

Charity is an eternal debt, and without limit.—Quesnel.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW.

REMINISCENCES.

An Impressive Message and Vision.

Which Brought Joy to Prof. Brittan.

To THE EDITOR:—Again I find myself seated at my table to give you some of my experiences with the departed, thinking they might be interesting and helpful to your many readers, especially to those who have recently come into this belief. My brother had told me to sit in "the silence" often, and I did so, giving as much time to it as possible, for I found I was now going to school, and a most wonderful school it was, and I wished to progress as fast as I could, and must therefore keep in rapport with my teachers. I had many messages brought to me from day to day, not only from my own people, but from other people's friends, a good deal as you would send letters through the postoffice to any you desired to reach.

A REMARKABLE MESSAGE.

One of the most remarkable messages that came to me in those days was a letter to Dr. Brittan, of New York, from his son Angelo Brittan. Remember I was living a very quiet life then, having many family cares, and the attention to my daily household duties kept me closely at home, therefore I was not mixed up with the great world outside but very little.

A friend who became interested in me loaned me Dr. Brittan's book, "Man and His Relations," in which I became intensely interested, and through it I came in touch with the mental and moral power of that great soul, and often when tired from overwork would, while resting, hold it in my hands and sense a subtle force coming from it to me. I have learned since then that that power or force is, and often surround myself with books and periodicals which I have not time to read in any other way only as I absorb the vibrations that come from them, and thus I become more or less acquainted with their author's thoughts. That may seem strange to you, my friends, but it is nevertheless true. "There are more things in the heavens and the earth than ye have dreamed of, Horatio." I have found it so at least.

SPIRIT HAND.

In regard to the message sent to Dr. Brittan, I will say that I knew nothing of him or his family, only that he was a writer and lecturer; but one day while about my work I felt a spirit hand take me by the arm as if to lead me, and I passively followed to my table where I kept my writing material. I sat down, picked up my pencil and began writing a communication from a son to his father, commencing this way:

"MY DEAR OLD FATHER:—I come to bring the glad tidings that the one the world called dead still lives to bring back the message to my dear father and sisters, that I am wonderfully alive, and can sense the sad hearts that are grieving for me. I speak more especially of my dear sisters, for father, I know you realize that I am still with you, and will continue to be. My dear mother's face was the first that looked out of Paradise upon me as I closed my eyes to earthly scenes, and Brother Sammy came too, with joyful, beaming face, born of a love unknown on earth. Oh! father, what a great truth this is. I came to this sensitive because she knew not of our family, and I knew you would appreciate my effort in this coming. I should like to have remained longer with you all, but I know now it was all right that I came here and am satisfied."

I will not give more of the message, as it was of a private nature, but the beautiful and holy influence he brought to me can never be effaced. The loyal and tender devotion of son and brother to his family was like the dew that sinks into the flower to nourish it, and the communication was filled with just such love and sympathy running through it like a golden chain, linking them to him more closely than could be in earth life; it was pathetic and real.

After the letter was finished he stood beside me, and then and there his whole life came before me, from cradle to grave. I knew all the grand possibilities that were his; his fine spiritual perceptions; his keen analytical mind; the sensitive organism, and the great love he had for his own. I was able to recognize all this so easily and quickly.

I wrote it all down. After I had finished I wanted to know who he was and asked for his name. He said he would give me his name, but he wanted me to first promise to send it to his father. Without stopping to think I told him I would. He then told me his name was Angelo Brittan.

"Ah!" said I, "Dr. Brittan's son?"

"Yes."

I said: "I will never send it." My response was just like an arrow piercing him. I saw how I had wounded him. The reason I did not wish to send it was, I knew Dr. Brittan had opportunities to interview all the great psychics of the country, and I felt timidly about sending it, and told Angelo that was the reason, and said to him: "There are awful lies or wonderful truths in that message."

He responded quickly: "It is all true; have no fears." "I felt in my soul it was true, but like Thomas of old, I doubted." He begged of me to send

it, and said: "If you knew how much good it would do my dear old father, you would not say nay."

I said to him: "Give me time to think it over." He turned away looking very sad, and became invisible to me.

AN IMPRESSIVE VISION.

I sat very still for a few moments, thinking what I should do. I had promised to send the message. It was a comforting one, and no doubt would bring joy to those bereaved and sorrowing ones. I called to mind the sad face of the spirit, and it made me feel very uncomfortable. While thus musing a vision came to me that will never fade from my memory. The heavens seemed to open, and far away, seemingly, I saw Angelo, lying still and white, in a blue gilded hammock, in a rose-colored room, quite alone. The walls of the room seemed more like the atmosphere—I cannot describe it to you, but it was so restful.

Soon there entered, or glided through one side of the room, a glorious, radiant woman, crowned with the light of the stars. Her raiment was like woven gold. Angelo did not open his eyes, although he knew she had come. She glided up to him and began making passes over him, and he began to breathe in the vitalizing etheric force she was throwing upon him. I knew it was life and health to him. I could sense it myself—a wonderful love and peace she brought to him, for he felt so much stronger. She then quietly left him without uttering a word.

HIS ANGEL MOTHER.

Now, through some subtle law, I knew she was his mother, the angel he first met after saying good-by to earthly friends. How comforting to know some of our friends will be with us when that final hour comes to lay off these crude bodies for something better, if we have earned it. What a glorified soul she was.

I had the pleasure, a year after this message was given, while at Dr. Brittan's house, of turning through their family album, and showing them Angelo's and the mother's pictures, which was very convincing to them, and thus I become more or less acquainted with their author's thoughts. That may seem strange to you, my friends, but it is nevertheless true. "There are more things in the heavens and the earth than ye have dreamed of, Horatio." I have found it so at least.

I deliberated some two weeks, and tried to find out particulars through some of the old Spiritualists in Worcester, Mass., for my home was there at that time; but it was not for me to know, for those I asked and read the message to know nothing about Dr. Brittan's family, but all said to me, "Send it." I felt more and more inclined each day to send it, and I finally did so, and when I mailed it a voice from out the atmosphere spoke and said: "You will soon hear from it," and I did in about two weeks.

Dr. Brittan came from New York to see me at my home. How glad I was to meet him. He seemed just as glad to see me, and said: "I never had a message do me so much good, and had you known my son from his cradle to his grave you could not have read his character better; it was perfect; it was all true." He remained about two hours, and we had a lovely visit with Angelo and his spirit friends. Mary Harris came and talked to him as of old. He wanted me to let them come and write to him when convenient. I promised him I would, and how true those prophecies have come his present wife, if still living, will verify.

Many years have rolled away since this message came to me. Dr. Brittan was called home between two and three years afterward. What a grand reunion that must have been, for he was a great soul and had done a good work for the cause of truth. He was a clear seer, a scientific reasoner, a keen, concise and brilliant writer. He did not finish his work, but presume he has demonstrated his mental force upon many spiritual sensitives wherever and whenever he could find them, whether on heathen or on Christian ground. I wish we had more, like him, and I hope he will be inclined to throw upon my brain many of the truths he has learned of on the other side.

I know beyond a doubt there is communion between the two worlds, and that the world of spirits is populous. It is constantly being augmented and peopled by a great multitude that no man can number. It is a tangible world. It was not peopled with ghosts and specters' shadows and outlines of beings, but with persons, palpable to the apprehension; its companionships are real, veritable; its loves are distinct; its life intelligent. Death will not level and annul those countless differences of mind and heart which make us of individual here; each intellect will keep its natural bias, and eternity will bring to each a fresh start.

Somewhere down the future we shall meet what we most longed for here, but which we missed in this present life; and what I pray for purely, the answer being impossible in this life, will then and there be given me, and I shall have it eternally.

Mrs. M. A. REED.

Married.

Harriet A. Spinney, M. D., and Frank S. Sovereign, M. D., were married Monday, June 1st, in Reed City, Mich. At home; Evart, Mich.

In Sicily it is devoutly believed that a scorpion inclosed in a bottle, or in some situation from which it cannot escape, will sting itself to death.

The beaver hunters of the early days of this country believed that the severity of the coming winter would be indicated by the thickness of the beaver's tails.

Our humanity was a poor thing but for the divinity that stirs within us.—Bacon.

A NOTED CHARACTER.

Mark M. Pomeroy Passed to Spirit-Life.

The passing away, on May 30, 1896, of this remarkable man, and in some respects strangely contradictory character, has been the theme of many newspaper commentaries. For more than a quarter of a century I have been intimately acquainted with Mr. Pomeroy. His nature was a complex one, but a more generous lover of humanity I have never met, and, taking him as a whole, we shall not soon look upon his like again. For many years Mr. Pomeroy has been a confirmed Spiritualist. His enquiring mind, assisted by severe legal training, enabled him to sift testimony in an unbiased manner. His outspoken manner of thought, verbally and written, has subjected him to much unfavorable and unjust criticism, but in all matters where impartial justice was concerned, Mark Pomeroy's heart was invariably found to be in the right place. Generous and benevolent to a fault, possessing great talent for the accumulation of money, he made it his servant instead of his master, and constantly used it for the benefit of the unfortunate. "Thine for the right" was his life motto, and he rarely wrote a letter to friend or foe that did not end with this grand sentiment, and those who knew him best and were most intimate with his strange "ups and downs" in life will cheerfully endorse the poet Heine's touching tribute to a similar nature:

"His heart was like the ocean:
It had storm and ebb and flow;
And many a pearl was hidden
In its silent depths below."

His almost innumerable writings upon various subjects connected with the upbuilding of humanity, aside from his political essays, will always form an interesting episode in American literature. That Mark Pomeroy had warm friends and bitter enemies, like most men of decided individuality, all will admit, but that he left the world better than he found it for his having passed through it, few, I think, will attempt to deny. His nature was not of the despondent kind, but buoyant and hopeful. So many unkind criticisms constantly reached him, that it is a wonder he retained his faith in humanity, and strange as it may seem, some of his most bitter enemies were those whom he had bountifully aided with heart and purse. "In gratitude," said he to me one day, "is a word not necessary to put in the dictionaries, as it is to be found everywhere." His constant benevolence was so well known that he was almost daily besieged for assistance of some kind. Few men in this world have been so much maligned and misunderstood. During our long acquaintance I never remember of hearing him speak an unkind word of any human being. If he had anything to say about a public man, it was always said in a public manner. It was impossible, apparently, for him to descend to the ordinary methods assumed by little minds in criticizing their kind. Accompanied by noble thoughts, he never seemed alone. "Be just and fear not," was ever uppermost in his mind, and he took very little trouble to silence envious tongues, especially when directed against himself, and when the final summons came, he was sustained and soothed by an unfeigned trust, as the following beautiful remark to an attaché of the New York Herald a few days before his departure abundantly proves. "Death," said he, "is only a beautiful change, an outbidding of a larger life, with greater opportunities for work and knowledge. I view it just as a young man who comes from the country to the city. A vaster field opens up before him; death is but the continuance of life."

Mr. Pomeroy leaves a charming family, a wife, one son and three daughters. Mrs. Pomeroy, like her husband, is full of noble impulses, doing good whenever and wherever opportunity offers. She has the sympathy of thousands of the best and most cultured people in the country, and while her cross is hard to bear, we can but wish that she may fully realize that "to die is to gain."

J. JAY WATSON.

The Curse of the Pope.

M. Zola's second book of his trilogy, "Rome," will be published in a few days. That portion which has already been published serially has been disappointing, but the latter portion of the work is sufficiently Zolaesque to suit his fondest admirers. The book is like his "Lourdes," a blow aimed at Roman Catholicism, if not at Christianity. It contains a number of closely-written chapters on religion and socialism. He sends his hero, a French priest, to Rome to seek an interview with the present Pontiff. Enormous difficulties are thrown in his way. He is passed on from prelate to prelate. He finds the Vatican a hotbed of intrigue, jealousy, and spite. He has glimpses of terrible greed for domination peculiar to churchmen of extensive power, of propaganda of apparently obscure but potent influence, of Padre d'Angelis, the Dominican, and of the overwhelming preponderance of Jesuits. Finally

Prof. W. H. Packer, who makes especially of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living physician; his success is astonishing. We have received 20 years' standing by him. His noble and valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his medicine, free to any sufferer who may send P. O. and Express—We advise anyone wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. Packer, P. O. Box 100, New York.

THE ST. LOUIS CYCLONE—WHY HAS IT NOT BEEN UTILIZED HERE THIS?

According to Christian ministers of the Talmage school, such disasters as the Chicago fire, the Johnstown flood, and like calamities, have been characterized as the "providences of God" visited upon the wicked. I have been looking for a like expression from the pulpit in regard to the recent terrible cyclone which visited St. Louis, but have failed to find any such reference to it.

I presume the reason for such failure is the rather perplexing fact that God's own churches suffered equally with the property of this goddess in the great work of destruction, and that the Christian accompanied the sinner down to ruin and death.

The Associated Press reports that damage to church property was particularly severe in the St. Louis disaster, and gives the estimated losses to churches as follows:

St. John Nepomuka.....\$50,000

Lafayette Park Presbyterian.....16,000

Lafayette Park Methodist.....10,000

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Church of the Unity.....10,000

Mount Calvary Episcopal.....20,000

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Now, here we have some \$348,000 worth of church property destroyed by the God to whom such property was dedicated. Nor does he seem to have been any respecter of creeds or religion in the general sweep of destruction which he caused. All suffered alike. Catholic and Protestant churches went down together.

I would like to see Brother Talmage or some other orthodox interpreter of this calamity reconcile the fact of so much destruction of valuable church property with the theory of the visitation of an "angry God."

H. V. SWERINGEN.

Some Hints About "Chela."

"Adept" and "Mahatma."

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The fellow clairvoyants or mediums of the great "V" for the past ten or twelve years are in a panic and refuse to be called by their old names, as they have adopted Chela, Adept, and some go so far as to call themselves Mahatmas. In the future, when you speak of New York psychics, please use the latter name or you will get in trouble. I mention this that the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER may not diminish, but rather increase, as you keep pace with the new developments. The trustees of the First Society of Spiritualists of this town should call a meeting and in some way arrange the names to the proper psychic standard of the work. In haste one would say Chela, Adept, Chela Tower, Chela Free, etc.; Adept Frank, Adept Hough, etc.; Mahatma Barnes, Mahatma Scott, Mahatma Lee, Mahatma Gray, etc. There may be trouble about this arrangement of prefixes, but I assure them it will be properly arranged when the trustees have time to act upon the important question.

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CHELA JONES.

New York City.

Announcements.

TO THE EDITOR:—Allow me to announce through your valuable paper that owing to the stringency in money matters, and other causes, the Kansas and Missouri Valley Spiritualist and Liberator Association have decided to abandon holding their proposed camp-meeting at Bonner Springs this season. The Association regrets very much that the circumstances are such that it has become necessary to abandon the holding of the camp-meeting, but they hope and expect to be able to locate a permanent camp ground the coming year and hold a camp-meeting. There will be a Spiritualist camp-meeting at East Fairmount, Leavenworth county, Kansas about the first of September, which will continue about a week. It is hoped that all who can should attend the meeting. Announcement of the time, etc., will be made later.

O. G. RICHARDS,

Secretary of Committee.

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PROPHETCY FULFILLED.

The St. Louis Disaster Was Foretold.

In justice to the gift of prophecy of Mrs. Pfuntner's control, Narcissism (or it may be due to Narcissism's power of observation of planetary evolution), I deem it someone's duty to report what was given at the Ladies' meeting, Thursday, May 21st. There were seven gentlemen and about twenty-five ladies present, who can verify the following. I wish also to state I have never spoken to Mrs. Pfuntner, except to ask her permission to report this, and have only seen her twice.

In speaking of mediumship she said: "Oh ye people who pray for mediumship, you know not what is before you! Only a sensitive knows the pain, suffering, trials and hardships endured by mediums. Neither think you the life on spirit side one of roses without thorns. Oh! let Narcissism prophesy to you a great sorrow which will soon come to a great city. I know not your geography, and cannot tell you the name; but, oh, great disaster, great explosion! (here, no doubt, Narcissism gave the wrong word), 'terrible loss of life and great wrecks. Oh! fathers, mothers and children will be calling for each other, husbands seeking wives, and all great confusion! Oh, my heart breaks.' (Here tears streamed down her face and her voice choked. It was a moment never to be forgotten by me, for these words are still burning in my heart and memory, and I give them almost verbatim, without her French-Indian accent.) 'There will be great darkness and sorrow. Great will be our work on spirit side, for these souls will be held in your earth atmosphere by the cries of the loved ones. Go to them, bring to them the light of truth, for sorrow will be in their hearts for many days—yes, many years. Think ye not our hearts are sad when so many souls come to us all unprepared? Go tell the bereaved ones their loved ones are not far off—they are not gone forever. Oh, there will be cursing of the Great Spirit, but go ye and bring unto them Truth.'

After Mrs. Pfuntner came from under control she said: "Why, what is the matter? I feel as though I've been in a rainstorm. Well, I must have been crying."

May 28th, desiring to hear more of Narcissism, I attended the meeting. Speaking of the St. Louis disaster, she said this would not be the last of them, and we might even have some of them in our midst. She advised all to send out their best and noblest thoughts to our planetary spirits who have charge of this old earth; for thoughts were realities and would create a force which would aid in the harmonious evolution of our earth.

If mortals could only realize the power of thought; how evil and selfish thoughts create veritable cesspools; how often one or two evil-minded in a family contaminate the whole atmosphere of the home and make it poisonous for the others; whereas a noble, a pure mind, will create an atmosphere of beauty and fragrance.

I have condensed as much as possible, and am afraid this report may lack the potency of a more detailed one, yet I know the value of space and do not wish this to make the acquaintance of your waste-basket and fall in its mission on account of its verbosity.

Mrs. ELIZABETH BAUGHMAN.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Spheres of Life.

Do you realize, reader, that you are constantly reporting your life and character, whether you speak or not; that the retaining effort to hide certain secrets but declares you? Everything is enmeshed. Even the rocks, the clays, the soils, impart a like effluence. Animals, fishes, birds, invisibly but really photograph themselves upon their environment.

Human beings are correctly estimated as microcosms of all that is below them, and in germ at least of destiny above or around them. Their spheres are the most patent in the realm of creation. The ruling affection quickens and colors the spheres they project, and hence the 'soul of things' with which they are in touch. Where the make-up is gross, being the form of animalized, insensitive, the sphere is angular, coarse, dark; at times emitting a lurid glare, unpleasant to feel, dangerous to be swayed by. The solely intellectual sphere is sharp, severe, more or less cold like electrical light. Where the intellectual is tempered to sweet, charity and spiritual poise, the sphere is golden as the sunlight, beautifying all the walks of life, carrying other souls to higher planes of love and thought and thence to nobility of character. If the intellectual sphere, skilled by culture, is keyed to the selfish with its envies and jealousies, clothed in perference with pretensions of leadership in reform, and thence—naturally—disposed to 'pick out faults' in others and to understate them in comparison with the 'great I,' its color to the seer is like that of a thunderstorm, charged with growls and lightning stabs, angry at the world of our humanity, fighting against the fate thus evoked.

What we think, what we propose, what we speak, what we write, are but repetitions of our inner life, of exactly what we are as weighed in the scale of divine justice. There is an olden beauty at which some jeer and laugh, but as true in the philosophy of character as truth itself: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

J. O. BARRETT.

SCIENCE ANALYZING HUMAN NATURE.

NOTHING CONCEALED.

Can Even Measure the Emotions.

The Spirit Kymograph Must Be Even More Delicate.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT OF CRIMINALS AND HIS METHODS—THE KYMOPHON—THE WORKINGS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF HOPE, FEAR, LOVE, HATE AND INDIFFERENCE IN THE HUMAN BREAST—LINES THAT DEPICT HOLMES' ABNORMAL FEELINGS.

In a laboratory on the fourth floor of the Bureau of Education, in Washington, D. C., Dr. Arthur MacDonald is pursuing his interesting investigations of physical and psychic man, says the New York Sun. He is a graduate of Harvard and has studied under the best men in Paris, Leipzig, Vienna and Zurich, insanity, hypnotism and criminology. The methods of his investigations are new to this country, many of his instruments being recent inventions of European physicists. He says that the study he has undertaken is in its infancy, and that quantitative measurements by these instruments on a large scale, with a view to general statistical results, have never before been attempted, but the results which have been recorded show enough to induce the Government officials to believe that they are on the right track, and that much not heretofore known as to the characteristics of different classes of persons and the relations of those physical characteristics to the physical part of man may be revealed.

In this laboratory, besides the new instruments for psycho-neural measurements, there is a complete set of instruments for measuring according to the Bertillon system, and a comparison of the measurements of the external man by this system, and the psychic man by that of MacDonald, have shown some remarkable results. The most important of these instruments is the kymograph. By this instrument, which is quite simple, the breathing of a man and the effects

to read, then a passage of scripture, and finally a revolting picture to look at. He is told to concentrate his mind upon some person whom he loves, and during this mental process the cylinder is made to revolve. He is subjected to the same tests with hate, fear, and other emotions, and in each case the instrument, accurate to the thousandth part of an inch, records the effect of these emotions upon the breathing.

Another instrument is the algometer, for tests of sensibility to pain. This instrument is Dr. MacDonald's own invention, and is constructed very much on the same principle as the ordinary spring, or ice, scales, the spring, instead of resisting a pull, resists the opposite action. At the end of the small piston is a circular nickel plate, which is pressed gently upon the temple of the subject. The pressure is increased until the subject feels the pain, when the instrument is removed. A scale on the side, at which a small pointer remains, gives the actual figures of sensibility. He has made experiments on young men and young women of wealthy classes, whom he found at the watering-places in summer, and compared them with similar experiments on thirty-six members of the Boston army of the unemployed. He found that the unemployed were only half as sensitive as the young men of the wealthy classes. For use among the criminal classes, he has found it necessary to have an instrument made which will measure just twice the amount of pressure, for the susceptibility of criminals is much lower. There are other instruments for recording the trembling of the hand and tongue, also indicated by means of the cylinder on the smoked paper. There are still others for measuring the sense of hearing, sight, and smell. An instrument which reveals the electrical sensibility of the brain, consists of two dials, one to regulate the pressure of the two poles on the forehead, and at the base of the brain for accuracy in comparison, and the other to indicate the force of the current. The sensibility of persons to suggestion is tested by another instrument, the contrivance of Dr. Scripture, of Yale. It consists of a

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have much more effect than reading the Bible, which had the least effect of all the tests. Holmes gave himself up readily to the investigation, and the record may be assumed to be a fairly correct one. Some of his physical measurements were: Strength of right-hand grasp, 34 kilograms; of left-hand grasp, 32 kilograms; maximum length of head, 191 millimetres; maximum width of head, 149 millimetres; cephalic index, 78; distance between external edges of orbits, 110 millimetres; length of nose, 55 millimetres; width of nose, 35 millimetres; nasal index, 63 millimetres; length of right ear, 60 millimetres; of left ear, 62 millimetres (he remarked that he had injured his ear); width of mouth, 55 millimetres; thickness of lips, 10 millimetres; height of palate, 20 millimetres. The measurements of his nervous system were as follows: Least sensibility to locality, right wrist, 17 millimetres; left wrist, 17 millimetres; least sensibility to heat, right wrist, 4 degrees; left wrist, 5 degrees; least sensibility to pain by pressure, right temporal muscle, 700 grams; left temporal muscle, 600 grams; with hand algometer (Catell's), right hand, 5,760 grams, and left hand, 4,750 grams. Holmes was ambidextrous, as is common among criminals. His palate was higher than normal, which is about 14 millimetres. His sense of locality was more obtuse than the average, which is 15 millimetres. Another peculiarity was that his left hand was less sensitive to heat than his right hand. His chest was contracted, and he had a tendency to consumption. It may seem at first that these figures and facts lead to no immediate practical results, but Dr. MacDonald, by a comparison of these measurements with those of other criminals, shows a remarkable similarity in respect of the records of many of the instruments. These measurements will be kept, and those of other notorious criminals will be compared with them. Eventually, for purposes of comparison, statistical tables on an elaborate scale will be prepared, that the reading of abnormal man may be done more closely in the future.

Dr. MacDonald has the records of some remarkable criminal cases. Some murderers, he says, seem to be entirely unconscious of any feeling of repulsion at their crimes. A consumptive of about sixty, who was on his death-bed, was asked by the doctor why he killed his mother with an axe.

"Ah," he said, "my father died, and I thought I would take my place in the family."

His idea was that his father used to beat his mother; but that he had performed this function better still. When the sensation of murder has once been had, it sometimes begets a burning passion. One criminal expressed regret on the scaffold that, having taken the lives of ninety-nine men, he had not made the number an even hundred. Dr. MacDonald says in more cases than it is generally known, the women exceed the men in cruelty and ferocity.

Dr. MacDonald thinks that a criminal of the calibre of Holmes gets credit for much more cunning than he actually possesses. He says that if any man in the ordinary walks of life set earnestly about murder, studied his cases carefully, and planned his crimes beforehand, he in most cases could escape detection for a long time, if not forever.

It has been found that general sensibility is one-sixth less and sensibility to pain two-fifths less in criminals than in the average person. Touch is obtuse in forty-four per cent of criminals, while among non-criminals the percentage is twenty-nine. Although the sense of touch is almost normal in swindlers and thieves, it is always less in murderers. Criminals are more influenced by the weather than ordinary men. In several foreign investigations sixty per cent of criminals were found to be color-blind. This percentage is double that found by a test of 800 students and 500 workmen. The maximum force of the left hand, as found by Prof. Lombroso, was twenty-three per cent for the criminals, against a normal per cent of fourteen. In the same investigation the maximum force of the right hand was sixty-seven per cent among the criminals, while the normal percentage was seventy. In a large number of cases sensibility is duller on the right than on the left side. There is a predominance of cranium and brain on the right side among criminals.

Dr. MacDonald says that the remorse so commonly supposed to gnaw the conscience of a criminal is a myth. The worst men conduct themselves best in prison, knowing that they will be treated better if they appear to have the best feelings. Among 410 assassins one investigator did not find a sincere case of repentance. Another one studied 780 cases of assassins and found only 34-10 per cent who showed repentance or manifested any feeling in recounting their deeds. Ten per cent of these criminals, by their effrontery, showed a complete absence of remorse. In general more than one-third may be said to be without remorse, as shown by indifference and effrontery in the acknowledgment or recital of their crimes.

Verily, in the midst of the wonderful discoveries and inventions of scientists, it would seem that there would yet be constructed an instrument that will weigh and measure a man's moral and spiritual acquirements as well as his emotions.

If Dr. MacDonald's instrument, as above described, can measure or denote in physical lines and curves the psychological characteristics of the physical man, as expressed in emotions of love, hate, fear, etc., what may we not conjecture, with reason, concerning the achievements of the scientists

of the spirit-world—so far in advance of our earthly plane that our greatest master minds are incapable of conceiving, or comprehending through inspiration, the vastly finer and more spiritual achievements in discoveries and inventions?

The instrument of which our earthly scientist may proudly claim to be the inventor is but a coarse, physical counterpart, in some degree, of the vastly and—to us, at present—inconceivably finer spirit kymograph, that takes cognizance of measures, circumscribes, weighs, and indicates the just value of a man's moral and spiritual qualities, and marks their status and development. X. RAY.

A Warning to Spiritualists Everywhere.

One Dr. Matthews, a medium, but a refined rascal, is now traveling in Ohio, lecturing and giving tests and private sittings. This man all Spiritualists should avoid.

In order that no one may mistake the proper Dr. Matthews, I give the following description of this individual's make-up, by which he can be readily recognized, believing that nature has stamped him for a purpose. Dr. Matthews is light complexioned, five feet six inches high, weight about 180 pounds, broad forehead, broad, flat nose, depressed as a pug dog's nose, and which deforms him in a manner and by which he can be most readily recognized; an Englishman by birth, and claiming to hail from Brooklyn, N. Y.

This "pug-dog-head man" is the basest kind of a confidence man and will beat any and every one, regardless of sex or nationality. He served eighteen months in the Canon City (Colorado) penitentiary for his misdeeds, and even this lesson has not taught him anything, for he still practices his nefarious business of obtaining money under false pretenses. He came to Indianapolis and formed what he called the Church of Humanity, where the higher philosophy of Spiritualism was to be taught to the better class of Spiritualists, and many now mourn his absence, for he departed very suddenly when the atmosphere was getting warm. For what he did in Indianapolis, if caught, he could be sent to the penitentiary again for three or five years. He next appeared in Dayton, Ohio, and when last heard from was playing his rascality there, regardless of the warning sent by me to the Dayton Spiritualists.

Spiritualists, why will you not run this pretending rascal out of our ranks? Why allow him to continue robbing men and women, and stand idly by and say: 'Oh! well he's a medium, and it may not be his fault.' To thunder with your sympathy when you have a rascal that will not and does not reform.

I hope the friends will heed my warning, and any that care to address me may do so at Indianapolis, where I have served the cause of Spiritualism for the past six years as president of the home organization. Yours for truth,

B. F. SCHMIDT.

of the spirit-world—so far in advance of our earthly plane that our greatest master minds are incapable of conceiving, or comprehending through inspiration, the vastly finer and more spiritual achievements in discoveries and inventions?

The instrument of which our earthly scientist may proudly claim to be the inventor is but a coarse, physical counterpart, in some degree, of the vastly and—to us, at present—inconceivably finer spirit kymograph, that takes cognizance of measures, circumscribes, weighs, and indicates the just value of a man's moral and spiritual qualities, and marks their status and development. X. RAY.

A Warning to Spiritualists Everywhere.

One Dr. Matthews, a medium, but a refined rascal, is now traveling in Ohio, lecturing and giving tests and private sittings. This man all Spiritualists should avoid.

In order that no one may mistake the proper Dr. Matthews, I give the following description of

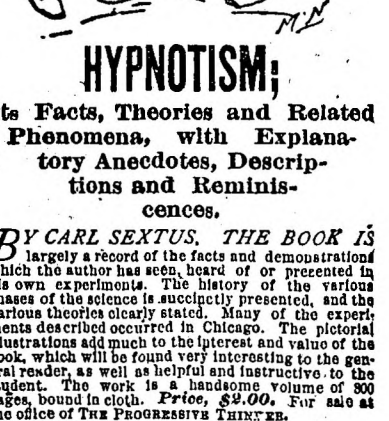
Mrs. M. J. Criney, of Aughenny, Pa.

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