

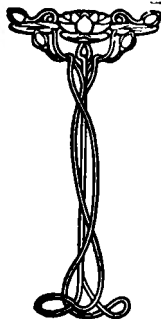
MODERN WITCHCRAFT

—OR—

THE USE AND ABUSE OF
MIND POWER

By *Mary Elizabeth*, *Author of "The Witchcraft of the East"*

and "The Witchcraft of the West"



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Fine money

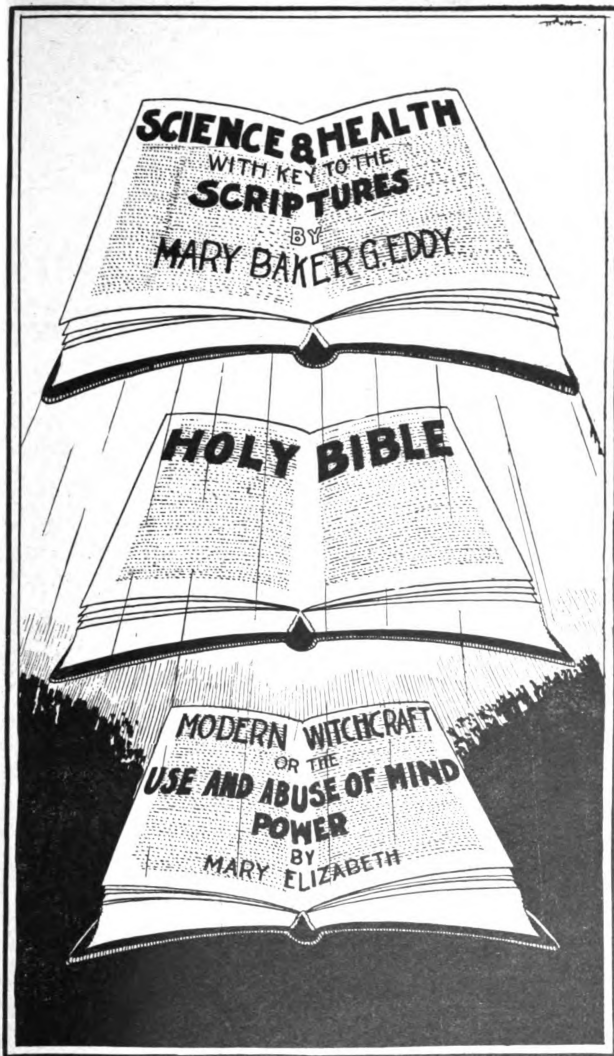
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Dedication

*To my little friend, Ida May, who,
when all others had deserted me,
made it possible for me to publish this
message for the benefit of all man-
kind, this volume is lovingly dedicated.*

THE AUTHOR.



Revelations 20th Chap., 1st Verse.

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PREFACE

The Black Art, that mysterious and unseen influence known to be exercised by one person over another, can no longer be said to be confined to France, India and foreign nations, for it is a growing and popular practice in the United States, and it has new and more modern avenues through which to manipulate and subjugate its victims and thereby gain control, the end of which is often the loss of health, happiness and life.

The Author has heard persons say, "I defy any one to hypnotize me," or, "I can't be hypnotized." Such an one is self-fooled; and when under the influence of the mental outlaw, is the most obstinate and abnormal. Through the mental influence alone homes have been wrecked, men debauched, and their wives robbed of their earthly all.

This period of mental atrocities is spoken of in the New Testament as a He-goat, and that none would be able to stand before him. This Goat; is an awakened knowledge of mind-power, "and his feet touched not the ground." That is; this understanding, or power, is not the result of any material means.

Those who today understand the times, also the Science of Life, will be more able to cope with this error of the latter days, than those who are ignorant of this agency and how to protect themselves. So now, my dear reader, if you will take a mental journey with me, we will make a hurried trip along the path traversed by one who, in making this passage, can say, that she knows through her own sorrowful experience, the truth of the statements made in this book.

Mortals need to be awakened to a knowledge of the fact; that the once feared influence, called Witchcraft in olden days, is repeating itself today, in a broader sense, and is called hypnotism.

There are persons who regard this agency as a factor in curing disease. However, it can only lead to greater discord and disease, for the human, erring mind creates evil only. Those persons who practice this error sooner or later, become mental, moral and physical wrecks.

You ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" My answer is, Yes. In our ignorance of the mental law we have often been our brother's destroyer.

Those who will weigh the matter hereafter discussed, will learn somewhat of the *modus operandi*, of the mental manipulator, how he or she controls, or tries to carry out the purpose to rob and spoil, then hide the crime.

The personal history furnished in this uncovering of psychological crime, is that of the Author,

therefore she speaks from a positive knowledge, and not mere theory or guesswork. Since finding the awful facts, which should be known and overcome by all mortals, to keep silent would be criminal, on my part. God demands of those who know the truth, that they impart it to others who do not know it, yet one of the most pointed features of all ages, has been: that mortals resist to the hilt, all advanced truths, tending upward, in spiritual development, and sad to say, accept any proposition, whatever: which they think will give them the advantage over others. This being a fact, hypnotism has its suppositional day before Divine Science will become the universal adjuster for the ills with which we have to contend.

I use the experience of my own, first, because it is mine to give, secondly, because it involves the whole, or fulness of the Divine Law to restore to the good life, or to the atonement with God. The At-one-ment and the Christ-cure are one and the same thing.

This Jesus demonstrated to the world, at one time saying: "Whether is it easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee; or, Arise, take up thy bed and walk.'"

As we journey along together, taking cognizance of an erring woman's life, you will have two mental pictures presented to your thought; one will be the Christ mind, or life, and the other that of the Black Art practitioner.

Mind is Life, therefore, like the budding rose, it is constantly unfolding to fuller completeness, until all mortal, erring conceptions are eliminated.

It is shocking to see how little mortals comprehend as touching the great facts of eternal life. Many believe that they sprang into existence when they were born upon this plane. That being the case, man would be the maker of man. But this is not so. The fact is, we always did live. Life is God, therefore; we shall always live, and, as we more fully understand God, Life, we shall live more abundantly. There is no new creation under the sun.

When mortals become attuned to Divine Science, they will see the past, present and future. We shall see and know who we were in ages past. Our inability to see all things today is the result of the five physical senses. When we have put off these, we, like Jesus, will be able to see, as, when he said of the ass in a distant city, "Go, loose him and fetch him hence." Neither space or distance meant anything to his omnipotent vision. We shall be like him when we have developed the mind of Christ, Truth.

Persecution and ridicule await those who believe in the possibility of the truth of these statements.

Truly may it be said, that to take up the cross and follow Christ is a "perilous passage," yet there is no other way, whereby we can atone for our

transgressions and reach Heaven, the reign of God in man.

So now, dear reader, having in part prepared your thought for the story of a life in which the mental-robber played such a prominent part, I will say to you that the time is not far distant when the witches will be punished as they were in days of old.

Having been separated from my husband, and robbed of the earnings of a lifetime, also being persecuted in various other ways, has caused me to write this book to warn others of the hidden foe, and help break the fetters for the needy ones, who, like myself, are strangers in a tangled wilderness of the sense dream.

The ability to see and foretell events is a natural result which follows spiritual awakening; the lack of it, is positive proof, that one is not alive to a comprehension of the Divine Law.

We will now take up the tangled threads of what is called a fallen woman's life, but, I will say, there are no fallen. Ere long this great truth will become a universally accepted proposition. This fact, once sensed by one-third of the children of God, will break the fetters of the sense-bound captives, who are now bound by the common consent of the majority, which makes the reformation of such ones very hard at the present time.

As one who hopeth all good, we will at once enter upon our review of the story of my uphill

journey, and you, kind reader, will no doubt say it is preferable to be Mary of Magdala, to the mental outlaw, who sometimes poses as a Christian Science practitioner. There are many roads, but there is but one terminus, for all will be swallowed in the one peaceful Ocean of Life, which is God.

CHAPTER I.

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

“It pleaseth God to use the weak things of earth, to confound the mighty.”

Strange as it may seem, I will begin this narrative with my first recollection of my mother, which was some months before my birth. It was during war time; she was in a state of great fright; she was out in the yard walking and looking at the sky, which was very, very red. There was a constant thundering in the clouds which sounded like cannonading. It seemed to me that at this cognizance of her I became alarmed. It gave me a dread of my mother, and it increased to such dimensions, as I grew older, that I could not live in harmony with her.

After the first glimpse of my mother, previous to my birth, I have no recollection of her until I was about three weeks old. When I was lying on her breast, my father came into the room and asked her how she felt. This was my first recollection of my father. I distinctly remember the room in which I was born and how it was furnished, also the reply that my mother made to the query as to how she felt. Being delirious, she

said, "Take it off and hang it up," to which my father replied, "Take what off?" She answered, "My breastpin; hang it on the door." Meaning the door of the wardrobe in the room which was standing open.

This awakened glimpse of earth life filled me with a sense of terror and a longing to get away.

From my earliest recollection I felt unloved, unwelcome, and at times, more or less like something dreadful might happen to me. This condition I account for as the result of a general mental unrest in the South occasioned by the war, the freeing of the slaves, and the great contemplated loss to the slave-holders.

Now, my dear reader, do not think that I am the only person living who remembers a previous existence, to this mortal dream. During childhood an unnamable influence impressed me, not to express myself along these lines; that it would seem out of order. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that I tried to avoid placing myself in this light, as I grew older the more it became manifest that I was to fill such a niche, regardless of my wishes otherwise. Also, the impressions of a previous existence became more distinctly outlined.

The explanation of this unusual phenomena, or foresight, is, that as we near the final or fundamental Principle of Life, we have glimpses of the past and future. This state of development goes on to a fullness of expression which foresees and fore-

knows all things, which knowledge is God Himself. At this stage of growth many persons who do not understand their own relationship to the Life-Principle, become spiritualists, clairvoyants, or fortune tellers; in other words, use their faculties for craft. This element is to the true disciple what Simon the sorcerer was to the Nazarene. They are what we might term perverts. Whereas, the true student uses the mental development for good, the perverted class go astray in the dark byways of witchcraft, misleading an ignorant people for gain, which separates them from a correct knowledge of the true Principle, which is Life.

My motive in giving to you the brief chapter on "My Earliest Recollections," is to present to your thought that Life has no beginning nor end. Just so sure as we are moulders of our future destiny; so sure it must be that our mode of living before we were born upon this earth, classifies us as we are here today. We are all sculptors developing our own state of consciousness, which is made manifest in the body according to the state and quality of mind which we reflect. What mortal man terms creation is the infinite intelligence expressed in gradations of thought.

It is a scriptural statement that, train a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it. Taking this literally, it has not been fulfilled in my case. Perhaps it was because I could not imbibe the spirit of this teaching—that

of a personal God, and Heaven a place beyond the sky; to which we would gain access through believing in a form of doctrine which no man on earth has ever lived up to; in other words, it has existed as a ritual, which is faith without works, and is dead. From my first lessons of God, I formed the impression that He was a man to be afraid of, and felt sorry that He had created me, but was almost afraid to think about it, lest He become angry and cast me at once into that lake of fire and brimstone. When my mother would talk to me about the "straight and narrow way" that led to Heaven, and the few who would find it; also, of that broad road that led to the fiery lake, it gave me such a feeling of terror that I longed to escape from existence.

It seemed to me that the salvation proposition was badly mixed up, and that my hopes for Heaven looked doubtful, especially as God had seen fit to place me in that particular family, where so much discord and inharmony reigned.

All through my childish life and into the years of maturity the glimpses of a previous existence would flash before my consciousness in a way that would suggest, "You experienced this before." As I grew older, these visitants increased. My mother often came to me for advice on subjects beyond the child-thought. At times she would rebuke me for my opinion, but more often found my conclusions correct. I will again refer to this sub-

ject as my story unfolds, showing the result of this faculty.

Being a very industrious child, which is rare in a Southern family, I became the pack-horse in the home, which, as time passed, gave my mother an opportunity to spend so much of her time away from home she and my father became estranged; matters grew from bad to worse, until I was led to believe it was my duty to throw the household responsibilities on her shoulders, and, to that end, I ran away, going to the home of an uncle who died a few weeks after my arrival, leaving a wife and five children to be provided for.

Mother, feeling her loss sorely, being so much in need, as she thought, of some one to perform the household drudgery, and thinking to bring some influence to bear which would induce me to return home, made a tour among the neighbors talking and weeping. In part her motive was to silence criticism, which had been accumulating for two years, to the effect that she had been mistreating me. This condition of affairs furnished a morsel upon which to build a false report to the effect that I had gone away from home to hide my shame. When I was made aware of this rumor, I fainted, and for months my friends thought I would go into consumption. I had never kept company with a young man nor committed any act that could possibly throw any suspicion on my morals, nor did my worst enemies believe it, yet, the knowledge of

the fact that such a story was in circulation about me punished me sorely. The vile report was inflamed and circulated to as great extent as possible by a family who had a desire that a young man who was in love with myself should marry another girl, which he did later. This particular point I bring out as it gives the **beginning of a mental action**, which, three years later had the effect, through my sorrow and poverty, of producing a despondent and reckless attitude, and caused me to take on a false and sinful sense, and become what the world calls a Scarlet woman.

I will not dwell at length on the dark shadow of the dream of immortality. It is not necessary. It is sufficient for you to know that I had to begin this journey "from sense to soul" from the lowest rung of the ladder, homeless, friendless, penniless and uneducated, wholly untaught from a practical standpoint, how to do anything that would earn a sustenance. Neither human tongue nor pen can picture the anguish which consumed me through fear of facing the world, as I realized my inability so to do. In my inmost being I loathed a sinful life, and I now see on looking back, that I should have died but for that living principle within me, which was love for the Christ-Life and kept alive that determination to live and overcome all that was objectionable and impure.

The glitter and glare of worlds is powerless to satisfy a hungry heart or sin-sick soul.

I have had influential and worldly-minded people criticise that trait in my character which refused to bow to the golden calf. They have said, "You have no policy, you could make such a brilliant success if you would only cultivate a little diplomacy." How glad I am today that I was wanting along this line, for now I know how much growth it requires to overcome the worldly mind, and the influence of other minds. My deficiency in this respect is all the better for me, as I have that much less to overcome in my growth out of this mortal state of consciousness, into the one perfect and eternal Mind, which is the Kingdom of Heaven within.

CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST MARRIAGE.

The few months that I journeyed on in this erring path, were sufficient to turn my yearning heart with renewed energy to the path of rectitude. I would walk the streets and cry, telling my troubles to any one with whom I came in contact. I became ill; I went into the office of a physician to ask his advice and medical assistance. The result was, he proffered to help me go to my relatives, and to this end supplied me with sufficient means to buy a new suit, a telescope, and to pay railroad fare to the home of my grandmother in one of the Southern states. When I arrived she was delighted to see me, but surprised, upon questioning me, to learn that I had been away from home several months. She was regarded as a very intellectual woman. During the war she was quite a writer. Many politicians are today familiar with one of her poems, of national fame, entitled, "The Union Flag." She was, what might properly be termed, a fanatical Church worker. After I had been there for some time, worn out all my clothing, kept house while she taught a term of school, and had confessed to her the mistakes of the past—which

she wrung from me—she made my life so unbearable, that I decided to try my fate among strangers. She had promised, when I confessed to her, that she would still love and protect me, but she failed utterly so to do. Her actions soon revealed to her neighbors, and my two cousins the hidden skeleton, and, finding conditions intolerable, I again went out, I cared not where; I drifted from pillar to post sometimes penniless and sick and at the mercy of the world, until I found myself at last in St. Louis, Missouri. I fell in with a woman who pretended to sew for a living, but who ran in fact an immoral resort. Being unwilling that she should profit at my sacrifice, I became very despondent and weepingly discussed my sorrows with every one with whom I came in contact.

At last I met an old gentleman who had come from a Northwestern state to buy mules, who said he would find a home for me with the pastor of the church in his home town, which he did.

I had not been at the home of this minister long, until I could see that his wife wanted to manipulate the old gentleman who had influenced me to come to that town. She became suspicious that there must be something between this old man and myself, from the fact that I often met him in the hall, which gave him an opportunity to give me a note or a little money, and before he left I would give him a reply to his note, letting him know how they were treating me. To my utter astonishment

it soon came to light that this woman was misrepresenting me to this man's family, in every way, in an effort to find an excuse whereby she might discharge me. She also gave them to understand that she was suspicious of my character.

Her husband was a good man, and desired to aid me in overcoming the past, but, knowing his wife's disposition so well, he dared not tell her or she would have turned me from the home at once. I afterwards learned that she once had a sensational experience with a prominent man before coming to that city. It has been my experience through life to find that the sinner is free to "cast the first stone."

The old gentleman decided to find another home for me, which he did, with the cashier in his bank. I had been in the cashier's home but a few days when they began to make all kinds of excuses why they wanted him to put a large sum of money in their name, with which to provide for me in case he should die. I was young and inexperienced, but I knew their motives to be selfish and dishonest, and I advised the old gentleman not to do it. I knew, in case of his death, they would turn me out, or make it so disagreeable, that I could not possibly remain with them. When they found they could not possibly carry their point, they became so restless and overbearing, that a change became necessary, so I moved to a city near-by and went out in families by the day, as seamstress. Through jealousy, the cashier's wife aroused all the gossip

she could, with a view to compel the old man to cut off his association with me, which point she finally accomplished. Toward the end of our friendship, I tried to show him the motives of the cashier and his wife, that they were acting as they did with the hope of benefiting themselves.

I often thought how near-sighted the two men were—the minister and the cashier—that they did not understand their wives. I knew to a certainty that they wanted to fill my place, or the position they thought I occupied, and obtain the price. However soon after the old gentleman had broken his relationship with me he employed a young woman to assist as cashier in the bank. They soon began their deceitful operations with her. In their efforts to produce an eruption, they even stooped to come to me and tried to arouse my anger and jealousy, to get me to take action with them in making it uncomfortable for the old man, and the woman in the case. For a time I resisted their efforts, but finally yielded, under the influence of a business man, in whom I had confidence. He succeeded in arousing my venom to such an extent that I made an open fight on the old man, for which he had me arrested, but he afterwards tried to have his case dismissed, to which I objected, insisting on a hearing in the Justice Court, which was followed by steps being taken to prosecute in the higher courts. At this point in the case, the competitive bank officials sent me a message, saying, that they

would defray my expenses to continue, and prosecute the case; and for me to make my stopping place, during the trial, at the leading hotel in the city.

For the benefit of the reader, I will explain how the wily lawyer manipulates men.

When they want to make business for the court; they prey upon the jealous side of man's nature, arouse him into spending his money to crush a competitor. This I know to be a common practice among lawyers.

This awakened my thought to a realization that I was being influenced by others who wished to destroy this man's success, socially and financially. Being too conscientious to lend myself to such an outrage, also realizing the injury done myself through the publicity in the papers, and that their one motive was selfish and not for my good, I decided to withdraw the case, and to that end sent word to the attorney for the defense. He called on me at once and the case was settled immediately between us, much to the chagrin of those who wished to make me a contemptible tool, to injure one who had been kind to me.

Strictly speaking, the old banker was a man of the world, a splendid financier, and honorable in his business dealings. His weakest point was that he would become fascinated with a young woman, promise to help her to reform, then mix her up with his respectable friends, and get all concerned in a

lot of trouble. His mode of action was always so open, or lacking in executive ability, or secretiveness, that a blind man could see through his plans and thwart his aims.

I have found much of the seeming morality in womankind to be sham virtue, based on mock modesty, which was clearly made manifest in the two women previously discussed. In the eyes of God, to prostitute the law of justice, which was done by this element who wished me to continue the fight with this old gentleman, is a more bloodless outrage and grosser immorality than the crime of the so-called outlawed woman. Nevertheless, so long as this class own and control that curse of all curses, money, they meet with the approbation and admiration of the world. Yet the time is not far distant when this state of affairs will be reversed. Wealth, accumulated on a false and corrupt basis, will be a millstone around the neck of its possessor.

While this trouble with the old banker was going on, and my lawyer was out of the city, I chanced to discuss my affairs with another attorney, who was destined to become what I will call the hoodoo of my life. From the very first of our acquaintance I felt a strange admiration for him and knew that he reciprocated. At the same time I grew to have a nameless dread of him.

As time passed he urged slight attentions on me, and a determination took possession of me to resist his overtures to the utmost. The more he

was made to see this resistance, the more determined in the pursuit he became, until at last he fairly hunted me down. Go where I would, he would either be there in person, or have me fall into the hands of some detective whom he had employed to assist him to bring about conditions that would place me in his power. However, before I was aware of his determined attitude, or that my fascination for him had such a hold on me, I made the acquaintance of a poor editor, who thought a great deal of me, and, to avoid the jars of the world, and to rise above the errors of the past, I accepted his offer of marriage, which fact seemed to add much to the displeasure of my beloved attorney, whom we will call Mr. Cows. The "s" does not belong to his name, but I will place it in the plural, because, the crushing influence he wielded over my life ever after, was greater than if a whole herd had run over me.

I wish to again refer to my experience with the old banker. The discord between us was one of the regretted mistakes of my life, and proved a cudgel in the hands of my enemies, in after years. I have found, to my sorrow, that when an erring woman attempts to obtain even justice, from a man, she is not permitted to do so, unless there is a **man**, or **men** behind her who wish to derive a benefit or to down the other man.

After I had been married for a short time, when attending public places of amusement with my hus-

band, we would often meet with Mr. Cows who would take cognizance of my presence with a bow or a tip of the hat, to which I would assume to be oblivious, to the displeasure of my husband. He would rebuke me and later, swear at me, saying that I could make friends with prominent persons if I only had a little more policy. The first time I met Mr. Cows after my marriage he discussed the same with me and spoke very insultingly about my husband. He remarked, "Well, what did you get?" I replied, "He's a good man." Then he added, "He cannot be very much, or he would not have married that woman," meaning his first wife. To which I replied, "She is as good as I am." I felt the sting to the quick, for I knew that she was even better. Seeing this, he added, "But she had a husband before." I pondered the situation, that he himself was a married man, notwithstanding the fact that he made such energetic attempts to become intimate with me. I avoided him after this conversation to a considerable extent, yet at times an irresistible longing would come over me to see him and converse with him. I would make some simple excuse to call at his office. When I would meet him or come under his influence, I would feel so weak that I could scarcely stand on my feet; in fact my heart would almost stop beating and a sense of fear seize me. As time passed this condition grew into a hysterical mood, which at times would cause me to cry out in my sleep. At the time of my marriage,

my husband was prosperous in his business, but he began to go down, and his business fell away until we could not meet our living expenses. It developed later that there was a personal, private canvass made among his patrons, brought about by those who had a desire to down him, and I am led to believe that Mr. Cows was slightly mixed up in this transaction. There was a special effort to get my husband mixed up with questionable women, which, in part was successful. Owing to his irritability, his failure to provide for the home, and my own mental condition—brought about through my belief of fascination for Mr. Cows—I resolved to separate from my husband. When reason held the throne my every sentiment rebelled at the thought of a relationship of affection for one whom I knew to be separated from my plane of life, by every law of God and man. I knew that he would not leave his family for me, nor did I wish it so, yet there were times when, without my own consent I would feel otherwise. My agony became so great that I first urged my husband to move away from that city with me. Finding my entreaties vain, I resolved to go away alone, which I did.

On looking back, I know now that I was under a hypnotic influence. I have since been informed that Mr. Cows had, for years, influenced the court through hypnotism. Whether he understood the subject or not I am not aware, yet I do know that his superior intellect and force of character made



This King and Queen upon this tree
On hypnotism do agree;
Says he, "each person must get out
Who of our dealings have a doubt,
We'll make all other students see
That we have crowned you our Queen Bee."

(See page 56.)

him one of the most advanced in that line. Then I am aware that I was self-hypnotized with his personality. Go where I would, there were obstacles thrown in my way with intent to direct my steps towards the city in which Mr. Cows resided. At one time I was thrown into the society of a supposed widower. After we had been acquainted for a time, I discovered that he was desirous of knowing what I thought of Mr. Cows. On several occasions he informed me that Mr. Cows was in the city, and when I claimed to have no acquaintance with the attorney, he replied "You do know him, now what makes you say you do not." Then I responded, "If you will state just what it is you wish to know, I will be frank with you." He began by saying, "Well, I agreed to find out what there was in this for him. You love him, do you not? Why do you resist him as you do?" I replied, "Yes, I do, that is what angers me, for I know I have no right to devote my love and life to a married man, that he would soon tire of me and cast me off to the mercies of the world, then I would no doubt kill him, or he would kill me." I asked, "But why do you do this for him?" He replied, "He's a good fellow, he has given me many a ten dollar note when I was serving on the grand jury, so I agreed to investigate this for him." He went on to say, "I know you are right, it would end as you say, and more, I have learned to love you myself and would hate to see you go to him." After this conversa-

tion, he informed me that he was a United States detective, also the deputy sheriff of that city.

I accepted a position with a prominent judge of that place as housekeeper. I had been there but a few days when I found that there were efforts being made by persons to create a disturbance and cause me to lose my home. There were painted-faced women in gay attire sent to the immediate neighbors to make suggestive inquiries regarding me, which led to quite a little excitement in the community, which the old judge fully understood, he being a lawyer. He asked one man, who was sent to interview him, after he had finished his story, "Now, Pat, don't you want to borrow five dollars on that?"

This occurrence led to a very close, confidential relationship between the judge and myself, and he asked me to be his wife, which I declined, giving as my reason that I was in love with Mr. Cows. The old judge wept quite frequently, and when his daughters saw it they became alarmed, and one of them asked me to marry papa, while the elder one was led to take issue with an old maid, who was fighting frantically to keep such an event from taking place. This condition of affairs, together with the unrest produced by my demoniacal fascination for Mr. Cows, caused me to resign my position and go West. I had hardly arrived in a Western city, before I became acquainted with another gentleman who invited me to the theater and showed me

little courtesies. My suspicions were aroused, when he stated that he was going to make a trip to the city in which Mr. Cows resided. He proffered to defray my expenses if I would go with him. I discovered that he was a detective, and thinking he was working in the same capacity as that of the former detective spoken of, I cut his acquaintance.

I was more successful in this city than I had ever been at any time or place. At the same time my achievements were nothing to excite comment. I gained a little prominence with certain newspapers there through soliciting job printing. In my soliciting rounds I went into the rooms of the leading detective agency, and as a result became very intimate with one of the managers of this agency.

He became very confidential with me and eventually stated that he was employed as a private body-guard and personal protector of a certain millionaire in that place, at a salary of eleven hundred dollars a year. He tried to get me to join in a conspiracy through which this old millionaire could be induced to part with some of his ready cash. He outlined to me how it could be arranged to bring about an introduction between us without his being known in the affair, and that I was not afterwards to mention that I was acquainted with him. The time was all set and the arrangements made. In discussing the affair with the detective I remarked that "perhaps the plans would miscarry." He replied, "Oh, no, it has been done once, and can be done again "

Then he related to me how he and others had succeeded in tricking the old man into marrying an intellectual adventuress, and that they assisted her in raising a fight with him and getting one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Although it was agreed that I was to meet this old gentleman a certain evening, my heart led me in an opposite direction, namely to the city in which my old admirer, Mr. Cows, resided. I tried to make myself believe that I was not going there on his account, but failed utterly in fooling myself. The very thought that I perhaps would meet him, was the motor power that caused my return to that place. On my arrival in the city I wrote him a note that I wanted to see him on business, which was fatuous. I knew that I should not go, yet I felt myself encouraged or impelled by some irresistible influence. Some gentlemen came into his office, immediately on my arrival there, who demanded his attention. This, strange to say, was a relief to me and gave me an insight into my mental attitude that made me more fully acquainted with my own deficiencies than before. On returning to my room I was taken suddenly ill, and went into a high fever. The physician and friends thought I would not recover. The fever was also attended with a cough. I made no progress towards recovering from this illness until after I had gone through a course of self-examination, admitting to myself that I was in a hopeless state of what I thought love-sick foolishness. I

promised God to leave that city, and put this man out of my affections.

At that time I had never heard of hypnotism, Christian Science or any other mental proposition, yet in a vague way, I realized that I was under an influence more powerful and dangerous than I had ever before experienced. As soon as I had reached this determined conclusion, I at once regained my strength and health, and departed for a distant city.

CHAPTER III.

I BEGIN MY UPWARD JOURNEY.

True to the promise I had made to God, on arriving at the distant city I commenced a search for work, and, if possible, to begin a practical correction of my weaknesses and manner of living. I was penniless and naked, all my clothing having been stolen while I lay ill, and I constantly suffered from grievous headache and nervousness, almost to prostration. I remember, one Sunday afternoon I was suffering from one of these claims. I roomed next door to a church; there was an afternoon service being held; the music filled me with an infinite longing for a pure life. I would have gotten out of bed and gone to church, but for the fact that I had nothing suitable to wear, the thought of which made my head ache worse than before. At last I began a course of self-examination. I thought of the promise I had made to God, that I would put lawyer Cows out of my life; that I owed it to myself to assume the same attitude towards all men, as pertaining to immorality, and I resolved as much as was in my power to begin and grow Godward. I was healed immediately, and a sense of rhythm came over me. It seemed so strange to me. I arose

from my bed, took my pencil and paper in hand and wrote the following poem, entitled,

VERY STRANGE.

Some people are born to be great,
And some to be very small,
Some to be rich—others poor,
And some to be nothing at all.

God made them all, you know,
They say He knows what's best;
He made some very fast and some very slow,
Why so, I have never guessed.

They tell me He is good and great,
That He doeth all things well;
That there is for some a Heavenly gate,
For others a burning hell.

I can't see where the fun comes in;
We're so very apt to fall
In battle with both good and sin
We've had nothing to do with at all.

If I were a wise and perfect God,
In a mansion in the skies,
I'd feel ashamed when worshiped by those
I had given sightless eyes.

To babes whose little lives I'd made;
Whose eyes I'd ope'd to tears,
To life's flickering light and shade
And toil of many years—

I'd kneel and ask them to forgive
The great mistake I'd made
In giving them a life to live
So filled with sorrow's shade.

At the time I composed this poem I was still in the darkness of belief that God made sickness and physical discord. I am now happy in the knowledge that He knows nothing of them. The next day after the foregoing poem was written I accepted a position as housekeeper for an old farmer who lived something over a hundred miles distant. I had scarcely arrived at his place when he began to ply me with questions about my private affairs, saying, "Your appearance shows that you are not accustomed to drudgery. One can tell from your clothing that you have not followed housework, and are too delicate for a position of this kind. However, if you will remain with me indefinitely I will make it easy for you and teach you how to cook, and if you will be right good to me, and learn to like me, after my wife has been dead a reasonable length of time we will marry."

Being of a frank disposition, and not wanting to deceive him, I gave him my past history and spoke of my love for Mr. Cows.

Things went well for a period of eighteen months, at the end of which time he began to flirt around with his old loves, one of whom was a married woman and lived near by, whose name had been slanderously connected with his for years. I saw an account in the paper of where he had attended a social given at her home, he having claimed to me to be attending a fair in a distant city. I spoke of this to him. A quarrel ensued, in

which he denied having promised to marry me. I thought the matter over for a day or so, got a glimpse of the fact that he was, like most men, a deceiver, and I made up my mind that I would try and free myself from his association.

We had some neighbors near by who seemed to think a great deal of me. Knowing my house-keeping qualities, they were constantly begging me to marry an old bachelor in their family.

I had never met him, but I agreed to accept him in marriage before I had seen him—anything to get away from, as I thought, my deceiver. They notified the old bachelor of my acceptance and he called, but when I saw how homely he was, my heart failed me and I refused.

A few days later the man for whom I was keeping house and I had a fuss over another woman, who had kept house for him both before and after his wife's death. After this second quarrel I resolved to leave him at any cost. I sent the homely old bachelor word again that I would marry him. He came for me and we went to his brother's and were married, much to the satisfaction of the entire family at first, though later it became a great bone of contention, of which, later, we will have more to say.

We will now turn backward for a moment to discuss the old man for whom I had formerly kept house. He was, when I began my employment with him, sixty-five years of age, a small man and

slight in build. He owned three hundred and forty acres of land, valued at one hundred dollars per acre. He had between one hundred and one hundred and fifty head of horses, and about the same number of cattle, but was considerably in debt for farm implements, a windmill, his wife's doctor's bills, which had extended over a period of nine years, and other living expenses.

He seemed to be a shiftless farmer. He had almost no orchard, a few scattering trees here and there, a short piece of hedge fence, which was unkept; the remainder of the farm pretended to have a wire fence around it, which was down in places at all times, and the stock were constantly running into the down places, injuring themselves and often dying from the effects of it. When I would talk to him of these things, why he did not have an orchard, repair his barns, outhouses, and fences, he would say, "Oh! I am sixty-five years of age, and don't expect to live but a little while, so what's the use?"

I tried to show him that, as a practical business man, he owed it to the world to use well today the talents that God had given him, though he should die tomorrow. He began to live anew. He planted trees and grapes, built enormous sheds and corrals, and improved the barn, granaries and outhouses; in fact, he took a new hold on life, which won the admiration and approbation of his neighbors. They attributed it to the fact that his wife's

long illness had been his handicap, but I knew different. He was lazy by nature. He was ambitious to make money, but did not accumulate rapidly, for he lacked the ambition to handle his gains practically. He would hire any criminal to work for him because he could get him cheaply, consequently he was always in a disturbance and changing help.

I partially reformed him along this line. I showed him his duty to his fellow-man and his Creator; that he owed it to the world to hire worthy men to do his work, pay them better wages, and thus become one of the spokes in the wheel of progress.

We will resume this narrative at the point of my new marriage. As soon as I had become settled down in my new married life, as miserable as a woman could be, the old man for whom I had kept house became frantic with his loss. He began to use persuasive measures to get me to leave my husband and return to him. He had an elderly sister, who, under the pretense of visiting me, brought notes from him, imploring me to return, saying he was crazed with grief. When I informed him that he must stay away from our house, also refused to separate from my husband, he resorted to more extreme measures. He gave the story of my past life to a prominent neighbor, and influenced him to go and repeat it to my brother-in-law. THEN THE MISCHIEF BEGAN. My husband's relatives be-

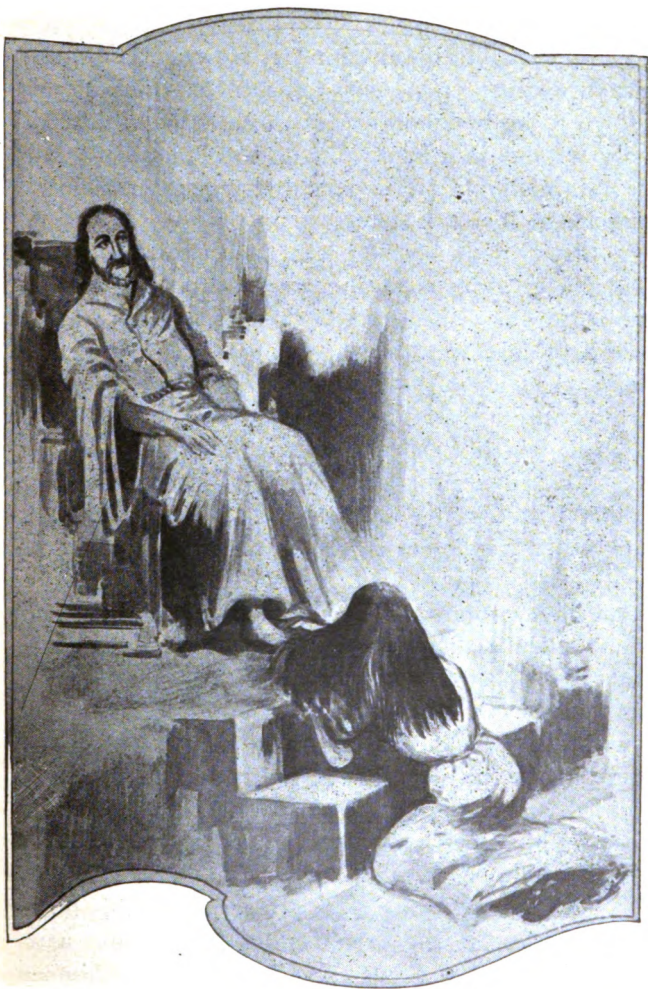
came extremely insulting and tyrannical. Although they were unbelievers and belonged to no church, they began to mix with the congregation to which I belonged, for the purpose of influencing the sensational sisters in the organization to enter into a tirade against me. They entirely forgot the fact that they had influenced and brought about our marriage, without my having made an effort to that end.

After the sensational rumors I urged my husband to sell his farm and move away from that community, which he did. We moved south and settled near the home of my childhood. My husband's health was very poor, and he rapidly became more ailing until the doctor declared that he had softening of the brain, which incapacitated him for doing business. Ere one year had rolled around, having put all our cash into a little eighty-acre farm, we were in an embarrassed financial condition.

Old Mr. Howe, for whom I had kept house, took on a mood of desperation, donned a cowboy's suit and came to that place in disguise, and, through low, cheap men, made a successful plot for the completion of my husband's financial ruin. One insolent cur was hired to whip my husband on the street, and the general agitation kept up till my own mother and brothers and sisters entirely ignored me. I did not know at the time that Mr. Howe was behind these plans. He confessed it in after years.

However, after our reverses came, I urged my husband to agree to our separation, and that he return to his friends, and that I earn my own support. He became very disgusting to my sense, and I felt that I should go mad if I remained longer with him. Under an impulse, one day, I wrote to old Mr. Howe, who had returned to his home in the North, telling him of my misfortune. He responded at once, saying that with all my faults he loved me still, and inclosing a small sum of money. I used this money that he sent me to pay my fare to a prominent city near-by, and for the purpose of obtaining a position. This made Mr. Howe very angry. He then influenced my husband to follow me to that place and raise a sensation, which gained considerable notoriety in the newspapers. This made me so ill that I was compelled to go to the little town where my relatives lived, unable to work and penniless. I wrote to Mr. Howe and he sent me a small sum of money, also a beautiful watch, and informed me that he would visit me in the near future; that he would leave home for the purpose of attending the opening of the new railway bridge at Memphis, Tennessee; that he would stop off and visit me, which he did, much to the displeasure of my relatives.

His elegance of dress and gentlemanly appearance aroused the jealousy of those who did not wish to see me prosper, to such an extent that they influenced my hot-headed brother to raise a public



And He said unto her: "Thy sins are forgiven." (See page 59.)

row in a leading hotel with Mr. Howe. He began a tirade against my past character, thinking Mr. Howe to be in ignorance of these facts, which was very strange in a brother, who through all the laws of nature should feel a deep and true interest in the welfare of his own sister.

Mr. Howe's bearing was such that the leading and oldest citizens of the town called upon him while he was visiting me at this place, one of whom was a prominent minister, who had known me as a child. I mention these facts to show that my brother was on the wrong side and under a very malicious control, which I did not fully understand.

Mr. Howe proposed that I return to his home, which I reluctantly agreed to do. Had there been any other way open to me I would not have accepted his proposal; yet, feeling that the inevitable must have come from God, I accepted, and immediately made a disposal of my few personal effects, and took a train for his state, Mr. Howe continuing his visit to the Memphis bridge and following me a few days later. I was to go to a hotel and remain there in the leading city, in the county in which he resided, and remain until such time as he could dispose of his stock and farm implements, and move his effects to the same place.

The next morning after my arrival at this hotel, while sitting at the breakfast table, to my utter astonishment Mr. Cows came in and seated himself at the table beside me. He looked me very intently

in the face. I did not speak to him, as I wished him to think I did not recognize him. My heart gave one great leap into my throat, and my hands trembled so that I could not put the food into my mouth. Feeling embarrassed that he should see my condition, I left the table and went to my room. On looking out of my window from time to time, I saw him near the hotel, at the ticket office and other places, and, from past experiences, I feared his presence there.

Immediately upon Mr. Howe's arrival in the city, I informed him that Mr. Cows was in the city. He, like myself, regarded his presence as an evil omen. Mr. Howe rented a cottage, shipped his furniture to the city, then brought his sister and placed us in the house which was to be our future home. For months, yes, for years, I remained strictly at home, fearing lest I should be accused of trying to break into society, and properly roasted. I remember quite well my first going out was to the theater. The daily paper at once contained a paragraph which read as follows:

"THE MOST ENVIED WOMAN IN TOWN HAS
A RECORD."

I knew it was meant for myself. I ever afterward watched that paper and as time passed it was clearly demonstrated to me that it was simply a blackmailing machine, of which we will have more to say, as the story unfolds.

Soon after we were settled and thinking to live

quietly, and as Mr. Howe thought, lead a restful life, things began to run very differently. An old friend was about to be sold out by the sheriff, so, in order to save him, Mr. Howe bought him out of the sheriff's hands for comparatively nothing, intending, as time passed, that the man should redeem his business and property. But the man was injured in a runaway accident from which he died, leaving property to the value of between ten and fifteen thousand dollars, in such a way that Mr. Howe became the owner, for less than three thousand dollars. The business alone netted him, clear, through the summer months, one thousand dollars per month, and through the winter months was sufficient to cover the actual living expenses and a surplus besides.

This, together with the rent of his farm, which was fourteen hundred dollars a year, placed him on Easy street. For fourteen years he ran this business, and I, as his housekeeper, cooked for his help. This also netted him a profit. Through his popularity as a man of means, there were many disagreeable obstacles thrown in my way by jealous widows, who wanted a wealthy husband. Also by jealous men who hated to see an old man have a young woman who seemed to make him a good companion. Many of their envious darts were avoided by me, however, by a strict attention to my own business and domestic life. It was wonderful to see how they went to extremes to dig into my affairs, and how, as time passed, they tried to get

into such a position as to scourge me. That black-mailing newspaper would constantly print such pointed paragraphs that anyone living in the city would know I was the person referred to. Mr. Howe had promised that he would assist me in getting a divorce from my husband, but as time elapsed he was afraid to do so, lest it would injure his business, and give the spiteful widows a weapon to cudgel him with. He became very cross and overbearing and again denied having promised to marry me. I had no desire to have him do so unless he wished so to do, but I was in agony in the little latitude of liberty and pastime allotted me, it was certainly a living death, the more I realized that he was going to act in the same dishonorable way that he had when I lived on the farm with him, the more ailing I became, until at last I spent a good portion of my time in bed, for a year. At times I would speak of leaving, when Mr. Howe would inform me, that should I do so, he would torture me, and follow me to the end of the world, that go where I would, he would make me think the walls around me were haunted. Knowing his sly, treacherous disposition, and dreading the world, I longed to die.

With an intense longing to communicate with God, yet, feeling a contempt for that old form of prayer so popular, that of asking God to do something, I could no longer formulate a petition of that kind. I began to ponder the question of prayer. I remember one particular evening this strain of consideration resulted in the composing of a poem which I will give.

MY PRAYER.

Father, take my hand and lead me
 Through the night of dark despair,
 For my heart is heavy laden,
 Bowed beneath a load of care.

Temptations thickly 'round me gather,
 To allure my soul astray;
 Wilt thou give me strength and wisdom
 To resist from day to day?

Strength to guard each word and action;
 Strength in grace and works to grow,
 That, as I near the quiet valley,
 I can feel secure and know

Just why I have such hope in Jesus,
 Why His promises I love,
 And feel secure in my believing
 I shall reach the home above.

A few days later, while thinking along this line again, these verses presented themselves:

Father, help me to remember
 Thy Son's example, kind and meek,
 If, like Him, I am rudely smitten,
 Help me to turn the other cheek.

I would not ask for great possessions,
 But would that I could but possess
 The will to give my all if needed,
 Another home and life to bless.

The foregoing verses I give as they speak for themselves the desire of the soul.

One evening, without realizing what I was going to say or think, I exclaimed, audibly, "Father, show

me the way that leads to peace, and I will follow in it though it be with bleeding footsteps."

Immediately following, it was announced that Carrie Chapman Catt would deliver a lecture at the First Presbyterian Church of that place, Wednesday evening following. Contrary to my rule, I went to hear her. There was only one thing she said that interested me, and that seemed to strike the very key-note of my soul. I knew when she had finished, that I had found a hidden key to at least a part of the mysteries of life. The statement was one recorded in Hindoo history, where Christ was writing in the sand, the Hindoo asked of him, "How was it when I saw you a thousand years ago, you were in the form of a woman?" Jesus answered, said unto him: "Yes! and so I was, but the way is too rough and thorny now, for the tender foot of woman, but again I will come in the form of many women."

I did not then fully realize why her statements thrilled me so; they were like cool draughts of water to the fevered brow and parched lips; they spoke to my soul and seemed to say to me, this key will unlock the door to greater knowledge, knowledge of the great facts of existence that you must have, but where to get that knowledge I did not know. This condition of thought threw me into my old ailments and in bed; every bone in my body ached. I had been for some months employing a regular physician, at a stipulated price, but having recently met and conversed with a

Christian Scientist for a few moments, though having no faith whatever, I decided to send for the Healer and give her an opportunity to heal me. I did not then know that Christian Science was a religion, I regarded it merely as a sham curative agency. The peaceful expression and pleasant words of the lady, had been a comfort to me, and I felt of all persons, though I had never but once met her, that I would prefer to converse with her to anyone whom I knew at that time. I sent a message to her to the effect that I wished she would call at once, which she did. On her arrival, ere she had seated herself, I repeated the words of Carrie Chapman Catt to her and added: "Do you know that I believe Christ is here on earth, if we only knew where to find him?" She replied, handing me *Science and Health, with Key to the Scripture*, by Mary Baker G. Eddy, saying at the same time, "This is He," without knowing why, impelled by some unseen influence, I reached out my hand, and, taking the book made, answer: *I believe it.*

In less than ten minutes I was dressed and well, happier than I ever had been in my life. She tried to explain somewhat of the teachings of Christian Science, but it all seemed like a dead language to me. But there was one thing that I did believe, that was that God had healed me, and henceforth I would know Him as my only physician.

CHAPTER IV.

OUT OF THE OLD INTO THE NEW.

Dear reader, having finished our journey over the hills and through the valleys of materialism, with its numerous ills, we will now launch our little craft upon the waters of mental action. The waters of this stream are made up of all nationalities, and individualities, who know that Mind is God. Those who know this Truth have not yet demonstrated the Infinite all to such a degree as to eliminate their perverted human concepts, which subjects the world to the abuses of the would-be mental practitioner. However, we will go back to the beginning of my acceptance of Christian Science as my physician and religion.

The first few months after being healed, I listened with joy to the explanation of Christian Science, which delivered me from the bondage of fear of that dangerous God, that my mother had tried to teach me to love, but had utterly failed. It was a great relief to me, to end the dream of that unattainable place called heaven; and that dreaded lake of fire and brimstone. As I became alive to the truth, these vanished into the unreturning past. The future now seemed radiant with hope, and I began to enjoy a peace of mind never

experienced before, my body became healthy, and I forgot to think about it.

As to how my Healer accomplished the healing work was a hard thought for me to grasp, and, strange to say, it *seemed* that she wished me to remain in mysticism. I asked her if she thought I could learn to heal the sick. She smiled and said, "Yes, if you will study 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, then go through class.'" I bought a copy of the text book. She also loaned me a copy of "Retrospection and Introspection," a beautiful and inspired little work, by the same author. I had read as far as the chapter about the author of the book, where her mother had advised her to do as little Samuel of the Scriptures, when the voice again called her. At this point in the narrative, a strange, hopeful consciousness seized me. I thought of the glimpses, or impressions of a former life, which so often came to me. I felt sure they were not meaningless visitants, so I resolved, that the next time this strange guest of consciousness came, that I would write the message that it should impart. Immediately following this resolution, the strange guest reappeared, which left me with the following poem, which I penned at once:

A phantom thought from out the past
Steals my dull fancies o'er,
That seems suggestively to say
"You've lived a life before."

Yes, somewhere in a peopled world,
Much like this world of ours,

Where each man tried to get control
Of all important powers.
Again, this fancy does suggest
That life is all promotion;
That, when we're tempered for the race,
We cross the silent ocean
And there begin where we left off
To climb the elevation;
The end of which is perfect peace
For ALL of God's creation.

When these verses were finished, my first thought was, that they were meaningless, but, on scanning them closely, I discovered that they had brought me the sweetest message of my life—a complete declaration of freedom from the terrors that had beclouded my past, for they had revealed to me that life or the principle of life is evolution, and that God had created all and was all, therefore, henceforth and forever, the dread of that fiery lake, and that many weary souls would find their way therein, had lost place and power over me.

Regarding my healer as a divinely anointed creature, I gave her my utmost confidence. She took advantage of it. She advised me to do rash things; to compel Mr. Howe to give me money, then to come and make my home at her house. She assured me that the body of Christian Scientists would love, protect and sustain me, regardless of the past. But I am sorry to say that I found their treatment differed but very little to other bodies of Christian workers; in fact, some of them used

their mind-power in a way that injured me more than was possible with those who did not know, and could not demonstrate through a liberated mentality. My healer informed me that all Christian Scientists made an unreality of sin, and therefore would reform the sinner. This encouraged me to leave the home of Mr. Howe, much against his wishes, and move my personal effects to her residence, much to my later regrets. Immediately after my arrival at her house, I found that there was considerable strife between her and another Christian Scientist who had recently come to that place, as to who should be greatest. Each healer used their friends and patients to cudgel the other with. Our opponent, as we will call her, Mrs. Gray, made a valuable weapon of my history and mistakes, in fighting my healer, whom we will call Miss Backus. Mrs. Gray declared from the first that I should never become a member of her church. Miss Backus quietly educated her friends and followers that Mrs. Gray was a jezabel. Mrs. Gray declared that every one of us had to leave town; which later, I am sorry to say, we did.

The outside world, however, knew but little of this warfare, as they did not understand our method of battle, nor the grounds on which it took place. The whole proposition not being understood, the battle was hotter and harder than many knew.

After a time I discovered that my healer, Miss Backus, made excuses to go over to the home of Mr. Howe. He spoke of this to me in disgust, saying, "I



THE QUEEN BEE INSTRUCTING HER DRONES.

"I want you all to treat (sting) the Farwell students; they have all got to leave town. I am the Queen Bee." (See page 66.)

wish that old rip would stay away from here." I began to be suspicious of her, that she was seeking gain and power, also that she was taking some mental advantage of me that I did not understand how to cope with. At night, when sound asleep, I would waken suddenly with a strange feeling. At first it was one of happiness, but later one of discord. Miss Backus began to urge me, when my money was gone, to go to a distant city to the home of a Mrs. West and to go through class with a Mr. Farwell, who was her teacher also. I complied with her request and went to the home of Mrs. West. At first she was lovely in her treatment of myself, but later became very cool and changed in her actions toward me. I immediately took the train for the home of Miss Backus. I could see that she was sorry I had returned. She tried to make me promise that I would not go to see Mr. Howe. There were many points that showed me conclusively that this woman was exercising some of the same methods practiced by the fast woman, to carry her point. So I resolved within myself that when morning came I would go over and see Mr. Howe. Then I fell asleep.

Again I was suddenly awakened from my slumbers, in a sense of alarm, which seemed to urge me to pray and to look to the Infinite for protection. Then followed a moment of peace and exaltation. The next morning when I arose and met Miss Backus, there was a strange and almost fiendish expression on her face. She said: "I see that my

demonstration is not being made." Then she added: "Now, I want you to promise me one thing, that you will not go to see Mr. Howe." I asked her "Why?" That as I had made it my home at one time, I would consider it an injury to myself to regard it in that disparaging way; also, that he was worth saving. She became blue with rage. Therefore, I resolved there was something wrong and that I would go and see about it at once. Breakfast over, I immediately went over to Mr. Howe. He was glad to see me, and began at once to inform me how Miss Backus persisted in calling there, and requested that I ask her to remain away. He implored me to come back and keep house for him, which I agreed to do, after he had agreed that as soon as the sensation blew over, we would marry. I became convinced that Miss Backus was on very intimate terms with a man she called "Uncle" Still, so I decided she was a little too rigid in my case, since she had not elevated herself beyond that line of demarcation.

Mr. Howe and I talked the matter over and decided that I should return to the home of Miss Backus; and that we would make our agreement as to my return in her presence, which we did. She had to pretend to be pleased, but her face was a picture I shall not soon forget. After Mr. Howe had gone, while I was packing my effects, she began about what Mrs. Gray and her set would say. I asked her, "What do they know about it?" Her

confused replies betrayed the fact that she had been talking too much, putting herself in the light of a philanthropist, and I the Magdalene whom she was going to save.

After my return to keep house for Mr. Howe her mood changed. She seemed to think that she could manipulate us to too great an extent, and, failing in that, she gradually became antagonistic. On Christmas evening I went to her home to make her a present. I made an unfortunate discovery. She had a gentleman roomer. After that occurrence she was very much afraid of me. Privately she put out such rumors as she thought her enemy, Mrs. Gray, would use in a way that it would crush me. Mrs. Gray had by this time established a church; she was very popular, very. It was generally rumored that the wives of certain men were very unhappy. In fact, one man came near divorcing himself from his wife on her account. There were several married men whose names were very sensationally connected with hers. At this point I will discuss the personal characteristics of Mrs. Gray. She was a fine dresser—what men would call a vivacious and attractive woman; a cunning wire-worker, and of strong will power. If any of her followers or those of other schools became angry with her or tried to oppose her at any point, she would snap her fingers and say: "I am the Queen Bee. I control all the wealthy people in this city. No other Healer has a right in this town."

However, these facts were not made known to me for several years after their occurrence, as I was not personally acquainted with her.

With these passing events I learned that my husband, from whom I had separated in the South, had passed on. It was afterwards clearly revealed to my thought that he had been mentally assassinated by persons who tried to influence him to come to our town and make trouble for Mr. Howe and myself. These same individuals made an avenue of others in their attempt to create discord with us.

CHAPTER FIVE.

LETTER TO MRS. EDDY.

Through the agitation and discord existing between Miss Backus and Mrs. Gray I became discouraged because I was made to realize that neither of them wanted me in their church. I also felt that there was a desire to keep me from advancing in the understanding of Christian Science, so I decided to write to Mrs. Eddy. I felt sure that she would help me. That one so spiritual and close to God as she, could see that Mary's heart was crying out for the light of Truth, and that she would give me a thought. I wrote about as follows:

Dear Mrs. Eddy:

You will find enclosed two poems which I made by separating the lines of your poem "Alphabet and Bayonet," in "Retrospection and Introspection," taking the lines beginning with the first, then every other line. This gave me two distinct poems. One was "Alphabet," the other "Bayonet." My first glance gave me a clear sense of two poems entwined. Will you please give me five minutes of your busy thought to know that I will soon have the Mind of Christ? I am a widow and alone.

Lovingly,

MARY ELIZABETH.

Three or four days after writing this letter, Mr. Howe had a horse taken violently ill with the colic. The animal was swollen double its size, and having seeming convulsions from pain. He had been ailing several hours, when all at once a flood of divine glory seemed to enfold me. I stepped out to where the horse was, and when Mr. Howe said, "The horse will die," I said, "No, he won't. God is all." The horse was instantly healed, and in five minutes was eating. The horse had always been a raw-boned creature, and had an ugly disposition. However, after this healing he filled out and looked pretty and was not so mean.

The radiance of light extended still farther. The driver of the horse was a drinking man and a Roman Catholic, and was very abusive to his family. The next morning when I saw the man drive the horse out, the thought came to me, "He is God's child. I must love him. I have been wrong in thinking of him as I have."

In a few days I went to see his wife; that is, I was passing and she called to me. I went in. Her face was aglow with happiness. She then stated that her husband had said that he knew that I healed the horse; also that he was going to be a better man. That any man could do right if he only wanted to. That he would never take another drink. She then said, with a radiant face: "Why! I did not stay in bed three days when my baby was born. I always did lay in bed at least ten days be-

fore." At this point she directed my attention to a new-born infant, but a few days old, lying in its little cradle bed.

Neither of us realized what had created the transformation. I did in part. I knew that Mrs. Eddy had done the work; but how, I yet knew not. I did not tell her so, as I knew it would confuse her mind. After this, for a long while, every person or animal, that was ailing, that I looked upon became instantly well.

One day, on looking out of the window, I saw what I believed to be a dead cat. I thought, "You are not dead." When I passed that way again the cat had walked off.

Harry, one of our men, brought our old dog home, with his back broken. He could crawl, but his hind parts would drag. I thought, "Being is unbroken," and the dog walked off, well. Mr. Howe and his grandson, fearing lest this healing should create another excitement like that of the horse, called in a policeman and hurriedly killed the dog. Shortly after this I was given a beautiful little dog. Some one threw him a dose of poison. When I discovered him he was in hard convulsions. In twenty minutes from the time I began realizing the Truth for him, the convulsions had entirely ceased. Within two hours he was playing as usual. The enemies of Truth spirited the little dog away, and it was a long time before I knew where they had sent him.

Soon after this one of our neighbors, a lady,

came to our house, weeping, and said that her little boy was going to die; that three doctors had declared that he could not live three hours. He had diphtheria and malarial fever. While the mother was telling me about her child I thought, "I wish you had the light of Truth," but I did not mention Christian Science to her, as Mr. Howe did not like for me to discuss the question with his customers. She immediately went home, and on her arrival there, found her boy well and dressing himself. The doctor came a few minutes later. When he found the boy well he asked: "Have you had any of those d—d Christian Scientists after this boy?" She replied, "No," but mentioned my name, and said that she believed I had done it. Having been associated with Scientists before coming to our city, she had some knowledge of impersonal healing, of which I was not aware at the time I talked with her.

The aforesaid cases of instantaneous healing are but a few of the wonderful manifestations of the power of Truth to heal the ills of mortals. I did not then and do not now regard these cases of healing as a result of my understanding of Truth, but as the result of the spiritual uplifting which followed the request made of Mrs. Eddy. I never received a word to the effect that she had given me a thought, yet from results I feel sure that she did.

CHAPTER VI.

STUNG BY THE QUEEN BEE.

While the excitement was high about my demonstrations in healing, there was a committee organized, and one of its members delegated to call on Mr. Howe, to say such things as was thought best to discourage him and prevent him from marrying me. Scheming women were employed to trap him, among which Mrs. Gray was a figure in the background. She was influenced into believing that I would try to run the church if my wings were not properly clipped.

Oh! If she only could have known. I was wholly unequal to such a position. I have no more knowledge of grammar, or arithmetic, than a ten-year-old child. I would have been grateful for a back seat in her organization or any Christian Science Church.

During this stirred up condition I was taken ill and manifested all the symptoms of a woman who is pregnant. Had nausea, and fainting spells. In this dread condition I was compelled to send for Miss Backus. She treated me for a day or so. Coming in suddenly, she informed me that I was not

pregnant; that my condition was the result of malicious malpractice by Mrs. Gray, and one of the most diabolical schemes she had ever heard of. When she made this statement I began to comprehend what she meant, and all symptoms of pregnancy immediately vanished and I was well again. For the benefit of Science I will discuss this further.

I had previously consulted a physician who treated me before I accepted Christian Science. He agreed that my symptoms were those of a woman in a delicate condition. Immediately after all the symptoms vanished I sent for him again, but did not tell him anything about our conclusions as to the cause of my condition. He decided that my case was a very strange one and that he could not account for it. The movements before this claim was met were such as to waken me from sound slumber at night. While Miss Backus was treating me I was speechless from pain, a few hours before the claim was met. The claim and the pain both disappeared at the same time. I now fully understand, that the motive was to stigmatize, and run me out. After the aforesaid affair I felt an irresistible desire to leave town. I knew of no particular place that I wished to go, nor of anyone who wanted me to be with them, so I bought a ticket for the far West, much against the wishes of Mr. Howe.

Yes! After being stung by the Queen Bee, I left town.

CHAPTER VII.

MY JOURNEY WEST.

The first night on my Westward journey, on retiring, I changed my pillows to the other end of the berth to that arranged by the porter. After I had fallen asleep, I was awakened by some one taking hold of my feet. I kicked and screamed. This aroused the woman on the berth below, and she said she pushed a man away from the berth. I took notice the next day that there were those present whose actions led me to believe, that they knew more than they would confess. I neglected to carry a lunch with me, and as eating houses are few and far between, after passing Denver, I had gone from twelve o'clock noon to ten o'clock the next day without anything to eat. Our train stopped at Ogden, Utah, for dinner. I was eating, and, strange as it may seem to you, dear reader, that heavenly vision gave me a warning not to swallow a mouthful of food I was masticating, that it had a fly in it. I took the food out of my mouth, and the fly was there. I mention this little incident as it has always been a comfort to me to know that when the foes of earth



THE OLD GREY GOOSE INSTRUCTING HER GOSLINGS.

"You must all treat, that error has to get out of this town; no other students can stay here; this field belongs to me." (See page 71.)

press us most hard, that is the hour in which we cross the threshold to the clearest communications with the one Divine Intelligence.

I will touch as briefly as possible upon my sojourn in the West, only giving the important events. I found times very dull, positions hard to obtain, and my money was gone before I succeeded in getting anything to do. At last I obtained a position with a prominent banker's wife. I had been there but a few days when a policeman came to the door, requesting that the lady conceal the fact from me. He insinuated that I was a criminal and wanted in the East. She came back into the kitchen, looked me steadily in the face and asked, "Have you ever done anything that you would be afraid to face?" I responded, "No." Then I mentioned the town that I was from, fearlessly, and added, "You can inquire if you wish." She went on to say, "I know what you say is true. I would as soon doubt the face of an angel as you." The work being very heavy there, and so far out, I sought and obtained a position near the church. Persons came there and aroused this woman's suspicions of me—just how she would not say. They also went to different members of the Christian Science Church whom they knew to be acquainted with me, and made the same suggestions that I was a criminal and wanted in the East. This party I knew to be a young lawyer from the city in which Mr. Howe resided. He also, in company with a man of the Western city,

visited the Christian Science Church and acted in such a conspicuous way that any one could tell they were there to attract a sensational thought to my personality.

I will pause at this point in the story to give an account of an experience I had with a poor shoemaker in that city. He had once been a wealthy citizen of that place. He gave me the story of his life; how he and his wife were separated through hypnotism, and he besought me to write the story. Having so little experience along that line at that time, I was afraid to discuss the subject in print. But now, having through my own experience suffered all that he claimed, and more, I feel it my duty to do so for the benefit of the world, and am not afraid to make these statements, for I have lived through them and know everything herein stated to be facts.

I gradually became aware that I was not in California of my own volition. That the same influence that had made me think I was pregnant had also sent me on that wild goose chase. I wrote to Mr. Howe. He telegraphed me money to come home on. It was agreed that I would not go at once to his home, as he had been influenced to employ a housekeeper for a specified length of time. We decided that I should locate temporarily some seventy or eighty miles distant. When Mrs. Gray and those persons who were in league with her found that their work was being undone, they

opened a systematic blackmail. The woman who was keeping house for Mr. Howe was influenced to write obscene letters to me, and about me to all the persons whom they were aware were acquainted with me. About this time I had a forewarning that there was an intent to harm me, and I mentioned the fact to a young girl friend who was temporarily stopping with me. In a week or so after a man concealed himself in my room, with intent to assassinate. He was duly caught and turned over to the police, but I afterward requested the officers to let him go, as he did me no harm.

Then followed the tirade of sensational abusive letters by the aforesaid woman. While she was yet keeping house for Mr. Howe she took a day off and came to the city where I was then making my home, and waited upon all the Christian Scientists who knew me, and made a scandalous attack upon me, even calling upon me and talking in a sensational way without letting me know who she was.

She then returned to the home of Mr. Howe and was watched by friends of mine going to and from the residence of Mrs. Gray. Strange as it appears, Mrs. Gray always stoutly denied having met the woman.

In one of these abusive letters she stated that if I attempted to come back to that city to live, the people would burn the roof over my head. I went to the Federal authorities and had her placed under arrest for sending obscene letters through

the mail. The case was bought off, however, and by some efforts I cannot explain they got Mr. Howe in a position where he paid the bill. He went for an officer, however, and made this woman leave his house. Before leaving, she gave Mr. Howe to understand that she was influenced to do this by prominent persons, and that it was his duty to make me his wife.

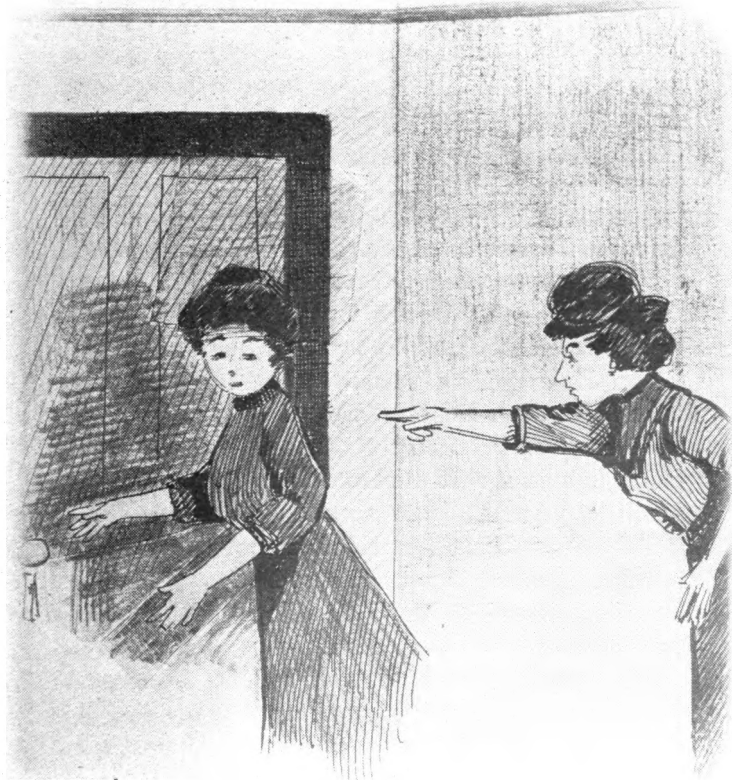
We will go back a few pages in the story, to an event where this woman, one evening, came with a man who wore a star, and pretended to be a policeman, to the door of the place where I was stopping, and claimed to have a State's warrant for my arrest. The woman of the house did not know that I was in, but I stood in the hall and heard every word. The woman did most of the talking, saying many things that had no foundation, the officer agreeing with her that they were there for the purpose of placing me under arrest. The lady of the house, also my girl friend, informed them that I was out. They had a carriage at the gate; they tarried awhile and departed, leaving the detective sitting near the gate. Our landlady, when learning that I was in, rushed frantically into the room exclaiming, "You get out of my house at once, or I will call an officer. I won't have such a woman as you under my roof." It is needless to say that I complied at once, going out the back way, after ten o'clock at night. I walked four miles through the mud and slush and cold, with a view to getting to

the State line and in communication with Mr. Howe, which I did.

My reason for going out the back way, was that my girl friend discovered the fact that the man was lying hidden near the gate. I knew that if they got possession of me, they would have me spirited away to some insane asylum, then smother the facts. It was clear to my mind then, that our supposed protectors, or representatives of the law were a set of kidnapers, which has later been coming to light. This occurred before there had been any public kidnapping done, or any rewards paid for such.

Those men who were behind this plot, finding themselves in a position that would betray their secret organized operations, they began to argue the question of my sanity. They did it quietly, at first, to make people believe my statements false, should I make any that would uncover their infamous works.

There was everything on earth done that could be, to hold Mr. Howe at home, but he came to my assistance, and was reluctant to believe that such an outrageous procedure had occurred. The woman who ordered me out in some manner became frightened and denied that there had been such an occurrence.



"You get out of my house, or I'll call an officer." (See page 73.)

CHAPTER VIII.

CHASED BY THE GREY WOLF.

After the attempted kidnaping everything on earth was done to make life for me a veritable hades. In fact my going out evenings ceased, as I was often hard pressed to protect myself from harm. Knowing that no one dared openly to attack me at the home of Mr. Howe, it was decided that I return to his house, and keep indoors out of sight for a short time, until the excitement should subside, after which it was agreed that we were to be married, which agreement, I am sure he fully intended to fulfill. After I had remained indoors for several months, the time having elapsed that we were to have been married, Mr. Howe began to act like a man more drunken than otherwise, and gave me decidedly to understand that he had no intention of marrying me. He seemed to think that my past persecutions would have a tendency to intimidate me to such an extent that I would not dare to leave his protection; nevertheless I did.

I gathered my effects together, and rented a little room with a dressmaker nearby and moved, per-

fectly content that matters should go as I thought God willed.

I had hardly settled in my new place of abode before Mrs. Gray sent for the woman of whom I rented and advised her to the effect that it would ruin her business to have me in the house with her, which proved false, as the best and wealthiest citizens in that city patronized that woman and myself, who had never heretofore entered her door. It virtually make this woman independent. Through my advice and suggestion she began to accumulate, whereas, she had been in the town for several years, and had never saved a dollar. At the end of one year she owned a little home. To my utter amazement I found that Mrs. Gray, though a stranger to this woman, had been mixed up in her divorce and separation from her husband.

At the time Mrs. Gray was a total stranger to her. Strange to say Mrs. Durk, the woman being discussed, received a message from Mrs. Gray to call at her residence, that she wished to consult her on important business. On arriving, Mrs. Gray proceeded with, "Mrs. Durk, you may think strange that I sent for you, but I did it to befriend you. I learned, through a friend that you were being robbed of your rights. Now, I would advise you to go to Lawyer Blank and he will help you out." Mrs. Durk reluctantly followed her advice, only to become convinced that all parties concerned had caused her husband to so mysteriously desert her. It was really won-

derful to watch the phenomena made manifest through Mrs. Durk, while these people were trying to influence her to put me out of doors.

She would get such raging headaches and glare at me so. She would decide one day that she would leave town, and the next that she would remain. It was certainly ridiculous, the contradictory reports that were in circulation.

Mrs. Gray became very intimate with Mr. Howe after my going away, and pretended to sympathize with him very much, saying that they felt sorry indeed that I had gone to make my home with Mrs. Durk, owing to her immoral standing.

Then immediately followed another flow of sly persecution. Unprincipled men had two saloon-keepers nearby, to come, at the mid-night hour, and knock very loudly at the door of the old frame building where we lived. This was continued until, much against Mrs. Durk's wishes, I brought a very large bucket into the house, and saved it full of slops. I carried it upstairs, and waited for the intruder to call again, which he did, and I emptied the contents of the bucket on his head, at the same time calling for the police, which revealed the fact that the police came very slowly to the rescue. It later proved that the officers were in league with the bulldozing process being carried on.

After I had thrown the slop on the man, Mrs. Durke came up crying and said, "Oh! what did you do that for? The people will put us out now." To



THE GREY WOLF INSTRUCTING HER WHELPS.

"You must all treat (attack) and treat to kill." (See page 78.)

which I angrily retorted, "Darn the 'people,' if they won't stand by a woman who is fighting to protect her honor, I'll fight the whole town." However, in the early morn our good, responsible neighbors called, who had never noticed Mrs. Durk before, and congratulated us and proffered to give us all the assistance in their power.

Mrs. Durk was delighted with the results, and felt that we had killed a bear. This condition of affairs gave me a great deal of worry, and Mr. Howe was becoming frantic again to get me back. Knowing that I was persecuted everywhere, I went, after discussing the matter with a good friend, I learned that a Christian Science widower wanted a housekeeper; that he had made enquiry of this friend to know if she thought I would accept the position. He came to see me and after I had thoroughly discussed the conditions with him, we decided to marry, simply as a means of protection against public criticism, thinking it would place Mr. Howe in an attitude that he would cease to annoy me, and not attempt to throw obstacles in the way of the man who wished me as a housekeeper and wife.

We were hastily married. This man I will call Mr. Lorane. He was a man whose moral character was above reproach. He had lived in that city for years. However, he was antagonistic to Mrs. Gray, and she to him, from the fact that he stated that Mrs. Gray had killed his wife. He often talked of past events, how Mrs. Gray would send for him,

and that he would remain with her till midnight, much to the displeasure of his wife. He stated that God alone had saved him; that Mrs. Gray had used every influence to bring about compromising conditions, that she would often say to him, "Oh! Mr. Lorane, it is better to be single." She also made him an offer that he could quit work and make a good living treating her patients, provided he did not let any one know other than that she did the work herself.

As soon as I married Mr. Lorane, Mr. Howe kept the road hot with messengers imploring me to return; also, there were secret attempts at night, when Mr. Lorane would be coming home from his business, to assault him. He also took on a mental condition that was like a madman; he was abusive and insulting at times.

When I called his attention to this fact, we would more readily understand each other, as he understood Metaphysics, than Mr. Howe and I. He acknowledged himself to be under the mental control of the mal-practice thought of others, and asked me to forgive him. We will pause at this point, and refer once again to Mrs. Gray and her colleagues. After Mr. Lorane and I were married, Mrs. Gray threw herself into Mr. Howe's society and began to flatter and deceive him. She remarked to him, "Oh! If you had only married her, Mr. Howe, I would have made her my Second Reader. She is a clever woman. But now, that she has

married that fellow, we could not receive her. Why! that fellow we put him out of the church." Then immediately the same element made it a point to come and visit with Mr. Lorane, my husband. The subject would at once turn to the church and its believers. They would give Mr. Lorane to understand that they thought well of him, and that the only objection they had to me was that I had kept house for old Mr. Howe, and it would take me years to outgrow it.

One of the principal Gray spies managed to get to keep books for Mr. Howe. This person we will call Mr. Cohman, as we shall refer to him quite often. He had soon borrowed a nice little sum of money from Mr. Howe. He being a right hand bower of Mrs. Gray's, gave her ample opportunity to call on him at Mr. Howe's place of business. They soon had Mr. Howe attending church. Their ostensible purpose was to get him into their coils, while his idea was to bring about a reconciliation, and get me in among them, which they were fully determined he should never do.

It was a fact that every official dog in that little city gave their influence to oppress Mr. Lorane and myself, and to establish a closer relationship between Mr. Howe and the Gray element. Mr. Howe hired unprincipled men to persecute Mr. Lorane to such an extent that he requested that I desert him and go back to Mr. Howe. After talking it over, Mr. Lorane suggested that we keep our un-

derstanding a secret from the Gray element, that I quietly move out of his house and he would obtain a divorce, Mr. Howe having once again pledged himself to make me his wife after the expiration of the time required by law. Mr. Howe had recently informed Lorane and myself that if we did not separate, he would have us arrested on a charge of bigamy, as I was not legally divorced from my first husband. Mr. Lorane made investigation through his attorney, who searched the court records in the city where the divorce had been granted from my first husband and obtained a written statement which declared my divorce valid. However, situated as we were, being compelled to find some legal grounds on which to dissolve the union between Mr. Lorane and myself, I set to work to find a way out, so I made a hurried trip to the city in which Mr. Cows resided. I went at once to his office, and, by a mighty effort to retain my composure I succeeded in showing him my predicament, and that my need now, was to show that I was not legally divorced. After I had given him a few of my most winning smiles, I departed with the understanding that I would call again at one o'clock of the same day. This gave him about three hours in which to manipulate the wires. He then informed me that I could return home and everything would be all right. I returned home. The next day Mr. Lorraine received the second notice from the same court that there had been a mistake, that I was not

legally divorced from husband number one. Upon this evidence the matrimonial rupturing machine was put into action, through the never-failing influence of the almighty dollar, and within a few days I was set free, according to man-made laws. This alarmed the Gray element dreadfully. I never saw a community so stirred up. Mr. Cohman, Mr. Howe's bookkeeper, who poses as a Christian Scientist, went secretly to Mr. Lorane and tried to influence him to join a conspiracy to have me declared insane, and sent out of town. This, Mr. Lorane refused to do, saying to Mr. Cohman, "I would and could not do such a thing from the fact that I think she has more sense than all of you." Lorane sent me a message to come out to his house after night, that he had something to say to me, when he related the aforesaid proposition placed before by Mr. Cohman. "They are working on me, supposing that I am angry with you for having deserted me."

He then advised me to get under the protecting wing of Mr. Howe, and the stirred up conditions showed Mr. Howe also that this was necessary, and to that end he rented a little house across the street for his grandson to live in, it being understood that I would, temporarily, make my home with them. Mrs. Gray was, at the time making her home with the lady who owned the house.

As they were having every move watched, when it became apparent that I would move into the house with Mr. Howe's grandson, Mrs. Gray

brought an influence to bear with this property owner that caused her to wait upon Mr. Howe and tell him that he could not have this house if I were going to live in it. So I moved my bag and baggage right into the home of Mr. Howe, to their utter consternation.

Mr. Howe was amazed when he learned that Mrs. Gray did not approve. He had been foolish enough to believe in her silly flattery.

We will review briefly the events which transpired in the home of this woman who refused to let me live in her house. At the time Mrs. Gray lived in her home, she had an only son, who was engaged to be married to a lovely young lady of that place. The girl sickened and died, also the son of this woman. Wherever the Gray woman went discord and death followed. About the same time she was treating a man who committed suicide. Christian Science should have given him life. Another coincidence was that of a physician and his wife. The lady become converted to Christian Science. She was an attractive woman. In a short time they had her in a whirl, and a sensational divorce immediately followed. The woman applying to a lawyer friend of Mrs. Gray's to help her out, only to be ridiculed by the same persons afterwards. I noticed particularly that every clever woman who bid fair to have a bright future as a Metaphysician, was compromised, stigmatized, and driven out. One in particular, after fighting with Mrs. Gray over a

married man went West and opened a house of ill fame, and her daughter passed on.

Their only reason for objecting to me was, that I had kept house for Mr. Howe. If all they surmised had been true, I would still have been this woman's superior, from a moral standpoint, as general rumor had it that her associates were legion, also married men. The difference between us was, that I like the Magdalen of old was an unwilling repentent sinner, while she, the willing transgressor, was like the Jezabel in olden times, still unrepentant, fulfilling the Scriptural passage which says, "dividing the land for gain, teaching and seducing the people."

CHAPTER IX.

I BECAME MRS. HOWE.

The long promised and much regretted occurrence, that of becoming Mrs. Howe, took place beneath shot and shell; many approved and a few were desperate with malice and jealousy.

A few were compelled to scramble to hide their criminal motives in trying to keep such an occurrence from taking place in the past. Mrs. Gray moved out of our immediate neighborhood at once, and Mr. Cohman resigned his position as book-keeper, a Mr. Fly being employed to fill the vacancy. We were delighted with the change, for Mr. Fly was a brother Pythian, and we felt that we could trust him. I am glad to say that he proved worthy of the confidence placed in him.

The old lady who refused to let me live in her house, became very kind to us. I could see she had repented. Through my efforts to become a true Christian Scientist, I bore no malice, and treated her as a neighbor. However, Mr. Howe was soon made aware that Mrs. Gray would not make me "Second Reader" in her church.

Almost immediately after our marriage, the daily paper announced that certain men were in the

city investigating the field, with a view to starting into the same line of business as that of Mr. Howe. A surprising feature of this was that the town was already overdone in this line. When this competitive firm first came to the city, Mr. Howe was greatly worried about their coming. Seeing his attorney's name so often connected with the firm, he approached him on the subject, and the attorney said, "This won't hurt you, Mr. Howe." Mr. Howe asked, "Have these people money?" The lawyer replied, "Yes, it was supplied by a mother-in-law." A few days later it was announced in the paper that an Eastern syndicate had been influenced by this lawyer to donate free of charge, sufficient land upon which to build their place of business.

At this juncture I suggested that this lawyer was himself the motor power that was bringing that firm there. At this suggestion Mr. Howe became enraged to such an extent that he heaped the worst abuse on my head I had ever before experienced. He went for a club to beat me with, thus taking on the same mental condition as that of the aforesaid attorney towards me, fulfilling the law of mental suggestion.

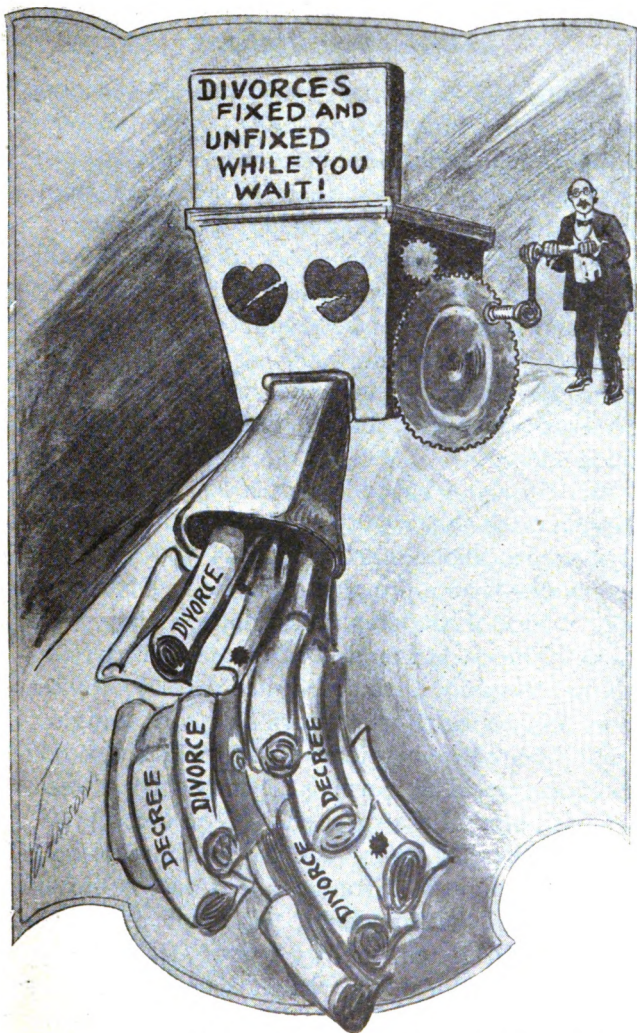
I had known for some time that this same lawyer, in claiming to protect my husband's children, had said he was not going to see me rob the heirs. However, at this point we will show that under this pretense, his motive was to rob them himself. He was the only living person whom my husband

feared, owing to his full knowledge of the crimes committed by his children; hence the unwillingness on Mr. Howe's part to admit the thought that he was under a pressure from this source. As reluctant as he was, however, he was forced in the near future to realize that he was in this man's power and that he was abusing the same. These men who conducted this competitive business were imported in and had no means whatever. It proved out in open court, four years later, that they had obtained every dollar with which they did business from the same attorney who had stated to Mr. Howe that they did business on "the mother-in-law's money."

The first three years they tried to get Mr. Howe cornered and make him buy them out, by giving them nineteen thousand dollars in cash for their business. Failing in that they wanted to fight. There were those who tried to hypnotize and flatter Mr. Howe into the deal. When that would not work, they attempted to burn the place of business of my husband. Excitement was at fever heat. The wealth and prominence of this lawyer enabled him to control the town. Those whom he could not hire he suppressed through fear. During all this melee one poor girl was hurried off to the insane asylum, and I was informed by a friend that they intended to do the same to me. Strange as it may seem, though I had never met the girl, she was sent there for having accused this lawyer of blackmail-

ing citizens. Our stories were similar and I am sorry to say, they were both true. This so-called Christian Scientist, Mrs. Gray, was one of the spokes in the hypnotic wheel that aided him in his wire-working machine.

At this time there was an unusual occurrence. Upon going into the pantry, adjoining my kitchen, I found a negro there. When I asked him what he was doing in the closet, he attempted to grab me around the throat. I called "Mr. Howe," to make him think Mr. Howe was in the next room. He stepped back and began to apologize. I ran up stairs, calling to Mr. Howe to come, but the negro got away. It developed that he was a coachman who had been pardoned from the penitentiary and had theretofore been in the employ of the lawyer discussed. The crime for which he had been sentenced was that of burning a building in which a little babe was burned to death. After this event, he went to the country and bought a farm, the lawyer circulating the report that he was no longer in his employ, that he had become malicious and had been impertinent to the lawyer's wife. While this turmoil lasted, the intriguing element would send messages to the country to my husband's rebellious children to come to the city. They would aggravate and agitate them into assisting them in persecuting their father and myself. They made them afraid of their old crimes being brought to light, and pretended that I had spread certain re-



The General at His Machine. (See page 97.)

ports, while the facts were, they were speaking from what they themselves knew. The influence was sufficient to cause them to arouse their spirits with liquor, then call on their father, with abuse and threats as to what they would do with me.

About the time the negro was discovered in the closet I had a presentiment there would be an effort to burn our house and place of business. At my first impression of the burning building I made mention of it to Mr. Howe; he became very excited and quarrelsome about it, and I decided to tell him nothing more.

Mr. Fly and I talked it over at length. He said, "I have noticed that when you mention these things, that it comes about pretty much as you suggest." A few weeks later a prominent physician's barn was fired. A few days later, a carpenter shop was burned. Then a banker's barn, horse and carriage.

One morning a voice seemed to say, to me, "There will be an effort to burn this barn tonight." At first I feared to mention it lest Mr. Howe should become angry. The warning repeated, that I must go and tell him. I did so, saying, "You must put on a watchman today, there will be an effort to burn this barn tonight." Strange as it may seem he quietly replied that he would. He employed a man whom he had known for fifty years. He had only been on watch one hour when a negro man came and attempted to throw a burning broom into the hay-mow. The watchman chased him, fired a pistol

to arouse the people, but fell down and the negro got away. The police, also Mr. Howe heard the noise and followed him. On returning Mr. Howe remarked, "Well, you were right about the fires, but you said it would be a woman." Fearing lest I would get into a controversy with him I made reply, "God showed me, so I leave it all to Him. But you must keep your watchman for a few days," which he did. The third day the negro returned and was chased over into the yard of the banker whose barn had been burned. The banker came out and caught the negro, turned him over to the police, and it turned out that the negro man was a white woman with her face blackened and men's clothes on. The sheriff took her to her home to change her apparel, and while doing so she drew a revolver from the drawer of a dresser and shot herself, from which she died. She promised the sheriff that she would tell him something, so the paper stated. Then Mrs. Gray called on her, after which she refused to talk. After her burial Mrs. Gray published a card in the daily paper, stating that she only had a slight acquaintance with the deceased woman, that some one had stated that she had been a Christian Scientist, which she, Mrs. Gray, wished to deny, that she had not for many, many months attended her church and had never been a believer or regular attendant.

The astonishing feature of this is that the entire populace of that city knew that Mrs. Gray

boarded with the deceased woman for a considerable length of time and was so familiar with her that she had on special occasions, borrowed her clothing to wear. An insurance man, on seeing the card in the paper, subjected Mrs. Gray to severe criticism. He gave an account of an experience he had with her when called to adjust an insurance claim when the deceased woman's house burned. He stated that Mrs. Gray was present at the time and that she was so disgustingly officious in her assumed censorship over the woman's affairs, that his friend, who was with him became enraged and swore at her. It was generally believed that the woman burned her own house to get the insurance. The fact that Mrs. Gray denied knowing this woman, was equal to a confession that she was into these fires to an extent that she did not wish known. I am satisfied that she influenced the woman to commit the crime, which created the fear that caused her to commit suicide.

After the excitement of the past events had subsided, Mr. Howe seemed to take on a desperate condition of mind that was dreadful to live with. He was abusive and unjust. At one time he stated that if he should kill me, he would never be tried for the crime, and insinuated that the aforesaid lawyer had so informed him. He would shake his fist in my face and call me insane. Neither can human tongue or pen describe the brutal condition to which I was subjected.

CHAPTER X.

CHARGED WITH BEING A HYPNOTIST.

The rumor gradually spread abroad, that I had foreseen and foretold the recent fires which caused the death of the woman spoken of in the preceding chapter, and there was an accumulating excitement. There were various rumors afloat, one to the effect that I had hypnotized Mr. Howe into marrying me.

A neighbor, an old Irish woman, said: "Faith, I tould thim, she can look in your face and tell what yer thinkin' about." And, slapping me on the back added, "I don't care, I like ye anyhow," which was equivalent to saying, "If you are a hypnotist."

Every time Mr. Howe would go down town he would return with an increased determination that I had to quit Christian Science. First he bought me a sealskin wrap as a means of persuasion. Failing in that, he next tried to frighten me. He stated that he had been talking with his attorney, and that the attorney had stated that every Christian Scientist would be "chased into their holes," and "persecuted to the bitter end;" that they were going to get Mrs. Eddy; that she was an old, incompetent woman, kept in the background by sharp men, who

were running the thing themselves, as a money-making scheme. He wound up by adding, "You will see they will have her confined yet," or words to this effect.

This occurred at least four years before Mrs. Eddy's recent trial, in which they tried to prove her of unsound mind, succeeding only in establishing the fact that she is the most divinely intelligent woman of this age.

Immediately following this conversation, one of my step-sons was influenced to come to the city and, through some undue influence was made to quarrel viciously with his father, and threaten me with incarceration in an insane asylum.

The report was zealously circulated that I was suffering with the delusion that I was being persecuted, or that persons were after me.

One day, to my consternation, I picked up the evening paper, which contained an article to the effect that Mr. Howe had applied for a divorce. When he came to his evening meal, I broached the subject, and he stated that he had filed such a petition. Almost every charge made by him was false. One in particular, that I was not legally divorced from my first husband, at the time of our marriage, which charge he knew to be false, from the fact that at the time of my divorce from Mr. Lorane he gave me the money to go to that city for the purpose of having the General assist us in a false fixment; also that the former husband had been de-

ceased for many years. However, the false charge in my husband's petition, made it necessary that I go to the same place and remove the pretended invalidity. Stealing away, I was in the distant city and had the matter satisfactorily arranged before my husband or his attorneys knew of my whereabouts. On arriving, I wrote a note to General Cows stating that I wanted to see him on important business. He made answer that he would see me at his office a moment the following day, at a specified time. When we met he took one of my hands between his, for a moment, which fully revealed to my consciousness that I had not wholly outlived the old illusion. After chatting a moment, I stated that the way we had fixed the divorce question at the time I separated from Mr. Lorane, would rob me of my property rights at this time, unless re-arranged. He acted a little nervous, and like he saw the necessity of speedy action. He said: "Now don't tell me another word but go to Mr. Blank, tell him I sent you, then follow his advice."

I was obedient to the letter, which gave me an insight into the secret workings of the court machine. Within three hours after the secret button was touched, it once again ground out what passes as a legal document dating eighteen years back, to the effect that I was legally divorced from a man deceased ten or twelve years.

When the gentleman handed me the legal document he said, "You are safe now, this closes the

books, and they could not be opened again for less than twenty thousand dollars." For this document I paid the young man thirty-nine dollars and some cents, which no doubt went up in smoke and down in spirits.

When I met the General it was like being swallowed up in a consuming fire. I began to be ailing just as in the long ago, when I would suffer myself to think of him. I went into a fever, had a hectic cough, and continued to grow worse for several weeks, until I wrote to a prominent Scientist in Boston for help which enabled me to rise above the mesmeric influence. Prior to reaching the city in which General Cows resided, I had my mind fully made up that I would fight to prevent Mr. Howe from obtaining a decree of divorce. After seeing the General I completely changed my mind, and decided to goad him into getting a divorce. On my arrival at home my husband and his attorneys were greatly amazed that I had outwitted them, and to find that they had no case against me. Had I been so determined he could not have gained a legal divorce. Knowing that he was in dread of his own attorney, and that he was willing to make some sacrifice to get himself out of court, I suggested that we compromise, which we did. He gave me the sum of thirteen hundred dollars in cash. I packed my effects and taking a little infant, which I had recently adopted, I opened a small boarding house. I had no sooner settled than Mr. Howe began visit-

ing me and imploring me to return, saying that he had never intended to get a divorce. I wanted to return as badly as he wanted me, but I knew that there were conditions that prevented it.

He did not seem to realize that he had done anything out of the ordinary. I asked him, if he did not believe, or could not realize that he had been handled by other minds. He said he did but that he could have controlled himself, had I helped him. He could not realize, however, that I had all I could carry to meet my own end of the proposition. I have heard Mr. Howe mention that the wife of a physician, who was sensationally divorced from her husband, had declared that she "was tricked out of her husband." Thinking this an opportune moment to open his thought, I asked him, "Now, do you not see that you tricked yourself out of me, just as they influenced the doctor to do with his wife?"

After moving into my own home with the baby, the child was taken ill. I employed a nurse. I also gave a woman and four children shelter, who were very much in need. I ascertained that the nurse whom I employed was misrepresenting my actions, in other words, that she was under the influence of a certain malicious doctor, so I discharged her. A few days later the child fell and dislocated her shoulder. I called in the surgeon, also sent for Mr. Howe. The same surgeon called a day or so after, and, in taking his departure, requested the lady

who was stopping with me to step into the dining room with him, under the pretext of prescribing for her. She afterwards stated that he had tried to influence her to say that I was of unsound mind, saying that I had for years been telling grievous tales about my sorrows. However she declined to render any assistance to him in this line.

I called on Mr. Howe the next day, and informed him what the doctor had said to my friend. He looked into the matter, but the doctor denied it. Mr. Howe urged me then more strongly than ever to return to his home, saying, that if I refused, my enemies would buy me into the State penitentiary, or the insane asylum. Realizing as I did, that they had him down, that he could not protect himself, also judging the future by the past, I decided to move away to a city nearby, my lady friend going with me. I opened two rooming houses, and was successful from the first day. In buying furniture I ran a little short of money, and as Mr. Howe had promised that he would always help me financially, if I would compromise the divorce case and get him out of his attorney's hands, I went to his city and made my need known. He gave me a hundred dollars, gladly, and repeated it later on. But, sad to say, our enemies discovered the fact and gave him due notice, that if he should assist me again, they would put a guardian over him.

As he was now eighty years of age and knew

the persons with whom he had to contend, there was but one alternative, to quietly obey. Realizing the bitterness my visits would create, I made them at long intervals. Meanwhile he had legally taken charge of the little babe and signed the contract to raise and educate her.

Shortly after this occurrence, having been confined so closely at home for years, and feeling the need of a little recreation, I decided to visit the World's Fair at St. Louis. I employed a woman to look after my rooming houses, and took my departure both to the Fair and to visit relatives.

While on this trip in the South, I was taken suddenly very ill, and was almost speechless for two days, but was able to leave my bed on the third day. The only audible words I could utter, was to tell a young lady friend who was visiting me, to send for the First Reader of the Christian Science church of that city.

When the healer arrived, I could not talk. She treated me for two days. After the second or third treatment, she exclaimed, "This is the result of a determined effort to destroy you." Neither she nor myself knew of any source whatever from which to expect a personal attack on me, yet she foresaw the attempt to destroy me which was revealed to us both later. It was several days before I was able to travel. Upon my arrival home, to my utter astonishment, the lady who had been keeping my house reluctantly informed me that there had been a great

deal of excitement in the house while I was gone; that there was a warrant out for my arrest. I refused at first to believe it, knowing that I was not guilty of anything that could possibly be termed criminal.

She persisted, saying that it was a fact and that the detectives had created a terrible excitement, running to the house, asking if I owned the furniture, etc. I knew at once that this was the cause of my illness while I was in Tennessee. My motive in mentioning this fact that my Healer saw it with no knowledge of circumstance, is, to bear out my statement, that the true disciple has spiritual foresight, also to illustrate the fact that malicious minds do affect us in the physical till we realize the scientific truth that removes the effect and protects one against the cause.

At nine o'clock in the evening, after my arrival home, I was lying on the couch in my night robe, being yet very weak, when suddenly two detectives came into my room, without knocking and placed me under arrest, and compelled me to go with them to the county jail; they had waited until night so it would be too late to give bond. They were working from the basis of belief that my recent divorce, with the fact of my being a lone woman in a strange city, would prevent anyone from coming to my rescue, that I being confined in jail without bonds, the public would readily accept the accusation against me, that I had obtained money under false pretense, which would enable them to



"We have a warrant for your arrest." (See page 102.)

readily convict me to the State's penitentiary. I am glad to say, that they were to be disappointed. I remained in jail all night, but in the early morning, seeing an account of the affair in the paper, the landlord of whom I rented, hurried down to the jail, and in a few moments had given bond and I was free. I never saw persons so chagrined as the tricky politicians, at this turn in the road, which they were not looking for. Public sentiment was at a high tension. High-toned business men and women would stop on the streets, and discuss it in a loud tone of voice. Seeing the excitement created by their infamous outrage, in order to excuse and protect themselves, they circulated every kind of false report, and used immoral women to assist them in their viciousness; one fast woman in particular, who was supposed to be respectable, used every means to influence me to accompany her to the city in which General Cows resided. Failing in this, she tried to get me to accompany her to visit the Insane Asylum, and let no one know where we were going. When I gave her to understand that I would certainly tell my landlord, also his attorney, she postponed the trip indefinitely.

This event ruined by business completely, and from an overwhelmed sense I spent most of the winter in bed. I will add that for this outrage, I was given damages to the amount of three hundred pitiful dollars. Through a train of circumstances, I

was compelled to accept that sum, as I could no longer remain there and face the persecution.

While I was ill in bed one day, a man entered the house and going into the apartments occupied by a lady roomer, remained such a length of time that I got out of bed and went to the stairs, and seated myself near the door of the room in which they were seated. I heard sufficient of the conversation to learn that he was trying to persuade the woman into preferring a charge of insanity against me. This man was a brother of my landlord, and was generally regarded as a bad, unprincipled man. The lady confessed afterwards, that he had tried to influence her to that effect, but she had refused, giving as a reason that she regarded me as a very clever woman. I had thought from the first that this would be the end of my divorce from Mr. Howe, yet it was hard to realize that our laws were so lax than an innocent woman could be placed in jail, and persecuted to her financial and social destruction, without hindrance from the business men who stood for the upbuilding of civilization. When we look the situation fairly in the face, the criminal inconsistency of the situation is plainly manifest. In the first place, if I had really been of unsound mind, it would have been barbarous indeed to have financially ruined and punished a demented creature. On the other hand, if I really were a criminal, and should have been proven insane, I would still have been innocent, on the basis that

I was of unsound mind. I feel amazed, that this fact, lawyers and politicians overlooked. It seems they would have realized that to push the two falsehoods at the same time would virtually make null and void both claims. Looking at it from a philanthropic point of view, since I was not criminal in any sense, to have ruined an industrious business woman, in a respectable community, was a criminal outrage, and completed a robbery of a life's earnings.

After leaving this place, I went on the road selling books, for a time, but had to abandon that, because of sly persecutions, and attempts to get me into an asylum. This was kept up till I was naked, penniless and sometimes hungry. Can any one call this a free nation?

CHAPTER XI.

ORGANIZED BLACKMAIL.

Dear reader, for your benefit, I will illustrate how honorable citizens may be influenced and made to help the professional black-mailer. To that end we will consider that the author of this book is a lawyer, whose name is Black; yes, *very* black. I want to manipulate the town. I am popular in the courts for the reason that I represent several large syndicates, and railroads, also owning a controlling interest in some of these.

I have been good to the boys (they think), I gave them work, yes; and I'll work them. I decided to hold up a certain business firm. My editor chum drops in, we talk the matter over, and it is agreed that he should begin at once, through the columns of his paper, to scorch the citizens for their lack of public interest in advancing the business interests of our city. Also, that he announce through the same source, that there would be a called meeting January 14, in ward number fourteen, in the year of our Lord, 1895.

These injunctions my editor friend obeyed to the letter, giving the citizens to understand that they who wished to grow up with the city, and pros-

per, should make it a point to be present on that occasion. Much to my delight the meeting was well attended. Mr. Puttyhead, a retail grocer, was there. Knowing that he could not afford to lose my trade, with one touch of the button I had him working my way. Our dingy family doctor, eager for business was glad to work our way. In fact the majority of the small business men in town were present, having been previously interviewed by my heelers, opinion moulders, wireworkers.

This meeting gave me ample opportunity for setting the cowards to work; also, to depress moral courage, that might attempt to resist the onward march of the Black gang, which we will call "The Committee of Eighty." I think I can flatter myself that I handed it to them straight from the shoulder, though with a gloved hand. The pretense that I was working in the best interest of the city constituted the glove. I was pleased to see that Mr. Puttyhead was so badly scared that he was glad to say that Black was white.

With the assistance of my editor friend and other props present, we succeeded in making the business men of that town realize that things were going our way. I knew that there were those present who objected at points, but were afraid to clinch with old Black Diamond. In the beginning the mission of this Committee was to study ways and means through which we could induce business firms from other places, to come and locate with us. These

foundations laid, I am the King Bee with this organization, and true to my fatherly principles, I suggest to our members, that we should also embrace in our work of usefulness, that of looking after the social and moral welfare of our citizens. I called their attention to the fact of so many unhappy marriages today, and gave them to understand it was their duty, as good citizens, to help hinder such marriages as we should consider mesalliances, and to separate such men and their wives as were not living happily together.

This matrimonial feature being introduced and accepted by our Committee, gave me an opportunity to grind an old axe, so I selected wisely a good subject to turn the grindstone for me; a genteel, policy-shop man who had two marriageable nieces in his home.

I approached him in regard to the matrimonial feature introduced at our last meeting. I said to him, "I have in mind at the present time a man and woman who should be prevented from marrying. It could not prove otherwise than a failure." I sized him up, that either of his nieces would be a better companion for this man than the woman we did not want him to marry, so I advised him to go to Mr. Fraid, and discourage him. Give him to understand that he was being deceived by that woman. Mr. Policyshop followed my instructions. On approaching Mr. Fraid, he began, "I hear that you have a housekeeper from the East." Mr. Fraid re-

plied "Yes." Mr. Policyshop added, "You had better look out for her, she is a dangerous, bad woman." Mr. Fraid managed to summon up courage to say, he was "not afraid of anyone."

A few days after this conversation between Mr. Policyshop and Mr. Fraid, the woman Mrs. Fight, made it a point to call at the office of Policyshop. After transacting her business, she turned suddenly, and, glaring at him said, "I was never in the East in my life, it was agreed between Mr. Fraid and myself that we would deceive our friends."

After this occurrence Policyshop called on me in a very despondent mood. We realized that something had to be done, as both Fraid and Mrs. Fight were angry about it. I sent for my editor friend and set him to work to dig us out. The following paragraph appeared in the daily paper, the next day:

"A Eureka City man is very angry because one of his friends had sufficient interest in him, to wish to help him out of his entanglements."

Soon after this two Christian Scientists came to town. Being a clever lawyer, I saw that I must direct their movements in harmony with the Committee of Eighty. After consulting my little book of records, which we lawyers have, I found that both women had had sensational experiences before coming to our city, so I made up my mind that they would have to subscribe to our tenets before they could pass muster. Through a little flattery, a little ready cash and professional influence, we soon had

the Grey goose coming our way, by crowning her the Queen Bee.

We had quite a little struggle to handle the Queen at all points. She was inclined to want to squeeze us a little on what she knew, so, to the end that she did not know too much of our business and turn it upon us, we had Vishni, the Hindoo, who does the regular mental work for the court, give her a touching up with the occult science he practices.

I found it necessary to work upon the jealousy and conceit of the Queen, to arouse her to realization of the fact that it was necessary to chase the other healer out of town. Much to my delight, the Queen proved a fiery and artful worker in antagonizing those whom we had led her to believe were opposing her.

I made it a point to arouse her jealousy of Mrs. Fight, also, encouraged her to believe Mrs. Fight would try to run the church if she was admitted as a member. This had the effect desired. Ever afterward she proved an active instrument with which to whip any Christian Scientist whom we wished to thrash in that field.

On certain occasions she rendered valuable assistance in trying to prove persons of unsound mind, especially this Mrs. Fight. She had become apprised of the fact that I was attempting to save Mr. Fraid from her wiles, notwithstanding the fact that I had tried to disabuse her mind of this by telling Mr. Fraid that I knew it to be the Masonic fra-

ternity who objected to the way she had treated a former husband. The fact that Fraid and I both belonged to the Pythian order, made me think he would believe me.

Later I found it necessary to bring in an opposition business to that of Mr. Fraid's. Of course I did this with the approval of the Committee of Eighty, the members of which were blind to the fact that Mr. Fraid had been the identical man the committee was formed for the purpose of trapping.

We all studied hypnotism under the Queen Bee. We had a jolly time assisting her in her fights with the church members.

After she had shown us how she could hypnotize and make the church members fight, we decided to try it on the sons of old man Fraid. He had, meanwhile married Mrs. Fight, hence she had become (a) Fraid, that we would separate her from her husband, which we afterwards did.

As time passed, it became necessary to enlarge our borders, as some of our members were catching on to our motives, attacks and persecutions. Some of them were leaving town, moving their places of business to other cities. Seeing that something had to be done to conceal our footprints, I called my editor friend, and heelers together and, after explaining to them how hypnotism could crush out Christian Science, and showing them how we

could make a big haul out of the druggists and M. D.'s, we began to post and drill the league.

I met Fraid on the street one day. I felt a little conscience smitten, so I said to him, "There is an organized move on foot now, which will crush out Christian Science. They are going to chase every one of them into their holes." Mr. Fraid seemed to fall in with my idea, but, as time passed I found his wife was immovable. Of course I did not like Mrs. Fraid. How could I? When I was doing my utmost to confine a young girl in the asylum, she intruded her desire upon me, to take the girl to her own home and provide for her, when she knew very well that this girl had accused me of blackmailing the people, with the assistance of my editor friend. We solicited the aid of the Queen Bee at this point, to help us make war on this fighting Fraid woman, and we decided not to let up till we could separate her from her husband and ruin his business. The horrid creature wrote this poem on me:

Dear Editor, you asked for a brief bit of news,
So I'll write a few lines you can print if you choose,
I'll write of old Blackie, who hasn't a flaw,
In his wonderful knowledge and practice of law,
He is sleek and quite sly, has been so from birth,
Though he runs a whole railroad he can't run the
earth.

His knowledge of women is perfect you know,
So, when he's a scheme he wants to make go,

He has a few damsels he thinks very wise,
To lure, snare, and catch you as sugar does flies,
He booms his accomplice and tells of her worth,
Says she most runs a railroad (she can't run the
earth).

When he applies in a case of divorce,
If the female is handsome, she wins it of course.
As a railroad attorney he has made a great hit,
Which has caused him to feel that he knows he is it,
The telephone systems and telegraph wires
Combine to obey his wicked desires.

He has all the boys on the blank railroad,
To help him his cart to advance and unload,
Each man must make one of his h—l raising mob,
Or get down and out and go look for a job.
He thinks all his scheming quite safely concealed,
So I'll post him a bit, it has long been revealed.

I will now do a thing for friend Black, that is kind,
By letting you know I'm a reader of mind,
So, no matter what mode of deception you choose,
I can read and expose it, and the game you will lose,
So don't think it either malicious or queer,
When I say that the **Black** exposure is near.

Moral:

The Shepherd boy went out, one day with his sling,
And killed old Goliath with just one fling.

Can anyone blame me for having an irresistible desire to manacle one who would give me such a scathing write-up as this?

The time having arrived for the State campaign to begin, myself and friends agreed to make it a hot election, and to make Mr. Seaweed spend a whole lot of his cash in his effort to be re-elected. He had represented our district for years, but my boys had decided that I should run against him, and defeat him at any cost. During the campaign the Seaweed party brought out stories on my past life that I did not relish. It made the political atmosphere hot indeed, so much so, that the conflagration spread, and somehow the place of business belonging to Mr. Seaweed caught fire and was burned. It may have been the result of my prayers, I don't know. However, I was elected to fill a seat in the State Legislature.

I did not feel that I was treated just right, during this legislative session. I attempted to introduce a Bill which would throw protective measures around my boys, in carrying out their desire to kill certain persons whom we had decided should be legally put out of the way. That dishonorable body rose in indignation, and it did what the newspaper men call "Run the Band Wagon over me."

On my return home I discovered to my disgust, that the horrid Mrs. Fraid had interviewed Mrs. Seaweed and they had agreed that any one who would dare to make a hot campaign against myself

would see blazes. The talk of these silly women must have had an effect on Seaweed, for he withdrew from politics for a time, and we could not work him for any more campaign money, till we had gone through a long term of oiling and coaxing.

The out-of-town newspapers roasted me severely for having introduced my killing Bill, and that hateful old Mrs. Fraid wrote the following poem and dedicated it to myself:

The people are getting quite modern, you know,
Either they are too fast or I am too slow,
There is one new prong now stuck in my craw,
'Tis Blackie's new Bill to **kill us by law**.
So now, of sportsman and shooting I'll sing;
The law reads, you cannot shoot quail in the Spring,
But of all crazy Bills a man ever saw,
'Tis Black's to shooting the people by law.

Poor fellow, his efforts to shoot on the sly,
Failed, time after time, and years stealing by,
So he thought his last chance was to shoot on the
wing,
Lest his bird a new song to the people might sing.
Hence, to silence this dreaded bird's caw, caw,
He decided to get a shoot 'em up law,
Dear Blackie, I propose that you go off to bed,
And take a short nap, then go soak your head,
A good mild cathartic would clean out your craw,
And heal you of wanting a shoot 'em up law.

This poem was the last straw that broke the camel's back. I instructed my boys to keep tab on her after this, and we discovered that she had been gossiping about a recent divorce case that had occurred in the Seaweed family. It was that of young Seaweed and his wife. I believe that this detestable Fraid woman was the main cause of the divorced woman packing her trunk and going to foreign lands. I do not think that Mrs. Seaweed would have suspicioned that I and the Queen Bee hypnotized her and her husband, had not the Fraid woman become meddlesome, during the recent campaign, I do believe that young Seaweed and his wife would have become reconciled and remarried, had I not called in Vishni the Hindoo in the nick of time. He set them to fighting again about other women.

When Vishni gets too close on to me I just call in Sing Lee, who practices Oriental Witchcraft; he queers him. Sing handles all the business for Henderson and Brown, and they say, he is **O. K.**

My beautiful young client suddenly sailed for Europe, after I had worked so diligently to influence her father-in-law to settle a handsome dowry on her, which would have been a valuable aid to the Queen Bee organization. I certainly felt like using drastic measures with her for defeating the aims of the Queen Bee, and robbed the firm of Black and Company of the privilege of further pressing their courtesies upon her. I am sure that I should have won Mrs. Seaweed's affections had not

this horrid fighting Fraid woman gone to her and warned her that she was hypnotized. I had gone to Madame Jean the fortune teller, and paid her twenty-five dollars to hypnotize her for me. I could see that things were going my way, till that Fraid woman crept in and broke the spell.

Madame Jean does her work on the guarantee plan. I gave her twenty-five dollars down and was to have given her fifty more when the thing had been accomplished.

She succeeded in marrying Bill Hedgeman to the dressmaker, for the sum of one thousand dollars. Billie was worth a hundred thousand, and was worth catching.

This last break of the Fraid woman into my affairs, placed a seal on her fate with me. I called my heelers and editor friend together and took steps to check this woman's social and financial progress. I privately offered a premium to the one who would privately kidnap Mrs. Fraid, and place her in an asylum.

We also circulated around among the Committee of Eighty and, after explaining our purpose, succeeded in getting Mr. Puttyhead and three others to sign a rating of Mrs. Fraid for the Merchant's Guide Book, saying she is "bad pay" and "refuse her credit." Of course we knew that she had money in the bank, and had never asked for a dollar's worth of credit in the town, but I knew my friend Lozenger, who published the Merchant's Secret Guide

Book, and that he would insert any rating that I would turn in regardless of its validity, for the reason that, while he was an inmate of the State's penitentiary he had me to thank for many favors.

We wound up our last meeting with these injunctions:

"Boys, you know that old Fraid is much afraid, I want you to make him more afraid. We know that his boys have committed certain crimes for which they are afraid. Now we will make the young Fraids persecute the old Fraids, until they will be more afraid than any set of Fraids that ever were afraid.

CHAPTER XII.

MENTAL ATROCITIES.

After weighing the matter well, I decided to approach Mrs. Gray with a view to impressing upon her thought, the urgent need of resisting the pressure brought to bear by this intriguing element who had been blackmailing, and through the abuse of mind power, consigning good, sound minded men and women to the Insane Asylum and penitentiary. Notwithstanding the fact that she had been fighting me for years, I had as yet never personally met her. She received me graciously. She impressed me as a frank spoken, but cunning woman. During our conversation, she asked: "What do you think of Mr. Still and of that spot on his face?" I replied, "I had not thought of him at all." She then snapped her fingers and said, **"It is a plague spot, it is a plague spot and it will spread its virus and kill at last."**

I felt greatly shocked to hear her speak so openly, frankly, declaring death for the man. I knew at once that she wanted to kill him. He passed on a short time after this conversation.

Attempt to Separate Man and Wife.

During the conversation, Mrs. Gray referred to



THE QUEEN BEE.

She is holding the thought: "That plague spot on Mr. Still's face will spread its virus and kill at last." (See page 120.)

a lady friend of mine; a woman who had always been a virtuous woman, and no one thought otherwise of her. She said, "She (my friend) was a Magdalen thought, her husband was too good to live with her." This friend later, came to me in a great state of excitement, and said: "I am going to leave my husband, the old rat. My friends say I am too good for him." I replied, "Who ever made such a statement to you, Lou?" "Mrs. Gray," she replied, I stamped my foot at this point, and said, "You will not leave your husband. Mrs. Gray intends to make a prostitute of you, for she stated to me that you were a "Magdalen thought" and that your "husband was too good for you." Lou opened her eyes, and looked like one being awakened from a dream. I said to her, if you don't believe what I say, I will go this instant to Mrs. Gray with you." She hastened out as if a new thought had dawned upon her. Later she asked me to talk to her husband, which I did. She said, through tears, "God saved me." While this was going on the grey wolves were busy circulating the report that Lou was in love with a certain man. The man suddenly left town. When they found, that the intent to degrade was understood.

Dowie a Victim.

The author has in her possession, a book which destroyed Dowie. It is the vilest book she ever had the misfortune to get hold of. Its author is un-

known. It is called "A Week in Zion City." It gave Dowie a treatment of the vilest suggestion, for every day in the week. This book was obtained from one of the high-up secret service politicians, and has Anthony Comstock's picture in it. Keep your eye open for the wily politician.

The author has positive proof that these sorcerers are trying to do, and in some instances are doing, the same to Christian Scientists, with a wish or will to prostitute them and thereby crush out Truth. "God's arm is not shortened that it cannot save."

An Attempt to Swindle an Upholsterer.

Once I called on an upholsterer to have some work done. He asked me if I knew Mrs. Gray Goose. I replied, "Slightly." He said, "I am sure she intends to try to hypnotize me, by the way she acted, when she came to see me about upholstering some furniture." He pointed to some cheap cherry chairs and a settee which she had placed with him to have upholstered in very expensive silk. Having heard how business men had been tricked by her, I took occasion to warn him, saying, "You had better make your contract with her in the presence of your men, or she may claim it is not according to contract." He remarked, "She can not hypnotize me." I replied, "She might do you as she has others, raise a fight, and threaten you with her lawyer." I did not mention his name. After the warning, he

let her take the furniture into her home, after receiving which, she sent him word that he had not finished the work as he had agreed to. He came over to see me, under great fear. I advised him what to do, also stating that if he would follow my advice, he would get his money, agreeing to pay him myself if he did not, providing he followed my instructions. He went to her house when she was away, and informed the housekeeper that he wanted to take the furniture down to his shop to fix it according to promise. A few days later Mrs. Gray telephoned to the man to bring her furniture up. He replied, that she would have to come down and pay her bill first. She came at once. She snapped her fingers in his face, called him a liar, and threatened him, saying, "I will go to my attorney and get a replevin. I have influence in this town that would ruin you." He gave her to understand that the writer would defend him. In five minutes she handed him the amount due him, about seventy dollars. I felt the scourge after this. This circumstance is related to show that the professional hypnotist and lawyer co-operate.

Attempt to Silence Mr. Still.

After my conversation with Mrs. Gray, I went to Mr. Still's office for the purpose of securing an important statement. On coming out of his office I met a whelp of the grey wolf, who was no doubt sent out as a spy on my actions. I had no sooner

reached home, than a telephone message reached me that Mr. Still had been stricken with paralysis and that he was then under the doctor's care. I could not go to him till the following morning, when it had been agreed I should return and get his sworn statement.

The next morning as agreed, I called on him. He was lying in bed, helpless, unable to use his hands.

On going in I said, "Mr. Still, this is a determined effort to kill you, to keep you from giving this statement that would convict Mrs. Gray." He was helped at once and made a cross as his signature, and was out of bed and healed in a few days. The doctors were amazed. They had declared from the first that Mr. Still would not recover owing to his age. I wish to add that my friend, Lou, and her husband became thoroughly reconciled, and are living the life that two good Christian Scientists should.

"They who lead into captivity, shall go into captivity." It consoles me to know that it has always been my effort to free rather than to manacle my fellow-man.

Dear reader, shall I tell you where I found protection when the mal-practitioner, or hypnotist pressed hard upon me? Yes! I will. That all who read may help to silence the claim that error can do something. First, I will state that it was the wolves in sheep's clothing who awakened the minds

of lawyers and others, to the claim that mortals could be dispossessed of their minds. After this awakening, those governed by man-made laws at once began to use this supposed power in business. The lawyer, the debauchee, the robber, those persons who had for years been trying to blackmail and compel my husband and myself to separate, finally combined their perverted sense of mind power with brute force, and, when they found that I was redeeming the past, and winning the confidence of the people, which would eventually expose them, they began to use hypnotism, to dispossess me of my reasoning faculties. For a long time I suffered greatly, but, thanks be to God, my mind was always sufficiently clear to keep out of all the snares that were privately laid for me, and to provide my own living, in the face of all obstacles that money and erring effort could bring to bear to prevent me. During the first stage of this united effort to destroy me, I went to different Scientists for help and strange to say they injured me more than otherwise; then I went to God and did not go in vain. I was shown that Scientists to whom I had gone did not understand the organized error, therefore they could not help me.

My redemption lay in helping the hypnotist to destroy the belief that I had ever had a mortal mind and when I felt depressed I would declare, "There is but **one** Mind, and I reflect that **One**. I do not need the help of personality but individuality

and every Scientist in the world, who knows God aright is helping me." This constant recognition of universal Mind lifted me into a realm where the mental robbers could not come. Scientists can not watch too constantly, nor protect themselves too zealously, against the intruding admission that they have a mind of their own which could be lost.

Mind is God, universal good. Then those who live in the universal good cannot be dispossessed of Mind, any more than God can be dispossessed of **Himself**.

CHAPTER XII.

PSYCHOLOGICAL CRIMES.

The following chapter will be devoted to abnormal phenomena and criminal outrages that the author knows to have been accomplished through the use of mind power alone. The first awakening of my thought to the fact that it was possible to commit criminal outrages through this agency was through my own sufferings, which became manifest physically. I became dizzy-headed and absent minded at times. The first suggestion was that my healer and her sister were mis-using me mentally; I grew rapidly worse not knowing how to meet this suggestion. The ailment attacked my kidneys and I was confined to my bed. I wrote to my teacher about as follows:

Dear Teacher:—You may think I am crazy when I tell you my thoughts, nevertheless I am very sick with a belief of the kidneys and it seems to me that the error comes from Miss Backus. I can feel something take hold of my back every evening about nine o'clock. I wish you would handle the claim for me.

He received my letter the following afternoon, and the same evening the sister of

Miss Backus became insane. She had been helping Miss Backus do the mental work for the church, and to exclude me, for reasons named in a previous chapter, that of discovering a gentleman there on Christmas eve. At another time she had sold me a lot of books against my will. I had paid for the same with money that I had pledged not to let pass into their hands. Her intent had been to rob me of self-government, or to mentally overpower me, and it robbed her of self-control. In other words, she had reaped what she had sown. After this occurrence, Miss Backus made no effort to control her dislike for me. At one time I asked her how she could harmonize certain things with Christian Science practice. She replied, "Well, isn't it better to serve good than to openly do evil?" From this reply it is plain that she worked from the lower plane of thought that tries to serve both God and mammon, and is a law of annihilation to self.

We will now discuss a case of paralysis, produced by a woman on one who had formerly been a patient of mine. Mrs. Tennessee had in a way, forced herself on this woman as her practitioner, that is, she was at the time, treating the woman's child. As the little one did not improve, the mother made mention of the fact to Mrs. Tennessee, who became very angry, and said, "It is because you want the work done for nothing." She then suggested to the mother that she and the child would both die, if she did not pay her more money. Within a

day or so the mother was stricken with paralysis on one side of her body, and could not use her right hand. Living near her I chanced to call, and found her in a deplorable condition. She weepingly stated the facts to me. I declared the Truth to her, and she was healed before I left the room.

After her healing, she and her husband had an article put in the paper to the effect that I had healed her. This so enraged the practitioner that she stated that I was not a Christian Scientist and was "a little off." I had occasion to talk with Mrs. Tennessee after the case of paralysis was healed. She asked me if I did not have a tumor or growth of some kind. I gave her an evasive reply. "I did not intend you to know that for reasons which I will not explain." I then asked her why she put such a question to me. She replied that she had seen it mentally. The moment she made that statement I knew she was but a cat's paw for certain unprincipled men in that place. I felt shocked that one who posed before the world as a Christian Science practitioner, should register herself as a hypocrite, by claiming to see a bump that did not exist.

Attempt to Kill.

There was an old lady said to be dying, at a hotel where I was temporarily stopping. The proprietor of the place was also a medical doctor. They were holding the death watch over the old lady, when I returned to the hotel from a visit to

a village near by. Some one made mention of the fact to me, and the suggestion presented itself to my thought that this doctor wanted this woman to die so they would get her money. Realizing that I must not suffer such a thought to tarry in my consciousness, I went to work to destroy the suggestion by knowing that man was just; that he did not want to destroy life through selfishness, and I then went to sleep. In the morning, when I awoke, I found great excitement prevailing in the hotel. The old lady had been instantaneously healed about the time I returned and did the mental work. In a day or so it was whispered about the hotel that I had healed her, for which I had to leave the hotel. The doctor who conducted the hotel became insane and had to be sent to the asylum.

In the Jaws of the Grey Wolf.

The case we will now review is that of my step-grandson. He saw a man coming out of the residence of Mrs. Gray one morning about four o'clock, and, being of a disposition to tell everything he knew, the story soon became public property. My grandson was taken violently ill and sent for a physician, who pronounced it a very violent attack of malarial-pneumonia. After he had been sick overnight, and was growing worse, he sent his wife to ask me to treat him. I told her to go home and tell him that he could not "be killed for seeing that man come out of Mrs. Gray's house." In one hour

from that time he was well, and had come up to work, but he looked like he had been sick for a month. Again we had known "the truth," and the truth had made him free.

Immediately following his illness he acted like an insane man. He would go to houses of ill-fame at all hours of the day or night. He beat his wife until she had to call the police. At one time his mother-in-law came to the rescue of his wife. He turned on her and gave her such a beating that she had him up in the police court. This was sin's revenge for its exposure.

One of Mrs. Gray's methods of arousing her students to maltreat will now be discussed. I went to her church one Sunday, for the first time in several years. I knew she did not want me there. Immediately upon my arrival she arose in the pulpit and said: "The devil is a liar, and his mission is to lie and disturb Christian Science churches." I knew instantly that she had said this for the purpose of starting a perverted mental action against myself. Some three years before she had had her church dedicated while it was still in debt; at least, I was so informed. I was absent on my trip to California, that she had caused me to take, at the time of the dedication. After my return to the city the affair was incidentally spoken of. From this circumstance some word had reached Mrs. Gray. Consequently, being desirous of some cudgel to whip me with and to keep her students from enter-

taining a friendly feeling for me, she took this dishonest method of arousing a perverted mental action against me.

She Loved Money.

We will turn our attention towards a professional hypnotist who makes her home in Chicago. I became associated with her to my detriment, both financially and socially. While she was in my rooms one afternoon an old lady called who had recently received thirty dollars, of which she made mention while there. After she had gone, this hypnotist requested me to go out to the old lady's home and sell her a course of hypnotist's lectures. I declined to go. She then said she would go if I would stay and treat, that the old lady would buy the lectures. On my refusal to do either, she asked my reason for my decision. I replied: "I do not believe what you teach, and I would not attempt to sell that old lady something I do not endorse." She became very angry with me for it. The next morning after this occurrence she stated that she had, the night before, taken this woman up and treated her from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet. To my astonishment, it was discovered that on the afternoon of the same day that the hypnotist was treating the old lady, she almost died. It took two or three months for her to recover. I knew this woman to be employed by a prominent attorney of Chicago, to handle the cases he had in court. She

mentioned one particular case that she received two hundred dollars for handling. When I found that she was a professional hypnotist, I informed her that I would move away from her apartments. She gave me to understand that she thought I was obligated to her because she had refused to stand behind a State's warrant for my arrest. She held out her hand, saying, "I have been offered five hundred dollars, right in my hand, if I would swear to a warrant for your arrest."

Mental Plagiarism.

We will now consider another mode of mental outlawry; that of mental plagiarism, or thievery. It was that of a woman at whose home I stayed while in Boston. While there I met a lovely young lady one afternoon while she was away. When she returned she invited the young lady and myself to accompany her to a recital at a hotel near by. When we arrived at the hotel my hostess drew me to one side and whispered that the young lady wished to sit by her side. The young lady had already expressed a desire to sit by me. This young girl was the author of a beautiful poem, which had been published in *The Christian Science Journal*. My hostess claimed that she had the honor of writing this poem through this young lady by mental suggestion. She stated to prominent persons, after the Sunday service in the Mother Church, that she had been treating this young lady who wrote the poem,

and had given her the thought, which was false, as she had never been requested to treat this young lady; in fact had, at the time of the publication of the verses, no acquaintance with the girl. I found later that there was hardly a prominent occurrence took place in Boston that she did not try to claim, in one way or another to have accomplished.

Unnatural Brother.

I met a dear little old maid in Chicago, who, when she found that I also was a child of many sorrows, gave me her confidence. She had been reared in luxury, and her parents died. Her brother bought a book on hypnotism, and after studying it for awhile, began making efforts to frighten her into a demented condition. His object was to get entire control of the family estate. (At this writing he is a multi-millionaire.) He started proceedings to have her declared insane. The Judge of the court before whom she would have been tried had a daughter whom he wanted Mr. Bird to marry, so he acquiesced. The colored servant girl apprised the persecuted girl, Miss Bird, of her brother's intentions. She ran away at once, going to Canada, and for seven years went through the sweat shops there. She has said, "I have gone to bed hungry many times." Her cruel brother married the Judge's daughter, neglected her in childbirth, and she died. Miss Bird's sister died later and left her twenty thousand dollars. She returned to the

United States, going to Chicago. The old Judge who would have put her in an asylum heard she was in the city, and called upon her for the purpose of trying to influence her to prosecute her brother. She refused, saying: "No! Judge, if you have a grudge against him, settle that with him yourself."

Experience of a Nurse.

A professional nurse who was employed in an insane asylum stated that she knew it to be a fact that men brought women there (sometimes their wives) who were sound-minded, and that the faculty of the institution would subject them to a method of barbarism that would make them what might be called sensibly insane. Can any one think of a greater hell than to be incarcerated in a place of that kind?

Mr. Howe Paralyzed.

We will now turn our thought to my dear old heartbroken husband, from whom I was separated and divorced through mesmeric influence. After I had left that community he was stricken with paralysis. I was walking on State street, in Chicago, when I heard his mental call. I knew that something was wrong, that he was in danger, and I realized the truth that he could not be killed to defeat justice. I went to the Masonic Temple and made mention of the fact to a man who is at this time a

resident of Chicago. I said to him about as follows: I realized as I came up the street that my poor old husband was in danger, and I held the thought that justice would be obtained and that error could not kill him." Two weeks later I went West to visit him and the little girl. On my arrival I found that he had at the time spoken of been stricken with paralysis and recovered immediately, which was a great surprise to every one on account of his age and the universal belief that paralysis was incurable. Words cannot express my sorrow when I met him, trembling and heart-broken. He spoke of our separation and sorrow, saying, "They have me down; I cannot protect myself."

Henceforth my work shall be for the universal good, against the element who are dividing the land for gain, practicing and prospering, casting Truth to the ground, as foretold in the Scriptures. It is also stated in Holy Writ that in the latter days "They will give him the daughter of woman, corrupting her, but she will not be on his side, neither for him." This I know to be true, for I have investigated. There are many fortune tellers and hypnotists who make a profession of giving a man the woman he desires. In order to ascertain the truth I have gained the confidence of and paid certain sums to fortune tellers to find out, also to learn their modus operandi for doing the same. Knowing that many unprincipled and unrepentant manipulators are victimizing better people today, that they

manacle those who come to them seeking freedom, I would regard myself as a criminal to keep silent and not attempt to open the eyes of those persons who are not aware of the foe in ambush. Yes! I would indeed deserve to be put in jail and kept there if I did not work for the liberation of those who, like myself, are struggling to free themselves from the bondage of sin and sickness, and know not where deliverance is to be found. I feel it a privilege to-day to stand for that army regarded by the world as scarlet women. I would not if I could exchange places with those jezabels who for a money consideration pretend to heal the sick, cloaked behind the Saintly robe of Christian healing. My hope is to live to see the day that the earth will be so full of the knowledge of the Lord that it will do away with this practice and possibility of preying one person upon another. When that time shall have arrived, every man will be a law unto himself, his own physician, his own attorney, and that river Hiddekel spoken of in the Scripture will flow peacefully on, bearing on its bosom the whole of God's creation, united in one unbroken band of universal love and brotherhood.

CHAPTER XIV.

TO MY BROTHER MASONS.

I have this to say to you. You are obligated through your affiliation with the Masonic Fraternity, through its initiatory degrees and its teachings, to father and protect the children of men, on the basis of universal love, and that all men are equal and that they are gods.

Your teachings closely approach the scientific fact that God is the life of man. Men are not gods, but God is the Life of men. This fact establishes the universal brotherhood of man and reveals one God, and one family. Therefore, in obedience to these obligations, it is your duty to wake up.

This awakening will reveal to your minds the fact that man-made systems must go; that our perverted law and legislative form of government is what may be called a gatling gun with its mouth fairly aimed at the virtue and true manhood of this nation.

Through our present system the criminal enjoys his liberty, and the men and women of honor and honest business ability are marked as prey.

In order to get his bread, the lawyer must perpetuate discord among men; he becomes a black-

mailer, and, to cover it, has it protected by a vicious legislative system, and he is now using mind power to help him build up his trade.

The doctor wants bread, so he uses mental suggestion, first to relieve the sufferer, then to create a disease and bring him a patient. Have you daughters? Then the hypnotist is trying to seduce them. You may say "Impossible," but I say "Yes." And can give you the proof. There are numerous men in the procuring business who guarantee to give a man the woman of his choice for the sum of twenty-five dollars and up. In Proverbs we read: "With all thy getting; get understanding." A man may be worldly wise and still be a fool. His need, then, is to KNOW wisdom. Again we read, "Buy the truth and sell it not." If you will read the Books of Daniel and Revelation you will see that these mysteries were to be practiced in these latter days. We read in the Scriptures that the perverts will cast down truth to the ground and practice and prosper.

Again we read, "But they who do know their God will be strong and do exploits." Who are they who do know their God? The true Christian Scientists know their God. The hypnotists do not know God. They are manipulators of the erring, human mind, groping in unreliable physical phenomena.

Now, dear brothers, seeing that man-made systems have made millionaires of a few,

blackmailers and criminals of many men, and prostitutes of thousands of God's best women, do we not begin to see that the bottom has fallen out of the old ship of state, and that we must tear down and rebuild? "All things must be made new." State institutions foster and beget criminality.

Thousands of innocent people are robbed of their liberty and those of sound mind are illegally placed in asylums.

Of the class mentioned I must say they should be removed from the rule of political ringsters and medical abusers. The afflicted should, by all means, be under the control of Christian people, and women should be placed in charge of women. When the blackmailers were after me, for the purpose of confining me in an asylum, I would have been glad to have been housed and protected, even in an asylum, had I been assured that I would not be abused by bad men, but the fact that they arrested me and took me to jail when I was innocent proved to my thought that their intent was to abuse and destroy me.

A political clock that can be so adjusted as to cover such iniquitous dealings, is a menace to civilization.

Had Garfield, our martyred president, not given warning of the danger facing this nation, from the lawyers, he would in all probability be living today; also the late President McKinley.

One of their methods is that of committing a

crime, run to cover, and have the newspapers under their control take up the cry of Socialism, anarchy, Emma Goldman, etc. Emma Goldman is a good woman, and is willing to suffer to free mankind. The Secret Service hounds put their tools among the reformers for the purpose of creating discord and disruption, committing crime, then mislead the public into thinking that the earnest, honest reformers are the evil-doers.

CHAPTER XV.

TO MY ELK AND PYTHIAN BROTHERS.

Shall I begin by saying I love you? Yes! I will, and Mary Elizabeth will speak direct to your hearts. I feel a closer relationship to the Pythians than to the Elks. I will explain why. The Pythian order originated through a demonstration of love unto death between Damon and Pythias, while the order of Elks originated in the heads of a class of men who love a swell system of clubhouse amusements, that the moneyless man cannot butt into. However, I love you all, for my husband belonged to both orders.

Now, dear brothers, I want to lay my heart-aches before you and ask you to help me to tear the mask from the face of men who rob God and slay men behind the pretense of caring for the afflicted.

The most pitiful sight I ever saw was my poor old husband, when he sat on the witness stand swearing to the lies that divorced him from a woman he loved and did not want to be separated from. For many years I toiled for him, receiving no salary, the agreement being that he would provide for me all the days of my life. I know that he would have kept his part of the agreement had he

not been driven, through fear and hypnotism, into a position over which he had no control.

Mary would gladly sacrifice her life for the privilege of proving to the world that her heart and intentions were to love and keep her obligations. Her heart refuses to heal. It cries daily and hourly for the baby and the dear old husband who came into her life in answer to a deep and conscientious prayer to God. Above all others she realizes that he has been her best earthly friend.

My brothers, for the sake of Him to whom you are obligated, help me to uncloak our political infernal machine, and silence the Secret Service blackmailing element, who control the telephone and telegraph systems and the mail service, and can persecute to destruction good men and women under our corrupt form of so-called good government. The miserable vampires who drove my husband into divorcing himself from his wife, were prompted by a desire to get his money and to down and degrade his wife. Since drifting around the last four years, I have found to a positive certainty that the insane asylums are crowded to overflowing, and that many persons have been confined in them who have been committed without due process of law. I believe the kidnapping business to be one of the main avenues through which the inmates are obtained. The growing outrages are becoming so public that the legalized outlaws no longer hesitate to lay hold of our most estimable

citizens. For instance, look at the recent attack on that noble woman, Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, her own son being used as a catspaw.

Think of it! What better proof can be given to brand a system as being founded on the pits of perdition than we have in the example on the black-board before the eyes of the world today, the persecuting of a pure woman, God's messenger to this age, who has consecrated her life to the uplifting and saving of her fellow man? Thousands glorify God today for blessings received through her life work.

Looking the facts squarely in the face, we see that human rights and liberty are not protected by the commonly accepted system of today. One must go. Which shall it be? Christianity, healing and saving mankind, or the great red dragon—drunken with the blood of martyrs—our legally authorized assassins cloaked behind the curtains of man-made law?

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!”

Now, my dear brothers, in demonstration of that love which immortalized Damon and Pythias, help me to open up and revolutionize the insane asylum, political, criminal graft system. This effort will not only help the sick, afflicted and perse-

cuted, but will help save the perpetrators of these transgressions from their baser selves. In Scriptural language, "Let us bear one another's burdens, and thus fulfill the law of Christ."

CHAPTER XVI.

REPLY TO A CRITIC.

Since writing the previous chapters, the manuscript of "Modern Witchcraft" has been submitted to a prominent Christian Scientist for the purpose of getting his personal opinion on the same. As a result the following chapter will be added.

I will touch briefly on the points, which it was thought, might mislead the reader into a wrong conception of the book and the motive of the Author in presenting it to the world. The first point was that it was a personal history. The nature and mission of this work makes it an absolute necessity to base it upon personal experience and observation.

This work is a criticism of, or key, to the underworld. Of what does the underworld consist? It is fashioned, owned, and controlled by the sense man, and, according to belief, governed by man-made law, which examined in the light of Christian Science, is shown to be an ape of law, or merely a covering for iniquitous double dealing. The man-made laws of mortal belief are what we are taught to understand in Christian Science as animal magnetism, formulating themselves into a

system of control, **unconsciously**, and **unresisted**, in the beginning, and weave themselves into a web, extending through all the avenue of life, finally being manifested in sin, sickness and death.

This brief account of my love affairs is sufficient to present to the mind a basis, on which this animal begins a rule, **claiming** at first to be love; but in the conclusion, it appears on the blackboard, as one of the characters that co-operates with a blackmailing system, which assumes the power and dimensions sufficient to suppress the individual rights of unprotected womanhood, unknown by the world at large, and people who stand for the upbuilding of civilization, and the Christianization of humanity.

My critic thought that the work might appear as an uncovering of personality. The motive is far removed from all personal ends and aims. Yet it is impossible, to present this uncovering of error without basing it on personal experience and observation. Mankind is benefited by fact, and not fiction. To divorce this subject from authenticity would consign it to oblivion. Its mission is to deal, impartially and without prejudice, with all conditions and persons discussed. The hope that inspired me to write this book is to show tired and footsore mortals, like myself, that their only hope of deliverance is through a thorough understanding of Christian Science.

The abuses heretofore discussed as being practiced by supposed Christian Scientists are to be attributed to a lack of Christian Science. My leading motive is to show the necessity for the awakening of the whole world to a knowledge of the fact that it is possible, that individuals may be robbed and spoiled through a **perverted** mental system. You can lock your doors against a thief or the physical murderer; but you cannot bar the mental assassin. Hence the necessity of an understanding of Christian Science, as revealed in Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, in which we read, on page 104, "When Christian Science and animal magnetism are both comprehended, as they will be at no distant date, it will be seen why the pioneer of this Science has been so unjustly persecuted and belied by wolves in sheep's clothing."

Again we read in "Miscellaneous Writings" by the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, Mrs. Eddy, "The crimes committed behind the new role of mind-power when brought to light, will make stout hearts quail."

Again: "Like our nation, Christian Science has its Declaration of Independence. God has endowed man with inalienable rights, among which are self-government, reason and conscience. Man is properly self-governed only when he is guided rightly, and governed by his Maker, divine Truth

and Love. Man's rights are invaded when the divine order is interfered with. The mental trespasser necessarily incurs the divine penalty due to his crime." *Science and Health*, p. 106.

Mrs. Eddy's life-work has been to show mortals the way of escape from all discord, mental, moral, and physical. While there are thousands who understand and appreciate this fact, there are also many who resist and persecute her for laboring to awaken them from the slavery imposed through ignorance of the divine law, which is Christian Science or the Comforter promised by Jesus of Nazareth. The Scriptures say, they shall not always teach each man his neighbor, saying, "Know ye the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least to the greatest." Yes! all men will some day, find their Saviour, as **Mind, Spirit, Soul**.

Christian Science being so little understood by the masses, affords ample opportunity for the charlatan who poses as a Christian healer to prey upon an unsuspecting community.

Do not think, dear reader, because I have assumed to discuss many of the transgressions of persons who claim to be Christian Scientists, that I would wish to establish the impression that these persons discussed are **wholly** bad, for such is not the case, for they no doubt, **embody** much of good. Mortals cannot put on immortality at a single bound. In the language of Isaiah, it is "line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a

little and 'there a little," that mortals develop the Mind of Christ. That is, put on immortality.

When Christian Scientists come to have a full understanding of organized error, they will refuse to assist in persecuting individuals to their destruction. It has ever been an established custom to ostracise and persecute she who is termed the scarlet woman. But Christian Science, as the higher and last revelation from God, must and will reverse this **un-Christian** usage.

Having known through my own sorrowful experience the lack of Christian fellowship and human assistance, in overcoming conditions, has spurred me to present my claims to the thinking world. It is my love for the devout Marys who, like myself, are trying to overcome "the world, the flesh and the devil," and, knowing the obstacles that **pretended Christians** throw in the way of their returning footsteps, my desire is to direct the attention of honest thinkers to this class of pretenders.

An honest Christian Scientist knows the unreality of sin, therefore can not consistently hold an immoral malady any more real than any other ailment. This one particular point has been my one greatest stumbling block. Many whom the world recognizes as high authority, refused to recognize the probability, or **possibility that I had been healed**. In fact, they took the other **extreme**, until it became

a general mal-practice thought directed towards me that has injured and punished me greatly.

In "Miscellaneous Writings," by Mrs. Eddy, we read, "Take Heed!" We regret to be obliged to say that all are not metaphysicians, or Christian Scientists, who call themselves so. Charlatanism, fraud, and malice are getting into the ranks of the good and pure, sending forth a poison more deadly than the upas tree in the Eastern Archipelago. This evil obtains in the present false teaching and false practice of the Science of treating disease through Mind. The silent address of a mental mal-practitioner can only be portrayed in these words of the Apostle: "Whisperers," and "the poison of asps is under their tongue. Some of the puppets of the hour are playing only for money, and at a fearful stake. Others from malice and envy are working out the destinies of the damned."

We have a right to demand of those who stand before the world as a Christian Science practitioner, that they demonstrate the fundamental Principle of Christian Science, that **God, is the only Life.** That God, is **good**, that **good** is "the **real and eternal**," and that evil is **unreal**. Christian Science shows that one disease is as unreal as another, which is true of sin, the whole being founded upon the basic sin; the belief of life substance and intelligence in matter.

"There is great danger in teaching Mind-heal-

ing indiscriminately, thus disregarding the morals of the student, and caring only for the fees. Remembering Jefferson's words about slavery, 'I tremble when I remember that God is just,' the author trembles whenever she sees a man, for the petty consideration of money, teaching his slight knowledge of Mind-power—perhaps communicating his own bad morals by mental inoculation, and in this way dealing pitilessly with a community unprepared for self defense." (Science and Health, p. 445, by Mrs. Eddy.) The true Christian Scientist can have no objection to the uncovering of mental mal-practice, only those who are guilty of this offense need feel any uneasiness at this exposure.

Neither will the sincere Christian object to the demand that the professed followers practice as well as preach the unreality of sin as well as disease. On page 447 of our text-book we read: "A sinner is afraid to cast the first stone. He may say, as a subterfuge, that evil is unreal, but to know it, he must demonstrate his statement."

I make no exposures nor demands in this book that are not in accordance with the teachings of Jesus and Science and Health. Our Leader, in discussing teachers in Christian Science in pointing to their failure to uncover mental mal-practice to their students, says she cannot account for it unless it is this sin in themselves.

It is quite a common practice with some pre-

tenders, when they want to start a mal-practice thought, with the approval of other Scientists to raise the cry, "she is trying to put herself on an equality with Mrs. Eddy," in fact such an accusation has been made very recently of myself, which is the very opposite of true; using in part the language of John, I can truly say, that I scarcely feel myself worthy to unloose the latchet of our beloved leader's shoes. If those individuals who made this false charge had imbibed the spirit of the teachings of our beloved leader, they could not have misrepresented a woman with whom they had no acquaintance, whose motives and aims they did not understand.

Seeing the great lack of moral courage, also the great need of Christian love and fellowship, and believing so implicitly in the teachings of our leader, that "error uncovered is two-thirds destroyed," I bring this book as my tithe to the storehouse of God, and wish to add for the benefit of pretenders, that it is not intended as a teacher of Christian Science, for I fully realize that "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures," has fully met that need. This is a cry from one who has come up, from the underworld, and now, in behalf of those who, like myself, need to make this uphill journey, I present this as my contribution to the world, for the purpose of helping to remove the stumbling blocks

from the path of those who are seeking to tread the narrow way. Therefore, let us no longer merely say that good is real, and evil unreal, but let us prove it. "HEAR, O ISRAEL."

MY SOLACE.

I've a solace that I carry
With me whereso'er I go,
And it lights the path before me
With its reassuring glow.

This my solace, all may have it,
And can prove it good and true,
An incentive to inspire them
On and up in all they do.

Shall I tell you more about it?
'Tis these words, dear, don't you know,
"Tho' your sins may be as scarlet
I will make them white as snow."

Oft when walking I have fallen
To the depths of sin below,
But revived when I remembered
"I will make them white as snow."

Man-made systems then may wrong me,
O'er my path their shadows throw;
I seek refuge in my solace,
"I will make them white as snow."

MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

Erring men now hate a brother
For a fault, and do not know
That his sinning now in darkness
God will yet make "white as snow."

Yes, my solace now is starlit,
As I look I see it grow,
Till its rays light up my sinning,
With them they shall be "white as snow."

This my comfort, shield and buckler,
From earth's every hidden foe,
Frees my soul from sense in knowing
I shall yet be "white as snow."

Glory! Yes, and hallelujah
To each friend and every foe;
Though our sins may be as scarlet,
They will all be "white as snow."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Truth points me to the path of right,
And is my staff within;
It shows to me the way of love,
And through it all to win.

It is a paeon for the ills
Of sin and its illusions,
A rescue from the sting of death
Through fear and its delusions.

It lifts the heart above the slum
Of greed and mad ambition.
And crowneth wisdom's spotless brow
With Heaven's own sweet fruition.

Since knowing Truth, this mortal life
Has lost its valued savor;
It can no longer bid me woo
Its petty, sordid favor.

With joy, henceforth, I bear my cross,
Since through it comes the blessing
Of Life and Truth and Love and Peace
At last my soul possessing.

Through picking up the earthly cross
I lay its burdens down,
Each day 'tis borne becomes a gem
In my immortal crown.

MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

Yes, I prefer the toilsome way,
The crown of thorns I choose,
Since, through a course of chastening, we
The cloak of mortals lose:

To find at last immortal life,
That peaceful flowing river,
The healing stream of Truth and Love,
Forever and forever.



SCIENCE AND HEALTH.

Thou art the true resurrection and Life,
A balm for all ill, that stilleth all strife.
Thou art the light, that standeth secure on the hill,
And the voice, that biddeth the rough waves—be still.

Thou art the root and the vine, of David—a part,
The true understanding that cleanseth the heart.
To the high and the low, the great and the small;
Thou art one with the Father, and Mother, God, ALL.