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The Spiritual Rostrum.

Mrs. A. Leah Fox Underhill; Deceased of the Eldest of the Celebrated "Fox Girls"; Funeral Services in New York; Address by Mrs. Brigham, etc.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The recent transition of this world-renowned and noble woman to the higher state of existence is an event of more than ordinary significance. Being the eldest of the famous Fox sisters, through whose mediumship the marvelous manifestations of spirit return awakened such interest and inquiry not only in America but throughout the civilized world, the simple announcement of Mrs. Underhill's death may well cause us all to pause and reflect. Memories of the many bitter trials and sorrows to which the members of the Fox family were subjected during the early period of their strange and eventful experiences come unbidden, and must strike a chord of sympathy in the heart of every unprejudiced human soul. Under the searching scrutiny of such minds as Horace Greeley, Wm. Cullen Bryant, John W. Edmonds, Prof. S. B. Brittan, J. Fenimore Cooper, Robert Dale Owen, Isaac T. Hopper, Gov. N. P. Tallmadge, John E. Robinson, Prof. Agassiz, Prof. Mapes, Prof. Horsford, Wm. M. Thackeray (the novelist), Robert Chambers, E. W. Capron, Jacob G. Cuyler, Dr. John F. Gray, Dr. A. D. Wilson, N. P. Willis, and hundreds of other men and women of that period, the Fox sisters passed through the various and trying ordeals, abundantly proving their honesty of purpose, and causing many of their learned and skeptical investigators to become firm believers and defenders of the new light and the new dispensation. The soulful prayer and discourse by Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham at the obsequies (reports of which are subjoined), and the affecting solemnity of the occasion, will long be remembered by the large number of mourners and friends present. At the conclusion of Mrs. Brigham's beautiful and touching discourse, Handel's exalted musical inspiration, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," was rendered by Mrs. Louise Vesceus Sheldon, with such prayerful and tender pathos as to draw tears from the eyes of many of her sympathetic listeners. This beautiful composition was indeed a fitting close to the sacred and impressive ceremonies (which, as has been previously stated, occurred on the evening of Nov. 4th at the late residence of the deceased, 232 West 37th street, New York City).

PRAYER.

Oh! thou who art at all times with us, whose hand expresses infinite tenderness and care, and Fatherhood and Motherhood blended in one, we would have thoughts of thee come to us to-night, bringing light through all our shadows, bringing strength through all our weakness and weakness. Oh! God, thou whose light makes beautiful the world, thou whose love is the light, comfort and instruct us, for we need thee now. We bring to thee, in our prayer, all the hunger and thirst of our spiritual nature, all the longing, all the weariness, all the doubt, and all the trouble. We beseech thee in the clear light of thy love and care; and, let even while we pray, we are strengthened and uplifted and answered.

Our Father! in the midst of sorrow we yet have the rejoicing that we bring to thee our earnest thanks that thy love is perfect. We thank thee that whatever men may think of thee, however they may stumble and be mistaken in striving to know thee who art infinite and changeless in thy love and goodness, by thine every law humanity grows upward and sunward, and the shadows melt away; and we learn that thou art love, and we trust in thee who art the spirit—the Giver of all truth. When from time to time there comes amid the darkness some helper, some guide, some hand to lift the lighted torch amid the gloom, we thank thee, for thou art the love and the light that makes these things possible. Oh! Spirit of Truth, may we still apprehend thee. We may stumble in thy way, we may doubt, misunderstand and misinterpret, yet steadfast and sure stands the truth, and we thank thee that it is so.

Oh! our Father, while human hearts are grieving, while shadow, pain and sorrow lie darkly upon so many assembled here to-night, yet through all our night of sorrow the great, bright stars are shining, and there is a silvery radiance that glides through the darkness, and rests upon us where we are. We thank thee that we know thou didst give a little child to the earth; we thank thee for the love that sustained and sheltered her; for the love that nourished and developed her; and we thank thee for the maidenhood and womanhood; for this love in the wife and the mother; for the daughter, for the sister, for the friend! And, oh! our Father, now that this friend is gone from mortal weariness; gone from the storms of the world that are lashed on every bill; gone from the turbulent

ocean of sorrow, whose murmuring was always in her ears: Now that she stands in the clear and cloudless light, oh! Father; for the life and liberty, and the peace and happiness which she has found; for the work she has done which brings the light of blessed truth to those who sat in darkness; for the beautiful dispensation of immortal life that she was strong to bring, and steadfast and unswerving to keep before the eyes of the world, for all this we thank thee, oh! Spirit of Truth. In those days when to speak of this beautiful truth which gave to her her strength and glory, was to incur derision—when, to assert that heaven and earth were blended, and that mortals could receive messages from their unseen friends, was only to call forth criticism and bitter scorn—she stood strong and secure as an oak stands amid the storms of winter. Oh! our Father; for the hand, small as it was, and frail as it was—the hand, cold and nerveless to-night—the hand which helped to open the great door, to unlock the great mystery to those who are longing, hungering, mourning; for this, oh! God, we thank thee. For this strength, for this loyalty, for this purity and honesty of purpose in the woman, in the medium, for all this, oh! God of love and of truth, we thank thee.

And now that her night is ended, and her day has dawned upon the eternal hill—now that she has gone as a visible presence from those who love her so tenderly and so dearly, from the many that she has won with her love and generosity, oh! Father, for the beautiful welcome that has been given her at the home invisible, shall we not thank thee? There have been words of gladness, sweet words, happy greeting. There has been a great and sweet surprise in the wonderful light, the light that has no equal on all the face of this broad earth! For all the beauty that she now sees, oh! God, we thank thee.

And now, oh! Father, help us. Help those whom she has helped. She was always quick to respond to the cry of the needy, her sympathy was always ready to aid those who were in trouble, her tears were as quick to flow as April clouds to shed their rain over the sorrows of others. And, oh! Father, from that beautiful land where she lives with millions of angels standing in the light, we pray that the same love and helpfulness down flowing from that land may be felt, may be accepted here to-night. There are many now gathered here who need this comfort; oh! Father, make them receptive of it, make their natures plastic to receive it, open the eyes of the spirit, open the windows of the soul that this light may shine in. Oh! Father, we trust in thee; lead us, guide us; let thine angels strengthen and comfort us all, now and forever. Amen.

ADDRESS.

"Death shall be swallowed up in victory." This is an old saying which is an instance of that wonderful inspiration which is over all the world: "Now is brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory." "Oh! death, where is thy sting? Oh! grave, where is thy victory?"

There are some words of comfort that we could recall, many that come flowing back to us like the ghosts of sweet music from the hills forever green and bathed in light, and beyond our yearning mortal vision. But among those echoing words there are none which can express so perfectly as those we have quoted the living truth of this hour: Now, indeed, "is brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

Friends, you have come from many places—from homes where the name of our sister was a household word. Did you ever go to her house before when you had not from her a loving welcome? How ready she was to reach out her hand to greet you. How quick the smile sprang with the light in her face; how warm were those friendly, kindly words of greeting so dear and so familiar to the memory of all. You have come here to-night, and there, with the crown at the head, and, strongly significant, the cross also, is a quiet sleeper. But she whom you love is not there. When you look at that casket, and the wearied dust that occupies it, we would have you remember that our friend is simply gone out of it, and that she lives never so truly, never so really, as to-night. She has spoken the words of welcome to you, but you did not hear them; she has smiled upon you with such angelic sweetness as you never saw on the worn, tired face, but you saw not the light of that smile.

Friends, though you call her dead, she is living, and comes as truly as any soul can come; remember: "Now is come to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory." Do you know what this life is? Do you know what death is? These garments you are wearing are only yours, not *you*. They are the shells, or robes, or houses, whatever you choose to call them—your possessions. You are interwoven in the very fibre of this body, but the body is not *you*. And when you look upon the faces assembled to-night, you are looking only upon the veil which one-half reveals and one-half conceals the love of your friends.

Here upon this earth you are placed to fulfill a mission, to learn a lesson. Do you not know that this is not your home? That it is not the abiding place? That day after day and year after year you are building a house that you shall find in the other land? It is built of thoughts and motives; it is built of words; and day after day you are weaving, thread by thread, thought by thought, the robes that you shall find waiting for you in the life invisible to you to-night. And sooner or later this change which has come to our friend so suddenly, and with signs and warnings partly unnoticed or misunderstood—this change will come to you all. It will come swiftly; it will come soon to some of you, it will come lingeringly to some; but it is on its way. No, you are on your way to meet it. It is not a dreadful thing; it is not a fearful thing—this change you call death; it is only an opening of the door and passing out of the shadows into the light, to that sweet and glorious splendor that lies beyond this vestibule of toil, as you are wont to call it. And so day by day, as you are here learning your lessons, it is wise that you should stop and consider what this life really is—this life that men call death. When the night ends the day is beginning; when the bud unfolds the

rose blossoms; when the chrysalis is broken the butterfly wafts itself in the light, shakes its wet wings, dries them in the sunshine and soars away. Is that death? No, that is a natural change, an evolution, an outgrowth. If death is not the birth of the spirit, then solace halts and stumbles at this point; but if death is birth, if it is the dawn of the day, if it is the breaking of the chrysalis, then it is but one link in this long chain of evidence, in this one great chain of evolution and progression.

Friends, why should we stop to ask for evidence and indications and suggestions of immortal life? Why should we speak of intuitions and of longings for another world? Why should we speak of the strength of the pure affection which will not lie down in the dust of the grave? When that proves of itself that life flows on beyond the shadows! Why should we bring to you texts of scripture? Why should we tell you stories of the angels of the olden days who came to the seers and patriarchs and disciples? Why should we tell you of these things? There is here to-day in your mind a name. It is the name of one whose life-work shines as bright as the brightest star in the heavens—the work of demonstrating immortal life.

Friends, when you think of our dear sister, Leah Fox Underhill, the name itself has a sound which seems to carry with it something to the affections, something to the intellect, assuring us by these demonstrations of immortal life; and then we remember that we do not need to search and glean in the fields of philosophy and science and history to show you the reality of life. We can think of her as still living. We can trace the path backward. And you come with us in your thoughts till you find the time when those raps sounded as though the angels had said: "We seek admittance, and we will not be set aside, we will not be denied." We know that this woman has stood before the wise and the learned; she has stood before men who were proud of their intellect and attainments; her powers have been carefully scrutinized, and she has given to all these questions the clear, straightforward answers that demonstrated immortality. She did not shrink as some mediums from exhibition; she did not stand before the world, saying: "I dare not let this light shine"; but she let it shine; she held the torch when its glow and glory shone in tears—in tears that blinded her sight. Oh! brave, faithful, living worker; brave heart, silent now! Oh! brave in purpose, strong and vivid and intense in the spiritual life! We bring you homage; we bring you greeting; for you were the one who demonstrated life after death, who demonstrated the power of the invisible over the visible; you were the one who gave to the world proofs that spirit is all potent, and that it thrills matter and communicates through matter. Oh! brave, loyal, spiritual worker, we lay at your feet this crown of our loving remembrance, our deepest gratitude; and why should we need to seek for proofs of immortal life when you have given them so fully and so perfectly?

When we think of her, we remember the bitter waters that flowed to her feet, we remember the ingratitude that gathered around her; and then the purpose, like the purpose that stirred the saintly souls of old, lives beyond the shadow, and we say: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Friends, now is brought to pass the saying, "Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

Of what are you thinking as you gather here to-night? First, her powers to bring spiritual light. You were thinking of them all of these later years, when as part of this home, made bright and beautiful with love and welcome, and singing-birds and green leaves and fragrant flowers, she lived and welcomed you. Those loving hands were reaching out to the aged and the poor; always ready to give, always ready to help, always thinking of the needs of others. Those loving hands were stretched out to little children; she folded them in her arms, she kissed them, she loved them—and, friends, she gave a mother's care to the motherless. She has helped others; she has led them along the pathway of life to manhood and womanhood, and has given of her possessions to bless them. Her life has gone out to all classes.

As we stand here to-night, back from the land that you cannot see, where the clear light is shining, and where the darkness of earth fades into the eternal white, there comes a presence, strange perhaps to you—not strange if you could see it; and we remember one who was a "Sojourner," and one whose name was "Truth," and we know that years ago she gave to her loving welcome. She cast her not out; she thought not of the sable-hued brow and cheek; she only thought of the purpose, and gave welcome to the woman who has given her welcome in the better land now.

Friends, remember the kindly deeds that characterized this life; how hearts have been filled to overflowing with blossoms that graced her pathway—flowers that grew from the very soil of the human heart of love and sympathy. When you remember these things let your thoughts rise above your loss and think of her gain—she whose home was open to so many, she whose ready sympathy flowed out to so many.

What has she found? Her friends! There are names we might speak, the names of men and names of women that are dear to us in memory and in reverence; and she has spoken

[Continued on third page.]

"Sojourner Truth," a well-known and patriotic old colored woman, a staunch supporter of the American Union, and a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, spent several months at Mrs. Underhill's home, where she was made happy and contented. She died at the advanced age (so stated) of one hundred and seven years.

Literary Department.

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XI.

The Dawn of Love.

Dispensing her orders with an authority she had never before assumed, Felicia had a room prepared for her charge, and a trusty servant despatched for the European physician, the good and skillful Doctor Lane. Before his arrival, however, the patient was restored to full consciousness, by the application of simple household means, under the direction of the swarthy Martino, who knew exactly what was best to do in cases of a like nature. Too feeble yet to speak aloud, the young stranger looked his gratitude, and pressed the lily hand of the consoling angel, as his heart called Felicia from the first glance.

Beneath the gentle glance of the doctor his exhausted strength was returning rapidly, and when he spoke the first intelligible words, thanking God for deliverance and mercy, the young girl, unable to control the sympathy she deemed was born of pity only, wept aloud, with fervent thankfulness for the precious life thus saved. When he slept calmly, she stole away on tiptoe, leaving Anita to watch his slumbers and fan away the intruding flies. She hastened to the chamber of Rose, bearing with her, deeply impressed for life, the haunting recollection of the poet-eyes and pensive face seen that day for the first time.

"I have been waiting for you, dearest, and they told me you had gone to the beach. Oh! darling, that was imprudent after the storm of last night. And, dear me, your dress is dragged and wet. My dear child, where have you been? Francisca, Lucia," she said in Spanish to the awaiting servants, "go immediately and bring your young mistress some dry garments." Felicia, looking down at her dress, smiled and colored. It was wet with salt water, and stained with mud and sand.

"Dear mother," she replied, winding her arms around her neck, "I have had no time to think of my appearance; for, rejoice with me, dear mother, a life has been saved!—the dreadful tempest has spared one, and he—"

"Thank God! thank God!" said Rose, with grateful fervor. "You have a long story to tell me, I know, but I will not hear a word until you have changed your dress. You will catch your death with cold! What can those girls be so long about? Felicia, my love, I entreat you, go and put on dry garments."

"Immediately, mother, dear. I will go after Francisca and Lucia, and return in a twinkling." And she flew, singing, out of the room. "How unusually happy the dear child is to-day," mused the poor sufferer.

When she returned to share her mother's breakfast, she was as radiant as before. She chattered gaily, and her silvery laughter, that had been almost silent since the advent of Señor Arcabano, pealed forth again, to the great and inner delight of Rose. Keeping from her mother the encounter with the hated auditor, for she had learned to guard her feeble health from all excitement, she told her of the rescue of the shipwrecked stranger by honest old Tomaso and his son. Rose was deeply grateful for the safety of a life, and proud of the share and the responsibility her daughter had taken. She expressed a strong desire to see the young man; "for," said she, "from your description, he must be English, and it is so long since I have heard from there." She thought of her father, of her own past transgressions toward him, and sighed deeply.

Doctor Lane upon visiting Rose that day found her weaker than before, and urged upon her the necessity of quiet and repose. Alas! the mother's prescient spirit, foreseeing the approaching doom, trembled for the future of her beloved child. She knew her days were numbered, and the weary soul longed for release; for Felicia, only, she clung to and prayed for life.

That evening the stranger, fully restored, though yet somewhat weak and pallid, was enabled to converse with ease, and to receive a short visit from his hostess. As he bowed over the thin, transparent hand she held toward him, and looked up to the sharpened outlines, the hectic glow on either cheek, his face wore an expression of pitying tenderness, and a tear-dimmed his eye. He conversed fearfully, with gentlemanly ease and fluency, delighting his listeners with the latest news from England and the Continent.

His name was Percy Macdonald de Risco. He was the son of an English mother, and a descendant of the once noble house of the Riscos in Spain. He had early lost his mother; but under the watchful care and devoted love of his father and aunt, he had enjoyed all the blessings of home happiness, education, travel, and good society. His father's sister had been to him a second mother. From the port of Cadiz he had taken the passage for the tropic shore, impelled by curiosity to behold its luxuriant vegetation and its manifold resources. Their vessel, richly freighted with a valuable cargo, struck on a hidden reef, and before the break of day she had gone to pieces, and, as he believed, all hands were lost. "It is an espe-

cial Providence that I have survived to tell the tale," he said.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Rose. Felicia, absorbed and silent, looked up to Heaven in gratitude too deep for words.

"You have traveled in England?" Rose asked him, tremulously. "Have you ever been near to Oakwood House, the residence of Harold Palmer?" She had forgotten the strict injunctions of her husband, never to speak of her birth-place and family in the presence of strangers. "It is in—shire, only some twenty miles from the metropolis," she added.

"Although England is my birth-place, I must acknowledge that I am totally unacquainted with some portions of it. No, madam, I have never been there," said Percy.

"It is my father's homestead, our old ancestral domain," sighed the wan lady.

"I thought you were English," he replied. "And this young lady, speaking the Spanish language so fluently, surely she is not a native of the tropics?"

"My daughter was born in England; but we have lived here many years. She has no recollection of her native land."

Felicia met the beaming blue eye bent upon her in respectful admiration. She blushed deeply, and cast her eyes upon the choice bouquet she was holding in her hand.

"This is a Paradisean abode!" said the young man, looking around with evident delight. "Just such a home as the poetic enthusiast would covet—the dreamer of the beautiful desire. What glorious scenery! What a mingling of the sublime and the calm and placid in those towering mountains, yon ocean expanse, and the flower-decked valleys, flower-enwreathed houses, rustic church spires, the holy stillness of this enchanted spot! Truly an Eden!"

He spoke enthusiastically, and the color, mounting to his cheeks, enhanced an hundred-fold his manly and uncommon beauty.

Fearing that a prolonged conference would tend to exhaust her few remaining feeble powers, Felicia whispered to her mother, and both arose to go.

"Make yourself entirely at home, sir," said Rose. "I am but an invalid, incapable of enjoying or of giving pleasure; but my servants are at your order, and all that we can do to make your stay agreeable shall be done. My daughter will bear you company when I am unable. By what name shall we call our guest?—that of the Macdonald, or the Spanish de Risco?"

"In my father's country," said he, smiling, "I am called De Risco, always; but in England I am Macdonald only. My friends call me simply Percy. You, madam, who have been so kind to me—this young lady, to whose care and sympathy I owe my speedy restoration—will you not, waving all the outward ceremonial, call me by the name my mother loved? I have been cast as a waif of the storm to your hospitable gates. Will you not call me Percy?"

As if a long-known friend, a dear, familiar voice had spoken, Felicia felt her heart-strings vibrate to the music of those pleading tones. Rose, too, was deeply moved. She gazed intently upon his frank and noble countenance. With tears glistening on her lashes, she said: "I will call you Percy, and care for you as my own son for the sake of the departed."

Felicia, speaking for the first time since she had introduced him to her mother, said, timidly:

"Will you accept these flowers? After the perils you have passed I thought their presence might be agreeable."

He took them from her hand, and replied: "Their fragrance is sweet, indeed; but unto the Great Giver the incense of a loving heart is richer tribute. Thank you for these floral angels; but the thanks of my soul for this day's bounty must ever remain unspoken. Miss Felicia, I am your debtor for life!"

What was there in the words to cause her heart to throb so grandly exultant? What influence was it that stemmed the current of her usually fluent speech? As she passed from the room she met once more the almost worshipping glance of those cerulean eyes, and earth was transfigured to her sight. A veil of dazzling glory seemed to envelop every object; every leaflet, every blade of grass seemed instinct with a new-born faculty of joy; the mountain's empurpled heights were bathed in a divinest light than heretofore. There was a thrilling significance in the azure glow of skies and waves; there was a deeper and a tenderer tone to the wildwood warblings of the feathered choristers. A magic veil was over the charmed face of life, beneath whose brilliant, rosy folds two young and untired hearts learned the first solemn mystery of Love. They were captives both to the soul-attractions of the beautiful and the true. The overruling hand of Destiny had brought together these kindred souls.

"She is an angel of mercy! Lovely as the embodied ideal of the poet, good as the saints

* Reported by W. S. Rogers, teacher at Graham's shorthand and type-writing school, No. 50 West 22d street, New York City.

above, true and pure as a revelation of heaven!" thus exclaimed the young man, dwelling fondly on her image, her every look and tone of pity.

"He is beautiful and noble as the great and good we read of. He must be like them. How glad I am to meet with such a friend!" mused the young girl alone in her chamber, pondering over the occurrences of the day.

"A good young man, if my intuitions do not mislead me," thought Rose. "His looks of admiration rested on my child. Oh! if it were possible—and she, too, seems to regard him with uncommon favor. Perhaps it is the hand of Providence. What can I, in my weakness, do, but pray and submit unto thy will, dear Lord?"

Gladly accepting the invitation of the lady of the house to remain until her husband returned, Percy spent many a charmed hour in the society of mother and daughter. With all the tropical suddenness and luxuriance, the deep love had rooted in both hearts, and was to each revealed by the many tokens of its being, yet it was never confessed in words. The silent consciousness, the blissful certainty of its existence, was enough joy for their trusting and confiding affection.

The wretch Joaquin, who was forever prowling around and in the house, took in with his sharpened vision the innocent drama enacting. His lynx eyes noted every movement of the neglected wife; every timid love-glance stealing from beneath Felicia's dark lashes was silently commented on; every seeking and returning look of the enraptured Percy was written down in the memorandum book of his memory. He was a spy, an eaves-dropper of the most cunning class. He would secrete himself behind window curtains and doors; hide in closets, and listen outside of doors. He would insist upon waiting at table, though there were plenty to take his place. He undertook various offices about the house, which were reluctantly conceded. Rose feared him, and Felicia seldom spoke to him, for, with her intuitive perception of character, she read him as false and treacherous.

The villain was serving two masters at that time, the one Philip, to whom he was linked in secret bonds of fellowship, the other was Don Elvino de Arcabano, to whom he reported regularly the proceedings of the day. He was well-paid for his tidings by the señor, who had taken up his quarters in Santa Cruz.

The dawning of the blessedness of love seemed to herald the glowing promise of a full fruition. Percy MacDonald, worshipping the very footprints of his "consoling angel," as he mentally called Felicia, was revolving in his mind the fitting opportunity and the most acceptable manner with which to ask of her the inestimable boon of her love. He thought her mother looked favorably upon him, and he longed to kneel before her and demand of her the bride he adored.

As is peculiar to all high-principled and noble natures, the young man, gifted with wealth, name and genius, felt a shrinking diffidence as he thought of approaching the great era of his life. Perhaps, he thought, Felicia's evident pleasure in his society was a mark of intellectual preference only; perhaps her feelings were all sisterly, were merely those of calm friendship and esteem. Like many other lovers he tormented himself with these scruples, and put off the day of final certainty until, alas! it was too late, and fraud and treachery stepped in between him and his happiness.

Felicia loved him, and in that love she rested securely, fearing no more the threats of Arcabano, feeling strong and defiant to resist all, clad in the sacred panoply of invincible, unconquerable love!

Rose's feeble strength had rallied considerably. Her sleep was undisturbed, her eye was bright and clear with a steady light. She had quaffed the magic potion of hope, and was revived. The almost filial attentions of her young guest, the happiness of her daughter, all conspired to win her from her grief, to arrest the progress of disease, to renew the prayer and the effort for life.

Thus three sanctified weeks passed on, and one rainy afternoon the master returned, and came so suddenly into the presence of his wife that she nearly fainted with affright.

"So, so!" he cried, hoarsely, "fine doings in my absence! Quite romantic, indeed! A shipwrecked hero, and a couple of billing and cooing scenes per day! Well, I have come to put a stop to all this. Where is Felicia now?"

"I believe—I think—she is with Mr. MacDonald in the front saloon," stammered Rose.

"She is, eh? Well, that's the last time she'll be with him there. You are a fool, a simpleton, to think to circumvent me. You and the foolish mix had your plot hatched finely, but I came upon the scene rather too early for your reckoning. We'll see who will win the day. Who and what is this MacDonald?"

Rose told his history. At the name of Risco her husband started, and passed his hand repeatedly over his brow.

"He's an infernal young puppy!" he cried, when his wife had finished her narration; and, with a parting glance of menace and admonition, he left the room.

That night he was as affable and courteous as a well-bred gentleman could be. He warmly welcomed his guest, and congratulated him upon his escape from the terrible death. He bade him remain as much longer in "Eden Rest" as he could content himself. He spoke of his own youthful travels in Spain, and alluded somewhat boastfully to his own wealth and family station. As for the Risco family, they were well known to him, he said; and he doubted not that name would call friends around him everywhere.

The young man, charmed with the graceful manner of his beloved's father, felt his heart fill with hope and expectation.

Felicia, delighted with the pleasure he manifested in the society of Percy, thanked him gratefully, and gave him the good-night kiss with a warm and willing heart. The sweetest visions of reciprocal affection spread before the lover's eyes. Only the prophetic heart of Rose foreboded sorrow.

[To be continued.]

Never give way to melancholy. Nothing encourages more, I fight against it vigorously. One great remedy is, to take short views of life. Are you happy now? Are you likely to remain so till this evening, or next month, or next year? Then, why destroy present happiness by a distant misery which may never come at all, or you may never live to see? For every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making.—*Sidney Smith.*

If the Baby is Outing Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—E. J. Huling says: "The intelligence of the sudden passing over of Dr. A. S. Hayward a few weeks ago, caused much sorrow among his many friends here who remember his genial and magnetic personality. He has been an annual visitor here for many seasons, and never failed to make his presence felt in every direction for good. That he should have reported at the Banner Free Circle so promptly was not at all surprising; and many are anxiously looking for his message."

News came last week of the passing over of Capt. Henry A. Ealer at New Orleans, which occurred Nov. 1st. He had been an annual visitor at Saratoga for many seasons, and his wife and daughter, Mrs. J. B. Houston, have been regular visitors at Lake Pleasant for a few years past. Capt. Ealer was for fifty years a Mississippi pilot, and "held the wheel" on one of Admiral Farragut's battle ships when his fleet went up the river. The attention of his family was attracted to Spiritualism by reading Wolfe's "Satanstoe." Captain and Mrs. Houston accidentally met with a lady at Saratoga, where it had been presented by the writer of this.

NEW YORK CITY.—Sylvanus Lyon writes, in the course of a recent letter, that a call at the Spiritual Home of Mrs. Emily B. Ruggles, No. 402 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y., caused him to meet with a worthy old medium, Pendleton Lapham, born at Stamford, Dutchess Co., N. Y., April 30th, 1822, who has resided for many years in Poughkeepsie, since in New York, and now at Greenville, N. J. Of this worthy and suffering brother he says:

"His [L's] father, Solon Robinson, was a sturdy farmer, twice married. His first wife being the mother of five boys and one girl; the second, Pendleton's mother, bore three boys and four girls. All this large family lived out life's full term, met its sorrows and joys, and gone to the Summer-Land, and now, weary, old and feeble, our friend Lapham nears the end, and waits for the summons of the angels 'to come away' to spirit realms."

Mr. Lapham experienced conscious spirit intercommunication in 1850, and he has since continued proclaiming to many "the glad tidings," and proving his birthright through many trials and losses, and in old age he has received, several lessons of poverty and needs immediate aid from some of the kind and loving, who realize that "the drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

Our great seer, A. J. Davis, was a friend of this medium in early days, and Lapham's mother was truly a mother to "Jackson." He resided with her in her home in Poughkeepsie. It was her death and spirit, which Mr. Davis so beautifully describes in his Autobiography, page 345, with a cut. He has often received requests from Spiritualists concerning this "change," and of the spirit's new birth, that he came from New York during this good woman's last illness, and in an upper room waited and watched for this glorious vision—the first which has ever been thus fully described of death's change and the spirit's birth. After so many years, and life's various changes—seeing one after another of his large family circle leaving earth scenes—Mr. Lapham really needs a little timely aid to minister to pressing wants, and prepare for emergencies. The kindly disposed can remit for this purpose even the smallest sums, to Mrs. Ruggles, the good worker, at the Home of Mediums, No. 402 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Maine.

WEBSTER CORNER.—A correspondent writes: "Monday evening, Nov. 3d, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, of Boston, lectured at Webster Corner, Me., to a good-sized and appreciative audience. She gave psychometric readings after the lecture, and many of the skeptics present were surprised, to say the least. Perhaps it may be interesting to your readers to know how rapidly the interest in Spiritualism has grown in this little place. About a year ago a circle of six met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dunnell, at Webster Corner, with Mrs. Kiley (formerly of Boston) as medium. Soon others began to feel the influence of the spirit loved ones, and they also attended. The meetings were held every week until the large double parlors no longer could hold the company, many of whom came ten and fourteen miles to the séance."

As many Universalists had become Spiritualists, it was suggested that the old Universalist church, that had become dilapidated from long disuse, be repaired and occupied to accommodate the increasing number of attendants, and it was done. A protracted meeting was held a few weeks ago, and over five hundred people gathered on the closing day to hear something of this new religion. Meetings are held every other Sunday, and large audiences gather to listen, some coming by carriage many miles.

So the work goes on, quietly dawning in families, and the truth is spreading, and this most recent and remote seat of the country, and arrangements are being made for Mrs. Whitlock to again speak for the people, and no doubt she will do so later in the season."

South Dakota.

ABERDEEN.—E. Bach writes: "During my visits to Onset Bay I became quite intimately acquainted with the late Dr. A. S. Hayward—that is, for so short a time as we naturally saw one another. After his passing over I saw him frequently around the rooms here, and remarked about it. During a séance in my house on the evening of Nov. 3d, and while we were interested in other matters and had no thought about the Doctor, some new control held out his hand to me (those who know us will readily understand who the medium was) and said: 'How do you do, Mr. Bach?' This was said in the peculiar way in which the Doctor used to pronounce my name, and I thought it did not take us long to find that Dr. Hayward was with us in spirit in our far western home. I wish I had a report of what he said; we were perfectly enchanted. He spoke about twenty minutes, in his rapid way. He seemed to dwell largely on the fact that what he found 'over there' was so far in advance of his expectations that he could hardly find language to express his feelings. In all my experience as a Spiritualist I have never had the glory of that experience described in such glowing colors. I can realize, however, that he being a good medium, and passing over so quickly, is in better condition to draw comparisons than many—being able to control within a short time after his passage. He spoke in glowing terms about the privileges of mediumship, and after listening to his recital, advice and praise, we felt that it was really good to be Spiritualists. I am a 'hard head,' and skeptical by nature, but I regard the message we thus received both in manner and matter, to have been natural and genuine from beginning to end. What glorious experiences Spiritualists will have in the time to come, when the science is better understood, when there will be more of us, and when we shall repeatedly meet such as he as an every-day occurrence."

Illinois.

COBEN.—Warren Chase writes: "Another of our old and faithful pioneers, it seems, has gone to his reward.—Dr. John Mayhew of Washington, D. C. For several years in the early work on the spiritual platform he was one of our ablest and most faithful lecturers, but, like most of our early speakers, was unable to pay expenses from the meagre collections, which in those times ranged from \$1 to \$5, where our present speakers get from \$10 to \$25. The eloquent Selden J. Ames, of Tiffin, N. Y., who was with me at the Tiffin Convention, like Bro. Mayhew, were obliged to seek other employment, and I should have been driven out, too, had it not been for the little I got for political service and the help received from the BANNER OF LIGHT and Messrs. Colby

& Rich, which enabled me to finish my forty years for the Cause, and publish the record thereof in my book, FORTY YEARS ON THE SPIRITUAL PLATFORM.—a work every writer and speaker on Spiritualism ought to read. In the division, and several others obtained clerkships from President Lincoln, whom we all know to have been a Spiritualist; as I was well acquainted with him I could have obtained one also, but I held out till our Cause prospered, and then retired, old and poor."

Massachusetts.

MARLBORO.—"S. L. H." writes: "The second in the course of monthly meetings of the progressive in spiritual thought was held on Tuesday, Nov. 4th, at the residence of Mr. Geo. Morse. The Ladies' Social held in the afternoon is supplemented by a tea, after which a short business session gives way to the lecture, which on this occasion was given by Dr. G. C. Beckwith of Boston. The subject was called for from the audience, but none being presented, the Controlling Intelligence took the spiritual Philosophy and its Phenomena as the basis of remarks. Many were present who were unfamiliar with the subject, and great interest was manifested by the audience. Additional time was also devoted to improvisations upon different subjects given by those in attendance."

Mrs. Davis from Cambridge, who was present, was invited to give tests, to which she responded, affording much satisfaction."

HAVERHILL.—W. L. Jack, M. D., writes: "It was on one of those delightful evenings during August, and the session of our camp, that a few friends who had called upon one of the cottagers at their pleasant cottage on the bluff proposed to have a sitting. A small table was at once produced that had been used for spiritual purposes only, at which we sat. In a few moments raps were heard in different parts of the room, and responded accurately to questions mentally propounded by a gentleman who was for the first time at a Camp-Meeting. This naturally interested others. One gentleman from Hartford, one from Haverhill, and a stranger to nearly all, himself possessing great mediumistic power, in turn asked some questions, in response to which the raps became louder than before. The table was lifted from the floor, and afterward moved toward a picture of a departed child upon the wall, where were many others of great value. Upon reaching the picture raps spelled out the name of the child and the date of its passing to the spirit world, thus satisfying a longing of the mother."

Other demonstrations of spirit-presence were had, not only raps, but lights, and tests of a very convincing nature. One of the gentlemen referred to is a prominent business man here, only on a visit to Lake Pleasant, but is a strong spiritual magnetic medium, and I have seen a table float in broad light in his presence without contact of hands. After leaving the cottage and returning to his own, the demonstrations continued."

New Jersey.

NEWARK.—"G. M." writes: "After a long intermission Liberal League Hall opened its doors on the evening of Nov. 9th that the truth of spiritualism might be proclaimed again from its rostrum. Mrs. E. Cutler, of Philadelphia, has undertaken the work of arousing our people to greater interest in the Cause; it is to be hoped that the will of the Controller of the Government, so that her labor may not be in vain. She expects to remain with us for some time. After the lecture—which was well received—several tests and readings were given, which were most recognized, and acknowledged to be correct."

Virginia.

PETERSBURGH.—J. Campbell Kemp writes, calling renewed attention to the fact that Sir Richard Burton—whose death in Europe has been announced—"in the early years of Spiritualism bravely championed the new belief. This important fact in his life was carefully suppressed by the writers of the numerous notices of his decease appearing in the leading newspapers of England and America."

New Publications.

ONE MAN'S STRUGGLE. By George W. Gallagher. New York, cloth, pp. 169. New York: Plunk & Waglar.

The "one man" of this book, the Rev. Edward Barnes, was pastor of a small society in a quiet neighborhood, the growth and prosperity of which were due to his efforts. At the end of six years he received a call from a wealthy church in a near-by city, which he accepted, with a view of enlarging his field of usefulness, and by means of an increased salary relieving his wife of much of the drudgery of household duties. City life made him familiar with the evil results of the liquor traffic, and he entered energetically in a crusade against it; and by doing so provoked the enmity of his parishioners, one of them advising him "to let all so-called popular questions alone." "Popular questions," he said, "are smoldering fires: the more you stir them up the more they blaze and burn. Thousands of ministers have wrecked themselves and their churches on popular questions." This was the beginning of the struggle. Few aided and many opposed him; and through scenes of conflict and warfare of this one resolute, determined man without the assaults of the many who, wrapped in their cloaks of hypocrisy, nurtured their pride and selfishness, until a change of winds proved to him that no one can really fall in a just cause. The book will do much good in showing the motive that, for the most part, animates the church and society in its bearing toward all reformatory and progressive movements.

ON THE BLOCKADE. By Oliver Optic. 12mo, cloth, pp. 355. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is the third of the author's popular series of "The Blue and the Gray." The scene of its stirring incidents is one on the Southern coast, and the events described are based upon the naval operations that took place there. The writer reminds his readers that while not investing his story with the dignity of history, he has avoided mingling fiction with actual historic occurrences. At the same time, he awards to both sides engaged in the conflict a full meed of praise for bravery, self-sacrifice and heroic endurance.

Grief Consolence.

"That fellow 's a tough!"
"Yes."
"He'd hold you up at night!"
"I believe it."
"He'd rob your house!"
"I think he would."
"Then why did you give him a quarter?"

The above conversation occurred between two gentlemen standing on the corner of Broadway and 14th street," said the one who had promptly handed out the piece of silver when "struck" for lodgings money. "One day two or three years ago I was down on Canal street. A tough-looking chap asked me for money, and I not only refused, but threatened to have him arrested. I didn't exactly mean it, but he thought that I did, and in his hurry to get away he ran in front of a big truck team, and was knocked down and over. The wheels crushed his hips, and he didn't live over ten minutes. I helped carry him to the walk, and I'm telling you straight when I say that he kept his eyes straight on mine until they closed in death. There was that in his look which made me feel contemptible compared to a worm, and for the next month it seemed to me that everybody in New York looked upon me as worse than a murderer. That man died claiming me for his death, and I'd have given five hundred to see him live. That's why I come down whenever I'm struck; and if I hadn't but half a dollar on earth I'd divide it if called upon."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The fire caught Pickrell in Nebraska recently and nearly wiped out the town that name on the Union Pacific Railroad.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The best thing for swollen hands or feet is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; soothing. Try it.

FUTURE LIFE FOR ANIMALS.

The horse which General Charles W. Tilden of the Nineteenth Maine rode during the war died of old age at Hallowell some time since. He was one of the finest horses in the division, and his owner was always so much attached to him that he cared for him in the most tender manner until he died, and at his death gave him a decent burial. The horse was the property of a prominent member of the Rev. Nathaniel Butler, D. D., of that city, who wrote the following lines:

Farewell, my horse! thy work is done,
Thy splendid form lies low,
Thy limbs of steel have lost their strength,
Thy flashing eyes are dim.

No more thy quivering nostrils snuff
The battle from afar,
No more beneath thy flying feet
The plains with thunder jar.

For thou wert born a hero soul,
In days when heroes fought,
When men, borne by thy glorious strength,
Triumphed at countless rout.

Seated upon thy nerve strung form,
Another life was mine,
And well I knew the same high thrill
Ran through my soul and thine.

A throne thou wert to sit upon,
And true as steel within
When ere I felt thy brave heart beat,
My own has braver been.

And when the bugle's call to charge
Over the column ran,
Thy rolling crest with thunder clothed,
I loved best to lead the van.

Upon the march, with tireless feet,
Through mountain gorge and plain,
When others strayed thy place was kept
Through all the long campaign.

But now thy last, long halt is made;
Thy last campaign is o'er;
Thy noble spirit, the battle shout,
Shall thrill thee never more.

Where art thou gone—old friend and true—
What place hast thou to fill?
For it may be thy spirit-form
Somewhere is marching still.

Here there are those whom we call men,
Whose souls full well I know
Another life may not deserve
One-half so well as thou;

And natures such as thine have been
Another life may claim,
And may have a place for them
Within his wide domain.

His armies tread their glorious march
Over the eternal plain;
Their leader rides a snow-white steed—
Who follow in his train?

We may not ever meet again;
But, wherever I go,
A cherished place within my heart
Thou hast, old friend, I know.

God made us both, and we have marched
Firm friends whilst thou wert here;
I only know I shall not blush
To meet thee anywhere.

Some Stubborn Facts.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

So long as the M. D.s unite against the people, and seek to have the stamp of public legislation put upon the allopathic mode of practice by declaring all other modes illegal, I propose to oppose the scheme and do my part toward rendering their efforts nugatory. At the present time I present some stubborn facts, which could be supplemented by scores upon scores of others, all going to prove that allopathy stands on no solid basis, but is a mere system of conjecture and experiment. A case to illustrate:

A mechanic of this city (Providence) found himself in a bad way. He was weak, had no energy, or "snap," appetite poor, having lost his weight, and was unable to do his work, going home at night weary and worn. At length he consulted an allopathic M. D., took his medicine, and in ten days or a fortnight gave up work, and much of the time kept his bed or the lounge. The doctor was on hand daily, dealing out his potions by prescriptions, which were changed often, in several instances costing him dollars. Time wore on in this manner, and his wife, a very kind woman, who the patient lost patience, and suggested that inasmuch as he received no benefit he thought it best to see some one else.

The doctor was somewhat surprised, and said: "You had best hold on. I think I can bring you all right. Don't change now. I have been here so long, give me another chance. He was not dismissed then, but in about a week the much-doctored and purse-depleted patient (the doctor had not concluded to consult some one else, and therefore should not require his services any longer. The doctor evidently hated to let go his hold, but very honestly declared he did not know what ailed the patient, though he had done the best he could. So, after all, for nearly a year, he had been pursuing a course of treatment entirely aimless, making a series of costly experiments; no uncommon thing under allopathic medication, so costly frequently as to sap the life, or leave the patient a physical wreck, a constitution shattered beyond repair.

The sick man had had enough of allopathy, so he called upon a woman, one of those undiplomatized "quacks" whom the "regulars" hate and heartily despise. She diagnosed his case, gave him some medicine at once, which he declared made him feel like a new man. She gave medicines and directions, the result was, the weary, worn, and ailing patient, after numerous gall stones. Records were rapidly made in three or four weeks the victim of the allopathic malpractice resumed work, and for now some two years he has enjoyed good health. And yet, in the face of facts like this, the "regulars" have the effrontery and impudence to importune our legislators to protect their practice by making that of the "irregulars" illegal.

A noted fact: A prescription was presented at the desk of a druggist in this city, which he refused to put up, assigning as a reason that there was too much poison in it. A few hours subsequently the doctor who made the prescription came in in a passion, and asked why the prescription was not filled. The druggist answered that there was too much poison, and further that he would not fill such a prescription, and would not take the responsibility of making the patient ill. The doctor was still more angry, and said he must have the prescription. The druggist still refused, but said he would sell the drug as such. The doctor bought them, and the result was fatal. Oh! yes; bolster up the M. D.s by law!

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

The Salvation Army.

"Think of the doctors, now dead and gone, who have knitted their brows over the sick." Yes, and think, too, of the patients, the chronic cases, the "given over" ones, those over whom the brows were knitted in vain. The Salvation Army has a remedy for many of these chronic and "hopeless" cases, and that is the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. STARKLEY & PALLEN. But read for yourself what the Compound Oxygen Treatment has accomplished in chronic cases and the testimonials from patients given over by physicians. Read what Judge Kelley, Mrs. Livermore and numerous others have said about it. You will find it in our *Prize*, sent free, 200 pages, a Treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will give you records of many, very many cases and cures, with testimonials. Of course there are worthless imitations, either under the same or different names, but all alike claiming to possess the properties of Compound Oxygen. None genuine but that manufactured by Drs. STARKLEY & PALLEN, 1523 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Genoa, O., Oct. 25th, 1890, Mary Jane Parker-Rudes, aged 69 years 1 month and 11 days.

She was born in Carmel, Me., Sept. 13th, 1823. When eleven years of age she removed with her parents to Ohio, and was married to a man who was a very kind and devoted husband, and who gave her the subsequent history to a very happy and comfortable life. She was united in marriage to A. B. Rudes, and excepting one year spent in England, she has been in Genoa, O., since the summer of 1860, and has been a member of the Spiritual Philosophy Society since then. Her husband, who was a very kind and devoted husband, and who gave her the subsequent history to a very happy and comfortable life. She was united in marriage to A. B. Rudes, and excepting one year spent in England, she has been in Genoa, O., since the summer of 1860, and has been a member of the Spiritual Philosophy Society since then.

Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed that number, twenty cents for each additional line is charged. For terms and conditions, average made a time. No poetry admitted under this heading.

A Doctor's Confession.

"Humbog? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug, and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why, the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier. Very cozy was his office, too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He is a tall, thin fellow, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on: "I take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons, mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done, so, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Some time ago, you remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons every year write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., Aug. 7th, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the oldest story I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

LIST OF SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

(We desire our List of Lecturers to be at all times reliable. Therefore we ask those most interested to inform us of any changes that from time to time may occur.)—Ed. B. OF L.

Mrs. N. K. ANDRUS, Detroit, Wis.
Mrs. R. AUGUSTA ANTHONY, Albion, Mich.
Mrs. M. C. ALLRED, Barton Landing, Vt.
Mrs. H. ANDERSON, M. D., Cedar Falls, Ia.
C. F. ANSEL, N. Y.
JAMES MADISON ALLEN, Peoria, Ill.
WILLIAM ALCOCK, Lock Box 69, Orange, Mass.
Mrs. NELLIE J. T. BURLINGAME, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. E. H. BUTTER, Cheatham Hill, Manchester, Eng.
Mrs. R. W. SCOTT BRIGGS, 18 Allen street, Utica, N. Y.
J. H. BRADY, 1811 Broadway, New York.
ADRIEL L. BALLEW, 1021 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.
DR. J. A. B. BAILLY, 82 So. Washington Ave., Scranton, Pa.
H. B. BAKER, care Hotel, Washington street, Boston.
J. H. BUELL and Mrs. D. BUELL, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. A. P. BROWN, St. Johnsbury street, Vt.
J. H. BRYAN, 100 Broadway, New York.
J. FRANK BAXTER, 181 Walnut street, Chelsea, Mass.
Mrs. L. E. BAILEY, Battle Creek, Mich.
Mrs. ABRAHAM BUCHANAN, 50 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.
Mrs. EMMA J. BULLOCK, East Boston, Mass.
Mrs. L. H. BARNETT, 175 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, 6 James street, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. ELLEN M. BULLOCK, 222 Broadway, New York.
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Mrs. E. W. BISHOP, 105 E. 4th st., Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. NELLIE S. BAILEY, 100 Broadway, New York.
MILTON BAKER, 50 Bank street, Trenton, N. J.
J. H. BAKER, 47 N. 9th street, Philadelphia, Pa.
W. B. BAKER, care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. HETTER CLARK, Onondaga, N. Y.
GEORGE W. CARPENTER, 100 Broadway, New York.
Mrs. MARIETTA P. CROSS, West Hampstead, N. H.
Mrs. BELLE A. CHAMBERLAIN, Eureka, Cal.
DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O.
EDNA COLE, Hyde Park, Mass.
Mrs. CLARA A. COX, 204 1/2 street, Washington, D. C.
ANDREW CROSS, 30 South street, Portland, Me.
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Mrs. LORA S. CRAIG, Rome, N. Y.
Mrs. A. E. CUNNINGHAM, 490 Tremont street, Boston.
W. C. COWELL, 401 Centre street, New Haven, Conn.
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Mrs. ABRAHAM W. CROSETT, Waterbury, Vt.
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Mrs. E. CROSBY, 8 Dwight street, Boston.
Mrs. C. A. DELAFORTE, Hartford, Conn.
Mrs. S. DYCK, 3 Bowdoin street, Boston, Mass.
MISS CAROLINE E. DOWNER, San Jose, Cal.
CAROLINE C. VAN DYKE, Geneva, O.
CHARLES DAWHANS, San Leandro, Alameda Co., Cal.
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JOHN S. EAMES, Boston, Mass.
J. L. ENDER, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
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Mrs. MARY L. FRENCH, Townsend Harbor, Mass. Box 98.
Mrs. E. F. FLETCHER, 100 Broadway, New York.
Mrs. M. L. FLETCHER, Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
H. E. FAIRCHILD, Rochester, N. Y.
P. A. FIELD, Barnstable, Mass.
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DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD, Box 347, Rockland, Me.
Mrs. SUE B. FAIRBANKS, 14 Franklin street,

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