

BANNER OF LIGHT.

AN EXPONENT OF THE
PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH

VOL. 70.

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Original Essays.

The Religion of the Dakotas.

BY MAJOR C. NEWELL.

SINCE the publication of my letter in the July 4th number of THE BANNER, there are so many inquiries to know what the religion of the Dakotas (Sioux) really consists of, that I thought it might be well to write out the facts and give them to you for publication. So much has been said and written upon the subject by men and women who claim to have lived among them, that what I may say will be received with many vague apprehensions, yet what I tell you can be proven to be truth beyond a question of doubt by any one who will go to work to investigate from an unbiased standpoint.

In the year 1889 the Indian office at Washington thought best to send me to the Rosebud Agency, Dakota, as U. S. Indian Agent. There I found some 8,400 Dakotas (Sioux) in blankets, living in tepees, with very little more signs of civilization than were presented fifty years ago. I found there the noted chief, Spotted Tail, assisted by White Thunder, Two Stripes, Swift Bear, Old Man, Crazy Horse and others, who had served with Spotted Tail during their many years of war with the white people.

I had read in books of travel, written by people who claimed that they knew all about their religion, that the Indians believed in a "Great Spirit," and that when they died they went to a "happy hunting-ground" where they found plenty of game and no enemies to interfere with their hunting expeditions; but that they were a wild, savage race, ready to spring upon their best friend, and cut his throat from behind his back; in fact, they were so treacherous that they could not be relied upon under any consideration. Having been educated up from infancy in that belief, I took charge of those people with many misgivings.

There were no United States soldiers within one hundred and forty miles of the Agency. I had my wife and children with me, and several of the Agency employes had their wives with them. There were some twenty white people there to the 8,400 savages—as I supposed them to be. What policy should I adopt that would best suit the time and place until I could better learn by experience what was best to do?

I knew by experience that to make the hearts of white men glad it was always best to give them what they wanted to eat; and as we had these Indians shut up on a reservation where there was no game to hunt, all they got must come from the Government Commissary, which was under my control. I further remembered that when the good Methodist preacher used to visit our house, my mother always killed the best chickens and fed him to repletion; that is, gave him of the best we had in the house, as it made his heart so glad, and he would ask God to shower down his blessings upon us until he came the next time. I found that the Indian nature is about the same as that of the white man so far as eating goes, therefore I provided the necessary amount of beef, coffee, sugar, hard-tack, rice, etc., to make a feast for about eighty people, and invited some of the prominent chiefs and warriors to come and eat with me.

They came with their faces painted red, which I was told was a sign that their hearts were glad; but had they come without paint it would have been a sign of suspicion; or, if they had been painted black, it would have been a sign that their hearts were bad.

The Government, at Washington issued an order that only heathens and savages painted their faces, and forbade the traders to sell them any more paint; but soon after Spotted Tail and several other chiefs went to Washington, where they were invited to attend the ball given at the time of the inauguration of a President, and there they saw some of the ladies who danced with the President and other great chiefs of our nation with their faces painted; therefore, they concluded that it was no worse for Indians to paint than it was for white people to do so.

As I have stated above, I made a feast, at which time I told my guests that I had come to live with them as a brother; I had no soldiers to guard me, neither did I want any. I should rely upon them (the Indians) to do what was right by the few white people that the Great Father (the President) had sent there; that I should carry out the instructions

the Great Father had given me, asking them to assist me in so doing; that I should rely entirely upon their integrity as men to assist me in carrying out all my plans, which I hoped would be of much benefit to them in time. They gave the usual sign of approval by saying "How."

Spotted Tail then arose and spoke to his people in the Dakota language, which was rendered to me by the Government interpreter. He said in effect: "Brothers, our white brother has spoken well. The words that he has spoken in our ears to-day will long be remembered. We do not want the Great Father's soldiers to come here in our homes, as we already know what that means. They bring disease and death with them; they bring the fire-water to give us, which makes us lose our heads; we become foolish like children—we do not want that. Once we were self-supporting, and had our own homes; now the Great Father's soldiers have killed our buffalo, and we are beggars. We have to take what the Great Father sends us to eat and to wear. Our hearts are crying when we look back and see what we were once and what we are now."

"But the Great Spirit hears our cry, and says that we must be true men, and the day will come when we shall be a united people in the great hunting-ground of the future life."

"Brothers, let us listen to the white brother; his words are good. We will protect the white people at this Agency. Let the white brother come to me if he fears danger from any source, and we will be true men. Spotted Tail has given his word."

All the others said, "How!"

From that day all was well. They kept their word.

My curiosity to know what—in their conception—the great hunting-ground of the future life consisted of, was aroused, and as soon as the time came when I could do so, I commenced to inquire into their religion. I found that in their past experience as a nation they had never had anything like what we have among us—such as poor houses, or places where the poor and destitute are sent to be taken care of at public expense. An instance occurred which showed how they were cared for: A party of some eighty-two men, women and children had been shut off from the others by our soldiers. This detachment was a part of Sitting Bull's people who were staying in Canada. They started to break through the lines to join their people on the reservation; they had several skirmishes with the soldiers, and with Indians who were enemies of theirs. Finally, however, they reached our Agency in a most destitute condition. Some of their party had been killed, others were with them wounded; some children had died on the way. They were nearly naked and half frozen. I gave them rations to eat and temporary assistance. As soon as the Indians were aware of the condition of the new-comers, they brought them horses, blankets—in fact, everything to make them just as comfortable as they themselves were. Spotted Tail said: "We have no rich, no poor among us; we are all brothers. As long as we have anything to eat, our brothers have the same."

They could not understand how it is that white men believe in the teaching of the Great Spirit, and yet have so many poor and starving people among them, while others have so much money. They think that all should share alike. They say that the brothers who come to them and tell them of the life in the happy hunting-ground say that there are no poor people there—all are alike that do good to their fellowmen while they live here. But should they neglect their brothers here, the Great Spirit will punish them when they get "over there." Therefore they provide for all the old people and women and children who are by any cause left helpless. That is one part of their religion.

The "medicine-men" and their true standing among this people were further points which I wished to understand. What we usually imply by "medicine men" are those who are doctors; but the Indians combine doctors and holy men together, as they believe that to be a holy man, or preacher, one must go about healing the sick, as well as giving the words of the good ghosts (spirits) that speak in their ears. I must tell you how these preachers are ordained. Among them they hold circles in what they call the "Ghost Lodge," which is a wigwam (or tepee, as they call it) set apart for the express purpose of holding communion with the spirits. None but holy men, or those who are developing, are allowed to enter it. After the young man has become a good medium, so that he can receive communications from the spirit-world in a reliable manner, he is ordained so that his people may know that the Great Spirit is pleased with him.

I was once invited by several of the chiefs to go out about eight miles from the Agency buildings to witness such an ordination. Arriving at the place we saw a tepee standing on a little rise of ground. Sitting in front of this tepee were four medicine-men singing and praying to the Great Spirit, asking his blessings on the new medicine man. Sitting in a circle around the lodge were some three or four hundred men, women and children. After about half-an-hour, the new medicine-man, with his wife and children, came out of the lodge with their heads covered with their blankets, which was about all the clothing they had taken with them—everything else was left behind. They moved off across the prairie, homeless, without rations or anything except their blankets. Their clothing, rations, guns, ponies, wigwam and other possessions, were divided among the old women and

men and orphan children, after which all went to their homes. It is customary to give to those who are in want, so no one shall ever go hungry, or want for a place to sleep.

Jesus told his disciples not to provide for their bodily wants when they went out to preach, but to take such as was given them. The Indians say that is what the Great Spirit teaches to-day. These medicine-men never ask any pay for what they do for the sick or for those in distress, or for telling their people the words that the spirits put in their ears. Their people always give them something to make their hearts glad. They sometimes test their medicine-men, especially the new ones, before a large crowd of their people. They test them in different ways; sometimes by putting their hands and arms into boiling water; sometimes by their being shot at with sharp-pointed arrows that would ordinarily go through a buffalo; sometimes by being shot at with Winchester or other rifles. I have seen an Indian hold his hand and arm in a kettle of boiling water for nearly one minute and not be burned. There was nothing to protect his arm from being burned, any more than there was anything to protect the three Hebrew children from being burned in the fiery furnace of the Assyrian king. I have seen them shot at with a Winchester rifle, and the ball would fall harmless at their side. We believe that God and our spirit-friends have the power to protect us from harm, and warn us of danger; why should they not also protect those children of nature?

The holy or medicine-men use herbs, roots, barks, gums, and such articles as nature provides to cure their sick. They give such articles as their invisible guides direct.

Now what to them is the "happy hunting-ground"? The best way I can describe it is to narrate a vision that the Indian chief "Wah-Keah-Skah" ("White Thunder") had. When I asked him to tell me what the "happy hunting-ground," or as we call it the future life, consisted of, he told me about what he once saw when he went there for some three days. The tribe was on a march from the old "Red-Cloud" Agency—south from the Black Hills of Dakota—to the Missouri River. They kept along near the stream called the "Running Water." When within three days' march of the Missouri River they camped as usual for the night. "White Thunder" laid down on some buffalo-skins to rest, while his wife was busy getting supper. While lying there he fell asleep, or at least he said he did not think he was really sleeping. He saw his wife at work; saw his two children and ponies; could see everything as he had placed them for the night. The sky seemed more of a yellow color; everything in nature seemed very quiet. He could see buffalo and other animals off on the prairie; they did not seem to have any fear of each other. Finally he saw two strange Indians coming toward him. They told him to come with them—they were sent to bring him to the Great Spirit. He told his wife that he would be gone for a while—but she did not hear him! He went up to her and touched her, but she paid no attention to him. He looked where he had been lying; there he saw his own body fast asleep; he looked at himself—and there he was, as natural as ever.

Being a medicine-man himself, he understood that he was dead, or at least his spirit body had separated from his earthly body. These guides told him not to have any fear, they would bring him back to his wife and children soon; he must come now with them. As they passed over the earth they did not walk, they moved through the air—over hills, valleys, mountains. They saw many strange places that he never saw before. Soon they seemed to arrive in a new country, where he saw many strange people, and such beautiful lakes, rivers, mountains, also all kinds of animals. Every one was at peace. The animals were not afraid of each other, nor of the people he saw there. The people seemed to enjoy themselves, and all seemed to have glad hearts. The guides finally arrived at a place where they pointed out one man whom they said was the Great Spirit that was sent to teach this people the way of truth and justice to all; that it was he who sends people back to earth to teach the people there to love their fellowmen and prepare themselves for the higher life. When they came up to this great teacher he said: "My brother, I sent for you to come to me. I wish you to know what the future life is; I want you to go with these guides and learn many things, after which they will take you back to your wife and children. We do this to teach you a lesson."

From thence the guides took him to many strange and beautiful places, after which they led him to where the country looked dark—a dark cloud seemed to hang over the land. The people looked care-worn and despondent; the further they progressed the darker the surroundings and the more the gloom seemed to settle on every one. The visitors were among those who were bad people while they lived in earth-life; who cheated their fellowmen and caused poor people to suffer, and did not assist them; who did all in their power to gain what they could in earth-life, but never listened to those who were pure in heart and would not enter into the strife to gain much of the goods and money of the world. Now they were suffering all the torments and trials that they had caused others to suffer when in earth-life. "Oh!" they said, "when will this ever end? How can I undo the wrongs I have done?"

His guides took him where there were millions upon millions lamenting and thinking over their past lives. Teachers were sent among them to show them how they might

(Continued on third page.)

Literary Department.

CAN THE DEAD SPEAK?

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.
BY S. D. PILLANE.

CHAPTER I.

There was a strange stillness in that hospital ward; an indescribable feeling of oppression and mystery in the long line of cots ranged at either side of the broad compartment, and in the helpless, prostrate expression on the faces of the people occupying these beds, that sent depression into the innermost nerves of John Maynew's sympathetic heart, as he took in the scene from the end of the corridor. Looking to his right incidentally, he observed a man's face gazing at him with an interested expression from under the bed-clothing of one of the cots; a face out in fine lines, indicating that the poor invalid who lay there was when in possession of his strength and individuality—a man of no common order. As Maynew looked toward him curiously, meaning no impertinence, the invalid's face lit up with a feeble expression of pride. He turned his eyes away toward the wall, and forgetting his helplessness at the moment, tried to turn on his elbow, but the effort was too much, and he fell back with a pathetic weakness that almost drew tears to Maynew's eyes.

It is a peculiar instinct, observable in the majority of individuals, that the sufferings of persons of refinement and intelligence win our sympathies more readily than those of "common mold"—I will not say "clay," for under the same conditions we would be all equal. That a poor, uneducated beggar in rags does not awaken pity as readily as an individual of education in the same condition of suffering, some writers ascribe to the fact that the former does not ordinarily suffer as keenly as the latter, which may, however, seem rather paradoxical. Perhaps this may stand good for John Maynew, who had gone through the male wards of the Philanthropic Hospital, New York, with his good friend Dr. Granger some time previously, and passed scores of cots with helpless inmates without feeling as much interest in any one subject as he felt in the poor invalid in front of him. Maynew was one of those who are born to redeem the doubting one's belief in the presence of the divine spirit in human nature. His intelligent and pleasant face grew pained as the invalid began coughing helplessly, and in an instant he was at his side, forgetting that he was only a visitor in the ward.

"Pardon me," he said, in the gentlest tone of interest-possible, to the poor sufferer: "Can I do anything for you? Here, will you have some?" reaching to the water; "perhaps this will revive you." He passed the glass to the sufferer and held it to his feeble lips with the tenderness of a woman. The poor fellow faintly sipped a little. His position seemed painful, and in a moment Maynew's strong hand was around his shoulders, supporting him upright while he moistened his lips.

For the first time the invalid spoke in a feeble tone: "Oh! thanks, thanks, my friend; you are very, very good. Please do not trouble any more; I feel much stronger." Here he was tenderly laid back on his couch. He looked up into Maynew's eyes and grasped the latter's disengaged hand with an intelligent and earnest expression of thanks. Suddenly he started back; the man's glance had sent a strange thrill through him—a glance which penetrated him to the heart. He tried to solve the problem on the instant; he tried to think if he had seen or known the speaker at any time, but failed to recall any clue to this effect.

"Tell me," he asked, in a voice of deep concern, "surely I have met you before; your voice and face seem strangely familiar. Yet I cannot—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the invalid, with a puzzled and wistful expression, as he struggled faintly to think; "I cannot recall where we met, yet it seems to me that I have known you all my life. Your voice and face seem like a welcome dream. I feel possessed of some strange affinity toward you, and yet I cannot recall where we met, how, when or—"

Here the speaker was seized with a fit of coughing.

One of the nurses passed and came up to the invalid's bedside with some medicine, probably ordered by the doctor. Maynew's friend, Dr. Granger, came to the door at that moment, and beckoned him out.

"Why, Jack, old fellow," he asked, smilingly, "what are you doing up by that bed? I have been looking for you over the whole building. I thought you had strayed on the roof. Eh?"

"Pardon me, Granger," said Maynew, seriously, "I was just passing here, and while gazing around in a contemplative way, that poor fellow over there attracted my attention. What is his name?" he earnestly asked; "his face looks like that of some old friend." "You don't know?" he repeated, seeing the answer in his friend Tom Granger's face. "Can't you find out for me?"

And he hurried him toward the office where the patients' names are recorded; for it was a custom in the Philanthropic Hospital not to humiliate sensitive patients by placarding their names over the beds.

Granger viewed everything human from the standpoint of a surgeon, or chemical process while engaged in his professional duties. Constant and conscientious devotion to his profession, to the exclusion of subjects of a general nature, made Granger a "crank" of necessity. He was about forty years of age, a bachelor, to make things worse, and had few ties to help to imbue his mind with spiritual aspirations. His guiding star was Jack Maynew, an old friend; and the latter often thought that were it not for his efforts to drag Granger out of the rut of his inclinations, added to the material circumstances which compelled Granger to mix with mankind in a professional capacity, the latter would end his days in a lunatic asylum.

Maynew waited until joined by Granger, who ran his arm through Maynew's, and before he had time to ask anything was rushed out into the street.

"Did you procure me the name?" Jack asked Granger, in a tone of great anxiety, fully believing that the personality of some old schoolmate or forgotten friend would be brought to mind.

He had been thinking while Granger was in the office of the Hospital, and was filled with a curious interest.

"Oh! yes," replied Granger, "I had forgotten. Here it is," reading from a slip: "Edward Averill Granger, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland; aged thirty-five; by profession, an author and journalist; a widower, and—"

"Granger! Granger!" repeated Jack, in a puzzled voice: "I do not remember such a name. A native of Scotland! An author and journalist! Why, I am mystified!"

"Oh!" laughed Granger, drily, in a voice of advice: "Come, come, drop those questions. The man is a perfect stranger to you, of course. Why, he has only been in this country eight months, so I learn, and as you were never in Europe, what can your sentimental conjuring amount to?"

Maynew listened, a serious look on his handsome face. He was silent for a moment, then he spoke decisively:

"I can't believe it, Ned. There is some mistake. I must investigate. I will swear that the invalid and I have met before. The more mysterious the matter becomes, the more anxious I have grown to unravel it. Perhaps"—he heaved in a calm voice, after a pause—"there is no mystery whatever in the matter, after all. It may be easily explained in the morning."

"Have you read the recent controversy between De Smith and Spencer on Evolution, in the Twenty-Fourth Century Magazine?" asked Granger, by way of forcing a turn in the conversation. "I tell you, De Smith shows conclusively that all the attributes of cultivated minds are transmitted down in families, thus strengthening evolution"—put in Granger, letting himself loose in one of his favorite fields of investigation. "Why, we need only look at the most commonplace phases of human life to see the physical fact demonstrated. He also proves clearly that life and intelligence are material, sensations or manifestations that come—"

"Please walk more slowly," interrupted Maynew, who had been gazing ahead with a thoughtful expression in his eyes, led by Granger, who had his arm through that of his friend.

They had meanwhile crossed Sixth Avenue, gone up Fifteenth street to Fifth Avenue, and were proceeding across Madison Square Park in the direction of Jack Maynew's new flat on Lexington Avenue. The conversation was cut short at this juncture, much to Jack's relief. It was a beautiful afternoon in May, and the Park looked refreshing in its spring costume of trees in full foliage, neatly trimmed grass-plots, and inviting lounges. Both became silent, and proceeded more slowly.

Jack Maynew, it may be added, held a lucrative position in a mercantile house down town, and had just called for his friend, Dr. Granger, this afternoon at the Hospital by appointment. The latter was to dine at Maynew's house, and after dinner the two friends, Jack's wife, and little Alice, were to go to the theatre.

"For heaven's sake, let it be to the Madison Avenue," said Dr. Granger to Jack, in a half-joking, half-earnest voice, when asked to join Jack and his wife at the theatre a week previously. "Since you have induced me to consent to go, I wish the play to be something serious."

"All right, old fellow," responded Maynew gaily in reply.

He had entirely different views, however, judging by the following remark to his wife: "Now, my dear, if that old foolish friend of ours, Granger, is not looked after, he will soon become a hypochondriac. He has been growing worse and worse upon his hobbies within the past month, and we must administer our periodical corrective. We had Tom Gorman,

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In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. No notices will be taken of any letter or communication which does not bear the name and address of the writer.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for publication, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

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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.

We shall print next week another of Mrs. LOVE M. WILLIS's (Observer's) interesting series of "Things Worth Recording"—the subject of the sketch in this instance being Mrs. GOURLAY, the medium through whom the celebrated Prof. Robert Hare of Philadelphia was able to make many of his most important experiments.

Volume Seventy.

To have reached the Psalmist's limit of three score and ten in the number of volumes attained by any modern publication is rightly esteemed a mark of high and honorable distinction. For an avowed spiritualistic publication to have done it, all things considered, a distinction calculated to awaken in those who have been so long associated with it, and who are responsible for its conduct, feelings of profound gratitude and rational pride.

The BANNER OF LIGHT opens its Seventieth Volume with the current number. That means, of course, a journalistic existence of thirty-five years, or more than the life of a human generation. From the comparatively small beginnings that marked its birth, onward through these continuous years of progress and change, to this present day of increasing knowledge and clearer light, IT HAS STRIVEN TO PERFORM FAITHFULLY THE SERVICE REQUIRED OF IT BY THE HIGHER INTELLIGENCES OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD, AND LABORED WITHOUT CEASING FOR THE SPREAD OF THAT KNOWLEDGE THE TRUTH OF WHICH IS THE LAST, BEST GIFT TO HUMANITY.

In one sense it is a long past to review, because it is so full of events of the higher order. What miracles of accomplishment are not to be found recorded in any, the most cursory recital of the history of the intervening time! What overturns in governments, what revolutions in states, what new combinations of the world's power! What wonderful results in discovery and invention, what vast strides in human thought, what emancipation from superstition's servitude and the galling chains of ignorant fear! How the new light of truth, streaming over all the nations, is illuminating the souls of men and purifying their beliefs of the dross and death of worn-out dogmatism and doctrines that establish hate as the ruling power of the universe! How the dark clouds are clearing from the sky above us all, and the air breathed by the spirit of humanity is becoming rarified and invigorated!

It is profitable for each one of us to pause and indulge, at stated periods, in calm reflection on the past of our lives with a view to the better apprehension of its value through its

meaning. To each one his life is a mysterious gift, to be jealously guarded against wasting and wrong use, to be read again and again, forward and backward, that it may not fall to be both prized and understood. And from what we have seen to be the course and tendency of the power of the spirit in human life and human affairs, it should not be difficult for us to divine the future so far as is contained in it the destiny of the human family.

One thing is to-day becoming self-evident: namely, that the world would go back into darkness if the present light which Spiritualism everywhere sheds over its life were suddenly to be withdrawn. The very pulpits would utter their voices in a dim twilight. The creeds would shrivel and starve. The churches would decline and die. For nothing is so true as that the outpouring of spirit on mundane life has quickened it anew and expanded it to a vastly freer and larger significance. The preachers are preaching Spiritualism more and more, even while in the act of decrying and denouncing it as a fatal falsity. Its permeating influence cannot be wholly escaped by them. They would virtually cease their utterance if they were able to succeed in eliminating from it all forms of expression that imply a communion of the spirit denizens of this world and the other.

In entering upon its Seventieth Volume, THE BANNER does not fail to appreciate the growing responsibilities of its weighty trust. It will endeavor, as in all these years past, to discharge the duties devolving upon it in the same spirit of obedience to the guidance of higher intelligences that has characterized its course from the first, and has brought it onward to the glad and grateful realization of the present brighter and better day.

Fifty Years of Life.

In one sense it is a good while to live; in another it is but a short time. How Rev. Mr. Savage feels on reaching his fiftieth birthday he recently told his Sunday hearers from his own pulpit. He says that his half-century experience has given him only an added respect, and even reverence, for human nature. He feels more like expressing his admiration than like criticizing, when he considers the composition of common men and women, their restless desires, ambitions and longings, their temptations and opportunities for going wrong, and what it means to turn from the enticing path of pleasure and to take the hard up-hill road of duty.

If there is a man who cannot be trusted, there are a thousand who tell the truth at a great cost. If some one committed a burglary yesterday, there were also yesterday a thousand men who worked hard for small pay, and never once thought of taking a penny they had not earned. Yesterday a corporation treasurer defaulted for thousands of dollars; and yesterday a man turned in his very last penny to pay his debts, and started in middle life again poor, when he might have compromised with both conscience and creditor. It will not do to say that men are not to be trusted. The world's business is based on this trust, and rests on it as its foundation. In the tumultuous operations of the exchange, a man's honor is bound by a motion of his head or the lifting of his finger as much as if they were written bonds.

The healthful and human forces of love and truth and kindness are as universal as the air and the power of gravity. Society stands by them, and is held together as gravity holds the worlds in their orbits. The exceptions are no more in comparison to the general order than our atmospheric disturbances are to the general areas of sunshine and peace. Mr. Savage said that he did not himself grow cynical as he grew older. He rather found himself more tender, more appreciative and more hopeful. In place of overlooking the ignorance, the superstition, the cruelty, the selfishness and the dishonesty, he considered from what a lower level man has come, and he sees all these growing less, and remaining as the broken fragments of a night whose darkness in its disappearance is seen all the more clearly because the sun is up and the day is coming.

The wisdom of the world is supposed to make men sad. To know life is supposed to be to develop either a bitter contempt or a sad compassion for men. A man too often thinks he has become wise when he is only become a cynic. To know the world is generally supposed to know the bad side of it. But this is all a mistake, all wrong, all self-delusion. Man is not the remnant of a fall, but the promise of a future perfection. What he has already accomplished is to be noted as well as what remains for him to achieve.

If we hold that man's destiny is limited to this earth, then it looks as though one age and another was living a hard and poor life, and passed into nothing, only having served to render the next age a little easier for those who come after. This would look like man's martyrdom, like the work of an unconscious or a cruel power. Or if, as the orthodox theory holds, we think of the race as having fallen from a pristine perfection, and then note how little has been accomplished, even with the aid of an incarnate deity for two thousand years, the prospect certainly is disheartening. But if we take the point of view of the evolutionist, and unite to it the vision of a career which death does not interrupt, then there is reason only for admiring wonder and boundless hope.

"Starting religiously as the slave of fear, the worshiper of all forms of force and cruelty, the race is at last seeing the dawn of a religious day whose air is goodness and whose law is love and human help." This is a comprehensive and true statement of the case. He who can despair of the future, said the speaker, must be one who has not read the past at all, or has misread it.

It is true that there are some people who profess or pretend to believe that life is not worth living, and who therefore fling it away. But thousands of persons are not nearly so miserable as they think they are. Those who have no great troubles to contend with are apt to exaggerate the little troubles of life. Not only are our lives happier than we think they are, but the larger part of our real unhappiness is of our own causing. We make one another unhappy in a thousand needless ways.

Every day's decline only conduces us into the infinite suggestions of countless worlds. The

end of growing old, therefore, is not sleep: It is the passage from twilight out through night into a land where sunset has no meaning. Death, then, is not decay and ceasing; it is rather rebirth and expansion. Resurrection is rising. Old age is only a going on into an eternal youth. The world has indeed dreamed of this fountain, but has not thought to look for it under the shadow of the cypress.

The secret of this life of ours is contained in the fact that we are deathless souls in training for another career. And, if so, then pain and loss and trouble and labor may have a much deeper meaning than we usually think. If so, again, then they are rich and prosperous who have cultivated and attained spiritual wealth through love and care for others.

"Writing Up" the Indians.

Miss Elaine Goodale speaks out with courageous candor for the Indians in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, dealing out to the reporters for the press a well-merited reproof for their inventions respecting the red men on various occasions, and especially during the latest disturbances at Pine Ridge. She says a great deal of harm was done the Indian cause last winter by the newspaper men and women sent out to that Agency to "write up" the Sioux war. As nothing occurred there for some time after they arrived, they occupied their leisure and sought to divert the public with highly colored stories of picturesque savagery and degradation.

She asks why people are so ready to believe, for instance, that the Sioux are the filthiest people on earth, or that virtue among unmarried Indians is hardly a name; why such stories are apparently received with real satisfaction, while a true story of Indian chivalry and honor, or an impartial story of "savage" manners and customs, is frequently sneered at as romance and illusion. She is frequently confronted with these letters in her visits to the East, written last winter at Pine Ridge by persons nowise qualified, who were excessively "bored" by life out there, and who felt that in some sort of way they must fill up their designated space in the newspapers. And she says their sensational and piquant fabrications have created an impression upon really fair-minded people that is difficult to efface.

She narrates a true story of this character: after the battle of Wounded Knee, an Indian woman and her two young daughters were brought in to the improvised hospital. One of the girls was fatally wounded, the other two having but slight yet very painful wounds. The hurts of the young women in the hospital were dressed with unavoidable publicity, but they suffered far less from them than from offended modesty, showing that there is decency and privacy even in tent-life among wild Indians.

This Indian mother thought only of her children's sufferings, ignoring her own. Some days after the battle a number of wounded were discovered on the field, where they had lain helpless and unattended, neglected, starved, and more than half dead. Among them was the Indian husband and father. The three at once recognized him. The injured woman managed to get upon her feet and totter to her wounded husband's side, uttering thrilling cries and sobs of pity and gladness. No civilization ever offered a more touching and powerful exhibition of human emotion. With shattered limbs and mutilated face he lingered in a state of hopeless exhaustion two or three days and died. The worst wounded girl, his daughter, died in great agony soon after. The two bereaved ones, mother and daughter, were stupefied with grief, the intensity of their feelings being succeeded by a sort of dreadful lethargy. When convalescent, they went back to their desolate home, physically and spiritually scarred for life by the events of that cruel winter.

These newspaper writers could see nothing in such scenes worth their reporting; nothing in the lost homes of the Indians but squalor and filth. Such apostles of the daily press receive this talented lady's pen-excoriation to a full measure—and they deserve it, too!

Inspiration.

In Dr. Maitland's essay entitled "False Worship," we find the following: John Verrett of Bois-Chastel in the Vivarez declared at London on the 14th of January, 1708: "I left Montpellier about the month of May, 1702. The persons I first saw under inspiration were my own mother, my brother, my two sisters and a cousin-german. It is at least thirteen years ago that my mother received her gifts, and she continued to have them from that time to my leaving Montpellier; and I understand by several persons who have seen her not long since that she is still in the same condition, she having been in prison now eleven years on the said account. My sisters received the gift soon after her—one at the age of eleven the other nineteen, who are both dead, since my departure thence. She spoke at the times of inspiration only French, which surprised me exceedingly, because she never before attempted to speak a word in that language, nor has since, to my knowledge, and I am certain she could not do it. The same thing I can say of my sisters."

Such little glimpses into the past are like vistas in old pictures. They lead the imagination, and we see the conditions that surrounded the sensitives of those days. Eleven years of imprisonment for speaking with tongues! What courage did it require to continue! "In the same condition!" Let us consider what the state of the prisons was in 1702. Although we cannot locate the scene of this suffering we can imagine what it might be.

We are accustomed to speak of the intolerance of our day as something to be dreaded, and we call those persons brave who have dared to accept excommunication from Protestant churches for the exercise of similar powers rather than deny their gifts or hide them under a bushel.

Surely the times are good, and it is good to live in them, although Phillips Brooks had to wait confirmation as Bishop, and Hober Newton stands on a platform that some divines are trying to make tremble.

How good it is to feel that the law of inspiration is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The perfection of inspiration is not dependent on time, but only on condition. The sincere and earnest soul reaches toward the higher and diviner, and a flood of light opens the mind to perceive truth. The utterance of them depends on the adaptability of the brain to give them concise form.

Thus in all ages we see light shining forth to illumine the way of progress. Let us rejoice, and with courage assume the responsibility of the present time, which makes us cognizant of the laws of a higher condition and of certain influx from the same.

The Decision of Judge Seeley

IN THE CASE OF J. M. PEEBLES, M. D., vs. WAYNE COUNTY, PA.

In our issue for Aug. 8th, '91, we noted the fact that Dr. J. M. Peebles had been attacked by the medical bigots of Pennsylvania, but had in his vigorous vernacular, "By the help of God, Judge Seeley and able attorneys, achieved a victory in favor of medical liberty" in the Keystone State.

The main facts in this case may be profitably recapitulated, now that we have obtained for the benefit of our readers in Pennsylvania and elsewhere the full text of Judge Seeley's able decision. Dr. Peebles visited Honesdale, Wayne County, Pa., to deliver a course of lectures upon anatomy, physiology, hygiene and health, and to practice medicine for an indefinite period of time. The crowded houses that greeted him each evening, together with his large medical practice, soon so aroused the jealousy of the allopathic element that they induced the Wayne County commissioners to collect a "license fee" of fifty dollars from him. The district attorney called upon Dr. P., demanding payment under an old legislative law. At first he refused, but to avoid the inconvenience of an arrest on a Saturday afternoon, he paid the fifty dollars under protest, and then turned around and commenced legal proceedings against the county.

The case was argued in the County Court, ex-Judge Hand and A. T. Searle, Esq., being Dr. P.'s attorneys, and Judge Seeley at once gave a decision in his favor. So he got his fifty dollars back, and the county had to pay its own costs. There was no appeal taken.

The following is a *verbatim* copy of Judge Seeley's decision in this matter, which cannot fail to be of advantage, as cumulative evidence and precedent to the friends of medical freedom in Pennsylvania:

OPINION OF THE COURT—JUDGE SEELEY.
The agreement filed presents the single question whether a physician opening a transient office in one of the counties of this commonwealth is required to pay the license fee of fifty dollars imposed by the 4th section of the Act of 24th March, 1877 (P. L. p. 43).

By this section, the Clerk of the Court of quarter sessions, upon receiving satisfactory evidence that the provisions of that act had been complied with, and upon receiving for the use of the county the sum of fifty dollars, and for his own services the sum of five dollars, was required to issue a certificate of license for one year.

By the Act of 8th June, 1881, the conditions under which any person resident or sojourning is permitted to practice medicine are substantially changed. No authority to the Clerk of the Court of quarter sessions to issue a certificate of license upon compliance with the provisions of the Act of 1881, is given. His power and duty, if he possesses any in the matter, remain precisely as defined by the Act of 1877. The first three sections of the Act of 1877 are certainly repealed both by implication and expressly by the 10th section of the Act of 1881, unless they are preserved for the single purpose of furnishing basis for the issuing of this certificate of license. The sojourner in the Act of 1881 is required to conform to its provisions, not to those of some former act.

The 4th section of the Act of 1877 is in force, then, as the Clerk of the Court of quarter sessions is required to issue a certificate of license upon proof of compliance, not with the requirements of the law as conditions for the practice of medicine, but with the provisions of an act which is for all other purposes obsolete. 2d, Where by the authority of the commonwealth this certificate of license has been given, it does not authorize its holder to practice medicine nor protect him against the penalties for violation of the provisions of the Act of 1881. In other words, the commonwealth prescribes one condition for the granting of a license to practice medicine, and an entirely different condition for the practice of medicine. And for this license, which neither licenses nor protects, demands a fee of fifty dollars.

In *Sanders vs. Com.* 117 Pa., on page 298, the Supreme Court, speaking of the Act of 18th May, 1887, for the regulation of the sale of intoxicating drinks, says, "The effect of the 3rd section of the Act of 13th May, 1887, is to permit the granting of licenses under former laws up to the 30th June, 1887. This necessarily keeps in full force all the previous provisions and penalties connected with the granting of such licenses, not only up to the time aforesaid, but until the expiration of such licenses," and such should be the effect of a license if it can be granted under the Act of 1877. But this is clearly not the case. The entire Act of 1877 is inconsistent with the Act of 1881, and is repealed by it. The Clerk has no power to issue the certificate of license upon the terms prescribed by the Act of 1877. And no act authorizes him to issue it upon any other terms, and the license fee of fifty dollars is no longer imposed by statute.

Upon the facts agreed upon by the parties, it is now, June 27th, 1891, ordered and adjudged that the plaintiff, Dr. J. M. Peebles, have judgment against the defendant, the County of Wayne, for the sum of fifty dollars.

Welcoming the Morning!

The brave and progressive Rabbi Levy of Charleston, S. C., asked in a recent sermon at Beth Elohim Synagogue in that city: "How can a man sit under the glare of a growing civilization, with all the history of the world before him, its hopes, its victories, its aspirations and joys, and, like the owl, hoot and hoot because the morning dawns! and in tones of desperation and regret moan out the dismal cry: 'Where will it end?' There are those, said this fearless teacher, who, notwithstanding all the evidences of triumphant truth, and in spite of the victories that free thought has attained, in spite of the blessings which investigation has bequeathed to the world, look upon every searcher after truth as a blasphemous intruder, and every doubter and skeptic as a criminal."

They are the intellectual drones, the mental cowards. They never doubt, because they never think. "If," said the Rabbi, "I had no other way to look up except to a God of hate and malice; if I should be persuaded that the being who rules the world was that horrid monster who out-Herods Herod, who damns innocent children before they are born, who has created a devil to torment men, and paves hell with infant skulls, all for his own honor and glory—if this were the God-I had to worship, I should gladly turn to the idols of Greece and Rome and serve them."

A man must be blind indeed who can look back upon the world's history and see no improvement in any department of thought. No honest teacher of the truth, in his belief, can be faithful to his mission who fails to teach that the Word of God is a message of liberty to groping humanity, exhorting men that by education, by mental experiment, by discipline, by constant struggle, they are to emerge out of their ignorance and blindness and superstition by a gradual evolution of the race to the light of truth and knowledge and intellectual liberty.

Canadian cabinet ministers, it is alleged, are boodlers. This is shocking information, if true. Many "highly respectable" people we know of, who are considered *au fait*, are very contemptible individuals financially. This we know, and this we say.

Astronomical Phenomena.

Increased attention given of late to astronomical studies leads us to look for new and wonderful discoveries, and to believe that at no distant date the world's knowledge of the nature, conditions and influence of other planets upon our own will be greatly augmented. With new appliances for penetrating to far greater distance than ever before the illimitable regions of space above and around us, who shall determine what is possible or impossible for men to attain, even while imprisoned in these material forms? The revelations of Flammarion concerning the planet Mars seem almost incredible; while the wonderful results accomplished by photography in connection with the Moon are none the less so, for it has been found to reveal things existing thereon which cannot be seen by the eye, even with the aid of the best telescopes; of these are great crater mountains, and rifts or chasms in its surface.

Near the great crater named by astronomers Copernicus, "another crater," says a recent writer, "of nearly equal dimensions is shown upon the negatives, although it is absent from the most elaborate maps of the moon, and cannot be seen even with the Lick telescope, except when the magic eye of the camera, instead of the human retina, is applied to look for it. When it is considered that this mysterious crater represents the remains of a mountain ring more than fifty miles in diameter, it appears exceeding strange that it should escape detection by the telescope when directed to the moon, and yet be visible upon a photograph of the moon. The reason appears to be that the walls of this newly-discovered crater were long ago destroyed, being razed by some denuding force nearly to the level of the surrounding surface. It is, consequently, but the remnant of a great crater ring. Even in that condition, however, it would be visible to the eye but for the fact that its huge neighbor, Copernicus, whose walls are still standing to a great height, is surrounded by enormous masses of luminous material, which looks like lava, that must have overflowed the surrounding country ages ago, and reflects back the light of the sun to our eyes with overpowering brilliancy. The glare of this broad reflecting surface, covering hundreds of square miles, is so great as to conceal the comparatively low relief of the broken crater ring."

It is generally known by those who have made a study of astronomical phenomena that there are a number of large craters on the moon, enormously greater than any volcanic craters upon the earth, which seem to have been buried by the outbursts of lava from subsequently formed volcanoes in their neighborhood, so that only portions of their mountain walls now remain visible.

This prepares one to accept the statement made by Prof. J. L. Ray of Ashland, Va., an assiduous student of lunar objects and events, who says:

"On the night of June 22d tremendous energy over the whole surface presented itself. I saw that what of late have been considered great gray plains are in reality great seas, or else a molten mass, as I saw immense sheets, seemingly of water, thrown through the lunar atmosphere and had a resting place at a distance of a thousand miles from where they formerly were. I saw several great mountains sink—the whole moon swayed to and fro, and everything in the lunar heavens was in the wildest confusion. I gazed with intense awe upon this awful spectacle for hours, until the confusion finally subsided, and there seemed to be a dead calm as before. I feel confident that the moon was thrown several degrees out of her course, and she is also perceptibly nearer, perhaps twenty thousand miles."

Unquestionably, vast and unusual movements are taking place, and have been for a considerable period, in our planetary system, and that they are the cause of the otherwise unaccountable atmospheric and other disturbances about us, affecting not only our physical but our mental states.

Novel Exhibition in Boston.

The Health Food Exhibition, to be held in Boston in October, beginning on the 8th of the month, will be under the auspices of the Boston Retail Grocers' Association, which was led to promote it by the great success of a similar exhibition in London, and more recently in New York. The belief is that it will be as good as a liberal education in the matter for people to see a great collection of the food products of the world. More than four million people visited the exposition in London.

As a city journal explains in regard to the definite object of this exhibition, people will be able to learn from it how things which now please their palates would be just as palatable, and far less hurtful, if properly cooked; and that the ordinary and plain things for the table can be made both wholesome and nourishing. Women will be able to learn how to make these things tempting, which is especially to be desired, when too often the best there is in life is spoiled and lost by poor cooking, coupled with ignorance of the proper way to market.

All known articles of food and appliances used in its preparation will be included in this show and make up its several features. The agricultural department will be especially rich and full. A complete display of dairy products will be made. Bread will be cooked and distributed free. A tea house, imported from Japan, will be set up, where all sorts of tea will be shown and sold in original packages. Sugar will be displayed in the raw and in refinement. Chinamen will serve tea and coffee to visitors, and chocolate be offered free at different booths. Babies' food will be an especial feature.

The department of domestic sciences will be in the art room of the great building, under the direction of Mrs. Marion McBride of the Woman's Press Club, and other ladies, which will be devoted to practical demonstrations in the culinary art. Lectures on household topics will be given in this department free by Mrs. D. A. Lincoln, explaining how to buy and how to cook in ways that will yield the best out of everything, coupled with lessons on the various stoves. Economy in the use of food will be taught. This is expected to be the most important and impressive feature of the entire exhibition.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will show what the New England Kitchen is doing for Boston. Mr. Edward Atkinson will exhibit his Alladin oven, and show how it cooks cheaply and well. No lesson is more needed to be taught at the present time than this one of the right choice and preparation of foods of all kinds, with a view to health and thrift, and for the repression of the extravagant waste which is stolen from moderate incomes, which ought to be the most carefully husbanded, by ignorance and institution. And it is saying all there is to be said in crediting woman with being the true missionary and guide in an economy which includes all the practical economies of our individual existence.

Tribute to Dr. Willis.

Hon. A. B. French writes to the *Better Way of Cincinnati, O.*, the following in recognition of the great value—as a man and a Spiritualist lecturer—of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Glebe, N. Y.: "It was indeed fortunate for me I was permitted to meet and hear Dr. Fred L. H. Willis on Friday. Many years had I desired to see and hear him. I was inspired and deeply instructed by his lecture, and also charmed and delighted with the man; intensely refined and spiritual, his personal presence is like the breath of flowers. In his lectures he molds, creates and builds. He should be heard by every organized society in the land, and those who fail to call him are the losers."

The Public Free Meetings.

Which have been a feature of the BANNER OF LIGHT work since the establishment of this paper, will be resumed at 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 15th, at our Circle-Room—Mrs. M. T. LONGLEY being the medium.

A trustworthy correspondent writes us that the Spiritualists of Waverly, N. Y., enjoyed a rich treat on a recent Sunday evening, in listening to a most interesting lecture upon Spiritualism by Dr. J. M. Peebles, and the recitations of original poems by Fred E. Brooks, called the California poet-humorist. Dr. Peebles spoke with his old-time eloquence, and enthusiasm, and all seemed delighted.

(Continued from sixth page.)
"Joy, brightening our lives by its resplendent light, and lifting our thoughts to a higher plane concerning life, its duties and destiny."
That message comes jointly from two spirits, and they are George W. Morrill and Lydia Morrill of Amesbury. There's another lady stands a little back of them, and over a young man I see the name of Florio. Then there's a sweet, pale-looking spirit that comes in the love-element, and she is attracted here to send out a kindly influence to some one on the earth.

Clark Webster.
A spirit who gives the name of Clark Webster says he has people and friends in Boston and some relatives in Cambridge. He's been gone quite a good while from the body, and has never had a chance to speak before. He says when he first learned about spirit-returns, the first thing he thought he would do would be to come and make his people know all about it; but it was not as easy as he thought it would be, and all this time he's been trying to just send a few thoughts to them and make them know that a spirit-friend was standing around wishing to be known. This spirit says when he was here he usually accomplished what he undertook to do, but it was not in the line of psychic influence; it was dealing with hard, positive elements in the business world, and he knew how to handle those things, but this new study has been almost too much for him. He's thankful to say a few words and send greeting, and tell them that though the years are passing he feels just the same spirit to them as he always did, only if possible more closely attracted to their lives.

Oliver.
I've been seeing a spirit in the Council, among the people, standing at the side by the door, and I've been trying to get his name, but I can't get only one of them, and that's Oliver. He's attracted to some one in the meeting, a lady, and it comes to me from him (he don't say the words) that he's anxious to help her in her affairs, and wants her to follow her impressions about what she is thinking of doing, because he and other spirit-friends that are very close to her can give her strength, and can also give impressions just how to make the movement that will bring success.
This man had a good deal of positive energy when he was in the earth-life, and he could make things successful that he took hold of. I hope somebody will know what it means.

Walter Raymond.
A young man gives the name of Walter Raymond. He has a particular friend called Fred in Oakland, California. This friend has been very much disturbed for the last year at strange things that have happened about him which he could not account for. The spirit says it is because the friend is a medium, and the unseen influences have got power enough to make these things occur, but have not been able to express themselves so he will know what it means. They don't want the friend to be afraid of these things. He knows little about Spiritualism and mediumship, but if the spirits can have the opportunity to develop his medial powers they will prove to him through his own instrumentality that Spiritualism is an indisputable fact. The spirit sends greeting to this friend and to all friends. He wishes them to know that he is happy now in the spirit-world, because he is finding all he can do to keep him busy.

Jimmie Gleason.
Oh! I must tell of a little spirit here. He won't be three years old until late in the fall, I get, but he's growing and thriving just the same as if he was in the body. He only slipped away from the body a few weeks ago, and he's brought here by two lady spirits; one an old lady that belongs on the mother's side, and the other a younger spirit that seems to be a guardian who has taken the little child into her care to train him in the spirit-world for a beautiful life.

The older lady is anxious to have the child's mother, and father, too, know that he is well taken care of, and that he is safe and happy in the Summer-Land, where all bright and beautiful things are afforded to child life for its growth and unfoldment. She seems to feel that if the mother here could only realize how her little one is cared for, and that he can be brought back her life partake of her love and to give his own affection in return; if she could only know that the child is surrounded by kind friends who look after his welfare, and that it will be brought up full of good works, it might bring a joy to her life so that she would not mourn for the loss of her little one who could not remain here to be a comfort in the material world. This little child, too, brings lots of love to the home-life. These spirits would like to have the parents know that he is alive, happy and well, and can come right into their presence so tangibly that they will understand and know their little one is not dead.

[To the Chairman:] This little spirit's name is Jimmie Gleason. The mother's name is Katie, and she lives in Springfield. You may send the message right to her.

May Fielding.
Now I must tell you of a spirit that stands close beside me. She says her name is May Fielding. She was a young lady when she went out of the body, and she had some work to do that she wasn't able to finish. It was some work that she had commenced and didn't finish, and it made her feel very uneasy for a while because she felt that she owed it to another person to accomplish this.

She brings her love to her friends, and wants them to know that after she got fully away from the physical life she became reconciled to the change, and was happy. For a little while she lingered in the material atmosphere, because she had many things to attract her, and she felt unhappy to think she had been taken away from the external condition; but she came to the conclusion that it was useless to fret over the change, and that she must make the best of what had come. When she did that the whole world around her seemed to grow bright and full of loveliness, and to be filled with kind faces that gave her strength and assistance to understand the new condition.

She would like to tell her friends of all the things she has learned and seen since she went from earth, and talk over some of the affairs that concerned them when she was here. She wants them to visit some medium on the earth who is near them, and she will do the best she can to come and make her presence known.

This spirit has some dear friends in Troy, N. Y.

Pearlie.
I want to say that Pearlie is here to-day, and she sends her love to her med. She wants her to do something. Pearlie says that there is something that she has told her med. to do, but she don't quite like to, because the spirit has come to her; but Pearlie wants it done because it is going to help. When the fall comes the spirits expect to do a good deal more than they have, for conditions are changing, and a new power is coming into the band through the changed conditions on the outside. She brings her love and good cheer.

Good moon, everybody. I had to come because there were so many spirits that could not come themselves, and so I had to get in a good lot this time.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES
TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.
June 25. Charles I. Morris; Fanny Brown; Alvin Adams; Edw. Hawes; Franklin Drury; Juliette Manley; Charles C. Elmer; John Pierpont.

Marriage ought to be a civil contract, and on the parties going before a magistrate, in the presence of witnesses, and entering into an engagement, they should be considered as man and wife. This is what I caused to be done in France. If they wished it, they might go to the church afterward to get a priest to repeat the ceremony, but this ought not to be considered as indispensable. It was always my maxim that those religious ceremonies should never be above the laws, never take the lead or upper hand. Napoleon Bonaparte.

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Scrofula, boils, pimples, rheumatism, catarrh, and all other blood diseases.
"There can be no question as to the superiority of Ayer's Sarsaparilla over all other blood-purifiers. If this was not the case, the demand for it, instead of increasing yearly, would have ceased long ago, like so many other blood medicines I could name."
F. L. Nickerson, Druggist, 75 Chelsea st., Charlestown, Mass.

"Two years ago I was troubled with scrofula. It was all over my body, and nothing the doctors did for me was of any avail. At last I took four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was completely cured. I can sincerely recommend it as a splendid blood-purifier."—J. S. Burt, Upper Keswick, New Brunswick.

"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of

SCROFULA

Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."—Wm. O. Jenkins, Dewese, Neb.

"When a boy I was troubled with a blood disease which manifested itself in sores on the legs. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended, I took a number of bottles, and was cured. I have never since that time had a recurrence of the complaint."—J. C. Thompson, Lowell, Mass.

"I was cured of Scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—John C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo.

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Sept. 5.

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Miss A. Peabody,
BUSINESS, Test and Developing Medium. Sittings daily. Circles Sunday, Thursday evenings, and Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Six Developing Sittings for \$4.00. 101 Tremont Street, opposite Davis Street, Boston. Sept. 12.

Mrs. Lizzie Kelley,
PSYCHOMETRIST, Business, Test and Trance Medium. Gives private sittings daily. Public circles every Sunday evening at 7:30, at her parlors, 225 Washington Street. Sept. 12.

Allen Toothaker,
CLAIRVOYANT Physician and Business Medium, 180A Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 216 Court Street, Malden, Mass., 4 to 8 P. M. Sept. 5.

Adelaide E. Crane,
TEST and Business Medium. Magnetic Test Medium. 84 Bowditch Street, Room 4, Boston. Hours 9 to 5. July 28.

Mrs. M. E. Johnson,
BUSINESS and Test Medium. Hours 10 A. M. to 9 P. M. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock. 41 Winter Street, Room 6, Boston. Sept. 12.

Mrs. A. Forrester,
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RUSSIAN BATHS.
DR. GEO. KINGSBURY'S Electric Medicated Vapor Russian Baths, 19 River Street, Boston, near Charles and Beacon streets. 5th Sept. 12.

MRS. CHANDLER-BAILEY, 26 Cazenove Street, Suite 8, Boston, near Albany R. R. Station, Columbus Ave., Magnetic Healing and Business Medium. Circles Monday and Tuesday evenings and Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Platform test speaking. Sept. 12.

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DR. L. BARNICOAT, Lecturer, Test, Medical and Magnetic Medium. 175 Tremont Street, Boston. June 8.

DR. JULIA M. CARPENTER, 303 Warren Street, Boston, Mass. 1st Mar. 14.

WHY SHE BECAME A Spiritualist.

By ABBY A. JUDSON, Minneapolis, Minn.
Contains Portrait and Life of Author, her method of going under Spirit Influence, twelve Lectures, selected Poems, and Communications from her Missionary Father and Mother and other Good Spirits.

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MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, Business, Test and Medical Medium. Six questions answered by mail, 50 cents and stamp. Whole Life-Reading \$1.00. Magnetic Remedies prepared by spirit-direction. Address West-Gardens, 205 West 12th Street, New York, N. Y. Sept. 5.

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