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WORK OF RENOVATION BEGINS

The Illinois State Spiritualists Association Leads Off With a Searching Investigation.

The Testimony in the Case of Mrs. Mabel Aber Jackman, herewith Placed Before the Spiritualist Public.

To the Editor:—At a meeting of the official board of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association, Nov. 5, 1898, the enclosed resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote and the secretary instructed to send you a copy for publication. There were present at said meeting, the following members of the official board: George B. Warren, president; Col. James Freeman, vice-president; Hiram Eddy, trustee; Orrin Merritt, trustee; Ervin A. Rice, secretary and treasurer.

The resignation of the former secretary, M. H. McGrath, having been received and accepted, the writer of this was duly appointed as secretary until the next regular election.

ERVIN A. RICE,
Secretary I. S. S. A.

Copy of resolution adopted by the official board of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association, Nov. 5, 1898:

Whereas, In the matter of the allegation that Mabel Aber Jackman and Edward E. Jackman used fraud at a materializing seance given under their management at 3143 Forrest avenue, Chicago, on Tuesday evening, September 20th, 1898, by introducing from the cabinet, human beings as spirit forms, we find that the charge is fully sustained by the sworn evidence in our possession.

Therefore, it is ordered that the certificates of ordination and fellowship held by the said Mabel Aber Jackman and Edward E. Jackman under the charter of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association, be and the same are hereby revoked and annulled and that these defendants are hereby expelled from membership in the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association.

Attest: ERVIN A. RICE,
Secretary.

With deep sorrow we spread before our readers the entire evidence, so that our readers can judge as to whether the Illinois State Association is justifiable in the action it has taken. Notice was served on Mrs. Jackman, inviting her to appear before the State Association, with her witnesses, and give testimony in defense, but the entire proceedings were ignored by her.

IN RE MRS. JACKMAN.

The Judgment of an Impartial Observer.

A PROMINENT SPIRITUALIST WHO WAS PRESENT, GIVES HIS VIEW OF THE TRIAL AND THE PERSONNEL OF WITNESSES.

As an observer of the proceedings of the committee of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association relative to the charges of fraudulent practices of Mrs. Jackman in her mediumship, and in comparison with judicial proceedings that investigation was a MODEL OF FAIRNESS

of spirit and judicial method on the part of the committee, and of apparent truthfulness and candor on the part of the witnesses who gave their testimony. The personnel of the committee needs no commendation at anybody's hands, for they are gentlemen whose character for integrity and honesty of purpose no one in this community, nor in any other where they are known, would dare to question. Spiritualists, calm and cautious thinkers, and within gentlemen, as tender of the reputation of others as of their own innocence, could certainly never have suffered at their hands.

Of the witnesses it may be said that they were all—at least so they declared—Spiritualists and interested in the dissemination of a knowledge of the genuine and the good in Spiritualism. No one can unerringly read the conscience of another, but a shrewd judge of human nature, I fancy, would feel morally certain, listening to those witnesses, that they were telling that which they sincerely believed to be the truth. They were examined separately, each one testifying before the committee without the presence of the others or of another, excepting in the case of Mrs. Hill, whose husband was present in the room while she was delivering her testimony; which is a practice often resorted to in court trials where there are a number of witnesses, the purpose being to prevent collusion between witnesses of a certain class who might be disposed, if they listened to each other's testimony, to "fix up" a story that should harmonize in all its parts.

A point which I was a little skeptical upon at the start disappeared to

often the shafts and arrows of cruel suspicion, distrust, jealousy and hatred hurled at our mediums, and in common with others who have the interests of the cause at heart, I demand a fair trial and humane treatment for those who may rightfully or wrongfully be accused. We are not perfect, no, not one, and we can afford to be charitable; but there is no higher duty which we owe to ourselves and to our cause, as Spiritualists, than to expose and denounce the fraud and charlatanism that infest our ranks to-day.

If Mrs. Jackman was wrongfully accused in this instance, I am sure had she faced her accusers before this committee, the committee would have given her an impartial and unbiased hearing, and most swiftly and gladly have vindicated her.

A. M. GRIFFIN.

THE SWORN TESTIMONY OF WITNESSES TOUCHING UPON THE MANIFESTATIONS OR MATERIALIZATIONS PURPORTING TO COME THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. MABEL ABER JACKMAN, GIVEN BEFORE THE ILLINOIS STATE SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION—MRS. JACKMAN AND HER FRIENDS, THOUGH REQUESTED TO DO SO BY THE STATE ASSOCIATION, FAILED TO APPEAR AND GIVE THEIR EVIDENCE—TESTIMONY GIVEN OF A STARTLING NATURE, SHOWING THE APPALLING DANGER THAT CONFRONTS HONEST SPIRITUALISTS AND INVESTIGATORS.

The committee of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association to investigate the charges against Mrs. Mabel Aber Jackman, preferred by Harry F. Hill and others, met at the office of Marion Pickett, Esq., Room 20, 107 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois, at 7 o'clock p. m., Saturday, October 8, 1898.

Present: Dr. George B. Warren, president; Messrs. Freeman, Eddy, Rice and Pickett.

The statements of witnesses on behalf of complainants were taken as follows, no one appearing on behalf of Mrs. Jackman:

The statement of Harry F. Hill, given in answer to interrogatories propounded by Dr. Warren and others of the committee:

My name is Harry F. Hill, residence 270 E. Indiana street. I have lived there one and a half years and one door east of that two and a half years; I am a stationary engineer, employed at 256 to 260 E. Madison street; I have been employed there four years.

Question. Have you been in the hall, or have you frequently attended seances given by Mrs. Jackman at 3143 Forrest avenue, Chicago?

Answer. I have. The first seance I attended there was in the month of September, 1897, and the last one was on September 20, 1898. Between those two dates I should judge as a safe estimate I have attended fifty of her seances, counting the picture classes and Saturday nights and everything. I have paid one dollar in cash admission at every seance that I ever attended of hers from the beginning, excepting the last seance I attended. I was present at the seance given Tuesday evening, September 20, 1898; on that occasion there was present myself, Mr. Gass, Mr. Robert Grabe, Mr. Otto Georgi, Mr. Emil Georgi, Mr. Philip Haas, and I think the lady's name is Mrs. Johnson, from DeKalb, Illinois, and there was a little humbug doctor, I think the name is Dr. Chandler, and a gentleman by the name of Cowen, and another gentleman and another lady whose names I did not learn.

Q. Do you know whether this gentleman and lady that you have last mentioned came or seemed to come with anybody especially?

A. When we came to the house on the evening mentioned, these people were all there sitting in the parlor conversing together. I and these other gentlemen that were with me, or some of them, went into the back parlor and I sat out in the hall reading a paper. I do not know whether those people came there together or not.

Q. At the opening of that seance, did Mrs. Jackman or any one for her announce that in her manifestations she sometimes had materialization, personation, transfiguration and etherealization, one or all of them?

A. She did not.

Q. Did you, at any of these seances that you attended given by Mrs. Jackman, hear any of them opened by this explanation as to her work?

A. Never in all of my experience there.

Q. Mr. Hill, will you kindly state to the committee, as concisely as you can, just what occurred at this seance of September 20, 1898?

A. Simply this: We were all ranged down stairs and Mrs. Jackman was upstairs; we did not see her, at all. Mr. Jackman came down stairs and announced that they were ready to open and we should all adjourn to the seance room. We went in the seance room, which is on the second floor. I have a plan here of the up-stairs, if you gentlemen care to see it. We adjourned to the seance room up-stairs and we all were seated. After being seated Mr.

Jackman came in and seated himself at the piano; the bell rang, Mr. Jackman raised from his seat and went down stairs and admitted Mrs. Haas. That was the lady that was there, that I omitted. He admitted her; she arrived after we had all been seated in the seance room, before any supposed manifestations took place. When she came in she was seated and then Mr. Jackman took his place at the piano and suggested that they sing "Beulah Land," which we proceeded to sing. After the singing of this song, Mrs. Jackman stepped up and lowered the light, and she asked if anybody desired to make an examination of the cabinet. Nobody expressed a desire. Mr. Jackman again started up with the piano, and she suggested that we sing "Shall We Gather at the River?" They commenced to sing, and while we were singing a form appeared at the entrance of the cabinet. She announced that it was Emma Burdine, her cabinet guide. The form did not come out; it just simply made its appearance at the entrance and retired. The next was a form that stood in the cabinet entrance; you could just see the outlines of a form, and that was announced as Nellie Gray, her cabinet guide. The next form that made its appearance was that of a supposed spirit who was the sister of a lady sitting in the audience, and I think it was Mrs. Johnson, of DeKalb, a rather fleshy lady, and she had a little valise that she carried with her into the seance room, and when she walked up to the cabinet she had that valise in her hand, kept it there all the time. Mrs. Jackman said, "This is your sister," and she walked up to the cabinet, stood there, conversed with the form a moment, the form retired and she took her seat. With that, out stepped the form of a gentleman who was introduced to the audience as Dr. Blackmore. He came out by the side of the medium and Mrs. Jackman said, "Can't you walk over and shake hands with Dr. Chandler?" I think his name is. He did not speak; the form walked over and shook this gentleman's hand. With that he backed back to the cabinet, bowed and retired. With that a form like a little boy appeared, a boy about thirteen or fourteen years old. Mr. Gass, who was also a regular attendant at these seances, was myself, was there in the audience. Mrs. Jackman said, "Mr. Gass, here is your son Henry; Mr. Gass, come up."

Mr. Gass arose and walked up to the cabinet, and being on very familiar terms there, having attended the seances a great many times, in fact almost as much as I have, she was introduced with him to the form by the hand and the form said, "Come out and shake hands with my friend, Mr. Haas." The form stepped out and walked by the side of Mr. Jackman remained back at the cabinet, Mr. Jackman remained at the piano, and Mr. Haas sat right next to me. Mr. Gass led the form over to Mr. Haas; Mr. Haas said, "Why, Henry, glad to see you," took him in his arms and embraced him, lifted it up on his lap. With that Mrs. Jackman made a run; she grabbed the form and commenced to implore Mr. Haas to release it; she said, "Don't hold the spirit, please." Mr. Haas says, "Well, Mrs. Jackman, if it is a spirit it can dematerialize; I won't hurt it. I want to see what I have got hold of," and with that she grabbed Mr. Haas around the neck and she said, "Oh, for God's sake, Mr. Haas, don't do this; you will ruin me; you will ruin me." She says, "Please don't do this." With that Mr. Jackman ran up and, by that time we had all raised up on our feet. Mr. Jackman ran up and I stopped him by throwing out my arm against the alcove partition. Mrs. Jackman at the time was imploring Mr. Haas to please release the form. I raised up on my feet and we all raised up and Mr. Jackman says: "Let loose of that." And I says, "Hold on, don't get excited; what is the matter?" With that he says, "Take that spirit away from that man." "Well now," I says, "don't get excited; things will quiet down here; just be easy." With that he endeavored to crawl under my arm to get over there, but I threw my arm down like that (indicating) and still impeded his progress. He then reached over my shoulder and he struck Mr. Haas a blow in the face; Mr. Haas still hung to the form. Then Mrs. Haas ran up and she commenced to beg and implore for God's sake to let the spirit loose, and with that it was a general uproar, and Mr. Gass who was standing back turned around and lit a match and struck the gas. Mrs. Jackman released her hold upon the form and turned upon and grabbed into the gas jet with both hands and tore the top off and broke the globe into smithereens, and with that Mr. Georgi and another gentleman that sat over in the corner lit another match, got up and stood and held it up in this way (raising the hand). Mrs. Jackman let loose of the gas which she had got turned on, and the top jerked off and run over and grabbed at Mr. Georgi, and when she made a grab at Mr. Georgi I turned around and struck a match and again lit the gas. I had Jackman under this arm all the time, holding him. After he had struck Mr. Haas a blow in the face, Mrs. Haas and Mrs. Jackman, I don't know which it was, but one of them grabbed Mr. Haas by the beard or in the face, causing him to release his hold upon the form which he had.

He released his hold and the spirit, or whatever it was—presumed to be the spirit—made a dive for the cabinet. I threw out this arm (indicating) and caught it right there, and I held it right across my hip like that and held her; I had her in this arm and Mr. Jackman in this arm (indicating). By that time there was a commotion out in the hall and the boys stepped back and as they stepped back I released my hold on Mr. Jackman and he ran towards the hall; then I still held the spirit in my arm. Mrs. Jackman came up, put her hand around my neck and said, "Oh, for God's sake, Mr. Hill, don't do this; don't expose me; you will ruin me." I says, "Never mind; don't get excited; I simply want to see what I have got here." She implored me. With that Mrs. Haas came up and she also began to implore me, "For God's sake don't hold the spirit." She says, "A spirit can't dematerialize as long as you have hold of it." I says, "I am perfectly aware of that fact, as long as I have got hold of it; if this is really a spirit I would like to know it." With that I gave it a good squeeze and the spirit, which was presumed to be the spirit, says: "Oh, for God's sake, Mr. Hill, don't kill me." I turned around and I threw her over on this arm and I lit a match and tried to light the gas; Mrs. Jackman pulled my arm down, and with one arm I was unable to do anything. I still held the form and lit a match in that position and held it down in her face and I says, "You are the liveliest damn spirit that I have had hold of for many a day." She says, "Oh, please don't kill me." I says, "No, you are a woman and I won't, but if you was a man I might." I says, "Go," and with that I took her and threw her into the cabinet. I then retired to the hall and down the stairs; Mr. Jackman made the remark when I started down stairs, "Mr. Hill I will get even with you for this." "Well," I said, "I haven't done anything that is particularly out of the way; I simply wanted to see what I have been up against all this time. If there is any getting even to do, and if you have got anything to say, say it to me, and I will take it up with you here now." He says, "That's all right; I will get even with you." We walked out of the house, stood at the door. Mr. Gass then turned around and made the remark, "Yes, I will get even with you." Just then Mr. Haas was going out the door; Mr. Hill said, "This is your sister." With that he stepped outside the door and stood there on the sidewalk a moment or two and, out came these confederates, the people that we recognized as coming out of the cabinet playing spirit. We joined right in with them; they walked up to 31st street and Forest avenue, stood there waiting for you to walk over and shake hands with Dr. Chandler. We all gathered around them in a circle. Mr. Gass walked up to the lady, struck a match, held it in her face and said, "So you are my son Henry; pretty thing you are; just that way." I turned around to the gentleman that stood by the side of the form, I walked up and endeavored to say something to him; he immediately turned his back on me. I caught him by the shoulder and whirled him around and said, "So you are Dr. Blackmore." So with that the car came along and we all stepped on the car; they got on the car and we all got on the car and started with them, and then we told them what we thought of them, people that would do anything with their hands to make a mockery out of people's dead relatives, friends and one thing and another, and finally when we got to State and 31st street when they got off the car Mr. Georgi said to her, "You had better take my advice and stop this business for you have got off pretty lucky to-night," and the lady in question, the one that was playing spirit, said, "Thank you, we will." That is the statement of what occurred there that night.

Q. May I ask you whether you can continue any further as to what became of the supposed confederates? You left them at State street?

A. They got on the car; the other gentleman with me continued on 31st street car; they, the man and woman, got off of the car, went south one block, crossed over and took the car; I got on the car, rode down with them to the corner of State and Madison street; they left me, and the same people. I alone followed them from 32nd street to State and Madison, and do not know what became of them after that.

Q. Do I understand you that Mrs. Jackman herself said, to Mr. Haas in your presence, with great urgency, "Let this spirit go?"

A. She said, "Please let the spirit go." I heard that.

Q. Did she give any reason why she was so urgent to have it released?

A. Nothing more than she said "For God's sake, don't expose me, don't ruin me."

Q. Now, Mr. Hill, with the fact in mind that you hold to an extent a woman's reputation for honesty in your possession, and further that that woman is a sensitive and medium, do you make this solemn statement that her language was a request that this child should be released in order that she might not be exposed?

A. Yes, sir; I do.

Q. Do you further state that she made a second appeal to you substantially the same, urging that you would ruin her reputation?

A. She did, and a third.

Q. What did you understand that to refer to? What did she mean by the language?

A. Well, the situation there was prima facie. She represented that form to be that of a materialized spirit, whereas it was flesh and blood; it was a deception on her part and she realized the fact that we were aware of it from the condition of things there at the time, because she called upon Mr. Gass, in the presence of all those people, and declared that that was the spirit of his son Henry; and when we took the form and struck the light we discovered the form of a woman in flesh and blood, dressed in a little brown velvet suit, knee pants and a necktie, and the

cap was in her hand; she had a little white arrangement on the neck; when the light was struck it didn't show any illumination; when it was dark in the room it showed an illumination right here in front. It could not absolutely swear that it was a woman, but it had the voice of a woman and the form of a woman; I am absolutely positive that it was this form that used the language to me, "Please don't kill me." It was not in a whisper but loud enough so that all those in there heard it unless they were too excited.

During the entire evening up to the disturbance Mrs. Jackman was seated outside of the cabinet and Mr. Jackman was seated at the piano about three feet from the cabinet entrance.

Q. I would like to read you a statement that comes from the hand of a friend of Mrs. Jackman, which is as follows:

"It appeared that a little boy came. Hill caught it and held it and called it a fraud, and then he sneaked out into another room and lit matches in a most cowardly manner." Did you light these matches in the same room in which the cabinet was situated and where the sisters were doing their business, so-called?

A. In the first place the statement is wrong in itself, for I, Hill, did not grab the form first; in the second place, all the matches, all the lights that I lit were in the seance room wherein the cabinet is located and where the supposed materializations took place.

Q. What were the business of the sisters doing during this disturbance?

A. The two ladies and the two gentlemen, as near as I could discover, retired to the hall and those were the people that struck the matches and lit the light in the hall and stood out there, and Dr. Chandler stood in the doorway while all this was transpiring in the seance room, looking into the seance room and lit the gas after the breakage caused by Mrs. Jackman.

Q. May I ask, Mr. Hill, whether at any one of the fifty seances that you think you attended, given by Mrs. Jackman, there was ever any objection made to your presence on the score of habits, character or personal standing, to you or to any of the others?

A. None whatever. I was always welcome and when my wife attended there when I did not attend, the question was always put to her where I was and why I did not come.

Q. Did you ever during your visits there take any friends to any of the manifestations?

A. I did. I lit the gas after the breakage caused by Mrs. Jackman.

Q. What was your reason for doing that?

A. To explain the matter, I was suspicious for some time in regard to the genuineness of her manifestations and for the purpose of testing them I wished to take friends of mine there and introduce them and get their opinion on the matter also, and if we could establish the fact in our own minds that the manifestations were not genuine it was my intention to have those gentlemen to assist me in doing what we did upon Tuesday night, the 20th. Mrs. Jackman always insisted upon my bringing those friends of mine to some of the lower places of the house, such as the trunk room, and then we would look at the pictures that were given. Those always took place down stairs in the rear parlor. When I took some gentlemen there afterwards, when I suggested bringing them to a materializing seance she would always find some excuse to throw me off, she didn't like them, or none really they were not far enough advanced, and I tried for a number of weeks to bring some of my friends in there but she always objected, consequently I made known my suspicions to other gentlemen who were regular attendants there as well as myself, and they satisfied themselves then as to what the nature of those manifestations were, and then we concluded we would expose them for the benefit of the cause.

Q. Did any forms supposed to be dead friends or relatives of yourself or wife ever appear from the cabinet?

A. Oh, yes, of my wife a great many times.

Q. Did you at any time in the early part of your attendance there feel that the work might be genuine, and for that reason invite your friends to be present?

A. When I first attended her seances I had all the confidence in the world in the woman as regards her honesty; that confidence lasted five or six months, from September, 1897, to about the following March. What aroused my suspicions was on one Sunday night, the second Sunday night I think in the month of March, my wife attended a materializing seance at Mrs. Jackman's, and after the seance she was detained with Mrs. Jackman some time, and after she left the house and went up to the corner of 31st and Forest avenue to catch the car a lady and gentleman also took the car and their actions were very suspicious when they noticed my wife and she became impressed with the idea that that was the woman she saw come out of the cabinet, and the man was the supposed Dr. Blackmore; but I told her to say nothing, to let the matter drop and we would quietly investigate. The following Sunday night I attended the seance myself and I took particular notice when this form came out which represented itself as the spirit of my wife's mother. I took in the outlines of her features as close as I possibly could, took her in my arm and caressed her, kissed her on the cheek and noticed very closely; it was a light enough so that you could distinguish everybody's face in the room. After the seance was over I was the first one down stairs; the seance closed at twenty-five minutes of eleven. I knew every face that had been in the house; I counted the people that were in there; I came down the stairs, I was the first one out, and I walked across the street and came down the stairs, and counted the people that came out, and there was the same number of people that came out that I saw in the seance room. I stood there until five minutes past eleven; at five minutes past eleven o'clock Mr. Jackman came to the door, stepped outside, looked up and down the street and went back into

the house; then in about one minute out came a lady and gentleman and walked up to 31st and Forest avenue; I walked up the other side of the street; they got on the car at 31st and Forest avenue. I took a Madison street car; they rode in the second car and I rode on the grip; went out West Madison street to May street, where they got off the car and I got off the car; they went north on May street and I lost them in the shadow; I didn't care to follow them any further in that direction. Then we went on quietly for awhile and we attended a good many seances; we wanted to know positively what we were doing to do, and when those forms would come out she should scrutinize their features very closely so that it would be an impossibility to make a mistake, and then we would take a position on the outside and we would watch and count the people and we would see if these people come out in the same way that I saw them on this night. It went on for several weeks, and the night of the Jubilee meeting in Hall 77 31st street, in March, that lady was there. Q. What were the business of the sisters doing during this disturbance?

A. The two ladies and the two gentlemen, as near as I could discover, retired to the hall and those were the people that struck the matches and lit the light in the hall and stood out there, and Dr. Chandler stood in the doorway while all this was transpiring in the seance room, looking into the seance room and lit the gas after the breakage caused by Mrs. Jackman.

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A. When I first attended her seances I had all the confidence in the world in the woman as regards her honesty; that confidence lasted five or six months, from September, 1897, to about the following March. What aroused my suspicions was on one Sunday night, the second Sunday night I think in the month of March, my wife attended a materializing seance at Mrs. Jackman's, and after the seance she was detained with Mrs. Jackman some time, and after she left the house and went up to the corner of 31st and Forest avenue to catch the car a lady and gentleman also took the car and their actions were very suspicious when they noticed my wife and she became impressed with the idea that that was the woman she saw come out of the cabinet, and the man was the supposed Dr. Blackmore; but I told her to say nothing, to let the matter drop and we would quietly investigate. The following Sunday night I attended the seance myself and I took particular notice when this form came out which represented itself as the spirit of my wife's mother. I took in the outlines of her features as close as I possibly could, took her in my arm and caressed her, kissed her on the cheek and noticed very closely; it was a light enough so that you could distinguish everybody's face in the room. After the seance was over I was the first one down stairs; the seance closed at twenty-five minutes of eleven. I knew every face that had been in the house; I counted the people that were in there; I came down the stairs, I was the first one out, and I walked across the street and came down the stairs, and counted the people that came out, and there was the same number of people that came out that I saw in the seance room. I stood there until five minutes past eleven; at five minutes past eleven o'clock Mr. Jackman came to the door, stepped outside, looked up and down the street and went back into

during the same period directly or indirectly with any officer of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association or National Association upon any matter in relation to Mrs. Jackman nor any one else, nor did I during the same period receive any communication from any officer of these associations; nor have I during the same period at any time communicated in any way with any officer of any Anti-Spiritualist Association, nor has any officer or representative of any Anti-Spiritualist Association ever communicated with me; nor have I ever made the statement that I was employed by either the National Spiritualists' Association or the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association to act as a detective upon Mrs. Jackman's work. After this seance occurred in which we exposed Mrs. Jackman, the gentlemen associated with me in that exposure suggested that we keep track of her, and that if she stopped giving the seances we would say nothing about it. On the following Tuesday night I went to the corner of 31st and Forest avenue and stood there on the corner smoking a cigar and I noticed four or five people come down to Mrs. Jackman's; I walked down by the house and I heard singing there; I walked back again, stood on the corner a few moments and walked down the street again; as I walked down the street the second time I saw Mr. Haas standing out in front of Mrs. Jackman's house; the house was all dark from the appearance from the street, but there were singing going on inside as could be readily heard. As I walked by I made the remark to Mr. Haas, being well acquainted with him, "Hello, you are on guard, are you?" He says, "Yes, are you?" I said, "Yes, I am looking for some of the spirits." With that I went down the street to 32nd street, down 32nd street to Indiana, got to the corner and went home. On the following Thursday night I got on my bicycle and rode down there and thought I would see if she was going to give a seance again. I stood on the corner of 31st and Forest avenue with my bicycle leaning up against the edge of the sidewalk; while I was standing there a police officer came up and stood by the side of me, looked at me in a very inquiring manner, and finally he said to me, "Who are you waiting for?" I said, "Nobody in particular." He said, "What is your business around these corners?" I said, "Am I doing anybody any harm?" He said, "Well, no, not that I can see now, but you have been pointed out to me as a man that has been laying around these corners with a couple of derringers in your pocket trying to break up a Spiritualists' meeting down here at 3143 Forrest avenue." I said, "Who made this statement to you?" He said, "The gentleman there in the restaurant." Mr. Haas keeps a restaurant around the corner, I told him my address and place of business and named him a couple of officers on the beat down there where I am employed who knew me.

On Wednesday morning following this Tuesday night, September 20th, I wrote Mrs. Jackman a letter in which I stated that I was sorry that that little disturbance occurred, and that I had had my suspicions aroused for some time in regard to the genuineness of her manifestations and had satisfied myself thoroughly that they were not what they were represented to be, and that as a consequence I was responsible for the disturbance that took place there last evening, but I would advise her to stop this nefarious business and let her husband go out and earn her an honest living; if not, that I would denounce her from every public platform and publish her in all the papers. That is as near as I can remember the letter that I wrote.

Q. Are you a Spiritualist?

A. I certainly am.

Q. Are you a member of any Spiritualistic society?

A. I am not a member of any Spiritualists' society.

Q. Are you an attendant at the meetings?

A. I am an attendant at different meetings. I go every Sunday to different places. Myself and wife have never affiliated with any particular society, but we attend different meetings.

(Signed) HARRY F. HILL.

State of Illinois, ss

Cook County, ss

Harry F. Hill, being first duly sworn on oath deposes and says that he has read the above and foregoing statement and that the statements therein contained purporting to be made by him are true as therein stated.

(Signed) HARRY F. HILL.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of October, 1898.

(Signed) MARION PICKETT.

[N. P. Seal.] Notary Public.

The statement of Martin Gass, in answer to interrogatories propounded by Dr. Warren and other members of the committee:

My name is Martin Gass; I reside at 5517 South Halsted street in the saloon business. I have resided there six years; have been a resident of Chicago 17 years. I do not know the exact day when I attended the last seance at 3143 Forrest avenue, Chicago, given by Mrs. Mabel Jackman; it was when we were all there together, on Tuesday I guess two weeks ago. I was present at a seance given by Mrs. Jackman on Tuesday evening, September 20, 1898. That seance was not opened with a statement by either Mrs. or Mr. Jack-

man during the same period directly or indirectly with any officer of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association or National Association upon any matter in relation to Mrs. Jackman nor any one else, nor did I during the same period receive any communication from any officer of these associations; nor have I during the same period at any time communicated in any way with any officer of any Anti-Spiritualist Association, nor has any officer or representative of any Anti-Spiritualist Association ever communicated with me; nor have I ever made the statement that I was employed by either the National Spiritualists' Association or the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association to act as a detective upon Mrs. Jackman's work. After this seance occurred in which we exposed Mrs. Jackman, the gentlemen associated with me in that exposure suggested that we keep track of her, and that if she stopped giving the seances we would say nothing about it. On the following Tuesday night I went to the corner of 31st and Forest avenue and stood there on the corner smoking a cigar and I noticed four or five people come down to Mrs. Jackman's; I walked down by the house and I heard singing there; I walked back again, stood on the corner a few moments and walked down the street again; as I walked down the street the second time I saw Mr. Haas standing out in front of Mrs. Jackman's house; the house was all dark from the appearance from the street, but there were singing going on inside as could be readily heard. As I walked by I made the remark to Mr. Haas, being well acquainted with him, "Hello, you are on guard, are you?" He says, "Yes, are you?" I said, "Yes, I am looking for some of the spirits." With that I went down the street to 32nd street, down 32nd street to Indiana, got to the corner and went home. On the following Thursday night I got on my bicycle and rode down there and thought I would see if she was going to give a seance again. I stood on the corner of 31st and Forest avenue with my bicycle leaning up against the edge of the sidewalk; while I was standing there a police officer came up and stood by the side of me, looked at me in a very inquiring manner, and finally he said to me, "Who are you waiting for?" I said, "Nobody in particular." He said, "What is your business around these corners?" I said, "Am I doing anybody any harm?" He said, "Well, no, not that I can see now, but you

JUNO, OR THE NEW WOMAN.

INSPIRED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WRITTEN BY

CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

... AUTHOR OF ...

"The Discovered Country," "Mary Anne Carew, Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel," "Philip, Carlisle, a Romance," "Oceanides," a Psychic Novel, Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A Luminous Hand.

It was a very beautiful moonlight night; clear and calm as a dream of heaven. Juno and O'Donnell preferred to walk home.

"What was the matter with you and Raphael?" I noticed that he looked like a thunder-cloud; and I saw you marching upstairs alone. I think both of you must have forgotten good manners," he added with one of his pleasant, careless laughs.

"Raphael and I don't get on well together," answered Juno.

"Pardon my inquisitiveness; but what were you quarreling about to-night, pray?"

"Oh, the theme that is at present on every tongue."

"Well, really," said O'Donnell, "I am still at a loss, and positively do not know to what theme you refer."

"Why, the woman's rights question; or, if you prefer, the New Woman."

O'Donnell looked at her in amazement.

"It cannot be possible," he said, "that you are taking sides with the new woman?"

"And why not?" she asked.

"Haven't I heard you say more than once, that you did not approve of Grace, nor all other women who were trying to appear masculine—aping men in their manners, dress, and so forth?"

"Yes; no doubt you have heard me express such an opinion, often."

"What was your reason for quarreling with Raphael, then? He does not approve of the new woman more than you do. I supposed your ideas were similar on that subject."

"On the contrary, our ideas are entirely opposed."

"Well, wonders will never cease," said O'Donnell, tossing his cap, which he had taken from his head, high into the air, and adroitly catching it again, as he walked.

"Juno," he continued, turning a shade paler than was usual with him, "you may think me impertinent; but I believe that Raphael offered himself to you, and you refused him."

"And if such were the case," replied she, "I am not the first young lady who has refused an offer."

"I have long thought Raphael loved you, and had about made up my mind that you were destined to become Mrs. Scorsiss."

"Such a terrible fate as that does not await me," sighed Juno.

"Terrible fate?" echoed he. "Why terrible? Raphael is of a fine family, enormously wealthy, powerful and ambitious enough to attain to almost any position he desires, give him time; and I have never heard aught against him as a man. I believe his character stands without reproach."

"I do not care to discuss him," said Juno, wearily. "Of one thing, however, be assured. I shall never become Mrs. Scorsiss."

"I more than half believed he had won your heart," continued O'Donnell, perseveringly. "Do you tell me in all sincerity, that you do not love him?"

"Love him! I look upon him with abhorrence," she replied with a shudder.

"Women are certainly past finding out," and he kicked a pebble from her path. "I have heard you say more than once that you considered the position of wife and mother higher than all others. It is as hard to understand you as it is to read the riddle of the sphinx."

"I am not sure that I yet understand myself," she said; "but I am not at all at a loss when trying to read Raphael's character. His ambition and love of power are far stronger than his love for a wife and children ever would be. His family would be secondary; himself, his ambition and love of power would be his first consideration. A husband of that kind would not suit me; but, I am tired of Raphael, let us talk of something else."

"They walked on in silence for some little time. O'Donnell's eyes were a serious and determined look for once in his life."

"Juno," he said, at length, "you cannot find the same fault with me that you do with Raphael. My ambition was put beneath my feet some time ago, as you are well aware. I do not particularly care to obtain power over any person, or collection of persons; but I love you with all my heart, and desire to make you my wife. My position in the world, at present, may not be all that it might, or may be in the future; but we are both young yet, and can afford to wait for some time. I feel that, with your love to sustain me, I am capable of becoming all that you or I desire. Once in possession of your love and promise to be my wife, I shall be able to rise to the pinnacle of my chosen profession, and become one of the leading star actors of the world."

Juno trembled perceptibly, for this man held her esteem, if not her love. To wound him would make her own heart bleed. He had given up all that most men would have held above all price, for his convictions of truth and truthful principles. She knew intuitively that to him his wife, if worthy, would be first, his profession secondary; still, he did not fill her heart or her ideas of what a man really ought to be, that is, the new man. As she did not immediately reply, he said:

"Perhaps you object to my profession?"

"Not at all," she answered. "One can be a perfectly good and honorable man in any legitimate calling. No, I rather like your profession, and would not object to becoming an actress myself, if I thought I had talent in that direction."

"Do you think our consensual relationship an objection?" "Not necessarily. Many cousins marry and are quite happy; but I fear, dear cousin, that we are not wholly adapted to each other. The fault may be mine and not yours. I strongly objected to Raphael, and nothing could induce me to become his wife. I do not feel the same toward you; and really I can find no fault with you; but it seems now that there are two of me—this visible, outward self, and an inner, invisible self. My outer self would, perhaps, say yes; but the invisible self says no; and says it so decidedly that I must obey. The inner self is certainly the higher and should rule the outer or lower self. You may not understand me, dear cousin Arthur, and I am sure I do not understand it all myself."

"Such ideas," said O'Donnell, "are foolish in the extreme. If you can find no fault with me, and do not love anyone else, why may we not become affianced? I certainly love you with all my heart. You are my ideal of what a true woman ought to be."

"It is at just this point where my trouble begins," said Juno. "Although I can find no fault with you, that is, I could specify no one fault still, my ideal is not met; it is some one entirely different from yourself; and, so, dear cousin, let us forget this episode and be to each other the very dear friends that we have thus far been—let us be cousins, or brother and sister, if you like. It would break my heart to forfeit your consensual love. I need your brotherly care and protection. Mamma would be very sorry to find us adverse to each other."

"Then you will not enter into an engagement to become my wife, if we still continue to love each other at the end of two years?"

"No; I do not think it best, for I am certain that my feelings will undergo no change."

O'Donnell sighed, then tossed his cap in the air once more, kicked another pebble or two, and then settled into his old careless self again; yet there was a shade more of seriousness about him. They had now arrived at their own door. O'Donnell went directly to his room, but Juno found her mother still up and awaiting her.

Mrs. Galeria was a large, regal-looking woman; a fitting mother for the daughter who bade fair to be very beautiful after a couple of years more had passed over her head. Juno threw her arms fondly about her mother's neck and kissed her, then taking down that lady's long, abundant hair, which was yet nearly as sunny as it had been in her girlhood, she began to brush it out, and while it was lying in soft waves about her shoulders, Juno said:

"Have you been lonely in my absence, mother dear?"

"I should have been lonely, my daughter, but something strange has transpired this evening, which has distracted my attention from myself; so much so, indeed, that I really have not missed you, much as I love you."

"Why, mamma dear! What can have happened?" and Juno glanced about the richly furnished, but unique chamber. The room, or suite of rooms, rather, were fit for a royal princess and her daughter, for Mrs. Galeria and Juno shared them together. The house itself was on a grander scale than many a palace of the old world. There were three rooms in this suite, all opening into each other. The doors between them had been removed and the most costly draperies had taken their places. The softest and richest of Turkish carpets covered the floors; easy chairs and elegant couches were scattered about. The middle room answered for a sitting room for both mother and daughter, while the rooms at either end contained each a bed, softly draped in pure white. In the sitting-room was an open fire-place, with a polished grate, and here a gentle fire was burning, for it was quite late in autumn, and the nights were chilly. Mrs. Galeria was seated before this fire, a beautiful screen shielding her from the glare, the portieres between the rooms being closely drawn.

"Mamma, tell me, what is it? What has happened? I thought, as I entered the room, you were very pale—and your hands are cold! Why, how you shiver!"

Mrs. Galeria's eyes wandered with a half-frightened look, toward the curtains which separated this room from the one which Juno occupied.

"My daughter, I scarcely know whether I have been dreaming or not. Shortly after you left me, not feeling quite as well as usual and a little lonely on account of your absence, I thought I would turn off the electric lights—you know they are so very bright. I turned them all entirely off. I did not wish the fire replenished, for it was early and not cold, and there was hardly a glow from the embers. I then threw myself down upon the couch, just here," and she pointed to a rich sofa, or large couch, which was drawn across one corner near the grate. "I had previously placed the screen between me and what little fire remained; of course the room was dark, quite dark. I closed my eyes, thinking to fall asleep, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder—so heavily, indeed, that there could be no mistake; in fact, the hand actually gave me a gentle shake. I started up, straining my eyes in the darkness, to see what or who could have entered the room. You see, dear, there is no entrance to either of these three rooms, except through the double doors of this room. I had, before lying down, closed and locked these doors, not wishing to be disturbed until your return. 'Who is here? Who has touched me?' I called out affrightedly. Deep silence was my only reply. I was now too much startled to lie down again, but I arose and seated myself in this chair, and here I have sat all the evening. Soon, I felt a slight draught of cool air, as though a door or window had been suddenly opened, although I heard no sound whatever. Glancing toward your room, I distinctly saw the portieres wave back and forth as though some one within your room were agitating them. I could not speak for fright; there was something so uncanny about it all, but could not take my eyes from them. Presently I saw a human hand pushed through where the curtains part, and, O!" she moaned, "I recognized the hand, its peculiar shape, and also a cameo ring, distinctly visible on one of the fingers; just like this one, dear, excepting a little larger," and she held up, for her daughter's inspection, the third finger of her left hand. Upon it was an elegant cameo ring. The cameo was exquisitely carved; the head and face of a gentleman appearing. The features were unmistakably those of a Greek; noble and grand as those of Apollo.

"Why, that is papa's head, is it not?" asked Juno.

"Certainly, dear. He had these rings cut just before we married. They were to us as pledges of our love; and the ring upon that luminous hand which was thrust through the portieres was the same. Juno, if ever I saw your father's hand in life, I saw it this evening."

CHAPTER VIII.

Do the Spirits of the So-called Dead Watch Over Us?

Juno's forehead glowed whitely, and her eyes became luminous.

"O, mamma," she said, "I would that I might see my father. It seems to me that I have a very distinct recollection of his form and features. Do you think, dearest mother, it may be possible that I remember him, although but two years of age at the time of his mysterious disappearance?"

"Yes, dear, I think you are correct. Most children might not remember, but you have always been very different from most others of your age."

"Do you think, dearest mamma, that papa has really gone to the other life?"

"That which I saw to-night convinces me that he has; although I had hoped to see him once more in this world, and perhaps become reconciled and united to him," answered the mother, sadly, "for your sake, Juno, if for no other reason."

"I am very well content as I am," said Juno. "If my father wronged you, he has wronged me, and I should not have a proper regard for him."

"Well, sighed the mother, "there may have been mistakes and misunderstandings. Your father may have been guiltless, after all. But the hand, my child, he must be dead, else I should not have seen that ghostly hand. The hand was raised as though to call my attention especially to the ring, that there might be no mistake. I think, Juno, that hand came to warn me of impending evil. I am sure that was the impression distinctly left on my mind. I fear, dear child, that the danger is lying in your path."

"O, mamma! What danger could possibly threaten me?"

"If I had not known you were with your cousin Arthur this evening, I should have sent for you at once. But he

will never allow harm to come to you, if he can avoid it. I suppose Grace and her brother took part in the entertainment this evening?"

"Yes; and, mamma, as I never keep anything secret from you, I must tell you that Raphael and I have had a severe falling out."

"Do you mean, dear, that you have quarreled with Raphael?"

"Yes; I think it amounts to that. Mamma, I have refused him, and he has not taken it at all in good part. Dearest mother, he has actually threatened to be revenged on me."

"Revenged?" exclaimed Mrs. Galeria. "Why, the young man must be beside himself—without the honor of a gentleman—but yet, my daughter, what was your reason for refusing him? I believe the worldly position of the Scorsisses is very high."

"O, yes, of course. But I do not and cannot love him. In fact, mamma, he is very obnoxious to me. If I ever were to marry a man like him, I should be very wretched, indeed."

"To be revenged on you," mused Mrs. Galeria. "Ah, Juno, a young man who could talk of revenge because an innocent girl did not care to marry him, must be very low morally in the scale of humanity, absolutely brutal."

"Rather say fiendish, mamma. Brutes do not often indulge in revenge for fancied slights."

"I have always looked upon Raphael as being rather dark-browed. Does his sister Grace know of it?"

"I cannot say as to that, but cousin Arthur does. I told him on our way home, and mamma, this evening has been an eventful one, for Mr. O'Donnell also proposed to me."

"Well, my daughter?"

"And I refused him."

"Arthur is your cousin, dear. I do not think it well for cousins to marry. But how did he take it?"

"In an entirely different spirit."

"I should hope so," murmured the lady. "Arthur is a gentleman, whatever else may be said of him. And how about Grace? Was she as dashing as ever?"

"Mamma, I wish I could thoroughly understand what a woman's true position in the world ought to be. I intuitively set in a certain way; but yet I do not certainly know what a woman really ought to be."

"That question has perplexed my head more than once," said Mrs. Galeria. "My experience as an actress has forced me to often ask myself, what a true woman ought to be?"

"Grace rode her bicycle, wore her divided skirt, played the cornet, talked of woman suffrage, and said that eventually she meant to become a candidate for the presidency; but I think, as does Ethel, that not having a mother's careful training, likewise being with her father and brother so much and always hearing them talking of those things, has unduly biased her mind. Mrs. Alstead thinks as Grace becomes older she will be more womanly and get entirely over such manish predilections."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Galeria. "Her manners and ideas are likely to become more decided, even. She is really a bright, spirited girl. She may be right, Juno; who can say?"

"She can never be right in my eyes," said Juno.

"Mother, a woman's true position must be higher than simply to try as hard as she can to usurp men—to do everything as nearly like men as possible. It seems to me, mamma, dear, that men and women should fill entirely different positions in the world—in fact, that a woman should be a woman, and a man should be a man, in the truest sense of the words; and that neither should try to pass the bounds which nature has set between them."

"That may all be true," replied Mrs. Galeria; but how is one to know just where the line is to be drawn, that the woman may not enter the province of the man, or the man step inside the province of the woman?"

"Well," said Juno, "I shall always act up to my highest ideal of what a woman ought to be; and I believe that will bring me very nearly right."

"Perhaps Grace is acting up to what her highest ideal is of what a woman ought to be?"

"That may be. I suppose, after all, the future must determine who is right and who is wrong; but, mamma, I have no taste for bicycle riding, a divided skirt would shock my ideas of modesty, to enter the arena of a campaign as candidate for the presidency, unless conjointly with my husband, if I had one, would seem to me to be entirely out of my proper sphere. But I would, dear mother, that the whole political world was entirely purified, that personal ambition and intrigue could find no place within it, that there might be at the head of a nation a grand and noble man and woman, who would love all mankind as they would love their own children, and care for their welfare accordingly."

"The future may eventually bring about such a state of things," said Mrs. Galeria; "but we are living in the present."

"And we shall live in the future."

"But, before such a happy state of things can be, you and I, Juno, will long have been dead," pursued Mrs. Galeria.

"Dead, mamma?"

"Surely, my child."

"Oh, no; not dead. We cannot die, dear mother."

"But we shall know nothing of this world. I hope, dear Juno, we shall be in heaven, where the troubles of this world will not affect us."

"How very, very strange and inconsistently everyone talks," sighed Juno. "Now, for instance, mamma dear, you not long ago told me that you believed the hand which you saw belonged to my father, that it was his ghostly or spirit hand, that you believed him to be dead, and that he meant to warn you of impending evil or danger of some kind. Mamma, how could he know anything unless he were alive, even if out of the body? How could he show his spirit hand to you, if he were not here? How could he warn you of danger, unless he knew about this world and its affairs? How could he know of something that was to transpire in the future, if he did not understand the present, and from it judge what might result in the future? You say, dearest mother, that he was very careful to identify his hand by showing you the ring upon the finger, about which there could be no mistake. Then he must see and understand you at the present time, he must be near us both and know all we say and do; he must still love us and wish to shield us from harm. You tell me he put his hand through the curtain, showing that he must have been, at the time, within my own room. All this goes to prove that he may be with us; but under ordinary circumstances invisible to us. It must, in one sense, be ourselves who are dead, deaf and blind, instead of those whom we call dead."

Mrs. Galeria did not try to answer Juno. The young lady was, in many ways, past her comprehension.

"Well, darling," she said, "we cannot settle this important question to-night. You have brushed my hair beautifully. Now go to rest, for it is getting very late."

Juno said no more, but obeyed, and soon mother and daughter were fast asleep.

CHAPTER IX.

The Radiant Youth and the Heavenly Woman.

"Well," said Mr. Arthur O'Donnell, as he entered his room, "she has given me the slip, sure enough. A girl who is willing to admit that she thinks a woman's highest position is that of wife and mother, does not always accept the first or even the second offer, as I now have good reason to know; moreover, I believe that she will remain single for many a year to come. A man must be very near perfect to please her. But after all, why should he not be? She is as nearly perfect, in my eyes at least, as woman can well be. Would to God that I were worthy of her. Still, I will watch over her like a brother, and woe to the man who tries to deceive or ill treat her. I would surely bound him to his death. I don't like the existing

state of things between her and Mr. Raphael Scorsiss. He will be revenged upon her for refusing to become his wife? We will see about that, Mr. Scorsiss. Careless O'Donnell is the last person on earth you would think of fearing—you six feet of egotism—you unprincipled villain—revenge yourself on a spotless and innocent young girl of little more than seventeen summers, absolutely a mere child; and yet so beautiful, so truly womanly."

"Ah, well, sweet Juno, I can love you in secret. No one is able to tear my love from my soul; that, at least, is a part of my being. How fortunate that I am so near you at all times. The same roof shelters us. That is some comfort. Your home is my home. We eat at the same table; and Aunt Agnes Galeria, your mother, is to me as a mother. Oh, I ought to be a very happy man under such circumstances, even if my own have cast me off."

"Ah! what is this?" and he took from a small savor, left there by his valet, a letter with a foreign postmark, in fact, it bore a number of foreign postmarks.

"From Rome," said he. "From my old friend, Annette."

He read it eagerly. Presently he put his hand to his head with a sudden emotion.

"Galeria dead? So Annette writes me. Juno fatherless, and Aunt Agnes a widow? Well, it is just as well for them, and even better than to be separated as they were. Poor Aunt Agnes! Her life has been sorrowful, indeed, and from what she has told me, all her trouble was caused by such another as Raphael Scorsiss. She refused him, and married Galeria. He swore to be revenged, and kept his word; still Aunt does not know precisely how it was brought about; she simply knows that Galeria deserted her when Juno was about two years of age, leaving her the most of his wealth, or what amounted to the same thing, settling it upon Juno, her mother to have full charge of it until Juno should reach her twenty-fifth year, then Juno is to come into possession with the proviso that she cares for her mother as long as they both shall live; and if either dies, all goes to the one who survives; if both die, then all goes to Mr. Arthur O'Donnell, my humble self. Well, Mr. Arthur O'Donnell does not want it, and really cares very little for money that he does not earn. The paltry sums I earn as an actor, are to me more precious than all the wealth of my father."

"Lord O'Donnell's money, as well as his title, may go to his nearest kin, providing he so desires, and poor little Clarence does not live to take my place, as is not at all likely; but I will be a man, a true man in my own right. I consider the life which I led at home that of an idle vagabond squandering wealth, which I did not earn; robbing thereby the poor sons of toil. I never looked at one of them, but I felt guilty; yes, more guilty than if I had been a highwayman; and after being robbed they were expected to bow down humbly before me and address me as their lord. Bah! It always turned me sick—that coupled with the religious locus-pocus which I must swallow, willy-nilly, has made me the disobedient, and as they think at home, the prodigal son. I wonder if my father will ever kill the fatted calf for me? Not if I know it; for I will never return, neither ask forgiveness for acting up to my highest convictions of right."

Thus soliloquizing, Mr. Arthur O'Donnell slept also.

At breakfast next morning, Arthur delicately made known the contents of his letter.

Mrs. Galeria sighed deeply and some tears fell. Juno looked thoughtful, but rather pleased, than otherwise.

"Mamma," she said, "you can have no more doubt about that which you saw last night. Papa has long been separated from us, but is now joined with us."

Arthur was then told of the luminous hand which Mrs. Galeria saw.

"And you think, Juno, that your father's spirit is with us?"

"I cannot doubt what mamma says. She could not have been asleep, for she had left the lounge and was sitting in her arm chair at the time of its appearance. Yes, my father is with us; of that I feel assured. O! Arthur! O! mamma! I am very, very glad, indeed. If my father was made to believe aught against you, he now knows the truth; he finds you innocent of all blame, even in thought, and how happy it must make him."

"He ought to have believed in me," responded Mrs. Galeria, "from the first. My wrongs have embittered my whole life. It is too late now; the past can never be recalled."

"But, dearest mother, 'why live in the past? Why allow past wrongs to make you unhappy now? Forget them, and let us live for the present and the future.'"

Mrs. Galeria looked at Juno's innocent, hopeful face. Would the future be kind to her daughter? The present was even now threatening. She had been warned of danger ahead.

"Juno," asked O'Donnell, "if one were to do you a wrong, how would you meet it?"

"Juno's eyes opened wide."

"I cannot tell, cousin Arthur," she answered, "but I think my spirit would rise to meet the emergency. I know that I am now but a simple girl in my teens; but I really seem sometimes, as though there were two of me, one much older and wiser than the other, and the older and wiser one always tells me just what to do and how to do it. It is as though I were a little frail barque, guided and cared for by a strong and powerful hand; but let us talk of brighter things, cousin Arthur. I am exceedingly interested in the part you are taking at the theatre. I am very young yet, I know, but I have never before seen such perfect acting. One to see you now, would not suppose you capable of conceiving, much less acting, such a tragical part."

O'Donnell was, at the moment wearing one of his most careless, happy-go-lucky expressions. It was really wonderful what an influence he shed about him.

"Juno," he said, his face taking on a serious look, "you say there are two of you, and I sincerely think there are two of me. You say your double seems much older than yourself; I feel just the other way. My inner self is like that of a happy, thoughtless child, or rather—I hardly know how to tell you—a bright, gay youth or perhaps, a spiritual being who is aware that he can never come to harm, that nothing can injure him, no matter what; that if all the friends he had on earth were to desert him, it would be all the same; that if the outer form were to perish through sickness, accident, hunger or cold, it would make no difference to him. No matter what part I act in the world, my glorious, hopeful youth is always with me. He seems to delight in transporting me into this, that and the other, as occasion requires; but he never changes, except his moods; yet, his moods are never moody; pitiful they may be for others' woes, but woe of his own he can never know."

"Arthur, I believe you are an angel!" exclaimed Juno, impulsively.

"I hope we all have an angel within us," he replied, thoughtfully, "but our angels differ as we differ."

"What can we say of Raphael and his revengeful angel?" asked Mrs. Galeria.

"Raphael must answer that for himself."

"I shall call your other self the radiant youth; can't you give my other self a name?" said Juno.

"Suppose we call your's the heavenly woman?"

"Very well; and we will never do anything without consulting the radiant youth and the heavenly woman, will we, Arthur?"

"I certainly think they are worth consulting."

(To be continued.)

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ABOUT NEW YORK.

A Picture of It a Century Hence.

A CLAIRVOYANT PROGNOSIS, BY COUNTESS ELLA NORRAIKOW, IN MIND, NEW YORK.

Not long ago an advanced student of the occult sciences, a member of several mystic brotherhoods and esoteric societies of the Orient, on a tour of the United States, was one of a small dinner party that had assembled in a private dining room of a prominent New York hotel. It was the annual banquet of a local psychical society of which the writer is a member. Among the other guests were representatives of the metaphysical, political, literary, and financial worlds, but the conversation was directed chiefly to recent attempts, both in this country and in Europe, to forecast the future of the globe and its inhabitants.

The following stenographic report of the proceedings, transcribed in part from the minutes of the secretary, is not without significance at the present time. Although John Jacob Astor's novel, "A Journey in Other Worlds," and other similar works of the imagination, were accorded their need of praise, yet our distinguished guest, the dark-hued occultist, begged to differ with them all—at least in their varying descriptions of New York's future. And on my suggestion that he cast Father Knickerbocker's horoscope, he readily consented.

"Psychology," he began, "though still in its infancy, has already lifted to a favored few the veil that hides the future of this great metropolis from the ordinary eye. Schemes now only dreamt of, and by many considered chimerical, in the year 2000 will have developed in all their grandeur. New York, the globe's largest city, the centre of Western civilization and the queen of commerce, will rear her head in solemn dignity above the proudest cities of the world. Americans, always an enterprising people, having already made unusual strides in many directions since the last 'discovery' of the continent, shall by that time have awakened to the fact that science during the present century has been in a chrysalis state.

"The sea will have been made to give place to land, for the city of New York will find itself extending far out into the harbor. By a new process of 'filling in,' of which scientific experiment will demonstrate the practical wisdom and feasibility, the waste waters surrounding the Battery will have been displaced and many millions added to the city treasury. Governor's Island and other outlying localities will by that time have become integral parts of the city proper, and in these sections many of the 'foreign' quarters will be established. To every one of each nationality now domiciled in this city perhaps scores will then be added.

"New York will then have a magnificent line of docks—possibly worked by electric motors—while her ships of commerce, and her floating palaces carrying thousands of passengers, will be found in all quarters of the globe. The Pacific and Atlantic oceans, north and south, will be dotted with enormous vessels from whose mastsheads shall float the Stars and Stripes. Hours instead of days will then be consumed in crossing to European countries, about two days being the maximum allowed for the trip. Possibly a tunnel shall have been built under the broad Atlantic by that time, for engineering science, even in these early days, has demonstrated the fact of its limitless capabilities. Railroad trains shall be run at a high rate of speed, probably to the extent of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Steam will be no longer used. Electricity will long since have supplanted it—or perhaps a yet unknown force will be discovered. All this and much more science will be enabled to perform."

"And are these improvements to be the product of American genius?" was asked.

"Mechanical and engineering geniuses are springing up in all parts of the world, and thus far those of Scotch extraction have been awarded the palm. But the highly sensitive, nervous temperament of the present inhabitants of America, allied as they often are to the keen-witted Scotch and the plodding Germans (grand exponents of the sciences), will produce a race of people fully equal to the exigencies of the times and ready to manipulate the elements of sea, air, and land for the benefit of their fellow-men. Life will then be a veritable Utopia for the majority."

"Shall there be an end soon to the bitter struggle for a livelihood that has existed in all ages?" inquired a lady. "There shall be none of the intense and feverish activity of the present time in relation to business matters, for all laborious work will be abolished. Mechanical contrivances of various kinds will have reduced manual labor to a minimum. The telephone will then be out of use—except, perhaps, for long-distance communications; telegraphy by wire will be no more, and the present unsightly poles, with their myriads of street-defacing wires, will have disappeared. Telepathy, or thought-transference, will be universally employed, and a man sitting in his office will simply will a friend to read his thoughts, when the latter will act in a responsive manner through the law of etheric vibration. This will obviate the necessity for mechanical or human intervention in the transmission of messages."

"Then," suggested a Wall street broker, "there shall be no further need for the inventive genius of a Tesla, or an Edison?"

"On the contrary," replied the oracle, "a greater field than ever will exist for such talents. A new instrument for the registering of thought will stand ready in every office, and as quickly as the mind of the operator conceives the thought it will be conveyed to the 'mentalograph.' In large offices the present scratching of pens and rattling of typewriters will no longer disturb the sensitive ear. Each person, as he wishes to transfer his thoughts to paper, will simply sit before this instrument, when he will find his ideas transcribed in regular order as rapidly as he can formulate them.

"Tiny pneumatic tubes will encircle the city and cross and recross it at frequent intervals. Stations will be placed at adequate distances to insure the delivery of 'mentalographic' letters as quickly as possible. All large business houses will be connected with the stations by this means of transmission, and in a few seconds from the time the letter leaves the sender it will reach its destination. The way-stations will be presided over by neither men nor women; but an electric current, adroitly manipulated, will cause the letter to stop at the station nearest the place it is intended for. As it drops into the slot a click will sound in the office to announce its coming. The magnetic aura surrounding each occupant of the room will attract the missive to whomsoever it belongs. The merchant will suddenly see lying on his desk, dropped as it were from the clouds, the note of his friend or business associate. He will not find it necessary to proceed in the present leisurely fashion to learn its purport, but will by generated magnetism force the envelope to disclose its contents, and the reflex of his brain as he scans the writing will be similarly transmitted to the sender."

"But this would be scarcely practicable in writing to persons in other States or countries," was urged.

"In addition to the present system of cabling to Europe, peculiar instruments will have been constructed whereby semaphore signaling, or perhaps telegraphy without wires, will be made possible between the two continents. This will be even a more rapid method of communication than that at present supplied by the ocean cable. Looking ahead, however, I can see that at the period mentioned this system will not have reached perfection, and will be used only for the transaction of international affairs between the two great republics of the world—America and Great Britain; for by that time monarchy on the other side will have been deposed, the governments being those of the people."

"Is it too much to hope that New York will by that time have solved the rapid transit problem?" asked the lady's escort, a prominent real estate man.

"The present noisy and unsightly system of elevated

railway, with its overcrowded vehicles and inadequate accommodations of every kind, will have been razed to the ground, and in its place there shall be a gigantic system of underground railway, which, like the tubes employed for the transmission of 'mentalographic' letters, will not only encircle the city, but will also intersect it at important points. But the dense population of New York will call also for other means of rapid transit, which the viaduct system will supply to the fullest need. The conveyances on both the underground and viaduct railways will be of the most elegant description, and will in all respects conform to the luxury of the times. The present system of street railways will be abolished, and the streets will be beautifully paved and kept perfectly clean. For this latter purpose new implements, subservient to electric power, will do the work which the primitive brooms and whiteclad sons of toil now perform. Bicycles will have given place to air-boats, and messenger boys will no longer be permitted to try either the temper or patience of the then existing New Yorker.

"The transmission of goods through pneumatic tubes is, I can see, another innovation that will command the widest attention. These tubes will be connected with every mercantile establishment in the city, and will even extend into the suburbs, and within a few minutes from the time an order is received the goods will reach their destination. New methods of packing will have been discovered, and every transaction will be conducted with the greatest rapidity and safety."

"Can you discern much change in the architecture of the city? Shall there be 'sky-scrapers' in those days?" asked the same inquirer.

"Houses that now seem to tower heavenward with their sixteen and eighteen stories will then mount to a height of thirty or thirty-five stories. The rapid increase of population will demand this. These structures will be supplied with automatic chairs and all that will be asked of an arrival is that he shall sit down in one of the many always found at the entrance. The visitor will see on the walls of the vestibule a number of push-buttons. On examination he will touch one whose number corresponds to that of the apartment he wishes to visit, and instantly this automatic chair will be carried upward till the friend's floor is reached. The same touch that starts the chair throws open the entrance and places the guest within the apartment, where the host or hostess stands ready to receive him.

"This is only one means of upward transit. In the centre of the building will be luxuriously upholstered conveyances capable of holding a score or more of persons, who may thus be carried with rapidity to the upper floors without stopping. This is the principle of the modern express train applied to perpendicular transportation. On the roof of almost every house will be established an observatory, containing telescopes of such construction that the surrounding country can be scanned for several hundred miles. A system of communication will also be established between these observatories, by means of a peculiar phosphorescent light yet to be discovered. Air-boats will be launched from these high altitudes, and the visiting of friends by this means will become a matter of every-day pleasure.

"The fire department will no longer exist, for the reason that all buildings will be constructed of non-combustible material, and those of the old regime existing at that period will be made invulnerable to the fiery element. If by any possibility fire should make its appearance, chemicals will be at hand to suppress it within a few seconds. But this contingency will be so remote that people will live in the utmost peace and safety."

"This is not all that will be noticeable in the year 2000 in this city of vast possibilities. Religion will have assumed a different phase. Greater unity of creed will exist among the churches. Religion at that time will have become humanitarian rather than sectarian, while intercourse with the spirits of the departed will be as common as prayer is to-day. Moreover, the occupation of the medical doctor will long since have departed. Man's spiritual power shall then be put to more or less practical use by every human being, and disease will disappear. The healing power of the mind will assert its supremacy among all races, as immortality becomes recognized by science."

"With the popular enlightenment that always follows in the wake of scientific discovery, men will lose their greed for gold, and a more equitable distribution of property than now obtains will ensue. I do not mean by this that communism will become a concomitant of municipal affairs; but with the lapse of years life to all classes will take on a different hue. The deplorable poverty of the masses of the present day will in a great measure have passed away, and the adage of man's inhumanity to man will have become comparatively pointless."

"But Tammany, I presume, we shall always have with us?" suggested a Republican politician.

"The present system of municipal government will to a certain extent exist, but in no one man will be vested great executive or administrative power. Many of the existing official positions will pass away, and what is now under the virtual control of one unofficial person will be then governed by a truly representative body. Political preferment will be accorded to the intellectual and scholarly people of the community. Science will thus be permitted to play its proper part in the city's welfare and advancement. Each branch of the government will be conducted on scientific principles, and the greatest good of the greatest number will be made the study of those in authority."

Modern Divining Rod.

The divining rod has lost its old-time prestige in this matter-of-fact age, but it is interesting to note that its apostles came very near to a method which has proved of great service in locating bodies of ore in these days. It is not known generally that the magnetic needle in its various forms can be employed with accuracy to plot out the character of known ore beds; even when these are not iron ores. It is notable that the Swedish engineers have done the most to develop this system, and they must have been able to discover unknown bodies of ore, such as zinc, copper, cobalt and nickel, by reason of the tell-tale presence of a greater or smaller proportion of magnetic iron ore, such as hematite or apatite. The Swedish government has encouraged mining exploration by granting to the discoverers of previous unknown ore deposits valuable mining privileges, charters and rewards.

Simple as the magnetic dip compass and declination compasses are, they have proved extremely valuable in plotting out the location of ore without excavation or boring. A compass needle freely suspended so as to rotate about a vertical axis will in any latitude take a certain position dependent upon the intensity of the earth's magnetic field or lines of magnetic force at that point. If, now, a permanent magnet is approached to such a needle sufficiently near to neutralize this set, where there are no other bodies, should the needle then be brought within the range of the influence of a body of magnetic ore its readings vary according to the nearness of the ore and its size and character. By plotting out readings obtained in this way it is possible to locate accurately the greatest masses of ore. Another instrument in which the needle is suspended on a horizontal axis is being extensively used. This can also be compensated for the earth's magnetism, and manipulated so as to give one only the component force of the concealed beds of ore. In view of the effectiveness of these two instruments in locating ore bodies, it is remarkable that they have not been more extensively employed in prospecting new territory. In a paper read before the British Iron and Steel Institute, attention was directed to the benefit Swedish mining industry had received through their agency, and stating that except in a few isolated cases in the United States and Finland, the method is practically unknown, although it offers the practical miner a most valuable instrument.—Philadelphia Record.

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BIBLE PROPHETS AND PREDICTIONS

Compared With Modern Mediums and Messages.

NUMBER TWO.

The priest-medium, Ezekiel, I think was generally a decent kind of a fellow, but the influences that gave him the recipe for making bread were lower down in the direction of indecency than—well, than I would want around me. See Ezek., 4:12-13. These are scriptures I prefer not to quote.

The second charge brought by this divine against mediums is that of

IMMORALITY.

In some cases this may be true; if it is not, then mediums are an exception to the rule. There are immoral people everywhere; why not among the mediums? But I set out to find whether the general charges made against the mediums were true of the Bible prophets.

The prophets, to say the least, were

ADDICTED TO STRONG DRINK.

In Isaiah, 28:7, 8, this prophet accuses the others as follows: "But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean."

No worse charge was ever brought against a medium, than this prophet brings against the priests and prophets of his day.

Those prophets might possibly have been good mediums naturally; but strong drink caused them to "err in vision" and to "stumble in judgment." The tables around which they sat, of course, were "full of vomit and filthiness." They were so filled with filth that no place where they rendezvoused, or held sittings, was clean. Nothing worse was ever said of modern mediums than this. These charges do not come from Voltaire, Thomas Paine nor Robert G. Ingersoll; but they come from Isaiah, a prophet—one of their number, one who was supposed to know something of what he was talking about.

Isaiah was not alone in his charges. According to Jeremiah, the

PROPHETS WERE A BAD LOT.

Jeremiah 23:11, 16, says: "For both prophet and priest are profane; yea, in my house have I found their wickedness, saith the Lord. Wherefore their ways shall be unto them as slippery ways in the darkness; they shall be driven on and fall therein, for I will bring evil upon them, even the year of their visitation, saith the Lord. And I have seen folly in the prophets of Samaria; they prophesied in Baal, and caused my people to err. I have seen also in the prophets in Jerusalem an horrible thing; they commit adultery, and walk in lies; they strengthen also the hands of evildoers that none doth return from his wickedness; they are all of them, unto me as Sodom, and the inhabitants thereof as Gomorrah. Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts concerning the prophets: Behold, I will feed them with wormwood, and make them drink the water of gall; for from the prophets of Jerusalem is profaneness gone forth into all the land. Thus saith the Lord of hosts, hearken unto the words of the prophets that prophesy unto you; they make you vain; they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord."

Here these prophets were wicked, adulterers, they caused the people to err; strengthened the hands of evildoers. They were guilty of the same vices as the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah. More than that, profaneness went from the prophets and the priests to all the land. This has ever been true of prophets and priests.

The most profane set of men I ever saw in my life was that National Convention of Anti-Spiritualists which met in Anderson, Ind., over a year ago. Not one in that banditti of priests and others who met there to assassinate Spiritualism that could use the word Spiritualist or Spiritualism without some profane adjective. It was "this accursed Spiritualism," "this damnable Spiritualism," "this hellish delusion," "this God-cursed heresy," and so on to the end of such expletives.

I referred at the time to these adjectives and asked them the difference between damnable and damned; one was in the past tense and the other in the future, that is all. They used the term "God-cursed," while the street gamins would say: "G—d—d—d."

In Jeremiah's day as in these days profaneness went from the priest and the prophet to the people.

Jeremiah here accuses them of treachery; he says: "They make you vain; they speak a vision out of their own heart; not out of the mouth of the Lord."

This weeping prophet in another place laments as follows: "For the sins of her prophets, and the iniquities of her priests, that have shed the blood of the just in the midst of her." Mark, it was not the sins of the people, but the sins of her prophets—"God's mediums"—and the iniquities of her priests who were shedding innocent blood, which was so great that "the kings of the earth, and the inhabitants of the world would not have believed it."

Hosea, "God's medium," was a naughty man. He married two naughty women under spirit direction, knowing them to be such.

The only explanation I can give of the matter is that old proverb, "Birds of a feather," etc.

The next charge brought by this divine against mediums is that they are

FRAUDS.

I have not a shadow of doubt but there are frauds using the sacred name of mediumship on purpose to deceive the people.

I will prove there were fraudulent prophets; so there were false Christs. (See Matt. 24:5, 24; Jno. 5:43.) So there were also false apostles. (See 2 Cor. 11:13; Acts 18:24; Rom. 16:18; Gal. 1:6-8; Phil. 1:15; 1 Jn. 4; Rev. 2:2.) As our proposition requires that we deal with the prophets, rather than others, I will proceed to apply the charge of this reverend gentleman to the prophets—"God's mediums."

The 13th chapter of Ezekiel makes so many charges of fraudulent practices against the prophets that I will ask the reader to read the entire chapter.

He says of the prophets that they are "foolish prophets." They follow "their own spirit"—"not the spirit of God." They act "like the foxes of the desert." They give "lying divinations." "They divine lies." They said "Peace, peace, when there was no peace." They "daub with untempered mortar." They prophesied "out of their own hearts." And, "with lies they made the hearts of the righteous sad."

This prophet promises to do his utmost to deliver the people out of the hands of the prophets; this was a good promise; if they could have been delivered out of his hands, while being delivered out of the hands of other prophets, it would have been well. This will come up again.

In Jer. 5:31, the prophet accuses other prophets as follows: "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so, and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

MOSES HULL.

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THE FUTURE.

Some Hopeful Prognostications Presented

Prophecy coming events was at one time believed to be where God incautiously told people of his intentions; later it was believed to be inspirational from the same source; still later, statesmen have reasoned from cause to effect, and declared certain things to come to pass; and to-day it is generally believed that all prophecies are certain effects to be reasoned out from known causes, be they utterances from mortals or immortals.

Progress seems to take its onward course despite wars, restlessness and the striving of man for wealth, power and laurels; therefore let us review the progressive strides of a century, and from those premises reason out what lies before us before we reach the twenty-first century; and we need not call it prophesying, for it may better be termed deductive reasoning.

Since A. D. 1798, the serfs in Russia who were bound mentally and otherwise restricted physically, are free men; the bodies of the black men have ceased to be the property of the Christians against the Semitic race for some legendary wrong their forefathers are said to have committed, is nearly obliterated; our forefathers, if poor, seldom learned to read and write, nor were they taught the simple laws of common things; in many of the enlightened nations of the earth every letter going beyond local limits was examined and read; the postage on the same would be termed ludicrously exorbitant to-day. Railroads have been built in many parts of the globe which the wildest dreamer never conceived of a hundred years ago. A network of telegraph wires, millions upon millions of miles in length, was first introduced when the writer of this was only thirty months old. The priest and school-teacher were considered the only knowing ones fifty years ago, and all through Europe every hat and cap was reverentially raised when meeting these worthies. Ostracism and imprisonment were the punishments for reasoning in public on certain books considered sacred, and death penalties were meted out to the unfortunate one who dared to question the motives of a king or potentate. Harrows and ploughs were made out of wood a hundred years ago; and the latter was believed incapable of finding the furrow unless two cumbersome wheels preceded it. Prayers and blessings were common merchandise, and sold for cash like carrots and black-and-tan puppies are sold now. It was believed then by all good Christians that birds, angels and devils were the only creatures with wings; and the holy trinity was on the defense against their enemy, the devil; and great doubts were entertained by the majority who would get whipped. Water, holy and otherwise, has since then been used for dipping, sprinkling and spraying in order to ward off the offending power threatening the destruction of the trinity. When two myths stand in fear of each other and worthy believers willing to assist their friends, it must be like hunting for phantoms in a fog.

But the minds of the people are gradually wandering away from the mythical, and coming nigher to facts, Physiology and anatomy is taught in our schools to-day; so are also hygienic laws and rudiments of higher sciences, except geology, which is studiously avoided in most schools, as that may demoralize the creation theory. The atonement, transubstantiation, fear of the Lord, etc., is still taught in the churches, but intelligent preachers are getting more liberal, and closer to facts in their discourses; in fact, the masses are demanding more practical work than the mere blind faith.

Now, where will this end? If our school training tends to the practical, and faith does not correspond with facts, each generation becomes nigher to facts while ignoring the unsubstantial and unsustainable; and in the common course of things, this demand must be supplied, therefore we can by deductive reasoning expect what the next century will bring forth, to-wit:

Every enlightened nation will ignore the remnants of all creeds, and establish national institutions where to thoroughly train men and women in every known science, and every useful fact, and either by State or National statutes distribute such trained scholars to every locality. Their duties will be, first, to teach and lecture upon the sciences of common things, and on laws of health and harmony; secondly, to hold forth with such discourses on every day of rest; thirdly, to gather during work days all known and useful facts, and recite and explain these to the great majority who are laboring in the factory, on the farm, and other avocations, but who have not the access to encyclopedias and libraries, nor have they time to spare even if they had access. Thus the masses will be educated in facts and usefulness without losing time from their other avocations; they will then be mentally and physically blessed, and bigotry, jealousy and ignorance will be banished from the land. As great, or greater statesmen than Edmunds, Blaine, Evarts, Thurman, Conkling and others, will then frame our national policy in harmony with the times; while new Fultons, McCormicks, Fields, Hoves, Edisons, Hoes, Moores and Coopers with their inventive brains will cause labor savings to man, and open up opportunities for greater and grander researches in the arcana of nature. The poets who will supplant a Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Poe, Lowell and Emerson will have a less credal training than any of the former, and their inductive reasonings and inspirations will be less in theory and closer to facts, while the historians who will follow a Motley, Prescott, Irving, Bancroft, Parkman, Fiske, Sparks and others in chronicling the noted events of the times, will neither be biased by Mormon or Gentile, Christian or Jew, in order to secure sale for their productions, for the people will elect them and pay them.

In the restless wave which this planet is at present passing through we can but expect in the majority of instances that mortal aspiration be misapplied, where men's minds are trained to grasp at something beyond their reach. Instead of searching for substantial facts in their search for happiness, they strive for wealth and honor; the first may be obtained, but alone it cannot give happiness, and the latter can never be bought.

When these two facts can be impressed on mortal man, then the question will arise, "Which is the truest and surest way to happiness, they strive for wealth and honor; statutes, liberal and broad, and communities will strive to make their section the most harmonious among their sister sections. Jubilees will then with enchanting music and song add their power to harmonize the world, and bigotry and envy will wither for want of nourishment.

Our friend, the cautious critic, may say, "Universal harmony is a long way off," but not so. Watch the tiny sapling in its infancy, when without sun and moisture it would wither and fall, but later when it is thoroughly rooted, it will stand the fierce blasts of winter and the burning heat of a midsummer's sun; and thus it is with liberal thought, it has rooted firmly, and the roots are lifting the citadels of old theology, while the fragrance of its boughs are inhaled by the worshipers bending in their pews or kneeling at their altars.

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I. METAPHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

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made a light, but we couldn't hold the light. I took a match and tried to light the gas, and I got another lit on my arm from Mr. Jackson, and I saw Mr. Jackson hit Mr. Haas that night in the face.

Q. How near were you sitting to Mr. Haas when he held the little boy?

A. I was the first in the circle, and then came Mr. Hill, then came Mr. Haas. I was two seats from Mr. Haas and Mr. Hill was between me and Mr. Haas.

When Mrs. Jackson spoke to Mr. Haas and said "Don't ruin me, don't kill me," I was near enough to hear it, and am positive she said it. After Mr. Haas let the little boy go, he stood still about one or two minutes; I did not see what he did after that, because I was after a light. I saw the little boy's face plain; it was a small face with a pointed nose.

Q. Did you have any reason to doubt that it was a boy? Did you think it was a boy?

A. Well, I thought that it was a person, because I came so strong.

Q. You thought that instead of being a materialized spirit it was a human being?

A. Yes, sir.

I do not know what became of the boy after he went away from Mr. Haas; I saw him again in about twenty-five minutes on a 31st street car going west; at that time she was dressed like a woman. I heard that somebody watched that woman and that man before they were the same that I saw at the seance, and after I heard this I looked at them and I saw that it was the same woman; after I got a good look at her face I thought it was the same person who had been the little boy from the cabinet; I rode with them that night about a quarter of a mile to State street; they rode on the 31st street car to State street and there got off; I did not get off, went on west. I have not seen them since, either the man or woman, the night I saw them on the 31st street car.

Q. Do you believe in Spiritualism?

A. Yes, I heard something about Spiritualist and I read a couple of books.

Q. You believe that people live after what we call death?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You believe that they can sometimes come back and communicate with people on earth?

A. Yes, I got proofs.

Q. You feel positive that according to your best judgment the form that was introduced as Mr. Gass's son Henry was this woman?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you believe that the form which came out of Dr. Blackmore was this man that you saw upon the car with the woman?

A. Yes, sir. I saw materializing before, and that time Mrs. Jackson was in the cabinet and then the spirit came out, but the last time she was up there the bell rang down stairs and she had to go down and let Mrs. Haas in, and she went over to the cabinet and took hold of the cabinet and said, "Come, my dear spirit," and he was there already; I didn't see how it could be so quick; Mrs. Haas sat down by the door in the first chair and Mrs. Jackson was down; I guess everybody lit matches because every second came another match and light.

Q. Did any of you look at the little form while it was being burned?

A. Yes, sir; I saw the same face like in the car; I saw the black eyes and I noticed them the first time.

Q. Mr. Georgi, when did you first make up your mind that that supposed boy was a woman?

A. Not before that night.

Q. Just at what time did you conclude that that was a woman? Did you think that that was a woman when you struck the match?

A. No, sir. I didn't see nothing but the face, and I saw after a while that that woman that sat on the car was the same face.

Q. But until you saw her on the car you had no idea in your mind that it was a woman?

A. No, sir.

(Signed) EMIL GEORGI, State of Illinois, ss

Cook County.

Emil Georgi, being first duly sworn, on oath deposes and says that he has read the above and foregoing statement, and that the statements therein contained purporting to be given by him are true as therein given.

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and in an intoxicated condition at a seance held at the residence of Mrs. Mabel Jackson, at 3143 Forest avenue, Chicago, on the 20th of September, 1898.

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you always attend the seances in company with Mr. Hill?

A. Frequently with my husband, and sometimes alone or with friends.

Q. During the time from September, 1897 to September, 1898, did you at any time have reason to think that you saw what purported to be spirit forms that came from Mrs. Jackson's cabinet in human form?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Will you state what first led you to think so?

A. The first was one night I was there and I saw a face come to me that was supposed to be a spirit form, but he had on a pair of tan shoes, and I didn't think that a spirit very well could wear a pair of tan shoes.

Q. Was this cousin a lady or gentleman?

A. A gentleman. That evening I was rather, roasted in a picture which I had seen in an envelope, but the roasting was meant for some one else, and Mrs. Jackson detained me and told me not to feel hurt, as I was crying at the time, and she told me that I need not feel hurt about it, that the doctor meant no harm about it, that he meant it for another party in the circle. The doctor that I speak of was Doctor Blackmore, the cabinet control. I was rather, roasted in a picture which I had seen in an envelope, but the roasting was meant for some one else, and Mrs. Jackson detained me and told me not to feel hurt, as I was crying at the time, and she told me that I need not feel hurt about it, that the doctor meant no harm about it, that he meant it for another party in the circle. The doctor that I speak of was Doctor Blackmore, the cabinet control. 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STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL THOUGHT.

Lessons and Readings in the Fields of Spiritual Culture.

"There is such a thing as a constant dwelling with the unseen; a citizenship in another realm—an everyday companionship with wise ones, who inhabit the world of spirituality. This is not to be attained by the one who sees no higher use for spirituality than to send its denizens to hunting material wealth, or for any other kind of merely worldly gratification. We must rise out of merely worldly earthly gratification before we are tall enough to pluck and enjoy this fruit. Tennyson expresses the result of keeping all worldly and earthly appetites under, as follows:

"And since he kept his mind on one sole aim,
Nor ever touched fierce wine, nor tasted flesh,
Nor owned a sensual wish—to him the wall
That sunders ghosts and shadow-casting men
Became a crystal, and he saw them through it
And heard their voices talk behind the wall,
And learned their elemental secrets, powers
And forces."—Moses Hull, in "The Spiritual Alps."

Moses Hull has written much and well, and his published works cover many wide fields bearing upon the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. His treatment of the question from the Bible standpoint—or, as some might prefer to state the matter, his treatment of the Bible from the standpoint of Spiritualism—has been masterly, skillful, evincing much patient study and deep thought and investigation. His books are indeed a most valuable addition to the literature of Spiritualism.

Of course, minds will differ in their estimate of the comparative value of his works, but I once had the pleasure of saying to him that, in my way of thinking his little book, "The Spiritual Alps, and How We Ascend Them," was the best book he had ever written. To which he was kind enough to reply to the effect that he was not quite sure that he was not of the same opinion himself.

After a re-glance through the book, I discover no reason to change my opinion—his other books are good—very good—after their kind; but this book is best, after its kind—and its kind is the spiritual in its higher qualities and finer unfoldment. It is to be commended as a helpful, sympathetic study of the subject. Helpful to one who is ardently desirous of higher attainment in spiritual life and thought, on a plane above the ordinary lines traced by one whose ruling thoughts day by day are of the affairs and cares of earthly existence.

Not that the affairs and cares of earth are to be ignored as of no consequence, that would be a sad mistake, an error in judgment that would lead to trouble and misfortune.

The things of this world have their place and uses. The secret of the spiritual life is to transmute these earthly things into a Klondike of wealth glowing with the bright reflections of spirituality. The spiritual mind is possessor of the philosopher's stone, by using which everything may be transmuted into pure spiritual gold.

The busy housewife, careful for many things, was on her knees—scrubbing the floor. As a matter of a little pleasant, I said: "Well, you get on your knees sometimes." "Yes," she answered, "if I don't get on my knees to pray, I do to scrub."

With just a bit of mingled fun and seriousness in my heart, I felt like giving her a little lesson in spiritual economics—thus: "Now, I will tell you what to do, to turn your scrubbing into prayer. As your elbows move back and forth, you must say something like this: Make my thoughts pure and clean; wash my heart with the soap of salvation, that there be no impurity within me. May I be washed clean of all defilement in heart and thought, etc., etc. In this way you may turn your scrubbing into prayer, and your work into religion."

There is much genuine good sense in what Moses Hull says, in his "Contrast." "Spiritualists cannot see why a formal blessing should be asked any more over each meal, than over every drink of water or every apple or nut eaten between meals; or why people should not, upon the same principle, go through the same ceremony at their bedside, their chopping, blacksmithing, or dishwashing."

"The proper time to eat is when one is hungry, the proper time to rest or sabbatize is when one is tired; so the proper time to pray is when the spirit of prayer comes, and at no other time. Withdraw from the crowd if convenient; if not, retire into your soul's secret closet, and there commune with the higher spiritual life."

"When the spirit of prayer comes, be sure it is the precursor of something good. Go to your secret closet in the dark if possible, shut everything external away from you, then open your heart, your aspirations, your soul. Under these circumstances the angel within you and angels without can come nearer together, and soul will commune with souls, more perfectly than under other conditions."

Another writes: "It is the natural in the spiritual world. The law is that, as with the bodily senses we appreciate and enjoy the material world and all the relations of our physical life, so, by the exercise of our spiritual faculties, in a natural way, we have and may have access to God and the things of God—to all spiritual truth and to all spiritual fellowships."

"The soul must grow, must be transfigured—perpetually rising—rising under the inspiration of God's presence, into the perfect and the best and the permanent of all goodness and beauty and truth."

"The method is simple. It is simple inspiration."—Angel Visits to My Home in Florida.

To those whose minds have become attuned to the finer vibrations of spiritual life, there are seasons when they seem to stand alone on the mount of inspiration, communing with God and the angels. In such degree as they are able to bear and receive, they find their spiritual nature in intelligent conjunction with the Divine Life and Spirit of God, which breathes into their consciousness such revelations as they joy to receive, with a joy unspeakable—nor can they yet tell the revelation to others. It is something that can only be known by experience. They may speak of the beautiful vision, but none can understand the significance of their words save those who have themselves stood on the mount of transfiguration, heard the words of the heavenly visitors, and seen the vision of beauty.

To have gained through demonstrative evidence the knowledge of continued life hereafter is a good thing and of much value; also to have learned that we are spirits here and now, in this earthly stage of existence. But to rest in this knowledge, satisfied with that alone, is to settle down in a condition of non-progression.

It is desirable that man should so exercise his mentality and so make use of his knowledge as to bring his mind more and more in spiritual rapport with the higher and purer spheres. It is desirable that we should align ourselves in mental, moral and spiritual attitude with spiritual beings of the higher spheres.

We need to learn that it is not merely communion with spirits that is desirable; it is communion with wise and good spirits, those who can and will be helpful to us by means of pure and uplifting counsel and spiritual thought given to us. The inane seeking after signs and tests is not an evidence of spirituality; it may rather evidence the entire lack of that most desirable quality. The mind may be so taken up with tests, and engrossed with signs, that the inner life of spirituality may be entirely missed.

Such a state of mind is not conducive to spiritual thought or growth in spiritual life. In living the life of signs and tests, one falls short of the higher life of spiritual thought; one finds things of value if rightly used, but misses the pearl of great price.

Not in signs, not in wonderful tests, not in the "miracles" that set the eager crowd agape with amazement, will the spiritual man find the true riches that cannot be taken away; but in the inspiration of the holy spirit, giving to whom will receive them, the pure and sweet thoughts that enter into the moral texture and clothe and adorn the beautiful soul.

JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

OCCULT POWERS,

As They Are Utilized for Secret Service.

To the Editor:—It seems very strange to me that occult powers were not brought into requisition during our war with Spain. The Daily Call of this city gives some remarkable cases where it has been utilized. In discussing the signal and secret service of our army in the war with Spain, Colonel Graham, a retired officer who served his country in the Civil War, has just expressed some unique views which will be of interest to others than those engaged in military affairs.

"In the first place, you know that one of the most important things in connection with modern warfare is gaining accurate information of the position and strength of the enemy's forces. To accomplish this, many ingenious means have been employed. The spy system has serious limitations, not to speak of the risk of life involved—for in all countries a spy is executed when caught. Captive balloons, cameras, sent-up kites, carrier pigeons, have all been employed in the service of securing and transmitting to headquarters some information concerning the enemy. But all these methods fail in certain conditions. For instance, our Government was for a long time unable to learn the whereabouts of Cervera's fleet; and lack of more definite information as to the Spanish defenses of Santiago, no doubt, caused us unnecessary loss of life in the first engagements. Now, I believe it possible to institute secret service whose operations would be absolutely unknown to the enemy, involve no risk of life or limb, and yet result in securing accurate information under all circumstances. As I said at first, these views seem extreme to some, but I have the Holy Writ, secular history and modern science on my side to support the possibility of what I assert."

"In looking up some matters connected with the methods of warfare among the ancient Hebrews, I happened to consult, among other books, the Bible; a book, which I dare say, is seldom consulted by military officials generally. I ran across an instance of secret service which certainly, in its results, surpasses anything we have yet accomplished by our scientific methods. Israel was at war with Syria. The Syrian king soon learned that the king of Israel was familiar with all his plans, and that whatever he might undertake Israel forestalled him. He naturally concluded that there were Hebrew spies among his forces. He called his servants together and demanded to know who was for the king of Israel. One of the number answered: 'None, my lord, O king; but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bed chamber.'"

"You will find this in Second Kings, sixth chapter, twelfth verse. Now you may say that this is an instance of special providence; that the prophet, Elisha, was given this miraculous power from on high for this special purpose. But I find that similar powers have been exercised by pagans, in matters where we should not think of ascertaining any special divine dispensation. Among the oracles of the Greeks we find many instances of it. On one occasion Croesus, king of Lydia, desired to test the powers of the oracle at Delphi. He sent messengers who should ask on a certain day what the king was at that time doing. At the time appointed, says Herodotus, the king hit upon the following to be done, as something which he supposed might be difficult to detect and describe: Cutting up a tortoise and a lamb, he boiled them together in a brazen vessel, which also had a cover of brass."

"Note the answer of the oracle," and the Colonel took up a volume of Herodotus from the table, and read as follows: "I know the number of the sands and the measure of the sea; I know what the dumb would say; I hear him who speaks not. There comes to me the odor of tortoise and lamb's flesh, seething together in a brass vessel; beneath the flesh is brass; there is also brass above."

Laying the book down, the Colonel continued: "Now, what kind of a power is it that enables one thus to learn what a certain individual is saying in his private chamber, or doing in his own court? Is this power at all common?"

"Here is another instance of it. The great philosopher, Pythagoras, possessed this mysterious power, if the records of his life are true. On one occasion, when a certain ship was seen coming into port, some persons near him expressed the wish that they might possess the great treasure which they believed to be on board the vessel. Pythagoras quietly told them that the only thing on board was a corpse. Upon subsequent investigation they learned, much to their surprise, that this was actually the case."

"Now, I maintain," said the Colonel, "that the power which could ascertain that there was a corpse on board that ship, while the ship was yet afar off, could just as easily ascertain how many guns and men there were, for instance, on one of Cervera's ships while the latter were yet in Santiago harbor. It is only a question as to whether people in these days possess the powers attributed to these ancients; and, of course, I believe that some do to a certain extent; and that it can be cultivated indefinitely. My wife often tells me that some particular individual is on the way to see me long before he rings my bell. How does she get this information? I don't know, and she doesn't. But I believe it is a hint of this same power which we read of in connection with the prophets of the Bible and the oracles of the Greeks. I believe that with persistent training and steady application to a particular purpose this power would be made available in military service."

"England discovered long ago that in India the natives have means of sending information without telegraphs, or wires, and with a speed that precludes the idea of couriers. I have read of instances of this sort which put all our scientific methods to the blush. I believe this power is used by natives who have developed it by years of special training."

"I am not a Swedenborgian," said the Colonel, "but in reading some memoirs of Swedenborg I ran across some remarkable instances of this same power." Taking down from some shelves an old book which the Colonel said has been long out of print, he read an account which is fairly summarized as follows:

Swedenborg was in Gottenburg, three hundred miles from Stockholm. On a Saturday night a great fire occurred in his native city, Swedenborg described this fire, giving the facts of its origin, the time and place, and its progress and termination, showing that he possessed some strange power of seeing or apprehending events at a great distance. Subsequent dispatches conclusively proved the accuracy of his statements.

"The authenticity of this wonderful account is vouched for by the great German philosopher Kant," said the Colonel.

"No, I don't pretend to understand how it is done," replied the Colonel in answer to a question. "I do not attribute it to spirits, so-called, but to some hidden faculty of the human mind, which, for some reason, is not generally developed among us moderns."

OCCULT.

"The Gospel of Buddha, According to Old Records," Told by Paul Carus. This book is heartily recommended to students of the science of religions, and to all who would gain a fair conception of Buddhism in its spirit and living principles. Spiritualist or Christian can scarcely read it without spiritual profit. Price \$1. For sale at

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine." Contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"The Law of Correspondence Applied to Healing," A Course of Seven Practical Lessons, by W. J. Colville. Helpful and instructive to those interested in Spiritual and Mental Healing. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Notes from the Land of Sunshine and Flowers.

To the Editor:—This is indeed the land of sunshine and flowers, and one reading here can give you a good idea of what winter storms have already made their appearance in the northwestern and northern localities. I have now been here eighteen days and with the exception of one day it has been constant sunshine.

"This is a beautiful and progressive city, having fine streets, smoothly paved, with many elegant residences and business blocks. With street car facilities that are unsurpassed, and an all-around, up-to-date completeness that makes it the peer of any city of its size in any locality. Rapid electric transit connects with outlying towns, including Pasadena, Santa Monica and the beaches, and for a small amount of fare one can explore to the tourist and the citizen can explore to his heart's content. The drawback at the present time lies mainly in the fact that Jupiter Pluvius has sent all his water fountains and there is a dearth of moisture over the entire country. In the valleys, all fruit trees are suffering while in some localities they are dying. I have seen several trips to the coast, and the citizen can explore to his heart's content. 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