

THE UNIVERSAL
TREASURE CASKET

OR

Book of Wisdom and Knowledge

CONTAINING

HOW SHE BECAME A MEDIUM

OR EXPERIENCE IN THE STUDY OF OCCULT SCIENCE
AND MANY FORMULAS FROM WHICH TO
CHOOSE A PROFESSION

WITH POEMS

BY BERTHA A. GREYER



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By BERTHA A. GREYER



A TEACHER OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.

INTRODUCTION

HEALTH, WEALTH, HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

IN giving out these thoughts and instructions I do not desire to call any special attention to myself, but simply to prove that these instructions are all practical and not only theories. I have paid large sums of money for some, others I have gained by practice and experience, therefore I do not see any reason why I should not give forth my knowledge to be made use of by my fellow men, and I hope that every one of the purchasers of this little book will derive some benefit therefrom. The price is reasonable and within the reach of all. May it guide others onward to the path of light, truth and happiness, for in it is found a world of consolation. It is also my earnest desire that some of the thoughts expressed

herein will bring hope and peace to those who read understandingly. I do not ask any one to believe as true anything that I have written down, but what I do wish, however, is this: That you assume to believe it long enough to put it to the test and let the test be fair and honest; I will then abide the result. I myself claim no power, I only make use of the forces within, and I wish to say they are not unfolded at a bound, but only by persistent perseverance.

I will give personal instructions in those branches indicated by a star. Letters of enquiry must have return postage enclosed, otherwise no notice will be taken of them.

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Part I

HOW SHE BECAME A MEDIUM

CHAPTER I

IN THE COUNTRY

“**A**ND so, Mrs. Gray, you belong to that cult commonly called Spiritualists?”

“Well, Mrs. Merrit, I will neither admit nor deny the fact. If you mean that a Spiritualist is a person that does not believe in a God or a Christ or anything but running after mediums, who claim to foretell all that is going to happen at a dollar a sitting, I am not one; then, on the other hand, if you imply that to look into the spiritual philosophy of religions, to establish the fact that we continue to live after throwing off this body like an old garment, to foster and unfold the best part hidden within us; in fact, to spiritualize the material, then I must plead guilty of belonging to that

sect, although I simply try to be a true Christian."

"And, pray, did you ever get any reasonable proof that there is any truth in such cant?"

"In my investigation I have met with many beautiful experiences. I do not mean proof given to me by others, but I have gained positive self-knowledge which it would take me too long to relate."

"But, please, Mrs. Gray, do tell us. You have aroused our curiosity; besides, we are highly interested," came from a chorus of voices.

The place where this conversation took place was the veranda of a charming summer place, situated at Lake Pushaw, Maine. It is beyond a doubt one of the sightliest and most charming spots where Nature has lavished her beauty and surrounded it with a variety such as is seldom seen. One of the grandest sights can be met here, when the beautiful moon stands forth in all its glory and sends its brilliant rays across the lake. The setting sun, which sends a last parting look to Mother Earth before disappearing among the mountain tops, the atmosphere fanned by the gentle breezes, permeated with the healthful odors of the

pinetrees, and above the glittering stars that illuminate the sky, invite one to sweet repose, and a happy and joyful awakening in the morning.

That part of Maine is, however, comparatively unknown to tourists, and many an artist misses some very fine sketching with which the surrounding landscape abounds. It is altogether an ideal spot to while away a summer—a cool and pleasant retreat, away from the dust and noise of the city; just the place for rest and thought. However, it is not my intention to extol the beauty of the place, but to relate the experience as told by Madame. I had been an unperceived listener, although highly interested, and set it down as related.

“Nowadays every one is more or less interested in occult science, Theosophy, Spiritualism or anything which borders on the mysterious. I am not an exception to this rule, with this difference that where others take it up as a fad, I became deeply interested in the study. The more obstacles I encountered the firmer I became to solve the problem, to penetrate beyond the wall which veils the borderland of another world—and right here let me say that it is no easy matter, especially for one who takes a materialistic view of everything

and is inclined to scepticism; but being a seeker after truth, I wished to investigate all things fairly; then if they appealed to my reason, accept them. Would it not be good if humanity in general would be convinced that we live on and exist in a different form after this life is extinct? Such was the state of my mind when I came here.

“Do you see that island across the lake? It is a beautiful strip of woodland, and from the first time my eyes rested upon it I longed to explore it. It is not quite an island, as it is connected with this landing by that narrow strip of land down by that extreme point. Many a time as I gazed upon that green foliage, my heart went out toward it; no matter how I would analyze my feelings, chiding myself for my foolishness, I could not account for or get rid of the feeling. What attraction did it hold for me?

CHAPTER II

A STRANGE APPEARANCE

“THE eastern sky was aglow with the bright tints of the coming day, the dewy air fragrant with the breath of buds and blossoms of the water lilies. Brighter grew the sky, casting a flood of golden glory across the broad lake. I had arisen early to enjoy the glorious sunrise and so absorbed was I in the beauties of Nature that I was utterly oblivious of where I went, simply wandering on and on until I heard myself addressed. I turned with a start, to see standing before me the dignified form of a man, with a flowing white beard, enveloped in a white mantle. His dark eyes were fixed in a calm, steady look upon mine as though they would read my innermost thoughts. I was too much surprised and awed by his sudden appearance to utter a sound, although experiencing no fear.

““I came in answer to your silent cry for help,

for whenever a child of earth sends a longing thought for wisdom, knowledge and light upwards, he opens up an avenue for our approach. Long and patiently have we labored, and now we can at last fulfil part of our mission. Here and there the seeds sown have found good and pure soil and sprouted into blossoms. Your great desire will be fulfilled, but not yet; you are not quite prepared to receive such knowledge. You have made a good beginning, considering that your efforts were a mere groping in the dark; but your sincere desire made you grow day by day, for unseen hands have guided and aided you. Do not be rash; the time has not yet arrived to send your spirit out of the body on an ethereal journey to that land of the unknown, for it is not strong enough to encounter the dangers from which the stoutest heart would shrink. Have patience, for all good things will come to him who knows how to wait. I will guide and help you. We shall meet again.'

"The man had vanished. I rubbed my eyes to convince myself that I was really awake, and I admit, although I possess plenty of courage, my blood ran a trifle more slowly as an icy chilliness crept down my back.

“What was it that I saw? A reality or only an optical illusion? Still the fact remained—the mysterious visitor had not only talked to me, but had revealed my innermost thoughts.

“On surveying my surroundings I found myself on the little island which I mentioned before, in a romantic spot, but look where I would I could see no habitation. ‘Seek not what you cannot find, but go in peace.’ The words were spoken close to me, but no one could I see. All that was left for me to do was to wonder and start for home. My steps seemed lighter, my heart was filled with a new joy, and Nature itself seemed more sublime. The birds were offering up their morning prayer, each trying to outdo the others in praise to the Creator, gushing forth in one tumultuous tide a hallelujah for all the glory of the morning. If I could only emulate their wild emotion and give thanksgiving with such a tuneful tongue and song, but human heart cannot utter such devotion, for when deepest feeling swells the innermost soul the lips are silent.”

Mrs. Gray had lapsed into silence, a slight shudder passed over her body, and her eyes

closed. I thought she had fainted, but no, her lips parted and she began to speak :

“Mamma, do not weep for me,
Nor think of me as dead,
For ever near you I shall be
Though dwelling overhead.

“I heard the angels’ voices call,
Voices sweet and low ;
I went to meet them at the dawn,
And you wept here below.

“The land I’m in is fair and bright,
And everything aglow,
Where God himself reflects the light
Of love on all below.

“God’s will be done ; it’s for the best ;
You may not think it right.
The sorrow-stricken are most blest
When lifts the veil of night.

“ This is from Flora H.”

I could not restrain my tears. Only too well did I remember my little Flora, the sunshine of our home, over whose loss I almost broke my heart; but how did she know? I was a stranger here, and never talked about my affairs. It was passing strange, albeit I

would not admit it and kept silent. In a short time Mrs. Gray opened her eyes and went on talking as though nothing had happened, while I could only ponder over what I had heard, until she went indoors.

CHAPTER III

GOSSIP AND A NEW GUEST

“**I** WONDER what ailed Madame? Did she not act strange? I don’t understand her talk,” came from Mrs. Merrit. “Do you comprehend her meaning?” Then turning towards me, “Why, Mrs. Herbert, what is the trouble? Surely you are not crying?”

“I know it is foolish, but I cannot help it. Yes, I do understand. She had reference to my little darling whom I lost a few months ago. That is why I came here, thinking a change of air would benefit me.”

“You don’t mean to imply that you believe or take any stock in what Madame has just said?”

“Whether I believe or not does not matter; my own heart tells me that it came from my Flora, and every line confirms what actually took place; besides how could Madame know anything about it? Did it not all occur many miles from here?”

“Oh, your nerves are a little unstrung; besides, brooding over your loss so much might have conveyed it to Madame’s mind unknown to you. For myself I need stronger proof than that to believe in such humbug.”

“That may be; nevertheless I will cherish those words, and I hope that I may understand their meaning more fully after awhile. Your theory would suggest mind reading.”

“You are a little fool,” muttered Mrs. Meritt to herself; aloud she only said, “Certainly, do so by all means, if you derive any comfort from her words. I think I shall take a walk.”

A young man, a new arrival, had been an unnoticed but attentive listener to the foregoing conversation. He now approached us with hand extended towards me, saying, “Allow me to sympathize with you, for I myself mourn a lost one. I should derive great consolation could I be assured that we continue our existence on the other side and perhaps shall meet again. Who and what is Madame?”

“Oh, she is our hostess, and as you saw her now so she is always, calm and serene; nothing seems to upset her. By some chance remark we found out that she is an occultist, or Spirit-

ualist, although she seems so much different from that class; her heart so big, her mind so broad. Some of us induced her to tell us her experience and she has consented, so you will have an opportunity to judge for yourself. She must be pretty well advanced in her study; in fact, what some call a medium, judging from what transpired this morning."

"Oh," exclaimed Roland Gifford, "if she could tell me something of ——, well, then, I might believe. So far I have never thought much about it. I went to a meeting once in Boston, but I left disgusted; it seemed to me much like a show at ten cents a head."

"I dare say! However, I have never been. Madame comes from Boston; perhaps she can explain what we don't understand. I assure you she is very obliging."

"Does Madame know she possesses such a staunch champion in you?"

"I was hardly aware, Mr. Gifford, that I advocated her cause; however, I speak as I feel; besides you will soon see for yourself that hers is not a bed of roses. If you will be here this afternoon at four, you can listen to the continuation of her story. Some of us are really interested, some are curious, while

the others listen to while away the time. I hope you will like this place. Don't you think the scenery pretty?"

Roland was ashamed to admit that he had been so engrossed with his own thoughts that he had taken no heed of his surroundings. He cast a hasty glance around, saying, "No doubt I shall like it. All I care about at present is to rest."

"Then, this is just the place," I replied. "I felt the same way on coming; already I feel benefited, and hope it will be the same with you. The people here are real nice, and our host does his best to make it homelike."

CHAPTER IV

STRANGE WANDERINGS

Q UITE an audience had gathered on the veranda that afternoon. Madame was seated in their midst. The babbling of so many voices sounded like a swarm of bees humming; however, all was hushed as soon as Madame began to speak.

“One day, being tired and weary, I fell into a deep slumber, from which I awoke with a start. On opening my eyes I found the room flooded with a soft, golden light, the air filled with sweetest music, while the same mystic form whom I had encountered before stood beside me.

“‘Once more do we meet; this time to guide thee on thy journey, for thy great desire to have a glimpse of another world shall be fulfilled. But I warn thee that thou wilt encounter dangers. I will aid thee all I can.’ So saying he took hold of my hand. As his glance met mine I felt as though a lightning

bolt had struck me ; my nerves began to tingle, my blood stood still, I could not breathe, all grew dark.

“Darkness, nothing but darkness do I encounter. Whither am I going? Will this intense gloom last forever? Shall I indeed go to destruction? What horrible phantoms assail me? Is this place peopled with nothing but devils and snakes? They leer and hiss at me from every side, right and left, in front and behind, under my very feet. I see nothing but darkest dangers threatening me. In my utter despair I think of Him, our Redeemer, and cry aloud :

“‘Oh, God! In this hour of need I call upon Thee. Let not my despairing soul call to Thee in vain. Send me aid to guide me through this realm of darkness and terror to the light, away from this horrible place.’

“No sooner had I uttered these words than I felt myself lifted out of reach of my assailants, and led onward, as if by invisible hands, while I heard a sweet voice whisper :

“‘Have faith, thou venturesome mortal, and all will be well. The one thou doubttest has in His infinite mercy for one atom of true worth desired that thou shouldst be saved,

and behold some of the sorrows as well as joys of this our world, which you call the hereafter. The path through which you have passed, all mortals must travel, and woe to him who hesitates, for he will lose himself forever. As thy liberty is but short, we must hasten on. First I am commanded that thou shalt see the place of everlasting punishment which you on earth call hell. Behold !'

"I obeyed reluctantly, and saw in the distance a dark, dismal place, filled with stifling, sulphurous air, in which many souls were imprisoned, while they were tormented by some who seemed filled with the greatest hilarity. Cries for help were greeted with shouts of derisive laughter. The clamors, lamentations and moanings of those lost souls were awful to hear, and still those dark phantoms, grim and tall, kept on dancing and shouting with malicious glee as still another soul was added to the already uncountable number.

"The victim, with pale face, with shaking limbs, bleared eyes and despairing air, proclaimed his guilt and crimes. His name he had trampled in the dust with degrading and unearthly desires, a slave to sensual lust and at last murder, which sealed his doom eternally.

“Next a woman, who with a fickle heart and cunning ways led youth astray, exerting all her arts to ensnare all those who would cater to her vanity, and at last made a slave to sin of her body, thus condemning herself to everlasting woe.

“Another one, a man of pleasure, who had betrayed a young and innocent, trusting girl by promises of love, then cast her aside, leaving her to sink lower and lower through every degree of misery and shame, until she was lost, too, in the depths of her ruin. Here, then, in this gulf of annihilation, he received retribution.

“On, still they came; but I had seen enough. This scene will forever haunt my brain. I shall never forget this withering of souls, nor the sighing and bewailing of those exiled spirits. With pitying heart and depressed feelings I turned to my guide, entreating him to take me away, and imploring him not to leave me, for I knew not where to turn.

CHAPTER V

WANDERINGS CONTINUED

“‘**T**O leave thee I cannot, even if I would, for thou wert given into my care. I shall be with thee, here and always, until thy time on earth has run out. I take thee now to a place called Limbo, or Retention. The beings thou wilt behold are souls who love and long for God, but are not yet pure enough to enter a higher state.’

“I expressed surprise at this, saying that a number of people on earth did not believe in a so-called Purgatory. The answer was, ‘We know and are sorry for their erroneous belief, but misdeeds must be atoned for. These spirits have a mission to fulfil. They are often near earth, to watch and warn their loved ones against evil. Have you not often experienced a feeling to refrain from doing this or that? It was their promptings, and to some they can make themselves felt and even seen.’

“My guide said all this while we were floating through a light mist and space until we arrived at a beautiful valley surrounded by a forest of vivid green, lakes and mountains, and such a profusion of flowers that it seemed to me as though all the bloom of the world was gathered here. The beings that floated hither and thither had human forms, but so refined, although sorrowful, for they longed to be with others in a higher realm.

“‘Art thou happy to know that such a place exists?’ was the question asked by my kind guide.

“‘Oh, yes,’ I exclaimed; ‘more than happy to know that those erring children of God will return to Him in time. If only the living ones would know and believe it, what consolation they would have.’

“‘There are enough on earth who know, and others will find out through them; besides, do not good Christians read the Bible, and does the Good Book not tell them that Christ himself came here? Still some do not believe, because they have become so cynical; they scoff and sneer at everything, and try to be wiser than their Creator. That is why so many are restless, dissatisfied and perplexed,

while a few even curse God for their very existence, forgetting that they themselves crushed out every spark of light and hope. And now for the last vision of which a glimpse is granted thee.'

CHAPTER VI

WANDERINGS CONCLUDED

“THE radiant angel guide took hold of my hand and we soared higher, ever higher, through dazzling light and splendor, until I could hardly endure the brilliant and overpowering rays.

“‘This ends our journey. Behold some of the splendor of God’s world!’

“If this was a glimpse of heaven, oh how glorious and magnificent! In my wildest dreams I had not imagined anything so grand. All around me I heard soft strains of music; beautiful forms roamed through space, weaving slender garlands of flowers; the light in the distance grew brighter and brighter; all around me began to sing ‘Glory be to Him on high!’ A majestic figure loomed up in the distance, and as I looked I saw the form of Him of Nazareth with hand extended and beckoning to me; yes, even me!

“My soul awoke to a calm and tranquil

delight as I saw that glorious figure, which no fancy could dispel. This eternal life, which no wealth can purchase nor spirit corrupt with sin can inherit, is sublime. It is bright and effulgent with a glory which can never fade. In it dwells the soul in an ethereal essence.

“How did I deserve such a sight of heavenly glory? Would that I could stay! Why should I return to the cold, chilling atmosphere of earth? Why not snap the thread that binds me to life? But no. I must go back to earth and earn a right to a home in this place. My time of liberty is at end and I must return to my shell of clay. Slowly I felt myself sinking; an oppressive sensation stole over me. I knew no more until I opened my eyes to find myself in my room.”

CHAPTER VII

A TEST

ROLAND GIFFORD had listened to Madame's recital with deep interest. A sudden unrest had taken hold of him and he asked himself if such things were really possible. If he could only establish soul communion with his lost one, he could more easily bear to walk alone through life without hungering for that love which seemed lost to him forever. Here was something entirely different from what he had been taught, and to his mind it opened up a new field for investigation. Perhaps his life need not be wasted in one vain regret. Would there be any hope of receiving anything definite regarding his lost one, and could not Madame aid him? At all events he can but try. He must have a talk with her this very day. Would she see him? He would consult Mrs. Herbert.

He expressed great pleasure on meeting me, and immediately made his desires known.

"You see, I am very anxious ; my mind is in such a state of unrest that I would get very little rest unless I made the attempt. Will you arrange it for me ? "

"Most certainly, I will ;" and went in search of Madame then and there.

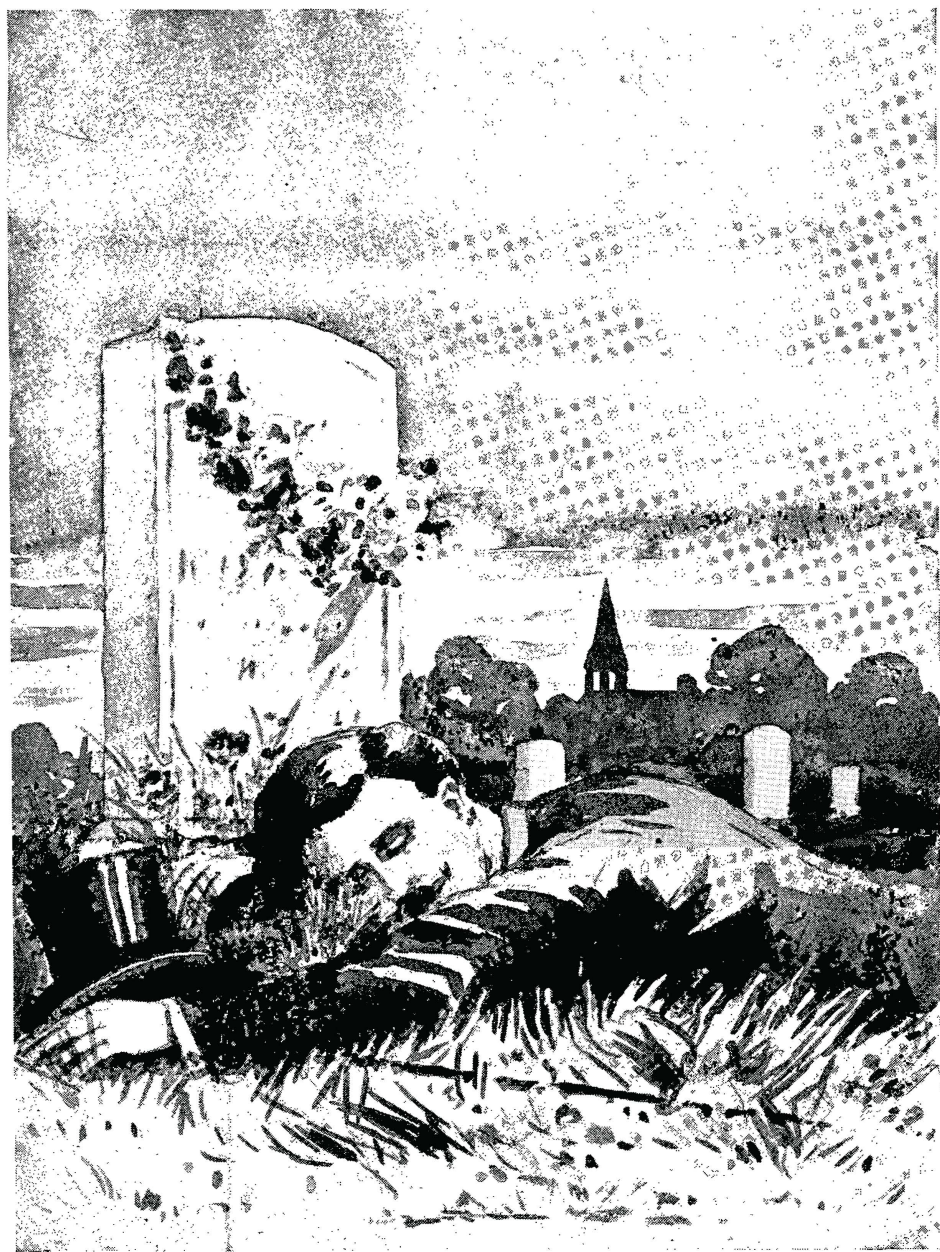
Roland had not long to wait before my errand was accomplished.

"Madame will see you on one condition, which is that I am to be present as well."

"Oh, I am so thankful for the privilege, and I was going to ask you as a special favor to be present."

"Then, it is all settled. Madame will see us at eight this evening."

At eight precisely Madame conducted us to her room. Turning to Mr. Gifford, she said, "I understand that you are very anxious to hear from a departed friend. I must, however, inform you that I do not always succeed ; as my power is but limited I cannot call the spirits at will ; I can only try, and you may rest assured that I will, as far as I myself am concerned, do the best in your behalf, seeing that you are sincere and so distressed. You can ask questions later on ; first we will see what communication we can get." Then sitting



"THAT YOUNG MAN WAS YOURSELF."

down, she folded her hands, closed her eyes and fell apparently asleep. In a short time I saw the same shudder pass over her that I had noticed before. Just as the silence became oppressive she began to speak:

"I am carried away a long distance, to quite a large town somewhere in the country. I find myself in a cemetery, by the side of a newly made grave. Heaps of flowers are scattered in wild confusion all over it, in the midst of which I see a young man lying flat on his face, bewailing a lost loved one. I can hear some of his wild ravings, which rend his soul:

" 'Hope's gates are closed to me forever, my life nothing but a cheerless blank, a vast despair. Oh, why was it ordained that you should leave me? You are laid away with the dead, while I must live on. Never more can I behold thy fair face. If I could only die and be with thee!'

"That young man was yourself. I see you afterwards wandering aimless, always regretting. You are not alone. Isabelle is with you. Often has she tried to make herself felt, but you are wrapped in a cloak of selfish grief. To prove that she is Isabelle she will

give you a few lines which you will recognize and which will be convincing as well :

“ ‘ As you wander in the twilight
Amongst woodland’s shady dell,
Your thoughts stray back to scenes once bright,
Which your heart remembers well.

‘ To a brown-eyed little maiden,
And a cottage by the hill,
Whose songs your fond heart did gladden,
But are now forever still.

‘ Many a happy hour we spent
Down by the little brook,
Whose ripples a soft music lent
To my voice and every look.

‘ But you think I’m gone forever,
My slumber is deep and long ;
And all you’ve left of me, the giver,
Is the memory of the song.

‘ We shall meet and never more part
In this heavenly home above,
With harmony in every heart
And naught but joy and love.’

“ ‘ The world I live in is beautiful, and I
would be happy were it not for your grief.
Death is only a short separation ; my spirit

still lives on, only the material part left behind is doomed to perish. Throw aside your grief; help and love your fellow men; live in harmony and unity; be just in all things; thus will you prepare the way. I cannot say more now. Let your turbulent mind rest in peace. Think of me only as living and waiting for you.'"

Madame lapsed into silence. I looked at Roland. His whole form shook with sobs he could not repress, and as Madame had awakened, we left him, knowing that would be best.

CHAPTER VIII

ANOTHER SOUL AWAKENED

SINCE the time of Eve, women have been credited with being curious. On general principles I am not of that class; however, in this instance I must plead guilty. I could hardly await the appearance of Mr. Gifford next morning, to find out his sentiments regarding last evening's experiences. What mysterious power does Madame possess to reveal all that we consider hidden? Is it spirit doings? Like a flash of sunlight the truth is revealed, light seems to dawn upon our darkened minds, and yet there are those who criticise Madame, find fault, call her eccentric and imaginary; but peerless-souled women are ever thus treated, and how seldom are such high and noble natures understood! I myself do not doubt spirit communion any more, and — but here comes Mr. Gifford, and how bright and cheerful he looks!

“ Dear Mrs. Herbert, I am so gratified to

know that in you I find a kindred soul, one to whom I can express my feelings without fear of ridicule. Madame has indeed demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that we *do* exist after so-called death; that spirits do and can communicate with us. My doubts are dispelled and over my troubled mind steals a soothing calm and peace. The joy and experience of believing thrills my entire being. I am no longer weary of life; I only hope that I will obtain more knowledge of that beauteous land and its inhabitants. How consoling it is to know that we shall be reunited with our departed, and so comforting to believe that loving hearts will not always be parted.

“I wept for very joy last evening at feeling my soul was released from the thralldom of darkness, that my aching heart awoke and inspired me to a loftier purpose in life, for I shall live and work for humanity. I can never express my gratitude to Madame for opening to me the golden casket which contains so many priceless treasures. Yes, Mrs. Herbert, we that have shared a mutual sorrow have also enjoyed a mutual blessing, for through Madame our darkened minds have received light and truth, and she says it all depends on ourselves

now — our future progression, I mean. Fraudulent mediums might deceive us, but we cannot fool ourselves.”

I had listened with awe and wonder to Mr. Gifford. What a transformation wrought in him! Could this indeed be the man of a few days ago? It made a deep and lasting impression upon my memory. I could only hope that we might receive and understand more about this, to us, new religion, this afternoon when Madame would continue her narrative.

CHAPTER IX

A CHAPTER ON MATERIALIZATION

AS usual, every one assembled to hear Madame. Without any preliminary remarks she began:

“One evening as I was sitting deep in meditation, I saw something moving not very far from where I sat. At first it seemed but a little white cloud, wavering to and fro. It grew in dimensions until it assumed the shadowy outline of a human form. I watched it growing with a feeling of passiveness, but great interest, until it threw aside the folds of white and revealed to me the countenance of my former guide.

“Peace be thine! Again have I come; this time to give thee instructions. Thou art not satisfied with the progress thou hast made, and are searching for a master to get higher instructions, but in vain. Knowest thou not that he who desires to become master of the workings of the soul must become first familiar

with the order of all things, from the lowest to the highest? He who desires the influence of the divine must not only direct his eyes toward it, but he must elevate his soul power to the soul power of the divine, which is God himself; he must prepare himself, by purification and good work, with fervent love for the Infinite and his fellow men, so that he may draw down from heaven the divine spirit and be filled with its lustre, also that he may become gifted with heavenly gifts and obtain the desires of his heart. As soon as he grasps the higher light and arrives at a state of perfection, he will have obtained might and power, wisdom and knowledge. He also will perceive the truth, for it is obtainable by all who seek for it. So keep on, and when thou dost find the path to yon sun-topped mountain hard to travel, be not discouraged, for thou wilt arrive at its summit, where the light from high heaven will descend and abide with thee. The spirits will lead thee into pleasant paths after the cup of sorrow is drained; they will guide thee, and I will direct thee onward. Farewell for the present.'

"This was his third visit and a splendid materialization."

Here a chorus of voices broke in with,

“What is materialization? Do you believe in it? How is it accomplished? Oh, it was only imagination.” And from Mrs. Merrit, “I don’t believe in it. I saw a spook show at the Temple and what I saw there convinces or converts no one. It is ridiculous.”

I watched Madame’s face, but she looked as calm as ever, only a slight smile curved the corners of her mouth.

“Surely you do not expect me to answer all those questions at once,” she replied, ignoring Mrs. Merrit’s remarks altogether. “Do I believe in it? Most assuredly I do. I have witnessed hundreds of seances, private and public ones, and have obtained proof positive at home. I also admit that there is a deal of fraud practised in most places where they hold seances. In one place where they claim superior intelligence for their spirit, said intelligence is furnished by the manager. An Indian came to me at this place; by placing my hand upon his head, I discovered that he wore a wig. Another form appeared as a male spirit; I let my hand glide down the chest, and lo, it was a woman! In another place a form came out making lace, said lace being pulled out of the lining of her skirt; in dematerializing, it was shoved up her

sleeve, and so cleverly was this done that it nearly deceived me, but in passing my hand down the arm I felt the lump, and still I say materialization is a fact. For fraudulent manifestations, the frequenters of such places are more to blame than the mediums, for none are more blind than those wilfully so. Each and every one expects half a dozen of his friends to come. Such mediums I do not call Spiritualists, only schemers. Their own consciences trouble them, and so much afraid are they of the evil they have created that they dare not sleep in the dark. When you find a medium wearing wigs, robes, masks, lace or other material, you may take it for granted that you are being imposed upon. Materialization consists of four different manifestations: Personation, transfiguration, etherealization and independent. The two last named are the most satisfactory. I will only add these few words before I close: Every success breeds imitators and counterfeiters. Were there none genuine, there would be none fraudulent."

This closed Madame's series of talks.

CHAPTER X

WHAT CAME UNDER MY OWN OBSERVATION

I WILL now relate one instance of Madame's power that I witnessed personally. One day word came to the hotel from one of the cottagers that their baby was sick and a doctor must be sent for at once, although they feared the child would be dead before he arrived. As soon as Madame heard the news, she instantly made her way to the cottage, I following closely. She never uttered a word, but took the baby on her lap, placed one hand upon the little forehead, while the other gently glided down the face and over the body, keeping up a crooning chant all the time which I could not understand; she seemed utterly oblivious of the onlookers, continuing the same sing-song air. Gradually I saw the hectic flush die out of the baby's face, while the eyes assumed a more natural look, and finally I saw them close, and by the gentle breathing I knew the little one was asleep. Still Madame kept on. At last

she laid the baby on the bed, telling the mother it would wake in three hours all right, and passed out, while the mother told the neighbors that she had not expected the baby to live through the night. No one passed any remarks about Madame. I was bound though to see how this would end, so I offered my services, telling the mother to take a rest while I would watch over the baby.

My task was an easy one, as it slumbered peacefully. The clattering of hoofs roused me from the reverie I had fallen into; I also noticed that the clock had made its hourly revolution three times, and looking on the bed, I saw the baby cooing and smiling, with its little hands outstretched as if pleading to be taken up.

At the same instant the doctor bustled into the room while I stood in expectation of what was coming next. He wanted to know if that was the sick child and I answered, "Yes."

At this he got on his dignity, saying it was a foolish mother's whim, and demanded to know by what right he was called on a fool's errand, as there was nothing the matter with the child.

I pitied the mother and tried to explain.

His only reply was: "Foolish and superstitious people!" Nevertheless the fact remained, the baby was saved.

I asked Madame how she accomplished it. Her reply was that she did not know herself, and she murmured something about the love of little children and angels guarding them.

CHAPTER XI

A CHAPTER ON THE BIBLE

WHILING away an idle hour, some days after the foregoing, the general conversation drifted to matters regarding the Bible, and I asked Madame why so many speakers and lecturers on the Spiritualistic platform denounced the Bible, remarking that it surely did the cause no good.

She simply replied that she did not know, adding, "For myself, I believe in it, although it contradicts itself."

"But why?" I asked.

"Oh, it is but natural. It was written by inspired and prophetic men, and as they wrote according to their spiritual enlightenment, it could not be all alike, no more than two persons should think or write alike to-day. I do not doubt but that a future generation will do the same with the writings of to-day. I find the book very rich and instructive in Spiritualism. I will cite a few principal

points regarding phenomena, healing of the sick; also, accounts of dreams are many. The Bible must be read carefully and studied in order to interpret it aright. The way in which God spoke to his chosen people was generally in dreams, for we read in Job xxxiii, 15: 'In a dream, in a vision of the night, when sleep falleth upon men, . . . he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction.' Genesis xx, 3: 'But God came to Abimelech in a dream by night, and said to him, Behold, thou art but a dead man, for the woman which thou hast taken; for she is a man's wife.'

"The power to interpret dreams was given to Joseph, as is shown by the interpretation of the dream of Pharaoh of the seven fat and lean kine.

"Of visions and magnetic occurrences we find the most striking one in connection with Adam. Genesis ii, 21: 'And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept.' It says a deep sleep, so it must have been a trance; and the Lord created Eve from one of his ribs, which was materialization.

"Abraham had many visions, through which he was taught that he would be the father of a great nation. Jacob had visions. Genesis

xxviii, 10: 'And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.' As the sun had set, he took for his pillow a stone and slept, and he saw a vision of a ladder, the top of which reached to Heaven, while angels descended and ascended it, and behold the Lord stood above, etc. Moses had visions; the first important one at Mount Horeb. Exodus iii, 2: 'And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush . . . and Moses said, I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.' Then the Spirit called out and said, 'Draw not nigh hither,' etc., which proves that a pious and spiritual mind is open to divine influences, and can hear the voice of the Spirit.

"The Bible is full of such quotations, and it would be too tedious to give any from the New Testament. I need not say anything, for any one who can read can convince himself, if he so desires. Is not Christ the best example set before us? And if we follow in His footsteps we will attain the highest perfection. So the good work goes on. Here and there a kernel falls by the wayside and brings forth good fruit in due season."

Part III

WORDS OF WISDOM AND ADVICE

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

WHERE true love reigns sorrow finds no abiding place and hatred can never come, for love is the fountain of happiness, as it is an offspring from God, for God himself is love. Love has greater power than is contained in all other forces of the universe. By love the whole world is stimulated, and it is the prime mover for joy and happiness to man and woman if care is taken that love finds its true mate and the soul its true magnet, for the soul of a godly man will search out the soul of another like unto itself. But should perchance a union take place without this affinity of souls, discord, coldness and strife will come, breeding unhappiness and longing which should not be

gratified. Where true love reigns there is no room for jealousy.

From the earliest ages marriage has been cherished as the best of human institutions, and it has been wisely said that it doubles the joys and divides the grief and sorrows of earthly existence. God and nature contemplate men and women together, for each alone is only a fragment of God's creation. If a man wishes to be successful in life, he should marry, for then he will put forth and make use of his best efforts to gain the desired end; then he has something and some one to work for.

Persons deprived of the pleasures and refining influences of the home circle will seek pleasure elsewhere, and, oh, how often are the instincts of their better natures forgotten and the silent monitor hushed in the whirl and excitement of unholy pleasures of the moment, which cast a withering influence on all their future life; so I say, go and marry, as God and nature intended you should. Do not let pride or wealth stand in the way. Be not over fastidious in your requirements of beauty or over choice in the gratification of your fancies. A true woman admires, loves and even wor-

ships the higher attributes of manly character, and vice versa. Let all remember that they marry for love and happiness, and happiness is only found in domestic peace ; so each must endeavor to preserve that. Let each be kind to the other and be forgiving if they have erred. Do not consult your so-called friends, for often you get advice which is far from suitable to the case, but question your own heart ; it will tell you how to act.

When a man goes courting and the moment has arrived when he offers all he can, it is only necessary to be natural and true ; let him speak the sentiments he feels, and if loved, a true heart will respond. When any one meets with unrequited love, or is jilted, he sinks naturally into a state of feeling which is called despair. He must not throw himself into the vortex of dissipation, but must call his pride to the rescue and shake off the passion by seeking a substitute, for he will be happy yet, as there are plenty of true women in the world.

The wisest and greatest men of all times thought, and think so yet, that the institution of matrimony was given to man for his highest good, that the sweetest and purest of earthly

happiness is to be found in the sacred enjoyments of home ; even if bitter at times, so much the sweeter after, for does not the sweetest rose blossom on the thorniest branch ?

THE OCCULT OR MYSTIC WAY OF SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

THE man who succeeds in life is he who relies on himself and not upon others. If you wish to make a success of your life, you must first of all make up your mind that you will rely upon yourself. After you have done this, don't get the idea that you can begin at the top of the ladder, for you cannot. A good builder does not begin with the roof. So must you begin at the bottom rung of the ladder, then follow each rung as fast as you can travel. There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the proper time will lead to fortune.

Time is money. If you can only earn a dollar a day, do not sit idle at home because you think it is not enough, for if you do, you not

only waste your time but the dollar besides. Remember, also, that a man of his word is lord over another one's purse, for he who is known to pay punctually at the time he promises may raise all the money he needs; this is of great use next to industry and frugality. Never keep borrowed money longer than the time promised, because the friend who assisted you will be disappointed, and not lend you anything again.

Live within your means, and pay as you go along, for trifling expenses will mount into large sums, and it is easier to pay small amounts. Also remember that credit is money. If you let your money lie in another man's hands after it is due you give him the interest, or so much as the money will bring, while it is in his possession. Money will produce money, interest will produce interest, and so on, until one dollar becomes two, two four, etc.

Cultivate self-reliance by the exercise of your will, and will power lies latent within every one if only evoked. Evoke it, then, and gain a greater degree of confidence in yourself, so that you may gain your desired end. You will naturally ask, Can I really gain what I strive for? I answer, Yes.

Have you ever stopped to consider that all men are created in the image and likeness of one great universal Creator, and that all men are vested with equal rights? So I say unto you all, you have within yourselves the same qualities; evoke them; then do what others have done, for you can do the same. The will is developed through action and strengthened by faith. Fear and doubt paralyze it. Hope and faith in yourself produce marvellous results. Therefore use your will power, and act; for each act creates a new impulse, and new impulses bring forth the result you desire. It is sad to hear a man or woman say, "I would give most anything if I could accomplish only half what they have done." Do not condemn yourself, but try and see what you can do. Thus only will you be successful.

The way to attain riches is very plain. Be industrious and frugal; waste neither time nor money; take care of the hours and days, the weeks and months will take care of themselves. Rise early, for the old saying is, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Remember as well to avoid women, wine and gambling.

FAITH

FAITH is a necessity of life, for life is impossible without it. The very first thing we do is to believe. We must believe in something, otherwise life would not be worth living. Therefore believe and follow your highest, best and noblest impulses. You will find it a hard road to travel and not many will dispute your way, for alas, the greater part of humanity live for self, aspiring and striving only for mammon. This is what causes so much unhappiness.

GOD'S CHOSEN

Arrayed in snow-white garments,
And soaring through the air,
Are all God's chosen angels
That dwell in yonder sphere.

Arrayed in beauteous splendor,
Bedecked and golden crowned,
Are all the chosen children
From the lowly and renowned.

Cast off all earthly prejudice
To gain this golden crown ;
Be meek and sacrificing ;
Your spirit must bow down.

But keep on, faint heart, hoping,
For morning's sun will shine
And guide you into Heaven,
Your dwelling-place and mine.

L. A. G.

TAKE COURAGE, BROTHER !

Push on, thou weary wanderer,
Take heart and follow me ;
I'll lead thee out of darkness
And fill your heart with glee.

Care not for pains or sorrow ;
Cheer up and banish all ;
Adorn yourself with gladness ;
Let's follow yon trump's call.

Together we will bear your lot ;
United we will stand.
Hypocrisy, it is but naught ;
We slay it with our hand.

Think not that you are lowly ;
Hold up your head with pride ;
Push forward even slowly,
And stem the evil tide.

Take courage — never falter !
For you will sit some day
Confronted by the Altar
That is not built of clay.

This Altar is in Heaven,
Upheld by God's own hand.
'Tis thither we will wander ;
That is the promised land.

And when our eyes are opened
This beauty to behold,
We'll stand erect and praise Him
And shout like warriors bold.

Our courage has not failed us ;
We've striven to obtain
This everlasting glory ;
To keep shall be our aim.

And when our work is ended
Let's sing, give honor, praise,
And say to Him, Thy will be done !
We trust in Thee always.

L. A. G.

THE HIDDEN THRESHOLD

To cross the hidden threshold
Is not so easy done,
For when you think you've crossed it
You have but just begun.

So patient you must be,
Reluctance cast aside ;
If God's pure light you'd ever see
Exert your will with might.

How then shall you begin the task ?
How shall you seek salvation ?
Look in your heart and dare to ask :
Am I of worthy station ?

The answer then will come to you,
Will shine in golden letters :
Go forth, for you have work to do
To rend all earthly fetters !

L. A. G.

SAVED BY A LITTLE CHILD'S FACE

A GROUP of men were drinking together in a crowded barroom, in fact were well along in the direction of drunkenness pure and simple, when their attention was drawn to a little girl who had entered to call a drunken father to the deathbed of another of his children.

The incident helped to sober him quite effectively, as he had not sunk to that stage where all is forgotten. That his favorite, bright little boy should thus suddenly be taken away was too much for him. Even drink could not silence the voice of remorse, and the sympathy offered by his former boon companions fell on deaf ears.

No doubt, little children had died before ; one death among so many meant nothing. No, nothing to them, but to him it meant all. Had not the boy often asked him in his childish way to stay away from those bad men, and had he not broken his promise again and again ? Now he thought it a just punishment to have the one he held dearest of all taken from him. No matter how hard he tried to get the thought of him off his mind, still day and night

that little face with its pleading eyes was ever before him.

What must he do to redeem his promise, was the question he put to himself at all times. To stay away from barrooms did not seem enough. Finally the question evolved itself into shape. He would not only make an effort to overcome the habit, but assist all his fellow men. Once the resolve taken, none worked harder than he.

Often he found the task almost too hard; but was noble deed ever easy? The hardest part of it all was to overcome the personal desire; over and over again were resolves forgotten only to begin the struggle anew.

A less earnest man might well have given up, only he was ever thinking of the end in view, and thought it worthy of any amount of labor. In proclaiming that there was hope for the drunkard, hope for his family, a future for all slaves of evil habits, he forgot his own grief within him.

He now leads a higher and nobler life, and it was a little child's face that led a weak man and made him strong enough to overcome temptation. He is now happy in the thought that his little boy looks down from heaven in

approval, and he does not doubt that some day when he is called home, he will meet him, and they all will rejoice that his promises have been redeemed. As it is now, no man is more respected than he, and his wife, once so sorrowful and care-laden, is one of the happiest of women. Thus "a little child shall lead them."

THE SEX QUESTION

It is rather difficult to write upon such a delicate subject; nevertheless I will endeavor to express a few sentiments regarding this all-important question. In the first instance, it is the parents' sacred duty to take their children aside when a suitable age has arrived, to instruct and to point out certain truths pertaining to their nature, impressing also upon their minds certain facts, whereby untold misery, suffering and moral depravity might be avoided, for it is a well-known fact that young minds are curious; then do not wait for others to lift the curtain for them, for it might be a rock

on which many young lives have foundered. They must be trained to exert their will power, to govern their thoughts and to withdraw from such companions as would corrupt their morals.

A mother should impress upon the mind of her daughter that the richest and most priceless treasure is her purity and honor. A father must insist that his son shall keep his manhood unsullied, for no true woman can love a man who is a slave to his passions and desires. Our finer, nobler men of the old school are dying off, while the rising generation die young, having killed themselves through excess of their natural forces. When men and women realize that certain parts of their body were created for a higher purpose than sensual lust, then our hospitals will be empty of syphilitics, and our madhouses to let for other purposes. A woman who yields herself to a man will be despised by him, for he cannot respect her when she does not respect herself. A woman who sells her body for love of pleasure or dress commits suicide, socially and morally, and a man who patronizes such a woman does not deserve the name of man, for he is man only in form, but beast in inclination.

Govern yourselves, one and all; do not shut your ears to the whisperings of your heart — that silent monitor called conscience — before you take the first false step. Of course, it is easier to live the life of desires, but battle bravely to overcome first temptations; then, as you become ennobled, the lower elements in your nature will be replaced by higher ones, and victory will be won.

ADVICE

It is a pity that knowledge and experience gained by years are not more utilized for the benefit of those who are taking in those advantages. How many false steps, disappointments and errors could be avoided, how much sorrow escaped, if good advice were craved, secured and, what is best of all, followed. How liberally lawyers get paid for financial advice and physicians for physical woes, while equally as good advice on other matters can be had if only wanted.

If husbands would be lovers to their wives the same as they had been to their sweethearts, and wives would always greet their husbands with smiles instead of frowns and sighs, home would be an Eden, and so pleasant that both would remain lovers to the end of their days.

ADMIRATION

To attract admiration, cultivate a pleasant but not anxious manner, talk little about yourself, but make a good listener, be as natural and unconscious as possible, be obliging and unselfish, neat in your dress and person, keep well informed about the general topics of the day, cultivate your mind, and don't neglect household duties, learn domestic accomplishments as well as other branches, be not ashamed of your home or people, no matter how humble, always show them love and consideration, be kind to others, and in this way will you gain admiration, praise and love, and obtain happiness besides.

WITCHCRAFT

IF any one doubts that witchcraft, or black magic, is extinct he is sadly mistaken, for it is practised not only here in Boston, but in every city of the Union. No matter how many may pooh-pooh the idea, it is nevertheless a fact, and those soothsayers do a flourishing business. Not only the lower and middle classes seek their aid, but even those who move in the upper circles of society call on them, secretly of course, to gain a desired end, whether said ends are those of love, revenge, hatred or even worse. Naturally practices of this kind kill the soul and utterly ruin and destroy the practiser or evil doer in the end. How often in our daily life do we hear such remarks as, "Such and such a person must be under a spell, or have a spell thrown over him, as he is dominated by so and so." Nothing more truthful if the truth were only known. This applies also to charms, good-luck stones, boxes and amulets, and although most of those who deal in such articles are conscienceless swindlers, nevertheless it is possible to prepare and charge certain material with nervaura, or mag-

netic force, so they will work wonders even at a distance, and if practised for good purposes what benefit cannot be derived from such power? This power is practically unlimited.

* THE ART OF MAGNETIC AND DIVINE HEALING

HOW TO CURE YOURSELF AND OTHERS OF DISEASES

EVERY person who has a will possesses the power within himself, if he will but rely upon it, to relieve his fellow men of their pains, to drive out disease and to quiet the nerves, promote health and vigor, if he will believe that he can do so and try it. The only way one can ever prove to his satisfaction that he can do a thing — say, heal the sick by the laying on of hands or suggestion — is to try it and see the result.

The practice of mental and magnetic healing, which is exciting so much interest at the present time, is nothing new. It is only one

of the principles of true Christianity, a belief in Christ's faith under a new name. It ought rightfully to be called faith cure, because it is faith in the divine power wrought through the healer. The so-called miracles performed by Catholics through dead saints are nothing but faith and belief in the power wrought through them when living, and, as spirit never dies, that power will always live.

The pilgrims going to Lourdes have faith and believe that they can be cured at that place; however, it is not the stone image that works the cure; it is nothing but the pilgrim's belief, and those whose faith falters remain uncured.

To all persons who have nervous derangements relief may be given by stroking vigorously down the spinal column, exercising an intention to quicken and equalize the circulation. By throwing the hands down from the body, making them very rigid, making a fist, opening them quickly and rubbing together briskly, you will find that you can raise the temperature of your hands to a very high degree. Place this hot hand quickly over the seat of the pain, and by willing to give relief you will succeed in relieving the pain in a very

short time. Remember always that the right hand will draw from, the left give relief to, an afflicted spot.

It is just as easy to cure one's self as others, for surely autosuggestion has equal power. If you will read the history of the case of the woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment, you will find that she said within herself, "If I but touch the hem of his garment I shall be cured." After it was done, Christ told her it was her belief that had healed her. But what is faith? It is belief put to the test. She believed and was healed. When you determine within yourself to do a thing it will almost always be accomplished, for to him who believes all things are possible. So I advise you to put it to the test and try it, for who can do more good than he who can truly cure the diseases of our suffering fellow beings?

After giving a treatment it should not be forgotten to throw off the effects by making passes from the head downward, over arms, etc., and washing the hands in clear cold water.

Many of our best doctors have given their patients only bread pills, and they were cured. By what? Faith and the belief in the abilities of their physician.

* HOW TO BECOME A PSYCHOMETRIST

SINCE the reading of articles has become such a fad in Spiritualistic circles, people at large have taken up the fad as a study. It has, however, in my opinion, nothing whatever to do with Spiritualism, as the power of giving readings through or with articles lies latent or dormant within every one; all that is required is concentration of mind. It is nothing more than to unfold the sense of feeling. To develop this desirable phase is to make yourself passive, take some article in your hand and hold it until something is impressed upon your mind. Speak of it, and when it is followed by other thoughts, give them out also. Continue the same way until you get to such a state that you can depend upon your impressions. Take such articles as rings, gloves turned inside out, letters, or anything that is worn by one person only and not handled by others. You will become quite an expert if you follow instructions, and will give readings that will surprise even yourself. Practise at first with articles from friends until you are sure of yourself.

* THE NEW METHOD OF FRENCH DRAW-
ING AND PAINTING

HOW TO PAINT IN OIL, FLOWERS, FRUIT, LAND-
SCAPES, ETC.

MATERIAL required: Canvas, black impression paper, a study, and paint and brushes. Take the impression paper, lay face down on the canvas; take your study, lay face outward, fasten the three together so the paper or study cannot slip. Then take a dull-pointed stick and go carefully over all the outlines of flowers or whatever you wish to paint. Press heavier where there are shadows. When done lift study and paper from canvas, and you will have a perfect drawing of your study on the canvas. Now mix your paints and follow the coloring of the study exactly over your drawing, and you will have an exact reproduction of the study in oil, done by yourself.

* THE ART OF MAKING CRAYON PORTRAITS

GET a solar enlargement from any picture you choose. Take crayon sauce, make fine, mix with it a little powdered pumice stone, then take a piece of medicated cotton, dip in the mixture and rub all around the edges of the face, being careful not to go beyond the outline. Do the same over the drapery. Now take a chamois stump, dip in crayon sauce alone, go over the hair, leaving the lights light and the shadows dark, the same as in small picture. Take a crayon pencil, go all over the lines of the face, the same as you would in drawing, rub down with a clean piece of cotton, pick out the high lights with a pointed rubber, fill out all defective places with pencil, and your portrait is done. When finished properly, no one can tell whether it is done over a print or not. As the print in the first place will be a correct likeness of the small picture, all you have to do is to crayon it over. The materials required you can obtain at any art store.*

* HOW TO TRANSFER ON GLASS, PHOTO-
GRAPHS, ENGRAVINGS, LITHOGRAPHS;
ANY PICTURE, IN FACT

TAKE glass perfectly clean, varnish it, taking care to have it perfectly smooth (let no dust get on it while drying); then take your picture, lay it in water until wet through, then lay it on paper so that the moisture may dry from the surface, still keeping the other side damp. Varnish your glass a second time, then place your picture upon it, pressing it down firmly, so as to exclude all air. Next rub paper from the back, until it is of uniform thickness — so thin that you can see through it. Then varnish it again and let it dry. If the picture is to be colored, apply the paint before varnishing it for the last time. Materials used: Two ounces balsam of fir to one ounce of spirits of turpentine. Apply with soft brush.

* BUST DEVELOPER

EVERY night before retiring bathe the bust in hot water and dry with a soft towel. Put a little sweet oil in the palm of your hand, rub the left side with the right hand, then treat the other side in the same way with the left hand until all the oil is rubbed in. Next morning give it another hot bath and immediately after a cold douche. Always give your hands an upper movement. Bust development has become quite a business, and any energetic lady can make money by giving treatments. Thin and scraggy necks are treated in the same way.

Part III

A CHAPTER OF RECIPES

HOW TO MAKE WAX FLOWERS. — The petals, leaves, etc., are made of sheet wax. The stems are made of wire of suitable thickness, covered or overlaid with wax. The leaves can be made by pressing the sheet wax on the natural leaf of any flower, plant or spray desired, or embossed muslin leaves may be used, or, better still, a mould can be made by heating common wax, and as it cools pressing a natural leaf upon it. This mould can afterward be used a hundred times by pressing the sheet wax over it. The blossoms, buds, etc., of flowers may be used in like manner for making moulds. In waxing natural flowers each petal must be waxed separately.

The best guide to the making of a flower is to take any flower you choose, say a pink, pick

it to pieces, laying the petals down in the order you pick them, cut paper their exact size and shape, then number them so that they will forever after serve as guides in clipping the wax to make the same flower at all times. Having clipped your wax into the different sized leaves, gather them up one by one, beginning from the centre of the flower. Press the leaves together, as the wax will stick of itself. When the flower is formed, pierce it with the wire. Use any waste cuttings for forming the seed in the centre of the flower. Always dip scissors into cold water and cut each leaf singly. You can give them a natural tint by using a little dry paint here and there. Paper flowers are made in the same way, only use gum for sticking together. Materials can be bought all prepared.

HOW TO MAKE WAX FRUIT.—The art of this kind of work lies in the making of the moulds. To make them, take plaster of paris, stirring it into vinegar until it is of the thickness of a batter. Now place the object to be cast, say a grape, in a dish of sand, forcing half its size into the sand; over this pour the plaster mixture. Let it stand until it sets, when you will have half a mould; proceed in like

manner; then you will have the other half. Trim the edges clear of sand and the two halves will fit each other. Thus moulds of all kinds of fruit or vegetables or other things can be made. When you are ready to use them, soak them for a few minutes in water, then let partially dry. In the meantime you will have melted the wax. Half fill one of the halves of your mould with it, place the other half over it, grasp the two together, swing it around so that the wax will spread itself over all the inside, and in a few minutes it will be cool; separate the moulds and you will have the object you wish. If there is any edge, pare off and smooth it by rubbing a little oil over it.

Colors are mixed with the wax while melting. You can obtain natural colors by mixing several together the same as in mixing colors for oil paintings. If you desire still more natural tints, you can shade them with other colors (when done) here and there, according to lights and shades and reflected light. Use dry colors, obtainable at any paint store. When you make baskets or bunches of fruit they must be set off with twigs and leaves. White baskets can be colored by dissolving red sealing wax in alcohol, giving them a reddish shade.

TO MAKE LEATHER WATERPROOF. — Boiled oil one quart, india rubber one ounce dissolved by heat. Mix, then rub thoroughly into the leather.

FINE PERFUME FOR HANDKERCHIEFS. — Half a pint rectified spirits of wine, a quarter of an ounce of oil of lavender, ten drops of oil of cinnamon, well mixed together. Bottle and cork tight.

EVERSTICKING CEMENT. — Pound dry oyster shells, sift them through a cheese cloth, grind as fine as powder, then take the whites of a couple of eggs; having mixed them with the powder, form the whole into a paste. With this paste join the broken pieces of china, glass, etc., together and hold them thus for a few minutes. This cement will stand both heat and water, will never give way, but stick forever.

LIQUID GLUE. — Get one pound of best glue, add half a pint of water, boil in double gluepot, then strain it. Add half a pound of brown sugar. Boil all together till pretty thick, when it will be ready for use.

GREEN INK. — Aniline green one drachm, dextrine a quarter of an ounce, hot water one pint. Mix.

INDELIBLE INK. — For marking clothing, etc. Five scruples of nitrate of silver, two drachms gum arabic, one scruple of sap green, one ounce of water; mix together. Write with ordinary pen.

HOW TO REMOVE INK SPOTS FROM WHITE SHIRTS, ETC. — Wet the spot, rub ordinary table salt on it, squeeze lemon juice over it and lay in the sun to bleach. Repeat this if necessary until every particle of the ink has disappeared.

HOW TO REMOVE STAINS FROM SILK, LINEN, ETC. — Mix a wineglassful of rectified spirits of turpentine with half a teaspoonful of essential oil of lemon, preserve the mixture in a well stoppered bottle. Apply a little on the stain with a bit of silk.

A CURE FOR HOARSENESS. — White of an egg beaten with sugar and lemon relieves hoarseness. Dose: A teaspoonful every hour.

NATURAL BLOOM OF YOUTH. — Cook a number of young beets until they are tender, let cool, press out the juice, strain the liquid, add a few drops of ammonia, bottle, and it is ready for use. Rub a little on the cheeks and it will be found that it resembles a natural complexion to perfection. This preparation will in no wise injure the skin and is better than any on the market.

HOW TO GIVE A HEALTHY LOOK TO A PALE AND SALLOW COUNTENANCE. — Take some common rusty nails, a tablespoonful of extract of aloes hepatica, put all in a large bottle, pour two quarts of cider over it, cork, let it stand a couple of days, shaking it up once in a while, then strain off the liquid. Take one tablespoonful at rising and retiring.

A SOLUTION THAT WILL REMOVE TAN, SUNBURN, AND CURE CHAPPED HANDS. — Two parts of lemon juice, one part of Jamaica rum. Strain, bottle, and apply a couple of times a day.

CURE FOR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM. — One pint of sweet oil, one ounce of pulverized saltpetre. Thoroughly rub the parts affected.

A FORMULA FOR FRECKLES. — Equal parts of lactic acid and glycerine.

ANOTHER ONE. — Two drachms of sal ammoniac, one ounce German Cologne mixed with a pint of water. This and the foregoing receipt are recommended.

A REMEDY FOR MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM. — Take a quarter of a pound of red pepper, one quart of alcohol, let stand for a few days, shaking it once a day, strain, and it will be ready for use. Rub well into the afflicted spot.

HOW TO REMOVE WARTS. — Apply castor oil once a day from two to six weeks.

ANOTHER REMEDY. — Dissolve one ounce ordinary washing soda in a pint of water and apply over the warts and around them three times daily.

HOW TO PROMOTE THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR. — Take two ounces of castor oil, four ounces of good Jamaica rum, fifteen drops of oil of lavender; mix. Rub well into the scalp occasionally, having shaken the bottle previously.

FOR SINGERS TO MAKE THE VOICE CLEAR AND STRONG. — Two drachms of beeswax, three drachms of balsam of copaiba, four drachms of powdered licorice root. Melt the balsam and wax in an earthen vessel, then mix in the powder. Make three-grain pills, one to be taken in the morning and one at night.

COUGH DROPS. — Famous for colds, cough, hoarseness, sore throats, etc. Small package of hoarhound, half package of elecampane root, six lemons, four quarts of water. Put in earthen vessel and let simmer (not boil) for four hours ; then strain. Add two large sticks of licorice, two pounds of brown sugar or pint of molasses, let simmer down to two quarts, pour in tablet dishes or drop in greased pans. This receipt is better than any other, and a fortune can be made by an enterprising person, as cough drops always find a ready sale. This is also good for whooping cough.

CORDIAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, FOR EXHAUSTION FROM CARE AND OVERWORK. WORTH MANY DOLLARS. — Take one pound of raisins, one pound of dates, one pound of figs, one pound of prunes, one pound

of currants, add two gallons of water, put in vessel, let simmer (not boil) for a couple of hours, then press through a sieve, so you will get all the good out of the fruit; then add a gallon of port wine to the liquid, a little Jamaica ginger; strain and bottle. Dose: A half wineglass at rising and retiring. Nature's own remedy. Pint bottles of this sell at a dollar.

NERVE TONIC. — For a natural nerve tonic, for nervousness, palsy, palpitation of the heart, etc., there is nothing better than to eat a large quantity of celery, either the stalks dipped into salt, or chopped fine and made into a salad. If desired to take in liquid form, take a quantity of the stalks with leaves, put into a vessel, let simmer for a couple of hours, adding a handful of hops, then strain, put again on the fire, add either brown sugar or syrup enough to make it taste pleasant, let cool, then bottle. A pint of the best brandy added will improve it greatly, but is not necessary. This formula is even better than most of the celery compounds.

HOW TO MAKE BLACKBERRY BRANDY. — Blackberry brandy is easily made and finds a

ready sale, as it is the best cure for summer complaint. To one quart of berry juice add one pound of white sugar, one teaspoonful of powdered allspice and a teaspoonful of ground cloves. Boil a few minutes, remove from the stove, add half a pint of first-class brandy. Bottle; cork tight, and it is ready for use.

OATMEAL DRINK ; A COOL AND GOOD DRINK FOR THE SUMMER.— Into an earthen saucepan put two ounces of oatmeal, two ounces of sugar, a thinly sliced lemon. Mix with enough cold water to dissolve, then add half a gallon of boiling water, add the juice of an orange. The healthiest drink that can be made.

ONIONS AS A MEDICINE.— Onions are sweeteners of the breath after the local effect has passed away, as they correct stomach disorders. They also are a blood purifier that all can freely use. A raw onion eaten before retiring will cure sleeplessness, as it acts on the nerves in a soothing way. The syrup procured from sprinkling a sliced onion with sugar and baking it in the oven will cure a croupy child, so do not hesitate to use them freely through a mistaken idea about spoiling the breath.

HOW TO GET RID OF BLACK OR RED ANTS. — Take oil of sassafras, apply with a brush all around the edges of the openings of cake or bread boxes, refrigerators, sugar boxes, shelves, etc. Repeat once a week.

HOW TO GET RID OF BEDBUGS. — To get rid of those pests is very easy. After many experiments this excellent remedy was found. Get two pounds of crystallized alum, dissolve in a little hot water ; after being dissolved, add three quarts of boiling water, then apply hot with a brush or syringe to every crevice of the bed, slats, spring and anywhere where the bugs may be. If properly and thoroughly done, you will never be troubled again. If rooms are papered the hot solution should be applied all around the edges of mopboard, etc.

THE GREATEST MOTH PREVENTIVE EVER KNOWN. — Take half a cupful of oil of cedar, fill up with ammonia, let this stand in the room or closet for three or four days, keeping the doors tightly closed. This will kill all the moths as well as the germs of moths. If a woollen cloth be saturated with this solution and placed in a trunk or chest, it will prevent moths from getting into the clothing.

HOW TO CURE PERSPIRING FEET, HANDS, ETC.—Persons subject to perspiring body, hands, feet, armpits, etc., need never feel sensitive about the odor arising therefrom if they will use a couple of tablespoonfuls of spirits of ammonia in the water they bathe and wash in. If faithfully followed, this will cure the worst cases of perspiring feet. It will prove very refreshing and make the flesh sweet smelling.

FOR THE CURE OF DRUNKENNESS.—Take five grains of sulphate of iron, eleven drachms of peppermint water and one drachm of spirits of nutmeg; mix. Take in quantities equal to an ordinary drink and as often as a desire for stimulants returns. This preparation supplies the place of liquor and prevents the prostration that follows the sudden giving up of alcohol.

FOR LEAN PEOPLE.—Lean persons who desire to accumulate a plump covering on their bones are advised to avoid worry, to cultivate calmness, to sleep not less than ten hours a day, to take very little exercise, to eat fattening foods, such as soups, butter, cream, fat and juicy meats, olive oil, and all farinaceous dishes and to take warm baths at night.

FOR STOUT PEOPLE. — To reduce your flesh, take a great deal of exercise, bathe in cold water, eat no sweets, no potatoes and very little bread. Use lemon juice, eat lots of pickles or anything sour, drink no milk, cocoa or beer. Fencing and dumbbell practice is beneficial.

TO MAKE TOMATO CATCHUP AFTER ONE OF THE VERY BEST RECIPES. — To half a bushel skinned tomatoes take a quart of the best vinegar, one pound of salt, quarter of a pound of black pepper, one ounce cayenne, one ounce allspice, three boxes of mustard, twenty garlies, six good-sized onions, two pounds of sugar. Boil together for three hours, stirring so it will not burn. When this is cold, press through a coarse cloth and bottle. This receipt is approved of by one of our ablest physicians.

HOW TO MAKE WAFFLES FOR HOME USE OR SALE. — Mix two quarts of flour with warm sweet milk to make a thick batter. To two quarts of flour put two large tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, three beaten eggs, then bake in waffle irons. Use frosting or not as you choose.

YE OLD-FASHIONED CRULLERS. — Two tablespoonfuls of butter, a pint of milk, one quart of flour, one cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, half a nutmeg and two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder. Fry in hot lard.

CRUMPETS. — Take three cups of raised dough and work into it with your hand half a cup of softened butter, three eggs and milk enough to render it a thick batter, turn it into buttered pans, let remain fifteen minutes before baking.

SUET PUDDING. — One pint of flour, half a cup of sugar, a cup of suet chopped fine, a cup of fruit, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder. Boil or steam in a bag.

POTATO PUDDING. — Take half a pound of mashed potatoes, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a half pint of fresh milk, the juice of one lemon and a little salt. Sugar to taste if desired, but not necessary. Mix all together, then bake in a pudding dish.

STRING BEAN SALAD. — String and cut one quart of beans, boil in salt water until tender, then strain off the water. Take half a cup of

wine vinegar, add tablespoonful sweet oil, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, a little pepper, fill the cup up with water and pour over the beans while yet hot. Let stand a couple of hours, then serve cold. Stir up before serving.

POTATO SALAD. — This salad is made the same as the above. Boil the potatoes until soft, peel and slice, pour the mixture over it while the potatoes are yet hot. Let stand, then serve cold.

FRUIT SALAD. — Take a few apples, oranges, peaches, pineapple, etc., and a glassful of sherry. Peel the apples, take out the cores, slice, arrange in a fruit dish in layers of apples, then oranges, then pineapple, etc., pour the sherry over it, add powdered sugar to taste, then serve cold.

FRENCH GINGERBREAD. — Four ounces of butter, eight ounces of sugar, cup of syrup, two eggs beaten together, add eight ounces of flour, two ounces of pounded almonds, two ounces of chopped citron, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix. Bake in a moderate oven.

FRUIT TAPIOCA. — Soak a cupful of tapioca over night, turn in double boiler, add four cupfuls of water, cook until clear, remove from fire, stir into it a pint of fresh fruit, any kind of berries, stoned cherries or plums and serve when cold.

FISH CUTLETS. — Take some cooked fish, remove skin and bones and mince fine. Put the fish in a saucepan, moisten with melted butter to make a soft paste. Stir until it is thoroughly heated, add salt and pepper and stir in a beaten egg. You can add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley if desired. Then turn into a dish to cool. Take a sufficient quantity at a time to mould into the shape of a cutlet, then drop in beaten eggs, then in bread crumbs. Fry in hot lard.

BAVARIAN CABBAGE. — Boil cabbage in water with a spoonful of salt added. Stew until soft. Drain, put in chopping bowl, chop fine. Put in saucepan, add pinch of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of butter, then stir in milk enough to cover cabbage. Let come to a boil, then add a tablespoonful of flour to thicken. Serve hot.

ELDERBERRY WINE. — To every gallon of water allow three pints of elderberries; to every gallon of juice allow three pounds of sugar, half ounce of ground ginger, six cloves and one pound of raisins. Allow half a pint of brandy to every gallon of wine. To every three gallons of wine allow one yeast cake. Pour the water, boiling, on the elderberries, and let stand covered for a day and night, then strain the whole through a cloth, breaking the berries to press out all the juice. Measure the liquor and to every gallon allow the above proportion of sugar. Boil the juice, sugar, ginger, cloves and raisins for one hour, skimming the whole time, then let stand until lukewarm, then put it into a clean cask with the above amount of yeast. Let it ferment for two weeks, then add the brandy, bung up, and let it stand from six weeks to two months, then bottle it. It will be found excellent.

GRAPE WINE. — Put ten pounds of grapes into a stone jar, pour over them three quarts of boiling water. When cool enough squeeze the grapes well with the hand, cover the jar with a cloth, let it stand for two days, then press out the juice and add five pounds of

sugar. After it has stood a week, skim, strain, bottle it, corking loosely. When fermented, strain it again and bottle, corking tightly this time. Lay bottles on the side.

HOME MADE PRESERVES.—Women living in country towns should preserve fresh fruit and berries, as home made preserves are superior and more sought after than factory made and always find a ready sale.

HEADACHE.—Persons subject to headache should sleep on pillows filled with pine needles and hops.

A REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.—Six ounces of infusion of calumba, one drachm carbonate of potassa, three drachms tincture of gentian. Mix all together. Dose, two tablespoonfuls at noon.

A PRETTY SOFA CUSHION.—A sofa cushion filled with clover blossoms dried in the sun is an inexpensive and pretty article for any home. The outside cover can be embroidered with clover blossoms in each corner and the words "clover blossoms" across the centre. It is quite a novelty.

FROZEN PUDDING.— Take one pint of cream, the yolks of four eggs, beat together, make a syrup of one pound of sugar, one pint of water, put on fire, when very hot add forty blanched almonds, pounded fine, one ounce of chopped citron, two each of raisins and currants, one ounce each of candied orange and lemon peel, the juice of one lemon, pour in freezer and freeze. Set aside one hour to harden.

BANANA SHERBET.— Boil together for five minutes one pint of sugar, one quart of water. Let it get cold, then add the juice of one lemon, two oranges and one dozen fine ripe bananas, peeled and mashed fine. Freeze until it begins to thicken, then add the beaten whites of three eggs and freeze like ice cream. Serve in glasses.

PEACH COBBLER.— Line a baking pan with a rich crust, pare and quarter some firm, juicy peaches, and stand them on end in the pasted-lined pan, crowding them closely together, and making a second layer if the pan is deep enough. To the parings add water, and boil for ten minutes, strain, add sugar, and boil again to a thick syrup. Pour this over the

fruit, dot with butter, and bake. Serve with cream.

PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM.—One pint each of cream and milk, the yolks of two eggs, one pound of sugar, the juice of one lemon and one large pineapple. Dissolve two cupfuls of cream and one-half pound of sugar in a double boiler; cool. Add the beaten yolks. Prepare the pineapple, removing eyes and core, grate the apple and dissolve in a half pound of the sugar. Freeze the cream and milk, stir into it the pineapple and lemon juice and freeze again.

A SUMMER DRINK.—An excellent summer drink to cool the blood is made by adding half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar to a glass of lemonade. The cream of tartar should be stirred into the glass and then allowed to settle.

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