for our own information.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps are enclosed for return postage. If not used they will be retained thirty days and then destroyed. Retain copies of poems as we do not return them if we can not use them.

Suggestions for the improvement of the paper are invited.

N. V. Nicum, of 1551 West 2nd street, Dayton, O., is open for engagements as a speaker, at reasonable terms, for part or all of December.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.—Horace Walpole.

Lake Brady Camp.

The Lake Brady Spiritualist Camp Association has elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: E. G. Morledge, president; Mrs. May Hoyle, vice-president; F. Meyers, secretary; A. Haslock, treasurer; A. G. Keck, manager.

Mary L. Wade writes:—

I drove ten miles today to hear Mr. Fred B. Niles, of Marlboro, Mass., as he was to speak at the Independent Liberal Church, Greenwich Village, Mass. He is an able speaker and a pleasant, social gentleman to meet. We all liked him very much. They hold their meetings every other Sunday, with such able speakers as Dr. George A. Fuller, of Onset, Mass.; Albert P. Blinn, Norwich, Conn.; Tillie U. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y.; Welman C. Whitney, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. H. L. P. Russeque, Hartford, and others. All are fine speakers and I feel paid for going that distance as it is the nearest place for me to get Spiritual food. I joined that society when Juliette Zeaw was the settled speaker over it, in the eighties.

Philadelphia Note.

The Rev. G. Tabor Thompson, formerly a Baptist clergyman, officiates at the Temple of the First Association of Spiritualists, founded 1852. Lyceum founded 1864. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Lyceum, 2:30 p. m.

Capt. Francis J. Peffer, President. F. H. Morrell, Secretary.

The annual meeting was held Monday, October 7th.

Pittsburg.

First Church of Spiritualists, Bouquet street, Pittsburg.

Regular services Sundays 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Thursdays at 7:45 p. m.

Lyceum Sundays at 10 a. m.

Ladies' Aid Thursday afternoons at 3.

Visitors cordially welcome.

Genuineness Gives Power.

There is nothing which will add so much to one's power as the consciousness of being absolutely sincere, genuine. If your life is a perpetual lie, if you are conscious that you are not what you pretend to be—that you are really a very different person from what the world regards you—you are not strong. There is a restraint, a perpetual fighting against the truth going on within you, a struggle which saps your energy and warps your conduct.

If there is a mote at the bottom of your eye you cannot look the world squarely in the face. Your vision is not clear. Everybody sees that you are not transparent. There is a cloudiness, a haze about your character, which raises the interrogation point wherever you go.

Character alone is strength, deceit is weakness, sham and shoddy are powerless, and only the genuine and the true are worth while.—Success Magazine.

One Thing She Knew.

The teacher asked, "Elsie, when do you say 'Thank you?'" Elsie's face lighted up, for that was the one thing she knew, and she confidently answered, "When we have company."—Chicago Tribune.

He is wise to no purpose who is not wise to himself.—Latin Proverb.

Buffalo Tidings

N. H. EDDY, CORRESPONDENT

Mr. E. W. Sprague of Detroit, Mich., will serve the First Spiritual Church Society during December.

Patrons in Buffalo, don't forget the card party at Temple Friday evening, November 29th. A grand, good time is expected.

Mr. Armbrugg, known at Lily Dale, has returned to Buffalo from his trip to Washington, D. C., and the Jamestown Exposition. He expects to remain in Buffalo for some little time.

Prof. Lockwood's Friday evening class lecture November 15th was more than usually interesting and instructive. A good number were present and listened with marked attention.

Prof. William Lockwood spoke Sunday morning, the 17th, upon the following subject: Where, in the Human System, is Consciousness Located? The evening discourse was upon, Ancient and Modern Spiritualism or Mediumship. He cited several instances mentioned in the Bible, and made very able comparison with the phases of mediumship of the present time. Both of his lectures were able, intellectual and scholarly, and were listened to by a large and intellectual audience. In the evening, at the close of the lecture, Mrs. C. L. Chase, while under direction of her guides, gave some excellent spirit messages, the same being recognized as correct.

The Tuesday evening entertainment and oyster supper October 19th, held at Mrs. M. E. Lane's home, 723 Prospect avenue, was a grand success. A large number were present to participate in the program. There were several selections of vocal music by the Minore sisters. Prof. Lockwood gave a very interesting talk. Mr. H. A. Lundquist, president of the society, made very appropriate remarks. Miss Juergensen gave psychometric readings, and Mr. Armbrugg descriptive readings and spirit messages, after which the company was invited to the dining room, where delicious refreshments were served, to which ample justice was done. The table was nicely decorated with flowers. The evening was a most social and enjoyable one to all.

Mr. Samuel Hulbert, of 54 Morgan street, 84 years of life, passed to the higher life from his home, Saturday, November 16, 1907. Mr. Hulbert has been in rather poor health for some time. His son, Mr. Charles Hulbert, is president of Harmony Circle Society. Mrs. Hulbert, wife of the deceased, has been a faithful and earnest worker and medium for many years and has many friends in the city, who speak in the highest of terms in behalf of her labors in the cause of truth and Spiritualism. All who know her love her, because of her genial and kind-hearted nature and sincerity of purpose, and efforts in behalf of humanity. The kindest of sympathy is extended to both widow and son from their many friends, in their hours of bereavement. The funeral services were held at 2:30 p. m. November 18th and, at the request of the father, Mr. Charles Hulbert officiated. Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds was present and rendered an invocation and made a few remarks. A good number of friends attended the services.

Human happiness is a web with many threads of pain in it.—Eliot.

N. H. Eddy

ASTROLOGER

And Character Reader.

110 Prospect Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Life Readings by mail, \$1.00 and upwards. Trial Readings, 25 cents and 2 two-cent stamps. Send sex, time, place, and, if possible, hour of birth. These readings are of great benefit to business men, and to parents in dealing with their children. Many mistakes are avoided by having a horoscope of a child, showing its natural tendencies.

Circulars, with full explanation of different price, or Detail Readings Sent Free Upon Application.

The Wonder Wheel. An Astrological Game. Any one can give a perfect reading after a few hours practice. An instructive and amusing device for an evening party or to mystify your friends. You ask them the date of birth, and in a few minutes you tell them all about themselves. Price, with book for instructions, \$1.00. Postage, 10 cents.

Tabula Magus. A pocket chart that tells you the best hours of the day to begin any venture. You should try to collect money when the money planet rules. Look for pleasure when Venus rules. Avoid anything likely to be unpleasant when Mars rules. Price, complete work, \$1.00; abridged work, 50 cents.

Astrology in a Nut Shell. A book of 150 pages, filled with instructions in Astrology. Tells how to read your own horoscope, and how to tell the favorable time in each year. Twenty-seven pages questions and answers. Price, postpaid, \$1.50.

A POLAR BEAR HUNT

Adventure In the Frozen Wastes of the Arctic.

RACE TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE

A Mile Run For a Rifle That at First Refused to Do Its Work—A Shot That Brought the Great Brute to the Camp as Food For Men and Dogs.

The long arctic night was breaking. Like hibernating polar bears, we had lived the winter through under cover of a great drift of snow. This served as a thick blanket for our little hut and helped to keep warm the thirty-nine shipwrecked men who had been marooned on the desert island of Rudolph, in the frozen wastes of the polar sea.

One day, after a flurry of storm, I took a walk to Cape Saule. On my way back to camp I stopped on the highest rocks of the moraine to look out toward the ice covered sea. Northward and westward great black steaming streaks in the white revealed the open water, and overhead hung dark clouds of vapor, another indication of a "lead," or open water, underneath.

Turning my eyes southward toward Teplitz bay, I beheld the panorama of the camp spread out before me, the hut and stable tent, the two little observatories and the numerous caches of food stores giving the appearance of an arctic village. Down in the tide crack where the ice of the bay met the fast frozen land sheet I could distinguish the silhouette of one of my men taking a tide observation. Behind him rose a bristling ridge of ice pinnacles, which effectually blocked his view toward the sea.

From my greater elevation I made out the form of a great polar bear crossing the rough ice toward the land. As I watched he reached a high cake of ice and, climbing upon it, raised himself up on his hind quarters and looked over toward the spot where Mr. Long, the observer, was at work. Then I realized his object. There was no one else in sight, and Long was unarmed. Could I reach camp, seize a rifle and make my way out on the bay before the bear began his attack?

J. H. FLETCHER

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Intelligent clients appreciate his dependable counsel.

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Mrs. A. A. Cawcroft,

MAGNETIC HEALER

Diseases of the Brain, Heart and Kidneys a specialty.....

333 East Second St., Jamestown, N. Y.

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In the cold, crisp air I ran the mile or so toward the hut, a race that fortunately was down grade. I rushed into the house, secured my rifle and set off as fast as my legs would carry me toward where I had last seen the bear. Usually the dogs at camp thought it great sport to join in such a chase, but this time they crouched around the hut, whining and whimpering and refusing to follow as I ran past them with my rifle. I soon came up to Long and, warning him to look out for the approaching bear, of which he was still all unconscious, proceeded at reduced speed, as the ice was now very rough, in the direction of the advancing beast. As I was crossing the top of the first pressure ridge I saw the bear coming my way. He caught sight of me at the same moment, raised himself on his haunches to get a better view, and then started in a lunge over the ice cakes in my direction.

I raised my carbine, took a quick sight and pulled the trigger. Instead of the usual quick snap and explosion I felt the slow, gummy motion of the bolt that told me that the lock was frozen. In cleaning the gun a few days before I must have left some oil in the lock.

I worked the bolt back and forth, trying to warm up the mechanism by friction, the great bear climbing rapidly and surely over the broken ice cakes toward me all the while. Once more I pulled the trigger. The unexpected happened, and the cartridge exploded, but in my haste, although so close, I made a clear miss.

However, the flash and the report must have frightened the beast, for he made off. I climbed in pursuit, but on account of the heavy ice did not see him again until he had placed about 200 yards between us and was still going with great leaps in the direction of the open sea.

I aimed and fired just as he leaped between two great ridges. This time he fell in a heap. With the bear's fall the dogs set up such a howling, barking and yelping as I had seldom heard, even from that noisy pack. Every dog in camp now started for the fallen king.

The bullet had gone through his back, paralyzing his hind quarters, but he was able to swing around on the flat floe and deal fearful blows with his great fore paws. But the combat was too unequal. One more bullet and the great bear was beyond all further pain.

The men from camp had now arrived, and the dogs were caught and harnessed to a sledge. Upon it we lashed the carcass of the bear and then, cutting a trail back to land, hauled our load to the hut, a welcome addition to the larder for men and dogs.—Anthony Fraia in Youth's Companion.

GOLD COINS.

Why Bankers Don't Like Them and Prefer to Handle Paper.

"Of the different kinds of American money now in circulation the gold coins of all denominations are the most disliked in my business," said a prominent New York banker.

"Take a greenback, a silver or a gold certificate or a national bank note to your bank and it is received and placed to your credit without a moment's delay. Not so with gold. A few days ago a gentleman brought to our bank upward of \$3,000 in gold of different denominations and was much provoked because we would not receive it and give him credit with the amount the face of the coin represented. This we could not do because the law requires that gold shall be redeemed only at its actual value. Coins carried in the pocket for any length of time naturally lose something by abrasion—probably but a fractional part of a cent on a ten dollar piece, but it is a loss nevertheless—and therefore bankers cannot give credit for gold deposits until the coin shall have been weighed. In the case mentioned my friend took his gold to the subtreasury and was compelled to wait there nearly an hour before he could get notes for it.

"Every coin had to be passed through the scales, and after the weighing process had been completed three of the coins—two five dollar pieces and a ten dollar piece—were returned to him as short in weight. Before returning short weight coins the department stamps on the face of each coin a cross. The owner is either left to send the coins to the United States mint for redemption or again put them into circulation. Eventually the coins with crosses on their faces will go to the mint and be redeemed at their actual value. In many instances there may not be more than several cents' shortage on \$50 worth of coins. Business men, however, naturally object to the inconvenience and get rid of their gold as fast as possible."—New York Press.

The Obsolescent Honeymoon.

Honeymoons are going out of fashion and will probably eventually disappear. At present they are often shortened to four or five days or even a paltry week end. Marriage is getting to be looked upon in a more matter of fact way, and it is no doubt well that the romantic girl should not expect absolutely unreachable things of wedded bliss.—London Bystander.

A BURMESE TIGER.

Bringing Down One of These Kings of the Jungle.

It must be the king of the jungle. The anger of the monkey people said it, and the terror in the eyes of the bullock pictured it. He was straining back at the strong rope that held him, and from his frothed lips issued a low moaning bellow of fear. His fawn colored skin, soft as silk, was as tremulous as shaken water.

The bullock was a watch that timed accurately each yard in the tiger's advance. His abject terror filled me with pity. It was a strange, inexplicable thing, this intuition of the animal world that taught them wherein lay great danger.

Now, I knew that stripes were close, for the monkeys, running nimbly to the top of their tree, shot away with downward swoop to the branches of another, scolding and calling to each other as they fled.

The bullock had almost ceased to bellow and stood, fore legs wide apart and head lowered to the ground, transfixed in terror.

Suddenly through the bushes ten yards from our machan was thrust the sneering yellow muzzle of a tiger, and his red brown eyes glared with horrible cupidly at the animal that was now fascinated to silence. Atop this face of evil the rounded ears, black rosetted, were twitched back angrily.

Even in its dreadful menace, in its suggestion of brutal ferocity, the stealthy approach of the tigress was beautiful to see. A creep of a yard or two, then she crouched, head low to earth and tail lashing from side to side with vicious jerks.

The cub was evidently being schooled. Close behind his mother the youngster skulked, his young, foolish eyes shifting from point to point as though he did not quite know what it all meant.

As we lay side by side both our rifles were trained on the tigress.

She was head-on to us, and either the brain shot or the point of the shoulder or the vertebrae of the neck were there to choose from.

I knew that Dan would nudge me when we were to fire, and I waited, finger on trigger and my eye lying along the sights.

The tigress crouched and turned her face toward our machan, though her eyes still rested straight ahead.

I felt the soft push of Dan's knee on my leg and pressed my trembling finger to the lever.

There was a roar of both rifles, a little cloud of smoke, a sulphurous breath in our nostrils, and below in the barren paddy field many devils were tearing up the earth with great noise.

"Bagged her!" Dan ejaculated, for the great beast, tawny and black striped, was on her side, clawing viciously at the sod.

Again our rifles spoke. Slowly the huge head fell flat to earth, the red eyes lost their ferocity—or was it only a glint of pity for the dying that fancied this—the breath sucked and sputtered through the blood that oozed from mouth and nostrils, and, waiting with impatience for a little in our machan, we saw death come and put the seal of silence on the battered form of beautiful strength.—"Bearding the Burmese Tiger," by W. A. Fraser, in Outing Magazine.

A Verdant Student.

To add to the gaiety of nations a new Arkansas student from the rural districts was caught the moment he stepped off a train, and a few points were explained. He was told that if he hoped for peace during his college life he must promptly squelch a watchman who took a delight in bossing freshmen. They led him like a lamb to the room of the president and informed him the watchman was inside. The young man entered. Sure enough, there was a man sitting at the desk.

"I merely want to say," the student began, "that I don't like your face. I can't compel you to change it, but keep it away from me or I'll hurt it."

The supposed watchman grew apoplectic.

"You may be the policeman," went on the youth, "but you must keep on your own beat. Don't try to explain. I've heard of you before. All I want to say is, keep away from me."

Then he went out, and the next day, when he realized it all, he passed on to the football field and saw the spot where fools rush and angels fear to tread.—Fayetteville (Ark.) Dispatch to St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

When Bride and Groom Were Thin.

In the year 1795 Dr. Douglas was made master of Corpus Christi college and then married Miss Mainwaring, a daughter of the Lady Margaret professor of theology. As both were very thin, Mansel wrote as follows:

St. Paul has declared that persons, though twins, in marriage united one flesh shall remain. But had he been by when, like Pharaoh's kins, pairing, Dr. Douglas of Benet espoused Miss Mainwaring, the apostle no doubt would have altered his tone. And cried, "These two splinters shall make but one bone!"

—Pall Mall Gazette.

YOUR DESTINY IN NUMBERS

Meaning of Names as Told by the Cabalistic System--Career of Roosevelt Interpreted

As many of our readers are interested in the significance of numbers we print the following article from the New York Sun:

In an uptown hotel corridor two men were smoking and chatting. One, removing his cigar and turning to his companion, remarked:

"That suite of offices of McEwen's, at the price he asks, is a snap. I think it is just what you want. You had better take a look at it."

"You said it is in that office building at 35—street and the number of the office is 113? It's useless to look at it. I wouldn't take it if McEwen'd cut the rent in half. When I'm ready to go into the hands of a receiver I shan't mind having an office under 8 and 5, but until then I decline."

"I don't see what 35 and 113 have to do with 8 and 5, nor what 8 and 5 have to do with your decision."

"Simply a matter of addition; 3 and 5 are 8; 1 and 1 are 2 and 3 is 5."

"No live wire fact in that. How did you happen to take to that particular curve, anyway?"

The man who objected to the numbers 8 and 5 slowly flicked the ash from his cigar, frowned a little, and replied:

"This particular curve, as you call it, is a science older than the century. My attention was first called to the general subject of numbers in their relation to individuals when I was one of a party taken by Charles M. Schwab to see what was being done at Homestead."

"It was about the time that a person here in New York who professed to have discovered a system of numbers which would give one a grip on an endless chain of good luck was talked about. I think the number in the party—there were 18 of us—started the talk. When the fact was spoken of Schwab laughed and said:

"It's the same old 9. I hadn't noticed how many there were of us, but I'm never able to get away from 9."

"He then went on to tell of the recurring of the number 9 in matters in which he was interested, whether directly or indirectly. For instance, he was having offices opened in Pittsburgh. He had given no more than general directions in regard to the matter. When he went for the first time to the new offices he found the number of the entrance 117 and that he was there, as elsewhere, associated with 9."

"All this made me a bit curious and I looked up the system put forth here in New York. The thing worked, and then it didn't. It was like an imperfect machine which goes all right for a while, then all of a sudden goes wrong."

"Later a friend told me of a Hebrew, a queer, studious old party, who understood and was able to work out rather remarkable results with the system of numbers and letter values found in the Cabala."

"When this learned descendant of Abraham showed me what he could do I made up my mind to tackle the thing. As soon as I was a little wiser—I don't pretend now to know more than something about it—I found that a wayfaring man, provided he was not feeble-minded, could master it sufficiently to work out results rather worth while; really well worth while."

"When I had established this to my satisfaction I compared it with other number systems I had been shuttling with, and I found that without exception they were all founded on this system. Also that when they followed it closely results were good, and when they deviated they were worth no more than any other misfit key, and were misleading."

"But why does 5 mean one thing and 10 another?" asked the man who was doing the questioning.

"Let me answer you by asking why is it that white is white and black is black? Observation has proved the cabalistic assertion that 5 is an afflicting number, while 4 is a number of good luck and as dependable as the cube with its four sides."

"But knowledge of the reason may come later. Early in the Mosaic dispensation the Jews were told that every vessel which had not a cover

bound upon it was to be considered unclean. Not until the microscope was discovered was it known that all open receptacles invite an inrush of malignant germs."

"Well, I believe I'll take chances on becoming a numeral crank myself and see if I can make anything out of this so-called system. Where do you begin?"

And the man who didn't yet know drew out a pencil and made notes while he was being informed that he was to begin with the numeral 1, which, like each of the digits and some of the combined digits, has a meaning singular to itself."

According to the old Cabala 1 is a fortunate number, the sign of the infinite God, and signifies intuition, mystery, self-rule and prosperity."

A number of trouble, 2, is classed as unlucky. It is said to represent the descent of spirit into matter and in the old book is symbolized as Juno with one hand pointing to earth and the other to Heaven."

It is noted by Dr. Kosminsky that, as a rule, 2 is evil as an affix. Thus Demetrius II. was assassinated; Charles II. of France was poisoned; Edmund, William, Edward and Richard II. of England were murdered; Vladislav II. of Poland was killed in a tournament, and these are but the beginning of a long list of similar cases."

The number 3 is symbolized as an angel crowned, holding in her hand the orb of the world. It is set down as a fortunate, mystical number; one of high wisdom, harmony and worth. It represents the Trinity. It is in all ways a lucky number and represents endurance, discovery, immortality and realization of hopes."

Curious, magical properties are ascribed to 5, which is set down as a most unfortunate number of struggle and strife. It is known as the magician and reincarnationists regard it as the number of rebirth."

Six, too, is listed as an evil number, one of entanglement, of uncertainty in marriage; of vice and virtue; in fact, it stands for all kinds of struggle and strife."

While a religious number, 7 is also a number of triumph, fame and success. Symbolized as victory in a chariot, it is singularly recurrent in matters pertaining to man and the solar system."

Once in 7 days there are lunar changes, each week has 7 days and the periods, spoken of as days in Genesis, of creation are 7. Dr. Wynn Westcott says that the seventh hour after birth decides whether the child lives; in thrice 7 days it turns its head; in 7 months it usually gets its teeth; in twice 7 months it sits firmly; in thrice 7 months it begins to talk; in four times 7 months it can walk strongly. All are familiar with the seven ages into which the life of man is naturally divided."

A singular number, 8, is symbolized as justice with the sword and balance. It is a number of attraction and repulsion and all kinds of strife; of separation, destruction and promise. There are 8 punishments for the damned and 8 blessings for the blessed."

Classed as a doubtful number, 9 is represented as prudence veiled, carrying a lamp and staff, and also as the sacred fire curtain. It is set down in the Cabala system as a number of wisdom and virtue, experience, mystery, worth, rulership and the fruit of merit."

The ancient Greeks had 9 muses; the Sabians and the Etruscans 9 gods. There are 9 precious stones, and of all the digits it is exceptional in its additions and multiplications. As a house number it is considered unfortunate. The notorious Fleet Prison was numbered 9 Fleet Market."

Represented by the wheel of fortune 10, is the number of divinity. It is a number of virility, honor, faith and self-confidence; of rise and fall and of manifestation of power. It is said that the numeral 1 expresses the visible, and the cipher, at the right, the infinite."

One of the equivocal numbers, 11, in the old wisdom book is classed as the number of Adam's first wife, the evil Lilith, and is said to indicate violence, power, bravery and also success where it is possible for fearless venture to win."

An indifferent number at best, 12 is said to indicate material suffering, trouble, experience, change, knowledge and at last spirituality. When taking into account that there are twelve months in each year, twelve signs in the zodiac, that there were twelve tribes of Israel, twelve stones in the breastplate of the high priest and twelve Apostles, it will be seen that it is a number of great significance."

In love affairs 13, notwithstanding its bad repute, is a number of harmony and happiness. The Cabala masters say of it that while it is a number of transmutation, deception and destruction, it also indicates hope, faith and highest spiritual attainments. They also assert that he who understands 13 holds the key of dominion and power."

A number of everlasting movement, 14, is classed as unlucky, as is also 15, although the latter is said to signify magic, mystery and eloquence. Belonging to the same class, 16 is an evil number, indicating weakness, subversion, catastrophe and defeat."

Symbolized as the burning star, 17 is classed as a spiritual number of intuition, duty, hope and immortality, while 18 is declared a number of the element, of reflected life, treachery, terror, trouble in love and evil association."

The sun, and also an angel unwinding destiny, is the symbol of 19, a number of happiness, particularly in marriage; of success, pride and honor."

The potency of 20 is difficult to define, as it is a number of obstacles, falsities and exaltation, and 21 is also equivocal, for, while it is a number of absolute truth, it is truth at great sacrifice. Still it is of excellent promise, though the advancement and success it presages are won only by unyielding energy."

A most unlucky number, 22, is symbolized as a blind man with a knapsack full of errors. It is a number of arrogance, struggle and catastrophe. Known as the royal star of the lion, 23 is a number of success, protection and assistance from those in power and is also a number of fame."

The aid and association of people of position, especially of influential women, is assured by 24. Gain through struggle is the indication of 25, which is a number of strength and advancement. Disaster comes with 26, through injudicious speculation, bad partnership and greed."

A number of authority is 27, known as the sceptre, and is a number of strength and power. It indicates a productive intellect, much success and beneficial work, while 28 is a number of disaster."

All other numbers of two or more digits are added, and the meaning taken is that of the digit which results, with these exceptions, which are called distinct potencies: 37, which is a number of success and good fortune in love, marriage and partnership; 43, a number of strife, distraction and failure; 51, which is a military number, indicates enemies and danger and also quick advancement; 55, which is at once a menace and a protection, and signifies energy and triumph; and 65, which, while a number indicating danger, gives powerful patrons and a happy marriage."

Still another potential number is 69, which is a number of fortune, honor and fame; 66 is counted as 12, 67 as 13 and 68 as 14."

The following is a brief classification of potential numbers already explained as lucky, unlucky and doubtful. The numbers counted lucky are 1, 3, 4, 7, 10, 17, 19, 23, 24, 25, 27, 30, 31, 34, 37, 40, 46, 52, 55, 61, 64, 69, 70 and 73."

Those classed as bad are 2, 5, 6, 8, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 22, 26, 28, 32, 35, 36, 39, 41, 42, 43, 44, 48, 50, 53, 57, 59, 60, 62, 63, 66, 68, 71."

The doubtful numbers are 9, 11, 13, 20, 21, 29, 36, 45, 47, 49, 51, 54, 56, 58, 63, 65, 67, 72."

In order to determine the significance of names by the Cabala system it is necessary to know the numerical value of each letter of the alphabet as given in the following table: A, I, J, Q and Y each equals 1. B, C, K and R each equals 2. G, L and S each equals 3. D, M and T each equals 4. E and N each equals 5. U, V, W and X each equals 6. O and Z each equals 7. F, H and P each equals 8."

To exemplify the finding of the value of a name, take, for instance, Theodore Roosevelt. According to the above table of letter values, Theodore and Roosevelt each equals 40, which counts 4, with the mystery of the cipher added, and 4 is a decidedly propitious number. But adding the two the result is 8, which is classed among inimical numbers."

The President was born on October 27, 1858. Twenty-seven is a lucky number. October, as will be seen by referring to the table of letter values, counts 29, which is the reverse of propitious; 1858 added is 22, another bad number."

Adding these birth numbers until one which is counted a potency is obtained we have 15, an unfortunate number. Here are fine potencies, some of them exceedingly good, which together give a bad result."

It may be said here that in considering names, the birth date should be taken into account, as the unlucky numbers of a name are often overcome by strong numbers in the nativity and vice versa. And again, there are delicate distinctions and differences, which can only be fully understood when the system has been thoroughly mastered."

One of these is how to distinguish the indication for certain periods of life and also for its entirety. Take for example the name of Napoleon Bonaparte."

The first and the second name count 5 each, the two equal 10. Note what this signifies. After a time Napoleon dropped the u from his last name, making it count 8, and in doing so made the sum of his full name 13. Note what 8, 5 and 13 signify and compare the results with Napoleon's early and late career."

Speaking of the significance of names the old rabbinical philosophy teaches that the four essentials in annulling evil destiny are prayer, charity, change of name and change of conduct. It is an old custom, to some extent still observed among the Jews, to change the name of a person who is very ill in order to secure an improvement of condition."

This belief in the significance of names is by no means confined to the Jews and their descendants. It is said that the steamships of the Cunard Line invariably have names counted lucky according to the old Cabala system. Certainly the name Lusitania is 25, which is counted a number of strength and good luck."

HOW IT FEELS TO DIE.

How it feels to die, says the Brooklyn Eagle, is the remarkable story told by James J. Kane, for thirty years a chaplain in the United States navy."

"I have been no fewer than eight times at the point of death," said Mr. Kane, "and on three occasions I was pronounced dead by physicians. On one of those occasions I rested in my coffin for twenty-four hours."

"During the third year of the civil war I was attached as an executive officer to a gunboat of the West Gulf blockading squadron. Yellow fever was virulent, and ultimately I contracted the disease, and began to welcome the approach of death. 'All this time I was perfectly conscious and as the body grew weaker, the mental powers grew stronger. I recognized the peculiar distinction between the soul and the body and made the startling discovery that I was possessed of wonderful faculties belonging to the soul, which were gradually developing as the separation from the body was taking place."

"Weaker, and yet still weaker, I grew; my breathing became difficult; pulsation almost ceased. Without losing consciousness I at last passed through the final stage. In an instant the spirit was freed and I stood beside my body, pronounced dead by the doctors and nurses. All is over; he is gone," said they, as they closed my eyes."

"I claim that the act of dying is one of the most delightful and exciting episodes in my life, filled with pleasurable emotions, not only at the thought of meeting long-parted friends, but the increase of knowledge and freedom from earthly elements. When I awoke a colored preacher, who was very much attached to me, and who was weeping at my bedside, said: 'Thank God you are once more alive,' and there was rejoicing at my restoration. My vision haunted me. I mourned over my return. I soon fell into a deep sleep and the next morning felt increased vitalization."

"I once had a cataleptic seizure in London, when Dr. George W. Callender was in attendance upon me. He afterward stated that I was the only man in his varied experience who had recovered after being so far gone in the throes of death. Two other medical men were also called and they concurred with Dr. Callender."

Just as dangers fill the world, so all men and women, too, are called to act in some heroic part, and the plan of life itself is to make heroes, according to the nerve and resolute faith by which the fight of life is maintained.—Horace Bushnell.

THE THERMOMETER.

It Was Invented by a Poor Man Who Had Failed as a Merchant.

There is one little instrument in which the interest of all classes of people in this country never diminishes through all the changing seasons of the year, from the first day of January to the last day of December. It regulates the business pulse of the nation and is the shrine to which men of all occupations turn. And this little instrument is the thermometer, which bears the name of Fahrenheit."

Before the seventeenth century men could only judge of the amount of heat prevailing at any place by their personal sensations and could only speak of the weather in a very indefinite way as hot or very hot, cold or very cold. In that century several attempts were made by scientific experimenters by means of tubes containing oil, spirits of wine and other substances to establish a satisfactory means of measuring heat, but none of them proved successful. Even Sir Isaac Newton, who applied his great mind to this work, and also the noted astronomer, Halley, failed in their attempts to produce a heat measure."

It was reserved to Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, an obscure and poor man, a native of Dantzic, to give to the world the instrument which has proved to be so serviceable to mankind. He had failed in business as a merchant and, having a taste for mechanics and chemistry, began a series of experiments for the production of thermometers. At first he made these instruments with alcohol, but soon became convinced that the semisolid mercury was a more suitable article to use in the glass tube."

Fahrenheit had removed from Dantzic to Amsterdam, and there about the year 1720 he made the mercury thermometer which has ever since been fashioned much like the original."

The basis of his plan was to mark on the tube the two points respectively at which water is congealed and boiled and to graduate the space between. He began with an arbitrary marking, beginning with 32 degrees, because he found that the mercury descended 32 degrees more before coming to what he thought the extreme cold resulting from a mixture of ice, water and sal ammoniac. In 1724 he published a distinct treatise on the subject of his experiments and the conclusions that had resulted therefrom."

Celsius of Stockholm soon after suggested the more rational graduation of a hundred degrees between freezing and boiling point. This was the centigrade thermometer. Reaumur proposed another graduation which has been accepted by the French, but by far the largest part of the civilized world Fahrenheit's scale has been accepted and used, with 32 degrees as freezing, 55 degrees as temperate, 96 degrees as blood heat and 212 degrees as boiling point."

It is true that the zero of Fahrenheit's scale is a solecism since it does not mark the extreme to which heat can be abstracted. This little blemish, however, does not seem to have been of any practical consequence."

Arctic explorers have persisted in describing temperatures below the zero of Fahrenheit, and scientists have produced artificially temperatures far below any ever dreamed of by the thermometer maker of Amsterdam. There is doubt as to the year of the death of Fahrenheit, but it is generally placed in 1740.—Los Angeles Times.

Sun Power.

There is one source to which all minds revert when this question is mentioned, a source most promising and yet one which has so far eluded the investigator. The sun on a clear day delivers upon each square yard of the earth's surface the equivalent of approximately two horsepower of mechanical energy working continuously. If even a fraction of this power could be transformed into mechanical or electrical energy and stored it would do the world's work. Here is power delivered at our very doors without cost. How to store the energy so generously furnished and keep it on tap for future use is the problem. That the next half century will see some solution thereof, either chemical or otherwise, seems likely.—H. S. Pritchett in Atlantic.

Victoria and Lady Millais.

It is related that when Sir John Millais fell ill Queen Victoria sent the Princess Louise to the dying man to inquire what favor she could accord him that could alleviate his sorrow if not his pain. Sir John thereupon called for his writing tablet and inscribed upon it the words, "I should like the queen to see my wife." Then the queen broke through her iron rule not to receive any woman whose marriage tie had been once dissolved, whether there be blame or not, graciously acceded to the request and accorded the sorely tried lady a tender and sympathetic interview.—St. James' Gazette.

Why It Is Stranger.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," quoted the wise guy. "That's because we don't get sufficiently well acquainted with it," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.