

The Carrier Dove.

"BEHOLD! I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY"

VOLUME V.

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NUMBER 2.

California Scenery.

The Cathedral Rocks, Bridal Veil, etc.

No. 2.

After remaining here two hours or more, accustoming our eyes to the sight and to the great distances, and taking in as fully as we were able all the features of the wonderful view, we resumed our saddles for the descent of the mountain, and the seven miles' ride to Leidig's. We went down by tedious zigzags, and abrupt, almost precipitous descents, over some of which we led, and sometimes were led by our horses, for with all their gauntness and uncertainty of gait, they were sure-footed, and could pick their way better than we, and just about dark struck the level plain.

Here we were, in a valley six miles long and from half a mile to a mile in width, almost a dead level, four thousand feet above the sea, and sunk almost a mile in perpendicular depth below the general level of the mountains over which we had been all day climbing. The sensation at first is of being walled in in a tremendous grave. You do not comprehend at once the immense height of the walls that surround you. The valley itself seems pinched and narrow, and the trees, which vary in height from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet and are of diameters to correspond, seem small and short and scrubby. Anywhere else they would be remarkable for their size and beauty; here they are dwarfed by amazing heights and distances, and made insignificant by comparison with the grandeur of the surroundings.

With busy eyes intent on all the wonders around us, but turning oftentimes to range along the jagged rim and fringe of trees so far above us, vainly trying to comprehend that the walls were actually from half to three-quarters of a mile high, and that the straggling trees growing in the crevices of the cliff, or overhanging its edge, were act-

ually trees one hundred and fifty feet in height, and not the scrubby bushes they looked to be,—we walked our horses slowly along through the openings and among the trees, across the dry bed where, in spring, the mountain torrent had torn its way along, leaving in its wake the great boulders and rocky masses it had wrenched from their foundations, and fording the small stream that issued from the Bridal Veil, came up

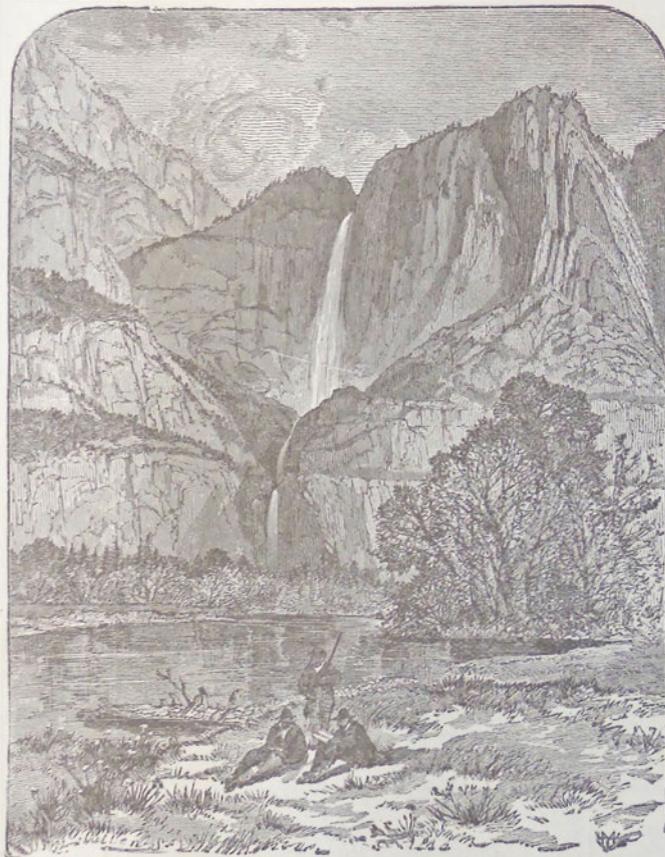
wound our way along and passed through the narrow gap between El Capitan and the Cathedral Rocks. The great weather-stained, scarred face of El Capitan was on our left, and though its base was almost half a mile away, it towered so high above and seemed so to hang over us, that we should almost have said, we could throw a stone against it from the path. No picture by pen or brush can ever convey an idea of

the vastness of this view; its magnitude baffles description; nor can the spectator begin to realize it except after seeing it from all points, and studying for days at a time its colossal features in detail. I know of no better way to convey even an inadequate idea of it than by taking some familiar object, as a church spire, for instance, for comparison. Let the reader then take as a unit of measurement a church spire, say 200 feet in height. Put yourself upon the curbstone opposite and run your eye along it to the top. Fix that measure in your mind. Now go back a little way and double church and spire—fancy yourself looking up to the top of two such spires, 400 feet.

Have you fixed your distance? Then go back still farther and double the height of your two spires—imagine yourself looking up to the top of the fourth spire, piled one above another. There's a distance of 800 feet straight up. Take a little time to think it over. Then go back still farther, to save something of the effect, and double up again—count them up from the bottom; eight spires high—1,600 feet. Rest a little, and, if you can, familiarize yourself with the thought and with the distance, for I have not yet done with the eye of your fancy.

Now for the last leap in this geometrical progression—double the whole eight—and at the top of your sixteenth spire—if I haven't lost you on the way in some of these tremendous upward leaps—reach just a hundred feet beyond—the height of a spire—then draw a long breath—you are at the top of El Capitan, 3,300 feet in air.

Keeping that point in mind, drop down from it and spread out under it, for half a



YOSEMITE FALLS.

into a full view of the fall. The trees that intervened hid from sight the slope of rocks and debris down which the stream bounds its last three hundred feet, so that to our eyes it seemed a single fall of the whole nine hundred feet.

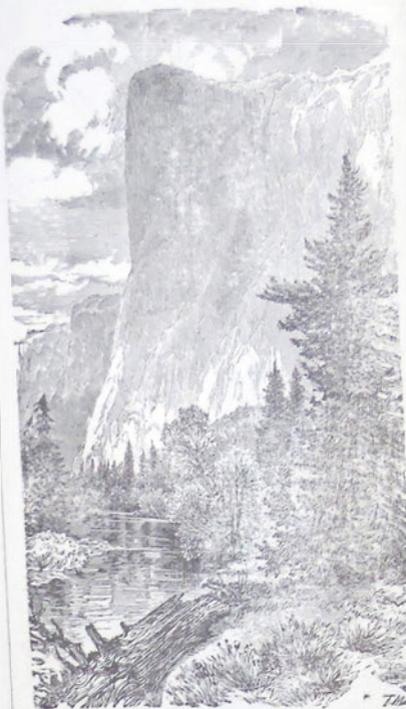
What had appeared from Inspiration Point to be the merest ribbon fluttering down the rock, we found was a considerable volume of water, and we forded it as we



CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

mile, a granite curtain, seamed, and scarred, and discolored by the storms and tempests of uncounted ages—at its base pile up a scraggy slope of rocks and mountain debris—plant along the dizzy, far-off edge a row of giant pines, that from its foot shall look like bushes—turn a river along its front, and set a grove beside it, and over it all throw the halo and witchery of a golden sunset deepening all its shadows, bringing into relief its outlines, and bathing in a tender light its hoary summit—and you have El Capitan as I saw it on that August afternoon, and seeing it, wondered and worshipped.

So in a half dream—a sort of awe of delight, wondering not more at the greatness of the things about us than how we ourselves had dwindled by the side of them, we sauntered slowly on. A little way beyond, we turned in our saddles and saw behind us the towers and spires of the Cathedral Rocks. The Cathedral Rock itself is 2,200 feet high; the spires are



EL CAPITAN, 3,300 FEET HIGH.

isolated columns of granite by its side, looming up 500 feet above. The resemblance is complete, and the appropriateness of the name apparent.

Just back of the hotel, the Sentinel Summit towered three thousand feet above us, the topmost thousand feet an obelisk, from which the rock takes its name; at our left as we sat on the porch, the view began with the white cliff, El Capitan; then came the Three Brothers or Leaping Frogs; directly in front of us was the great Yosemite Fall, with its magnificent leap of 2,600 feet from the lip to the level of the valley; and away yonder to our right were the Domes; with the mountain walls connecting them all. The best distant view of the Yosemite Fall is from Liedig's porch. It is a double fall; the upper one of 1,500 feet, the lower of 400 feet with a descent of over 600 between the two. The shelf on which it first drops has the appearance, from the porch, of being about broad enough to step round on comfortably without danger of falling over the lower edge. It is in fact a third of a mile wide, and not less than fifteen acres in extent. It seems, too, to be but a few minutes' walk from the hotel to the fall. It will take a good hour to reach the pile of boulders that stretches out from its foot, and half an hour more to clamber over the rocks, up to the pool at the base of the lower fall.

We spent one of our five days here among the rocks, and at the base of the lower fall of 400 feet almost forgot that

there was another nearly four times as high behind it.

(To be continued.)

Literary Dept.

CROOKED PATHS OR THE WAGES OF SIN.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER

AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

SUNDERED TIES.

At the time of which we write news did not travel over the country as rapidly as it does today. The facilities of the press for receiving and transmitting reports of the doings of the world were not as far-reaching then as at this period, when the perfection of the telegraphic system, the versatility of stenographic art, and the powers of the Associated press, render it easy for one-half the world to learn what the other half has been doing during the preceding twenty-four hours for three hundred and sixty-five mornings in the year. News of the bank defalcation and the flight of the cashier did not reach Cloverdale for more than a week after the event. It startled the Rev. George Fergusson out of his usual equanimity. At first he could not credit the report, but, when finally obliged to do so from the evidence of its truth that the papers revealed, he determined to write to Mrs. Lyman requesting an advisement of her plans, and offering a home and a refuge to herself and child.

The letter was full of kindly counsel and cheer and could not fail to touch the heart of its recipient, while the warm and loving little postscript from his wife urging her friend to come to them at least for a season, carried a balm of healing that was very grateful to the forlorn and deserted woman.

But another week passed before an answer came. The Reverend gentleman had just about decided to run up to Burton to enquire into affairs for himself, when the letter from Alice Lyman arrived.

"I am more grateful for your kindness than words can tell," he read, "but while I appreciate it highly I cannot presume to encroach on your generosity. As one of the trustees of my father's little property you have a right to assume a certain watchfulness over my child; but I know that not one penny of the revenue of that small estate can be touched until my little one has arrived at womanhood. I cannot consent to become a burden upon you, even if I could for a moment tolerate the thought of taking a place amid the scenes of my early life, where I am so well known that the history of this sad affair would arise

whenever my child appeared in public. No, dear friends, I cannot do this; for her sake I shall go away where we are not known, and seek to earn an honest living for the little one dependent upon me. I have made arrangements through Mr. Girard Lyman with the directors of the bank, to give up my house and personal property into their hands as a partial reimbursement of their loss. The concluding business of the transfer will be completed on Saturday, when I shall leave this home forever. Pardon me if I presume upon your kindness to the extent of forwarding to your care a box of laces and little personal effects, that I should like my daughter to open for herself, when she arrives at the age of eighteen.

"And now, dear friends, farewell; you may hear from me in time, when I have become settled in some other locality. I prize your friendship highly, and your words of sympathy and comfort are precious to me. But while as you say, I 'was as innocent as a babe in any complicity in this affair,' I cannot hold myself guiltless. Had it not been for my fondness for display, my love of pretty things, my enjoyment of social life, and his desire to gratify my every taste and indulge my every caprice, my husband would not have been tempted into the crooked paths that have led to this. I blame myself for the evil that has fallen upon us."

Much more was written in the same vein, and the eyes of both the minister and his wife were wet with tears as they concluded the reading of that letter so filled with contrite and self-condemning words, evidently the outpouring of a broken heart that still loved and pitied the object of its pain.

"I believe I shall go up to Burton on Monday," said the gentleman. "To-day is Saturday, and she writes she will leave her home on this day, but she will, doubtless, pass the Sabbath with the Girard Lymans. If I can induce her to return with me I will do so, but in any event I can learn something more definite of her plans."

True to his word, the minister started on his journey, only to find on his arrival at Burton that Alice Lyman had left the town two days before without acquainting anyone with her destination.

The interview with Mrs. Girard Lyman convinced Mr. Fergusson that Alice had received no sympathy from her, and made him cease to wonder why she had not taken up at least a temporary residence at the home of that august lady. Evidently no such home had been offered the stricken woman, and she had been left to wander out into the wide world with her little child, seeking the means of livelihood. He turned away from the well-bred, but heartless words of Mrs. Girard in disgust, and finding himself unable to gain further information concerning the whereabouts of the one he sought, boarded the early train for home.

Arriving there he found that a large box had been received by express, bearing the address of "Mary Alicia Lyman, care of George Fergusson," but no letter or word of explanation accompanied it, and the whereabouts of its sender remained still a secret.

While these events had been transpiring in Burton and vicinity, the news of the bank *fiasco* still continued the topic of conversation in many places. Rewards were out for the apprehension of the absconding cashier and descriptions of his personal appearance occupied a prominent space in the columns of the daily press.

In the public office of a second rate hotel in New York city, two men were seated side by side, apparently in deep discussion over some topic of more than usual interest. At a little distance, but near enough to overhear their conversation, sat an elderly man—tall, but with stooping shoulders, whose iron-grey hair made him appear to be about sixty years of age. A pair of silver bowed dark-blue glasses covered his eyes, which he also shaded from the light with his hand, as though the brilliancy of its glare weakened them. He held a paper in his hand and seemed to be scanning the columns devoted to the accounts of the sensation at Burton.

"I can tell you more of that affair than anyone else, Joe," said one of the two gentlemen previously mentioned, "and you can take my word for the reliability of it. So if you want to write it up for your paper do so. I came from Burton only last night. I have been there through all this excitement. I was the 'expert' engaged to examine the books at the bank. It seems that old Mr. Boynton, the President, grew suspicious that all was not right, and he called a meeting of the directors. The result was that Girard Lyman—who by the way is a brother of the defaulter, and the most bitter and uncompromising one of his denouncers—was sent here to engage an expert to go over their books. I was detailed for that duty, and arrived in Burton on the night when all the *elite* of the town were in attendance at a grand ball. I immediately took the books and went over a portion of them before the committee. I found suspicious entries. I was locked in the bank all night and kept at my task till morning. My work was not an easy one, for though there were marks of the accounts having been fixed up, yet it was so cleverly done that they bore a very close inspection before their crookedness could be discovered. However, I unraveled it at last, and at 8 A.M. was prepared to make my report. The board met at nine and were astounded at my discoveries. A messenger was despatched for the cashier, but he was not at home. At eleven another despatch was sent and two private officers undertook to deliver it. Mrs. Lyman, who had been taking her beauty sleep after the ball, was aroused, and

while in the act of dressing to meet the officers, found a note on her table which proved to be from her husband acknowledging his felony and declaring his intention of flight. The lady fainted and did not regain her senses for hours. In the meanwhile the house became a scene of great commotion, and later the whole town was in a furore as the news of the defalcation spread."

At the beginning of this recital the elderly stranger started and turned his head toward the speaker, and now while he still held his paper before him, was evidently paying but little attention to its columns.

"What kept you in Burton so long?" inquired the other man, who, as a daily reporter upon one of New York's largest journals, was eager for items for his column.

"Oh, the board decided that I must go over all the books of the establishment, and of course it took time. The results of my work show that the bank is minus over twenty-five thousand dollars by the little business of its cashier."

"Can none of it be recovered?"

"There is little doubt that the money as taken is all gone. It was not abstracted in bulk, but pocketed as paid in by depositors, certain sums at a time. Lyman it seems has a very pretty wife who is also a wonderful singer. This woman has been a great favorite with society people. Pleased with and proud of the attention his wife attracted, the man was determined she should shine as the equal of her admirers in point of elegant surroundings and costly accessories. His income would not permit this, so, when the pinch came, he began to make these embezzlements in order to maintain his style.

"But there is one thing astonishing about the whole thing that the papers have not yet got the inside track of," he continued. "When the young wife realized the whole truth, she sent for Girard Lyman, and announced her intention of making over her entire property, consisting of her house and its furnishings, together with certain articles of jewelry, to the losers by her husband's deeds, refusing to retain any part of it for herself or child. Girard Lyman did not combat her wish, although old Boynton was willing she should preserve certain valuables for herself, which she declined to do, but undertook the transfer with perfect willingness. He is terribly hard on his unfortunate brother, and I believe would not hesitate to throw him into prison in a moment if he got his clutches on him, though I think his wife is at the bottom of it. She is a very proud woman, and this disgrace to her name galls her terribly.

"Well, the property will bring about \$18,000 to the bank, but it leaves the young wife almost penniless. She is to leave the town, I hear, and rumor has it that she goes

to-morrow—no, by jove! glancing at his watch—to-day, for do you know, Joe, it's one o'clock, and time I was in bed."

"But is there no clue to the whereabouts of the delinquent?" asked the omniverous reporter laying a detaining hand upon his companion's arm.

"It is supposed he is hiding in Boston, and detectives are there searching for him. I confess my sympathies are with the young wife. Her action shows her to be full of sterling worth, if she has been a fashionable creature. I suppose she must curse the day she ever met her handsome rascal of a husband, though she is too proud to utter a word of complaint or of censure of him to anyone."

In a moment the two men separated and the man with the gray hair soon sauntered from the room.

In an upper room of the large house we find him a half hour later, pacing softly to and fro, behind the closed door, his head bowed and his frame convulsed as if in agony. "My God, my God, has it come to this?" he sighed. "My wife and child homeless and I an outcast. I never dreamed of this! I thought Alice would keep her home and be saved from want. But I might have known her pure soul would revolt at the thought of retaining comfort at such a cost. Where, oh, where can she be going?" The thought that the object of his solicitude would seek her childhood's home and the advice of George Fergusson occurred to him, bringing a measure of comfort and relief. "Had I better return and give myself to the authorities? No! I would only be cast into prison, and bring further disgrace upon my relatives. She may curse me, but she shall not bear the stigma of being a convict's wife."

He paused and lifted the glasses from before his eyes, revealing a pair of sunken dusky orbs. In a moment the iron gray wig was removed, and there stood Henry Lyman, worn, haggard and pallid, but the same man we have known among other scenes. Gazing for a moment at his reflection in the glass, he carefully readjusted the simple disguise and turned away. "They think I am in Boston; that is well. I shall start directly for Montreal; first for a few hours' sleep." And suiting the action to the thought, he disrobed and lay down upon the bed. A few hours of restless tossing, and then the wretched man arose, carefully performed his toilet, threw his loose traveling coat over his shoulders and passed from the room.

Not a sign was found by the officers at work upon the case of the possible whereabouts of the escaped man. While some people believed he had gone into Canada, others thought he had fled to Australia, but as no clue was received, the case was dropped by those in pursuit, and the

affair gradually died out of the mind of the public.

Meanwhile society at Burton resumed its wonted sway. Those grand ladies who had petted and patronized Alice Lyman now quite forgot to pity or indeed to remember her at all. Mrs. Girard Lyman simply did not wish to "recall the fact that she was in any way connected with a criminal or his family: Alice had done very well to take herself away, and no doubt she would get along, as she had a little money, a hundred dollars or so, and a fine capital in her well-trained voice."

The estate and belongings of the cashier's wife were sold and their returns netted to the bank, and soon all interest in the fate of the once popular couple dropped from the minds of all Burton.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MUSIC TEACHER AND HER CHILD.

When Alice Lyman turned her steps from the scene of her husband's downfall, it was with the intention of seeking a home for herself and child among strangers, who could know nothing of the disgrace that had fallen upon them. Two hundred dollars in money and a small store of clothing comprised the sole possession of the broken hearted woman as she set out upon her lonely journey. Traveling constantly until over five hundred miles had been passed, she paused at a thrifty town called Dalton, attracted by the aspect of industry that the place disclosed, hoping that here she might find the means of earning a livelihood.

Of all the accomplishments she possessed not one approached in point of excellence and finish that fine musical taste and power of execution that in her case actually amounted to a gift. Her talent had been carefully cultivated both before and after marriage, and not only the vocal powers of the young musician, but also her taste for instrumental practice had been assiduously attended to.

It therefore came to be a settled conclusion in the woman's mind, when the necessity of earning a living was forced upon her, to adopt the profession of music as a means to that end, and it was with an idea of this that she sought lodgings in the busy little town of Dalton. These she secured in a quiet part of the town. In the second story front parlor chamber of a modest brick house, the landlady of which was an elderly lady of pleasing countenance and gentle address who fell in love with her new lodger at once, she established her headquarters, paying a month's rent in advance, and placing her advertisement for pupils in the columns of the local paper.

For some weeks the lady received no answer to this application, but in the mean-

while she was building up a reputation as a skillful musician in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Blake, for so the new comer had introduced herself to her landlady, was supposed to be a widow in reduced circumstances. Her gentle, ladylike deportment, her evident musical ability, her air of grace and refinement, all enhanced by the beauty of her face and figure, soon won for her the esteem and admiration of all the other guests in the house. Her little daughter, too, so charming in her almost infantile sweetness, and so devoted in her clinging fondness for her mother, soon became the pet of the house, and there was no room of the establishment in which she was not made a welcome visitor.

The first story front room of Mrs. Lane's house was tenanted by an invalid lady whose days of weariness were passed between the great arm-chair by the window and the softly draped couch in the further recess of the room. One day, almost three weeks after the arrival of Mrs. Blake, and while she was still anxiously waiting some reply to her advertisement, her little daughter, May, straying through the hall on her way to her mother's room, caught sight of the pretty furnishings of this front parlor through the open door, and attracted by them, paused upon the threshold to gaze around in childlike pleasure. It was indeed a pleasant sight that met the eyes of the little stranger. The room was a large one, the walls of which were hung with softly tinted paper and lined with pretty landscapes and well executed portraits, each one reposing against its frame-work of gilt. A velvet carpet upon the floor offered its trailing vines and dainty flowers to the pressure of any æsthetic foot that chanced to approach. Around the room were scattered softly cushioned chairs and pretty tables, the latter covered with books and papers and other evidences of the literary taste of the inmate of this apartment. Across the room the simple silken-covered couch reposed peacefully beneath its snowy canopy, never telling one tale of the sleepless nights of her whose weary head was often laid upon its downy pillows. A fine organ at the opposite of the room, the large easy chair in the embrasure of the spacious bow-window completed the furnishing of this home-like apartment.

Reclining in this chair, her robe of dove-like gray falling in soft folds around her slender form, was an elderly lady whose puffs of snow white hair carefully arranged seemed just suited to the delicate refinement of her face and the mild expression of her soft brown eyes. There were lines of suffering upon the countenance but a gentle peace was there too as though its owner had fought the good fight and won the victory.

The lady glanced up as the little one

paused at her door and a smile of pleasure brightened her eyes and seemed to chase the shadows of pain from her face, as she said in the sweetest and lowest of tones:

"Come in, little girl, and see me," holding out one thin, white hand persuasively. "How did you come here, dear, and what is your name?"

May was not a timid child, and she replied as she advanced into the room and took her stand by the invalid's chair, "Mamma says I must tell people my name is May Blake. I comed here cause I lives here, up-stairs with my mamma."

"What a sweet, little thing you are. Do you and mamma live here alone?"

"Yes, we comed here so far," and the child drew a deep breath in memory of the strange journey. "Mamma cried all the time. She fought I was 'sleep; I wasn't; I knowed she cried; poor mamma, I loves her."

"Yes, darling, and she loves you, too. I love little girls, and I hope you will love me. I am a poor old lady who has to stay in this place all the time because I am too sick to get out. Won't you come and see me sometimes?"

"Oh, yes! Is you real sick?"

"Yes; I can't move without the help of this stick," and the lady laid her hand upon an ebony crutch by her side. "My back is very bad."

"Does it hurt you real much?" and the child's eyes grew large with tender sympathy.

"Some days it does, darling, but just now I am very comfortable. Have you no papa, little one?" and the invalid stroked the fine dark curls of the little stranger with a pitying touch.

"Papa's, gone; and it makes mamma cry. She says I mustn't talk about him, and I don't cause she cries and looks so strange, and when she speaks then she sounds real queer; I can't most hear her. I want my papa; I want him, my pretty papa!" and the child broke down in a wailing cry of woe.

"There, there child, don't; we won't talk about the good papa who must be a saint in heaven. Let me tell you about a dear little girl only three years old who comes to see her poor, sick, old grandma. She's away now with her mamma. They have gone to a big city to stay a month. When she gets home and comes here you must get acquainted with her."

And in listening to the praises of little Cora Blunt, Mrs. Graham's adored granddaughter, May forgot her troubles and ceased to sob.

It was a charming picture that greeted the eyes of Mrs. Blake as she came through the hallway seeking her truant child. The little one had mounted upon the broad arm of the capacious easy chair, and there she perched; her brown ringlets softly touching

the snowy locks of her kindly hostess, and her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes expressive of the delight she found in this strange, new companionship.

"I beg your pardon for the intrusion of my little girl. May, I am surprised at you," came in tones of reproach from the doorway. The couple glanced up, to behold the tall and willowy figure of Alice Blake, clothed in a plain black walking suit, with a little black bonnet to match. In one hand she held a black kid glove, while its mate still reposed upon the left hand of their fair owner.

"Pray do not scold her!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham hastily. "She has not intruded, I assure you. I was feeling quite lonely when she came and I invited her to enter, as I would like to her mamma, if she will. I presume this is Mrs. Blake?"

"Thank you, yes;" stepping into the room, and taking the hand of the child who had slipped down from her elevated position. "I had just stepped out on a little errand, and returned to find this run-away absent. I trust she has not annoyed you."

"Not in the least; we have had a lovely visit, and I do hope she will come again. Mine is a lonely life," and the glance at her crutch told volumes to the sympathetic visitor.

This was not the last of such calls upon the gentle lady below. Alice Blake had not the heart to resist the appeals of the dear old lady who soon became very fond of her child, and on several occasions she found herself pausing at the door of that first story front parlor to inquire after the health of its inmate, or to seek for her daughter, whom she was very sure to find making herself at home amid its pretty surroundings.

In this way a strong friendship came to be established between the two ladies, and it soon became known that they had many tastes in common. Pitying the loneliness of the elder, Alice offered to read to her some of her favorite works, which offer was gladly accepted.

In her frequent visits to the cheerful sick room, little May had spoken of the "lovely music her mamma could make come out of a thing like that," pointing to the organ, and one day Mrs. Graham, who was a passionate lover of music, invited Mrs. Blake to play for her. The request was granted, and as the sweet, solemn strains of Mozart's harmonies floated upon the atmosphere of the room, the listener felt as though she had been wafted to another world.

"You have a genius indeed. That gift should not be kept idle." And then Alice Blake unfolded her plans to the old lady, telling her how very necessary it was she should find the means of earning her living and how desirous she was to procure pupils for musical instruction. "I had thought of giving vocal lessons also, but I find my voice has weakened and I cannot do justice

to those who desire voice culture, so I will have to confine myself to instrumental instruction;" she concluded with a little sigh.

At the request of Mrs. Graham she attempted to sing a choice little aria such as she had delighted fastidious ears with in the past, but while her voice caught up the delicious melody and soared high in parts, there were portions of the music where it flattened and fell, growing strangely husky and indistinct.

"No," she said, rising from before the instrument; "its power has fled. I had a great sorrow and it has left its effects upon me in this way."

"You refer to the loss of your husband. I can sympathize with you, for I, too, have been called to part with a noble companion;" and the elder lady spoke with the sound of tears in her voice.

The next day Mrs. Blake received an offer from her new friend to devote two hours a day in reading and playing to her, the salary for which services to be commensurate with the talent of their performer. Mrs. Blake was overwhelmed with surprise, and was at first loth to accept the offer, she much preferring to render these attentions for friendship's sake and without a monetary consideration. But the invalid would not consent to this, and so it became arranged that the young mother and child should pass a portion of each day in the pleasant room of Mrs. Graham. To the two lonely women this companionship grew to be an inestimable boon. Weary of the world, heart-sick of the paid attendance of the menials who were accustomed to come at the call of her little silver bell, more lonely after the weekly visits of her daughter and little grandchild than she had been before, but obliged to stay in town where she could be near her medical adviser, Mrs. Graham had longed for congenial association. From the first she had felt drawn to Mrs. Blake; something in the beautiful face of that young woman told of a painful past and appealed to the loving heart of the solitary invalid, and she felt satisfied that this was no ordinary life, but one filled to the full with significant and vital experiences.

In due time Alice Blake became acquainted with Mrs. Graham's circle of friends, and as one after another careful mother learned of the musical talent of the widow, as she was called, they made application for her instruction to be imparted to their children, and so in a little while she found her time and talents fully employed.

Mrs. Blunt had returned from her New York visit to her beautiful home some three miles from Dalton, and in visiting her mother, Mrs. Graham, had met and become charmed with the music teacher. Cora Blunt, a graceful little blonde of three years, and May Blake soon grew to be fast friends, and two years later, with

the view of securing musical instruction for this petted child, Mrs. Blunt induced Alice to move out of the town nearer to her own pretty residence of Mossbank.

Mrs. Graham had by this time decided that no physician could relieve the spinal trouble with which she suffered, and knowing that she could have all the care that love and watchful attendance could suggest at the home of her daughter, had consented to be removed thither. Reluctantly she gave up the daily companionship of little May and her mother, but the musical classes of the latter were now so large that she was obliged to devote all her time to them.

The inducements of her friends together with the consideration that the health of her child would flourish better outside the town, decided Alice on taking a cosy little cottage not more than a mile from Dalton, and not quite two miles from Mossbank. This bird's-nest of a house the music teacher furnished with simple taste, but the pretty appointments, the neat, substantial furniture, and the air of refinement that lay over all, made it seem a fitting abode for a princess. A large garden in front, and a green field in the rear, where two stately elms provided ample shade for the little girl were a source of never failing delight to May, who grew and thrived as rosy and dimpled a bit of humanity as one could wish to see.

Mrs. Blake had secured the services of an intelligent New Hampshire girl as housemaid, and she was never afraid of leaving her child in the care of this trusted attendant, while she was obliged to be absent at the homes of her patrons and pupils. Twice every week, the mother and child went to Mossbank—in the carriage that Mrs. Blunt sent for them, and these visits were filled with pleasure for both, for after little Cora's musical studies were attended to, the children would take themselves off to the grounds for a good romp, or curl themselves up, one each side of grandma's chair, and tease the loving invalid for "a real good story," while the ladies visited among themselves and made the most of the pleasant half-day.

And this brings us to that sad, sad day in October, just five years after the advent of the young music teacher in busy Dalton, when a hasty note from Mrs. Blunt at Mossbank was received, requesting her immediate presence there. "My little Cora is very, very ill," she wrote. "Three days ago, while running over the grounds she fell across a stake. She did not seem seriously hurt, and the next morning she appeared to be all right. Last night she fell into convulsions, which continued for hours. She is now very weak and unable to speak. The Doctor looks anxious, and I am almost wild with dread. Do, dear Mrs. Blake, come to us at once; mother is asking for you constantly."

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

* Articles appearing under this head are in all cases written especially and solely for the CARRIER DOVE.

A Mother's Lament.

BY LENA INGRAHAM GIFFORD.

No treasures of my love I see,
Where have my children gone?
They faded 'neath the household tree
And fled like dews at dawn;
I hear no noisy feet proclaim
Their happy childish glee,
I hear no voices call my name
In tender sympathy.

They've left me desolate and lone—
I try to call them back,
But tears, my only solace known
Still course their blinding track.
Where rest, where wander they to-day?
Their forms are 'neath the sod,
But spirits bright and pure as they
Must live if liveth God.

My stricken soul must ask amiss—
No answer yet relieves;
Eye pierces not the lone abyss
Nor ear one sound receives.
O, gentle mercy, spent for all!
Hear, hear me while I pray;
Give back an answer to my call—
Where are my loved to-day?

'Tis said that whispers sometimes come
From o'er the trackless tide,
Where death leaves no despairing gloom
And life and love abide.
Oh, can it be in some bright sphere
My loved are living there,
And shall I yet some kind word hear
To save me from despair?

SEATTLE, WASH. T. V. Dec., 1887.

The Past, Present and Future of Women.

BY DR. JOSEPH SIMMS.

The Civil, Social, Intellectual, and Moral Aspects of the Entire Subject.

No 2.

Female authors who have won distinction within the last thirty or forty years are too numerous to mention by name. Especially since periodical literature has so increased in volume and importance, it has been largely indebted to the female pen. George Sand, for instance, was a voluminous contributor to the *Revue des deux Mondes*; George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) was for many years a regular contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* and Harriet Martineau not only wrote much for Charles Dickens' *Household Words* and for the *Westminster Review*, but was the writer of 1642 leaders in the *London Daily News* on American Slavery, the India Question, the Education of Women, and other political and social questions of the day. Mrs. Emily Crawford is one of the able editors on the *Daily News*. Many, both maidens and matrons, are

now occupying the position of editors in connection with important periodicals. This is especially the case in America, where no one thinks the worse of a periodical for the circumstance of its being managed by a lady. Miss Mary L. Booth is the highly talented editor of *Harper's Bazaar*; Mrs. Martha J. Lamb of the *Magazine of American History*; Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson, literary editor of the *Tribune*; Miss Jeanette L. Gilder of the *Critic*; Mrs. Gertrude Garrison of the *American Press Association*; Mrs. David G. Croly (Jennie June) of *Godey's Lady's Book*; Miss Middle Morgan, live stock reporter of the *New York Times*; Mrs. Mary A. Bowman, musical critic of the *Sun*; Mrs. Fannie B. Merrill of the *Graphic* supplement. These, with many others belong to New York and Philadelphia; in San Francisco Mrs. Owen is assistant editor of the *Golden Gate*, and Mrs. J. Schlesinger, a lady of superior intellectual capabilities and most worthy moral character, is sole editor of the *CARRIER DOVE*. At Portland, Oregon, a weekly paper called the *New Northwest* is managed and edited by Mrs. Duniway, who is a noble veteran worker. Formerly Mrs. Duniway had a sister who was editor of a daily paper at Portland, Oregon. Nor let us omit to mention Mrs. Frank Leslie, who is proprietor, editor-in-chief and publisher in New York of all Frank Leslie's journals. It would seem that this lady's husband was but a poor manager of literary property compared with his wife; for whereas he was deeply in debt when he left the world, she has achieved a rich success, has paid all and goes on swimmingly.

Ida A. Harper is a busy woman. She is an editorial writer on the *Terra Haute*, (Ind.) *Mail*, edits one department in the *Daily Express*, and is assistant editor of the *Freeman's Magazine*, the organ of the Locomotive Firemen's brotherhood. Miss Hattie A. Paul edits, publishes and manages a daily paper in Memphis, Tennessee, known as the *Scimitar*.

It is said there are four hundred and twenty-five women editors in England, which may be true, though their names do not appear. Nothing is more common than for the name of some eminent man to appear on a title page while the work has really been done by some one unknown to fame, whether man or woman; and if a well qualified woman is available so much the better for the world, because more reliable for steadiness and morality, while affording her the opportunity of earning an honorable living. But a London publishing firm of high standing—the Messrs. Hatchard—are about to undertake a first class magazine for children, under the announced editorship of two ladies, the promised contributors both in pen and pencil being names of high reputation. "Oh! well," says some one, "a magazine for children"

it must be admitted that women are the fittest to cater for them."

When female talent is recognized by the highest educational institutions, it can scarcely be ignored by those who have to make appointments for the public service. So we find that women are filling the office of State Librarian, in Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi and Tennessee. A sub-committee of the New York School Board recently appointed a woman as member of the Board of Trustees, the first event of the kind in the history of the New York school department; her name has not yet been announced to the public. Mrs. Everett Green has for many years held a literary appointment in the Record Office in London; her task being to make a calendar or resumé of antique state papers, valuable as material for history, but in such a topsy-turvy condition that no man was found able to make head or tail of them. Miss Em-rod is the Consulting Entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and has been lately reporting her observations on the Hessian fly. Madame Paul Bert (Miss Clayton of Banff, Scotland) will, it is said, be appointed to the high post of Lady Principal of the Female Colleges of the Legion of Honor, at Esorian and St. Denis.

Of course female colleges create a demand for female superintendents, and in some of them none but lady professors are allowed.

Miss Carpenter, whose name has long been before the public as a lady of great ability and high attainments, has been appointed after a very severe competition, to the post of Lady Principal of the Hostel for Female Students in connection with the University College of Wales at Aberystwith; and Miss Don, who at Oxford took a first-class honor in English, and became tutor in literature at Somerville Hall, has been elected Honorary Principal of Aberdare Hall, University College, Cardiff. Mrs. Rachel Lloyd is assistant professor of chemistry at the Nebraska State University, at a salary of \$1500 a year. Madame Lefoulon, Directress of the Contance School, is the oldest woman professor in France, being seventy-nine years of age, and having taught since her twentieth year. She has received several rewards from the Minister of Public Instruction, and it is in view to bestow on her the cross of the Legion of Honor. The first woman that ever obtained this honor received it from Napoleon III for an act of valor.

Miss Maria Michel, born in 1818, has filled to old age the post of Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, State of New York. Miss Priscilla H. Braislin has just married Mr. T. Merrick, a millionaire at Holyoke, Mass., having filled the chair of mathematics at Vassar College for twenty-two years. In contrast with these veterans, we are told that Miss Alice Freeman, Doctor

of Philosophy and President of Wellesley College has quite a youthful face, and is slight and girlish-looking in figure.

But women are now admitted to have talent for business as well as learning, properly so called. Forty-four were elected as poor-guardians in England last year, and their eligibility to School Boards and Poor Law Boards in Sweden has been adopted by both chambers of the Rigsdag. Governor Marmaduke, of Missouri, has appointed a number of women as notaries public; and the widow of the late collector of a branch of the Essex Provident Society has been elected to fill her husband's post, notwithstanding some objections to such an innovation.

In America things in the line of female advancement are going much faster than in Europe. Nowhere on earth are women so well used, or so freely admitted to employment as in the United States; and this is partly the cause of the great intellectual progress and financial prosperity of the country. Women rising in the scale of culture draw the whole nation to a higher level, mental and moral.

There have been many female practitioners in the law courts of America. One who is allowed to have no superior among male lawyers is Mrs. Clara A. Foltz, who practices as an attorney at San Francisco, California, and has lately started a newspaper called *The Bee*, at San Diego, California.

The little town of Argonia, Kansas, is presided over by Mrs. Salton, who was elected mayoress by a two-thirds majority. Perhaps the public eye lighted on her partly because her father was the first mayor of Argonia. Her husband practices law, and she has had four children. With all her other accomplishments, and her public duties, she is said to be a model mother, wife and practical housekeeper.

But more unique is the case of the town of Syracuse, also in Kansas, where the provost, bailies, and councillors are all of the gentler sex. A tourist who lately visited the place has reported to one of the newspapers that the citizens are unanimous in admitting that the town is better governed under the régime than ever it was before. Nor does it seem that the exercise of such novel functions have rendered them less feminine in their manners. "My short acquaintance with these women," says this self-styled pilgrim to the Mecca of Women's Rights, "convinced me that sitting on council chairs and wrestling with questions of city policy had no affect to unsex them. I looked in vain for masculine tendencies."

It is announced that Mrs. Ada C. Biltender is now actively canvassing for the post of Judge of the Supreme Court of Nebraska. She was admitted to the bar in 1882, after passing a very successful examination in open court. She has been prac-

ticing as a lawyer in her husband's office, his partner in business as well as in domestic life. She is the only lady lawyer in the State, and the first ever nominated for a seat on the Bench.

Miss Mary Horton, a graduate of the Boston High School, has been elected and sworn in as recording clerk of the Ohio State Senate, the first woman that has ever been chosen for this position.

But women do not always wait for public offices in which to exercise their talents for business. A large number, especially in America, embark for themselves in enterprises which were not long ago, and even now are in many places considered as suitable only for men. A stranger visiting the Real Estate Exchange in Liberty street, New York, is surprised to see a sprinkling of ladies in the crowds that surround the auction stand. They offer their own bids, ten, twenty, fifty dollars, or according to the value of the property. They pay considerable cash, and then give a mortgage for which they provide with more shrewdness and prudence than many men.

The best farmer at Snow Spring, Georgia, is said to be a woman seventy-two years of age, who has managed her own business for thirty-five years, and raised more cotton than any of her neighbors last season. Colorado has about 800 ranchwomen; not a dozen failures have been reported among them; and the largest individual sheep-owner in Texas is the widely-known "Widow Callahan," whose flocks number 50,000 head. A woman who succeeded her husband in the charge of a railway switch at Macon, Georgia, in 1862, has been at her post daily from 6 A. M. till 6 P. M., and has never once misplaced a switch. Where is there a man that has done better work?

The *jus mariti*, from which married women have suffered so much, both in Great Britain and America, has been yielding to juster legislation. Until a few years ago in England every thing the wife possessed, and every penny she earned was her husband's to use as he pleased, unless it was otherwise stipulated in a contract before marriage. Now, whatever she can earn, and whatever was hers before marriage, or becomes hers afterwards, is free from his power. So in at least some of the American States. The last Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a law providing that marriage shall not impose on a woman any disability as to the acquisition or management of any kind of property, making any contracts, or engaging in any business. Also she has the same rights as a man in making a will; but she may not mortgage her real estate without her husband's co-operation, nor become endorser for another alone. This enables both husband and wife to dispose of property as if unmarried, and gives to each party one-third life interest in the other's real estate. The Supreme

Court of Kansas has decided that when a woman marries, she need not assume her husband's name unless she chooses. Women in that state can vote in city and town affairs and can hold public offices.

It has been thought that women are less inventive than men. Perhaps this has only been for want of opportunity for exercising their talents. They seem to have been coming out wonderfully in this line of late; for an eminent firm of Patent Agents in London, compile a weekly list of new patents applied for by women. Some recent ones are—a frost shoe, to prevent horses from slipping in frosty weather; also one for men, women and children to the same end. Improvements in biers and hearses. A novel combined electrical vapor bath. Improvements in compressing sea salt and chemicals having the same properties. An improved method and apparatus for compressing solid and liquid disinfectants. Improved methods of drying wheat, lentils and other grain. Improvements in surgical water bandages. Improvements in sewing machines. Improvements in folding cupboards, whatnots and other like articles of furniture. Improved means for releasing runaway horses from the vehicles to which they are attached. Not to mention matters of more feminine interest; as a device for connecting cuffs to sleeves of garments; improvements in pins for millinery and other purposes, etc. etc.

The American women are no way behind the English in this respect. The records of the Patent Office, at Washington, show that fully 1,900 patents are claimed by women, besides all those which have been taken out by men for devices which originated in female minds. The wife of Louis Galvani was the real discoverer of Galvanism, but he got the credit of the discovery the same as if he had made it. While this family was living at Bologna, Italy, the wife, while preparing frogs for soup, beside a charged electrical machine, she observed the contractions and sudden motions in the frogs which she touched with the knife, and informed her husband, who repeated the experiment at the university. Other similar instances could be mentioned, but we forbear.

The first submarine telescope was the production of Mrs. S. B. Mather, of New York. Mrs. Montgomery shows a section of a war vessel provided with a series of iron plates so constructed as to resist shot and shell. Among other female inventions are a car coupling pin, and an improved railway for street cars, an apparatus for raising sunken vessels, a portable kiln which can be attached to a gas pipe for firing painted china, and a new mode of forming air-chambers in dental plates for artificial teeth. Other patents include fire-escapes, dust brushes, baby-tenders, window-washers, devices for killing mosquitoes and other

insects, food-preservers, cow-milkers, dish-washers, washing machines, cooking stoves, corpse-preservers, face lotions, and all kinds of garments.

Mrs. F. C. Floyd, of South Boston, has patented in the United States, and has applications pending in other countries for a waterproof bonnet made of India-rubber gossamer fabric, in many fancy designs and various colors, a perfect imitation of the bonnets and hats now worn, but indestructible by rain.

Mr. Edison, genius and inventor as he is, spent two weeks going up and down on the New York elevated railway, to discover the cause of its noise, and if possible, cure it. When he gave it up in despair, a little woman named Mrs. Walton undertook it, and rode on the cars three days, snubbed and laughed at by the conductors and passengers. But she found it out, invented a remedy, and was paid \$10,000, with a royalty forever.

We have, as we think, done something to prove the capacities of women both for scholarship and business. But we must add a very important weight to the scale. They are as a general rule much more trustworthy than men in a moral point of view. Having traveled much in various parts of the globe visiting many prisons and houses of correction, I have usually found from ten to twenty men in every such establishment for one woman. It may be true that this is partly owing to their having less opportunity, but it is pretty certain the case would be much the same if they had more chance. Already many women occupy positions of trust, and we rarely hear of dishonesty among them. Then there is their untiring patience and assiduity in tasks which usually bring a man to the end of his temper. In a large printing and publishing establishment, we have felt a certain sadness mingled with admiration in looking at young women who, from morning till evening, do nothing but lift sheets of printed paper from one pile and lay them on another.

We have noted some features of progress, but much remains to be done. Many of the colleges all over the world persist in excluding women, and universities which admit them to examinations and what are called "honors," sternly refuse to grant them degrees. Then in the walks of business generally speaking, if a female is found capable of doing certain work as efficiently as a man, she is employed as matter of economy, for no one dreams he ought to give her the same wages for the same work. The *New York Herald* says: Mayor Hewitt wants to know why a woman, when she does better work than a man, should not have better pay. Well, it is because, that is to say, the simple reason is that, that, why, of course, that's

the reason. Can anybody give a better one?"

Then there is the elective franchise. Is it not monstrous that an educated and intelligent lady, contributing largely to the support of the state by taxation, is allowed no voice in choosing the representatives who are to vote away her money, while the most stolid and ignorant man in her employment—as her ploughman or herdsman enjoys this privilege? Wendell Phillips has wisely said: "While woman is admitted to the gallows, the jail and the tax list, we have no right to debar her from the ballot-box."

The following are notes of an address on this subject, given at the National Convention in Washington, by Judge Cary, a Representative from Wyoming: "The season for argument is past. Anyone who will stop to think can convince himself that women ought to vote. Some of the best men of the nation are advocating this. I believe that it will begin in the territories and newer states, and gradually spread.

"The source of the strength of this government is that it rests on the support of the governed. Whenever it is necessary for this country to keep large armies or navies to make patriots of its people, the country will not be worth preserving.

"I believe a woman has the same rights that I have. There will men rise up with justice enough to concede these rights to women. This reform is moving on. Great steps are being taken. It took two years of agitation to convince men that a woman should do what she liked with her own property.

Eighteen years ago the right of suffrage was given to the women of Wyoming. They did not vote as the dominant party desired, and after two years, the Legislature passed a bill repealing the law. Governor Campbell vetoed the bill, but the House passed it over his veto; it was saved in the council, however, by one vote, and there are not three per cent. of women old enough to vote that do not exercise this right in every part of the territory. I have been asked if the women of Wyoming neglect home duties on account of politics, but I never knew an instance of this. Nor have I ever known of any quarrel arising through wives voting differently from their husbands, though they often do. If women could vote in the states to-day they would do it as wisely as the men. It is experience that educates men and women alike in these matters. There are some silent women too ignorant to vote, but there are just as many of the same sort among men. If a boy is brought up with the idea that he has not to act in after life, he will be worth very little. If women know they will have to exercise the franchise, they will acquire the necessary knowledge.

"I will state to the credit of woman, she is not naturally an office-seeker, though she

desires to vote, has her preferences and exercises her rights. The superintendents in nearly all the counties are women; they take a deep interest in school matters, and as a rule, control school meetings, for they form three-fourths of those who attend them. In Cheyenne there are no men that have time for this duty. Give woman the right to vote, and she will make out of the boys men more capable of exercising this right. If there is a weakness to-day in this Republic, it is in the manner in which men use the elective franchise. When women are voters they will take interest in matters of State policy. In the Western States the question is being argued in every household, and the belief in it is gradually spreading."

When this address was delivered, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker came forward and said that Mrs. Cary had whispered to her: "We will have better officers, because women will not vote for drinking men."

It is true in Great Britain that the number of M. P.'s that are connected with breweries and distilleries, renders legislation against intemperance next to impossible. Women would set their minds against such legislators.

On the whole, it is plain that except where superior physical strength is required, there is no department of human labor, no function, civil, intellectual or moral, that cannot be, and has not been as well fulfilled by women as by men; and if we take into account that they are generally so much more free from the vices of drunkenness, gambling and other indulgences which create temptation to dishonesty, is it devoutly to be wished they should have fair play in all professions, trades, and public offices with equal pay for equal work done. Then would both vice and crime be found diminishing. Politicians would no longer seek office as a means of personal aggrandizement at the public cost. The medical, the legal, the commercial, the financial, the educational, the legislative, administrative and executive departments of public life would become purer, nobler, wiser and more trustworthy.

We have still to remark that the civilization which has done something for the upper ranks of society, seems scarcely at all to have reached the working classes. The American consul at Dresden says: "I have heard it estimated that women and dogs, harnessed together, do more hauling than the railroads and all other modes of conveyance of goods united. Hundreds of small wagons can be seen every day on all the roads leading to and from Dresden, each having a dog for the "near-horse," harnessed, while the "off-horse" is a woman with the left hand grasping the wagon-tongue to give it direction, and the right hand passed through a loop in a rope which is attached to the axle binding her shoulder. Thus harnessed, woman and

dog trudge along together, pulling miraculous loads in all sorts of weather." In Sweden women almost exclusively are the load carriers, they make the mortar, and do all other heavy work about a new building; they sweep the streets, haul the rubbish, drag hand-carts, unload bricks at the quays, and tow the numerous ferries which abound at Stockholm. Nearly everywhere in Europe, women work in the fields at the heaviest labor the same as the men. In England and America there still prevails the contemptible custom of doling out to women about half the pay that is given to men for the same work. A large number of females cannot with the utmost industry earn more than a little above starvation wages.

Then in the house, it is as true as it is a common saying that women's work is never done. Among the artisan and laboring classes she usually toils from twelve to sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, while the man considers eight or nine enough for himself on every week-day, and on Sunday when he has absolute rest, she works on, preparing the meals, making the beds, sweeping the floors, washing and dressing the children, if there are any, and is there one man out of every twenty that offers to assist her?

All this must, and we trust will soon be changed; and the nations that adopt and encourage the broader humanitarianism, uplifting and upholding the down-trodden sex, will rise in morals and flourish in wealth, till there shall be no more a poor, ignorant or immoral person in their midst. Then, and then only, will the true worth of women become apparent, and the highest civilization begun in this age be fully attained.

The Spiritual Philosophy.

NEW SERIES. NUMBER ONE.

Vicarious Atonement *versus* Self-Reliance.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Among the many prolific causes of the vice and crime so rampant in the earth, among the most potent, in their dread effects in that direction, have been the orthodox theological dogmas of the forgiveness of sin and the vicarious atonement of Jesus the Christ. As incentives to evil deeds they stand almost unrivalled, unapproachable. More pernicious theories of human responsibility and the Divine Economy could scarcely be inculcated. Both of these sin-engendering, crime-productive theological tenets are overthrown by the rational teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy,—which affirms that no such thing as forgiveness of sin exists anywhere in universal nature; that the penalty invariably follows every in-

fraction of natural law, whether in the physical or the moral realm. It is apparent that all violations of physical law—as they are termed—inevitably carry the penalty with them, but as regards spiritual, mental, moral, infringements of established law, the opposite has been held,—that, through faith in, or mere assent to, certain "mysteries of godliness," certain incomprehensible hypotheses, all moral penalties may be avoided, all soul disfigurements be removed instantaneously; that the full penalty for all moral imperfections was paid over eighteen centuries ago; that by the simple consent to the fact of such vicarious atonement having been made for our sins and crimes, with request that the merits thereof be placed to our credit, behold! though we are "as scarlet" in sin, we become "as white as snow." Merely believe that —

"Jesus died and paid it all,
All the debt I owe,"

and that there is nothing left for us to do, and no matter how deep-seated our offenses, how deep-dyed in criminality or how steeped in selfishness and blood from head to foot we may be, we are at once transformed into shining saints, worthy of companionship with such kindred spirits as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Lot and Joshua, David and Solomon,—all washed clean in the blood of the Lamb!

In negation of this, the ministrant angels from the spirit clime proclaim, that as you sow, so shall you reap; that be sure your sin will find you out; that for each violation, or neglect, of any moral law the full penalty inevitably ensues, and no power on earth or in heaven can prevent it; that all atonement for wrong-doing must be made by the offender in person, and by no one else; that each individual soul must shoulder his own errors, his own mistakes, his own crimes, his own villainies,—every one of which must be atoned, outgrown, by continuous effort and protracted exertions; that the last farthing must be paid by the evil-doer ere he be released from the dungeon-house created around him by his own misdeeds; that neither calls for help from, nor reliance upon the merits of, Christ or Jehovah will avail him aught; that there is no escape from wrong-doing save in its abandonment and strenuous endeavor to rise superior thereto,—which endeavor, in the end, will indubitably be crowned with success, ample, full, complete.

Spiritualism cultivates our self-reliance, our manliness and womanliness, bidding us stand upon our feet, erect, Godlike, free,—affirming—to use a homely phrase—that "every tub must stand on its own bottom;" that by our deeds are we justified or condemned; that each one of us is compelled to work out his or her own salvation, not, however, "with fear and trembling," but with courage and hope, prompting us to every good endeavor, inciting us to purity

of life, uprightness of character, nobleness of soul,—these qualities, alone, being of value in the spiritual state. It teaches us, likewise, to call no man Master, but to cultivate our own individuality; thinking, reasoning, and acting for ourselves, regardless of what the Bible or priest, Christ or clergy, may say. Be true, it says, to your own God-given powers of mind and soul!

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

If you have a thought, express it,—it may be false, it may be true: if false, the error can be shown; if true, its soundness may be demonstrated. Be ever open, however, to relinquish any thought or opinion, how deeply cherished soever it may be, if shown to be untrue; and judge the truth of all opinions, precepts, ideas, in the light of pure reason, unbiased by personal predilections or partisan prejudice. Seek ever one thing only,—TRUTH; and this for its own sake alone, because it is truth. When found, cherish it as the apple of your eye,—uphold it, defend it, at all hazards, on all occasions; yet regard not that as truth which is not based upon calm research, patient discrimination, and purest reasoning,—being in strict accord with Nature and her immutable teachings.

These are the paramount injunctions of the Spiritual Philosophy, calling men and women to a higher, purer life, to a nobler, sweeter existence, to manly, self-reliant individuality of character, freed from the restrictions of musty sacred creeds and mouldering holy books; freed from the baneful influence of mitred prelates and pompous bishops; regarding all good books as guides and helpers,—all good men and women as inspirers, teachers,—all codes of thought as assistants, monitors; the human reason and the human conscience being the only arbiters between their respective claims and merits, decisive of the good, the pure, the true, the right.

Unconscious Mediumship.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Here and there are those who by organization are sensitive to the influence of the spirit-world, and are ready instruments to bless the world with the light of the spheres. There have been many in the past fifty years. Centuries have gone by and not one of these: barren centuries when man remained stationary or retrograded into dense ignorance.

As mountain peaks catch the light of morning when all the valleys and plains below are wrapped in darkness, the light of morning, in the glory of ethereal colors, so these sensitives arise into the atmosphere of spirit, and bathe their foreheads in its glory.

Mediums say you? Aye, but not those who usually pass as such. Who should be more sensitive to the vast urgencies of a threatened state than he who has the responsibility of government. Whom would the departed statesman who loved his country seek to impress, if not the ones in power, who could make such impressions available? But those in power may not be impressive! True, and most unfortunate for the state. They MAY be, and then it can be truthfully said that the forces of heaven fight its battles.

Such an one was Lincoln. A Spiritualist, with that holy spiritual fervor of the sage and prophet. Feeling called to a mighty task, and consecrated to its accomplishment, his great and earnest soul responded to the breath of inspiration. He was misunderstood by men because he acted from motives they could not comprehend, which were uncomprehended by himself, but during the years of darkness, anxiety and care, the cabinet on which he relied, was not the executive officers, but one formed of those fathers of the Republic, who, on the hour of its birth, gave its flag to the breezes of heaven. He failed at times, disasters came, representing the periods when the clouds obscured the clear light of inspiration. He disregarded the impressions of impending danger, and disobedience sealed the record of his labors with his blood!

Then in invention, the contrivances by which the elements are harnessed and become willing servants, we take one man as an illustration. A poor uneducated country lad, with a simple knowledge of telegraphy sufficient to send messages over the wires, that is all,—no college learning, no one to assist, to direct, to advise. He soon entered a field where no mortal could advise, where no mortal had been or knew aught to advise him. He became sensitive to the atmosphere of the spirit world, most intensely susceptible and mediumistic, and then the secret chambers of the lightning were unlocked to him. What to other men who had devoted a life-time of study was obscure and mysterious, became to him the ABC to higher readings. He sent his voice across the continent, he recorded the sounds so that the instrument would in all after years, give us back the tones of those we love; he prolonged the lightning's lurid flash into a continuous blaze, and converted night into day; he made the current leap from the wire to the passing train and over an intangible wire from ship to ship, across leagues of sea, and last, greatest of all, has so far succeeded in blending the primary elements into forms of food, as to make certain that it is possible for these food forms to be manufactured without recourse to the tillage of the soil. That will come, as Winwood Reid predicted, and the com-

ing generation will not be compelled to rely for food on the uncertain production of the earth, or flesh that has grown by the process of life, and uncleanly by disease, but in vast laboratories, the intense forces of electricity will force the proper elements into the union, slowly accomplished by vitality, and the supply will be inexhaustible as the forces and elements out of which these foods are formed.

These are illustrations of material advance, but they make possible the vast strides in the spiritual.

In that realm I recall no example more perfectly in accordance with these views than he who recently went to his reward from Plymouth Pulpit. The man and his inspiration were constantly struggling for mastery. He would advance, on the tide of that inspiration, to the very brink of the precipice of heterodoxy, his large heart and enthusiasm carrying him and his hearers far beyond the limit of their narrow creeds, and then recovering himself he would recoil, restate, explain, hedge against the severity of criticism provoked. But constantly he gained ground, and brought his hearers with him. He never retreated quite as far as he advanced, and in later years, the inspiring power had educated the man to its level, and he bravely and boldly stood by his words. For an entire generation he has stood in his pulpit, a divine oracle, every Sunday having an audience of the entire country, and as an elevating, educating power—immeasurable. He broke the fetters from the slave, he broke the fetters of superstition from millions, more bondsmen than the negro slave. If you were to gather up all that he has written it would make a library of itself, and yet there is little of all he has written or spoken that has permanent value, or will endure. Their value consisted not in their enduring qualities; rather in their *being tentative*; steps leading upward, and of no use after once being passed over. He did not, he could not preach the ultimate truth. The Laity, as a conservative force, restrained him. Like an eagle burdened with a great weight, he carried his church and the world forward, and with every new wave of inspiration the burden grew lighter, but he never was quite free.

The limitation of the individual always stands in the path of perfect inspiration. He was forced to speak after the forms of the creeds and beliefs which he inherited, and were received by those he would instruct. Those beliefs were perishing, and his modifications did not quite grasp the whole truth, and hence must disappear. But through him a mighty influence was excited, not such as may be likened to the avalanche which plunges down the mountain, but like the breath of spring, melting the snow and ice of winter, warming the indurated soil, and making possible

the bursting forth of flowers, the prophesies of autumn's fruitage.

All are more or less sensitive, and that sensitiveness when perverted by ignorance becomes a curse instead of a blessing. This sensitiveness, another and better name for mediumship, is susceptible of cultivation, and this will be understood and practiced in the future. This is the faculty which brings us in direct contact with the infinite realm of spirit. The ocean of being is around us. We may not dictate, nor make demands. We are grateful for the grain of manna that may fall from the spiritual skies; we may gather a full repast. As spiritual beings, into the warp and woof of whose being enter the strands of immortal life, we are capable of comprehending the laws of this unseen, and hitherto unknown universe. As suns are pulsating centres of light, spiritual beings are pulsating centres of thought, and as light waves go out circling until lost on the remotest coastline of space, so thought waves go out from the thinking mind, and are caught up by all minds receptive to them.

The truly receptive mind is least alone when alone. Then it becomes a headland against which beat the waves of thought from every thinking being in the universe. Like the telegraph receiver, it picks out the thoughts to which it is sensitive, and the others go out to those receptive to them. You now understand what is meant when it is said, that the great men of all time reach up into this thought atmosphere or spirit ether, and thus become truly inspired. You will also understand that there can be an education superior to all others—the education of this sensitiveness in harmony with the perceptions. The poet is most sensitive to poetic thoughts, and in this sense is a medium, not, perhaps, for an individual poet, but unconsciously for the inseparable thoughts of all. The great statesmen receive influx from the United Congress of past leaders. Through the sensitive p eacher, all preachers of the past find tongue. The man of science, if successful in his research, may be praised for skill and faithfulness, but beyond these qualities are the impressions descending from all who think, or have ever thought on their special subjects. This is the highest form of mediumship, although its possessor may be wholly unconscious of his gift.

Answer to "Scientific Enigma," By
W. E. Coleman, in our Last
Number.

Dickzblwfyvexqumphjstrong. (The 26 letters of the alphabet.)

1. Diethyl phenylazonium bromide;
2. Iva; 3. Crab; 4. Khos; 5. Zeuglodon; 6. Benedetto Guarlott; 7. Lutz;
8. Altruism; 9. Whitney; 10. F. C. Bair; 11. Yashit; 12. Vriac; 13. El-

pis; 14. Xanthos; 15. Quipu; 16. Utr; 17. Mrityu; 18. Paleography; 19. Hyrax; 20. Juglans; 21. Scholium; 22. Tympan; 23. Ramesu-Miamen; 24. Onusprobandi; 25. Nergal; 26. Ground-tackle.

Selected Articles.

"Hobson's Choice."

Did you know that this familiar phrase, "Hobson's Choice," preserves the memory of a very good and useful man?

Thomas Hobson was born in 1544; he was for sixty years a carrier between London and Cambridge, conveying to and from the University, letters and packages, also passengers. In addition to his express business, he had a livery stable and let horses to the University students. He made it a rule that all the horses should have, according to their ability, a proper division of work and rest. They were taken out in regular order, as they stood, beginning with the one nearest the door. No choice was allowed, and if any man refused to take the animal assigned him he might go without any. That or none. Hence the phrase "Hobson's Choice."

In the spring of 1630, the plague broke out in England. The colleges of Cambridge were closed, and among the precautions taken by the authorities to avoid infection, Hobson was forbidden to go to London. He died in January, 1631, partly, it is said, from anxiety and fretting at his enforced leisure. Hobson was one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge, and did much for the benefit of the city to which he left several legacies. His death called forth many poems from members of the University, officers and students, among them two by the poet Milton, then a student at Christ's College.—*Patricia McArthur Cole.*

A Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago, not a pound of coal nor a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burnt in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron-framed fireplace, which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town, as well as in the country, was done by the aid of a fire kindled on the brick hearth or in brick ovens. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the lights for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells with creaking sweeps. No form of pumps was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until

after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those days by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire went out upon the hearth over night and the tinder was damp, so that the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some member of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in the winter. The men and women of one hundred years ago went to their beds, in a temperature colder than that of our barns and woodsheds, and they never complained.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Woman's Plea.

Before the State Grange of California, Mrs. Mary. F. Merrill, of Stockton grange, made this touching appeal:

"Since I was old enough to know her history I have always loved my country. My country, did I say? I have no country.

She stretches out her beneficent hands to the uttermost parts of the earth; she invites even the lowest and most degraded, and they come. Come, from the hovels and mudsills of Ireland; come, from the slums and the gin-mills of England; come, bending beneath a load of ignorance and superstition, from Spain and Italy; come, loaded with dynamite, from Germany, and France, and Russia; and she bids them welcome. She says: 'Look abroad over my vast domain, and take whatever is left of the fairest and the best. Stay yet a few days, and then enter into the councils of the nation. Stay yet a few days, and have a voice in saying how this fair land shall be ruled.'

But when an American woman, true-hearted, intelligent and patriotic, knocks at the door of the council-chamber, she shows a forbidding face. She says: 'Go home! go home! use your influence there. I know that your influence is ever exerted for good, but we want none of it here.'—*The Woman's Standard.*

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of life can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of Heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Put this restriction on your pleasures:—Be cautious that they injure no being which has life.

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editor

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THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JAN. 14, 1888.

Spiritualism and the Press.

It is gratifying to Spiritualists to note the change that has taken place in the tone of the secular press regarding Spiritualism during the last few years. Instead of the ridicule, abuse and misrepresentation of the past, we see fair, impartial and kindly reports of the progress of the movement in the columns of all the standard, wide-awake journals of the day. When an editor attempts to belittle a cause having over ten millions of adherents in this country alone, it shows that he is behind the times, and needs to read up on topics of general interest, and especially one that is attracting the attention of the best minds in Europe and America. The days of meeting this subject with ridicule, or ignorant denunciation are past; and it remains for progressive individuals to investigate its claims or hold their peace concerning it.

Its staunchest advocates do not claim

that all which passes current for Spiritualism is such; they are well aware that some unprincipled men and women have assumed the guise of mediums in order to make money, and have so successfully duplicated some of the more startling phenomena, which occur only rarely and under the finest possible conditions, that they have succeeded in duping the credulous in our ranks, and winning fame and competence from the practice of a few clever tricks, which they claim are of spiritual origin, but which in reality are only the result of the skillful practice of deception on the part of the person claiming to be a medium, and sometimes the co-operation of confederates, who assist in carrying on the show.

When Spiritualists, as a body, shall have cleared their ranks of these impostors and charlatans, they will receive the respect and consideration they deserve from all classes of thinking people, and the cause will obtain that recognition and influence in the world, which would greatly accelerate all reformatory movements for the uplifting of humanity, of which Spiritualism is the progenitor and advocate. Notwithstanding all drawbacks and untoward conditions, which have retarded its progress, it still remains the grandest movement of the nineteenth century, and the one fraught with the greatest blessings to the race.

The following criticism is encouraging testimony coming from the secular press, written by a man who, although not a believer, concedes the beneficial influence, such a belief must necessarily have upon individuals and society:

When G. Frederick Parsons was editing the *Sacramento Record*, he published over his own signature a series of articles in which he criticised Spiritualism and spirit mediums, closing as follows:

"When all just allowance is made for conscious and unconscious deception, both on the part of mediums and on the part of their controls, and when the frivolity, and vulgarity, and folly of very much that emanates from the so-called 'spirit world,' is eliminated, there remains a solid and invulnerable body of evidence, which has unquestionably exercised not only a powerful but a wholesome influence upon society. Scores of thousands, hundreds of thousands, of bereaved men and women have through these means obtained what to them is the most conclusive proof of the existence and proximity of those whom they have loved and lost. And for all who have reached

this belief, the effect must be salutary, for who can contemplate the possibility of constant supervision by the dead, without being raised to a higher plane of existence?"

Help The Unfortunate.

If any of our readers feel able, and desire to spread the truths of Spiritualism among the needy and unfortunate in alms-houses, jails, and prisons, we will aid them to the best of our ability, by furnishing a larger amount of valuable reading matter for less money than can be obtained elsewhere. We have on hand a number of *DOVES*, of various dates, that have accumulated during the last two or three years, which we will dispose of for the above mentioned purpose, at the exceedingly low price of five cents per copy. This will include the monthly magazines, which sold for twenty-five cents a copy, and also the weeklies of recent date. We think our friends could do a good work by this means, and aid us in extending the truths taught through the columns of the *DOVE*. To anyone sending us large orders, we will send them at the rate of twenty-five books for one dollar. This will include magazines of various dates since 1886, and all finely illustrated.

They would do an immense amount of good circulated among the classes referred to, and among the poor in every neighborhood.

Who will be the first to begin the good work?

Passed Away.

William Bolmer, aged twenty-two years. On Tuesday, January 3d, Mr. W. Bolmer of 2935 Mission street, this city, passed to the higher life from the effects of consumption. The funeral services were performed at the house on the following Thursday by Mr. J. J. Morse in his usual effective and impressive manner.

Premium Notice.

We will send the *CARRIER DOVE* for the year 1888, and an elegantly bound volume of the *DOVE* for 1887 to any person who will send us five dollars before March 1st, 1888. This is the very lowest terms at which such a large amount of valuable reading could be furnished. The bound volume will contain 626 pages of reading matter, be-

sides about sixty full page engravings, among which are portraits of prominent Spiritualists, scenes in spirit life, spirit pictures, views of the City of Oakland, and fine illustrations for the children's department. It contains many valuable lectures, stories and essays of great importance.

Lyceum Work in Cleveland, Ohio.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

The lately elected officers of the children's progressive lyceum for the current year were formally installed Sunday morning at the regular lyceum session in Memorial hall, Mr. Thomas Lees officiating in absence of Acting Conductor C. G. Oyston. The ceremony was very simple yet highly interesting both to spectators and those installed. Mr. Lees briefly outlined the utility of the lyceum, the great difference between it and the orthodox Sunday school and the great responsibility resting on those who took on themselves the management of it. Commencing with the conductor Mr. Lees defined the duties of each of the newly chosen officers, presenting each at the close of his remarks with their respective badges of office, when each signified acceptance in short but appropriate speeches, all in turn manifesting great enthusiasm for the prosperity of the lyceum during this year. The following are the officers for 1888:

Conductor—Richard Carleton.
Guardian—Miss Nellie Ingersoll.
Assistant Guardian—Mrs. Rose Carleton.
Secretary—E. W. Gaylord.
Treasurer—Edward Lemmers.
Musical Director—John W. Pae.
Assistant Musical Director—Albert Lemmers.
Librarian—Arthur Derby.
Assistant Librarian—Dora Smith.
Postmistress—Miss Rena Hatch.
Assistant Postmistress—Miss Pearl Lees.
Guards—Fred. Derby, Albert Derby, George Duguay, Leonard Turner.
Trustees—Thomas Lees, John Madden, Samuel Russell.

At the close of the very interesting installation ceremony the conductor invited any one who felt that he had a word to say to the children to do so, whereupon Mr. Charles D. Everett, of this city, and Dr. Williams, of Rochester, N. Y., responded with a few words of encouragement to the

children and likewise to the new officers. The exercises closed with a recitation by Miss Lillie Root.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Financial Statement.

SUNDAY EVE LECTURE COURSE, COLUMBIA THEATRE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Expenses.

Speakers.....\$307.00
Lease of Theatre..... 373.81
Printing, Advertising, etc..... 125.56

\$806.37

Receipts.

Tickets sold.....\$747.65
Donation, Dr. R. C. Flower..... 20.00

\$767.65

Deficit..... 38.72

\$806.37

While the above figures show a small deficit, the admirable course of lectures have been a pronounced success, and the prime object has been attained, viz: the better understanding of Spiritualism by the general public. Many of our most prominent public and private citizens heard Spiritualism discussed for the first time from the Spiritual rostrum, and the lectures so well reported by the city press were read by thousands, thus doing an incalculable amount of good. The second object, that of raising a fund to start "a free spiritual library and reading room" in this city, was a perfect failure as the figures show. Spiritualists at present lack cohesion and unity of purpose, so while all admit a public spiritual reading room would be a good thing in Cleveland, it will not take form at present, but may in "the good time coming." THOS. LEES, Chairman.

Spiritual Meetings in San Francisco.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Two excellent services were held in Metropolitan temple on Sunday last. In the morning quite a variety of interesting questions were submitted to the control of Mr. J. J. Morse, who, as usual, gave great satisfaction by the clearness and pertinence of his replies.

At night the control of Mr. Morse discussed the subject of "Metaphysical Science, its teachings and their value," in a most forcible and able manner. The lecture was

full of apt quotations, original comparisons, cogent logic and occasional sallies of witty and pungent criticism. It was vigorously applauded during and after its delivery.

Owing to a family bereavement Mr. Keith was prevented from attending on Sunday evening which resulted in an unexpected and gratifying surprise to the audience in the fact of his place being supplied by our old friend, Miss E. Beresford Joy, who sang with exquisite taste and feeling a pathetic ballad "The Kingdom Called Home," which elicited such enthusiastic applause that she then favored the audience with "Sweet Spirit Hear My Prayer," in which her clear sweet notes rang out most melodiously throughout the spacious building. If, in addition to the valuable services of Mr. Keith, the managers of the Temple meeting could secure the assistance of Miss Joy, who is now open to engagements, a vocal attraction of unequalled power would be presented to the frequenters and supporters of these meetings that would be simply irresistible.

On Sunday next questions as usual at 11 A. M.; at 7:30 P. M., the control of Mr. Morse will lecture upon "The Coming God." Seats free; all are invited.

"Practical Occultism."

Mr. Morse's new book, "Practical Occultism," will be ready for delivery in a fortnight's time. From the advance proofs we have seen, we can assure our readers a very handsome volume is being produced. The paper is a rich antique note, and the binding will be in chaste and neat cloth. It will be exceedingly cheap at its price of one dollar per copy.

Chips.

Lay the axe to the root of the tree; let the chips fly where they will.

"But forever and forever
Let it be the soul's endeavor
Love from hatred to discover,
And in whatso'er we do,
Won by truth's eternal beauty,
To our highest sense of duty
Evermore be firm and true."

Portraits of J. J. Morse, price 25 cents, can be had at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. It is a very fine picture—cabinet—by Bushby, of Boston, Mass.

Dr. Leon Bowdoin of Stockton favored us with a call on Monday last.

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go.

Read, "Help the Unfortunate," in another column, and then act upon the suggestions contained therein.

A house is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as the body.

It is faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes life worth looking at.—*Holmes*.

An old Texan recently remarked that he had eight unanswerable arguments for prohibition. "What are they?" asked a friend. "My eight sons," responded the old man.—*The Review*.

Col. C. P. Hatch of Petaluma paid us a visit in the early part of the week, and we were pained to hear that his estimable wife was suffering from a fall from a buggy. We hope our dear sister may speedily recover.

"Lupa," whose sweet poems and earnest words have so many times gladdened and encouraged the DOVE's readers, is visiting in the city. May she gather new inspiration and fresh hope and strength during her stay in our bracing climate, is our earnest wish.

"A new game has been discovered for the holidays called 'Editors' Delight.' The plan is on this wise. Take a sheet of ordinary writing paper, fold it carefully and enclose a postal note sufficiently large to pay a year's subscription. If the editor smiles on receiving it the trick works."

The cause of truth is progressing, notwithstanding all the forces of evil arrayed against it. Though falsehood and error flourish for a time, "truth is mighty and will prevail."

A young wife in Tennessee Park, Colorado, presented her husband on November 12th, with five boys at one birth. But the children are born of a political pauper mother who does not own the babies unless the father deserts them.—*Denver Bee*.

George: "You have not told me yet how your parents feel about our engagement."

"Well, pa says he will see me in my grave before he will let me marry you."

"Good Heavens!"

"Oh, don't bother about him. Ma says she'll fix it all right."—*Omaha World*

From what we have learned from friends, there are two stranger mediums in this city and vicinity, possessing very rare and satisfactory phases, which we hope soon to have the pleasure of witnessing in our own home and under strictly test conditions. We do not refer to any mediums who have received public notice in any journal in this city—not even the Beste materializer from Boston.

From every quarter come congratulations upon the excellence and beauty of our holiday issue. One gentleman whose opinion we value highly said it was the finest spiritual journal he had ever seen, and he had read a great many. Such words of commendation are very gratifying, and amply repay us for all the efforts we have made to please, entertain and instruct our readers.

Every session of our national Congress is opened with a prayer by the chaplain, who asks that our lawmakers may be guided by wisdom and directed by the divine light. As there is not the slightest evidence that any of these prayers are ever answered, we would suggest that praying be dispensed with until a few back-number supplications have been responded to.—*Freethought*.

"The divorce between church and state ought to be absolute. It ought to be so absolute that no church property anywhere in any state, or in the nation, should be exempt from equal taxation; for if you exempt the property of any church organization, to that extent you impose a tax upon the whole community."—*From James A. Garfield's Speech in Congress, June 4, 1874*.

THE DRIFT OF CATHOLICISM.—The purpose of the Catholic party to break up our unsectarian school system has been realized in Stearns Co., Minnesota, where their church property exceeds a million of dollars. The Catholic catechism is taught daily in nearly three-fourths of the public schools. Many of the schools are conducted in the German language, and some of the schools

taught by the Benedictine sisters.—*Journal of Man*.

JUGGERNAUT.—It is a singular fact that at the late procession of the idol Juggernaut in India, instead of the thousand devotees who used to drag at the ropes to haul his chariot from the temple to the river, hired coolies had to be substituted, and the victims who willingly threw themselves under the ponderous wheels to be crushed to death, were entirely wanting.—*Commonwealth*.

BEECHER'S MEDIUMSHIP.—It has been generally believed in spiritual circles that Henry Ward Beecher had an inspiration which belongs to mediumship. This quality appears to have been inherited from his mother. On one occasion she was suddenly impelled to leave her apartment and rush out to an old carriage house, where she arrived in time to save the life of her youngest child, which had fallen through a carriage top and was caught in such a way that if she had not arrived then he would have been strangled.—*Journal of Man*.

Correspondence.

*Under this head we will insert brief letters of general interest, and reply to our correspondents, on topics or questions within the range of the CARRIER DOVE's objects. The DOVE does not necessarily endorse the opinions of its correspondents in their letters appearing under this head.

Editor CARRIER DOVE:—I am sure that the numerous readers of the DOVE must appreciate the rich treat that you have given them in the holiday issue. Thirty-two pages of reading matter, three full-page illustrations, besides various smaller cuts,—and all for ten cents. As they say in the opera, "However could you do it?" And then such a galaxy of talented contributors! J. J. Morse, Hudson Tuttle, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Charles Dawbarn, Dr. E. D. Babbitt, Dr. Joseph Simms, Miss M. T. Shelhamer, Mrs. E. A. Pittsinger, and others,—saying nothing of the sensible, well-written editorials that grace its columns.

The friends of honest, pure Spiritualism on this Coast are rejoiced at the assurance that the DOVE has come to stay, that the prospects are bright for its success. We need badly on the Pacific Coast an independent, fearless spiritual paper, that will not truckle to moneyed fraud, and that will exclude from its columns sensational narratives of suspicious and fraudulent phenomena, and whose columns, advertising and others, will not be for sale to any charlatan, masking in the guise of spiritual medium,

that chooses to buy them. The course pursued by the DOVE in the immediate past gives promise that it will be just such a paper as I have outlined above; and if so it will deserve the cordial support and encouragement of every well-wisher of clean and undefiled Spiritualism.

Since the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* some years ago inaugurated the custom of issuing a special Christmas number, it is noticed that other spiritual journals have of late published holiday numbers. Several of them did so this Christmas, one of them issuing an illustrated number. The general get-up and the illustrations of the holiday DOVE are in pleasing contrast to the illustrated holiday number of the papers above referred to. The latter was printed upon pink paper of similar hue to the paper used by the various "Police Gazettes" and similar immoral journals, an instance, in my opinion, of very poor taste, to say the least. The illustrations consisted of several "stock" woodcuts, the principal one on the front page being a representation of a "Guardian Angel," with large feathery wings. Such a picture would be appropriate in an orthodox paper, but an angel with wings is entirely out of place in a spiritual paper. It is hoped and believed, that the DOVE will never permit aught of this character to find entrance into its pages.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 9, 1888.

P. S.—I was pleased to see in the holiday DOVE a directory of local mediums concerning whom no evidence of the practice of systematic fraud has been presented. Segregation in alleged mediumship, to the end that, so far as possible, the simulated may be separated from the real, is a pressing desideratum in San Francisco Spiritualism. The sensational wonders palmed off upon the credulous and the indiscriminating, by the swarm of much-belauded fraudulent mediums with which this city is cursed, is crowding to the wall the genuine mediums, and shutting out very largely the genuine psychic phenomena present in our midst. Fraud is rampant in all directions in San Francisco so-called mediumship; and it is well that the true mediumship here should be brought to the front once more, in this crisis in the history of the Spiritual movement.

Editor CARRIER DOVE:—I am still at work trying to get yearly subscribers for the precious DOVE. Everyone likes it so well but money seems so hard to get, and the wealthy people are always so poor. Mrs. A—, of P—, writes that she is very much pleased with it, and has a good time reading it while her husband is away at church; then she sends it right off to a friend. She says there is so much valuable reading in it that she wants to keep in cir-

ulation. The DOVE is a marvel of beauty as it comes to us every week laden with gems of thought. The lecture in the last number, Dec. 3d, by Dr. James C. Jackson savors largely of common sense; I think it should be published in pamphlet form and be kept before the people, both men and women, until a few of the primary lessons of life are well learned. Ignorance and stupidity are hard masters, yet "the world moves." I think the spirit world has given up S—as a *hard place*; the city is full of churches, and the people mostly orthodox; some of them are starving for spiritual food, yet dare not take a spiritual paper.

Sincerely your friend and co-worker,
F. E. R.

[Mrs. A—is an exception to the general rule. It is usually the *husband* who reads liberal literature while the *wife* is at church.—ED. DOVE.]

Children's Dept.

The Birds' Breakfast.

Two little birdies,
One winter day,
Began to wonder
And then to say,
"How about breakfast,
This wintry day?"

Two little maidens,
One wintry day,
Into the garden
Wended their way,
Where the snow lay deep
That wintry day.

One, with a broom,
Swept the snow away;
One scattered crumbs,
Then away to play:
And birdies had breakfast
That wintry day.

—Our Dumb Animals.

The Right Sort of a Tenant.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman; "but the one that I like the best is a child not more than ten years old. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the West side, and did so. I noticed there was an old coop of a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After awhile a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" says I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth."

"The first month he brought \$2, and the second month a little boy, who said he was this man's son, came with \$3. After that I saw the man once in awhile, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes \$2, and sometimes with

\$3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

"I took the money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any.

"Where is she?" said I.

"We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since."

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them and we keep an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they are getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little, and then I said:

"My boy, you keep right on as you have begun and you will never be sorry. Keep your sisters together and never leave them. Now look at this."

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him that it was all his with interest. 'You keep right on,' says I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' That's the kind of a tenant I have."—*Chicago Herald*.

"Science" publishes some valuable records collected by Dr. Samuel Sexton on the effects of boxing the ears. In fifty-one cases upon his records the ear has been injured by blows of the open hand or fist. One had inflammation of the ear, and a running of the ear for twelve years. This patient died of brain disease. In another case the ear became inflamed and the hearing was much impaired. In another the patient was slapped by his father on the left ear and deafness ensued, with a bloody discharge, from which he was three months in recovering.

The dangers to which Dr. Sexton calls attention are so grave that parents and others should choose some other method of punishing their children than boxing the ears.

It is always an ease, and sometimes a happiness, to have nothing; no man is so worthy of envy as he that can be cheerful in want.—HALL.

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