

BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. 69.

COLBY & RICH,
9 Bosworth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1891.

\$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 22.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Original Essay: Pious Hedging of Scriptural Truth. Apparitions: A Vicar's Ghost Story; Fanny Kemble's Ghost Story. Poetry: Can It Be? Literary Department: The Onward Wave.

SECOND PAGE.—August Magazine. Cancer and Its Cure. Banner Correspondence: Letters from Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Alabama.

THIRD PAGE.—Letters from Delaware, Maine, Connecticut, Kentucky, Ohio, and Illinois. Poetry: The Song of the Bow. Spiritualism Abroad: National Conference of Spiritualists at Bradford, England, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—Spiritual Phenomena Then and Now. Prof. Totten's Last Call. Intolerance and Allogathy versus Dr. J. M. Peebles, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—News Notes and Pithy Points. Meetings in Boston and Elsewhere. Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1891. Camp and Grove Meetings: Cassadaga (N.Y.) Camp, Lotela Lodge, Cleveland (O.) Notes. New Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Spirit Messages—Continued. Mediums in Boston. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Onset Bay, Mass.; Lake Pleasant, Mass.; Harwich Port, Mass.; Lookout Mountain, Tenn.; Kinsale, N. H.; Queen City Park; Parkland, Pa.; Niantic, Ct.; Indiana Camp-Meeting; Verona Park, Me., etc.

Original Essay.

PIOUS HEDGING OF SCRIPTURAL TRUTH.

BY FRANK PERKINS.

The Rev. Dr. Easton, pastor of Calvary Church, San Francisco, delivered a discourse recently on "Saul and the Witch of Endor." Following the usual course of the clergy on occasional specialties, he made Spiritualism the target of priestly invectives. In his consideration of Saul's character he disposed of him very tenderly as a religious cataleptic; but it is not easy for the reader of history to see where King Saul in any degree, sudden or otherwise, was possessed of a particle of genuine religious sentiment. His treacherous dealing with David revealed his true character and labelled him chief of Bible hypocrites.

In dealing with this narrative by a divine in the religious pulpit, there is a moral obligation to consider fairly all the characters connected with it: Samuel, as seer, prophet and oracle, was chief of the departments of civil and religious rule in the Kingdom of Israel. His nominations to office, when confirmed by anointing, were the fulfillment of a command from Jehovah, and no appeal from such decision was possible. The throne of Israel was vacant, and, as usual in such cases, candidates were in training for the place; and band-prophecy was one of the methods employed to establish fitness for the office. It is related that Saul joined himself to one of these chanting and instrumental bands, and the mention of his chief qualification was that of being "a head and shoulders taller than any other prophet of the band." He was accepted and anointed by Samuel as King of Israel. Samuel discovered too late that the anointing of Saul was a mistake, and he alone was responsible. Worried beyond endurance by the constant crookedness of Saul, he conferred on David the appointment to supersede Saul, and passed away.

In the meantime Saul started on the downward road of all tyrants—that of persecution. Those of spiritual tendencies were the special object of his wickedness and hate; banishment was his sentence, and death if they did not obey. The Philistines, learning that he was a coward, morally and physically, invaded his dominions, and he was forced to do battle on his own territory. His enemies had chosen their position for the final struggle, and Saul, in doubt and fear, invoked the aid of prophets, soothsayers and magicians to foretell the outcome at the hill of Bilboa; but the augury was at fault. He called on Jehovah, but he could get no answer to his petition, and Samuel would not respond. It was then that the pusillanimity of his character, as a last resort, came to his assistance, and he sought the aid, clandestinely, of the woman he had so foully wronged; and it was the only source from which he obtained the truth of the result of the battle that decided his fate the following day.

But the preacher on this occasion forgot or neglected to relate that portion of the Bible history. If it was a case of Christian charity that the Rev. Dr. desired to illustrate, the conduct of "the witch" after the materialization of Samuel (for that was what was wrought) furnishes one of the best proofs on scriptural record. The history runs that Samuel was dead and buried, and would not respond through the soothsayers with information for Saul; but through the mediumship of the Woman of Endor Samuel appears and informs Saul that he and his sons would join him in spirit-land on the coming morrow. At these words from Samuel, "Saul fell prostrate all along the earth, and there was no strength in him." It was then that the woman whom Saul had persecuted vindicated her claim to the name of Christian. From her scanty means she supplied his needs, spoke words of kindness and encouragement to him while weak and distressed; set before him bread and meat prepared with her own hands, and through her efforts he gained sufficient strength to depart that night. The narrative, as related in the twenty-eighth chapter of the first book of Samuel, is a complete vindication of the character and conduct of the spiritual medium of Endor.

It might not have been intentional on the part of Dr. Easton to abridge the lesson he was considering from an inspired standpoint, but it is a fact worthy of notice in this connection that the abridgement did occur at a point in

the history convenient to suggest that the odium of Saul's misdeeds was chargeable to his association (to quote *verbatim* the Doctor's words) with "Spiritualism, Clairvoyance and Theosophy," when just the opposite was the truth of the matter; truth in the ability of the medium to distinguish, clairvoyantly, the materialized form of Samuel from other forms; truth in her ability to produce the spirit of Samuel to the gross vision of Saul, and by him fully recognized; truth that familiar discourse was then and there literally demonstrated between mortal and immortal, through the psychic power of the medium of Endor; truth that the spirit-return of Samuel upon that occasion is coincident with spirit-return, as now daily manifested through clairvoyance, clairaudience and materialized forms; truth that the prophetic utterances and spirit-visitations recorded in the Old Testament, and the constantly occurring spiritual acts of Christ, as given in the New Testament account, are in consonance with spirit phenomena of the present day.

It is fair to conclude that all professing Christians, and especially their pastors and teachers, are stimulated by a desire to be respected in their chosen belief; and, to deserve such respect, must accord it to others who may honestly differ from them. In coupling Spiritualism with a history of a notoriously disreputable king, Dr. Easton speaks as one having authority to decide that Spiritualism is dangerous to seekers after truth. But is it not, rather, church dogma, creed and creed-makers that are imperiled, and hence this anxiety to misinterpret the handwriting that tells of shortage in their value of spiritual life? There is a growing impression manifest within and without the pale of church authority, that disaster awaits the dogmatism of creeds; especially are fear and trembling conspicuous when Spiritualism and Spiritualists are spoken of in (so-called) orthodox pulpits. Dr. Easton might have bethought the materialized form of this danger, which would account for his omission of an important portion of the Scriptural séance between Samuel, Saul and the medium of Endor, which is declared, in the above-mentioned chapter, to have taken place at Endor.

In conclusion, true Spiritualism seeks no other name. It is the foe of fraud; the enemy of all wrong; the consistent guide to being on earth; and the hope of immortality beyond. It is ancient as time and modern with every new-born day. There is no limit to the benefit it is bestowing upon mankind. Its influence and progress in the world are evolutions from the words of Christ to preach it to all people; beyond that which Spiritualism has done and is still doing in the direction of Christian truth, Dr. Easton in his word and work cannot go.

210 Ellis street, San Francisco, Cal.

Apparitions.

A Vicar's Ghost Story.

It was toward the end of October two years ago (writes the Rev. C. Lambert, M. A.), when business took me to Portsmouth for a few days. On the Saturday I returned, alighted at Hungerford Station, drove to Aldbourne, a distance of about eight miles, arriving there at six P. M.

The parish of Baydon was about two miles further on, and the evening being beautifully fine, a glorious full moon making all nearly as light as day, I determined to walk. Upon leaving Aldbourne, at first a short, steep hill is mounted. An old windmill on the left and some cottages next are passed, and then straight on the road, winding gently over the Downs, leads to the next village. On reaching the summit of this short steep hill, I naturally looked ahead; the road was straight for about four hundred yards, nothing unusual was visible; but some distance up, probably three hundred yards, a workman, apparently returning from his labor, stood about the middle of the road. He was standing sideways, and speaking to some one at a gate by which the adjoining field was entered. His short jacket looked snowy white in the moonlight, but in the distance nothing else could be distinctly discerned. I said mentally, "A mason's laborer," and walked on, no thought of the supernatural ever entering my brain.

Each moment I was getting nearer, but this workman still held his parley, as I thought. He had now been distinctly visible before me for some minutes, but no motion could I discover, nor voice could I hear. But a few yards now intervened between us. I instinctively stopped—a man, indeed, stood there, but there was something uncanny, unnatural about him. I advanced again; the moon shone brightly, not a cloud bedimmed its pale clear light. No, my eyes deceived me not—a short, slightly-built man stood before me; he wore a white jacket, jet black trousers, he never moved or spoke. The road was narrow; if I passed it must be very near him. But why these nervous tremors? Was I—a man—six feet in height, with nerves like steel when required, was I afraid? Absurd! But yet I felt I stood alone near something supernatural, some visitant of the nether world, and I trembled. Another step and I was beside it. Great heavens, it had no head!

Like lightning's flash the peasant's folk-lore crossed my brain. They tell of a poor suicide named Dore, who many years before, unbidden, had gone into his Maker's presence. Can it be he? I will speak. "Dore—unhappy spirit, tell me, God's priest, can I help you? Will prayers avail? How long wanderest thou these lonely roads? Is that thy help? To be compelled to visit, headless, the scenes of thy former life?" But there was no answer! I stood beside the spirit, and raised my hand to lay it on the snowy shirt—for shirt it was, not jacket—but lo! it passed through vapor—vapor which left no shadow! The sound of coming wheels in the distance. I looked away, and when again I sought the phantom it had gone—the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a trace behind. All fear or nervousness had left me, but I was bathed in nether world, and I trembled. In thought, my reverie being broken by Brind, the postman, as he drove quickly by. It was now but seven o'clock, and I had

reached the clump of trees where Dore (rumor said) hanged himself, and where his grave is shown. I stopped and looked, but nothing more was seen; nor have I since that evening ever witnessed anything extraordinary, although often have I walked that lonely road alone by day and night.

Two well vouched for instances, however, have reached me, one from the clerk of my church, a man of years and courage—an old soldier, too. One night, returning home from Aldbourne, a short, slight man noiselessly crossed the road immediately before him, carrying a ladder on his shoulder—doubtless to conceal the absence of a head—and vanished. Later still a lady (whose name I can give), one summer's eve, by daylight, saw the same form inside the hedge, and watched it apparently dissolve into air.

And now, ye scientists, what was it? And, ye religious teachers, let me ask, what think ye? According to your theory, "A good spirit is too happy to return to earth; a bad one is not permitted!" Which was this? For most certain it is that a visible presence was there. If Allan Kardec evoked this spirit of suicide, no doubt, like others whose replies he chronicled, we should hear that the spirit of the suicide has as many years to wander with a deformed spiritual body from which it cannot release itself as the course of its natural life, had the rash act not been committed.—Signed, H. C. Lambert, M. A., vicar of Baydon, Wilts. *—Marlborough (Eng.) Times.*

Fanny Kemble's Ghost Story.

A curious circumstance, which only came to my knowledge several years after my residence in this house in Bittenhouse Square, seems to me to possess sufficiently the qualities of a good ghost story to be worth preserving. The house was so constructed that a room half-way between the ground floor and the story immediately above it, commanded the flight of stairs leading to the latter, and the whole landing or passage on which the room on that floor opened.

These rooms were my bed and dressing rooms, the drawing-rooms and dining room being underneath on the ground floor. One evening my maid was sitting in the room from which she could see the whole of the staircase and upper landing; she saw the door of my bedroom open and an elderly woman, in a flannel dressing gown, with a bonnet on her head and a candle in her hand, come out, walk the whole length of the passage and return again into the bedroom, shutting the door after her. My maid knew that I was in the drawing room below in my usual black velvet evening dress; moreover, the person she had seen bore no resemblance to the figure or face to me, or to any member of my household, which consisted of three young servant women beside herself and a negro man servant.

My maid was a remarkably courageous and reasonable person, and though very much startled (for she went directly up stairs and found no one in the rooms) she kept her counsel, and mentioned the circumstance to nobody, though, as she told me afterward, she was so afraid lest I should have a similar visitation that she was strongly tempted to ask Dr. W.'s advice as to the propriety of mentioning her experience to me. She refrained from doing so, however, and some time after, as she was sitting in the dusk in the same room, the man-servant came in to light the gas and made her start, observing which, he said: "Why, lars, Miss Ellen, you jump as if you had seen a ghost."

In spite of her late experience, Ellen very gravely replied: "Nonsense, William; how can you talk such stuff? You don't believe in such things as ghosts, do you?" "Well," he said, "I don't know just sure what to say to that, seeing it's well known there is a ghost in this house." "Pshaw!" said Ellen: "whose ghost?" "Well, poor Mrs. M.'s ghost, it's very well known, walks about this house, and no great wonder, either, seeing how miserably she lived and died here." To Ellen's persistent expressions of contemptuous incredulity, he went on: "Well, Miss Ellen, all I can say is, several girls (i. e., maid-servants) have left the house on account of it," and there the conversation ended. A few days after this, Ellen coming into the drawing-room to speak to me, stopped abruptly at the door, and stood there, having suddenly recognized in a portrait immediately opposite to it, and which was that of the dead mistress of the house, the face of the person she had seen come out of my bedroom.

I think this is a very fair ghost story; and I am bound to add, as a proper commentary on it, that I have never inhabited a house which affected me with such intolerable melancholy and gloom as this, without any assignable reason whatever, either in its situation or any of its conditions.—Fanny Kemble, in "Further Record."

For the Banner of Light. CAN IT BE?

Can love that is bright as the sun's golden sheen,
And pure as the gems in the crown of a queen,
Cease to live with the life that has passed from our sight.

Gone before to the home of the spirits of light?
Can he who has known us and loved us so well,
Forget in the home where the bright angels dwell?
Would life be worth living if this were the last,
And ended were all in the night of the past?

Can it be that the spark which was given of God
Is dead with the ashes we lay 'neath the sod?
The honor of manhood, the sweet, trusting faith—
Can it be all is reaped with the sickle of death?

Can it be he has lived out his life's little span?
'T was noble and true: 't was the life of a man!
Can it be it is ended? Ah, no! just begun—
For his spirit is free and the victory won.

The spirit immortal has broken the chain
Which bound him to earth with its wearisome pain;
And he lives in a home where the purified are,
And life has no discords its music to mar.

He has lived, he has loved, he has suffered and died—
No—No—only floated away with the tide;
Just—just the dark stream to the opposite shore,
And awakens to glory unharmed or before.

He has gone from our earth-life; or rather his form
Has passed from our sight like a leaf in the storm;
But his spirit, the one whom we loved and still love,
Will strengthen and help us wherever we rove.

His visions of beauty, so lovely and sweet,
Are realized now where angel friends meet;
And the home he inherits, most wondrously fair,
Is brighter and sweeter than tongue can compare.

The casket which held the bright jewel was worn,
And the jewel has slipped from the case—it is gone
Where it shines with a brighter, more exquisite glow,
Than the heart can conceive of, or mortal can know.
J. G. B.

Literary Department.

THE ONWARD WAVE;

OR,

THE "LIFE-LINE" OF A SENSITIVE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS,

Of Clackamas, Ore., author of "Nirva, The Orphan Girl," Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

Sold to the Comanches.

(Continued.)

By this time we had neared the village; for it proved to be the home of a band of Comanche Indians of about one hundred souls. The dogs, of which every Indian village in the country is well supplied, began to bark at our approach, and the Indians, placing their arrows across their bows, stood waiting the order of their chief. But Mr. Magee rode boldly on as though he were going into a Kentucky village; he bade Tony, who understood the Comanche language, to say that they were peaceable, and came to see if we could trade some with him; to which the chief replied that his heart was good toward us; we might make his camp our home until we were rested from our journey, then he would see what we had to trade. We alighted from our saddles. Our mustangs were cared for, and a breakfast of broiled and dried buffalo meat, and a kind of bread, baked in the ashes, made of what is known in Kentucky as hogroot, but called by the Indians "solmi," was set before us. Although we had already eaten our breakfast, Tony said we must eat again or the Indians would take it as an unfriendly act on our part toward them.

Mr. Magee took a part of the food and gave it to Tony, Pedro and myself at one side—indicating by this that we were his slaves. This rather pleased the chief, for he now had less fears of treachery on our part. Our meal being over, after we had rested awhile Mr. Magee, in the presence of Tony and Pedro, said: "Jack, I've been wanting to get rid of you for the last six weeks, for I knew you were not to be trusted. I have taken this plan, hoping to sell you to the Indians as a slave for life. That is better than being killed, you know, for you may sometime get a chance to escape."

I began to demur to such unjust treatment, but he cut me short with a threat of instant death—which himself and his witnesses would afterward ascribe to the Indians. Knowing the desperate character I had to deal with, and remembering the voice of the morning: "The end is not yet," I remained silent.

Mr. Magee then told Tony to say to the chief that his business, at his home in Texas, was cattle-raising—that he lacked mustangs for his ranchmen, and had brought three of his slaves with him, one of whom he wished to trade for mustangs. The chief replied that he might buy a slave in that way, but mustangs were scarce; which one of the three would he sell? and how many mustangs did he expect for him? "I prefer to sell the American, and I want ten mustangs for him."

The chief looked me over, and offered five. Mr. Magee demurred at first, but finally agreed to take the five, provided they were good ones. In about an hour a drove of twenty mustangs were driven into camp, and Mr. Magee was told to take his choice from the lot, which he did, and with his two Mexican followers soon made his way out of camp and out of sight on the route back to the San Ladró Rancho, while I was left in bewilderment at the bold and cunning deed.

I was allowed to roam about the village the remainder of the day. At night I was called to the tent of the chief who bought me, and given my supper with four other slaves of his—two men and two women. These slaves were taken in war, and were allotted to do the greatest drudgery, while the slave that was bought was ranked above them. Consequently the slave women who did the cooking for the chief's family set my portion of each meal a little to one side as a mark of honor to my higher position, while the chief and his family took their meals in another part of the tent.

After supper I was allotted the same tent with the other slaves as a bedroom. A buffalo skin, dressed on the flesh side, was given me as a bed. Weary with travel and excitement, I soon fell asleep, nor awoke next morning until the sun was shining over the hills into the valley where the village was located. I was given my breakfast in the same way my supper was served. After breakfast a Mexican slave named Taos, taken in war, and who could speak a little English, came to me and said: "Americano, big chief 'Shake Ground' say 'Come.'"

I followed him to the chief's tent. The chief spoke a few words to him, and he again said:

"You be good Injun?"

I understood that the chief wished to know if I would voluntarily be good and obedient, and not try to run away. I replied in the affirmative. Then Taos brought some paint of Indian manufacture, and drew some marks on my face similar to the marks on the cheeks of the other slaves, only theirs were black while mine were red. I was then given a buffalo robe and two bear-skins as a bed, and enough dressed skins to make a tent large enough for myself, and was told to place it a little to one side, so as to be in easy call of the chief. I was

also allotted two mustangs on which to ride, a bow and quiver and twelve arrows. Mr. Magee had allowed me to keep the blanket I brought with me, which I used as a tent-overcoat in cold weather. Thus equipped I was reckoned a second-class Indian, or one of the favored of the slaves. Yet the shades of melancholy were plainly to be seen in my face. Was I doomed to live with the Indians for years—or maybe to the end of my days? Where was Minnie, and where were my relations? The young men taught me how to use the bow and arrow, then invited me to the chase, which invitation I gladly accepted just to break the monotony of time. The chase proved a valuable experience to me, for which I had use in after days; but neither the excitement of the chase, nor the amusements of the sports I was invited to, could ease the longing of my soul for home and civilization.

A creek ran through the valley in which the village was located; in this creek I would sometimes cast a line for fish (the Indians having traded with the Mexicans for hooks and lines), more to kill the dull hours than for any other reason. One day, while thus employed, I felt "Cuff's" presence near, and my soul yearned for Minnie more keenly than before. The chief's niece, "Cooling Dove," and another Indian woman, came by. "Cooling Dove" raised her hands and exclaimed in seeming excitement: "Manisule! Manisule!" which Taos told me meant shades of the dead, or guardian spirits. These two women then had much to say between themselves, using the word "Manisule" frequently, then went direct to the chief's tent. The welcome hours of night soon came, in which I could retire to my tent and drown my sorrow in sound sleep; but ere half the night had passed I was awakened by the entrance of two persons through my door. I arose from my bed, and as I arose a light like that of a candle filled the tent, and there stood "Cuff" and Minnie within three feet of me. "Cuff's" silver hair seemed to shine brighter than before, while over his face a smile of pleasure spread. Seeing they were recognized, Minnie fell on my neck and embraced and kissed me several times, saying as she did so: "My heart's true love, I see you again, thank heaven!"

I could not help expressing my surprise at seeing her, but she told me that an interior link between our souls had enabled her to come to me. "I am visiting you in spirit—on the spirit-plane of life," she explained; she also said that it was the same interior link by which "Cuff" had been enabled to draw me to the banks of the "Little Sandy," and save her from drowning; also to call me forth from the field to meet her at the beach tree by the roadside, when our souls spoke faster than our voices.

She explained that ever since I left home she had been filled with a desire to meet me again, yet could see but little more before her than "hope deferred." On one occasion, when specially tossed about by anxiety and doubt as to which way to turn, "Cuff" appeared to her and offered to show her the path to her wish: "He pointed," she said, "in this direction, and by the stream of light that reached from me far away to you in this wild region, I could see your heart beating for me. We followed that light and found you here!"

Our talk continued in this fashion for a brief season, and when the time came that she must go, she took my hand in both hers and said:

"Now, Jackson, I must leave you for awhile; but I am coming again. On the 18th day of December, about two years from now, will be my eighteenth birthday, and I invite you to our earthly wedding on that day. You must come."

I replied: "Dear Minnie, I would be glad to be able to make you a sure promise; but from present appearances I shall remain a prisoner here the remainder of my earthly life." Then, with an appealing look I can never forget, the spirit said: "Oh, you must come," and vanished from my sight!

CHAPTER X.

Mediumship among the Indians.

Next morning, just as I finished my meal, "Cooling Dove" came in and talked with the chief a few moments—in the course of which conversation I heard the word "Manisule" mentioned several times. Then she spoke to Taos a few words, when he said to me:

"Cooling Dove" say she see "White Flower" [Minnie] in your tent last night. She say you hear understan' Manisule."

Then the chief—who seemed to be much impressed by what had been told him—gave me a red leather girdle, to be worn around my body as a badge of office as interpreter between the living and the "dead." He then sent runners out to call the people together; when assembled, he addressed them to the effect, as interpreted by Taos, that I was to be

considered no longer a slave but a brother, and one of their people, with equal privileges with them; only I was not to leave the tribe except by their consent. I was told subsequently by those that they never intended I should get away.

Now that Minnie had been able to visit me—even in her spirit form—in my wilderness home, and I had been made a member of the Comanche nation, it would seem that my exile could have been more easily borne; but I had had a taste of the joys of refined and enlightened life, which only increased my longings for more. Still I could do nothing in that direction, only wait and hope.

I found the Comanche Indians to be a brave people. Though sometimes stooping to cruelty, yet in general they were just and generous; they possessed a regularly defined form of government, the provisions of which were taught each child among the first of its instructive exercises. At the time I speak of the nation was ruled by the head chief, "Roaring Thunder," assisted by six sub-chiefs, of whom "Shaking Ground"—to whose division of the people I was attached—was the first on the list. Indian names, as is well known, are mainly selected from natural objects or occurrences prominent at the birth of the child. A peal of thunder, which greeted the head chief's entrance upon the earthly stage of life, gave him his name, while an earthquake shock taking place at the time of his birth became the patronymic of "Shaking Ground," who had bought me as a slave but who had made me a brother to his people. "Cooling Dove" owed her name to a dove whose notes greeted the ears of the watchers at her birth.

The habits of these people, especially the female portion thereof, bespoke a considerable degree of innate refinement. Like their paler sisters their clothing was all made after their latest fashion—cut to fit the person neatly, and ornamented in the highest art known among them. But the material out of which this clothing was made was crude, being mostly the dressed skins of animals, with an occasional garment for the head composed of plaits of fine wire grass, the plaits being painted alternately red, black and yellow. Porcupine quills were used extensively in the ornamentation of their clothing, also the scales of some fishes and the white claws of some animals. The men dressed more plainly, with less ornamentation, except paint, which they used profusely; the chiefs sometimes wore a kind of necklace, or collar, made of the claws of the bear. All their apparel was gracefully worn.

In their domestic relations they were forbearing, living more as one family than as neighbors—often sharing the last pound of food with others, saying, "We will have more before night." When the village was short of provisions, the first meat brought in was shared with all. They visited and revisited from tent to tent; the men boasting their exploits in hunting or in war, while the older women praised the goodness of their children, and boasted that this one or that one, though a babe in the basket, could both see and talk with "Maniule."

In sickness they were attentive to the patient—visiting with each other who should serve him most; and if he died, all that division of the tribe mourned. They had doctors among them called "Sumachee," who seemed to possess considerable skill in the curing of disease. Their medicines were composed entirely of roots and herbs, and their mode of treating disease was by emetics, cathartics, bleedings, wet compresses and chafings with the hands.

Their marriage ceremony was simple and without deceit, and a case of inconstancy or of divorce was never known among these people.

The buffalo hunts called for the greatest activity among them. Fishing was done in those southwestern rivers at nearly all seasons of the year; also birds and small quadrupeds were caught for food almost every day; these were used for passing or extra meals, dried meats, roots and berries being reserved for general use. In the fall season, when the snows of the north drove the buffalo to more southern plains for food, the beginning of the Indians' harvest time arrived, which harvest continued until the return of the buffalo in spring to the northern plains again. The Comanche was careful of the slaughter of these animals, killing only enough for immediate use during the winter months; but when spring came—the time when the buffalo began to move slowly northward—there was a general rush for meat and robes to serve the people of the various villages until the return of the game next fall. Modern civilized(?) sportsmen, armed with repeating rifles, have now made the buffalo "a thing of the past."

While I was acting with "Shaking Ground's" division of the Comanche nation in fishing, hunting, dressing hides and laying up furs, six months had passed away, and the cold winds of the north were bringing the snows low down into the Brazos valley. Feed for the mustangs was becoming scarce, and "Shaking Ground" called a council of the "Maniule" to know what should be done—to move southward or try to winter at his present camp. The council met in the chief's tent, that is, all those who claimed to be able to converse, either by sight or hearing, with the shades of the "dead." Many others, enough to fill the large tent to its full capacity, came as spectators. The "Maniule" were, with two or three exceptions, all women, "Cooling Dove" being considered the chief talker. There was one, a nicely shaped young girl, called "Sun's Ray," who talked well, and spoke of seeing many things; there was also a young married woman called "Shadow," who talked at considerable length on this occasion; but those two spoke mostly on family affairs, telling this one and that one present what the shades said for them. Then they would seem to personate the departed friend or shade, and speak in a changed voice.

It was "Cooling Dove" who was looked to give information in regard to the general welfare. Her information—purporting to be given by "Gray Pelican," the spirit of a great chief of former times—was to move south to where there were green grass on the ground, buffalo on the hills, and fish in the water, but no special place was named as the best to go to. She took her seat. By this time I had pretty well learned the Comanche language—being more especially proficient when I felt "Cuff's" influence. My inner vision was opened. I saw "Cuff" standing by my side, together with many strange Indians—or spirits of departed braves, as the Comanche preferred to call them. "Cuff" said to me:

"Boy, you talk now. You tell 'Shaking Ground' what you see dat way," pointing with his hand toward the south-west.

I looked and saw a valley, in which ran a beautiful river. On this side, and close to the river, was a range of mountains, which it

would take a mustang a half-day to travel the length of. About one hour's ride below the mountains was a little river running into this larger river. There were trees on the hills.

At this point "Cooling Dove" arose, clasped her hands together, and said:

"That is the place, 'Shaking Ground'! 'Gray Pelican' saved that for Americano's 'Maniule'."

"Shaking Ground" recognized the place as a small stream running into the Rio Pecos, a short distance below the mountain of the same name.

The scene then changed. I saw a little girl dressed in red garments. Her hair, which hung down her back, was tied in the middle with a string. She wore moccasins ornamented with porcupine quills. I saw "Shaking Ground" take her on his arm, place her on the back of a black mustang, at which she seemed well pleased. She said:

"Toll papa, Tayme, his 'Red Bird,' is going with him to Pecos. But papa will have to run." The chief recognized the spirit as his little daughter, who had passed away one and a half years before. Her name was "Red Bird." She was her father's pet.

He was much affected by my description, but recovering himself said:

"We bathe our bodies in water. It is good. We bathe our hearts in tears. It is good. It is good that we keep one side of our hearts soft that we may be able to be kind when kindness is needed; that the shades may come more directly to us while we live, and that we may go to those we love when we die."

It was late in the evening when the council adjourned, and I retired to my tent, but not to sleep, for my mind was busy trying to solve the problem of the many and abrupt changes of Indian life, when, feeling "Cuff's" influence on my left, I turned in that direction and saw him advancing with Minnie. The spirit Minnie seemed overjoyed to meet me again, and expressed a wish to remain with me, (as "Cuff" was accustomed to do,) rather than bear the pain of continued separation; but I explained that it was impossible:

"Much as I would enjoy your continued presence," I said, "your material form would soon decay, and that would defeat all our hopes on the earthly plane."

Our conversation continued for awhile. I inquired of her about home affairs, of which she told me many particulars. She had, she said, informed her people I was not in Texas but among the wild Comanches, and would be at home on the 18th day of December, about one year from that time; but her people did not credit her story. Her mention of the 18th day of December, her birthday—and, as she believed, her future wedding-day—recalled her mind to the earth-plane of life, and she seemed more reconciled to return, and reminding me to be sure to be at home on that date, she was soon lost to my inner sight.

CHAPTER XI.

"Stamped" at Gee Lush.

Next morning all was activity for the move. The mustangs were brought up, and tents, household goods and provisions were placed on a part of them, the women and children on others, while the men and boys each rode one, driving the loose animals before them. While the march was going on, good hunters were sent out on either side and in advance, if perchance they might be able to kill some animals that would do for food for the people. After a six days' march, we made our camp for the winter on the south bank of the Gee Lush, or Fish River, a branch of the Rio Pecos. The grass was green and plentiful here, with many fish in the stream and buffalo among the hills. It was easy work to care for the animals and to provide the people with food until the return of the dry season of the next year.

To me the winter months dragged slowly along. Although there were flowers on the hills, the landscape was beautiful to behold, and the continuous south winds gave us almost perpetual spring weather, yet I was dull in spirit, and perhaps less active in form than I otherwise might have been.

The hot days of approaching summer at last drew near. The summer's supply of buffalo meat had been secured and dried, and the skins had all been dressed for home use or for sale, the market for such being Santa Fé, where the Indians went once or twice each year to trade ponies, furs and dressed skins, for blankets, steel arrowheads, fish-hooks and lines, etc. "Shaking Ground" seemed still to be content with his present camp, when one afternoon I was out on the hills alone; feeling weary, I lay down in the shade of a live oak to rest; I soon felt "Cuff's" presence near. Both himself and "Gray Pelican" approached, the latter saying:

"Hasten, and tell 'Shaking Ground' to move northward."

Then, on his pointing with his hand toward the Pecos river, I looked and beheld about one hundred Lucup warriors crossing the stream in the direction of our camp, each well armed and painted for fight. Seeing that the warning was received, the two spirits disappeared, and I hastily returned to camp to tell "Shaking Ground" what I had heard and seen; whereupon the chief said:

"We have two scouts in that direction. However, it may be well to send others as far as the river."

[To be continued.]

August Magazines.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—"Portraits of Thackeray" is the subject of the leading paper, by F. G. Kitton. The illustrations are a bust of the novelist at the age of eleven, two sketches at the age of twenty-nine, and six other engravings, one being "Thackeray in His Study" (1854). Following, and appropriately, W. S. Hunt writes "Concerning Some Punch Artists." "The Maddocks Collection at Bradford," a copiously illustrated paper, is followed by a "Postscript" to H. Bing's Study of "Hokusai," the Japanese Painter. Six finely executed engravings, one a portrait of Sir John Herschel, illustrate "The Artistic Aspects of Figure Photography," an instructive contribution to this month's contents by P. H. Emerson. A paper on the Sculpture of H. S. Leitch is illustrated with some of the best examples of the artist's work. The frontispiece is an etching of Wm. Thorne's "Romance Without Words." New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—A picture of M. Arsène Houssaye, journalist, novelist, historian, editor, and Director of the *Comité Française*, is the frontispiece, of whom an interesting sketch is given in the opening paper, the first part of a charming article on "The Spartans of Paris," by General Meredith Read. John L. Heaton deals with "The Fifteenth State" in a very informative paper relating to the first settlement of Kentucky. A picture of the first post-office in St. Joseph, Mo., an old hat, introduces an interesting account of "The Beginnings" of that city, one of the finest in the State. The first Bishop of New York, Samuel Provoost, D. D., and the exciting events of his time, form the subject of a scholarly study by Dr. Hartley. Of the remaining

contents the most notable is a paper by Caroline E. Upham, "The Hewit Children of Salem," describing incidents that led to the tragedies of 1892. New York: 743 Broadway.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY continues the serials by Mrs. Chapman ("The Lady of Fort St. John") and Mr. Bayly ("The House of Martha"); gives a short story, of marked interest, by Henry James, titled "The Marriages"; and has a really fine paper on Gen. Sherman, by John C. Hooper; "The Reform of the (United States) Senate" is considered by Wendell P. Garrison; Agnes Repplier gives "The Oppression of Notes" a piece of her mind—foot-notes, not notes of hand; being met thereby; W. D. McCracken discusses with perspicacity and power on "Six Centuries of Self-Government"—Switzerland being the country referred to. Other papers, sketches, poetic effusions, etc., not here named, are to be found in the present issue, together with excellent reviews of current literature, and the "Contributor's Club." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Publishers.—The September issue of *The Atlantic* will contain a new story by Rudyard Kipling, entitled: "A Disturber of Traffic."

ST. NICHOLAS.—In keeping with the lightness and brightness of midsummer, "Puck and Fairies" is the subject of the frontispiece, and "A Rhyme of Robin Puck," that of a contribution in graceful verse, leading the contents, the first by G. W. Edwards, the second by Helen Gray Cone. In "The Crowned Children of Europe," Chas. K. Backus gives an account of those of Holland, Spain and Serbia, with photographs. "Some Incidents of Stanley's Expedition" are told by E. J. Glave, and Stanley's Zanzibar boy, Saleh Bin Osman, of whom a portrait is given, relates the story of his own life. C. R. Talbot contributes a yachting story, and another swimming hole story is given by W. S. Bigelow. As a whole, this number has never been excelled in the variety and excellence of its contents. New York: The Century Co.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED.—A colored plate representing a rare and beautiful form of *Aquilegia* is the frontispiece, and an instructive paper on the management of flower gardens the leading article. A brief but interesting description of a botanizing tramp among "The Flora of Provincetown" is given by Florence Burnham. "Some Desirable Climbing Plants" are named, and in "Foreign Notes" and "Pleasant Gossip," entertainment and instruction are happily blended. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—A beach scene in midsummer is given at the opening, and among a host of good things for the youngest of the family, an illustrated sketch of the antics of a big monkey and one of "How Great Dan Reasoned," will attract their special notice. Boston: Russell Publishing Co.

Cancer and Its Cure.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Pathology.—Cancer has its origin in catarrh, and hence the seat of the disease is upon the lining membrane of the brain; it is related to all the forms of scrofula—cancer being the crowning effort of the malady. It is a progressive disease, and essentially hereditary. Consumption is one of the most destructive forms of the disease, however not so malignant as cancer and leprosy; the two latter are one and the same disease—the difference being the different mode of manifestation. It is those cases that do not terminate in consumption—that slip serpent-like through three or four generations, and carry the taint through hereditary descent—that end in cancer. The constitutional malady is a septic condition of the body, accompanied by a specific poison of a most virulent nature, that the decaying body is continually generating.

For a general description of the hydra-headed monster I refer my readers to the medical books; my object in thus treating this part of the subject is to bring to light the fact from whence it is—which has not hitherto been known. I will now proceed to give the means of cure, and how to prevent an attack of the disease.

Treatment.—Take permanganate of potash, thirty-two grains; put it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with whiskey—water will do if the weather is warm. Dose, one teaspoonful three times a day, diluted in a tumblerful—eight ounces—of water. (Women should take three quarters of the dose prescribed above.) Also wild indigo, fluid extract, two ounces; dose, ten drops three times a day; dilute in a spoonful of water; rye whiskey three times a day; dose, one to two tablespoonfuls. New milk fresh from the cow, warm, is an excellent auxiliary treatment—dose, one pint morning and evening.

The disease being a septic condition of the body of the highest order, the most powerful antiseptics must be exhibited, and enough of them to destroy the disease, or to stop the decay, and allow the body to recover its equilibrium. This is the theory of the treatment. The properties of the remedies employed are: Permanganate of potash, antiseptic, disinfectant, detergent, alterative, expectorant, febrile, diuretic and deodorizer. The wild indigo is emetic, cathartic and a powerful antiseptic. The rye whiskey is stimulant and antiseptic. The milk is expectorant, sedative, narcotic and antiscrofulous, and possesses all the properties to build up a healthy body in due proportion, that it may regain its equilibrium. Hence the adaptation of the remedies to the disease under consideration.

Local Treatment.—Take hog's lard, four ounces, mutton tallow, two ounces, melt together; allow to cool; this is for a menstruum; then add oxide of zinc, six drachms, yellow dock fluid extract, six drachms, quinine six drachms, creosote one and one-half drachms; mix, spread on cloth, and apply to the part affected; dress twice a day. This will cure cancer, leprosy or any other kind of a sore, and should be used in connection with the treatment given above; if the cancer is in the eye apply quinine; dress twice a day.

The treatment offered above will most surely cure all kinds of cancer and leprosy. It may be expected to cure consumption (if any of its varieties) in a month, although it may be far advanced in the third stage. It will cure all other kinds of diseases that have septic conditions for a foundation. Also typhoid and all malignant fevers. Of course it will cure catarrh and all other forms of scrofula, and all other diseases that result from scrofula; in fact, it is the remedy for all chronic diseases. It has a wide range of application—nearly all forms of paralysis, heart disease, lumbago, diseased kidneys, and other diseases which the doctors find it so difficult if not impossible to relieve. It is beyond a doubt one of the greatest discoveries that was ever made.

F. M. WALKER.

Alderglen Springs, Sonoma County, Cal.

Mr. William Henry Smith, the Manager of the Associated Press, has written an article for the August Century on "The Press as a News Gatherer," in which he describes the origin and growth of that famous organization, the Associated Press. The entire world is covered in its wonderful system. Its leased wires, operated under its own direction, exceed ten thousand miles in length, and it pays nearly two millions of dollars a year for service.

Jamaica Ginger is nowhere beside Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for all summer troubles.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

SALEM.—"O. M. N." writes: "At the present time the American mind and body is kept at continual 'high pressure,' with no thought of the consequences entailed thereby. Everybody is rushing along through life, and trying to make more than one day's work in one, even by prolonging the duties of the day into the hours of the night. The mother who has many little ones for whom to sew, and the mother and girl whom circumstances compel to go out to work to get the necessities of life, seem obliged to turn a part of the night into day. The student who wishes to accomplish as much as possible in a certain time and with limited means, seems called upon to work long after all nature has put on her restful robe and is calling for repose."

But these are not all who are infringing on Nature's laws. Those whom circumstances have more kindly favored often demonstrate a like disregard—without their pressing excuse—for the laws of being.

Twilight is very suggestive of a time that we may sit down quietly by ourselves and ponder over our day's work, think and plan for the morrow, or, what is even better, meditate upon the day's adventures and influences which do all good, to review each day at nightfall, and thus make a specialty of doing so, and insist upon being alone for that purpose, other things will interfere and the habit cannot become fixed. Very few have time or take time to occupy these twilight moments as they would like, if their business or their work were not so pressing.

Why this rushing? For what this continual hurry? Let each ask, why rob this physical frame of what it justly requires? The constant wear of any machine will cause it to wear out much sooner than is necessary; so the incessant action of our organisms will cause them to expend their reserve strength much sooner than it was designed they should.

Then, too, Nature has given us minds with which to study her laws and reason upon them; and it behooves us to think carefully upon the laws of our own health, as well as those that govern the universe. Yet this must be done with consideration, for an overworked mind will entail upon us exhaust and nerves of brain, and the wisdom of Nature will be obliged to suffer more, less in sympathy therewith. It is the duty of every person to study himself and all the laws relating to his physical frame, and to govern his habits and actions for the best good and health of this beautiful specimen of God's handiwork—the home of the soul.

ONSET.—"Heath" writes: "I have had the pleasure of sitting with Elder J. N. Sherman of Rumford, R. I., (an Advent preacher for more than twenty years.) By peculiar spiritual leadings he has become a confirmed Spiritualist. His method of giving tests and spiritual manifestations is so peculiar and novel that the readers of THE BANNER may be pleased to peruse a description of it. Several bells are arranged upon a table, above each of which are suspended two magnets in such a position that any force applied to them from the outside will ring a bell. Several images are suspended in different bottles which are closely corked, and, when requested, the spirits controlling will cause the image to strike the bottle upon the inside. The first represents an ancient Egyptian magician, the second, Lorenzo Dow, and the two in one bottle represent the Queen and Princess of the Marquesas Islands; Lottie and her daughter Parcena. These images answer questions without any contact of the hands or the exercise of will-power upon the part of Mr. Sherman, who is giving exhibitions free to any who desire to see physical manifestations. He is at the Metropolitan House, Union Avenue.

The new departure from the sleepy doctrine of Adventism to the living, wide-awake truth of spiritualism, is a complete change in faith and belief, and the Elder is honest in every movement, and fearless of criticism. His change was gradual; first becoming convinced that salvation must go beyond this life, and that all would receive illumination, still clinging to the resurrection of the dead; but a full investigation of the phenomena has driven finally every vestige of Adventism away, and he stands strong in the light of reason instead of holding to the dogmas of church faith.

LAKE PLEASANT.—W. L. Jack, M. D., writes: "A more beautiful day than that on which our Camp opened Lake Pleasant has seldom experienced, and every individual was buoyant with joy and gladness. The music of the Worcester Band, always good, was never better, and under the direction of its courteous and gentlemanly conductor gave perfect satisfaction."

We had with us Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes and Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, accompanied by her excellent and genial husband. They were guests of Mrs. Rogers (artist) of Troy, whose cottage is on the bluff.

Mrs. W. R. Tice, sister and son, are at their cottage on Lyman street. Mrs. Nichols of Brooklyn is expected soon.

Mr. Tozier and family are at their pleasant cottage, with Flossie also, and are enjoying themselves as ever.

Mr. Pasco's cottage is one of the most unique on the grounds. One of the prettiest spots here is Sunshine Park, Mr. G. W. Sparrow always keeping it in the best order. Pictures should be taken by hosts of others of his Garden Park, attached to the cottage adjoining.

Mrs. S. B. Fales is at her cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Dow are at the Storrs cottage. Mrs. Willard and daughter Kate are at Bijou cottage. At Mrs. L. Baines's cottage are Mr. and Mrs. Moses and daughter of Charlestown, Mass. Mrs. Mattie Albee meets a welcoming smile of joy wherever she goes. Mr. Bertie Blynn is popular with his friends. Mrs. Waterhouse has a cottage and a pretty one, and will soon be in it.

This is my eighteenth year at Lake Pleasant, and having disposed of my cottage, it is quite likely I may be located elsewhere in the future."

New York.

ROCHESTER.—"Lm" writes: "To use the words of one William, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' I am moved to write my thoughts and experiences both as a man and a medium. In the spring of 1848, one evening in the village of Newark, N. Y., I heard some of the village boys talking over Hydeville and the raps. Some said, 'Come, let us go over' (Hydeville is one and a half miles north of Newark); others said, 'No.' I in my wisdom said (as many do to-day), 'Humbly.' Thought has moved a little since, so have I. In the summer of 1852 I found myself in San Francisco, Cal. A friend said to me: 'Come to my house this evening if you want to hear a fiddle played lashed up against the wall and no one near it.' For some reason I did not go, as I intended to. Later I became acquainted with Russel Ellis and wife; they had come all the way from Maine, bringing their house with them (spirits and all). They opened a lodging house for mortals, so I took a room. As Mrs. E. was of an inquiring turn of mind, she soon learned that I was from near Hydeville, and expressed my opinion of the raps. It was not too large and had a question for me then to answer: I could say little or nothing in their favor. She then said to me: 'I am a medium, and I sometimes get automatic writing'; so we sat at a table, I to see if I had any friends about, and sooner than I can write it a letter was written by some power, and my father's full name signed to it, he giving me some good advice. (He passed on about the year 1830.) Then I began to ask: 'Time moved on into the seventies. I living in this city at that time. One evening I had a call from Mrs. Goodwin, a clairvoyant (sister of Mrs. Hyzer). We seated ourselves to talk; soon she remarked: 'I see something I do not understand; I see a large man with dark hair and eyes. He holds a flag-staff with a red flag attached to it, and on the flag the letters R. S. in white. Now he holds an anchor and a long silver chain attached to it, and the

chain runs to you. I do not understand it.' I did, at once, and I will explain it. In the year 1824-5 my father sailed a sloop from Newark to Providence, R. I. That sloop—the *Walrus*—carried a red flag with the letters R. S. on it. In the fall of 1829 he went south in the sloop, and she was wrecked on the coast of Texas, and he had taken that way to prove his identity.

Later on, while sitting in my quiet corner, I heard a voice, and it said: 'Get a slate' (I heard voices then, and do now). I obeyed the voice. But 'the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley.' Now the voice was my mother's voice, and I knew it. Most boys know a mother's voice, and they do well if they listen. I got the slate, and I thought that I was to be an independent slate-writer, and so get ahead of Moses; for, as you know, he was only an automatic writer. He who wrote on the wall for Belshazzar was an independent writer. He who writes comes to me when I sit and hold a pencil on slate or paper; but pencil won't go without the friends use my hand, so I am living on faith. One day, after writing automatically about a year, the voice said: 'Put up the slate, for we can do better.' I obeyed the voice, though I felt that I was about to lose something I had enjoyed very much.

Soon I began to hear voices all around me, and I leave the latebating out for all who come. I never feel alone; they talk to me in my quiet corner, on the noisy street, or ride with me on the electric car. They tell me what they can or want to, with the understanding that I am to believe what looks to me reasonable. They tell me of the past, the present and the future, and I can trust that is the part of my life that I most enjoy. I often go into a room where there are a dozen or more strangers, and I tell each one who is standing by them, either by giving the full name or describing the individual spirits, so that they are recognized by their friends. Yet I am in what I call my normal state. I do not often see spirits when I am being used by them to talk or be talked through. They use my vocal organs (not my eyes) to say what they wish to. I vouch for nothing, but say: 'Use your judgment. I am not entranced.' I use the word absorbed. I simply lend my organs to be used for the time."

ONEONTA.—George H. Smith writes, on renewing his subscription: "Mr. Henry Hibbard has taken THE BANNER ever since Chas. Partridge published the *Spiritual Telegraph* in New York. I used to visit the Fox girls at the home of Mr. Partridge, some thirty-five years ago, and then bought THE BANNER on Sunday mornings, at the meetings held on 34th street, near 6th Avenue, New York. There are but few Spiritualists in this section. I have often tried to form a circle, and I have met people here but without success. Still I do not give up all hope of dispensing some light in this community."

To this end our kind correspondent writes that papers be sent him as per notice on our fifth page, headed "Copies of Banner for Circulation." We shall be glad to forward papers in this way wherever desired. Send us your applications, friends.

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—John A. Hoover writes: "I am pleased with the prospect there is of the publication of Dr. F. L. H. Willis's book. Please place my name on the list for two copies of the work; if I were able, it should be a half dozen. My best judgment tells me that a man who has sacrificed—as he has—so many days of his life upon the altar of Spiritualism, concerning his work when the Cause was decidedly unpopular, has a vast experience to leave as a legacy to the world. Thousands have been electrified by his manly devotion to truth; and the eloquence of his discourses has ever been uplifting and heart-warming. Now let those who have so often listened to this staunch veteran come forward in support of the proposed volume and put their names down for copies of the book; they will in return receive a treasure that will be as a flower-garden arranged by angel hands!"

Who does not value the contributions to Spiritualism of the occult writings of the learned Dr. Julius Körner? What a wonderful book is the 'Sehnen von Prevorst'! It has been of world-wide fame. The same with the classical works of Baron von Guddenstube; how positive his proof of spirit return in his 'Realität der Geister-Welt'! Dr. John von Stilling, who wrote in the early part of the present century, in his 'Geister-Kunde' left behind him a treasure that is valuable to day. Had these writings been given what they knew in essays and lectures to institutes and audiences, instead of placing it in book form, we of to-day would not be reaping the harvest of their sowing. Hence I realize the importance of placing the golden thoughts and experiences of noble men in a permanent record, that future generations may come to the libraries we leave behind and participate in our mental feast. In this way can be verified the apt saying of the great Socrates: 'Brief as is the mortal span of earth, yet the memory of a life nobly rendered is immortal.'

SHAMOKIN.—Dr. D. J. Stansbury is in receipt of the following letter from a patron in the above named locality: "Dear Sir: This is to inform you that I received the sealed slates all right, and was entirely satisfied with the result. I found them just the same in every particular as when we sent them, with this exception, that I got two very intelligent messages on them—one from my father, the other from Spirit 'The Spirit.' These pictures are seven marks close together in four different colors."

This is the second time I have tried to get slate writing, and I think it is a grand success. Skeptics who saw the slates before and after they were opened say it is wonderful, and that they cannot get over the results. The pictures and messages filled the slates full.

You will hear from this place again shortly.

JOHN FORTUNE.

103 Marshas street, Shamokin, Pa.

NORRISTOWN.—Peter Kirtener writes us that a circle is held regularly at his home; the members being well advanced in a practical knowledge of spirit communion. At this circle independent slate-writing has been a successful feature for two years; and for three months past independent spirit voices have been heard during the meetings. Certain garbled reports of these seances having found publicity in the Philadelphia papers, he desires to disclaim the statements there made.

Alabama.

CENTRE.—A. M. Pratt writes: "A few months ago I read an article in THE BANNER from N. S. Fogg of Delaware. It brought to my recollection an incident that occurred in this county in 1864.

General Sherman's army was stationed in Cherokee County, Ga., nearly two weeks, his headquarters being at a small village, Garrettsville. From this point he started on his famous 'March to the Sea.' He crossed Coosa river, in a southeasterly direction, and three young federals lagged behind and were captured by the guerrilla, Gatewood. He started with his prisoners, and passed the store of G. W. Howell, who plead for the lives of those young men. One of them, whom Mr. Howell described as a handsome man with jet black hair, begged Gatewood to spare his life; and that his father was a rich man who lived in Ohio, and would give him thousands to free him as a hostage. Gatewood refused all money, and carried them to New Hope church, shot them, and buried their bodies in a shallow hole.

I was an eye witness to the sequel. In October, 1865, an old gentleman from Ohio walked into Mr. Howell's store and told him that a spirit had told him that he had given his son a metallic coffin with him. Mr. Howell carried him to the spot; the remains were exhumed and identified by the hair, which was still natural.

This gentleman never met Gatewood, who left at the close of the war, dreading the return of the true Southern soldiers, who scorned a dastardly act; soared veterans who had

CONTAINING seven sections on Vital Magnetism, and
Illustrated manipulations, by DR. STONE. For sale at
this office. Price \$1.25; cloth-bound copies \$2.00.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Booksellers, 9 Bowditch Street (formerly Montgomery Place), corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, at Wholesale and Retail. Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid in O. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—one and two preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission respectfully declined. Any Book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications may be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for issuing the order, which is 5 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1891.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Bowditch Street, corner Province Street, (Lower Floor.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS: THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 69 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER, LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR, JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All communications relative to literary or editorial matters must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters must be sent to ISAAC B. RICH.

Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

Subscription Terms for The Banner.

A Camp-Meeting Secretary writes under a recent date:

"Will you please state prominently your special rates for new subscribers for one year, six months, three months, or one month, that we may announce the same from the platform? We would like to see THE BANNER in as many new hands as possible."

Thanks, friend, for your good wishes. Our terms for subscription are as follows:

Per Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.25
Three Months	.65
One Month	.25

Postage Free.

We earnestly hope for your cordial assistance—and that of the officers and friends at all these summer gatherings—in efforts to extend the circulation of THE BANNER.

To the Friends of the Cause.

Taking it for granted that you would like to extend the circle of readers for the best family paper in the world—the BANNER OF LIGHT—we call attention to the fact that patrons can have the paper for one year at the recently reduced price (\$2.50), including either a nicely bound volume entitled "A GALAXY OF PROGRESSIVE POEMS," by John W. Day, "VISIONS OF THE BEYOND," edited by Herman Snow, or "SPIRIT INVOCATIONS; OR, PRAYERS AND PRAISES," provided a request for the book is made at the time of sending the subscription.

Spiritual Phenomena Then and Now.

INVESTIGATIONS OF THE AMERICAN PSYCHICAL SOCIETY IN TESTING SPIRITUALISM. Chairs Jump Upon the Tables; Even with a Person Seated in It, a Rocking Chair, after Moving Violently for Awhile, Mounts with Its Burden.

(Special Dispatch to the Associated Press.)

LOWELL, MASS., July 29th.—The Committee of Investigation of the American Psychical Society, formed to test Modern Spiritualism, and prominent on whose roll of membership are the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton of New York, and the Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston, have just finished a series of three sittings with Miss Josephine Lord of this city.

Miss Lord is a young lady with her father and mother, has never known anything of Spiritualism, and until recently has been a member and a constant attendant of the First Baptist Church. About two years ago her favorite brother was taken very ill. A female friend, who was calling, foretold his immediate death, which, proving correct, impressed Miss Lord and family very much. Heartbroken, they sought, like many others, consolation in Spiritualism, and thus began the mediumistic career of Miss Lord.

The phenomena produced by Miss Lord are of a peculiar character, occurring for the most part in the light. At the first sitting, held under the direction of the Rev. T. Ernest Allen of Providence, R. I., Secretary of the American Psychical Society, with six others present, three canes, one of wood, another of glass and another one steel, were made to stand upon the floor for five minutes in a vertical position. At a command from Miss Lord the canes moved in any direction indicated, but they would not respond to a request made by any other person in the room.

She then took one of the sticks in her hand, and, although apparently holding it lightly between her fingers, no person present was able to take it from her. This phenomenon is something after the Lulu Hursor order.

The second sitting was presided by B. O. Flower of Boston, editor of *The Arena*. Mrs. Flower and Mr. Garland, all being members of the society. On this occasion the manifestations were far more varied and striking in character. Sitting in the dim light around the table, shadowy forms were seen plainly moving here and there, bending over and breathing some word of comfort in a whisper; then seeming to rise in the air, to be lost in the deepening shadows.

rose somewhat higher a second time, returning quickly to the floor again. Making a third attempt, a thought moved by some superhuman force, it lifted itself squarely on the top of the table, and began rocking violently.

A murmur of surprise went through the room. After a little delay, Mr. Flower declared himself wonderstruck, and suggested that the chair be returned to the floor, saying as he did so: "Could any one sit in the chair, I wonder? and if so, could both be lifted?"

Instantly three hand raps were heard, which is the signal for "yes." Having thus gained the consent of the unseen agents, Mrs. Flower, with much trepidation, seated herself in the chair, the company meantime all joining in singing a familiar hymn. This had continued for a few minutes only, when the chair, despite all of Mrs. Flower's efforts to prevent it, began slowly to rock backward and forward. In vain did the occupant place her feet upon the floor, and protest that the chair should not move. It continued, gaining gradually in force and velocity.

Every eye was fixed upon the chair and its occupant, which were both plainly visible in semi-darkness. An exclamation of fear arose as the chair was lifted with its occupant fully ten inches from the floor, and then sunk back again just as it had done in the first instance. "Are you afraid?" asked several persons of Mrs. Flower. They saw she looked somewhat pale.

"N-o, not v-ery," was the answer hesitatingly given.

The last word had not left her lips when, as though with one mighty effort, the chair and its occupant were both placed on the top of the table, in the presence of the astonished company.

At the third sitting, in the presence of the same company, about the same phenomena occurred with an additional mystery. Near the ceiling was a large picture-hook. One of the men present asked permission to place something on it, and was told by loud raps that he might do so. A stool was placed on the table, and he folded a bank-note lengthwise and tied it about the hook.

After he took his seat all joined hands, and soon all were softly singing. The light was very dim. Not more than five minutes had passed before the medium uttered a cry more like the war-whoop of an Indian than anything else. Throwing her hands upward she caught the bank-note from the air just above her own head.

With this manifestation the meeting broke up, not, however, until the members of the society had expressed their complete satisfaction with what had occurred, and suggesting a continuance of these remarkable sittings in the autumn.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

History is ever repeating itself. The physical phenomena, and many of the mental experiences which accompanied the advent of the New Dispensation over forty years ago, and have been measurably laid aside by the veterans in the subsequent lapse of time, are now being brought to the front by the new-comers into the movement as grounds for wonderful surprise, or are paraded as a gravamen for the theologic-scientific endorsement by "profound observers" outside the ranks of Spiritualism of a "something" new and out of the common course, and highly worthy their "distinguished consideration."

The new American Psychical Society has made its initial bow to the public in the form of the dispatch we quote above from the staid columns of the associated daily press. But we submit that these later inquirers have unearthed nothing novel in this direction if the report is correct; many such instances are on record in Spiritualist papers and books—but the ministers, scientists, agnostics, etc., making up this Society will not credit them—neither would the daily press hasten to give them publication, if asked so to do.

In proof of our assertion let the reader turn to pages 45-51 of that interesting and standard work, "BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. J. H. CONANT," issued by Wm. White & Co., publishers of the BANNER OF LIGHT in 1873, and he will find our statement clearly proven, and the phenomena there recorded of the *THEB-1852*—to embody quite an equal degree of wonder and power with those of the *Now-1891*.

"The public reception-room of Mrs. Conant, at about this time (1852), began to be the scene of very unique physical manifestations, varied in character as to violence or quiet humor, some of the most important of which are here recorded. The table used for her sittings was of oak, three feet six inches in length, and very heavy. When the company sat around it in the circle, sometimes it would be made so light by the agency of the spirits that Mrs. Conant could lift it with one hand; at others, the same table was rendered so heavy that four men found it impossible to raise it from the floor. It would frequently—sometimes without warning, when no sance was being held—be tipped at an angle of forty-five degrees, while the pens, paper, ink, and other paraphernalia which covered it would be held in place—not an article falling upon the carpet. The individuals generally composing her circle were finally told that if they had the patience to sit and wait for the manifestation, they should see clearly defined spirit forms. They announced themselves as possessing a clear agency of that quality. One evening, when a party of six were gathered around the table, the promise was renewed, and all those present became quiet save Mrs. Conant, who found it impossible to do so by reason of the magnetic draught which was kept up upon her vital powers. The party continued to wait patiently from six P. M. to twelve midnight, and at last, as if to reward their faith or persistence, there suddenly appeared behind Mrs. Conant what seemed a fleecy cloud of light smoke, luminous and bright. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in mistiness. It rose gradually, expanding itself into a pillar-like form some five feet in height, when it slowly parted, disclosing a human figure, which bowed to them and smiled—the lips moved, but gave forth no sound. The apparition remained in plain sight of all present—including Mrs. Conant, who turned around in order to view it—long enough to be fully cognized as to details of countenance and drapery, and then became enveloped again in

Price, 6 cents per bottle, postage 10 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

