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A Petrified Tree in the Petrified Forest, near Calistoga, 68 ft. long, 11 ft. in diameter.

# The Carrier Dove.

"Behold! I Bring You Glad Tidings of Great Joy!"

VOLUME VI.

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## Selected Articles.

### Personal Experience.

FROM "PSYCHIC SCIENCE," BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The following narrative is an attempt of a celestial being to convey by words a conception of its glorious life. While, in part, the sketch must be taken allegorically, mainly it is a true picture. The communication came from our mother, Jane A. Hood, and the remarkable facts connected with her death are correctly stated. I more minutely describe the entrance into that state wherein the message was received, because it illustrates the preceding discussions, and the communication emphasizes and makes plain many points which have remained unapproachable.

The first stages were like sinking into peaceful slumber, and I felt the scenes of earth melt out of consciousness, while a strange exhilaration, peaceful and delightful, came over me. There were changing flashes of color, rivaling the rainbow, coming and going in receding circles, and then a misty brightness, out of which slowly came, as though the cloudiness were material in the hands of an artist, a form which I recognized as our mother's. A score or more of years had passed since the fateful hour when we were gathered around her couch, too distressed to weep, and awed by the presence of the silent messenger. Wasted by serious sickness, she was at last free from pain, and a smile of joy came over her pale face when she knew it was soon to be over. We thought her dead, for her eyes closed and her breath ceased, when she repeated with a voice sweet as music:

"Bright spirits await to welcome me home.  
To that blissful region where you, too, may come.  
Weep not, for our parting is only to sight.  
Our spirits may still the more closely unite.

"Perform well each day the task which to you  
is allotted, and murmur not if you must do  
What now seemeth hardship, for soon you will prove  
The labor of kindness, an action of love."

Then her eyes closed again, and her features changed into a glad smile. There was now no mistaking the signs, and we went to our appointed tasks, feeling that it would be sacrilege to weep in the presence of such a triumph over death. We felt that we had been permitted to catch a glimpse of an un-

seen reality. As travelers in mountain regions are delighted after the valley is wrapped in twilight, by glimpses of the crest of some tall mountain catching the rays of the sun, and reflecting its glory, so to us it seemed that the departing spirit had caught a glimpse of the light of its new life, and reflected a smile on the face of the body it was leaving.

How beautiful she was, with the graces of youth, and the complete and perfected charms of maturity. No wrinkles were on her brow, no marks of care, anxiety or pain; she was ideal in excellence.

What has happened to you, mother? How are you the same, and yet not the same?

The response: I have returned to my youth and have brought my experience with me. I scarcely realize how many years have passed. Twenty-five, do you say? It seems to me not as many days; and yet, let me recount. There has been a flood of events, and my recollection of the last time you saw me has grown dim. We count not time by years, but by accomplishments; by what we do and gain in thought. I am pained by the memory of the olden time. You say it was twenty-five years or more ago! As I come again in contact with earth, my sickness and sufferings are recalled. How weary and worn I became! How I longed for the end! The love you all bore me, and my love for you was the only cord which bound me to life, and as I approached the end I forgot even that. How much I suffered that day I cannot tell, but at last I was at peace. The terrible struggle between flesh and spirit was done, and the latter rested. I thought I would sleep, and yet it was not sleep. It was a repose of all living functions, and yet my mind was in full activity. For a time I heard all that was said by those who were in the room; but soon I became so absorbed in the thoughts which flowed on my mind, that I lost consciousness of everything else. Oh! it was such a delicious sense of comfort and of rest! I was so very weary; I had been so tortured by pain that to be free was indescribable happiness. I had heard them saying that I was dying, and I expected the dread moment with foreboding. It surely must soon come, yet I thought I had not reached it. The darkness began to lighten, and I thought the morn was breaking. An intense thrill of delight filled my being, and the light grew stronger. I continued to rest, and a new strength came to me. I am get-

ting well again, I thought, and perhaps, when the morning comes, I shall surprise my friends and children by at once arising from my couch. The light streamed in with a soft and a refreshing warmth. There were no walls to prevent its passage. I was floating in a cloud of light, borne gently and softly as a weary child on its mother's breast. Then out of the light, as though it had formed into shape and substance, I saw three friends long since dead, and my own blessed mother. To meet them did not appear strange to me, yet I knew they were not of earth. When they came around me, taking my hands in theirs, and caressing my forehead, I was surprised at their beauty, and the sweetness of their expression. They read my thoughts and answered:

"Yes, truly we are of the dead, and you will find that that dying means to live."

"I thought I was dying; they told me so," I said, laughing at the absurdity. "But I have become well; never so well since a child. It is a joy to breathe and feel the fresh life come coursing through my veins. But why do you smile?" I asked. They replied: "Do you not know that your new life means death? How much you have to learn, dear sister!"

"Yes, I have everything to learn; my life has been full of cares."

"They have been for others," was replied. "And such are treasures in heaven. For us to learn is not labor. If we bring ourselves into the proper conditions of receptivity, knowledge flows into our minds. There is no effort, no wearisome study. We may know all that the highest intelligence knows if we are in the right condition."

"I must bring myself at once into that condition," I replied, "for there is need."

"Be not in haste, our sister," said they gently; "there is time, and you must have repose. The pain you have endured reflects on your spirit, and you have not yet recovered."

"I infer from your words that I have met the change I so feared," I said again, smiling at the absurdity of the idea. "When did I pass the limits of earth life, and why do I lose sight of my friends?"

"You need have no more dread," replied my darling mother. "You do not see them because we are far away from them. It would not be well for you to remain and witness their sorrow. We have taken you away, that you may first recover and grow strong."

As I felt the swift motion, which I had not before observed, for it had been to me the gentle rock of sustaining arms, I asked: "Am I to be taken away so far I cannot return?"

"Fear not, child," she replied in her old way, "fear not, for whatever we justly demand is granted to us. The craving of the heart is not left unanswered. Presently it will all be made plain to you.

We were drawn onward as by the tide of a great river, and I saw countless others coming and going, as though on swift errands. Then we paused on an eminence, overlooking a sea of amethyst on our right, and a vast plain on our left. The sky was softest purple, and the light fell with indescribable mellowness over all—there was happiness in the air, and those we greeted were radiant. No words can describe what I saw, or my rapidly changing emotions. There is nothing on earth with which to compare the landscape. The softest earthly colors are opaque in comparison, and the clearest sky a murky cloud. Overcome, I wept for joy, and my companions wept with me.

"Oh!" exclaimed one, "how sweet to know that this is the reality; no more doubts, nor forebodings; no more fears nor distress; a life that of itself is the highest pleasure, and yields us heaven.

I started at the word, for it recalled a tide of beliefs: "Heaven! When are we to go there? Where is it, and what must we do to go there?"

"Be not impatient, dear sister; we are in heaven already. Where happiness is, there is heaven. Heaven is activity. It is the deed of kindness, the pure, loving thought that makes heaven."

"What is its first principle?" I queried, for I am weak and undesigning."

"Doing for others is the full measure of its law. This is the angel code from which every trace of selfishness has been weeded out. To do for others brings gain. The pure and noble angels bending from their spheres of light, labor for others in self-forgetfulness. When man so far forgets his selfishness as to sacrifice himself for others, he exalts himself in angel-life. To work for self is no better nor worse than the brute world, from worm to elephant, and is devoid of immortal gain."

How delighted I was at these words. The dross of the world was rapidly disappearing. The sphere of my earthly labor, which to me seemed so narrow, widened. I had been sympathetic with those who suffered, and to those weaker than myself I had given a helping hand. Little things of no account at the time, so humble and narrow had been my life now had a new meaning.

My companions smiled as they read my thoughts, and one responded: "Dear sister, your weakness was your strength. It will be no effort for you to do as you have always done. They who can be unselfish under the coarse influences of earthly life, how grand

must be their career under the purer conditions which here prevail."

As we conversed there came one from another group, tall, beautiful and radiant with light, and with his companion more exquisitely beautiful than himself. They invited us, and we went to their abode. "How beautiful you are," I exclaimed involuntarily to her.

"I am glad," she replied, "for to be truly beautiful means that the thoughts are right and true, for they mold the features, and through them gain expression; but it requires time—a great length of time."

"How long have you been here?" I ventured to ask.

"Many hundred years. I scarcely know how long."

"And you grow not old here?"

"We grow not old. The spirit knows no age. It is not limited by duration. It is an eternal now, concentrating the past, and awaiting the future."

I had not seen myself since the change. I put my hand to my face; it was smooth and un wrinkled. A happy ripple of laughter came from my companions. He who had come for us said: "Dear sister, you left those with your body. The pure spirit has not the wrinkles of care or of age."

I looked at him as he spoke, and my attention was called to his robe. I had not thought of this subject before. I had been so eagerly watching the faces of my companions, I had not thought of their garments or of my own. What a change! What was this raiment? I cannot describe it. It was a drapery as of a cloud, and its color depended on the spiritual condition of the wearer. I was glad that mine was azure, for that was the color of my companions', and thus I knew I was like them. What was it? A cloud or woven light? It fell around me soft and warm, and with a luxuriant coolness contrasting with the burning of the fever I had so recently escaped. How different from the roughness of the old garments was this fleecy robe, glinting and reflecting the light.

As we conversed, there came a spirit, who paused in front of us, dark and sullen. His raiment was sombre and grim, like his thoughts. "Can you tell me where heaven is?" he grumbled. "I paid a preacher to gain it for me, and now having lost all else, I want that."

"Poor brother," replied the elder, "you search for what you can never find outside of yourself."

"You are a deceiver!" he muttered as he fled away.

The elder brother gazed after him sadly, and turning, said: "On earth he was a miser, and who can recount the years before his regeneration? He sought wealth, trusting to others his religious and moral culture. The recording angel has written against his name not one charity, not one unselfish deed. He now must wander in self-torment, seeking and finding not."

"Was he of consequence on earth?" I asked, for he was proud and haughty in his degradation.

"Thousands trembled at his beck, for he had made them dependents and slaves. He had vast riches—houses and lands, mortgages and deeds. He was wise in getting wealth; but here mortgages and deeds are unknown, and he becomes the least in the kingdom; morally idiotic, mentally dwarfed, and a pitiable object of our compassion."

"How long before he will gain the light?"

"Ah! who but God can tell?" sighed my instructor. "Who can tell? Centuries may go by. He must first learn to ask; first learn humility and his mistakes. Then some kind angels will attempt his education. They will lead him out of his mental selfishness, and he will begin as a child in the old life. His task will be difficult, because he cannot enter the sphere of receptivity, as we are able to do, and thus absorb knowledge from others. His nature must first change, and complete regeneration be accomplished."

The coming of this pitiable one brought a wave of sadness over us, but it passed, and the sun was more glad some after breaking from the clouds. I had rested in delightful sleep; I do not know how often, and the old life was like a dream. It was not possible I had been sick, for I was so strong, so glad some in my strength, and actively was a delight. My mind broadened. Contact with my companions gave me enlarged ideas. To think was to learn, to wish was to know. I was able to look beyond the effect to the cause. I could read the law in the result. Every day brought grander views, and my mental horizon expanded. Even in this larger growth I found rest. The faculties, dwarfed and starved in the old time, called for activity. The weariness of the body I was leaving behind me. How lovingly my companions would surround me with conditions of repose. How they gave me fullness of life, and drew to me those who would reveal the knowledge it was my desire to learn!

Then suddenly one evening I felt an earthward impulse. What power drew me thitherward?

"Is our sister disturbed?" asked my gentle companion.

"Oh! so disturbed! I have been selfish in my new joy, and how could I have been so forgetful so unnatural? My husband and babe; my son and daughter weeping, and I have not thought of them!"

I wept, and my companion folded her arm around me and gently said: "You have been under our control, and are not responsible. To have been subject to the griefs of those you left, would have been painful and needless. You are now able to bear a full knowledge; you feel that of your family and friends. I will go with you, and you will find what I tell you is true, and you will bless us for our thoughtfulness."

We were poised, as it were, over a promontory beyond which the earth hung in space, as the full moon in a summer sky. Beyond were the stars. I was aglissat at the journey, and fearful of the abyss which seemed deep as infinitude. While I trembled it was passed. I was in my old home. A great flood of human memories came over me. How I loved the dear familiar walls, the chairs, the glowing fire, and, more than all, the family group. My husband sitting with his head bowed in his hand, my daughter performing the tasks that had been mine. My little boy and girl at play; the babe asleep. There were tears in my eyes as I turned to my companions for strength to bear: Did I not leave my body? Was there not a funeral? Why is it so quiet if I have not truly passed the ordeal?

"Listen," said my companion, supporting me. "Listen." It was in October when you passed away. The bright foliage of the trees, then burning in scarlet and gold, had been blown away by the blasts of winter, and the snow covered the earth with its icy shroud. All you think of has been done. It is finished. Were you to go to the churchyard you would find a mound by the side of relatives gone before."

It was so unreal and absurd that I was bewildered, and laughed at my misunderstanding, and wept the next moment when I saw my family. I went to my husband and placed my hand on his head and called him by name. I called with all my strength to learn that my lips gave no sound to his ear, and that my touch was imperceptible. Then I turned to my daughter and threw my arms despairingly around her. She was singing a song we had sung we had sung together, and continued not heeding my embrace. Oh! how keen my grief when I found I was not known in my own old home. I, who had come from such a distance, my heart beating with love, found no response! My daughter finished her song, and her eyes filled with tears! I read her thoughts, for they were of me. "Mother! Mother!" she was saying, and I responded. It was the call I had heard beyond the bars of heaven! I could not hear it, and my companion said, as she again placed her arm around me:

"Come, my sister, you can do no good here. There is your child sleeping in its crib. It is cared for as by yourself. Kiss it, and we will go. Be assured whenever you are wanted here you will feel the desire."

I kissed my child. "Let me stay," I pleaded; "I want to sit in my old place, in that vacant chair. Then I will go."

"As you will, and I will endeavor to impress your daughter with some ray of sunshine."

She bent over my daughter, and by means I did not understand, her mind responded to the spirit's thoughts: "Your mother is with you, and retains the same affection for you she had in earth-life." With the influx of

that thought a smile lit up her face, and turning to the organ, she sang, "Annie Laurie," a song we had often sung together. How thankful I was that one ray of sunlight gladdened her heart, and the memory of me was yet dear. I was grateful to the kind spirit who had assisted me, and then she said we must go, for the trial was too great for my strength.

"You must calm yourself," said my companion, "for this sorrow is without the least benefit. Believe it is for the best, and though the hour is dark, it will bring a perfect day."

"I can not prevent myself from thinking of my children and my husband. My love for them is stronger than ever, and I could not have been persuaded to leave left them for a day. Can I not, oh, good angel, remain with them? The fairest scene of your home is desolate compared to the earth!"

With tenderest compassion she said: "You are now in the earth sphere and take on its conditions. You are seeing through earthly eyes, and affected by earthly ways. When we once leave this scene you will be no longer distressed. Willingly would I leave you. I have no right to force you away. I influence you as I think for your highest good. Here you are unrecognized, and are constantly troubled because you can not make yourself known, and by a reflection of the sorrow of your family. Whenever you can be of use to them, you will receive the knowledge and can return. Now we had better go."

She placed her arm around me, and whether the earth sank away from us, or we drew from the earth, I was unable to tell. I have since learned how to traverse space by the force of will; but then I was ignorant of the method, and dependent on others. Now when I desire to visit a place, or be with certain friends, the desire creates an attraction, which in spirit is the equivalent of magnetic attraction in the physical world.

When we again reached our spirit home our companions gathered around us, and I was soothed by the kind words of my mother. I felt condemned for my loss of interest in the earth-life which had so recently absorbed my mind, but it became like a dim dream, and ceased to trouble me. What if I should forget it entirely? I was appalled at the idea, and cried at the pang it gave.

"Do not fear; you will not forget, but after a time your affections will strengthen. Our sister has much to learn, and needlessly distresses herself."

The years passed, and I became accustomed to my new life, when a message came for me. The palpitating waves repeated, "Mother! mother! mother!" It was my youngest daughter, who had grown plump to womanhood. I knew by her cry that she was in mortal pain, and yielding to the attractions, I was soon with her. She was motionless on a couch, surrounded by her relatives, and her cousin held her cold hand. "It is all over," they said in tears.

"Can I be?" I eagerly asked. "Oh! can it be that the time has already come when I am to have one of my children with me? To have one of them who will know me, and converse with me? Oh! heavenly father, I thank thee for this answer to my incessant prayer."

Then I looked closely and saw the great transition was approaching. I could not assist; I could only stand by her side and receive her. She seemed asleep, which I fully understood from my own experience. Slowly the spirit left the insensible body, and as I saw my spirit-daughter recovering her senses, I drew near and whispered, "Clarel!" She opened wide her blue eyes, and I knew she saw me. I threw my arms around her, and wept for gladness. "Darling Clarel, do you not know me, your mother?"

"Dearest mamma," she said with her old smile, "know you? Why, you are younger, but the same. Where have you been so long? We thought you dead."

"Do you not know?" I asked appreciatively.

"Know? What mean you?"

"Yes, I am what they call dead; and were you not likewise, you could not see me!"

"I dead?" she replied, with a laugh which recalled her childhood, throwing her arms gracefully over her head. "Look you, mamma, how far from it I am. I have been wretchedly sick, and in such fiery pain; but it is over; and I am perfectly well."

We drew to one side, and she then turning saw the friends weeping, and her body on the couch.

"Why do they weep?" she asked. "and who is that on the couch? I am confused, for it is like another self."

"They are weeping for your loss, and that form on the couch is yours."

"Am I to return to it? What am I to do, dear mother?"

"No, you will need it no more. Your life is hereafter with me and the angels."

"What mean you, mother, by saying you and I are dead?"

"That we are, my child. That is what people call dead."

"I do not understand," she replied nursingly. Then going to her cousin's side, who was still holding her physical hand, she said, "Cousin Frank, what are you weeping for? Do you not see how well I am?"

He did not hear her words, and she spoke again, playfully patting his face. Then she saw that she was no longer able to be heard or felt, and threw herself into my arms, weeping violently. I soothed her as best I could, upbraiding myself with foolishly teaching her the ways of our life before she was able to receive. "My child," I said, "how glad I am to have you again with me. They will all come to us sooner or later. Now we will go to my home, for it is not well for you to remain. After a time you will be instructed in these mysteries."

I attempted to go, but found that although I could depart alone, I could not bear Charibel with me. I had not perfected myself sufficiently in the method, and her attraction was toward that spot alone. I prayed for the coming of a companion, and soon there came one to my aid. On either side we threw our arms around her, and then our wills bore her outward with us.

When we reached our home, and the loving companions came with welcome to Charibel, and she saw beauty and perfection everywhere, and felt how happy her coming had made me, tears trembled in her eyes, as she said: "It is wonderful, mother, and I ought not to regret, but you know earth-life was sweet to me, and I had plans for the future."

"Yes, my child," I replied. "The days were too short, and your friends were devoted but your plans are thwarted, yet you must know that all is well. Her towering air-castles had vanished; but soon she had far greater sources of happiness in the group of beautiful children she instructed.

I said I would not visit earth unless called for the pain was greater than the pleasure. Even when called, I refused. "My husband," they said, "was about to wed again."

"It is well," I replied; "his is the rough, earth-life, hard to walk alone. If he so desires, I ought to be willing.

Yet I was not willing or I should have gone. It would have seemed strange indeed, to have visited my old home, and found another in my place. It would have emphasized my death to me. Thinking the matter over, I said:

"No! I will not go. Let them be happy. I will not enter their sphere."

When, years after, the message came that he was soon to join me, I hastened to his side. When I reached him he had already nearly passed through the transition, and had regained his spiritual perceptions. As I came to him he at once knew me, and opened wide his arms to receive me. The years were blotted out. We were again to each other all that we had ever been. By intuition he knew that he had met the change, and the first words he said to me were:

"I am so glad the weary watch is over. I knew heaven was not so large I could not find you, but I did not expect so soon to meet you. It was like you to come, and I ought to have expected it."

"I heard your call," I replied, "and heaven is not so wide that I could not come. Now we must go, and I will take you to the most beautiful place you ever saw in dreams. You must not remain to witness the proceedings further."

He smiled at my words: "Why, you talk as if there was something terrible about death. It has been the most pleasant passage of my life. I have suffered a great deal

in its approach, but when it came it brought only joy. When I saw you, I was so pleased my clay-lips uttered my thoughts—the last words they ever gave. Now it is done, I must stay till it is over. I want to see how the relatives and friends act, and hear what they say. You know it will be strange to hear one's own funeral sermon."

As he would not go, I remained with him, and entering again into the earth-sphere, suffered from the contact. My husband was greatly interested in the ceremonies, and when they were over, he said:

"I am glad the old aching body has at last gone to its final rest. The children were grieved, and ought to know how they misunderstand. Perhaps I can tell them some time. Hearts do not break with grief, else mine would have broken. Come, now, my new-found wife, I will go where you wish."

I need not repeat the story of the journey, or describe the meeting with our Charibel. Her father was of so happy a disposition, that he at once assimilated his surroundings, and became one with his companions.

"I have worked and struggled along," he said, "having little time to think, and I am as ignorant as a savage. I desire at once to commence gaining knowledge. How am I to proceed?"

We all laughed at his eagerness, and one said:

"There is time enough; you must first rest and recover strength."

"Rest! I was never stronger, and I am anxious for exertion. I feel mentally starved and crave thought food."

"You will find no difficult task. To desire is to have, and you will soon become in sympathy with the thought-atmosphere of our home."

Then one of our number, who was a poet, superior to us all; said he had had a singular and painful experience, and we demanded to hear it.

I observed in the city of Edinburgh that a time-gun is fired every day at one o'clock, and instantly on the castle hill, and over the castle walls, and in the valley of the city, the sound reverberates. During the meeting of the Presbyterian Council, recently held here, I noticed that there was a little surprise at first among the delegates, but after two or three days I observed that every man took out his watch to set it by that booming cannon, and thus every man had learned how to apply that sound to his own personal advantage. It is not only knowing the right thing, but it is the application of that which we know to be right that constitutes the happiness of mankind. JOHN HALL.

We cannot over-estimate the necessity for that liberty by which we attain our highest development and that knowledge that fit us for self-reliance and self-preservation.—E. Cady Stanton.

## Original Contributions.

### Early Life in California.

BY LEIN M. BOWEN.

NUMBER TWELVE.

In our last we caught a glimpse of the ruling spirit of the old missions (through the historians, Palou and Hittell) Father Junipero Serra, and saw with what relentless severity he held himself to the work of the cross.

We will look a little farther and learn something of the modes by which the surrounding Indian tribes were brought within the pale of the Church.

We could not learn this by observation during any visits at the missions so late as my first one, in 1851, for after the order to "secularize" the missions, by the Mexican Government, which took place in 1825, the seceder very soon departed from the old Franciscan friars. This measure was virtually a confiscation of the mission property, depriving the friars of all control of it, dividing it among the Indians and other people residents of the country. It was, no doubt, political wisdom, though a hardship, and apparent injustice to the friars who had so conscientiously engaged in the work of establishing the missions and bringing the Indians from their savage life under their control.

As late as 1851 there was nothing of original mission life in its simplicity to be seen; we could only learn of it from history. The old buildings were left and many relics of their former occupants, but after secularization the interest in the missions died out, the Indians did not keep up their interest in agriculture or any of the habits of civilized life, and when out from under the control of the Friars many of them went back to their savage mode of life, a result that was not surprising, considering the exceptional state of degradation in which the friars found them, and the condition of the tribes as we found them in the mountains as late as '50 to '54.

In estimating the results of mission life on these Indians, we must take into account the fact that these were the most degraded of any tribes that we have any knowledge of, and give the Friars credit, relatively.

We are told by the historian that in their native state, as found by the Friars, they wore no clothing or covering, except in cold weather they covered themselves with mud which was washed off when the sun became warm.

It should be put down to the credit of the Friars that they compelled the "braves" to consider their squaws more as their equals than they had ever been before. In their savage condition they were held as most abject slaves, entitled to no sympathy or

respect under any circumstances, and it was regarded as disgraceful for any man to put himself on a level with his mother, sister or wife, and all the hardest work was put upon them.

The Friars changed all this, and I say score one for them on that account.

It might be thought that priests who were so merciless to themselves as Serra was would be cruel to his Indian dependents, but we have no account of such being the case. The nearest approach to it is the statement that sometimes, when they refused to work the lash was applied, and if not sufficiently devout in Church the "beadle" was authorized to probe the offender with a good stick with an iron brad in it.

Polygamy existed among those Indians, as Palon speaks of baptizing three infants, born within two months, all children of one man by three sisters. The man also had his mother-in-law for a wife, but after baptism this was changed; the Indian being allowed his first wife and the other sisters were married to other men according to the Roman ritual.

The unmarried women were carefully locked up every night and guarded by old women. From Hittell we learn that when Indians got scarce the authorities sent out scouting parties to bring in recruits "for the service of Christ." But sometimes they "went a wooing and got sheared." They sent out a party from Santa Clara in 1826, and were repulsed at first with a loss of thirty-four, and a second attempt resulted in a loss of forty-one men and the capture of only forty-four, mostly women and children.

From pictures that we found on the interior walls of some of the mission buildings we see the means made use of to impress those rude savages with the consequences of being "bad Injuns" and not coming to the service of Christ.

I have a picture indelibly impressed upon my mind of one such painting that I saw somewhere down the coast, I think it was Santa Barbara.

I may not be able to re-produce it true to life, but as near as I can remember, it reached from the floor nearly to ceiling; it was, say, twenty-five feet wide and represented sinners undergoing all the tortures of a literal hell of fire, flames and smoke. There they were, little sinners and big sinners, trying to escape from their torments, but there stood the literal devil confronting them with a long pole, punching them back into the flames and as they turned to escape on the other side were little devils ready to dispute their exit from the blazing pit.

The big devil had horns, cloven feet and a tail; a most hideous looking object and altogether it was a spectacle that could not fail to make those simple savages realize the awful consequences of being "bad Injuns."

Distance and time may have led something to the sanguinary character of those

pictures on the walls of the missions, to my imagination, and I would like for some of our friends at Santa Barbara, if that was where I saw it, and it still remains, to give us a detailed description of it.

The first impression to us of this enlightened age, of such means of bringing men to grace is its extreme absurdity, and we are apt to condemn and ridicule the old priests for making use of such agencies to show up the "goodness of God," but put ourselves in their places with such material to work upon and we shall find that we are "put to our trumps" to devise means to make any impression on them.

To appeal to their moral sense, conscience or reason was utterly futile and I am inclined to defend the old Friars as doing the best they could.

Of what use to talk to a South Sea cannibal? While using your tongue on him, he would be sharpening his teeth to use on you, and the same with these Indians except that they hadn't cultivated a taste for human flesh.

The means adopted were simply "object lessons" for these children of the forest, as they brought them into their "kindergarten" and where the extreme and monstrous absurdity comes in, is in perpetuating such ideas and projecting them into the nineteenth century and giving them to intelligent moral people who can appreciate the power of love and mercy as opposed to brute force, and threats of endless hell, ideas that should have long since been relegated to a crude and barbarous age to give place to more humane doctrines for which evolution in matters religious as well as in other things has fitted the people.

But the creeds still contain those old obsolete dogmas, while the pulpit complains of empty pews, and wonders why "hose ball" attracts such crowds on Sunday!

And let the clergy take a peep into the hidden religious chambers of the souls of those who still bring their bodies into many Churches and they will find inscribed over the entrance "vacant rooms to let."

The practice of self-inflicted torture cited in the case of the founder of the missions, Junipero Serra, was, it is true in the last century, but the same custom has been kept up till quite recently, if it does not now exist among the ignorant devotees of the Catholic faith in some sections. The winter of '73 and '74 I spent in Southern Colorado near Trinidad and the foot of the Spanish Peaks.

While travelling I noticed occasionally large wooden crosses at the side of the road leaning against some fence or building.

On enquiry I found they were used by the natives to do penance for their sins, past and prospective.

I measured one. The beam or shaft was 15 feet long, the arms 8 feet, size 6 x 6. These they would carry at their religious periods till they literally dropped from exhaustion.

They also lashed themselves with whips till they brought the blood.

At the house where I stopped there were some blood stains on the floor, and on asking what they were, was told that it was where the man and wife, Americans who lived there were murdered by two Mexicans, on account of a trifling disagreement about wages due them. Was also informed that those Mexicans were very zealous in doing penance, believing, no doubt, that "taking up the cross" and carrying it would atone for any sins they might commit.

But in this case the murderers were reminded that the cross wouldn't shield them with their fellow men if it did fix them all right with their God. They were arrested by the authorities who started with them to Trinidad, twenty miles off; and it was noticed very soon after the sheriff left, that he was followed two wagons loaded with men men, who said they were going along to see that no attempt was made to rescue the prisoners.

A rope was in one of the wagons, and the next that was heard of them, the murderers were suspended from some trees by the roadside. Many others higher in the scale of intelligence than these poor creatures, will find that the cross will not save them unless it "brings forth fruit meet for repentance."

It is not presumed that the priests anywhere countenance any such crimes as these, but by putting too literal a construction upon their assurances of the saving power of the cross, the impression that creeps in that they can "steal a march" on God and make him "stand and deliver" pardon which is due them by right of purchase. Literally in civilized society we do not witness such a form of penance carried to the extent of drawing blood, but most of us have in times past, metaphorically spending, seen converts at revivals lash themselves with their tongues till the blood would run in metaphorical streams down over their devoted shoulders as they applied to themselves the most opprobrious epithets.

When the gospel of good works, that it has been the fashion to decry so much in comparison with the "saving power of the cross," receives its due weight we shall not find people looking to purchase salvation, by doing penance, making professions, and an outward display of "faith in Christ" instead of the more practical plan of following his teachings by doing good.

STOCKTON, April 25th.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your medicine."

"It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased.

"It helped me wonderfully."

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I'm his sole heir."

## The Rationale of Spiritual Manifestations.

BY J. MERRILL.

In these times of modern—so-called spiritual manifestations—when the world has become so thoroughly imbued with the original cardinal principle, which was the all-absorbing theme of controversy, at the outset, viz: that life is eternal in duration and progression; now that this all important theory, has gained such a firm foothold as a realistic fact, there seems now to have arisen new obstacles in the way of its progress. These have come to be known as Theosophy, Christian Science, Occultism, Mind Cure, Re-incarnation, and even the theory of Mind-Reading, has come in for its share in the effort to draw the great "Mogul," popular mind, away from the all-absorbing theme, which seems destined to obliterate and extinguish the old, popular theology, which has so long held the right of way, by virtue of the ignorance and superstition of the masses. In the face of this muddled state of affairs, let me take the liberty to illustrate the position in a sort of allegorical style.

The leaders of the various Christian Theological systems; or what may be called for the purpose of illustration, the captains of the line of ships, plying between the Port Mundane, and the Port Celestial, at the time when the wind and weather would seem to be fair, and the voyage bidding fair to be prosperous; they are suddenly aroused by the stentorian voice of the man on watch, Breakers ahead! Where away! shouts the captain. Straight ahead, answers the watch, and immediately all hands are summoned on deck to investigate. The Captain brings to bear his strongest glass, to discover the land, which he knows to be near, and with fear and trembling he announces that it is the identical port they are wanting to land at, but on closer scrutiny he observes that there is a great commotion on the landing, caused by a class of people whom he could not recognize, not exhibiting the usual tokens which entitled them to the rights of possession. With this state of affairs the fleet is ordered to "lie too" and await further investigation. And with the usual formality of a flag of truce the leaders of the expedition are rowed ashore to learn the true state of affairs.

On arriving they discover to their consternation, a great concourse of people they thought they had left behind, and were doomed to spend the balance of their time in the land of eternal suffering. For they did not have the usual theological passports entitling them to admission in the usual way. The spokesman of the fleet asked:

"From whence and by what means come ye here?"

"We come by a new route and faster line than the one you travel on," was the answer given.

"What new route may this be which deigns

to run opposition to ours? What craft is able to navigate the dangerous waters between here and Port Mundane?"

"Be not so fast," replied they, "thanks to one who ventured to investigate the route, we have discovered that your old passports are not necessary to travel in this country."

"Pray explain, we do not understand these mysterious methods you seem to be so confident of."

"It is a short story and quick told, and quicker put in practice. All that is necessary if we wish to be as near perfect as possible, we begin in our mortal lives, by exercising honesty and uprightness of purpose, doing all the good we can to ourselves and our fellow-men; relieving the suffering and aiding the poor among our fellow-men, and encourage others to do likewise. We find that all necessary religion is contained in the one commandment, "do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." When we get through with our mortal career we simply lay aside our earthly bodies, and assume an independent spiritual existence, in which condition we are free to move wherever we wish, and we naturally seek the heaven that the world's people have been taught to expect, and we find that we have only to desire it and behold in an instant we are here. We find that it is not so far distant as our theological brethren have taught, and we intend as soon as we get to see our friends here to return, and let our earthly friends know the truth in regard to this celestial sphere, that they may know the needs of their earthly existence, that they may prepare for the new life here, and learn to look forward to it as a fixed reality."

After this brief explanation the spokesman of the theological crew, said that to those who had faith in such a means of redemption from the sins of earth, it might answer their purpose, but to him it seemed like the revival of scientific Christianity that has seen its day and been exploded on earth long ago. Another one said he thought it looked more like the East Indian Theosophical system than anything else, which had its origin among the heathen East Indians a long time ago. Another said it seemed to him more like the revival of the occult science that had its origin among the same class of heathens. Thus they went on, each one giving another explanation of the principle, as best suited their particular line of defense, until mind cure, re-incarnation and mind-reading, etc., were brought in as a corresponding illustration, to try and make the spiritual plan untenable, but notwithstanding these repeated attacks on the spiritual band, they were still there, the personification of reality, a real, solid, unchangeable fact, encased in the impenetrable armor of a fixed law of nature.

Thus the theological line of transportation between the two ports, has been forced to adopt a new mast and new sail to its ships,

in order to in some measure, appease the all-powerful popular feeling, which has gained such a strong hold among the masses.

But still this old line retains nearly all its original rigging, and seem to be more content with it, on account of its having withstood the test of so many ages of trial and apparent success; realizing as they do, the necessity of adhering to a strict sincerity of purpose, that the unerring laws of nature may still find them on the right road; and yield them the coveted reward.

For this one palm of success, all good and true Spiritualists should feel a deep sense of thankfulness, for in it I see that the backbone of bigotry has received a blow that will cripple it for ever; and time alone will wear off the ragged edges of theological superstition, until harmony will shine supreme over all humanity. Don't clog your minds with the covetous idea that you want the credit, or acknowledgment of having done a good deed; for good deeds don't require acknowledgment in order to bring their reward; the simple fact that your principles have been adopted and put to use, is enough without the acknowledgment by word of mouth. All mankind are apt to rest secure on this principle of covetousness on the score of good deeds, and lose sight of the virtue that "silence gives consent."

The most desirable and most important principle that should inspire the minds of all good and true mediums is, first, not to indulge in any manifestations that are not elevating and ennobling, both to the medium and to those whom they are directed; they should also manifest that degree of meekness and submission that will sustain them through any and all trials, for truth, honesty, and sincerity of purpose, all of which should not in the least be considered humiliating to them.

It is manifestly evident, that all who enter on this field of labor, with a firm resolution to carry out the precepts herein laid down, will reap a rich reward for their efforts, in the satisfaction and peace of mind it will bring home to them.

It matters not what phase of mediumship is pursued, (for the same principles and conditions apply to any and all phases): let truth, honesty and strict submission to the impressions and controls from the invisible side of nature, be the full measure of your ambition, adverse as it may be, to your previous aspirations. That there should be so many different phases of mediumship is just as natural, as that there should be such a diversity of character existing in human nature, throughout the multitudes that people the earth. Another natural element crowds in upon my mind here, that is necessary to mention in this connection, which is this, the character and tendencies of each and every medium, as well as that of the control, and the surrounding influence of those who are present in the body, all have a tendency

to modify the wording and effect of the communications received. This peculiar and natural state of affairs will be readily acknowledged by all true mediums. But there are very few who ever ask themselves the question why is this so, and how can we comprehend and explain it satisfactory to ourselves and others? This is a very difficult subject to handle or explain. Although I have come to a satisfactory understanding of it in my own mind, it is difficult to find language comprehensive enough to make it plain to others. However, thus fettered, please allow me to try and explain it.

This element or force in nature that we recognize as existing here, may be called psychic force. Here again we are driven to ask, what is psychic force? This term has been construed to mean different things according to the powers with which it is associated for expression; but the most commonly accepted meaning is the soul force, or the spirit force, as demonstrated independent of the physical or mortal body.

It will readily be seen, it is difficult to draw the dividing line in the case of the medium, spirit, recipient, and the audience present; for here is a conglomerate mass of influences hard to harmonize.

This so-called psychic force, is as yet very imperfectly understood, and is a subject that requires the most careful study and observation, throughout the terrestrial and celestial universe. Its power and its invisibility are potent facts we are forced to admit, but its effects are visible on all animal and physical organisms, and the task of tracing it out, through all its various ramifications, in animated nature, and bestowing upon it the study it calls for, is a matter that will occupy the attention of the most intelligent and observing minds for ages in the unknown future.

How to meet, recognize, and put to the best possible use, this force as it becomes known, is a matter that does lie within the province of our power, but in the exercise of this privilege, it behooves all mediums to take heed and not be led astray; and where there is a disposition to doubt, take the benefit of the doubt, rather than construe it into a certainty. Some people may think this is prevarication, but I think it is no more than acknowledging a fixed law in nature, that is, as yet, but imperfectly understood.

One of the principle conditions necessary for the exercise of mediumship is, that the medium should be brought into a passive state, or as near as possible subject to the control of the psychic power of the spirit. This, of course is acquired in different degrees by different persons, and each time, varying according to the surrounding influences of all who are present. In order to individualize all these forces, let us try to separate them as much as we can. In the first place we have the psychic power of the medium, which is intimately connected with

the physical organism, we may even say it is inseparably so, for were it not, the physical would not again be animated by it, or return to the normal condition. In the next place we have the psychic power of the spirit, which is considered by some as an independent potentiality, and able to assert its true selfhood, and perform all manner of superhuman wonders; but to me this is an unwarranted conclusion, for the spirit having attained a psychic state of existence, does not preclude the possibility of its being susceptible to a stronger psychic influence than itself, or even to the modifying influence of the medium's semi-conscious condition. Then again, we have the mental magnetism of the person receiving the communication, and the audience present if any. All these concomitant forces are implicated in every communication received; hence, we are forced to the conclusion that all is not perfectly reliable, that seems to be so; yet we cannot deny the truism, that the general tendency of human development is upward and onward, to something higher and nobler, and will continue to be throughout endless eternity. Consequently we do not feel discouraged at this objective, subjective, positive, negative and passive condition of things, and their effect upon each other, for we know that nature never makes a mistake, though she may be somewhat tardy in arriving at true and perfect results.

No medium should ever be guilty of forcing the conditions, in order to accomplish any desired result; a simple acknowledgment of the lack of conditions, will have a greater influence for good than a prolonged effort with a doubtful result. I cannot better illustrate this fact than by a brief history of my own situation. Having been a medium for over thirty years, but owing to a delicate susceptibility early developed, I found that even in the presence of a second person to receive a communication, very little reliance could be placed on my efforts, on account of the conflicting influence of the second party; which would bias the result, and in many instances distort the truth in such a way as to be unsatisfactory. Still, when sitting alone in quiet seclusion, the same subject would come to me in a much more reliable shape. Hence it is I have been obliged to confine myself to doing good in a more general way, and being possessed of an iron-bound conscience, that would not let me deviate from the truth knowingly, or even doubtfully. I have had to accept the situation and be content. So my readers will understand my motives, should the principles herein expressed, not coincide with their preconceived ideas. I would not wish to condemn a single one who is honestly striving to attain perfection in mediumship, by honorable means, but would rather counsel them to consider well all the surrounding influences, and not to be discouraged by any expression of doubt from those present, who,

being desirous of arriving at the truth, judge according to the light within them, but always be willing to give them the satisfaction of their doubt, remembering that they too are individually responsible, and as such entitled to their views, as you, who occupy the relation of medium. This method, which is the verification of the old saying, "to live and let live," will prove the safest in the end; for where no harm was intended, no harm will be done, and the way will be left open for another effort to do good.

#### The Shot-Tower the Result of a Dream.

There was once a mechanic living at Bristol who had a queer dream. Watts was his name and he was by trade a shot-maker. The making of the little leaden pellets was then a slow, laborious, and consequently costly process. Watts had to take great bars of lead, and then pound them out into sheets of a thickness about equal to the diameter of the shot he desired to make. Then he cut the sheets into little cubes, which he placed in a revolving barrel or box, and rolled until the edges wore off from the constant friction, and the little cubes became spheroidal.

Watts had often racked his brain trying to devise a better scheme, but in vain. Finally, after an evening spent with some jolly companions at the alehouse, he went home and turned into bed. He soon fell into a deep slumber, but the liquor evidently did not agree with him, for he had a bad dream. He thought he was out again with the "boys." They were all trying to find their way home when it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead, polished and shining, fell in a torrent, and compelled him and his bitulous companions to draw their heavy lians to a place of shelter.

In the morning when Watts awoke he remembered the dream. He thought about it all day, and wondered what shape molten lead would take in falling a distance through the air. At last he could rest no longer; he carried a ladleful of the hot metal up into the steeple of the Church of St. Mary of Redcliffe, and dropped it into the most below. Descending he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of perfect shot far superior to any he had ever seen.

Watts's fortune was made, for he had conceived the idea of the shot-tower, which has ever since been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so much used in war and sport.—*Wit and Wisdom*, London.

Owen in his last hours, when on his dying bed, dictated a short letter to a friend. The anaesthetist had written, "I am yet in the land of the living," when Owen at once arrested him: "Stop, alter that; write, I am yet in the land of the dying, but I hope soon to be in the land of the living."

## About Women.

### Women Journalists.

It is a mystery to the profession of women journalists how Mrs. Frank Leslie ever manages to get through her work dressed as she always is in her office. When a man has a special piece of writing on hand he throws his coat off, runs his feet in a pair of old shoes or loose slippers, opens his vest and buckles down to his desk with his arms spread over half the desk room. Ella Wheeler Wilcox put on a Reanier gown that goes over a jersey and belts under the arms, does her feet up in cork sandals, lies back in a big willow rocker, and writes with her copy paper thumbscrewed to a thirty-two inch blotting pad.

Mrs. John Sherwood goes to the top of her house, where her study is located, wraps herself in a blanket robe of blue and custard wool, and, seated before a gas log, she dictates to her stenographer a syndicate letter in an hour.

Mary Mapes Dodge, of the St. Nicholas magazine, wears a loose suit planned after a Brighton bathing suit that fits like an old habit, and in which she confesses to accomplish an ocean of work.

Even Hattie Hubbard Ayer has her long half fitting princess with a Fedora that permits an absence of corsets or reeds, and thus robed she gets through as much work as any ten women of ordinary industry in the field of labor. But Mrs. Leslie prefers to sit at her desk from nine until three o'clock dressed in a French costume that is stayed and stiffened till it fits without a wrinkle or crease. Her sleeves are poems, her back is a study, and her waist could be spanned by a necklace. All her gowns are black silk in gross grain or moire, and she has an assortment of little black aprons made of surah, net or gauze and ruffled with white lace. She never wears a collar or a ruche of any sort, the finish of all her high neck dresses consisting of a band of cream white, inch wide, fancy edged ribbon which she ties in a little bow at the right side. And her feet? In the name of the canonized Crispin I don't know how she stands in them, for they are shod in No. 1 boots, and I would wager my pet feather fan she does not weigh less than 140 pounds in her bath robe. These little shoes are, after the Spanish, made of black kid and laced, tipped and striped with silver.

Running under her white oak desk is a steam pipe which coils for a foot rest, and here Mrs. Leslie sits toasting her feet as she writes letters, poems or serials for out of town papers. A fan of painted feathers is always within reach, and when an inspiration is wanted the raven quills are put in motion.—*New York Letter.*

### Wanted!

Yes, wanted, young women of good hearts and willing hands to help on the crusade of this century. Superb work has been accomplished, but still the call is urgent for assistance. It is wholly unnecessary to scan the tomes of ages past, to discover women's identity with great measures. Her name is to-day emblazoned on the roll of honor. Women's place is somewhere else than posing as a figure head for French fashion plates. Her wit and fascination may lead astray, or they may be head lights in the onward push that this nineteenth century is giving her sex. Classic walls invite her entrance; and each diploma earned adds one leaf of laurel to the crown of her abilities. Homes where the grief angel nestles, hospitals where the shadowy wings of death hover, orphan asylums where sweet charity invites, prisons where repentance may need a listener, all these and many more, need womanly tact and gentleness voiced to help frail humanity to bear its burdens bravely. Wait not until some one turns the knob, but knock loudly at the door ajar, and let the world know if there be any vim in your character. There ought to be a real, active interest in our work, for the work itself, quite apart from any money consideration, a calling that does not arouse ambition in the mind of the person following it, is not a well-selected calling and that person is to be pitied.

Alonzo Cano, a Spanish painter and sculptor of the seventeenth century, refused to kiss a crucifix which was presented to him on his death bed because it was so badly executed. When Remann, the famous musician was dying, his confessor warned him, and the lover of sweet sounds rallying, said, "You have a deuce of a bad voice!"

Workers, shirkers and flirts make a sort of triple alliance. Plenty of burdens for willing shoulders, while the shirkers keep the ranks of the tramping fraternity full, and the flirts tra-la-la through life's sunshine. When the winds of adversity blow, and the floods lift up their voice, how the shirkers and flirts, reed-like—tremble—no stability.

The working women of the present, must rest not until the white ribbon belts the globe. She must cease not her labors until the carved gilded screen is moved from the palace of the tempter, and we can let the light of day enter these traps of Satan. As we go up and down our streets, we wish to peep within these doors, in the same way we peep into the doors and windows of our bakeries and clothing establishments. Curiosity is a part of woman's nature, and we want very much to know, where our fathers, husbands and sons are transformed from good, loving men, into cross, hateful brutes.—*Exchange.*

The best medicin I know for the rumatiz is to thank thank the Lord it ain't the gout—and then try Ath-lo-pho-ros.

### A Connecticut Woman.

Truly a good woman's work has a far-reaching sweep. Years ago, relates *The New York Evangelist*, there lived a family of four in a small house situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Conn. The family was very poor; a few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep and one cow supported them. The sheep clothed them and the cow gave milk and did the work of a horse in plowing and harrowing; corn bread, milk and bean porridge were their fare. The father being laid aside by ill-health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother; she did her work in the house and helped the boys do their work on the farm. Once, in the dead of winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes; there was neither money nor wool on hand. The mother sheared the half-grown fleece from a sheep and in one week the suit was on the boy. The shorn sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made from braided straw. The family lived four miles from the "meeting house," yet every Sunday the mother and her two sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of a church in Franklin, Conn., to which he preached sixty-one years. Two generations went forth from that church to make the world better. The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful college presidents; hundreds of young men were moulded by him. That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott; she was the mother of Samuel Nott, D. D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D. D., president of Union College. And who can estimate the result of that good mother's efforts, through the influence exerted by her son, Dr. Knott, one of the greatest educators of the century?

### Frankie's Gift.

I went into the room on Christmas eve, and found Frankie resting his chubby arms on the edge of the table, and gazing with much satisfaction at the Christmas tree which he had prepared to receive his presents. It was a branch of hemlock, stuck in block, and gaily decked with ends of ribbon, and bits of bright paper and cloth. It stood on the back of the table, and at the base were two large, red apples. On a piece of paper lying in large irregular letters, "For you, Santa Claus."

He told me he wished he had more to give Santa Claus, that he must get very tired, carrying things to so many houses, and it was a shame no one gave him any presents when he was so good to everyone.

He knew Santa Claus liked apples, for the Christmas before he had left three when he went to bed, and they were all gone in the morning. L. M. B.

If yu don't beleaf in "total depravity," buy a quart of gin and studdy it.

[Extracts from the *New York Sun* of July 12, 1881.]

### Are Women Slaves?

The founders of this government called themselves slaves because they were taxed without representation. Yet the slavery in which they lived under George III. was a large and liberal freedom compared with the condition of the women of this country.

Under George, the King, if accused of any offense, petty or penal, our forefathers were tried by juries of their peers, and sentenced by judges who were only their equals before the law.

If accused of any offense, petty or penal, the women of this falsely called republic are tried by juries of masters and sentenced by judges who are their sovereigns by the accident of sex.

When one class of men hold absolute power over another class, as the white men in the South once held over the black, we call the one a master class and the other a slave class.

So, when one sex holds absolute rule over the other, as men hold over women, the one is a master sex and the other is a slave sex.

In addition to these wrongs, every institution in the land, taking its tone from the law, which holds us inferior to the males of our kind, also looks upon us as inferior, thereby overwhelming us with untold and uncounted humiliations and wrongs.

The church the best of our sex as unworthy to enter their pulpits; while the sinful they seem to look upon as having no part in the plan of salvation.

Medicine deems us unfit to practice its therapeutics: Even the mechanical trade of dentistry fancies it may elevate itself among the learned professions by excluding women from its practice.

The tribunals of so-called justice forbid women to enter their courts save as criminals to be tried by juries of masters and sentenced by judges who are sovereigns by the accident of sex. If this is not slavery, what is it?

Men will not study this question. Sex bias so distorts their judgment, they cannot see straight.

Thinking women, who look from effects to causes, see a million evils resultant from slavery. Every wife-beating is directly chargeable to the law, which tells the man that he is the superior, the governor, she the inferior, the subject.

Every street walker is directly chargeable to law. Prostitution is an unnatural trade—directly opposed to the ingrained physical laws that should govern woman. The horrible trade is the outgrowth of the unnatural condition of absolute subjection of women to men. Firmly convinced of this, is it any wonder that women bring to the advocacy of this cause all the enthusiasm of their souls? ELIZABETH AVERY MERIWETHER.

We take up the subject where it is dropped

by the above writer, and, to the last question we say, No, it is no wonder that women are so enthusiastic over their own rights; but it is a wonder that men will not see the need of giving to their mothers, sisters, wives, that which belongs to them. How quickly will men resent an injury done their lady friends by another man in the ordinary walks of life; yet he will remain deaf, blind, and mute when some few women, seeing and realizing the uncharitable, as well as unnatural subjection that the sex of woman, as a sex, wholly, is subjected to, rise in defense.

Men must be wholly selfish to want to discard, from among the ranks of enterprise, the helpmate of his life.

Now, brother man, if woman is good in one position of life; if she be qualified to stand the strain of maternal and domestic wear; she is most assuredly well fitted to brace the confines of a few hours of office or exchange labor.

Do you tell us that we are not strong enough to withstand the excitement of public life? If you do, we will answer you thus: That when children of either sex be taught to have an equal interest in the sports of mental and physical training and exercise, the nerves of the one will take as firm a stimulus as the other. So long as the female child is born and reared as a tender hot-house plant, with only a slight regard paid to her physical, compared to the pains-taking exercise of the male child, even of the same parentage; why, as a natural consequence, the chances are few for the redemption of women, in an independent, natural, self-supporting sense; yet, even admitting the above to be true, the majority of women to this day will out-nerve the men.

As a sex, woman is more of a nervous virus, or possessing the more flexible nerve power, than the male sex. Nature has so designed it.

Some small minds may ask, if we want women to fill the position of coal heaver, and all the menial departments of life as now filled by men, and we answer those persons thus: That, if woman is best fitted to do a branch of work that is now done by man, let her do it, better that, than as now, the fancy ornaments of lust and shame.

Do we speak harshly? Do we not want to, No, no. We are forced to draw the extremes because they are existing facts.

We would have those who are now in power, so equalize the rights of the masses that those of either sex may fall into their respective places.

How long will man so selfish be.

That two of the same house and family

Be not in birthright free?

[Ex.]

The best relief for theumatiz that has been discovered yet is to find some pellow who has got the gout bad, and then pity him.

### How Some Poems Were Written.

Gray's immortal "Elegy" occupied him for seven years.

Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest—a fitting spot for such a theme.

Cowper wrote one of the drollest and quaintest English ballads, "John Gilpin's Ride," when he was under one of these terrible fits of depression so common to him.

General Lyle wrote his beautiful composition "Antony and Cleopatra," which begins, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

The noted poem, "The Falls of Niagara," was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut, in fifteen minutes. He wrote it under pressure in response to a call for "more copy."

"After the Ball," the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was jotted down on the back of an old letter, with no idea of the popularity it was to achieve in the pages of a noted magazine.

Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla Rookh," spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works, that he became an accomplished oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that the scenes were not penned on the spot, instead of in a retired dwelling in Derbyshire.

Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter's night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house (a stranger to him), walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up, and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was first suggested to the author, Samuel Woodworth, in a bar-room. A friend with whom he was drinking said that when they were boys the old oaken bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. Woodworth immediately went home and wrote the famous poem.

"Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verse," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Green, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and enjoying its humor, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.—*The Library*.

I have never hesitated when I have seen my way clearly according to my lights, to follow it. I have always endeavored to hew to the line, let the chips fall where they would. Some people do not do that. That is what is the trouble with the world. A great many people ask, when they find what their duty is, does it pay? If it pays they will follow it, and they care not where the payments come from.—*Samuel Fielden*.

# THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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## "LECTURES ON MEDIUMSHIP."

The above is the title of a new book consisting of a course of eight lectures, by Prof. J. S. Loveland, upon the following subjects: "General View of Substance and Force;" "The Trance;" "The Possibilities of Mediumship;" "The Disabilities of Mediumship;" "Healing Mediumship;" "The Perpetuity of Spiritualism."

We make a few extracts at random through the book, which will give the reader an idea of the manner in which the various subjects are treated. On page 72 the relations existing between the soul and body, which have been treated in the preceding pages, are thus summed up:

The body, the flesh, is, like all animal organisms, possessed of certain functions, which relate it exclusively to the temporary, earthly life. They are absolutely necessary to our temporary, dual life, but unnecessary and impossible in the spiritual life of the hereafter. So far as organic life is concerned, nothing unnecessary can be transmitted to the spiritual sphere. The unborn child is nourished and grows from the blood of its mother; but as soon as the umbilical cord is severed its own system must manufacture its blood. So, when the spirit is severed from the body, its relations to its physical supports are ended. If something analogous to nutrition continues, it is far above all mere material processes. The wants of the body are not those of the soul. The functions of the one are entirely unlike those of the other. The body gravitates to the earth, the soul aspirates to the heavens. The soul does not control the body fully, but is hampered, clogged, and impeded in its development of bodily appetites, passions and infirmities. The body shows,

*prima facie*, that its sphere is temporary and mortal, but the soul is unsatisfied with anything less than immortality. The body is the nest, the soul is the restless bird, impatient to spread its wings and soar away into the resplendent sunlight of endless day.

On page 175 he concludes a lecture on mediumship in the following language:

The sum of my argument is this: Spiritualism is not a one-sided arrangement, where all the authority is on one side, and all the submission on the other; nor is all the wisdom on one side, and the ignorance on the other. Spirits are men and women; and men and women are spirits. One class have left the earthly body; the other class remain therein a little while longer. The object of so-called spirit intercourse is to keep up the acquaintance of the two classes and to furnish mutual help. We should never lose sight of the fact that the other side need us as much as we do them. They are as much indebted to us as we are to them. In other words it is an equal partnership. I am inclined to attribute this position of leaving everything to the spirits, to an inherent laziness in the first place, and secondly, to that miserly spirit of accumulation which holds on to every dollar obtainable instead of using it to aid in the spread of truth; both of which ought to be excused from Spiritualism. The man or woman who accumulates for the sake of so doing, after obtaining sufficient income for ample support, is crawling downward on the lowest plane of earthly selfishness. Their condition in spirit life is one of the most deplorable, and the most difficult to escape. It is a passion having a more powerful and tenacious hold upon man than any other one in the category of human infirmities.

We have space for but one more quotation and this is the conclusion of the chapter on the perpetuity of Spiritualism, and includes pages 247 and 248.

We have found Spiritualism built upon philosophy and science. It includes them, and demonstrates them in its manifestation. It holds the beneficent work of art as most congenial to its aims and teachings. It harmonizes the divided and warring faculties of human nature; it reconciles reason with the doctrine of future, or continuous life. It harmonizes with the newest developments in all the sciences of human growth and destiny, and crowns them all with its own revelations. The holiest, the sweetest of human possibilities find scope and promise in its teachings. We have found it supplying all human lacks, and answering all its prayers. The great tides of force, which flow from world to world, are only the pulsations of its infinite life. We have proved that the force, the life that rolls the suns and worlds in space, is the same which pulsates in every life, and is incarnate in every phenomena of Spiritualism. We trace it from the microcosmic life, through all the ages of earthly time, to the present moment, and find the same force which flowing through the nerves, accomplishes the functions of organic life, as potent in the rap, or tip or materializations, as in the sun ray that permeates the vast abysses of planetary space. In other words, we have found Spiritualism the inspiring force of all worlds, of all being and all life. If asked for a term to most fully express the meaning of "infinite," it would be Spiritualism.

Will Spiritualism die out? Yes, if some dread spell shall change the tides of human life, and turn back their onward flow. Yes, if the constitution of human nature can be altered so that reason and love shall abdicate, and man be something else than man. If the law of miracle can be established, if caprice can rule the world, Spiritualism may die out. If the voices of the immortals can be hushed in eternal silence,

or human ears no longer list thereto, or human love respond in harmony to their most kindly greetings, then may, then will, it cease to be. When Spiritualism dies, man will die. Philosophy and science will be buried in the same grave, and the pall of eternal night will fall upon the realm of life. The songs of eternity will cease, its music be hushed in eternal silence. All suns will cease to shine, and worlds will wander darkling in the abyss of endless night. Spiritualism is at once the pedestal and apex of human progress. It permeates all law, all force, all substance. It supports and bounds all human hopes, and fills the cup of perfect bliss. In a prior lecture I have shown Spiritualism to be all inclusive; in this, that it is perpetually enduring. It embraces time, and grasps eternity.

This book is published and for sale by Moses Hull & Co., 675 West Lake street, Chicago.

## BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 846 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is \$5 in cloth, or full-morocco, gilt-edges \$5.50. The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for \$5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

## THE THREE-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DEVELOPMENT.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or \$2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

INSPIRATIONAL TEACHINGS THROUGH  
THE MEDIUMSHIP OF L. C. ASHWORTH.

NUMBER SEVEN.

## THEOSOPHY OR SPIRITUALISM.

A famous Hindoo writer has remarked that the soul in its various stages of progress is like unto a spring which from small beginnings finishes in a vast ocean in which it is absorbed so that no traces of its original nature can be perceived. This opinion, like many others from the same or similar sources, is deserving of the most careful consideration. The ultimate origin and destiny of the human soul is one of the most difficult problems that the mind can grapple with. Hindoo writers seem to have made this subject a speciality. Their works on this and kindred topics are voluminous and undoubtedly are a necessary part of every philosophical student's library, but what connection Modern Theosophy so-called has to modern science and modern ideas generally is what the ordinary enquirer seeks to learn. The connection between ancient Hindooism and Modern Theosophy is not clearly defined. The former sets its face decidedly against such innovations as the latter would graft upon it. But modern Theosophists are decidedly partial to ancient Theosophy, and we have the picture on one hand of a set of innovators enthusiastic in their attempt to reconcile old Orientalism with nineteenth century realism, and on the other hand a set of writings and a class of people whose interests, ideas and aspirations are radically and diametrically opposed in some of the most vital questions of life. How far this attempt may be successful is hard to determine. People are frequently fascinated by a mass of doctrines which have the stamp of ancientness and the venerable rust of the Hindoo Writings. But ancient Theosophy cannot satisfy the wants of this age and any improvement or addition to by modern innovators can only weaken the authority and respectability which the genuine doctrines, thro' their own intrinsic merits, possess.

What, then, is the dominant or leading idea, what is the main pillar supporting this recently defined edifice? The doctrine that the soul is transigratory, that it has various forms and manifestations, and that its ultimate destiny is mysterious, but that it cannot be in any such form as we can conceive of the soul of man. From this central idea are many subordinate branches; re-incarnation is considered a necessity in the soul's development, innumerable modifications are required before the soul has reached Karma, as we are instructed. We are not informed what Karma may be. The whole business is enveloped in mystery, the mystery is extremely common in Asiatic Religions. But however mysterious the doctrines may be, however much our faith needs to be tested for its acceptance, we are still informed that reason only must be the guide. Authority, as such, may be ignored and every man may accept as much or as little of "Theosophy" as

he chooses, living in harmony with his conscience.

Theosophy is supposed by many to aim a vital blow at Spiritualism. The points of divergence are not so great nor so irreconcilable, however, as many believe. Many theosophists in their excess of zeal are apt to ridicule the phenomena of Spiritualism; many Spiritualists are too eager to make fun of the more absurd phases of Orientalism. Theosophy may be considered as a reaction, and possibly a desirable reaction from the too abject dependence on phenomena which characterises so many Spiritualists.

The theosophist sneers at the phenomena, but instead of resting firmly on his own convictions is compelled to have a partial indorsement from ancient Hindoo teachings. Where these are insufficient he adds from a new modern source and rests theories on the confused mass which is the result. But as the phenomena of Spiritualism became more decisive, more free from the incongruities, errors and general imperfections which surround them Theosophy will have to considerably modify its tone and will be forced to admit in its turn that powers are in operation which their theories do not account for, and that such manifestations cannot be the result of imperfect and semi-developed beings.

In the meantime Theosophy and Spiritualism will follow different roads, and for a long time the roads will appear far from any approach to uniformity, but the earnest and true believer in either side can follow the promptings of his inner nature, and call the source of such promptings any name he chooses. Every one must have a different belief, a different path from his fellows, and it will be discovered after many years that the dispute has been really more of words than of principles, and that truth has so many sides that any and every theory touches it more or less.

## A NEW BOOK

"Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. John A. Collins," is the title of a pamphlet published at this office, and on sale here for the benefit of Mr. Collins. It contains an excellent likeness of this venerable gentleman, and will prove interesting reading to those who care to know something of the history of the most important reforms that have been inaugurated in this country during the last half century, and of the leaders who were the advance guard in such reforms. Mr. Collins having been associated with, and one of the leading spirits in the anti-slavery movement, his reminiscences of those days are of absorbing interest.

We trust that this little work will find a rapid sale, and that its perusal may prove an inspiration and help to the purchaser, as we are confident the pecuniary aid it renders this "grand old man," will prove to him. Price, ten cents. CARRIER DOVE office, 841 Market St., S. F.

Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest.—George Eliot.

## THE LADIES' ELSMERE CLUB SOCIAL.

A large and merry crowd assembled at the residence of Mrs. Charles Hill, 117 Leavenworth street, last Saturday evening, in attendance upon the social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten. After a portion of the evening had been spent in social converse, games of skill and chance, etc., etc., the literary and musical exercises were opened by a piano solo by Mr. Blue. Master Ray Irvin next recited in a pleasing manner "The Missionary Woman," and for an encore, "The Home-made Scare."

Following these, the recitation of "The Inventor's Wife" was happily rendered by Miss Gertie Michener; "The Message," by Blumenthal was then sung in her usual excellent manner by Madame Fries-Bishop, after which Dr. Thomas L. Hill favored the company with some choice readings from Hamlet.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn, in a series of telling remarks, invited attention to the fact that during the late celebration of the centennial anniversary of the Washington inauguration, the subject of the present whereabouts and spiritual conditions of the participants in the ceremonies of 1789 was completely ignored. The world is compelled to fall back on Spiritualism for all its definite knowledge concerning the present station in the universe of the Father of his country and his compatriots and associates of a hundred years ago. Mr. Dawbarn also discussed the difficulties surrounding spirit identification both in this world and the next, and he also set forth the great necessity for the cultivation of the spiritual faculties by all those desirous of attaining the highest and best results in the spiritual realm of being.

Ice cream, cake, and lemonade galore was served up during the evening, which all seemed to partake of with a hearty relish at the conclusion of the mental feast with which they had been right royally regaled. The usual collection for the kindergarten gave that worthy institution a substantial increase in the amount of its funds. A sum of money having been offered for the benefit of the kindergarten, in case any one was successful in putting the "pigs in clover," this feat was accomplished after several trials, and the school thereby made the richer.

The latter part of the evening was spent in singing by the crowd generally, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Blue—a number of diverting and entertaining songs being given with zest and spirit. At a late hour the happy company dispersed, evidently well pleased with the "good time" which they had severally had.

Self-confidence and self-respect grow from habits of decision; not those feelings which set up self as the only oracle, and despise all opinions of others; but such as lead a man to consider well the dignity of his nature—that noble self-government which also fails not in duty towards another.—Thomas Aird.

## A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

On the evening of April 24th, the friends of Mrs. L. Higgins, the distinguished New York medium, met at her parlors No. 10 Turk Street, to celebrate her birthday. The lady being a stranger to our Coast, only having been here a few months, but who in that short time has made many friends as was proved by tokens presented to her during the day; many beautiful flowers began to arrive until the room was full. She also was presented with many beautiful presents, which were received with much pleasure and gratitude.

George Moore, one of the medium's guides, controlled the medium and gave one of his soul stirring addresses, which had a very elevating effect on those present. "Sunshine" came in with her usual vivacity and made things lively. An Irish character controlled Miss Fulton and added materially to the enjoyment with his frolic and incidents.

A young medium, who investigated Spiritualism with the avowed intention of exposing phenomena, but changed his mind, and now a believer in the philosophy, was controlled to sing, and spoke in a foreign tongue. Mrs. Maxwell was also controlled by her pleasing little guide "Lone Star," who made a few appropriate remarks, after which ice cream and cake was served, and the occasion proved that congenial friends enjoyed an evening which will long be remembered.

ONE OF THEM.

## ORIENTAL HISTORY—ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS TO BE COLLECTED.

A San Franciscoan Soliciting Information for Publication—His Library.

The American Oriental Society, which is composed of some of the leading students of Eastern history, and which is headed by Professor Whitney, the celebrated Sanscrit scholar and philologist of Yale College, has sent out circulars to its members instructing them to gather all obtainable information concerning Oriental manuscripts in the public and private libraries of America, with a view of publishing a complete catalogue of such, as is done by the great libraries of Europe. The information to be gathered is intended to include all the ancient and modern languages and dialects of Asia, with those of Egypt and Ethiopia, without regard to the subject matter, the character of the writing, material, state of preservation and the length or size of them.

William Emmette Coleman, chief clerk in the office of the Chief Quartermaster, United States Army, who lives at 418 Sutter street, is the San Francisco representative of the society, and he has undertaken the collection of the information desired, having expressed a desire to receive and forward it. Mr. Coleman is himself a student of Oriental matters, both ancient and modern, and one-fifth of his library of 5,000 works is devoted to books concerning them. He has some rarely interesting books

among his collection, and is now conducting a research in Buddhism, which is one of his particular hobbies. He has already published articles, on the ancient Hindoos, Kirshna and Christ, and the destruction of the Alexandrian library.

Among Mr. Coleman's collection of theological works is a German commentary on Judaism published in 1711 by Johann Eiseemenger of Heidelberg. His library is said to be the most complete and in its diversified character on the coast, and he is constantly adding to it. Mr. Coleman is a member of a number of historical, philosophical and archeological societies, among which are the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain, the Pali Text Society, and the Egypt Exploration fund. *Chronicle.*

## CASSADAGA CAMP MEETING.

To those that will be soon looking around for a place to go during the hot months of the coming summer, I would say one word: Take a trip to "Cassadaga Camp;" take the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway any morning from Buffalo, N. Y., and at 10 A. M. you will find yourself at Lily Dale, our station on the Dunkirk, Alleghany Valley & Pittsburgh Railroad, in Chautauqua County, N. Y. Here you will find yourself among old Chautauqua's hills and dales, among her green woods and bright meadows, and by her beautiful lakes that lie sparkling in the sunlight like gems upon the bosom of mother earth. At Lily Dale you will find the world-renowned camp of the Spiritualists, called Cassadaga, or "The Beautiful." In this region of beauty you will find a camp of about fifty acres of fine woodland, and upon this space are about 150 and 200 houses. Some are humble cottages and some are mansions that would adorn any street in your great cities.

The house of T. J. Skidmore, the treasurer, and the house of Mr. Turner, both trustees of our association, are fine two-storyed houses, and the owners live here all the year round. The hotel, which is now undergoing renovation, is a new one, three stories in height, and is owned by the association. The Library building, which is also new, is two stories in height, 35x50, and answers for a small lecture hall and library room, and will also answer the purposes of a school room. The camp proper has been set off as a school district by itself, and I think it is the only school district in the United States that is wholly controlled by Spiritualists.

We have ten new houses now under construction, and expect twenty more will be put up before the August meeting. We have two groceries, a barber shop, a drug store, a soda fountain, and ice cream saloon, railroad station, telegraph office, and what is better, we have a physician of good standing, and he has a diploma to kill or cure, as he may see fit, but most of us choose to live or die by magnetic treatment.

Our hotel-keeper will be W. L. Gregory, of Jamestown, N. Y. The hotel will be supplied with water by a steam pump. Every available cottage has been rented for the season, but the

new ones will supply the demand. Our annual picnic will be held on June 8th and 9th, Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. R. S. Lillie will be the speaker for one lecture per day, and Dr. Fred L. Willis, of Rochester, will also speak once a day during the picnic, and on Saturday evening, June 8th, there will be a hop held at the auditorium for the young folks.

The following is a list of the speakers who have been engaged: Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Walter Howell, Lyman C. Howe, J. Frank Baxter, Rev. Sam'l Watson, Mrs. A. M. Gladding, J. Clegg Wright, W. C. Warner, J. J. Morse, Mrs. F. O. Hyser, Jennie B. Hagan, Cora L. V. Richmond, W. J. Colville. Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston, will act as chairman for the first two weeks, and H. D. Barrett, of Meadville, Pa., will act the rest of the meeting. The Northwestern Band, of Meadville, Pa., will furnish instrumental music during the whole time of the meeting, and the children's lyceum and children's entertainments will be in charge of Mrs. E. W. Tillinghast. Dancing parties will be held in the spacious auditorium on Wednesday and Saturday evenings of each week.

President Gaston's address at present is at Meadville, Pa., but Mrs. T. J. Skidmore, at Lily Dale P. O., Chautauqua County, N. Y., will answer all inquiries as to hotel accommodations, rents of cottages, etc.

Good mediums will be on hand and of all phases, slate-writing included. Edgar W. Emerson, the great platform test medium, will describe from the platform daily most of the time during the meeting.

Daily papers will be for sale on the grounds.

Two steamers will make regular trips on the lakes.

Hotels and boarding houses are in abundance on the camp grounds, and the prices range from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day with good country fare.

Come and see us one and all, and address all your mail matter, "Lily Dale, Chautauqua County, N. Y." J. W. DENNIS, Trustee.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

DAWNING.

Air "Coronation."

LENA INGRAHAM GIFFORD.

(Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Logan.)

All hail the power that wakes to birth  
New light for great and small.  
When angels bring glad news to earth  
And crowns of love for all.

On every climate, every race  
The glorious theme shall fall.  
That God the father gives us grace  
And crowns of love for all.

Let every soul in fullness rise  
To meet the wondrous call—  
No waiting cry of scribble,  
But crowns of love for all.

Praise God who reals no life amiss,  
Though earthly ties enthrall,  
But gives to each his meed of bliss  
And crowns of love for all.

## DOVE NOTES.

The parlor seances at 108 McAllister street every Tuesday and Thursday evenings, conducted by "Sunflower" through her medium, Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, are of unusual interest and the evening's chat of this brilliant messenger spirit and the messages given to the friends assembled from the friends departed are very comforting and pleasing to those assembled.

Dr. J. R. and Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless and Mrs. E. B. Crossette are at home, 108 McAllister street, room 2, to all friends on Friday evening of each week.

*The Woman's Tribune* contains a series of "Reminiscences," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of a very interesting nature.

*Frotie*, is the name of a new paper edited and published by Mrs. Marietta L. Stow and Mrs. S. Gertrude Smyth at Oakland. It is devoted to long life, health, beauty, patriotism, progress, and play. It contains sixteen pages of interesting reading and is issued quarterly for the sum of fifty cents a year.

*Onward*, the new spiritual journal published at Cincinnati, O., is now issued weekly. It is a nicely printed eight page paper and is edited by L. Barney, formerly of *The Better Way*.

The State Camp-meeting Association has decided to hold the annual meeting in this city, commencing on June 9th. A vacant lot on Fell street and Van Ness avenue has been selected as the site upon which the big tent of the Association will be erected, in which services will be held. Among the speakers engaged are the well known names of Chas. Dawbarn and W. J. Colville.

Mr. J. J. Morse speaks in Washington, D. C., during the present month.

The very interesting "Spiritual Experience" in this issue from Mr. Hudson Tuttle's new book "Psychic Science," is a sample of the contents of this admirable work. We should have been glad to have published the entire chapter but are quite unwilling to detract from the sale of the book by publishing too much of its contents. We have only presented enough to inspire our readers with a desire to read the remainder which they can do by sending \$1.25 to the *Religio-Philosophical* publishing house, Chicago, and obtaining a copy of the work.

*The Religio-Philosophical Journal* of May 4th contains a full report of the remarkable sermon delivered by Rev. M. J. Savage on Easter Sunday, in Boston, on "Spiritualism—A Rock of Knowledge, not a Hope; It abolishes Death." This is the lecture of which Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer Longley made a brief report in the last issue of the DOVE. It deserves a careful reading.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. of this city are making strenuous efforts for the appointment of a police matron at the city prison.

Mr. S. P. Putnam will lecture at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday afternoon, May 12th, at 3 o'clock. Subject, "Moody and Sam Jones Reviewed." Admission is free, and all are invited.

The Children's Lyceum will give a dramatic entertainment and dance on Thursday, May 16th at 8 o'clock sharp, for the benefit of the Lyceum Library. Great preparations are being made to make a success and have every one enjoy themselves. Come one, come all, and help get the children a new library.

*The Better Way* of May 4th contains a lecture delivered by the controls of J. J. Morse, in Adelphi Hall, New York, on "The Phenomena of Spiritualism." It is considered one of "Tien's" best efforts.

Mrs. Ada Scales, who has been visiting our city, made us a pleasant visit previous to her departure for "Glen-Eden," her country home in Lake County, this week. Mrs. Scales is one of our standard-bearers—a true, honest medium, and a genuinely good woman.

John Slater continues his phenomenal work at Metropalitan Temple every Sunday afternoon and evening. His audiences are immense, and the interest continues unabated. Few mediums could do the work that John does and retain their hold on the public for so long a sustained period.

We have devoted considerable space this week to the report of the annual meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. The Board of Directors, during the past year, have labored under great disadvantages, being financially embarrassed and unable to carry out the grand plan of the President, John A. Collins, towards the erection of a Spiritual Temple. Much, however, was accomplished. The financial entanglements were straightened out, and a lot purchased for building purposes; the business of the Society put into good shape, and everything prepared, so that the new Board of Directors will find it smooth sailing, and we may expect to see some tangible results of their labors very soon.

Next week we will give another installment of "Note-Book Notes," by J. J. Morse.

The outlook for Spiritualism was never more promising than at the present. It has outgrown the crudities of its nascent state and is entering upon a period of scientific and philosophical investigation where the mystery of the seance room and fetichism of mediums are relegated to the past, and its facts presented in the broad-sun light of careful and judicious experimentation.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock, of forty years experience and practice, is now in the town of Liberal, Mo. He respectfully solicits the patronage of such as may need medical advice and counsel. He is familiar with the various systems or practice, but has a preference for that system known as Homeopathy, (sometimes called Cure-Pathy). But the best advertisement for any physician, is his success in the healing art.

Difficuly is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and he loves us better, too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial. —Burke.

## NOTICE.

Mediums and lecturers who desire a beautiful room, well seated and lighted, suitable for holding seances, classes or giving lectures will find such accommodations at room 39, Murphy building, corner Jones and Larkin streets, apply to the janitor.

## Greatness.

Men in great places are thrice servants; servants of the sovereign of State, servants of fame, and servants of business. They have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty, or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising into place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains, and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is shippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. Nay, retire men cannot when they would; neither will they when it were reason, but are impatient of privateness even in age and sickness, which require the shadow; like old town-men that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly, great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy, as it were by report, when perhaps, they find the contrary within. For they are the first that finds their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. In place there is license to do good and evil, whereof the latter is a curse, for in evil the best condition is not to will; the second, not to care. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. —Bacon's *Essays*.

## The Teaching of Love.

For love, to an honest man, is like Nature to a poet or color to an artist—it makes him see great depths, and gives him, if only for once in his life, a Pisgah view of a land far, far holier, a life far, far higher, a condition far, far sweeter and nobler than anything in this world can give us—except the love of a good woman. —Brent.

# Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

Sunday morning and evening services were conducted by Mrs. E. B. Crossette and Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, consisting of short addresses by each of these gifted speakers and tests by "Sunflower" through her medium, Mrs. Nickless. These meetings will be continued through this month. Morning services commencing at 11 o'clock evening 7:30. Admission free.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Mrs. Logan's meeting with the usual number for an audience gathered from all parts of the city. After some very fine music and singing by Mr. Rutter, Miss Hare, and a fine invocation by Mrs. Logan, Prof. Seymour was called for, and gave a half hour's lecture on "Science in Clairvoyance." The professor has a happy way of making plain his ideas and the discourse was received with much applause. His word-painting of what clairvoyance might do for man, when properly brought out, was particularly fine. He said this talent of second sight was more properly the sixth sense and would enable man yet to encompass the universe and become almost a God. It would teach mankind the law of chemical attraction thus enabling them to become creators and thus assume the prerogative of the gods. It would enable humanity to annihilate time and space, and overcome the laws of gravitation, by leaving the physical in one place while the soul traveled wherever it listeth; it would enable man to discover every hidden thing of the universe, either in heaven or earth, locate every disease and find the cure; in fact, it is the open sesame, to the fount of all knowledge the only key that will turn the rusty bolt of ignorance and throw open wide the door for human improvement. This quality is the least developed upon an average of any in the human economy, but should have the most culture and attention of all. It is in all and every person and a natural talent as much as music, charity or reverence; for its culture must know how to live hygienically and scientifically, use no narcotics or stimulants, eat very little or no meats; live on fruits and grains, cereals, milk, etc., we ask the angel world to make us clairvoyant, while it is our work not theirs; in the main, they can only assist us, we must make the necessary conditions by obeying the law of our being. After this fine and very instructive lecture, a newly developed medium become controlled and gave some very original thoughts and advice. Other speakers followed and Mrs. Logan closed the meeting with appropriate remarks.

INDEPENDENT SPIRITUAL MEETING.

These meetings are held every Sunday evening at 35 Eddy street, and are assuming a proportion which tends toward the harmonising of the higher Spiritual culture with reason and intelligence—which is most earnestly wished for by true and genuine Spiritualists. Spiritualism is borne down under heavy burdens by introducing into our public meetings and bringing before the public, light and frivolous material, which makes no impression, except an unfavorable one, on the minds of investigators. If we would have the superstructure of a sound and enduring character, it must be constructed of good material; all bad and unsuitable material must be rejected.

The meeting last Sunday evening was of more than usual interest. The subject, "Materialization Unveiled," and the speakers announced, drew a good audience. The exercises were opened with a piano solo by Mrs. Hershberg Katz, followed by Jos. W. Maguire with a song, "Safe in my Father's Home," which was most heartily rendered and highly appreciated by the audience.

The opening address by E. G. Anderson, was a presentation of the subject in a very fair, candid and acceptable manner. His own personal experience and observation, he said, fully demonstrated the fact of materialization; but he conceded that all was not materialization that appeared as such.

Mrs. Wiggins spoke in her usual earnest and pleasing manner, and after demonstrating the truth of the phenomena, denounced charlatanism and spirit frauds. Mr. Kirkwood spoke scientifically on the subject. Mrs. Muhler sang "Sweet Spirit Hear my Prayer," to the great delight of the audience. The zither diet by Messrs. Pettibone and Wolf was charming. Mr. Maguire, with others who were unannounced to speak were prevented for want of time.

Next Sunday evening Mr. Maguire will be present and sing, and give his discoveries relating to materialization.

These meetings have now been in progress about eight months, with a manifest increasing interest, and the manager has demonstrated to the public that a Spiritual meeting can be sustained without the assistance of weak and frivolous material, to the detriment of the cause.

As our most distinguished medium; Dr. Schlesinger, has returned, it is expected and hoped that he will be present next Sunday evening, and convince skeptics (as he always does) of spirit return. REPORTER.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

The wet and dreary condition of things on Sunday last, did not prevent a large attendance at Fraternity Hall to the Young People's Meeting. The hall could not accommodate all that came.

The usual singing was led by G. F. Perkins, after the reading of a poem, followed with a

piano solo. Recitations by Clement Ward and Jessie Cranston. Songs by Dr. Dewey and Oscar Stormfield.

Dr. Dewey under control, gave some very satisfactory tests; and Mrs. Jennie, of Oakland, followed by answering a great many questions. Circles were formed and the many mediums joined their forces to feed the hungry investigators with spirit tests. G. F. Perkins had a large circle and gave a large number of very satisfactory tests. There is a notable increase of investigators; each night many acknowledge themselves as church-members and as having attended no other meeting. It is impossible to deny that there is a special work being well done at the Young People's Meetings. The Children's Progressive Lyceum are to have a benefit for their Library on May 16th. G. F. P.

MEDIUMS MEETING.

There was a good attendance of investigators at Fraternity Hall, 909 Market street. G. F. Perkins presided and Mrs. Stout furnished piano music. Mrs. Perkins being in Sacramento for a vacation, there were many expressions of regret by the audience at not seeing her as usual. Dr. Abbott entertained the listeners for a half hour with a talk upon laws of the polarity of human beings, and experimented with a young man who was sensitive and subject to the psychological influence of spirits. To all investigators his remarks could not fail to interest them. We need more scientific mediums as teachers.

After the Doctor had concluded his tests and readings, the audience formed into circles, and many good tests were given by local mediums, and all seemed to enjoy it. Come again friends, next Sunday. G. F. P.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

The annual meeting for the election of nine Directors, and for hearing the reports of the several officers of the society was held in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, Sunday, May 5th, at 2 P. M. The meeting was called to order by the President, John A. Collins, who, having been quite ill, was unable to tender a written report, but gave one verbally, with the understanding that a written one should be given, when his health would permit of his writing it. The Secretary's report was read as follows:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

To the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at the annual election, May 5th, 1899.

I have to report, as Secretary of the Society, that since the new by-laws have been adopted, making the dues \$1 per quarter instead of thirty cents, as formerly, our membership decreased, many feeling unable to meet the increased payment, but as non-membership does not take away any privileges of the attendants of Sunday or Society's meetings, except voting, it was thought by the Directors that those who

became members under the new by-laws, did so purely from a desire for the advancement of the Society. So while we may make a poorer showing in numbers, our members are in earnest, and we are confident they will increase in numbers, as the aim and purposes of the society are made known.

Number of our members fully paid up, and entitled to vote, thirty-eight. The society held no meetings last June, having a vacation during camp meeting. There has been held forty-eight Sunday meetings, twenty-nine business meetings. The Sunday meetings have consisted of the discussing of twenty-seven subjects of the deepest importance to the welfare of the people, also conference and experience meetings, 226 speakers have taken part in the exercises, and many of our mediums have given platform tests. I close my report with an invitation to all who are in sympathy with the progressive movement of this society to come and join with us, for in unity there is strength.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,  
Secretary S. P. S.

The Treasurer's report was then read, which condensed read as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT

Cash balance on hand.....	\$ 984 10
Library 912 vols. and book-case.....	1,200 00
Stationery, painting, bulletin boards, etc.....	50 00
Mediums' relief fund, 2 lots, 1 dissd.....	50 00
Real estate-Sleeper property, building fund trust	
3 deeds.....	25,000 00
Post street property, one contract.....	20,000 00
Total.....	\$17,284 10
LIABILITIES.	
Real estate Post street property.....	\$16,000 00
Net.....	\$1,284 10

Librarian's report was then read as follows:

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT

To the Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

It is with feelings of pleasure that I present my report as Librarian of the Progressive Spiritualists Free Library, from the fact that in my opinion it has done a good work in the past year.

According to the record there have been 2,533 books loaned during the year, averaging 211 per month.

The library contains at the present time 942 books, wanting 48 more to make 1,000, which we were in hopes to have added to the library before the close of the year, as new catalogues are needed, nearly 500 books having been added, since the old ones were printed. I have to thank the public for the interest manifested in spiritual literature as shown, but I also feel that the fact of there being a spiritual library absolutely free to every responsible person, is not as generally known outside of Spiritualists as it should be; many who are just having their attention awakened to the fact of Spiritualism would gladly avail themselves of information

concerning the science and philosophy thereof, did they know where to obtain books and papers, and so I believe that this information should be given to the people by all Spiritualists, and it should also be advertised in the daily papers, thereby helping others to become possessed of this knowledge. We also desire to thank the many good friends who have so generously donated books the past year, there having been presented 204 volumes by 39 persons. The principle donors being J. C. Bundy, of Chicago, sending 15; Mrs. L. M. Dougherty of Benicia, 19; an unknown friend, 18; Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, 13; F. A. Davis, 17; and the Swedenborgian Club Co. of New York, a complete set of Swedenborg's works. We have corresponded with editors and publishers of spiritual papers and magazines, and nearly all responded by sending regularly the different publications to be placed on file, so that the reading room contains nearly every paper or journal on progressive thought published in German, English, Spanish, French and other languages. I think I have said enough in this report to lead you to take even more interest in our free library than ever before, and each one see that they do all possible to enhance its benefit, and I would most earnestly urge all who feel an interest in this noble work to contribute any books they may have that will benefit humanity.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. B. WHITEHEAD,  
Secretary.

AUDITING COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The undersigned Finance Committee of the Board of Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, respectfully report that they have examined, checked and audited all items of receipts and expenditures during the past year, and compared the same with the numerous vouchers therefor, as kept and presented by the Secretary and Treasurer at each monthly meeting, and found them strictly correct and complete in every particular.

Committee (MONROE THOMPSON, Chairman,  
(FRANK A. DAVIS.

These various reports were unanimously accepted and ordered placed on the minutes. The next proceeding was the nomination and election of the following nine Directors for the ensuing year. John A. Collins, Monroe Thompson, Frank A. Davis, James B. Chase, Mrs. Lena C. Cook, Capt. M. R. Roberts, Mrs. N. L. Churchill, Jos. H. Moore, Jerome Spaulding. The following resolutions were read by Monroe Thompson, and feelingly responded to by the persons designated.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are due and are hereby tendered to Hon. John A. Collins, its worthy President, for the zeal, energy and ability with which he has performed the arduous duties of his responsible position during the past year.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are hereby tendered to Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, Vice President and member of the retiring Board of

Directors, for her zealous and efficient services in behalf of the Society, and for the aid of her eloquent and ever-ready voice and pen in teaching the truths of our beautiful spiritual philosophy.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are hereby tendered to Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, our faithful Secretary and Librarian, and member of the retiring Board of Directors, for the careful and zealous performance of her various official duties during the past year.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are hereby tendered to S. B. Clark, its Treasurer for the past six years for the ability, industry and accuracy with which he has kept its accounts during that period, showing by his annual report this day presented, every dollar received by him belonging to the Society, fully and properly accounted for.

After some discussion upon the subject of membership dues, the meeting adjourned.

Correspondence.

DEMAND FOR MEDIUMS.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Enclosed find some spiritual hymns. If you will kindly publish them I think Spiritualists can use them with good effect if they choose. They are favorites in our private circles, never having been given to the public before.

I should like to send word of invitation, through the DOVE, to some of the numerous mediums in San Francisco saying "Come over and help us."

It seems to me that you are having a feast of spiritual things, while we have but a famine. Does God show partiality? I sometimes question.

Seattle is booming financially and perhaps it is a good time to awaken and progress spiritually if well developed mediums would come to our assistance. There are many intelligent, thorough going Spiritualists here who when they ask for bread cannot be satisfied with a stone.

That grand, fearless, indefatigable worker, Dr. J. L. York, is lecturing at the Opera House, under the auspices of the Freethinkers, and through a pronounced materialist, is doing for Spiritualists here a greater work than they are doing for themselves, for he is slashing at creeds and biblical falsehoods and clearing a broad highway for the onward march of Truth. I was pleased to hear him say publicly, Sunday evening, "I don't know but there is a life after this; I am inclined to think there is."

I am sure I should like to meet the Doctor "over there," and think perhaps he will need to do some just such work as he is doing here. May he live many happy years of usefulness, fearless champion of truth and right. Come over and help us, ye spiritually gifted and favored ones. Cordially,

LENA J. GIFFORD,

## QUAKER SILENCE.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I have been thinking that the Quaker fashion of opening meetings might profitably be adopted by Spiritualists. Were it not for the persistence of orthodox ideas and forms of expression when referring to the All-pervading Life, there would not seem to be a need for such suggestion, but the force of habit is such that the personal rights of those who do not believe in verbal prayer of any kind are often violated, for, where a society is made up of two thirds of materialists who have become convinced of the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism, and the other third who have come from the churches; the latter have no right to persist in Church methods to the disgust of the others, and, say three minutes silence in which all could sit in quiet thought would not, or should not be objected to by either party.

I am prompted to write this from having heard so many remarks, pro and con, as connected with our meetings in East Portland. Through a combination of circumstances, an Englishman, a good man and earnest Spiritualist is the chairman of the meeting, but like friend Vincent, who is also an Englishman, and who from force of habit, kept asking a blessing for Christ's sake long after he had outgrown the idea, so this man persists in a very Church-like form of prayer to "the Father," ending with a promise to praise this Father-God forever if He will only do as requested.

The idea that here is a being, a God, who created us for "his own glory" is perfectly consistent with orthodoxy and with the pledge to praise Him forever, but hardly consistent with even liberal Church-thought, for the most liberal, the most advanced in the Churches know that an eternity spent in praising that which, at best, is beyond our comprehension, would not conduce to the happiness of intelligent beings. Surely, silence is far better than such verbal mouthings, such silly promises, and especially when a large proportion of the audience is sending up an inward protest against the practice and others refuse to come at all.

Now, in the case of friend Vincent, the criticisms of sister Logan, or in this case has there been intent to belittle or depreciate the parties, *personally*? The effort is to free them and others from the persistent clinging to their spiritual garments of the magnetism and the habits of Church teachings. A character in one of the volumes found in your library is made to say: "Hang the minister and there will be a noble man left," so we would hang or drown, or in some way get rid of this Church element and we have left noble men and women.

But the spirit of the Church is very persistent through her members both in and out of the body. One Sunday the chairman here was absent and another officiated. The meeting was conducted as of yore and much to the general satisfaction, but lo! the prayer had to come at last. A member of the Unitarian Church across the river, a Christian Spiritualist, upon taking part in the conference, asked if there

was no prayer, said she could not talk without one and offered one herself.

Remember, please, she was there as a visitor, and if she did not like the methods, she should have kept silent, or left, if she could not stand the profane atmosphere. What would she say should a member of the East Portland Society of Literature and Spiritualism, go into the Unitarian Church and thus try to change the course of the meeting. But such is the very spirit and declared purpose of Christianity. "Jesus shall reign," and of course His people shall reign with Him. We are His people; we have the right to reign—such is the attitude of the Church, now, to-day, and every effort is being made to get hold of the reins of government—to put infidels, all who do not accept Jesus, down and out of the pale of law and protection.

And what makes the matter so much worse, our Spiritualists, so many of them, are so little awake to the significance of all this aggressiveness—this disposition to over-ride the rights of others; nay, they, in some cases, even defer to court this same spirit. I once attended a grove meeting in Michigan where some ten or twelve of us took supper at the house of a farmer who was a Spiritualist, but his wife was not, though I did not understand her to be a member of any Church.

Just as we were sitting down a neighbor, an active Church member, came in. Room was made for him at the table, and the president of our society invited that man to ask a blessing. He did so "for Christ's sake." The man was not to blame, but the representative head of our society placed us all in a false position. We were thus made to acknowledge Christ or protest. Your humble scribe said: "Not me," and took the condemnation of the toadying crowd. At another time, in Lowell, Mass., a Spiritualist lady got up a surprise party, asking all the neighbors without respect to Church or creed, to visit another Spiritualist family, in fact, two families who lived together in a double house, and some seventy of us went in onto them about nine o'clock one summer evening. Of this number there were at least forty Spiritualists, say ten Universalists, one Presbyterian deacon and his wife who had been invited out of courtesy, because living in a part of a surpiser's house, and the balance the world's people, as they are called.

Now, mark the result. That deacon took control and offered a prayer before supper and the Spiritualists allowed it, and in the face of the fact that one of their own number, an authorized minister according to the laws of the State that gave them their charter as a society was present, and when the *neglected minister* complained of the usurpation, the others could not see the point.

One more story, and they all have the merit of being true. A gentleman, a farmer in Western New York who was well known for his hospitality and for his anti-Church views; he was a Spiritualist, I am happy to say—this man just at dinner time received a call from two

Methodist ministers who were on their way home from conference.

The farmer arose and waited upon his guests, took care of their horse, while his wife and children sat still and ate their dinner and then the lady related the table for her husband and the ministers. When they were seated, these *humble servants* of Jesus, utterly ignoring the man who had waited upon them, and of whose food they were about to partake, one turns to the other and said, "Brother, will you ask a blessing?"

"No you don't, at my table," was the prompt response of the man of the house and that is the kind of spirit they should always be met with when they forget the common courtesies of life in the name of Jesus.

Now, in each case of the two last-named, we do not believe that the parties would have so forgotten themselves as men. It was as Christians that they presumed to overstep personal rights. Eradicate the "Christian" part and the men would have been all right.

LOIS WAISBERGOKER.

## Children's Department.

### REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES.

"Mother, I wish Mr. C— would preach all the time. I don't like to have Mr. P— come."

"Not like Mr. P—, my son? I thought everybody liked him; he is an excellent man. Why do you dislike him?"

"Why, mother, when he preached here last, he stayed here all the time from Saturday to Monday, and I was just as still as I could be, and he did not speak to me or look at me once; and Mr. C. always puts his hand on my head when he comes, and says, 'How does Charley do to-day?' just as though he loved me."

I have a choice rose bush in my garden, presented by a dear friend. This year it had but a few buds, and my little ones could only have one rose each. "I will save mine," said little Carrie, "and carry it to my teacher. Do you think she ever saw such a beautiful tea-rose?"

Day after day she watched her little bud, till it was half opened, and then it was plucked in the early morning, all fresh and dewy, and placed in water ready for school time.

When she returned from school a cloud rested upon her usually sunny face; and upon inquiring its cause, she cried as though her little heart would break. "You know my beautiful rose. Well, I suppose the teacher didn't want it. She had a whole vase full of flowers, but none of them half so sweet as that; and when I carried it to her, she just laid it on her desk, and didn't look at me once, and said, 'Take your seat, Carrie.'"

How easy to have said, "Thank you, Carrie," and smiled upon the child, and filled her little heart with grateful love, instead of grief.

Remember the little ones.

## Miscellaneous.

## The Truthful Pilot.

The passenger, who was going down the big river for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up beside the pilot, a grim, old grayback who never told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in this river?" inquired the stranger, after a look around.

"Not so many now, since they got to shootin' 'em for their hides and taller," was the reply.

"Used to be lots, eh?"

"I don't want to tell you about 'em, stranger," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.

"Why?"

"'Cause you'd think I was a-lyin' to you, and that's sumethin' I never do. I kin cheat at keards, drink whiskey or chew poor tobacco, but I can't lie."

"Then there used to be lots of 'em" inquired the passenger.

"I'm 'most afraid to tell you, mister, but I've counted 'leven hundred alligators to the mile from Vicksburg clear down to Orleans! That was years ago, afore a shot was ever fired at 'em."

"Well, I don't doubt it," replied the stranger.

"And I've counted 3,459 of 'em on one sand-bar," continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a Government surveyor was aboard, and he checked 'em off as I called out."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said the passenger as he heaved a sigh.

"I'm glad o' that stranger. Some fellers would think I was a liar, when I'm telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine to the mile!"

"Is that so?"

"True as gospel, mister; I used to almost feel sorry for the cussed brutes, 'cause they'd cry out 'em almost like a human being. We killed lots of 'em, as I said, and we hurt a pile more. I sailed with one captain who always carried a thousand bottles of liniment to throw over to the wounded ones."

"He did?"

"True as you live, he did. I don't 'spect I'll ever see such a kind, Christian man, and the alligators got to know the "Nancy Jane, and to know Captain Tom, and they'd swim out and rub their tails agin the boat an' purr like cats, an' look up and try to smile!"

"They would?"

"Solemn truth, stranger. And once when we landed on a bar, with an opposition boat right behind, the alligators gathered around, got under her stern, and humped her clean over the bar by a grand push! It

looks like a big story, but I never told a lie yet, and I never shall. I wouldn't lie for all the money you could put aboard this boat."

There was a painful pause, and after awhile the pilot continued:

"Our injins gin out once, and a crowd of alligators took a tow-line and hauled us forty-five miles up stream to Vicksburg!"

"They did?"

"And when the news got along the river that Captain Tom was dead every alligator in the river dabbed his left ear with black mud as a badge of mourning, and lots of 'em pined away and died!"

The passenger left the pilot house with the remark that he didn't doubt the statement, but the old man gave the wheel a turn and replied:

"That's one thing I won't do for love nor money, and that's make a liar of myself. I was bring up by a good mother, and I'm going to stick to the truth if this boat doesn't make a cent."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

## The Earth as Seen From the Further Planets.

The earth is surprisingly visible in the heavens of the planets that are near us, but when reaching colossal Jupiter, which is at a mean distance of 465,000,000 miles from the sun, we cast a glance behind, our little globe no longer soars amid the celestial spaces. A neighbor of the sun, almost eclipsed by its blinding rays, the earth oscillates but 12° to the east and west of the star of day. Feeble morning and evening star, she precedes its rising and follows its setting. If the inhabitants of Jupiter possess sight like ours they can scarcely see the earth except by artificial means. It is especially at the periods of our passages annually before the sun (five times smaller there than here) that the Jovian astronomers can discover our globe, under the aspect of a small black point moving over the solar disc. To Saturn, the earth is separated from the sun by but 6°, and passes over it every fifteen days. To Uranus she is separated by 3°, and to Neptune by but 2°. Immersed in a luminous fascicle of solar rays, our globe is entirely invisible to these latter planets of the system to which it belongs. The earth is unknown to these worlds, which are relatively near and are connected, like it, with the destinies of the sun; and the existence upon it of the people that inhabit it, of that intelligent race which believes itself to be alone in the universe, is suspected by no one. To these planets neighboring our own, we do not exist. Seen from the nearest of the stars, the enormous sun that illuminates us is itself no more than a little point, no more than a minute star, wandering in the infinite labyrinth of the worlds.—*La Science Illustrée.*

The man who haint never been cheated don't kno so much az he will sum day before long perhaps.

## American Humor.

Laff every time you feel tickled and laff once in a while anyhow.—*Josh Billings.*

An Englishman having asked a Yankee if the weather had been cold, he replied: "Cold? I should say so. Went home; lit a candle; jumped into bed; tried to blow candle out; couldn't do it; flame frozen; had to break it off!"

"Tell the truth and shame the devil," I kno lots ov people who can shame the devil easy enuff; but the tother thing bothers them.

An American who had been to Europe was telling a friend about his trip across the Atlantic, and how on the 25th of the month "they met a swarm of locusts, and the locusts carried away every stitch of canvas off the ship." The listener looked thoughtful a moment and then said, hesitatingly: "Yes, I guess we met the same swarm the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went around a corner and kicked himself.

## A TERRIBLE CONDITION.

Calligan—Doctor, haven't you been attending on old man Gilfillow?

Doctor—Yes.

Calligan—How is he to-day?

Doctor—He is beyond the reach of medical assistance, I fear.

Calligan—What! Is he dying?

Doctor—Oh, no. He's broke.—*Teece Hunt's Express.*

## All in a Half Century.

The unification of Italy.

The annexation of Texas.

The French Revolution of 1848.

The discovery of photography.

The laying of the ocean cables.

The discovery of the telephone.

The emancipation of the Russian serfs.

The discovery of the electric telegraph.

The establishment of ocean steam navigation.

The overthrow of the pope's temporal power.

The extension of Russian power into Central Asia.

The great Franco-German war and unification of Germany.

The great Civil War and abolition of slavery in the United States.

The rise and fall of Napoleon III, and the establishment of the French Republic.

The discovery of the sources of the Nile and Niger, and the exploration of interior Africa.

The war with Mexico and the acquisition of California, with the discoveries of gold that followed.

## Scientific Experiments and Tricks.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

An interesting home made method of natural decoration consists simply in taking a common glass or goblet and placing in the interior a little common salt and water. In a day or two a slight mist will be seen upon the glass which hourly will increase until in a very short time the glass will present a very beautiful appearance, being enlarged to twice its thickness and covered with beautiful salt crystals, packed one upon another like some peculiar fungus or animal growth.

A dish should be placed beneath the glass, as the crystals will run over. The color of the crystals may be changed by placing in the salt and water some common red ink or a spoonful of bluing; this will be absorbed and the white surface covered with exquisite tints. No more simple method of producing inexpensive or beautiful ornaments can be imagined, and by using different shapes of vases and shades and endless variety of beautiful forms can be produced. The glass should be placed where there is plenty of warmth and sunlight. It is an experiment which any child can make, and it will be found both novel and interesting to watch it growing gradually day by day, until the outside is covered over with beautiful crystals, blue, red, or white, according to the coloring matter which has been used.

Another scientific experiment which may interest some of the older as well as the younger members of the family may be made by suspending from the ceiling a thread which has previously been soaked in very salt water and then dried. To this fasten a light string and then announce that you are about to burn the thread without making the ring fall. The thread will burn, it is true, but the ashes it leaves are composed of crystals of salt, and their cohesion is strong enough to sustain the light weight of the ring attached to the thread.

Another form of the same experiment is to make a little hammock of muslin to be suspended by four threads, and, after having soaked this in salted water, and dried it as before directed, to place it in an empty egg-shell. Set the hammock on fire; the muslin will be consumed, and the flame reach the threads which hold it, without the egg falling from its frail support. With great care you may succeed in performing the experiment with a full egg in place of an empty shell, taking the precaution, however, to have it previously hard boiled, that you may escape an omelet in case of failure.

Another curious experiment is that of putting an egg into a bottle without breaking the shell. Soak the egg, which must be fresh, for several days in strong vinegar. The acid of the vinegar will eat the lime of the shell, so that while the egg looks the same it is really very soft. Only a little care is re-

quired to press the egg into the bottle. When this is done, fill it half full of lime water, and let it stand. The shell will absorb the lime and become hard again, and after the lime water is poured off you have the curious spectacle of an egg the usual size in a small-necked bottle, which will be a great puzzle to those who do not know how it is done.—*Christian Union*.

## Cigarette Smoking.

The poisonous effects of cigarette smoking have been experimentally determined by William L. Dudley, M. D., professor of chemistry in the Vanderbilt University at Nashville. He describes his methods in the *Medical News* of Sept. 15, 1888. The fact that cigarette smoking produces physiological effects differing to some extent from those of the cigar led him to make his experiments. From these experiments the following conclusions are drawn: 1. That carbonic oxide is the most poisonous constituent of tobacco-smoking; 2. That more injury results from cigarette than cigar or pipe-smoking, because, as a rule, the smoke of the former is inhaled; 3. That cigarette-smoking without inhaling is no more injurious than pipe smoking; 4. That the smoke of a cigar or pipe, if inhaled, is injurious as cigarette-smoke inhaled; 5. That the smoke from a Turkish pipe, if inhaled, is as injurious as that of a cigarette inhaled.

## Tranquility.

Tranquil in body and mind, with the mighty repose of the Farnesian Hercules, secure in its strength, because holding in his hand the golden fruit of the tree of knowledge.

A very great mind is seldom restless. It is into the depths of still water that the divers plunge fearlessly, certain of bringing up pearls such as Cleopatra might have matched with her pendants worth a province; whilst the roaring ocean throws up only tatters of weed or fragments of wreck.

## Bobby Was Allowed to Play.

The following story is strictly true and well illustrates the precocity of the average five-year-old boy, especially in matters pertaining to the great national game. It was Sunday afternoon; the place, the home of a dignified professor. Young five-year-old is growing tired of the enforced quiet of the Sabbath afternoon, and begins to toss his ball about the room.

"Say, mamma, why can't I go out and play ball?"

"It is Sunday, my child."

"Well, 'spose it is. I'll have Moses for pitcher, Aaron for catcher and Joshua for first base. Then I'll have Shadrack Meshack and Abednego to fill up the ball."

His mother let him play ball.

## The First Law of Childhood.

The first law of childhood, to be followed as rigorously as it is inculcated, is that of absolute obedience to authority. This is a necessary condition for safety, not to speak of peace. Where children do not obey orders, or attend to prohibitions, they are always in some danger. From the rotten branch of the tree up which they are told not to climb, and up which they forthwith swarm, to the reading of a forbidden book—from the morass which they are warned not to cross alone, to the undesirable acquaintance whom they are urged to drop, and forbidden to bring home—it is the same thing. Age and experience know—youth and ignorance do not; and the only safety for youth is to be guided by the better wisdom of age in those things where experimenting is dangerous, and a mistake is a disaster.

## True Happiness.

No mocking in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in a mound and tilled in manure. Happiness is a glory shining down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer evenings, feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of Paradise.—*Charlotte Brontë*.

## Whips.

Nature has dreadful whips for men who are seduced by pleasure, refined or gross, drawn away from the schoolroom and workshop of duty, playing truant, idling away time and life. Trouble comes to bring them back. That sheep-dog lies near by the flock, huge, slungy, red-eyed, wide-mouthed, with mighty jaws, he is never far away.—*Theodore Parker*.

You may live simple, many lives, speaking your own thought, paying your own way, and doing your own work, whatever that may be. You will remain gentlemen as long as you follow these rules, if you have to sweep a crossing for your livelihood. You will not remain gentlemen in anything, but the minute if you depart from them, though you may be set to govern a kingdom.—*Thomas Hughes*.

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## The Power of Prejudice.

Let a doctrine, however erroneous, become a party distinction, and it is at once entrenched in interests and attachments which make it extremely difficult for the most powerful artillery of reason to dislodge it. It becomes a point of honor in the leaders of such parties, which is from thence communicated to their followers, to defend and support their respective peculiarities to the last, and, as a natural consequence, to shut their ears against all the pleas and remonstrances by which they are assailed. Even the wisest and best of men are seldom aware how much they are susceptible of this sort of influence; and while the offer of a world would be insufficient to engage them to recant a known truth, or to subscribe to an acknowledged error, they are often retained in a willing captivity to prejudices and opinions which have no other support, and which, if they could lose sight of party feelings, they would almost instantly abandon.—Robert Hall.

## The Brotherhood of Man.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## French Humor.

A gentleman from the North of France, who spoke through his nose with a drawing accent, was one day conversing with a native of the South, who spoke in a clear ringing voice and with the greatest animation.

"Nonsense," the Southerner was heard to exclaim, "you surely don't expect me to believe that? Absurd on the face of it!"

"What I am telling you is true, every word of it. I am not one of your imaginative South country folks. Never has an untruth been allowed to escape my lips."

"I believe you, my boy," said the other, "you talk through your nose!"—*Le Figaro*.

X — meets a friend, who takes him to task on the shabbiness of his attire.

"I assure you it is not my fault. For the last six months a gentleman has had a new coat of mine and refuses to let me have it."

"You don't say so? And who is the impertinent fellow, pray?"

"My tailor!"—*Lynn Republican*.

Two injured men are brought into the consulting room, each with a leg bandaged. While waiting for the surgeon, one of them remarks:

"What was the matter with your leg?"

"I have had my foot crushed by a cab."

To which the other promptly made reply:

"So have I had my foot crushed, but by a private carriage!"—*Le Gaulois*.

A Parisian gentleman travelling in an English railroad car, heard the porter call out as they left the station, "Look out, there!" The Frenchman took the warning literally, and looked out of the window to see what was the matter, his head immediately coming in contact with the stone coping of a tunnel.

"Sacre!" he exclaimed, "you English are one queer people. You say, 'Look out, when you mean look in!'"

Two men in the Government employ were told that their superior had said of them, "One is a fool and the other a thief."

"I'll challenge him!" cried one.

"He won't fight with a clerk."

"Then I'll resign."

"You're a fraud," replied the other clerk.

"Oh! very well," said the first, "I'll drop the matter. He said of us, 'one is a fool, the other a thief,' and since you say that I am a fool you can settle the other charge yourself."

Sydenham, the prince of practical physicians, was the first man minutely to describe gout, and yet he himself died of it. Sydenham said of gout: "Unlike any other disease, it kills more rich than poor, more wise than simple. Great kings, emperors, generals, admirals and philosophers have died of gout. Hereditary nature shows her impartiality, since those she favors in one way she afflict in another."

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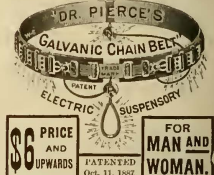
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