

PROOF THAT THE HUMAN BODY HAS A KEY-NOTE

Interesting Thoughts, Suggestions and Experiments That Are Worthy of Being Considered by Every Spiritualist in the Land.

Dr. W. Xavier Sudduth, the well-known nervous specialist, has been an ardent student and experimenter of the psycho-physical culture for many years. Under the promptings of professional delinquency he was disinclined to be interviewed, but relaxed when persuaded that the subject was one in which the lay world was becoming greatly interested.

MENTAL AS WELL AS PHYSICAL IMITATION.

"Barring a few of the involuntary functions," began Dr. Sudduth, "man performs nearly all his acts by knowledge gained through imitation. He copies very closely his immediate environment. He walks, sings and talks as and because he has seen and heard others do so. He is an upright animal only

senses, and clamor for recognition. As a result, we develop a double, yes, a manifold personality. This is a matter of constant surprise—unconscious cerebration is going on in our waking state constantly. We fritter away our vitality to a great extent in this way and become nervous wrecks and fit subjects for the insane asylums.

"Our daily experiences play upon our emotional natures to such an extent that we become fairly intoxicated with them. To a certain extent, variation is normal and healthy, but extremes are always harmful. One of the main features of nervous excitement is that the mind seems to feed upon it, and when once the normal tension is broken the body craves for even greater variations. The victim goes wild with his emotional excitement and rapidly flies from

perceptions as getting angry or crying for sympathy with others is sufficient to demonstrate that man is susceptible to the influences of his environment, which operates to alter his prevailing rate of vibration, either raising or lowering it. If these variations become extreme the body suffers in proportion.

AN IDEA OF WHAT VIBRATION MEANS.

"It is a well known fact that motion, exercise, is an absolute requisite to the highest development of the muscular system. As constant alteration in the position of the molecules of a solid is essential to prevent neutralization of polarity and consequent disintegration, so is constant exercise of a muscle necessary in order to prevent its wasting away.



SOME OF THE PERFECT FORMS PRINTED BY THE HUMAN VOICE ON MATTER.

by imitation. The process of his education begins very early in life, and the mental development precedes the physical in every instance. The idea must be grasped and made a part of himself, consciously or subconsciously, before it can be executed. Man, therefore, is largely a creature of environment, a child of fortune and the slave of misfortune.

"The imitative is not alone confined to the physical, but pervades mental states as well. Man thinks by imitation. He is born into his mental and moral atmosphere just as surely as into his physical environment. Mental states, like the color of eyes, hair and skin, run in families. We are Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, republicans, democrats, or what-nots, according to the belief of our parents or most intimate friend. It is very amusing to listen to ardent discussions between young children, and older children, for that matter, on religious or political subjects, even before they have had sufficient mental training to know the force of an argument. They use the same language they have heard their parents use, that is, as far as they can remember it, and they even go further and adopt the very tones and gestures of their parents—like father, like son. In most instances the imitation is wholly unconscious, however. The suggestion has fallen on fertile soil and taken deep root. These early suggestions which arise largely in the home environment, become a part of their very being and dominate their whole after life. Who has not at times, even in adult life, felt the fears of childhood take hold upon him? The nursery tales of black men and bears, and hobgoblins, always remain with us. To what extent may not the lives of individuals, instincts, tastes and even physical faculties be influenced by continued and insidiously directed suggestions in the waking state? Its possibilities are boundless, its powers appalling to think upon.

IT OVERTHROWS THE THEORY OF HEREDITY.

"Anything that stands for an idea, be it sight, sound or experience is a suggestion. The doctrine of suggestion, if accepted, overthrows the whole theory of heredity at one fell swoop. Man is born into the world, little more than a mass of undifferentiated protoplasm—a creature of environment and suggestion. He owes everything to his environment, and, it has been said, 'that we should be very careful in selecting our parents,' but I say we should be more careful in selecting the environment of our offspring, especially in their early infancy. First impressions are very lasting, because there is little to divert attention, and the mind dwells upon them. As we grow older, however, a thousand and one things force themselves upon our waking

one extreme to another. One moment he is ecstatic, buoyed up by hope and joy; the next sunk in grief and despair. These kaleidoscopic changes are rapid, uncertain and, in extreme cases, quite beyond the control of the individual. In fact, so common does this vibration become in the condition that he averts his eyes from it, although he may be fully aware of the injurious effect this playing with the emotions has upon his body.

"Only in their most extreme manifestations, however, do these cases come under the name of the physician—i. e., the attacks of loss of emotional control prevent the individual from mingling harmoniously in social life. Yet between marked hilarity of a group of school children, and the still more marked excesses of the hysteric or the melancholic there is little difference, save in degree.

EVERYBODY HAS A BODY NOTE.

"Pathological conditions are but perverted physiological functions. Every one has a normal body note or tone, and we often speak of the body as being in a healthy state or tone. Tones are produced by vibrations of strings, wires or tissues. We are thus naturally led to the consideration of vibration as the basis of harmony or discord and are forced to the conclusion, whether we will or no, that vibration is the law of the universe. We find perpetual motion in everything—that is, intermolecular movement of solids, constant vibrations in the earth, the air and the ether that fills the space between the celestial bodies and persistent pulsation in all that has life. In fact, movement, constant, ceaseless internal movement, is the price of life. Without it nothing could exist, for it is by movement that the waste products are cast out—stasis, 'standing,' meaning death by auto-intoxication. Not only is motion necessary to life in the vegetable and animal kingdom, but the mineral kingdom also is subject to the same law, constant alteration in the position of the molecules of solids being necessary to prevent neutralization of the power of cohesion. Attraction and repulsion are coexistent and constant everywhere. It is by this law that crystals are formed and rocks disintegrated. The force that governs these particles is magnetism.

"In considering this subject we must not lose sight of the electricity that is constantly being turned loose in the atmosphere. Electricity is only vibration in harness and is the source of much of the overstimulation from which urban dwellers suffer. Movement, wherever found, is a manifestation of energy, whatever may be its source. It is also perfectly possible, by faking thought, without any visible muscular movement, to raise the bodily temperature, for instance, in anger, a very common synonym of which is found in the phrase 'getting hot.' Such common ex-

"Muscular tissue above all tissue is very complicated. Each fiber, itself microscopic in structure, is again subdivided into a multitude of prismatic forms, to which the name of sarcomeres has been given. These may be likened to the cells of a battery, each fiber resembling a voltaic pile, the connecting nerve fibers being compared to the insulated wires that convey the currents to and from the dynamo of the brain. The molecular particles to be observed in the body of the cells and sarcomeres may be compared to the molecules of solids. It is a well-known fact that these are constantly changing their positions during cell proliferation, obedient to some law with the nature of which we are not as yet conversant. That these changes play an important part in the physical condition of the body is to be inferred from analogy and also from direct observation.

"If you have ever visited the powerhouse of any of the great street railway systems which give our city when the machinery was in full motion, you were undoubtedly impressed with the tension of the atmosphere from the escaping vibration and dazed by the whirl of the revolving machinery and obtained some idea of the mechanical influence of environment upon the body. It is not necessary to go to so much trouble, however, in order to appreciate fully the force of vibration, for if you will but lightly stop your ears with your fingers you will discover that you have a powerhouse within your own body.

HOW CERTAIN VIBRATIONS ARE DISPLAYED.

"Vibrations of the body due to the action of the heart have long been recognized and graphically displayed by means of Gordon's 'vibroscope.' This consists of a square box with hinged lid, one end of which rests on stout rubber bands or tubing. A receiving tambour is attached to the free end. If it is desired to get the relationship of these bodily vibrations two tambours are used, one to register the pulsations of the heart, while the other notes the vibratory curve. The registrations are to be made on a sliding plate attached to a tuning fork.

"If the nose and mouth are closed and tracings made of the vibrations of the inclosed air they will be seen to have the curve of the carotid. The tympanum, when intact, also registers a similar vibration, which is entirely different from the vibrating current that can be distinguished by closing the outer ear as before described. When the legs are crossed the pulse is indicated in the movement of the foot. The teeth when held lightly apart also record the pulse. "Behind the heart and lung power, however, lie the emotions which act directly upon the heart through the pneumogastric nerve; hence the injury to the system from permitting full rein to the emotions. A typical example of this is found in the explosions of the nerv-

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ous energy in hysteria and epilepsy. Unrestrained pleasure and pain, fear, hate, remorse, grief, jealousy and rage are the keys that turn on the steam of the great Corliss engine of the body. The heart, which by its pulsations runs the central dynamo of the brain and the centrifugal of our complicated nervous system.

WHY DISCORD IS A DISEASE CONDITION.

"If the law of the universe is harmonious, discord is a pathological condition. Harmonious vibration gives health; discord, inharmonious vibration produces disease—literally, 'want of ease.' Van Der Naillen holds that 'all manifestations in nature, physical, intellectual and spiritual, are due to interference, to changes brought in the ratio of vibration of the imponderable forces of nature. If our bodies were keyed to nature's vibrations, disease could not exist, for the body as well as the material universe moves and acts on a physical vibratory plane. Being thus constructed, harmony gives pleasure and discord pain in proportion as the individual moves on a high or low plane, or, speaking in a musical sense, is more or less highly strung.

"The emotions, as we have already indicated, correspond to the keyboard; the range of tone is the limit of resistance of the protoplasm that composes the fibers, plus the extensibility given it by the influence of mind. Just as the gauge or size of the strings in a musical instrument is dependent upon the ductility of the wire, so does the quality of the protoplasm in the body mark the range of healthy vibration.

"As inharmonious or unskilled use or too long continued vibration will destroy the very best musical instrument, correspondingly discord and inharmonious will injure the body. Not only this, but these bodies of ours respond to sympathetic vibration just as do the wires of a piano or the strings of a violin when the right key is touched. How often have we felt ourselves thrilled when least expecting such manifestation—as the result of an appeal to our sympathy, the flashing on our vision of some scene that was particularly pleasing or in response to some form of physical vibration in nature. Especially does the body make swift answer to the musical

finer nature or a greater lack of recuperative force. A veritable atonement this victim makes, by reason of his atonement with the cause of the discord.

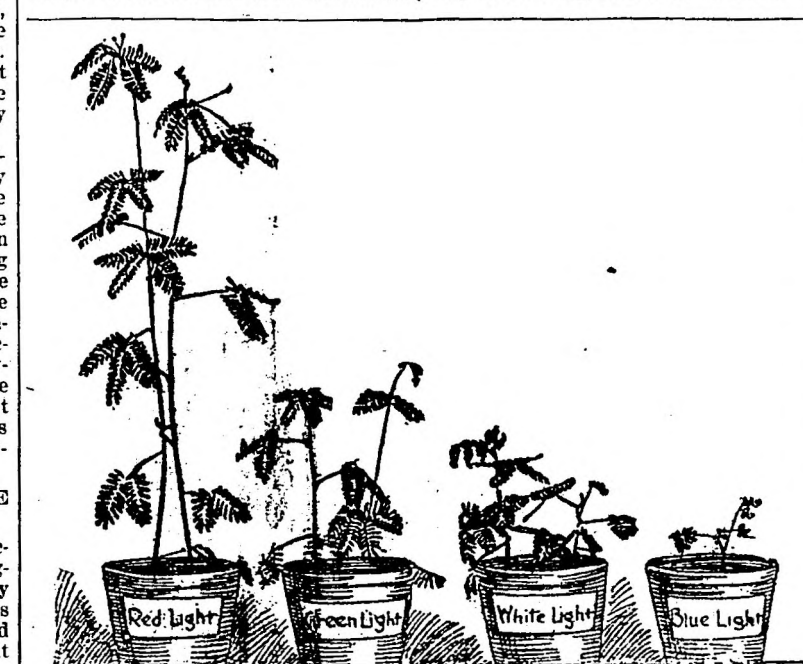
"If the guilty party is the father the vicarious sacrifice is perhaps the most beloved daughter, who catches his inharmonious vibration by reason of the nearness of their sympathies. Or it may be the wife, who, by reason of her wifely duties, is compelled to breathe in the vitiated atmosphere day and night. If she has no means of letting down the tension of the cords of her system sooner or later nature will do this for her in what we call nervous prostration. To sleep under the same covers with one who can by simple proximity jar the harmonious vibrations of another to the inducement of ill ease and even disease, may be likened to being imprisoned in a room whose atmosphere has been intentionally surcharged with poison.

HARMONIOUS EQUILIBRIUM IS HEALTH.

"If the mother is the one at fault, then the entire household suffers in proportion to the various ages and extent of confinement in the vitiated atmosphere. A worrying, fretting, stewing, discordant mother can poison the air of the home far more pestilentially than the deadliest sewer gas. There is no relief day or night; the air is positively resonant with discords. This condition in the mother need not be expressed in disagreeable, mean, showish, demeaning. It may exist under the cloak of an overmodest solicitude for the comfort and well-being of the home circle.

"This form of discord is very apt to run in families, being handed down from mother to daughter or from father to son through successive generations, a veritable physical inheritance of an inharmonious vibration. The children of such parents cry out in their innocence to the intelligent physician for relief, which he is many times powerless to give, because the very hint at the real cause of the difficulty would at once give offense and probably cause his dismissal.

"The key to the control of our bodily vibration is also the key to perfect physical health, and, according to my way of thinking, this is to be found in



EFFECT OF DIFFERENT COLORED LIGHT RAYS UPON PLANT LIFE.

note with which it is in harmony. VIBRATION AS AN ELEMENT OF LIFE.

"As the notes in the belfry responded to the voice of the watchman singing in the hours of night, so do our bodies respond to the sound of the organ pipe when that one is sounded that is consonant with the vibrations which set in motion the atoms composing it. In a corresponding degree we also respond to joy and sorrow, are moved by extremes which, if continued, will destroy reason and wreck this earthly temple.

"The question also has its domestic side. In proportion as the members of a family are sympathetic and affectionate, the inharmonious vibration of one member affects the other—the most sensitive or the one nearest in consonance suffering the most. Many times this one, himself innocent, suffers more than the guilty party, by reason of a

HARMONY-MAKERS ENJOY GOOD HEALTH.

"The ideas advanced are very interesting, but can you not indicate more definitely their application in everyday practice?" was asked by the Sunday Chronical man.

made it a business to produce harmony seldom suffered from melancholy or nervous diseases, but, on the other hand, were generally what might be considered healthy individuals, unless directly infected or maligned by accident. The class referred to embraces vocalists of both sexes, Episcopal clergymen and Catholic priests. In the study of melancholy it was found also that in taking the bodily note of persons suffering from the above condition they generally vibrated in a minor key, while the members of the class above referred to nearly always gave out a major chord.

"Putting two and two together we found the keynote of our melancholic patients and required them to practice from a half to an hour daily on a note that was a semitone above the one they usually vibrated. In this way we actually raised them out of a minor into a major key, and thus cured them of their melancholy.

"Experiment has amply proved that the human voice is capable of printing form upon matter as successfully and distinctly as a violin bow drawn across the edges of a plate. The discovery of this fact is due to Mr. W. H. Hughes. The experiments are conducted as follows: A hollow receiver is procured, over the mouth of which is stretched an elastic membrane. The surface of the membrane is covered with a semifluid paste of such consistency that very light impressions can be easily received.

"A singer sings against the surface of the membrane, exercising the greatest care that his notes are singularly steady and perfectly accurate. At once the musical note mirrors itself on the paste, and in the most unexpected forms. Forms of flowers, as perfect as if they were drawn, occur among the rest, these, indeed, constituting the majority of the figures. Daisies, with every petal exactly shaped, are common; lilies, equally symmetrical, are not

day to day, and in different individuals. You ask how to get it? This is not very difficult. There are many ways. The experienced operator along this line of practice instinctively feels the vibration of his patient and will unerringly adopt the correct note upon which to exercise the patient. There are, however, methods that are thoroughly scientific for obtaining the keynote of an individual. One of these is by closing the ears as before indicated and permitting the patient to hum the scale. He strikes a note that is in consonance with the note heard in his ear. When he recognizes it then have him hold it until it is found on the piano or tuning fork. Another is by permitting him to run the scale until he finds the tone that causes all of his cavities to thrill and vibrate simultaneously. He will sense it in his chest, throat, head and nose.

"Both of these methods are, however, amenable to error, in that the patient must be depended upon to determine when the note of the scale is in consonance with his bodily notes.

"Another method not open to the above objection and which is sometimes used consists in having the patient speak or hum into the recording tube of a phonograph devised by Scott and improved by Keong. The instrument somewhat resembles a phonograph, although when in use its mechanism is reversed. Instead of giving out sound it is a sound receiver. As its name indicates, it is a self-registering sound apparatus and is a modification of the drum and tuning fork arrangements so commonly in use in physical laboratories. All the waves that enter the paraboloid impinge on this membrane and throw it into vibration. On the side of the membrane next to the cylinder is attached a very fine and light style, which faithfully inscribes on the smoked paper around the cylinder the slightest motion given to the membrane. By means of a small adjustable clamp,



MELANCHOLY TEMPERAMENT AND ITS NOTES. THE SAME PERSON RAISED OUT OF HIS MELANCHOLY STATE.

peculiarities of the sound imprints.

"Occasionally the vibrations—presumably owing to an unconscious augmentation of force on the part of the singer—will imprint themselves in the form of shells, beautifully voluted, the wrinkles in the scroll being so incisively indented that when photographed they appear like creases in the picture. Suddenly deserting these marine forms as capriciously as they took them up, the sounds will create ferns, suspend branches of fruit and otherwise adorn the membrane. If the vibrations of the human voice acting on inanimate matter could thus exert such a potent influence in the production of form, we reason that its influence upon the individual including it would also act to produce harmonious conditions in the body corporate, and thus music would become a potent factor in alleviating the ills of the flesh, and making the thorny pathway of life less painful.

"Psychologists have taken the matter up with varying degrees of success, depending upon their versatility and their knowledge of the subject. Following out this line of thought in our experiments, in the course of time it was found that more rapid progress was made by combining the musical treatment with a modified form of Delsarte, which may be known as harmonic gymnastics, or psycho-physical culture.

"Patients are given a regular course of physical culture, which is practiced to the accompaniment of music, and at certain stages of the course are required to intone on a note which has been specially prescribed for the case in hand. This is done by requiring the patient to take a note from the piano, pluck pipe or tuning fork, and to hold it while going through certain movements. In some instances, for instance, where it is desired to raise a patient out of a fit of despondency, he is made to inhale on tones of various musical scales, beginning, say, to inhale while sounding the musical note corresponding to G and exhale while sounding the musical note corresponding to E in the scale of C natural. This is the only perfect scale and is therefore the model for all other scales, so that when once in harmony with it the bodily keynote or scale of an individual is readily determined. It is very difficult to describe the modus operandi because each case is a study unto itself, and special methods have to be adopted in every case, no general rule being applicable to all cases.

NOT EASY TO GET THE KEYNOTE.

"The keynote of a patient varies from day to day, and in different individuals. You ask how to get it? This is not very difficult. There are many ways. The experienced operator along this line of practice instinctively feels the vibration of his patient and will unerringly adopt the correct note upon which to exercise the patient. There are, however, methods that are thoroughly scientific for obtaining the keynote of an individual. One of these is by closing the ears as before indicated and permitting the patient to hum the scale. He strikes a note that is in consonance with the note heard in his ear. When he recognizes it then have him hold it until it is found on the piano or tuning fork. Another is by permitting him to run the scale until he finds the tone that causes all of his cavities to thrill and vibrate simultaneously. He will sense it in his chest, throat, head and nose.

held in position by a screw, it is possible to produce a miniature tree on the paste. By some slight variation impossible to estimate, the figure of a starfish will appear; another imperceptible difference of sound will produce an anemone.

"By means of a tuning fork, which is kept in vibration simultaneously with the style, the frequency of any sound can be determined with the greatest ease and precision. The process is identical with that used in estimating the vibration of an elastic rod. We have traces of both the sounds made on the smoked paper, and knowing the frequency of the fork, we have only to count the number of sinuosities of each sound corresponding to any given distance on the paper, when a simple proportion will give us the number of vibrations made per second by the sound collected by the paraboloid and recorded by the style attached to the membrane.

HUMAN VIBRATIONS FOUND ALGEBRAICALLY.

"Let someone now sing a prolonged note into the open end of the reflector. On turning the cylinder, we have the curve peculiar to this note, and at the same time we have the sinuous line produced by the tuning fork. Let us next count the number of vibrations made by the voice for any given length of time, and suppose we find that the voice makes 180 sinuosities while the fork makes seventy. What is the frequency of the note sung, that of the fork being 100? When the fork makes seventy vibrations the voice makes 180; when the fork executes 100 vibrations the voice executes x vibrations. Putting this in the form of a proportion we have 70:180::100:x, from which we find the value of x to be 257 1/7, which corresponds almost exactly with middle C of the piano.

"In this way, unknown to the patient, his note of vibration may be obtained while he is carrying on an unembarrassed conversation, i. e., the rate of his bodily vibration will be registered on the smoked drum alongside the register of a tuning fork of known vibration and a comparison of the two lines will accurately determine his rate of vibration and from this his keynote may be obtained as above indicated.

"Empirically it is taken for granted that all patients vibrate inharmoniously; in other words, are out of tune, or they would not present themselves for treatment. There being no fixed body note that may be said to be normal, having found the keynote of a patient it is considered as abnormal and a se-

(Continued on page 62)

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 XVIII.—Continued.

Lord O'Donnell's eyes softened somewhat. He loved his daughter, but he thought he loved his God more. "Daughter," he said, "I am but thinking of your soul's salvation. I cannot see my children all lost. Marjery, my child, you wish to meet your mother and myself in heaven, do you not? Your present attitude toward the church and Father Antonio, a priest of the Most High, is endangering your everlasting welfare. It is my great love for you, my daughter, that induces me to consent to part with you."

The eyes of the serpent glared for an instant, with a baleful light. Would she escape him through her father's pity for his helpless daughter?

"Unless you become the bride of heaven, the Holy Virgin may not be able to protect you from the wiles of the adversary," said the priest, solemnly. "As the bride of heaven, you are safe forevermore."

"Mamma, save me! O save me!" cried Marjery, almost hysterically. "I cannot become a nun! I will not become a nun!" she reiterated wildly; then, bursting into tears, she asked to be excused, and left the table, and the room.

The serpent within the priest's eyes wore an evil expression as he looked at the retreating form, and afterward at the door which Marjery had closed; but he kept the muscles of his face well under control. Lord O'Donnell groaned audibly. Lady O'Donnell's tears were falling fast. They both loved their children as well as most parents do. It would be very hard to part with the gentle, loving girl. She was now everything to them.

Arthur, previous to his expression of heretical opinions, had been their pride and joy. Until that awful hour, they had been a united, gay and happy family; but now everything was changed. Arthur banished, Marjery about to be compelled to take the veil, and the poor little Clarence, hardly belonging to the earth at all—and even he, poor little deformed mite, refusing to accept the rites of the holy church of God; their three children heartily disliking the priest Antonio, vice-gent of the church of Rome.

"Holy father," said Lord O'Donnell, at length, "I greatly fear that Marjery will also refuse to be shriven. I really do not know what course to take."

"There is but one way left to you, if you would save your daughter. The bridegroom stands waiting for the bride; the arms of the Holy Mother are open to rescue her. Better she should become the bride of heaven, than a doubly doomed, vile heretic."

Lady O'Donnell cast her streaming eyes toward heaven, and Lord O'Donnell's amen was heartfelt and sincere.

They arose from the table. Lord O'Donnell gave his hand to the priest.

"It shall be as you think best, holy father," he said. "Marjery shall enter the convent and take the veil. Better to give our darling to God, than allow her to go down to destruction, as our son and heir has done."

CHAPTER XIX.

Marjery Refuses to Confess.

Marjery on leaving the dining hall, went directly to her own room, and throwing herself upon her couch, face downward, gave vent to her grief in wild hysterical sobbing, which she smothered among the downy pillows. She wept thus until her grief had spent itself in part, and then a change came over her—a peculiar change which at the time she little understood. She raised herself from the pillows. The subtle presence of another being seemed to be near her. She thought a soft ethereal hand was laid on her burning brow—a cool and soothing hand. Her brain cleared. She became calm and hopeful, and then, although she heard no audible voice, she thought a wiser being than herself talked with her. Her interior vision was opened, and she saw the radiant and beautiful form of a lady standing near her.

"Are you the bright angel lady whom Brother Clarence talks about?" asked Marjery.

"I am," breathed the lady, in soft, soothing accents, "the very same. Marjery, dear," continued the lady, "disabuse your mind of holy virgins, mothers of God, brides of heaven, and all such nonsense. Children are not born without earthly fathers. It would be impossible for such a law of nature to be broken; and now shall I reveal to your innocent mind the real purpose of Antonio the priest? He is an excellent emissary of the church of Rome; not the church of God, dear girl, but the Roman church. He stands high in the esteem of the Pope. The church desires your father's vast domains. The crafty priest holds the key to your father's and mother's hearts. For the love of God, as they think, they could be induced to give all their possessions to the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Antonio induced them to consent to your taking the veil—not the veil of chastity, as you and they now suppose—not the spotless bride of heaven, as you may think; but a poor, little wretched victim in the hands of the unscrupulous priest, Antonio. When he tires of you, and ropes in some other wealthy and beautiful young lady, he will then turn you over to others of his ilk—those, perhaps, not quite as wily as himself. You, poor child, can never make known your miserable fate. The walls of the convent are forever closed upon you. Pleadings and cries for mercy will not avail. You are securely hidden from all earthly eyes, while life remains, except those who have you in their power. Even if poor little Clarence were not to leave his body naturally, the holy fathers would assist him, for love of God and an earnest endeavor to help the All Wise, the All Powerful Supreme Being. As though such a being needed the help of a puny priest. Now, my pure, sweet child, I am an invisible being—a spirit, and being invisible and a spirit, I have more power than Antonio the priest. I know all the villainess of the Roman church, together with that of its viceregents and priests. I am able, in many ways and at many times to circumvent them, rob them of their intended victims and restore those who have been anathematized and banished. While the Catholics are striving for temporal and earthly power and wealth, they forget the higher or spiritual powers; the invisible world of disembodied human beings who, perhaps, many of them, have been their unhappy victims on earth, while thousands of them have been robbed, anathematized and banished."

"Marjery, my dear child, there is but one course left you. Open rebellion! Be firm, my child. Do not yield. Refuse to confess to Antonio. It is through the confessional that the church and the priests gain their power. If every thought and act of one's life is laid bare to these wily viceregents, they have the advantage of all persons thus confessing. For instance, if you confess your love for Dennis Morgan, to the priest, will he not find a way to circumvent Dennis? If you confess to him that you are to meet Dennis, this very evening, can he not inform your parents and thus hinder you from doing so? The

priest will soon summon you to the confessional. Refuse to confess to mortal man. No human being has a right to your inmost thoughts unless you choose to give them up. Be firm. Fear not. I will put words into your mouth; and, Marjery, I will save you. Believe me, and fear not."

The voice ceased. Marjery was comforted. She bathed her forehead and eyes, smoothed out her beautiful hair, and composedly awaited the expected summons. The priest usually heard Lady Marjery's confession in her beautiful boudoir; as there they were least liable to intrusion. Soon her maid came to say that the holy father awaited her there. The poor girl trembled like a leaf, but calling to her aid the invisible one, she entered the presence of Antonio.

The father confessor stood in the center of the apartment, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes cast downward, a grave, apparently devout, oily expression on his somewhat regular and rather handsome features. Up to the present time Marjery had confessed with great regularity; still she had never opened the innermost sanctuary of her soul, in regard to Dennis Morgan. The wily priest had wormed into her confidence enough to be told that they had sometimes met, by chance, and her blushes told the experienced priest the rest.

Dennis' declaration of love had been made since the last visit of the priest, and Marjery was determined that she would never confess it to him.

The holy father crossed himself devoutly, cast his eyes upward and muttered a prayer or two; then with outstretched palms he approached Marjery, who was still standing not far from the door by which she had entered the room.

"May the blessing of God and the Holy Virgin rest upon thee, my daughter," solemnly ejaculated the priest. "And now the humble servant of the Most High awaits to hear the very small sins, no doubt, which a very youthful person may have committed."

The priest now turned and lighted a small censer which stood on the hearth, that had previously been prepared; then, facing Marjery, he stood with his eyes cast down and hands clasped behind his back. Very humble and devout he looked indeed. Marjery's voice trembled a little as she said:

"Father Antonio, I have nothing to confess. I am not aware that I have committed any sins whatever. I try to do right in all things as nearly as I know how; but I refuse to tell you my thoughts; they are my own and you have no part in them."

The serpent within the eyes of the priest shot forth a wrathful glare.

"Your secret thoughts are known to the Heavenly One," said the priest, reverently; "and we, his agents, are commissioned to hear, intercede and forgive."

"If God can hear you," asked Marjery, "why cannot he hear me? Why should a young girl be obliged to tell her secret thoughts to a gentleman? It seems to me very improper indeed; and I have concluded that, under no circumstances will I ever do so again," and Marjery's eyes blazed indignantly.

"Then you repudiate the confessional?" said the priest. "Your wicked and stubborn soul stands forth boldly, inviting the evil one to enter?"

"Father Antonio," said she, "I shall cross no words with you. I will not confess, and you need not strive me; I will take the consequences of my own actions and abide by them. Good evening, sir," and she left the room with a polite courtesy to the reverend gentleman.

Now the father confessor was an entirely different person when alone by himself. When no eyes rested upon him he looked and acted as if he thought that the Most High knew nothing about priests in general or particular.

"Whew!" he said, turning on his heel and kicking over the censer. "You are a pretty tergiversant, my Lady Marjery; but you shall be tamed, my dear—you shall be tamed. I have had the taming of many a shrew much harder by nature than you, my pretty Marjery. Oh! I rather like it. It gives a little change and zest to my otherwise uneventful life. The poor little fool is really getting her eyes open; but I must take care that they are well closed again. Pooh! just as though an idiot like that could deceive me! I have been through it all dozens of times before. Just as soon as a girl is in love, or thinks she is, that girl always dislikes to confess. Yes; they steer clear of the confessional as long as possible, especially if the lover is not countenanced by her family. So now I have it, my naughty Lady Marjery. Your little, soft cooings in former confessions, about Dennis Morgan and sometimes meeting him by the merest accident, all point in one direction. O, the story is old—very old, to me. She softly coos of Dennis, and then refuses confession. That means," continued the priest, with his finger on his astute nose, "that Dennis has already made love and asked the pretty maid to marry him; and probably she intends to do so. She has not even cast a favorable eye on me. O, no. It is usually peasants and servant girls who secretly fall in love with me; or, oftener, the wife of some low, drunken brute."

"Ugh! I detest all such as fall in love with me of their own accord. A little intrigue now and then brightens life wonderfully. There is no sport equal to chasing an innocent hare to her doom."

"Yes, I will wear, for a time at least, the pretty Lady Marjery. Dunraven shall be turned over to the Romish See and I shall be the petted favorite of my superiors, whose intrigues and crimes far surpass my own."

CHAPTER XX.

The Charm Works.

When Mrs. Galeria hastily drew the curtains of her box at the theatre, Raphael Scories knew that his malignant purpose had been accomplished. The last act of the play was nearly over, so the Scories took their departure. Raphael's eagle eye noted Juno and she was assisted into her carriage, and he readily saw that the young lady was ill, or as he well knew, under a hypnotic spell.

"Now," thought he, "for a sensational report of murder, or attempted murder, to-morrow, by a young lady of the upper ten. Ah! such revenge as this is sweet—sweet beyond compare! Why, with this hypnotic power I am a God—a veritable God! I need not even go out of my regular path to accomplish any desire which I may have. Probably with this knowledge at my command, I might have won Juno easily; but I knew nothing about it at that time. Ah! Maestro is worth his weight in gold! No wonder the young men of upper tondom seek him, and they do say that he is becoming exceedingly wealthy. He don't give lessons to young ladies, so he tells me. Girls ought not to know anything about this power, else they might circumvent us. But my love for Juno has fled away. Not a vestige remains. I simply now seek revenge and power. Power! Give me power and all else may go to the winds. I will have nothing further to do with love while I live. I will marry that little silly fool, Ethel, and do as I please afterward. With this power I

can overcome any woman's will. They will all be ready, like so many dogs, to lap my hand. Married or single it will make no difference to me. I will not seek them. No; I will, by this secret power, draw them to me. They shall, or at least the ones that I desire to attract, shall follow me, and apparently I shall endeavor to shake them off; but at the same time I will hold them as a magnet holds steel. If an irate husband seeks revenge, I shall be able to show him, easily, that I am perfectly innocent of the charges against me—that I am the one followed and importuned by his wife.

"Ah! I feel as though I could control the thunderbolts of heaven; I will use this power upon men, also; make them the slaves of my wishes whatever they may happen to be. If I could kill O'Donnell, what power and sweet revenge are mine, for her scornful impertinence and flinging my heart back to me. She will murder her accepted lover. How much better than the old way of killing him, as I could have wished to, in a duel. Ah! Money and power makes a man a God!"

"Say, rather, a Devil!"

Raphael started. He could have sworn he heard a voice. But, no. It was not a voice which appealed to the outward sense of hearing, but it was as audible to the inner ear, and more so, than any outward sound.

Raphael and Grace reached home and the young man hurried to his room. That inner voice troubled him a little. He threw on his dressing gown and slippers, lighted a cigar, seated himself in his easy chair, put his feet on the table and then ruminated dreamily; and whether he actually fell asleep or not he never knew. At times he could have sworn that he did not; at others he did not feel so sure.

It was considerably past midnight, and as he dreamily ruminated, his thoughts running in the same manner as previously shown; there stood before him a strange object. At first he saw it but dimly through the tobacco smoke; but it slowly drew nearer to him, until each outline was distinctly visible; it even approached so near that its hot breath fanned his cheek—a horrible shape!

"My God!" exclaimed Raphael. "I am being hypnotized myself!"

He almost shrieked as he started up, trying to shake off the uncanny power; but it held him in an awful grip—a nightmare grip impossible to shake off.

"Sit down," said the horrible shape. "Sit down and calm yourself. Yes; you have invoked a power stronger than your own—more subtle than your own. Why, my fine fellow, you are a more infant compared to me. When you deal with fine forces, remember there are always higher and higher ones still in reserve. If you can use your power upon those weaker than yourself, what hinders me from using the same power on you, who are immeasurably weaker than I am? But I am not here to find fault with you. Oh, no! You please me, my boy. Like attracts like, you know. You wish the innocent Juno Galeria to commit murder. Well, now, murder is in my line. Just the thing that suits me best," and the creature laughed a horrible, awful laugh, and plumped himself down directly in the center of the table.

Words can scarcely describe this terrible form. As he sat himself upon the table and straightened out his writhing legs, they appeared like two serpents with half their slimy bodies partly concealed within his abdomen, that is, they were twisted and intertwined so that they formed the abdomen and intestines of the horrible wretch before him. The two heads, with their gleaming eyes and darting forked tongues, were the feet of the monster, and, as he stretched forth his slimy legs just in front of Raphael, the four serpent eyes watched him balefully. The body appeared a writhing mass of smaller serpents, like the creature's progeny. The hands were like the claws of a vulture—the claws, or fingers, being covered with gleaming stones, of various kinds, which seemed like fiery, evil eyes watching him, the rapid, clawing motion of these awful hands sending their baleful gleam in all directions. The arms were long, powerful, and gigantic in size; the neck was shaped like that of a bull, and two short, sharp, powerful horns grew out on either side of a low, retreating, hairy forehead. The hair on the monster's head was as coarse as the bristles of a wild boar and of a dull ashen hue. The large, movable ears, and bull-like neck, were covered by this bristly hair; the sunken eyes were small and gleamed with satanic fire. He had a mouth reaching from one lobe of the ear to the other, from which two long, yellow tusks protruded. The nose and profile of the face resembled those of an ape, and yet, with all its beastly and serpentine attributes, Raphael knew the creature was human—in fact, had once been a man; he knew, intuitively, that the thing was a degenerate human being, or the spirit of a human being whose life and aspirations had been such that his spirit had degenerated back into many of its primary forms. It was something horrible and awful to gaze upon; but the evil eyes of the being, together with the four snake eyes in the feet of the serpentine legs, were fixed upon Raphael with mesmeric, or hypnotic power, a power which was as resistless as it was horrible.

"Yea," said the grinning monster, "murder is just in my line. Like attracts like. Remember that, my boy. Juno Galeria has already stabbed her cousin; but Juno is as innocent as the babe unborn. You, my noble Raphael, are the murderer; consequently you and I are pals, comrades, you know. Well, now, perhaps you would like to know something about me. I lived in the time of Robespierre, and was his chief executioner. I was foremost in putting to torture all whom he wished destroyed and out of his path. I built the fires, drove the stakes and bound helpless victims to them so securely they could not move hand or foot. I worked the guillotine, thus severing thousands of heads from the bodies of those whom Robespierre sent to the scaffold; and, secretly, as I then thought, I committed a number of murders on my own account. The more I engaged in this kind of work the better I liked it. As you attract me, I attracted plenty of invisibles to myself like fish."

"Well, after a time I got into trouble with an enraged husband whose wife I had hypnotized, as I believe you now call it, and he made short work of my body, for he ran it through with his sword and then thanked God that he had put an end to such a vile wretch."

"Put an end to me!" and the monster opened his horrible mouth, filled with cruel tusks, and laughed a blood-curdling laugh. "Why, as soon as I gathered myself up, I found I had but just begun to live; for now, through the power which I knew that serpents possessed, I could charm or hypnotize whoever I wished that did not resist me. I could work more and better through those who desired to do as I had done. I could also bring the weak and ignorant to follow in my footsteps, and I could live the life I desired to live and have plenty to keep me company."

"Come, my fine fellow, shake hands," and the grinning monster extended his vulture-like claw, grasping Raphael's hand in a vice-like grip, every blazing jewel on the fingers looking like hellish eyes filled with hypnotic light.

Raphael was thoroughly mesmerized, hypnotized, or charmed with the charm which the serpent possessed; for the power dwells within a serpent to a greater extent than in any other creature, unless it be man or the spirit of man.

Raphael's eyes began to wear the same evil expression that lurked within the eyes of his coadjutor. At last he mustered courage to ask:

"Were you a good-looking man when on earth?"

"When on earth!" mocked the monster. "What an innocent fool you are. Where am I now, if not on earth? I have never left it, my pal; been on the earth every moment of my time since that rascal ran me through with his rapier. On earth? Where do you suppose I am, if not on earth? I can't put an end to spiritual beings. There would be no pleasure for me off the earth—but you asked me if I were a good-looking man when I had an earthly

body. Well, really now, comrade, the more I look at you, the more I am convinced that I resembled you as much as one chestnut resembles another. If you call yourself good-looking, why, then perhaps you would have called me good-looking. You don't like my appearance quite as well now, do you, chucky?"

"Hardly," heavily breathed Raphael—"hardly."

"Well, now, it is just this way, partner: A spiritual being grows to look like that which it feeds upon. Bad for us, perhaps you may think; but I didn't make the law, therefore cannot be held responsible for it. If a man—for we are men just as much as we ever were, and a little more so—wants to possess the charming or hypnotic power of a snake and for the same purpose or worse, one can't blame the law which causes him to resemble that creature which he imitates. Some of your savants call it degeneracy. Well, we will not quarrel with them about terms. The spirit of a man resembles that which he loves and imitates. Now, these legs of mine are not bad when you find how powerful they are in the art of hypnotizing," and to emphasize his declaration, the monster raised his feet, which were the heads of the serpents, darted them forward with the snake movement of the two serpents his legs, rapidly ran in and out the fiery tongues, fixed the bright bead-like eyes intently on his victim as he said:

"How do you like that, my boy; how do you like that?"

"I would thank you to keep your distance."

"Better not give me much of your source," snarled the monster. "Those are legs to be proud of, in my opinion. I am sure you are trying to make yours look as near like them as you can. You might thank a fellow for helping you. Like attracts like, you know."

"Then if I keep on," said Raphael meditatively, "I shall look as you look now?"

"Well, yes; providing you become as expert. Why do you cast such reflections on my appearance? I find everything about me very useful to my purpose. When I desire to charm, or hypnotize anyone, I find my serpent legs just the things; and, as I don't need them for walking, what better use can I put them to when I wish to grasp and hold someone in my power? How about these claws? Just the things!" and the griffin worked his talons vigorously. "If I wish to tear my enemies, what more convenient than these tusks?" and he grinningly showed them from ear to ear. "Everything in nature has its use, and everything is adapted to its wants and desires. Yes; you may confidently expect to look just like me, given time enough, and opportunity."

CHAPTER XXI.

Horrible Monster Teaches Morality Without Knowing It.

"Well, now, the girl has stabbed O'Donnell. What more do you want of her?"

"Nothing," answered Raphael. "That settles our difficulty. She can retire to the moon, now, if it so pleases her. Vulgarly speaking, I have other fish to fry."

"Ah! I see. You mean wheat? Well, sir, I think you have fried and swallowed up all the little fish pretty effectually. That feeling gives a large mouth and maw," laughed the monster, gleefully; "and one needs plenty of good strong tusks to withstand the bones. The bones are the toughs, you know—the fighting opposers—those wretches who object to monopoly—those hard customers who fight against the cornering of wheat, and so forth. One must have strong teeth and a large maw to gobble them all up."

"Sir," said Raphael, "I don't know that I care to look like you, but I desire money and power more than anything else."

"Look here," said the monster; "Look at this." And to Raphael's surprise and perplexity, on the table, near the creature was a pile of gold wherein the value must have been told by millions.

"This is the stuff you want, is it?"

"It is," answered the young man.

"What will you do, pal, when you get here? You can have no use for it here."

Raphael looked a little crestfallen.

"Now, with hypnotism, which is spiritual power, it is different. That is something which you can use here."

"I need not trouble my head at present about what power I may wish to use in another life. One world at a time. That's my motto. I want money and power in the world in which I find myself now. When I get to the other world then I can look about me and choose what I may want."

"Well, partner, there's the rub," said the monster. "As you live in this world, so you will find yourself in the next. The more money and power you have, the more you will want. You grow by what you feed upon. You have already committed a murder, or, rather, two; for you would let Juno Galeria hang, and you must think she will. You are already worse than a murderer, for you have caused the innocent to shed blood. You are already guilty of two murders; and for every ten dollars you possess, some poor woman, man or child has hungered for bread of which they have been robbed by the cornering of wheat. You have robbed at least a hundred thousand people. If, at your age, you have accomplished so much, how much more you will have accomplished at the age of sixty; by that time, if you live in your body so long, you will have more money and power than you can very well take care of, then comes the change, and presto! here you are! Think you'll look much better than I do by that time? Probably, through hypnotism, you will have committed more murders and crimes of various kinds than I ever did, and you will have robbed millions of people. Don't know as I should care to be found in your company by that time. Why, you fool! I shall be a hideous monster now; by that time I shall look down at you, and consider you worse than a hideous monster. Why, sir, my serpent legs will be beautiful compared to your crocodile claws. Why, sir, I would much rather look as I do now, and still retain a vestige of humanity, than to become a bloated crocodile swallowing everything which comes in its way. Would you like to degenerate into a crocodile, my fine lad? or would you like your spirit to look like a crocodile? If you would, keep right on and you'll get there. Money and power will make that of you sooner than anything else."

"Get out! you vile beast!" exclaimed Raphael. "I don't believe anything you say. If, through money and power, I rise to the surface in this world, why should not the same law hold good in the next? What have you got that heap of money by your side for if one cannot have it where you are?"

"O! This is an illusion," answered the monster. "See!" and he waved his hand through the heap from right to left. "This gold is simply an outgrowth from my own mind. I am obliged to pack it around with me wherever I go. I tell you it's a dead weight. You see it has made me pretty crooked already? I loved money as much as you do, sir. I had to take my love with me, when that rascal ran me through, and you'll have to take your loves with you, just the same. Now, this heap of gold is not of the slightest use to me here. It won't buy food, shelter nor clothing. You notice that I have not much clothing about me, don't you? Can't buy a rag here; can't buy a house to live in; can't buy the slightest shelter of any kind. Can't buy a bite to eat; no, not if you were starving. So, what's one's money good for?"

"Well, of course," replied Raphael, who found himself talking now quite familiarly with the spiritual monster, "a spirit doesn't want or need anything to eat or drink; and I am sure I don't see why you need shelter or clothing?"

"Well, now, that's fine!" said the monster. "You're quite a reasonable chap! What do you want such things for then?"

(To Be Continued.)

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Lord O'Donnell's eyes softened somewhat. He loved his daughter, but he thought he loved his God more. "Daughter," he said, "I am but thinking of your soul's salvation. I cannot see my children all lost. Marjery, my child, you wish to meet your mother and myself in heaven, do you not? Your present attitude toward the church and Father Antonio, a priest of the Most High, is endangering your everlasting welfare. It is my great love for you, my daughter, that induces me to consent to part with you."

The eyes of the serpent glared for an instant, with a baleful light. Would she escape him through her father's pity for his helpless daughter?

"Unless you become the bride of heaven, the Holy Virgin may not be able to protect you from the wiles of the adversary," said the priest, solemnly. "As the bride of heaven, you are safe forevermore."

"Mamma, save me! O! save me!" cried Marjery, almost hysterically. "I cannot become a nun! I will not become a nun!" she reiterated wildly; then, bursting into tears, she asked to be excused, and left the table, and the room.

The serpent within the priest's eyes wore an evil expression as he looked at the retreating form, and afterward at the door which Marjery had closed; but he kept the muscles of his face well under control. Lord O'Donnell groaned audibly. Lady O'Donnell's tears were falling fast. They both loved their children as well as most parents do. It would be very hard to part with the gentle, loving girl. She was now everything to them. Arthur, previous to his expression of heretical opinions, had been their pride and joy. Until that woful hour, they had been a united, gay and happy family; but, now everything was changed. Arthur banished, Marjery about to be compelled to take the veil, and the poor little Clarence, hardly belonging to the earth at all—and even he, poor little deformed mite, refusing to accept the rites of the holy church of God; their three children heartily disliking the priest Antonio, vice-gerent of the church of Rome.

"Holy father," said Lord O'Donnell, at length, "I greatly fear that Marjery will also refuse to be shriven. I really do not know what course to take."

"There is but one way left to you, if you would save your daughter. The Bridegroom stands waiting for the Bride; the arms of the Holy Mother are open to rescue her. Better she should become the bride of heaven, than a doubly doomed, vile heretic."

Lady O'Donnell cast her streaming eyes toward heaven, and Lord O'Donnell's amen was heartfelt and sincere.

They arose from the table. Lord O'Donnell gave his hand to the priest.

"It shall be as you think best, holy father," he said. "Marjery shall enter the convent and take the veil. Better to give our darling to God, than allow her to go down to destruction, as our son and heir has done."

CHAPTER XIX.

Marjery Refuses to Confess.

Marjery on leaving the dining hall, went directly to her own room, and throwing herself upon her couch, face downward, gave vent to her grief in wild hysterical sobbing, which she smothered among the downy pillows. She wept thus until her grief had spent itself in part, and then a change came over her—a peculiar change which at the time she little understood. She raised herself from the pillows. The subtle presence of another being seemed to be near her. She thought a soft ethereal hand was laid on her burning brow—a cool and soothing hand. Her brain cleared. She became calm and hopeful, and then, although she heard no audible voice, she thought a wiser being than herself talked with her. Her interior sight was opened, and she saw the radiant and beautiful form of a lady standing near her.

"Are you the bright angel lady whom Brother Clarence talks about?" asked Marjery.

"I am," breathed the lady, in soft, soothing accents, "the very same. Marjery, dear," continued the lady, "disabuse your mind of holy virgins, mothers of God, brides of heaven, and all such nonsense. Children are not born without earthly fathers. It would be impossible for such a law of nature to be broken; and now shall I reveal to your innocent mind the real purpose of Antonio the priest? He is an excellent emissary of the church of Rome; not the church of God, dear girl, but the Roman church. He stands high in the esteem of the Pope. The church desires your father's vast domains. The crafty priest holds the key to your father's and mother's hearts. For the love of God, as they think, they could be induced to give all their possessions to the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Antonio induced them to banish and disinheritor Arthur; he will induce them to consent to your taking the veil—not the veil of chastity, as you and they now suppose—not the spotless bride of heaven, as you may think; but a poor, little wretched victim in the hands of the unscrupulous priest, Antonio. When he tires of you, and ropes in some other wealthy and beautiful young lady, he will then turn you over to others of his ilk—those, perhaps, not quite as wily as himself. You, poor child, can never make known your miserable fate. The walls of the convent are forever closed upon you. Pleadings and cries for mercy will not avail. You are securely hidden from all earthly eyes, while life remains, except those who have you in their power. Even if poor little Clarence were not to leave his body naturally, the holy fathers would assist him, for love of God and an earnest endeavor to help the All Wise, the All Powerful Supreme Being. As though such a being needed the help of a puny priest. Now, my pure, sweet child, I am an invisible being—a spirit, and being invisible and a spirit, I have more power than Antonio the priest. I know all the wiles of the Roman church, together with that of its viceregent and priests. I am able, in many ways and at many times to circumvent them, rob them of their intended victims and restore those who have been anathematized and banished. While the Catholics are striving for temporal and earthly power and wealth, they forget the higher or spiritual powers; the invisible world of disembodied human beings who, perhaps, many of them, have been their unhappy victims on earth, while thousands of them have been robbed, anathematized and banished."

"Marjery, my dear child, there is but one course left you: Open rebellion! Be firm, my child. Do not yield. Refuse to confess to Antonio. It is through the confessional that the church and the priests gain their power. If every thought and act of one's life is laid bare to these wily viceregents, they have the advantage of all persons thus confessing. For instance, if you confess your love for Dennis Morgan, to the priest, will he not find a way to circumvent Dennis? If you confess to him that you are to meet Dennis, this very evening, can he not inform your parents and thus hinder you from doing so? The

priest will soon summon you to the confessional. Refuse to confess to mortal man. No human being has a right to your inmost thoughts unless you choose to give them up. Be firm. Fear not. I will put words into your mouth; and, Marjery, I will save you. Believe me, and fear not."

The voice ceased. Marjery was comforted. She bathed her forehead and eyes, smoothed out her beautiful hair, and composedly awaited the expected summons. The priest usually heard Lady Marjery's confession in her beautiful boudoir; as there they were least liable to intrusion. Soon her maid came to say that the holy father awaited her there. The poor girl trembled like a leaf, but calling to her aid the invisible one, she entered the presence of Antonio.

The father confessor stood in the center of the apartment, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes cast downward, a grave, apparently devout, oily expression on his somewhat regular and rather handsome features. Up to the present time Marjery had confessed with great regularity; still she had never opened the innermost sanctuary of her soul, in regard to Dennis Morgan. The wily priest had wormed into her confidence enough to be told that they had sometimes met, by chance, and her blushes told the experienced priest the rest.

Dennis' declaration of love had been made since the last visit of the priest, and Marjery was determined that she would never confess it to him.

The holy father crossed himself devoutly, cast his eyes upward and muttered a prayer or two; then with outstretched palms he approached Marjery, who was still standing not far from the door by which she had entered the room.

"May the blessing of God and the Holy Virgin rest upon thee, my daughter," solemnly ejaculated the priest. "And now the humble servant of the Most High awaits to hear the very small sins, no doubt, which a very youthful person may have committed."

The priest now turned and lighted a small censer which stood on the hearth, that had previously been prepared; then, facing Marjery, he stood with his eyes cast down and hands clasped behind his back. Very humble and devout he looked indeed. Marjery's voice trembled a little as she said:

"Father Antonio, I have nothing to confess. I am not aware that I have committed any sin whatever. I try to do right in all things as nearly as I know how; but I refuse to tell you my thoughts; they are my own and you have no part in them."

The serpent within the eyes of the priest shot forth a wrathful glare.

"Your secret thoughts are known to the Heavenly One," said the priest, reverently, "and we, his agents, are commissioned to hear, intercede and forgive."

"If God can hear you," asked Marjery, "why cannot he hear me? Why should a young girl be obliged to tell her secret thoughts to a gentleman? It seems to me very improper indeed; and I have concluded that, under no circumstances will I ever do so again," and Marjery's eyes blazed indignantly.

"Then you repudiate the confessional?" said the priest. "Your wicked and stubborn soul stands forth boldly, inviting the evil one to enter?"

"Father Antonio," said she, "I shall cross no words with you. I will not confess, and you need not strive me; I will take the consequences of my own actions and abide by them. Good evening, sir," and she left the room with a polite courtesy to the reverend gentleman.

Now the father confessor was an entirely different person when alone by himself. When no eyes rested upon him he looked and acted as if he thought that the Most High knew nothing about priests in general or particular. "Whew!" he said, turning on his heel and kicking over the censer. "You are a pretty temptress, my Lady Marjery; but you shall be tamed, my dear—you shall be tamed. I have had the taming of many a shrew much harder by nature than you, my pretty Marjery. Oh! I rather like it. It gives a little change and zest to my otherwise uneventful life. The poor little fool is really getting her eyes open; but I must take care that they are well closed again. Poo! just as though an idiot like that could deceive me! I have been through it all dozens of times before. Just as soon as a girl is in love, or thinks she is, that girl always dislikes to confess. Yes; they steer clear of the confessional as long as possible, especially if the lover is not countenanced by her family. So now I have it, my haughty Lady Marjery. Your little soft cooings in former confessions, about Dennis Morgan and sometimes meeting him by the merest accident, all point in one direction. O, the story is old—very old, to me. She softly coos of Dennis, and then refuses confession. That means," continued the priest, with his finger on his astute nose, "that Dennis has already made love and asked the pretty maid to marry him; and probably she intends to do so. She has not even cast a favorable eye on me. O, no. It is usually peasants and servant girls who secretly fall in love with me; or, oftener, the wife of some low, drunken brute."

"Ugh! I detest all such as fall in love with me of their own accord. A little intrigue now and then brightens life wonderfully. There is no sport equal to chasing an innocent heart to her doom."

"Yes, I will wear, for a time at least, the pretty Lady Marjery. Dunraven shall be turned over to the Romish See and I shall be the petted favorite of my superiors, whose intrigues and crimes far surpass my own."

CHAPTER XX.

The Charm Works.

When Mrs. Galeria hastily drew the curtains of her box at the theatre, Raphael Scorsius knew that his malignant purpose had been accomplished. The last act of the play was nearly over, so the Scorsiuses took their departure. Raphael's eagle eye noted Juno and she was assisted into her carriage, and he readily saw that the young lady was ill, or as he well knew, under a hypnotic spell.

"Now," thought he, "for a sensational report of murder, or attempted murder, to-morrow, by a young lady of the upper ten. Ah! such revenge as this is sweet—sweet beyond compare! Why, with this hypnotic power I am a God—a veritable God! I need not even go out of my regular path to accomplish any desire which I may have. Probably with this knowledge at my command, I might have won Juno easily; but I knew nothing about it at that time. Ah! Maesto is worth his weight in gold! No wonder the young men of upper ten seek him, and they do say that he is becoming exceedingly wealthy. He don't give lessons to young ladies, so he tells me. Girls ought not to know anything about this power, else they might circumvent us. But my love for Juno has fled away. Not a vestige remains. I simply now seek revenge and power. Power! Give me power and all else may go to the winds. I will have nothing further to do with love while I live. I will marry that little silly fool, Ethel, and do as I please afterward. With this power I

can overcome any woman's will. They will all be ready, like so many dogs, to lap my hand. Married or single it will make no difference to me. I will not seek them. No; I will, by this secret power, draw them to me. They shall, or at least the ones that I desire to attract, shall follow me, and apparently I shall endeavor to shake them off; but at the same time I will hold them as a magnet holds steel. If an irate husband seeks revenge, I shall be able to show him, easily, that I am perfectly innocent of the charges against me—that I am the one followed and importuned by his wife.

"Ah! I feel as though I could control the thunderbolts of heaven; I will use this power upon men, also; make them the slaves of my wishes whatever they may happen to be. If I dare kill O'Donnell, what power and sweet revenge are mine, for her scornful impertinence and flinging my heart back to me. She will murder her accepted lover. How much better than the old way of killing him, as I could have wished to, in a duel. Ah! Money and power makes of a man a God!"

"Say, rather, a Devil!"

Raphael started. He could have sworn he heard a voice. But, no. It was not a voice which appealed to the outward sense of hearing, but it was as audible to the inner ear, and more so, than any outward sound.

Raphael and Grace reached home and the young man hurried to his room. That inner voice troubled him a little. He threw on his dressing gown and slippers, lighted a cigar, seated himself in his easy chair, put his feet on the table and then ruminated dreamily; and whether he actually fell asleep or not he never knew. At times he could have sworn that he did not; at others he did not feel so sure.

It was considerably past midnight, and as he dreamily ruminated, his thoughts running in the same manner as previously shown; there stood before him a strange object. At first he saw it but dimly through the tobacco smoke; but it slowly drew nearer to him, until each outline was distinctly visible; it even approached so near that its hot breath fanned his cheek—a horrible shape!

"My God!" exclaimed Raphael. "I am being hypnotized myself!"

He almost shrieked as he started up, trying to shake off the uncanny power; but it held him in an awful grip—a nightmare grip impossible to shake off.

"Sit down," said the horrible shape. "Sit down and calm yourself. Yes; you have invoked a power stronger than your own—more subtle than your own. Why, my fine fellow, you are a mere infant compared to me. When you deal with fine forces, remember there are always higher and higher ones still in reserve. If you can use your power upon those weaker than yourself, what hinders me from using the same power on you, who are immeasurably weaker than I am? But I am not here to find fault with you. Oh, no! You please me, my boy. Like attracts like, you know. You wish the innocent Juno Galeria to commit murder. Well, now, murder is in my line. Just the thing that suits me best," and the creature laughed a horrible, awful laugh, and plumped himself down directly in the center of the table.

Words can scarcely describe this terrible form. As he sat himself upon the table and straightened out his writhing legs, they appeared like two serpents with half their slimy bodies partly concealed within his abdomen, that is, they were twisted and intertwined so that they formed the abdomen and intestines of the horrible wretch before him. The two heads, with their gleaming eyes and darting forked tongues, were the feet of the monster, and, as he stretched forth his slimy legs just in front of Raphael, the four serpent eyes watched him balefully. The body appeared a writhing mass of smaller serpents, like the creature's progeny. The hands were like the claws of a vulture—the claws, or fingers, being covered with gleaming stones, of various kinds, which seemed like fiery, evil eyes watching him, the rapid, clawing motion of these awful hands sending their baleful gleam in all directions. The arms were long, powerful, and gigantic in size; the neck was shaped like that of a bull, and two short, sharp, powerful horns grew out on either side of a low, retreating, hairy forehead. The hair on the monster's head was as coarse as the bristles of a wild boar and of a dull ashen hue. The large, movable ears, and bull-like neck, were covered by this bristly hair; the sunken eyes were small and gleamed with satanic fire. He had a mouth reaching from one lobe of the ear to the other, from which two long, yellow tusks protruded. The nose and profile of the face resembled those of an ape, and yet, with all its beastly and serpentine attributes, Raphael knew the creature was human—in fact, had once been a man; he knew, intuitively, that the thing was a degenerate human being, or the spirit of a human being whose life and aspirations had been such that his spirit had degenerated back into many of its primary forms. It was something horrible and awful to gaze upon; but the evil eyes of the being, together with the four snake eyes in the feet of the serpentine legs, were fixed upon Raphael with mesmeric, or hypnotic power, a power which was as irresistible as it was horrible.

"Yes," said the grinning monster, "murder is just in my line. Like attracts like. Remember that, my boy. Juno Galeria has already stabbed her cousin; but Juno is as innocent as the babe unborn. You, my noble Raphael, are the murderer; consequently you and I are pals, comrades, you know. Well, now, perhaps you would like to know something about me. I lived in the time of Robespierre, and was his chief executioner. I was foremost in putting to torture all whom he wished destroyed and out of his path. I built the fires, drove the stakes and bound helpless victims to them so securely they could not move hand or foot. I worked the guillotine, thus severing thousands of heads from the bodies of those whom Robespierre sent to the scaffold; and, secretly, as I then thought, I committed a number of murders on my own account. The more I engaged in this kind of work the better I liked it. As you attract me, I attracted plenty of invisibles to myself like myself.

"Well, after a time I got into trouble with an enraged husband whose wife I had hypnotized, as I believe you now call it, and he made short work of my body, for he run it through with his sword and then thanked God that he had put an end to such a vile wretch."

"Put an end to me!" and the monster opened his horrible mouth, filled with cruel tusks, and laughed a blood-curdling laugh. "Why, as soon as I gathered myself up, I found I had but just begun to live; for now, through the power which I knew that serpents possessed, I could charm or hypnotize whoever I wished that did not resist me. I could work more and better through those who desired to do as I had done. I could also bring the weak and ignorant to follow in my footsteps, and I could live the life I desired to live and have plenty to keep me company."

"Come, my fine fellow, shake hands," and the grinning monster extended his vulture-like claw, grasping Raphael's hand in a vice-like grip, every blazing jewel on the fingers looking like hellish eyes filled with hypnotic light.

Raphael was thoroughly mesmerized, hypnotized, or charmed with the charm which the serpent possessed; for the power dwells within a serpent to a greater extent than in any other creature, unless it be man or the spirit of man.

Raphael's eyes began to wear the same evil expression that lurked within the eyes of his coadjutor. At last he mustered courage to ask:

"Were you a good-looking man when on earth?"

"When on earth!" mocked the monster. "What an innocent fool you are. Where am I now, if not on earth? I have never left it, my pal; been on the earth every moment of my time since that rascal ran me through with his rapier. On earth? Where do you suppose I am, if not on earth? I can't put an end to spiritual beings. There would be no pleasure for me off the earth—but you asked me if I were a good-looking man when I had an earthly

body. Well, really now, comrade, the more I look at you, the more I am convinced that I resembled you as much as one chestnut resembles another. If you call yourself good-looking, why, then perhaps you would have called me good-looking. You don't like my appearance quite as well now, do you, chucky?"

"Hardly," heavily breathed Raphael—"hardly."

"Well, now, it is just this way, partner: A spiritual being grows to look like that which it feeds upon. Bad for us, perhaps you may think; but I didn't make the law, therefore cannot be held responsible for it. If a man—for we are men just as much as we ever were, and a little more so—wants to possess the charming or hypnotic power of a snake and for the same purpose or worse, one can't blame the law which causes him to resemble that creature which he imitates. Some of your savants call it degeneracy. Well, we will not quarrel with them about terms. The spirit of a man resembles that which he loves and imitates. Now, these legs of mine are not bad when you find how powerful they are in the art of hypnotizing," and to emphasize his declaration, the monster raised his feet, which were the heads of the serpents, darted them forward with the snake movement of the two serpents his legs, rapidly ran in and out the fiery tongues, fixed the bright bead-like eyes intently on his victim as he said:

"How do you like that, my boy; how do you like that?"

"I would thank you to keep your distance."

"Better not give me much of your sauce," snarled the monster. "Those are legs to be proud of, in my opinion. I am sure you are trying to make yours look as near like them as you can. You might thank a fellow for helping you. Like attracts like, you know."

"Then if I keep on," said Raphael meditatively, "I shall look as you look now?"

"Well, yes; providing you become as expert. Why do you cast such reflections on my appearance? I find everything about me very useful to my purpose. When I desire to charm, or hypnotize anyone, I find my serpent legs just the things; and, as I don't need them for walking, what better use can I put them to when I wish to grasp and hold someone in my power? How about these claws? Just the things!" and the griffin worked his talons vigorously. "If I wish to tear my enemies, what more convenient than these tusks?" and he grinningly showed them from ear to ear. "Everything in nature has its use, and everything is adapted to its wants and desires. Yes; you may confidently expect to look just like me, given time enough, and opportunity."

CHAPTER XXI.

Horrible Monster Teaches Morality Without Knowing It.

"Well, now, the girl has stabbed O'Donnell. What more do you want of her?"

"Nothing," answered Raphael. "That settles our difficulty. She can retire to the moon, now, if it so pleases her. Vulgarly speaking, I have other fish to fry."

"Ah! I see. You mean wheat? Well, sir, I think you have tried and swallowed up all the little fish pretty effectually. That feeling gives a large mouth and maw," laughed the monster, gleefully, "and one needs plenty of good strong tusks to withstand the bones. The bones are the toughs, you know—the fighting opposers—those wretches who object to monopoly—those hard customers who fight against the cornering of wheat, and so forth. One must have strong teeth and a large maw to gobble them all up."

"Sir," said Raphael, "I don't know that I care to look like you, but I desire money and power more than anything else."

"Look here," said the monster, "Look at this." And to Raphael's surprise and perplexity, on the table, near the creature was a pile of gold wherein the value must have been told by millions.

"This is the stuff you want, is it?"

"It is," answered the young man.

"What will you do, pal, when you get here? You can have no use for it here."

Raphael looked a little crestfallen.

"Now, with hypnotism, which is spiritual power, it is different. That is something which you can use here."

"I need not trouble my head at present about what power I may wish to use in another life. One world at a time. That's my motto. I want money and power in the world in which I find myself now. When I get to the other world then I can look about me and choose what I may want."

"Well, partner, there's the rub," said the monster. "As you live in this world, so you will find yourself in the next. The more money and power you have, the more you will want. You grow by what you feed upon. You have already committed a murder, or rather, two; for you would let Juno Galeria hang, and you must think she will. You are already worse than a murderer, for you have caused the innocent to shed blood. You are already guilty of two murders; and for every ten dollars you possess, some poor woman, man or child has hungered for bread of which they have been robbed by the cornering of wheat. You have robbed at least a hundred thousand people. If, at your age, you have accomplished so much, how much more you will have accomplished at the age of sixty; by that time, if you live in your body so long, you will have more money and power than you can very well take care of, then comes the change, and presto! here you are! Think you'll look much better than I do by that time? Probably, through hypnotism, you will have committed more murders and crimes of various kinds than I ever did, and you will have robbed millions of people. Don't know as I should care to be found in your company by that time. Why, you fool! I shall be a beautiful angel compared to you. You think I am a hideous monster now; by that time I shall look down at you, and consider you worse than a hideous monster. Why, sir, my serpent legs will be beautiful compared to your crocodile claws. Why, sir, I would much rather look as I do now, and still retain a vestige of humanity, than to become a bloated crocodile swallowing everything which comes in its way. Would you like to degenerate into a crocodile, my fine lad? or would you like your spirit to look like a crocodile? If you would, keep right on and you'll get there. Money and power will make that of you sooner than anything else."

"Get out! you vile beast!" exclaimed Raphael. "I don't believe anything you say. If, through money and power, I rise to the surface in this world, why should not the same law hold good in the next? What have you got that heap of money by your side for if one cannot have it where you are?"

"O! This is an illusion," answered the monster. "See!" and he waved his hand through the heap from right to left. "This gold is simply an outgrowth from my own mind. I am obliged to pack it around with me wherever I go. I tell you it's a dead weight. You see it has made me pretty crooked already? I loved money as much as you do, sir. I had to take my love with me, when that rascal ran me through, and you'll have to take your loves with you, just the same. Now, this heap of gold is not of the slightest use to me here. It won't buy food, shelter, nor clothing. You notice that I have not much clothing about me, don't you? Can't buy a rag here; can't buy a house to live in; can't buy the slightest shelter of any kind. Can't buy a bite to eat; no, not if you were starving. So, what's one's money good for?"

"Well, of course," replied Raphael, who found himself talking now quite familiarly with the spiritual monster. "A spirit doesn't want or need anything to eat or drink; and I am sure I don't see why you need shelter or clothing?"

"Well, now, that's fine!" said the monster. "You're quite a reasonable chap! What do you want such things for then?"

(To Be Continued.)

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Letter from Rev. G. C. Love.

To the Editor:—I am not dead, neither am I sleeping, but simply awaiting a change in conditions that have been a hindrance to the work I should be doing in the cause of truth.

On my second trip to Chicago, owing to climatic changes over which I had no control, or I would have introduced some of the rains that made Oregon noted as a "wet foot" community, and by which cognomen we are commonly known. Instead of a climate away from zero, I was compelled to return to my home. In the near future I expect to rally forth again, not in search of glory or fame, but in the cause of truth, and in endeavor to assist in breaking the chains of bondage that have so long hindered the cause of humanity and the manifestations of the love of God, and inside the well-kept death, but which is reality, the entrance to life eternal.

What a blessing it is to realize that we live on and on with all the freedom of thought given in truth to our spiritual existence or counterpart of our material bodies. No power on earth can hinder the freedom of thought, try as they will, and no power is yet known that can imprison the spirit of man, and thus prevent its return to loved ones when conditions are harmonious. "Free as the winds," is he who is born of the spirit, or in other words has come out of his material conditions into the glories and privileges of the spirit world.

I hope soon to enter again the strife, and labor of love, in this unequal struggle of justice against preterit and churchianity (not Christianity) that has in the past, and is now, warping the minds of the people into channels adverse to the cause of truth and eternal progress.

Truly the harvest is great, but the laborers, if few, are increasing in numbers, and I trust the angels will ever sustain the good and true.

Oregon. **REV. G. C. LOVE.**

PASSING OF A SOUL.

Mr. Charles A. Tibbett, a native of Concord, New Hampshire, aged 59 years, and for many years a resident of Chicago, died at his home, 3449 Cottage Grove avenue, on November 20, after a short illness from pneumonia.

Mr. Tibbett was well known to a large number of Spiritualists in Chicago and the East, of which beautiful religion he has long been an earnest advocate, and of which he had full knowledge. To those who were in constant attendance upon him during his illness he expressed joy at his approaching dissolution, and awaited the messenger called death as a bridegroom, with the love of one. Among those in attendance was Mrs. Nellie Gates, an honest student in researches after the great truths that lie within reach of every soul, and to her was granted the privilege of witnessing the so-called "death" of a Spiritualist. She states that as the moment of dissolution arrived, a great light appeared over the head of Mr. Tibbett, completely blinding her, and covering the little form upon the couch, and as it lifted away, a tiny star appeared on the breast of the immaterial form, and it floated upward into space, and when she again looked into the face of her friend, death had set its seal upon it and he had passed into the great beyond.

Owing to the absence of Mr. Tibbett's family, and the final removal of his body to New Hampshire, the memorial services were held at Kenwood Hall, on Sunday afternoon, December 4, when the body had been taken. A large circle of friends filled the hall, and the services were opened by Rev. G. V. Cordingley. After appropriate songs had been rendered, Mrs. Dr. E. N. Warner read the beautiful poem entitled "The Everlasting Memorial."

"Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home
In the sun;
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done."

My name and my place, and my tomb
All forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run;
So let me steal away, peacefully,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won,
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life—a thing felt, but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from
Are closed up and gone;
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs then the praise of the love-written record
The name and the epitaph graven on the stone?
The things we have lived for—let them be our story,
We ourselves, but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved slowly on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed in its season;
I shall be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed if another succeeded me
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper;
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken—
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truths I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying.
So let my name lie unblazoned, unknown,
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered
Yes, but remembered by what I have done."

Mrs. Warner followed the reading of this poem with an earnest address to the assembly, in which she recalled the many kindly acts of the deceased, and his honest, patient effort to spread the gospel of Spiritualism, and the assertion often made by him that he knew the truth; that to him there was no doubt of the constant guidance of spirit friends, who controlled him at will; that his life had been one of charity and love, proof of which rested in the expression of many women and children in Chicago who had subsisted upon his bounty.

Other speakers, among them Dr. Temple, Mrs. Irene Dobson, Mrs. Coverdale and Mrs. Nellie Gates, each expressed the belief that their friend and brother had not died, but had passed into another condition, to be strengthened, to be freed, and an extemporaneous poem was delivered by Mrs. Gates (under control) as she stepped upon the platform to dismiss the assembly.

N. K.

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

[Obituaries to the extent of ten lines only will be inserted free.]

Shepherd Barnes, who was born in the State of Maine, January 28, 1818, and came to Oregon about seventeen years ago, died at his home near Beaverton, where he made his home until his departure into the realm of spirit. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. G. C. Love, November 10, 1898.

Sarah Jane Collins entered the spirit world November 28, at the age of 73 years and 4 days. She was born in Belmont, county, Ohio, November 24, 1825, came to Oregon in 1895. Funeral services by Rev. G. C. Love, November 29, 1898.

Passed to spirit-life, Nov. 28, 1898, at the residence of his only daughter, Mrs. Parsons, of Coldwater, Mich., Mr. Jerome Messenger, aged 91 years. Mr. Messenger had been a staunch Spiritualist for forty years. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. Mrs. Anna L. Robinson gave the funeral address.

Passed to spirit-life, Nov. 26, at Lisbon, Miss Jane D. Phelps, aged 38 years. An invalid all her life, the

change was indeed a happy one to the patient sufferer, who has so unconsciously borne the burden of blindness and a weak, crippled body.

Mrs. Anna L. Robinson spoke from the subject "We Shall See Face to Face." A. L. R.

Mrs. Mary Davidson passed to a higher expression of life, from her home at Versailles, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1898, at the ripe old age of 88 years. Hers was a lovely nature; calm and serene in all her deportment of life, and many years she had been deprived of the glories of the physical world through defective sight and hearing, but through the ministrations of a devoted daughter, Miss Flora Davidson, the contents of "The Progressive Thinker," her favorite paper, were communicated to her. One son also survives her. The funeral was held at her home, Nov. 23, conducted by the writer.

CLARA WATSON.

Minor T. Wickham passed from the earth to the higher life November 23, 1898, aged 61 years. All his life till about three years ago he was extremely materialistic or agnostic. He was converted to Spiritualism through the mediumship of Mrs. Hibbits, of Munster, Ind., who often visited our town. Mrs. Carrie Fuller Weatherford, of Columbus, Ohio, a very interesting speaker, delivered the funeral address, which was held in the Church of Christ, in my recollection there never was a larger attendance at a funeral in Findlay. Many who knew little of Spiritualism, after listening to that address, said Spiritualism afforded more consolation than any other religion. Many express a desire for more of it.

Findlay, Ohio. L. L. BAIN.

Sunday Spiritualist Meetings in Chicago.

West Side Spiritual Society meets at No. 46 South Ada street at 8 p. m.

Church of the Star of Truth, Wicker Park Hall, No. 501 West North avenue. Services at 7:45 p. m., conducted by Mr. and Mrs. William Lindsey.

The Englewood Spiritual Society meets every Sunday in Hopkins hall, 625 W. 38th street, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

The First Spiritual Society of the South Side, No. 77 Thirty-first street, will hold meetings at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., each Sunday, beginning October 2, 1898. Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, pastor.

The Progressive Spiritual Church, G. V. Cordingley, pastor, room 409 Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street. Services at 7:30 p. m.

The Gross Park Spiritualist Society holds meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Gross Park Hall, Wood and Melrose streets, opposite Gross Park Depot.

The First Society of Rosicrucians, J. C. F. Grumblin, permanent speaker, meets in their conference room, 810 Masonic Temple Building, every Sunday at 10:45 a. m., and 7:45 p. m.

The Second Spiritual Society of the South Side, in Van Buren's opera house, Madison street and California avenue, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock and 7:30 in the evening. Good speakers and mediums will be present.

The Church of the Soul will hold union services of Sunday school and church, each Sunday morning, in Room 608 Handel Hall, No. 40 Randolph street. Church services at 11:30.

The Christian Spiritualist Society holds meetings in Hygeia Hall, Washington boulevard and Paulina street, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Miss Sarah Thomas conducts the services.

Band of Harmony, auxiliary to the Church of the Soul, meets at Handel Hall Building, 40 Randolph street, every Sunday morning, at 10:45 a. m., the month, beginning afternoons at three o'clock. The ladies bring lunches; supper at six o'clock. Tea and coffee served.

The Lake View Spiritualist Union meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 in Wells Hall, 1629 Clark street, corner Fletcher street. Meetings conducted by Mrs. Wickham and wife, assisted by other mediums and speakers. All friends and members are invited.

Sanctuary of the Soul meets Sunday evenings in Washington Hall, 490 Washington boulevard, at 7:30. Discourse, tests and phenomena. Mrs. L. A. Roberts, pastor, assisted by other good mediums.

Spiritualist Church Students of National Union hold every Sunday evening at 7:30 at Arlington Hall, 3032 Indiana avenue, corner 31st street. Mrs. M. Summers, pastor.

Dr. J. M. Temple will hold meetings every Sunday at 4:00 Cottage Grove avenue. 2:20, conference. 7:30 p. m., lecture and tests.

Spiritual Endeavor Society, meets at No. 1 South Hoyne avenue, near Lake, at 8 p. m. Sarah E. Brownell, pastor.

Church of Unity. Services every Sunday at 7:45 p. m. at Sukup's hall, south-west corner Milwaukee street and Robey street. Max Hoffmann, pastor. Reached by the Milwaukee avenue cable, Robey and North avenue electric cars, Logan Square and Humboldt Park trains on Metropolitan elevated to Robey street.

The Society for Spiritual Culture will hold services each Sunday at 8 p. m., in Brundell's Hall, 11 North State street, corner of Randolph and Ada streets. Mrs. Annie McD. Gillette (formerly Mrs. Annie Wagner) medium; Paul S. Gillette, pastor.

Send in notice of meetings held on Sunday at public halls.

We cannot keep a standing notice of meetings and closes held at private residences. We have not space for that purpose.

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N. B.—The above advertisement is for the benefit of suffering humanity, and if you know of any one who is sick, and who is troubled by the above, and I may convince them of the truth of spirit return. 470

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