

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.

An Interesting Account of a Medium of World-Wide Reputation.

One Who, the New York Papers Said, Had Been Taken To a Charitable Institution.

The writer of this memoir, holding a brief before that great court of appeals—public opinion, is called upon to enter two denunciations—first, that he is not a pronounced Spiritualist, although he has passed many milestones in a journey of observation and survey on the road to that goal; second, in calling witnesses and furnishing evidence for his client, he disclaims any desire to act unfavorably to other mediums, either by comparison or oversight.

Mediums appear to be classified—each belonging to a particular genus—in accordance with their various organizations. In the presence of some, notably such as Mr. D. D. Home, material objects play outrageous pranks with the laws of nature, as at present but little understood; with others, oratorical sublimity, which pales their known natural powers, indicates a strong abnormal influence that philosophy has yet failed to explain, unless the spiritual theory be accepted; while a class, one which appears stamped with greater importance, and courts most admiration, is that of clairvoyance, which entombs the treasures of the past, lays bare the seemingly secret acts and utterances and even thoughts of living men and women of the present time, and reaches, as by a mental telescope, into what may not be untruthfully termed "the memory of the future." Whether this "clairvoyance" be a subtle and keen faculty or instinct, entirely dependent upon, or an actual communion with departed spirits, is a problem yet unsolved by me, but two points may be safely conceded as the outcome of a close investigation, viz., the process is real, and clear of the region of conjecture; also, the odds are heavily in favor of the spiritual hypothesis. To comprehend the process as either "reflex action of the mind," "reflexion as by a mental mirror," "conclusion with personal friends," or "unconscious cerebration," all appear to demand a greater contention of the human mind than does that of swallowing holms-bolus the whole black draught against which I have been making my faces for years.

The subject of this sketch was born of highly respectable parents at Boston, Mass., in 1846. Her parents, who were rigid disciplinarians in the Roman Catholic religion, strict in the faith and example placed her in a convent school in Montreal, Canada, that of Notre Dame, for five years, and afterwards at the convent of St. Vincent de Paul, Boston, for two years. After these seven years of preparatory training in the faith of her parents, her secular education was more specially provided for, in a grammar school, following which, in her fourteenth year, she returned to the bosom of her family at Boston. In her childhood she was timid, nervous and sensitive; she was afraid of being left in the dark, and occasionally woke up in the night saying that the bed-clothes were being pulled from off her—a phenomenon common to many others who claim mediumistic powers. This was attributed to weak nerves; the idea of the supernatural was never associated with it. Spiritualism had never entered into her catalogue of articles of faith until she had passed her twentieth year. She has traveled all over the States of America, puzzling, dealing and non-scientific people, and public affairs of thousands of families, tried by a court of her own country and honorably acquitted, and has "won golden opinions" of all sorts of people. In charity she has been as beneficent as in business private. Many of her public sittings have been given for benevolent purposes, the whole of the proceeds being devoted to the relief of the poor and the unfortunate.

Although at one time a denouncer of alleged spiritual phenomena, she has been woven into the spiritual fabric according to her former convictions and inclinations. While at an evening party, she was induced, along with others, to place her hands on a table, when she speedily became influenced, although not after the ordinary pattern through the waiting or vagarious movements of the table, neither by raps nor similar fantastic evasions of what is understood as material law. She gradually fell into a kind of stupor, which soon manifested itself into a state of trance, her face exhibiting indications of hysteria for a time, then subsiding; a state of apparent coma ensued, in which somnolent condition, as reported by the guests then present, she revealed a number of the private affairs of her family, and referred to circumstances attending her birth, which affairs and circumstances were hitherto as a sealed book, except to a privileged few. Her parents gave no favor to the new order of things, but left her the liberty, due at her age, and her advanced knowledge, to follow her own bent. Naturally, the first burst of information as to her magnetic sleep, as told by her friends, roused a strong desire to know more of the fascinating science to which she had hitherto been a stranger, and in the land of which she had not formerly even desired to be a pilgrim and sojourner. The edge of the wedge had been driven; a stronger and bolder stroke soon followed; experiment succeeded experiment, and Lottie Fowler was frequently found to be "beside herself" under certain conditions. She yielded to the "influence," whatever that may mean, with the greatest of ease, and while under "control," on one occasion, she told the company present that there was an Elsie in the room, following which statement she stepped up to gentleman who wore a wig, knocked off his

habeas corpus; and the lady quickly complied, arranged her toilet, and offered herself up a legal sacrifice. She remained but a few hours in this grim purgatory before a highly-reputed lunary of the Bridgport bar was sent for, who undertook the conduct of her case, and after a short consultation became surety for her appearance at the trial, and she was at once liberated on bail.

The case was called on the next morning, and then adjourned, on its being resumed, Judge Bullock presided, Col. Sumner and Mr. R. O. DeForest appeared for the prosecution, and Messrs. Sandford and Stoddard for the defense. Crowds of interested spectators eagerly watched the case, which intended day by day as it proceeded. The defendant was allowed a sent in court, attired in neat but handsome black attire, and decked with more than the average amount of jewelry, her pleasing and interesting countenance, coupled with the most intrepid confidence in the honor and uprightness of her position, provoked considerable admiration and sympathy in court. To charge such a lady with this contemptible offense, as though she had been a common adventuress, prompted the feeling that the dormant Blue Laws of Connecticut were being raked out of their musty and dusty lumber regions, to be strained, warped, twisted, and contorted with the most ignoble intentions. The battle question turned on the point of the defendant's ingeniousness. Had she palmed statements on her clients for the mere purpose of obtaining fees, and hazarded the probability of those statements being verified, or had she acted according to a well-founded theory, which had been proved to be beyond the region of guesswork? For the prosecution, no less than fourteen witnesses, chiefly girls employed at the cartridge factory, were pressed by their employers into the service, to prove that they had received statements respecting their past

from her garment." One gentleman even offered five dollars for the chair which she occupied in court, and offers of marriage by well-to-do swains were among the many outcroppings of this extraordinary case. An acquisition of business naturally followed, and the fair medium's clientele has since included large numbers of the aristocracy, the nobility and even Royalty itself, in this country. Indeed, the "upper ten" are prominent among the many thousands who have wooed and won extraordinary unrivaled of their many difficulties of the past and present, to say nothing of hints in which they have been enabled to watch the unfolding of futurity, although Miss Fowler distinctly avoided a guarantee of prophecy as a feature in her programme. Hundreds of instances might be quoted of revelations quite as remarkable as the Bridgport explosion—among others, the recovery of the Prince of Wales, at the time of his illness, which prediction, as well as that of the groom's approaching death, was forwarded to Sandringham; but as we have them from secondary and tertiary sources, I shall be content to quote simply my own experience.

On the philosophy of Spiritualism, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not an avowed believer; on the facts, the phenomena, as indicated by the tenor of this article, whether they are to be interpreted by some hitherto unknown science, by any of the multitude of explanations or isms which have been heaped up inconspicuously, or by the wider solvent, Spiritualism, I have not room to doubt. A virulent disclaimer against the system, I entered the domain of investigation, under pressure from an enthusiastic friend—a believer and an honest man—my determination being to "smash up the so-called science." Among other mediums whose subtle process I undertook to unravel, was Lottie Fowler, the clairvoyant. As her vis-a-vis for an hour, I listened to an interesting verbal unfolding of the

soldier. "I can not accept this," said the lady. "I can not do anything satisfactory unless the person concerned be present. Will you be good enough to get the order cashed, and take out another in the name of the sender, when you are in the city, that I may send him his money back?" This, I consider, was a wise and otherwise philosophical or delusive, the fiery orator who shakes the drawing-room, the pulpit or the lecture-room, has been powerless to shake it down. Spiritualism has been kicked and cuffed, pelted with unsavory eggs, and dragged unpleasantly through the mud, notwithstanding which it lives and flourishes like a green bay-tree.

After a successful tour through the United States, Miss Fowler visited Europe. Arriving at Liverpool, from Baltimore, she came on to London—a stranger and sojourner—in 1871, having but one person to whom she had the means of introduction—Mr. James Burns, the editor of the Medium. With-out friends or clients she stood alone, and her first public act was to give a séance for the benefit of a poor man who had not the means of burying his deceased daughter, the result of which was the acquisition of about £6 for that charitable cause. Various séances were then held at the houses of several of the elite believers in Spiritualism. Many members of highly aristocratic families both English and foreign—and several of royal blood, repeatedly visited her for consultation.

For a variety of reasons, Miss Fowler declined to hold public circles for business purposes, nor would she have more than one person, properly announced, to sit with her at once. By adopting this practice she avoided any cross influences which an antagonistic mind might produce, prevented the exhausting of herself, and thus secured a more accurate and reliable test of her own powers, besides ensuring strict privacy in the affairs of her clients. The last-mentioned is of great importance, and is the more satisfactory for the fact that on waking to her natural condition she was utterly ignorant of anything she uttered while under control—a truth which every after fact has only too fully believed in Spiritualism or not.

The lady has traveled far and wide, through England, Scotland and America, and at this writing (1874) is in England for the second time, her residence at 21 Princes street, Hanover Square, London. She afterwards traveled through Holland, France, Belgium, Austria, etc., to which countries she had invitations from various families of the nobility and gentry. SCRIBO.

Lake Pleasant Camp, Mass.

Cottages are well let, real estate is returning to its value, and all is well at the home of the New England Spiritualists.

Bradley Newell, a child of nature, an honest man, has recently been with us. At present this noted healer is conducting a stock farm at Rowe, Mass. Sincerity and soundness of character are evident in his countenance. He attracts and holds his audiences not by eloquent orations, but by his honest statements, made with no attempt to gain for himself fame. His work has been at the camp the work of a great big good-natured older brother ministering unto the weaker members of the family. No person has visited this camp for a long time who has done a better work.

Clara Field Conant, one of the early pioneer speakers, was tendered recently a pretty birthday party. F. B. Woodbury was master of ceremonies and introduced a large number of her associates, who made speeches, and rendered music appropriate for the occasion. Refreshments were served and a general good time was the result.

These receptions to some of the early workers, and which the tributes paid are only what has been well-earned. Many of them were reformers in the days when to name the name of Spiritualism meant the wrath of the community centered upon one individual.

The annual conferences will soon begin. These often prove the most interesting of meetings. Varied topics are discussed and many opinions expressed, but all depart from the temple on the hill with kindly feelings toward each other.

More and more Lake Pleasant is becoming a great spiritual Chautauqua.

More and more the liberal element realize that to play on one string all the time will make a camp-meeting very dull. So it is well that an amusement society has been organized here to co-operate with the New England Camp-meeting Association.

Ira Moore Courless, pastor of the Church of Divine Fraternity, Brooklyn, N. Y., is daily expected to arrive. He has achieved well-merited success. His society is only another case of support because of the spiritual character of his meetings, good music and surroundings. Lake Pleasant never looked more attractive. The pine-laden air brings healthful appetites and sweet sleep. Bitters or sleeping powders are unnecessary. FRANKLIN.

A California Camp Meeting.

While many States have camp-meeting grounds favorably known abroad, where annual camp-meetings are held, California cannot boast of such a permanent institution. This true that many noted and successful local camp-meetings have been held; I am not aware that any permanent grounds for annual State convocations of the camp-meeting order have been established. There is no reason in the world why Los Angeles should not step to the front and establish such an annual institution.

This city has facilities which would be a guarantee for successfully carrying out such a project. It is the Mecca for Spiritualists in this city, and they are to be found in great number in all the cities and towns of Southern California, wherein the philosophy of Spiritualism is being taught, and circles and societies are well attended. A movement has now been started in this city, that I believe will develop an interest in Spiritualism, and which may result in

the establishment of permanent camp-meeting grounds for the annual gathering of Spiritualists; as other States have and boast of.

The Harmonial Spiritualists' Association of Los Angeles has a thriving organization, having a membership of intelligent, progressive and aggressive souls. It has heretofore in its infancy held a camp-meeting; but now, as it has grown older and stronger, it aspires to greater things. An executive committee, constituted from the officers of the association, has taken upon itself the duties and responsibility of holding a camp-meeting this year, in one of the prettiest groves within the limits of the city. A model camp-meeting ground it is too, it is fitted up with pavilions, booths, arbors, and two large buildings for hotel purposes. There are water fountains, electric lights, etc. At least \$10,000 have been expended in laying out and fitting up the grounds. The grove has been hired for the month of September, and arrangements are being perfected for a grand camp-meeting. We have lots of good talent in California, but we would like to sandwich in a few Eastern speakers, so if there are any lecturers anywhere in the East who would like to come over the Rockies and enjoy a month with us, will they be so kind as to put themselves in correspondence with the undersigned, and possibly satisfactory arrangements can be made.

This project is not a mushroom one; it has a financial backing, with the best of success. Talent, mediumship and character must be the passports to recognition and engagement.

J. D. GRIFFITH,
Sec'y Harmonial Spiritualists' Ass'n,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Watertown Camp Meeting, N. Y.

The camp-meeting conducted by the First Progressive Spiritual Society of Watertown, N. Y., and held at Glen Park, June 17 to 25, was a success in every particular. All expenses incurred for its management were nicely cleared with the gate receipts, while enough good cannot be said of the general impression left with the public.

None but the most earnest and competent speakers and mediums took part in the service, with the result that their work is being felt all over Northern New York, the most favorable accounts of which reach us every day. The attendance was large, some days reaching 1,700. Not a day passed but that a number of orthodox ministers could be seen in the audience, listening with the greatest of heart to the general impression left with the public.

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MISS LOTTIE FOWLER, AN OLD-TIME MEDIUM.



MISS LOTTIE FOWLER was at one time prominently before the people as a most remarkable medium, as attested by the writer of the article which appears on this page. Finally, in her advanced age, unable to do the work of a medium, she was consigned to a charitable institution, no effort apparently being made by the Spiritualists of New York to render her condition more comfortable.

"Rattle her bones over the stones, It is only a pauper whom nobody owns."

When will Spiritualists learn that their religion will become a skeleton unless accompanied with philanthropic deeds; unless the deserving mediums and lecturers can be made as comfortable as sickness and declining strength will permit without the humiliation of being classed as common paupers.

and current histories, and also predictions as to an explosion to occur in the factory.

In each case it was admitted that the oracle was delivered in a condition of trance, and not in the normal condition of the medium. The aim of the defense will be apparent to the reader. After traversing the evidence for the prosecution, expert witnesses were called to prove the meaning of the term "clairvoyant," the distinction between a medium who spoke that which was conveyed through her organism by external influences, and the ordinary persons who guessed at prophecy without having any other basis than the squeezing of fees from confiding clients. It was shown that believers in Spiritualism included several millions of people in all classes of society, that mediums and clairvoyants were estimated to number 50,000 in America, and that the practice of genuine clairvoyance was as legitimate a calling as that of any other belief in science or religion. Numerous evidences of the genuineness of prophecies were given, and the verdict of the court was for the acquittal of the defendant without a stain upon her reputation. The excitement and enthusiasm of the inhabitants were equal to that of a local jubilee rejoicing over some great national success, and the fever of joy spread far and wide, giving newspapers a sensational theme. Loud applause in court was followed by Miss Fowler being seized bodily by the people, and the placing of her in a carriage, in which she was conveyed to her hotel—the Atlantic—by a pair of "spanking bays," accompanied by shouts of almost frantic delight. So much had she ingrained herself in the hearts of the public that several people snatched at her dress as though they counted it a honor and pleasure to "touch even the

panorama of the leading events of a varied and checked life, an accurate delineation of my own family relationships, and who—a mirror of my eventual career—reminders of curious events which had escaped my memory for many years, an exposition of several problems unknown to any living person except myself. In reference to the past, events which had escaped memory clustered on her lips thick as stars in the firmament; she read the mystic chart, and traced me through the tangled ways, seeming to say, a la Promethee:

"All thou wouldst learn I will make clear to thee; No riddle upon thy lips; but such straight words As friends should use to each other when they talk."

At the second consultation, I was informed of changes which had ensued since my first visit, and a delineation of some of my own efforts in a particular business which I had never revealed beyond the precincts of my own bosom; and my identity and circumstances had never been made known to the lady, nor would I give her a scrap of information on which she could build a single theory—in fact, her delivery of the whole story was unprompted by me even by a single intimation. Her simple process is to give way to control, after which she declares her observations of phantom friends, treading with muffled steps, who furnish her with material for revelation. I have made several other visits. To Miss Fowler's credit and honor, I feel bound to make a statement at this stage, even at the risk of incurring her disapproval for making the fact public. On one occasion, when I was present, a letter arrived, enclosing a post-office order for a guinea, along with a list of questions on which advice was

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THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Its Conditions and Its Avocations.

To the Editor:—Some years ago I called upon Mrs. Eldridge (writing medium). My call was on business matters and unexpected by her. While talking we were interrupted by raps on a table which stood on the further side of the room. Mrs. E. asked: "Is it a friend of Mr. Young?" Three raps answered, yes. We went and sat at the table. I took up the slate, saw that it was perfectly clean, and passed it under the table. Mrs. E. placed one hand on the table which I covered with my left hand, still holding the slate with the right, while she held the other corner. I pressed the slate up against the under side of the table. There was no pencil on the slate, but soon the noise of writing was heard; three raps were given and on removing the slate the following communication was found which I copied at once:

JAS. H. YOUNG.

COMMUNICATION.

My Dear Friend:—I have been with you, and in your home much of the time since I passed to spirit life; and with the help of other friends have tried to make your path in earth life easier. Had you not realized our presence? Read assured that we will still work to help you, and through you to help humanity at large. A portion of my time is spent among my flowers, of which I had the finest variety; finer than any other garden in my neighborhood. I take greater pride in cultivating and increasing the varieties of my flowers than I did in earth-life. My father and my four sons are with me in my spirit home, and I also have another companion, one who sympathizes with my love for flowers, and their more beautiful arrangement in my garden beds. Our home is of brown granite, built and arranged according to our tastes, with rooms decorated to suit each member of the family and spare rooms for the accommodation of callers and friends. In fact, we have everything we can wish for or desire, even to the full extent of our capacity for enjoyment. Your life is made up of shadows, ours is the real. At times I almost forget that I ever lived in the body, for when in my garden among the flowers, I forget that I ever lived on earth; it doesn't seem real. Present happiness makes me forget past associations, especially when they had not been congenial. A beautiful river runs at the rear of our garden; it is called the Welcome River. I will write a poem (or song) through your hand on that subject which you can publish, as many of my old friends would hear from me.

Your friend, N. E. FOLGER.

A short time after this, at our own home, using my hand, he wrote:

THE WELCOME RIVER.

(Air, Swanee River.)
There is a land of light and glory,
Beyond the sky;
Of which we cannot learn the story,
Before on earth we die.
This land is near, nor is it transient,
Spirits dwell there,
All "over there" is real, substantial,
The homes and dress they wear.
Chorus:—
On this earth 'tis dark and dreary
Everywhere we roam;
While off the soul grows sad and weary
Longing for its spirit home.
There, near the banks of Welcome
River
Our loved ones roam;
Where Truth's pure light is shining
ever,
They've found their spirit home.
Around these homes are fruits and flowers;
There music dwells;
Love ever reigns in beauty's bowers—
Dwells in her sylvan dells.
There are fine lawns and crystal
fountains
Where waters glow;
Hills, valleys, nooks and sun-capped
mountains,
From whence pure streamlets flow.
On hillside, or adown the valley
Are many homes,
While in the mansion friends can tarry,
When from the earth they come.
All o'er the fields God's creatures wander
in liberty;
While never-ceasing songs of wonder
Are sung from tree to tree.
For bird and beast, the tame and wild
ones,
All are there found,
While rivers, lakes and seas and oceans
With living forms abound.
There is no care, no grief, nor sadness—
All is serene;
O'er all is peace and joy and gladness—
Love rules o'er all the scene.
Within each of the happy circle,
They meet and sing,
And gather 'neath the sacred myrtle
To praise our God and King.
N. C. F.

At another home sitting he wrote:
I was a strong healing medium, and should have permitted my controlling influences to use me to benefit humanity. But pride, the want of sympathy in my home surroundings, the objections, and the desire on my part not run contrary to the wishes of my family and friends, and probably, above all, the loss of caste that would ensue on account of the want of respectability and popular standing of Spiritualism and individual Spiritualists in the South, deterred me from doing my true work. I now find that which I left undone must be accomplished before I can progress to higher states. I have learned that sins of omission demand compensation as fully as those of commission. No one can avoid a plain duty without at the same time assuming the responsibility thereof. Hence my principal earth work is in connection with others, to assist in developing mediums, and through those thus developed, and others whom I can control, do the earth duties I left undone.
"Is true that I have a beautiful home in the third sphere, fully suited to my present capacity for enjoyment, but I have that within that aspires to higher states and still more beautiful surroundings. But how can they be attained? Only by completing my earth work and doing that which I left undone, aiding all whom I can approach on earth, or in the first sphere, either in person or by the aid of the band of friends to which I can for the time become attached.
My love for Nature and her works, her trees and her flowers, her birds and the animal creation, and all creatures of the All Father's care, and my inward desire (though unfulfilled) to help humanity and do what good I could in my limited way, gave me the home I now enjoy. My sons had gone on before, and with other near and dear ones aided

A POET'S THOUGHTS.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Belief in Spiritualism.

In the two volumes containing a sketch of the life of, and the letters written to various friends by that great-souled poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, are many references to spiritual phenomena, giving indubitable evidence of her belief in Spiritualism. From the time she first heard of the Rochester knockings she was deeply interested in the subject, and although she had never any personal acknowledged experience of the phenomena save as an onlooker with David Home as the medium, yet she soon became convinced that Spiritualism offered the most reasonable and conclusive theory and explanation of man's being and destiny that has been so far given. She lived so much the life of the spirit while still inhabiting her frail body that she could not well avoid accepting the truth when it was shown to her. She once wrote to a friend: "You know I am rather of a visionary, and inclined to knock round at all the doors of the present world to try to get out."

It should interest Spiritualists in general to know what a woman of so noble a nature, whose fame is as world-wide as that of her poet husband, has testified in regard to their faith, and so I send you the following extracts from her letters, concerning the subject. This testimony was given, it should be remembered, in spite of the avowed disbelief of her beloved husband, Robert Browning, who not only disbelieved but in one of his poems held Spiritualism up to public ridicule because he was disgusted at having encountered fraud among mediums. Yet his was a truly spiritual nature and he believed in the higher life of the spirit and continuity of man's existence beyond the earthly vision, though doubting the possibility of communication between the seen and unseen. This is shown in what he says in "Clean," for instance:

"I dare at times imagine to my need
Some future state, revealed to us by
Zeus,
Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this is in desire for joy—
To see which, the joy—hunger forces us.
That stung by straitness of our life,
made strait
On purpose to make prized the life at large—
Forced by the throbbing impulse we
call death,
We burst there, as the worm into the
fly,
Who while a worm still, wants his
wings."

In 1852 Mrs. Browning writes to Isa Blagden: "Do you American friends write ever to you about the rapping spirits? I hear, and would hear much of them. It is said that at least 15,000 persons in America of all classes and societies are mediums, as the term is." Vol. 2, p. 90, Letters of Mrs. Browning.

"Profane or not, I am resolved on getting as near a solution of the spirit question as I can, and I don't believe in the least risk of profanity, seeing that whatever is, must be permitted; and that the contemplation of whatever is must be permitted also, where the intuitions are pure and reverent. I can discern no more danger in psychology than in mineralogy, only intensely a greater interest."—p. 104.

"Why do we make such a fuss about spirits? Why are our communications chiefly trivial? Why, because we ourselves are trivial, and don't have serious souls and holy aspirations to the spirits who are waiting for these things. Spirit comes to spirit by affinity, says Swedenborg."—p. 137.

"It strikes me that we are on the verge of great developments of the spiritual nature, and that in a philosophical point of view (apart from ulterior ends) the facts are worthy of all admiration, and meditation."—p. 146.

"We have to learn—we in the body—that death does not take all things. Death is simply an accident. Foolish Jack Smith who died on Monday, is, on Tuesday, still foolish Jack Smith. If people who on Monday scorned his opinions prudently, will on Tuesday receive his least words as oracles, they very naturally may go mad, or at least do something as foolish as their inspirer is."—p. 157.

"But this world is a fragment—or rather a segment—and it will be rounded presently to the complete satisfaction. Not to doubt that is the greatest blessing it gives now. Death is as vain as life; the common impression of it, as false and as absurd. A mere change of conditions. What more? And how near these spirits are, how conscious, how full of active energy and tender reminiscences and interest, who shall doubt. For myself, I do not doubt at all. If I did, I should be sitting here inexpressibly sad for myself, not you. To comfort a mourner."—p. 235.

"I never could consent to receive my theology—or any other species of guidance, in fact—from the 'spirits' so-called. I have no more confidence, apart from my own conscience and discretionary selection, in spirits out of the body than in those embodied."

"As to the supernatural, if you mean by that the miraculous, the suspension of natural law. I certainly believe in it, and have no more than you do. What happens, happens according to a natural law, the development of which only becomes fuller and more observable."—p. 247.

"If illness suppresses in us a few sources of pleasure, it leaves the real life open to influences and keen-sighted to facts which are as surely natural as the fly's wing, though we are apt to consider it vaguely as 'supernatural.'"—p. 289.

"The life here is only half the apple—cut out of the apple. I should say, merely meant to suggest the perfect round of fruit—and there is in the world now, I can testify to you, scientific proof that what we call death is a mere change of circumstances, a change of dress, a mere breaking of the outside shell and husk."—p. 289.

"What would this life be, dear Mr. Ruskin, if it had not eternal relations? For my part, if I did not believe so, I should lay my head down and die. Nothing would be worth the certainty of it. What would that mean? 'The end' and what I myself call a 'realist,' because I consider that every step of the foot, or stroke of the pen here, has some real connection with and result in the hereafter."—p. 299.

"Souls are stronger than bodies always."—p. 318.

"I wish to live just as long and no longer than to grow in the soul."—411.

"Swedenborg directs you to give no more weight to what is said by a spirit-man than by a man in the body."

"We have to learn—we in the body—that death does not take all things. Death is simply an accident. Foolish Jack Smith who died on Monday, is, on Tuesday, still foolish Jack Smith. If people who on Monday scorned his opinions prudently, will on Tuesday receive his least words as oracles, they very naturally may go mad, or at least do something as foolish as their inspirer is."—p. 157.

THE HOME GIRL.

With the seeds of the future in the hands of the present.

With the seeds of the future in the hands of the present, Nature has planted the seeds of this great longing, and it indicates a truth which is a comfort and solace to those who receive it—a truth which is embodied in Spiritualism.

How shall these unworldly ones be comforted, convinced and satisfied of this truth? Will they come to the faithful seeker who quietly and patiently uses the home circle, JAS. C. UNDERHILL, Hammond, Ind.

To some the response is quick and clear; some, on account of various hindrances, must continue a longer time before securing satisfactory results. But the way is open to all, without money and without price, and the reward will come to the faithful seeker who quietly and patiently uses the home circle, JAS. C. UNDERHILL, Hammond, Ind.

I will say in regard to Spiritualism, that we have just barely begun in this wonderful good work. There is so much to be done, so much for us all to think of, that there is no time to take away. We began about twenty months ago. We commenced with home sittings and have had good success, are very well pleased with results. My husband is developing as a healer and I will soon be developed as a trumpet medium. My advice to every one wishing to investigate Spiritualism is to commence in their own homes, then when they get anything they know that it is the pure and solid truth. The best mediums we have ever had in our home are Mr. W. E. Hart and Mr. E. E. Parker, of Richmond, Ind. Will recommend Mr. Hart very highly to any one that wishes a medium to help them in their development. These two we have tried and know that they are the genuine, and that is what the honest people are searching for. We must have the truth and nothing but the truth. Fraud is what is keeping the cause down. A way with frauds! I will bring my letters to a close, hoping that the few seeds that I have tried to scatter will find a place somewhere. Let the light shine brighter and let the good work go on, are my best wishes to all who read The Progressive Thinker.

MRS. MAGGIE HECK.

Waldron, Ind.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

In the Life of a Retired Farmer.

NUMBER THREE.

In the month of March, 1875, I was engaged in carrying on a farm about one mile north and east of the city of Mineral Point, Wis.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, I received a mental telegram which gave me a tremendous shock, yet not unlike others that I had experienced for nearly thirty years previous. These telegraphic dispatches came sudden, and with such a shock that it would seem as if my head was coming off.

A telegraph wire seemed to be running through my head, charged with an electrical current, whereby my head and ears are set a trembling. The sound not unlike that caused by the wires when stretched on the poles, conveying messages from one point to another, after which the noise ceases, and a voice proclaims, "Somebody's coming sick," and in a tone like ordinary conversation, to close, both the set a tolling, just like a church bell on a funeral occasion, and solemn as it used to sound to me when a boy, and I was told somebody had died, and the age of the deceased was proclaimed from the old church tower. It was always a peculiar solemn sound to me, and this, even more so.

At about four o'clock along would come a team drawing the hearse, while seated in a sleigh was a gentleman and a lady.

As I saw the cutter drive up to the house, I went to the door, when the gentleman said: "Mr. H., of Irena, told me to put up at your house for the night."

I had forgotten the telegram of three hours previous, yet I replied to the gentleman, "All right, drive up to the door and alight."

Strange as it might appear, I did not as yet recognize my visitor. However, the gentleman drove up, got out, leaving the lady seated in the cutter.

Said I to him, "Help your woman out," when in a very low tone of voice she said to me, "I cannot get out, as I have the dropsy."

Again said I to the man, "Pick her up and carry her into the house," whereupon he came around to the side of the cutter, took her in his arms, and I going ahead placed her arm-chair for him to seat her in. And now everything seemed all right, except that the lady wore three veils. One at a time, and I would have known her, but my eyes could not pierce through three veils. However she soon removed them, when greatly surprised I spoke out, "My God, is this you Bessie?" Answering in the affirmative, she continued, "I have the dropsy, and cannot help myself. Indeed, I fainted on the road."

I inquired of her companion, as to the time she fainted. He said, "About one o'clock." At which time he believed her dying, and it was at this time I received the telegram.

Bessie lived about a week after her arrival at my house. Whenever I receive a telegram, followed by the tolling of the bell, sure death to some one is the result. Yet when only seriously ill, and the bell does not toll, they always recover. Bessie had no home, but worked in our family as a hired girl, for some time, but having no further use for her services, she was sent away. Not knowing where she had gone, and her having been away so long, I had nearly forgotten her, so she had at this time come to Irena on the train, thence by livery team to Mineral Point, a distance of some thirty miles.

I am now past my seventy-fifth year, and cannot stay much longer, but wish to leave these truths or experiences of my life, a record that may in time be better understood, growing each year more and more interesting, as the world advances in knowledge pertaining to the spirit realms.

J. S. BEARDSLEY.

Minneapolis, Minn.

(To be continued.)

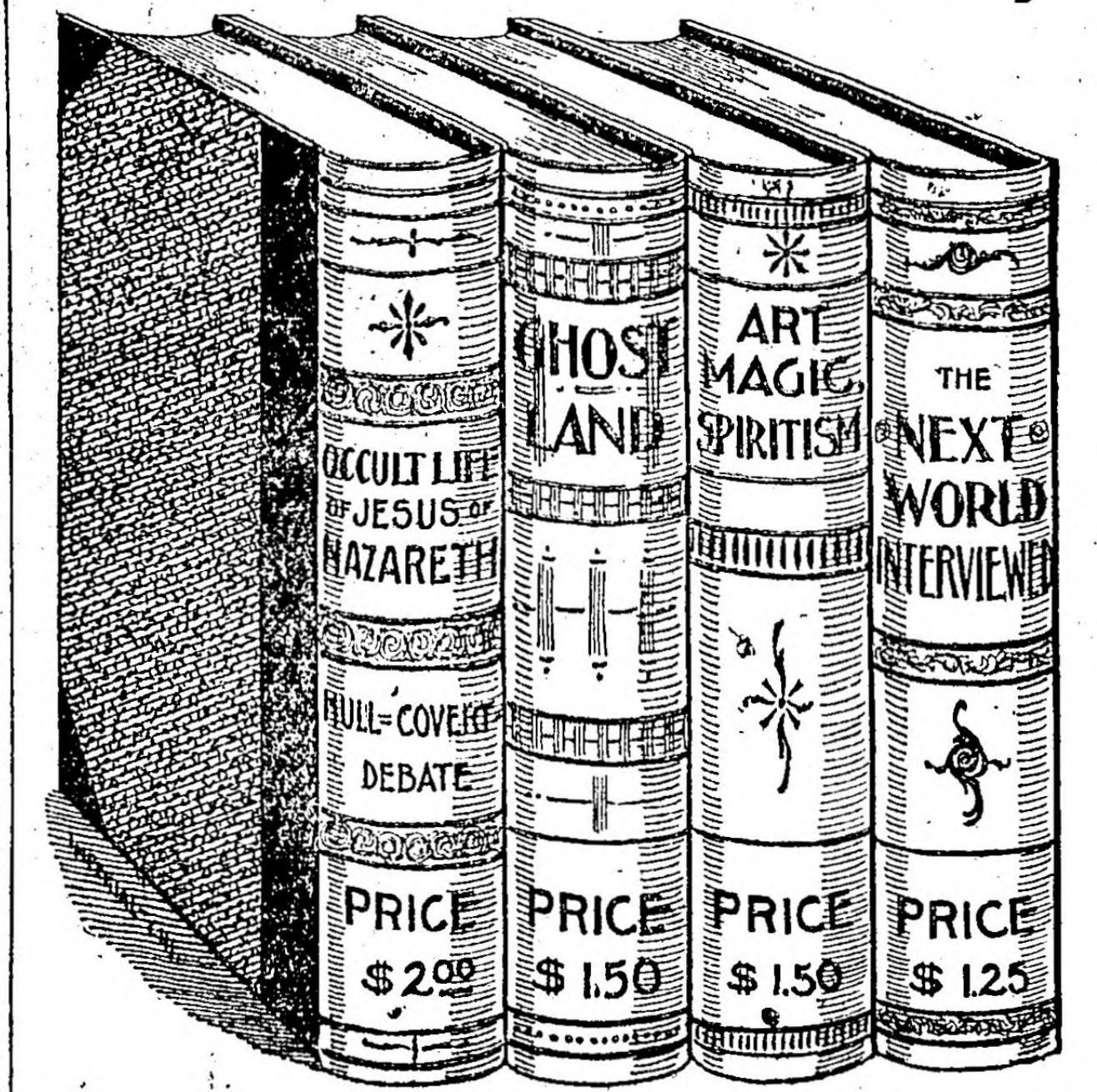
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SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1896.

WREAKING VENGEANCE ON BONDS.

A gentleman over there in England tells of a late visit he paid to Lutherworth, the reputed home, upwards of 600 years ago, of John Wycliffe, who has the credit of having made the first complete translation of the Latin Bible into English, and whose reformatory views seem to have anticipated Luther, the German reformer.

The traveler said an old dame showed him the church, and the pulpit in it, which Wycliffe used to occupy. In the vestry was shown the tattered robe that once covered the "Morning Star of the Reformation." The visitor at this ancient shrine then adds:

"That is as far as Christianity can get nowadays. It can show us worn-out pulpits, and ragged gowns of bygone centuries; but where are its pulpits of living thunder?"

That is a fair enough question, and it is not probable anyone will attempt to answer it. At that time the people were sunk in ignorance; and Hallam, in his History of the Middle Ages, says: "Even the clergy were, for a long period, not very materially superior, as a body, to the uneducated laity. An inconceivable cloud of ignorance over-spread the whole face of the church, hardly broken by a few glimmering lights, who owe almost the whole of their distinction to the surrounding darkness." One might justly say, that ignorance is the smallest defect of the writers of these dark ages.

But if we are to put trust in popular church history, poor John Wycliffe, whose thoughts are credited with setting the world aflame; who battled transubstantiation, and many other errors of the church, claiming that all property should be held in common; that the spiritual power is entirely separate from the civil; that it oversteps its bounds when it comes in contact with temporal affairs; that the church should hold no property; with several other propositions of a like character adverse to the claims of the priesthood. But, says the Christian authority, "The church we have condensed, 'The church wreaked its vengeance on poor John Wycliffe.' He died, says the current account, in 1384. May 4, 1415, the Council of Constance ordered his remains to be exhumed and burnt as a punishment for expressing opinions adverse to those entertained by the church. This decree was carried into effect in 1428, 42 years after his death, and thus all the world was taught that no one had a right to an opinion not entertained by the church head at Rome, the legal representative of Almighty God.

Before shedding too many tears because of the cruelty to the remains of Wycliffe, the reader will allow me to place on record, on the same side of the statement, the assertion of one of the ablest English scholars, a voluminous author:

"I must observe that Wycliffe is a purely mythical person, who was invented to explain by allegory, and to introduce the Reforming and Scriptural principles of the Reformation."
When the translation was actually made it is impossible precisely to determine. . . . The preface to the Authorized Version ignores Wycliffe altogether. . . . All I need say, the Wycliffe myth was a recent concoction at the end of the reign of Henry VIII. (1547).

How glad we would all be if we could know the truth, and the truth only, in regard to the early history of the Bible, for even the last half of what is usually designated the Middle Ages is little else than fiction; so it seems we must continue to grope our way in darkness and doubt.

POSSIBLY FIGURING AS A SAINT.

A late diligent but unsuccessful search in Paris, for the burial place of David Paul Jones, of Revolutionary fame, who died in that city, led to the conclusion that he was interred in a rented grave, after the manner of Catholic countries, and when the rental ceased to be paid, his bones were dumped into a common receptacle. It matters not how great or how good a man may have been; if his friends fail to pay the priests for praying his soul out of purgatory, and the church for grave rent, his bones are cast into a trench with hundreds of others, where they are left to rot and decay, and are not, as we are told, sold as relics of martyrs, to be distributed among the churches and appear as fragments of St. Angela, St. Mary, possibly as St. Magdalena.

"The Relation of the Spiritual to the Material Universe. The Law of Spirit Control." By Michael Paraday. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

STILL THEY COME.

All Europe seems to be emptying its surplus population on the United States. Nearly a third of a million has been poured in upon us during the last year. But, worse than all, the numbers increase from month to month, so that during May lately passed, according to a recent official statement by the bureau of immigration, 53,954 were landed on our shores.

When the great overflowing hive of Europe first turned its attention hitherward it was to escape religious oppression. The Huguenots in the South, the Puritans in the North, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, and the persecuted Catholics in Maryland—all came to found new homes and new institutions free from church tyranny which they had experienced in the land of their birth.

New incentives now influence immigration, and a new class of machinery is employed to stimulate the uncultured hordes of Southern Europe to settle in America. They come with the blessings of the Pope to build up a great hierarchy, to re-establish power which has been lost by papal oppression in the old world.

A university for educating the priesthood, said to cost \$10,000,000, is in process of erection near the National capital, and all around it are rising other edifices as auxiliary aids for propaganda purposes.

Results are at the head of this movement. They superintend the accumulation of money; they direct its expenditure; they plot and counterplot to undermine our free institutions, even trying to destroy our common school system, and prevent the general diffusion of knowledge.

This is no fancy statement. All know it is true. Holding the balance of power between the great parties, they are using that power to strengthen their outposts. What other religious body could have gained consent of this government to build a church at West Point, on a military reservation? And they must have promised to reward that party granting the favor with their political support. They vote one party into power, and crush the other, as directed by the Jesuit head. Two candidates in the field for Congress: they support and elect the one which will best serve their purpose. In this way they control our legislative body. Thus every department of government is conducted in Catholic interest, and the subject party is made a tool for its own oppression.

WHICH WAS THE BORROWER?

Upwards of a hundred years ago, when Christian scholarship was not as profound as now, and when the magnificent stories of the Pentateuch were accepted as divine revelation, an attempt was made to prove that Brahma, the Hindu God, derived his name from Abraham—in fact was that distinguished character himself transported to the west of the Indus. By dropping the first letter in Abraham's name, and transposing the two last letters, they had Brahma sure enough. But hard was the fate of these superficial critics. Bible chronology, reliable history, and careful research did not harmonize worth a cent. The evidence was almost conclusive that the Pentateuch had no existence prior to the reputed Babylonian captivity; that it was probably compiled by Ezra from fragmentary legends stored in Assyrian libraries, some four hundred and fifty years before our era; whereas the Brahmanical religion, clearly an offshoot of Zoroastrianism, could be traced back a thousand years before Ezra wrote; that if there was any prayer in names it was committed by the priests, not the writers, not by the Brahmins. Whatever the incentive, those who discovered the mare's nest soon abandoned it. Had they followed it up and found that Brahma had a wife whose name was Saraswati, it is probable they would have been ready to swear by this time that she was the veritable Sarah before the Lord, by special fiat, amended the spelling of the old lady's name. See Exodus 17:15.

If the subject was worth the powder to explode it, it would not be difficult to make it appear very plausible that Abraham was really the reconstructed Hindu God, and that Sara, before her name was changed, was the identical queen of heaven. Abraham is represented to have been born at Ur, an ancient city near the Persian Gulf, and the Jewish romance, probably, transported the god worshipped there to Haran and thence to Canaan, around whom was woven the story of the Jews, and their fabled beginning.

HOW LONG?

A well-formed flint arrow head was found at Chatham, Licking county, Ohio, a few days ago in boring for oil, at a depth of 1,562 feet. The record of the borings showed they passed through 126 feet of sand and gravel; then a twelve-foot layer of coal and shale; then there were 200 more feet of sand. At 1,490 feet the Devonian rock was struck.

Here is positive evidence that not once only but many times that region had been the bed of an ocean, the fields of verdure, since man with bow and arrow was pursuing game where that indestructible arrow-head fell. Its history alone would doubtless carry us back millions of years.

NOT SPIRITUALISM.

"We conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law."—Rom. 3:28.

A very just "conclusion" in the estimation of the church. A person may keep the law and the commandments, live a strictly moral life, give his goods to the poor, and in every way aid the distressed, but if he lack faith in a virgin-born God, since by the Eternal Father he is an unbeliever, and with the faithful is subject to damnation; and to aspiring ambition may be pelted with stones, or, in their absence, may be covered all over with personal abuse. That is not Spiritualism as we understand it.

PIETY A SHAM.

Lord Overton, of Scotland, a pious champion of the Christian Sunday, and a great philanthropist, is the proprietor of a factory, with many employes in his service. He runs his establishment on the "Lord's day," and oppresses his laborers by not properly compensating them for services rendered on that day. It is not necessary to cross the Atlantic to find multitudes of such cases. It is said the tenements belonging to Trinity Church, New York, are principally occupied by persons whose calling cannot be named in a respectable journal. But the proceeds are used for the spread of the Gospel, so no one has a right to complain.

GEORGE T. ANGELL ON SPIRITUALISM.

There was a time, and that not long past, when the belief in Spiritualism, if entertained was held in profound secrecy. It is surely an encouraging sign, showing the profound change which has been wrought in a few years, when spirit guidance is not only directly acknowledged, but put forth as a claim for greater honors.

Thus George T. Angell, the founder of the American Humane Education Society, and its president and devoted advocate of the Humane movement which has done so much to prevent cruelty, and teach mercy, in the last number of Our Dumb Animals, a paper devoted to the cause, has the following article:

"We have just listened with profound interest to a sermon by one of America's greatest preachers, in which he relates how the life of Mary A. Livermore (as she assures him) was once saved during her travels in the West by hearing and instantly obeying a voice. She did not know where it came but she leaped (as the voice ordered her) from one side of a car to the other, and instantly the side where she had been sitting was crushed in and utterly demolished."

"It is widely believed by millions of the human race that there are sometimes near us spiritual powers [which we call guardian angels]."

"Those who have read the 13th, 14th and 15th pages of our Autobiographical Sketches, commencing with the heading 'Almost Providential,' may think the foundation of our Massachusetts Humane Society and their subsequent history may have had some such help."

"How happens it that through their instrumentality millions of missionaries for the kinder treatment of dumb animals have gone out over the world in the form of that little book, 'Black Beauty'?"

"Whence came the more than thirty-seven thousand Bands of Mercy which they have already caused to be established in our country, and this little paper of ours going every month to every editorial office in North America north of Mexico?"

"Were these things simply the result of human thought, or were they the suggestions of other agencies which have power to influence us?"

"We prefer to believe the latter, and many things have occurred to strengthen our belief."

As Our Dumb Animals has a circulation of 50,000, and special numbers reach 200,000, and free copies are sent to the editors of over 20,000 newspapers, and another 20,000 sent out where they will do the most good, by a special fund for the purpose, it will be appreciated that this square avowal of spirit control and spirit guidance in the new world-wide organization of the Humane Education Society and the 40,000 Bands of Mercy, has been made.

BOSSISM NOT NEEDED.

Bossism, so prevalent in partisan politics, is only a modification of a still more pernicious evil existing in all the churches. The Catholics have their Pope, or supreme pontiff. Subordinate to him are cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, deacons and abbots. Each is required to enforce the orders of his superior, whilst the layman is the slave of them all. Every church in Christendom is fashioned in a somewhat similar manner. The priest is the lash which compels obedience from inferiors and uniformity in thought and action.

There is no freedom in the churches for the masses. Excommunication, with exclusion from the society of the Lord's anointed and outer darkness are held in terror over all. It is truly pitiable to note the degraded condition of the humble laboring classes in some of the churches. They are frequently treated as having no rights but to be robbed.

Partisan bossism is less offensive than church bossism, because the victim can escape the terrible ordeal of excommunication by joining another party, and being branded a "turn coat," a grave offense with those who deny the right of progression. Every one who knows more to-day than yesterday, if he acts on that knowledge, is necessarily a turn-coat, whether in religion or politics.

Spiritualism thus has managed to get along fairly well without bosses. Occasionally one assumes this role, and attempts to practice it, but he soon gets a setback, as he deserves, and becomes conscious his volunteer services are not appreciated. The truth is, they who have gone out from the churches, and have become known as Spiritualists, suffering the censure of their former associates, need no tyrant's lash to tell them what to believe, or what not to believe. They think belief should be based on knowledge, not on the dictum of any man or set of men, however exalted, and they so act.

A WEEK'S RECORD.

The Truth Seeker is keeping a close tab on the criminal and immoral action of the Christian clergy. In a recent issue it gave the names and addresses of twenty-seven of the "lights of the world" who had gone astray. Their offenses ranged through the catalogue of crimes, embracing murder, forgery, counterfeiting, dealing in the "queer" wife-whipping, family deserting, embezzling church funds, grand larceny, drunkenness, the usual crime of preachers—seduction—taking the lead. And all the leading churches, Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, contributed one or more of its soul-savers to swell the long list.

NAUGHTY POLICE JUDGE.

Judge Earnhart, of Columbus, Ohio, lately announced that hereafter all witnesses in his court would be required to affirm "to tell the truth, the whole and nothing but the truth, under the pains and penalties of perjury." This in place of being sworn with uplifted hand "as you shall answer to God in the great day." The Judge gave as a reason for his action in the premises, that "It is not right to interrupt business in heaven every ten minutes by calling on God to see what was going on in a police court."

"The Prophets of Israel." By Prof. C. H. Cornill, of the University of Konigsberg. A scholarly and appreciative historical review of the prophets of Israel and their works. For sale at this office. Paper covers, 25c.

LETTERS OF ADVICE.

Ever since we commenced the publication of **The Progressive Thinker** we have been the regular receipt of "letters of advice"—written, of course, as a general rule, by kindly-hearted, intelligent persons who have our welfare at heart, and who wish us to conduct the paper along their peculiar lines only. Some of these letters are choicest of the spirit of human kindness and brotherly love, and breath a fervent wish for our success in harmony with the writer's own convictions and prevailing line of thought, without any regard whatever for the plumb of others.

Again, there are those who deplore the fact that we admit articles from Mr. A. B. C. D. etc., until nearly every contributor of **The Progressive Thinker** would be left out in the cold if we heeded their advice, with no opportunity to express their opinions.

One important class doesn't like to have anything said detrimental to the interests of the Romish church, as it will drive the members thereof from investigating the claims of Spiritualism, and in that proportion weaken our cause. This class doesn't stop to think that what is disagreeable to them may afford others the most exquisite pleasure. The **Progressive Thinker** owes its greatest success to showing up the intolerance, the bigotry, the general cussedness and the prevailing superstition among the members of the Catholic church. One of the most important editors of **The Progressive Thinker**, and which created a profound sensation throughout the United States, was devoted exclusively to demonstrating the connection of leading Catholics with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the data of which was furnished by Father Chiquiguy. That one edition reached as high as 150,000. No other Spiritualist paper on this green earth ever attained that extraordinary high mark. It created interest everywhere. Three thousand copies were purchased by one man at Washington, D. C. Thousands upon thousands were utilized by Spiritualists everywhere. The A. P. A. bought thousands of copies to influence elections when trying to get control of the public schools that were in the hands of Catholics. It created interest everywhere among thinking minds. No one attempted to refute the remarkable statements of Father Chiquiguy. That edition of **The Progressive Thinker** was most wonderful. It started a flame of thought that still burns with unabated vigor. It was a mile-stone on the Road of Progress which will endure for ages. It was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to those who wished to reach the truth; yet that remarkable paper would never have seen the light of day if we had regarded the wishes of certain kind and influential friends who had written us "letters of advice."

Again other "letters of advice" deplore the fact that we allow any one to disparage or try to demonstrate the grossness of the Bible. It is simply disheartening to them to have this standard work of old theology assailed and its imperfections exhibited to the gaze of the world generally. It is distasteful to them to have the Garden of Eden, Old Satan or the Serpent assailed. To doubt that Eve was constructed out of a rib taken from Adam would never do! The Bible must be reverentially respected and nothing said against it. Thus, according to the wishes of many dear friends, we should expunge from the columns of **The Progressive Thinker** anything that speaks disparagingly of the Bible, leaving the space to be occupied by something "better."

But "letters of advice" don't stop with those who have a reverential respect for the Bible. Others contain particular advice and specifications as to physical phenomena, claiming that not one figure out of a hundred that appears from the cabinet is a genuine materialization; that the garbs worn by the departed spirits if examined under the light of day and science with a microscope, would be shown to be constituted of very earthly fabric—not angelic in the least. They claim that a genuine materialization is very rare, indeed, and that a full form materialization can only appear with exceptionally fine conditions, not obtainable in a promiscuous circle. They assert that every purported spirit yet caught, up to date, has been clothed in the coarsest of fabric, without exception, and of earthly make, too, and that they have right to suppose those not grabbed are generally dressed in the same crude, unbecoming, dingy, and unbecoming. They claim that the dazzling illuminated texture that appears on the person of the purported spirit, when examined under the beams of sunshine, appears coarse and dirty, and unfit for a mortal to wear. They assure us that while materialization is a grand fact, that the trickster can produce manifestations that so nearly resemble the genuine that they have practically driven many honest mediums from the work. In view of these statements, they deplore the space we give occasionally to physical mediums, detailing what is said, and that in so doing we are only injuring our paper.

Then comes the other side with their "letters of advice." If an impostor is exposed, and the facts sworn to by a dozen respectable witnesses; or if a rascally medium is brought to light with confederates, then the "letters of advice" come in, regretting that such a thing should be done; that the medium exposed is genuine; that the witnesses exposed are disreputable, self-seeking, and liars, and that Spiritualism is greatly injured by such a course. In fact there has not been a single important thing published by **The Progressive Thinker**, of whatever nature that "letters of advice" have not been received suggesting something different, and if they had all been respected the paper to-day would not contain a single line—it would be a blank sheet, killed by "letters of advice."

What do these "letters of advice" teach us? What do they lesson? They teach us to be subservient. Each writer, in the goodness of his heart, wants us to follow some particular line regardless of the wishes of others, forgetting the important fact that what is poison to one person is nourishing food to another; what one dislikes, another likes. What is light to one may be darkness to another; and so it goes on our multitude of readers.

But is a stubborn fact, however, that confronts our readers: that **The Progressive Thinker** has flourished, and is flourishing, and will continue to flourish. It is the largest paper published to-day, by far, in the interest of Spiritualism. It is the only Spiritualist paper that has adopted the Divine Plan in its business whereby a portion of the profits of the office flow back to its subscribers in one unceasing stream. It has been a success from the start, and will continue to flourish notwithstanding.

ing the many kind "letters of advice" received during the last nine months.

It is not strange to us why these "letters of advice" come flowing to us in one unceasing current, commencing almost with the first issue of the paper. No two see exactly alike; the divergence comes, perhaps, in some trivial matter connected with a dishonest medium, and widens as time passes on, equally as much as the views of the blind men in regard to the shape and texture of the elephant. We rarely answer these "letters of advice," for time will not permit us to do so. They are received in the spirit of genuine kindness and brotherly love, whatever their nature, and then we go on in the even tenor of our way, weaving the web and wool of success for **The Progressive Thinker**.

In conclusion, we thank all the kind friends who have written us "letters of advice." Some are profound thinkers; some have a national reputation; some are leading authors, and others are among the brightest intellectual lights, and we have the most profound respect for them, though we are unable to follow all their "letters of advice," for if we should do so, they would lead us into chaos and ruin, and darkness, for each one points out a different road to success, and each one will solemnly assert that HE IS RIGHT!

A HOPE ONLY.

"Gath," the well-known press correspondent, writing over that nom de plume for near half a century, in a late published letter, says the great Bayard Taylor, the brilliant descriptive traveler, bred at Kennett Square, Chester county, Pa., and which was his real home, was cordially hated and abused by a very wise class of church bigots who called him a "literary fraud." This, probably, was because Mr. Taylor was a liberal in church matters, a humble printer, and lacked a classical education. Can anyone tell what became of his maligners? That is a thing worth knowing. It is hoped the fate of any literary athlete who shall copy their habits in these later years will not be theirs.

LOVING THOUGHT.

We have need of aspiration, and of inspiration, too.
And we love our angel guides who bring us aught.
But the most essential angel in this world of dare and do
Is that silent little angel—Loving Thought.

This world is full of trouble, whether borrowed, whether owned,
But the people must a lesson once be taught;
That their troubles can be lightened and their spirits sweetly toned
If they listen to that angel—Loving Thought.

It is human to get angry—it is better to forgive,
It is easy to be just—and spirit ought—
But a heaven we can fashion on the earth where we now live
If we only heed the angel—Loving Thought.

Let us listen to the voices of our dear ones over there,
And appreciate the knowledge they have brought;
But the dear ones in the body need a heaven bright and fair;
Need a heaven and the angel—Loving Thought.

DR. T. WILKINS.

Grief of the Ingersolls.

A special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune on Sunday last contained the following:

"Death maintained possession to-day at the home of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, high on the Dobbs Ferry hills. All thoughts of an immediate funeral were put off; widow, daughters, and other members of the family refused to have him buried. They could not bear to give him up. The end, it was said to-day, probably would be cremation."

"All day Mrs. Ingersoll, Mrs. Brown and Miss Maude Ingersoll sat in the death chamber. Since Colonel Ingersoll died they have not left the room for a minute. They sleep there, and what little food they eat is taken there."

"On a bier where the embalmers left him lies Colonel Ingersoll, looking as natural as in life. Beside it is a couch where the widow lies by day and sleeps by night, so near that she can take the dead man's hand. The daughters rest on the bed close beside."

"We did do nothing," said Mr. Farrell, Colonel Ingersoll's brother-in-law. "Not even have the death notices been sent to the newspapers. No arrangements for the funeral have been made; there may not be any funeral at all."

"Mrs. Ingersoll and her two daughters cannot bear to let him out of their sight. They know it means forever. They cannot bear the idea of putting him away for all eternity. Until they can we can do nothing. They will not even leave the room now. Colonel Ingersoll lies there as natural as if he were on his bier, not even dressed for the grave. There the three women watch him and talk to him and fan him as if he were alive."

"To-day they are trying to make up their minds to have the Colonel cremated. I think that it will be the final outcome. We had thought to have the funeral on Tuesday, but that is indefinitely postponed."

"Human Culture and Cure, Marriage, Sexual Development, and Social Upbuilding." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D. A most excellent and very valuable work, by the Dean of the College of Fine Forces, and author of other important volumes on Health, Social Science, Religion, etc. Price, cloth, 75c. For sale at this office.

"Wedding Chimes." By Delpha Pearl Hughes. A tasty, beautiful and appropriate wedding souvenir. Contains marriage ceremony, marriage certificate, etc., with choice matter in poetry and prose. Specially designed for the use of the Spiritualist and Liberal mind. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

Man the Microcosm—His Infinite and Celestial Development and Social Upbuilding. Of this pamphlet by a Spiritualist of thought and experience, Lyman O. Howe speaks highly. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, a most competent judge, tells of the delight and benefit to her husband and herself in reading it. The booklet, by G. B. Stebbins, is for sale at this office. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.

"Focus of Progress." By Lizzie Dutton. In this volume, the peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1.

"Origin of Life, or Where Man Comes From." The Evolution of the Spirit from Matter Through Organic Processes, or How the Spirit Began to Grow. By Michael Paraday. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

GOL. R. G. INGERSOLL DIES SMILING.



End Comes Without Warning to the Great Agnostic, at His Summer Home at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

MALADY OF THE HEART—HAD BEEN LONG SUFFERING FROM THE WEAKNESS, BUT DID NOT BELIEVE IT TO BE SERIOUS—TO BE BURIED IN THE EAST.

New York, July 21.—Special to the Chicago Tribune.—Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, orator, author, lecturer, humanitarian, agnostic, and lawyer, died to-day at his country home, Walston, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., of heart trouble—angina pectoris.

He did not die as he would have chosen to die—slowly, conscious to the last. The end came in the twinkling of an eye—instant transition apparently from good health to death. The smile that started to mantle his features never was finished. He died before his wife could seize his hand.

A few days ago Colonel Ingersoll spoke to his brother-in-law, C. P. Farrell, of Clark Ingersoll, his brother, who died in 1870.

"Do you know," said he, "there is not a day that I don't think of Clark. It was hard to give him up, in the prime of manhood, when life's sunshine was full in his face."

They chatted on and Colonel Ingersoll spoke again, slowly and solemnly: "When I was a young man," he said, "I wanted to die suddenly. No lingering for me. But I have changed now. I want to die slowly. I want to be conscious to the last. I hope to know the sensations of approaching death. I have some things I want to say."

SMILE, AND THEN DEATH.

These things were not said, as he did not know death's sensations. A feeling smile, a slight backward fall of the head, and life was at an end. The great agnostic was dead at 11:45 a. m.

Though the members of his family were in the house, they had not time to get to his side. Only Mrs. Ingersoll and the housekeeper, Miss Sharkey, who was in the room, were with him. There was nothing they could do, although they tried everything, and the doctors, who came soon afterward, did likewise.

Colonel Ingersoll went to Dobbs Ferry in May last. Walston is set high on the Hudson hills, the great stone-turreted house surrounded by lawns, trees and flowers, with a sweep of the great river below. Walston belongs to his daughter, Mrs. Walston H. Brown, but all the family lived there in summer with her, and with the Colonel in New York in winter.

For three years Colonel Ingersoll had known he had heart trouble, but it never drove him to his bed or forced him to give up his busy work life. He consulted several specialists, and medical men were prescribed for him which gave him relief during an attack of pain, and he began to feel that the malady was not serious.

But a few weeks ago his trouble grew a little more serious. The attacks of pain became more and more frequent and more lasting. Pains chased across his chest and there was a feeling of oppression. No one thought it serious even then; he least of all.

INGERSOLL'S LAST NIGHT.

On Thursday night the family gathered in the billiard room. There were the Colonel and Mrs. Ingersoll, Mrs. W. B. Parker, her mother, Mrs. Walston H. Brown, and Miss Maude Ingersoll, the daughters, C. P. Farrell and Mrs. Farrell, the latter Mrs. Ingersoll's sister; Miss Eva Farrell, their daughter, and Mr. Brown, the Colonel's son-in-law. It was a merry family, and Colonel Ingersoll was the merriest of all.

He made some difficult shots, and every one laughed uproariously, but none more loudly than Ingersoll himself.

At 10 p. m. Colonel Ingersoll laid down his gun, and with Mr. Farrell he strolled to the piazza and lighted a cigar, taking his seat in the old white rocking-chair, in which he sat so many years. He smoked on, and looked at the stars as they glimmered above the tree tops.

"This is a beautiful world," he said, getting up and starting for his room. "First to come down stairs in the morning was Miss Eva Farrell, who had just come from the room of Colonel Ingersoll and his wife, the big, sunny room in the southwestern corner of the great house, overlooking the Hudson a mile below."

"Uncle Bob had a bad night," she said. "He was sick at his stomach, and couldn't take anything except a cup of coffee for his breakfast."

OUR PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Ten Thousand Papers Examined Weekly for The Progressive Thinker, by the Chicago Press Clipping Bureau.

Articles on Spiritualism, Occultism, Psychic Force, Prophetic Dreams and Remarkable Visions, Spontaneous Spiritual Phenomena, Apparitions, Etc., taken therefrom to Enrich Our Columns.

TISSOT.

He is a Firm Believer in Spiritualism.

HOW THE GREAT FRENCH PAINTER AND AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST CAME TO DISCOVER HIS MODEL.

Tissot, the creator of the "Life of Jesus," has declared himself a Spiritualist. Those who saw the wonderful series of paintings at the Art Institute last winter and who read his fervent tribute to Christianity in the Century Magazine might be well prepared to doubt this assertion were it not that the artist has written a statement over his own signature. The fact came out in connection with the story of an early picture which he has just disclosed, and it is quite a story, a ghost story, romance, and absolute truth all in one. Incidentally it might be called news, but must not for a moment be considered as such until the reader has had the good of it in the old-fashioned manner. It would run about as follows:

Once upon a time, which is to say twenty years ago, there lived an artist who was destined to become the most famous painter of his day. He was already great as a painter of Parisian beauties, for he was 40 years of age. But he had not yet commenced his life work. As has been the case with many painters, he was destined to not only the rewards of immortality but he had passed three score. Although his life had been passed amid the environment of Parisian gaiety, there was a serious turn to his disposition; he had that introspective cast of mind which prompted him to turn his eye into the darkness of human mystery and endeavor, if possible, to see into the forms and features of the unknown.

Not being satisfied with the revelations of his artist mind he turned to occultism and thereafter he visited many Spiritualistic mediums; prompted somewhat by a discerning and intelligent curiosity, but still more by the cravings of his soul. There were few of the greatest in France that he did not visit. He saw many evidences of deception and he was not satisfied. Even the most skillful he suspected of being charlatans and they could not overcome his intelligence. Still he thought that they might be merely impostors in a field which contained the real truth.

EXPERIENCES IN ENGLAND. Between the years 1881 and 1885 he visited England. There he came across a number of Spiritualists whose doings he could not fathom and whom he therefore could not decide to finally disbelieve. Among these were Cecil Husk, the Fowlers, the Coleman, the Everetts, Akasaka, W. Crookes, the Cook family—from among the famous Katie King arose—and many others then at the height of their fame in a world of Spiritualism that was sweeping across Europe.

Finally he visited Eglinton, the greatest of them all. This was the man who, according to the writings of M. Rambaud, had the ability to go into a trance and evoke a spirit which could be seen in a flash of light, coming at first in a black vapor like the smoke of a cigarette and gradually materializing into a spirit which was luminous in the dark and could be seen and felt.

It was there that the great painter saw and still maintains that he saw Katie. "Her angelic smile," her chin, her small neck, as it appeared under the drapery that fell over her breast, her whole form as he had painted her so many times appeared to him in such perfection that he was satisfied—or deceived, as you wish to take it. This man, who was to become famous by his knowledge of form, however, said "was truly Katie's." Once again he put her upon canvas and he painted her in spirit life accompanied by her spiritual conductor. He called it the "Mediumistic Apparition."

In the art world the picture attracted attention and was reproduced in French engravings. The girl was a picture of childish faith and simplicity; guilelessly beautiful and as different from a Parisian beauty as could be imagined.

TURNED TO HOLY THINGS. From this time the tenor of the artist's life, or at least the manner of his livelihood, was changed. He forsook the Parisian capital and became a pilgrim in the Holy Land. Year after year he traveled and sketched, sometimes on an Arabian horse and sometimes with his plodding Jerusalem donkey. He followed in the footsteps of the Savior of mankind; he studied the ways of Oriental dancers that he might paint a Salome; he copied all the scenery that would enable him to put on canvas the life of Christ as it was.

After many years his work was accomplished. He was the most famous painter of his day. He had given the world an entire new conception of scenes in the life of Christ, quite as important in the world of art as was Ben Hur in the line of literature. These paintings were the "Life of Jesus," which aroused so much comment in this country last winter and which were exhibited at the Art Institute. It is probably unnecessary to recall that many American preachers objected to his representations because they were too realistic rather than idealized, as they thought the life of Christ should be. But to go on with the story. It so happened that some twenty years from the time the "Apparition" was painted there was a renewed curiosity in France and, in fact, over the entire world with regard to psychic force, telepathy, and Spiritualism.

It is a curious fact of history that Spiritualism arose with and has followed the progress of telegraphy. Shortly after the invention of the telegraph came the "Rochester knockings" or "spiritual telegraph," from which the raising of ghosts was an afterthought. It was the boast of the Fox sisters that they had "outdone Morse's invention." In accordance with the awakened in-

terest in psychics among the French the editor of the Revue Parisienne decided to print some matter upon the subject. He would have it discussed by the greatest artist, the greatest astronomer, the greatest writer, and the greatest mathematician—namely: Tissot, Flammarion, Sardou and Rochas. The question was to be discussed in entire seriousness. The famous picture of the mediumistic apparition was remembered. Tissot had been a tireless investigator of Spiritualism. Would the great creator of the "Life of Jesus," the writer upon Christianity, say that he was a Spiritualist? He did. He said that he believed in it. In his letter for publication he was reticent to go into detail of his experiences or to be too definite for the reason that it would give occasion for the impositions in charlatans. In the charlatans who cultivate the "extensive field to gather money from the simple and dupe their followers," he does not believe. His theories upon this subject are peculiar.

He says that during the last twenty years there have been few mediums that could produce results that were marvelous. But between the years 1881 and 1885 there was a period of spiritual manifestations that came "like a tidal wave," mounting and receding and astonishing investigators.

It is in these exceptions that Tissot has faith, and especially Eglinton. His letter is worded in a careful manner, and in order that there be no misinterpretation it is only just to quote the comment of the editor with whom Tissot was named for publication. He writes: "It will be seen that if M. Tissot has the faith that faith is not blind. He believes, and says it simply, but he makes his reservations. The deception has not escaped him."

TISSOT'S OWN STORY. Here is the story, as Tissot wrote it, of the seance with Eglinton, when he saw Katie; the seance in which he sees no deception and which has made him a believer in Spiritualism.

After dinner we go upstairs to the spirit-room. The circle is quite numerous and sympathetic. Mme. Davies and her daughter, Manly, Hunting of Boston, and a lady. Our places are pointed out. I am placed between Miss and Mme. Davies. The gas is extinguished. Obscurity complete.

Now, in the chamber chosen for the experience the medium enters in a trance and seats himself behind me. From time to time he walks back and forth in an agitated manner, clasps his hands, kneels, walks about in the room, and he could not plainly without colliding with anything, and sinks into a low chair behind me which creaked with the slightest movement. He goes to sleep. I take note with my neighbors of different things. From time to time we sing. The "control" Joey warns us not to cease talking, because the least silence or anxiety upon our part would cause a failure and weaken the medium.

"Katie is there," announced a voice. There with some one signals me to look to the left behind me at a light. It is the form of a female. I look too soon; I hardly see it and the form vanishes. I looked too soon. The manifestation has become neutralized by my anxiety. I now keep from regarding it until the form shall be distinct. After two minutes the light appears again. I am a little behind me. I turn to the left. I see then a human form, illuminated by a lit drop-leaf, and parted at the breast; the light is bluish.

FIGURE TAKES FORM. The head, draped, seems to me too small, hardly as large as an apple. I groan. I saw the figure of a female crouched forward, looking towards me. It is Katie, yes, it is truly she. I recognize her. She seems to me to be smaller than I had been in the habit of painting her. I recognize the features of her angelic smile, full of sweetness. Yes, it is truly Katie. Her neck is visible, so small within the drapery that falls over her breast. Then I could see no more.

Joey tells me that Katie is not entirely formed, that she will come again and pray we not to look until the apparition is complete. We conversed casually. My neighbors, on seeing the materialization of the figure, cried unanimously: "O, what a sweet face. How pretty."

There was Katie, who appeared this time more distinct. She is certainly the living picture that I have before me. The face is blue, as if illuminated by moonlight. Yes, certainly it is my Katie. I saw the figure of a female crouched forward, looking towards me. I was able to see her hands clearly.

In a few moments she reappeared, and this time I observed all. The two hands joined have the appearance of holding phosphorus, lit as if by electricity focused against the stomach. The figure vanishes. Is this the end? A light then rose at my right; it is the form of a man of dark complexion, red lips, and black hair, with white muslin enveloping his head in the form of a turban and draped over the body. His hand presents a luminous appearance which lights his form. He passes to my left, behind me, traverses the room before us, shows himself to the persons at the right, and seemed to disappear through the door.

KATIE AND THE GUIDE. Some believed it was Ernest, the "control," or more likely the guide of the medium.

A few moments passed in waiting and conversation ceased. "Two lights near you, M. Tissot, two forms. O, how beautiful." May I look? O, yes, it is Katie and the guide. I turned to my right; reunited the hands of my neighbors to the right and left in my left hand, so as to not break upon the guide for the purpose of turning more easily. I saw then an admirable group lit by the same blue light—but more white, as if portions of the moon had been taken and put into the hands of the apparitions. It was the form of the same man of a slightly Indian aspect leading the young girl—Katie. I cried in a low voice: "How beautiful she is. She is more beautiful than I had hoped to see. It is truly Katie."

I observed all, the folds of the dress, the arrangement of the hands, one hand of the man approached Katie, as if to light her better, the other circled her like he would his child or sister. And then, while I continued to feast

upon the spectacle, Katie leaned forward and kissed me upon the lips. I felt a skin as soft as that of an infant; the epidermis seemed to me to be warm and living, and she bore always that same expression of beatitude; of intense happiness. I recognized exactly the kiss of Katie; I knew her kiss in reality. She seemed as if to give me a second kiss, to lead me away and disappear entirely. All the assistants saw it, each and all from the positions they were occupying: one the profile, the other the face. I was, so it seemed, illuminated almost as much as the luminous spirit and so were my neighbors; the entire group was tremendously impressed by the surprise and incomprehensibilities in this world of beings, human and superhuman. And that was all.

For an artist—a great artist—to be deceived in the countenance of one he loved by means of artifice is at least interesting. Considering that it comes from Tissot, the picture of Katie and this almost passionate story of how it originated is not equalled in the history of Spiritualism so far as it has been written. In writing of all other Spiritualists he speaks as an investigator—Chicago Tribune.

DEBATED THEORIES.

A Philosophical View of the Situation.

Christian Science and Spiritualism are probably the two subjects concerning which there is the most popular controversy these days. The rapid growth of the former and the interest excited concerning the latter by the statements of Dr. Hodgson and Professors James, Hyslop and Newbold respecting the authenticity of spirit return have set everybody to arguing for or against the two theories. Which side has the better of it we are not in a position to decide. It is certain, however, that the increasing popularity of Christian Science denotes many new converts. It is equally certain that the open profession of belief in Spiritualism by scientific men like those named cannot be offset by the ordinary things at "cranks" and "monomaniacs. Intelligent, hard-headed people are becoming Christian Scientists; others are avowing their belief in Spiritualism. They may be mistaken, but their error will be exposed by the progress of abusing them, and it cannot be denied that abuse and ridicule rather than argument and reason are the stock weapons of those who oppose Christian Science and Spiritualism.

And it is singular to note that among the most violent opponents of the two theories are the professed Christians—the clergy and laity of most of the organized sects. The most severe denunciations of Christian Science come from Christian churches, the most outspoken enemies of Spiritualism are people whose creed is based on the hope of immortality, which Spiritualism professes to demonstrate. There is a confusion of ideas somewhere.

For Christian Science, whether it accomplishes what is claimed for it or not, is founded upon the creed of the Nazarene. It bases its pretensions upon the injunction to heal the sick, and when it is challenged with the assertion that the day of miracles has passed, it answers by demanding the authority for its assertion. It points, moreover, to its reputed cures as proof that the power to heal did not end with the early church, but exists to-day. Such a philosophy certainly does not antagonize Christianity. It demonstrated it should rather be a powerful adjunct of the church. Yet the church will none of it.

So, too, with Spiritualism. The faith of the Christian is in life beyond the grave. And it is faith alone, for he has no knowledge respecting the matter. Yet when Spiritualism professes to demonstrate the truth of his belief he attacks it with as much bitterness as he attacks those who deny immortality. His attitude is that of one who prefers to believe in the testimony of his own senses—blind faith to actual demonstration.

That is not to say that Christian Science and Spiritualism are demonstrated truths. They may contain some truth and some falsehood; they may contain no truth at all. But whether they be true or false they are worthy of serious investigation, nor will their faith be demonstrated by refusing to examine their claims. It is inconceivable that hundreds of thousands of otherwise level-headed men and women should have become monomaniacs simultaneously, and unless we credit such a theory we must admit that there is at least a prima-facie case for Spiritualism and Christian Science—Chicago Chronicle.

WHAT SPIRITS DID. Directed Pete Martin to a Gold Mine. To be led to a gold mine through the agency of an unseen spirit would convert almost anybody to Spiritualism. Even young Peter Martin, of San Francisco, admits this, although he is the least credulous of beings. A few weeks ago Mr. Martin was a rich and contented young man, whose thoughts had never dwelt on the possession of a gold mine and who hardly realized that there were such things as spirits and mediums in the world. Now he is the owner of a newly discovered gold mine and will tell you that mediums are a very remarkable class of persons.

One day Mr. Martin met on the street George E. Hall, the Turkish consul. Hall suggested a visit to a medium as a diverting way to pass the afternoon. They went and the medium told Martin and his friend their names, histories, secrets and a great deal more besides. Among other things he told Martin that he was about to strike a rich mine on some property he owned. Martin laughed heartily at the absurdity of it. The next week the young man started off on a ramble through Southern California, and, just for the fun of the thing, visited his ranch in the San Diego Mountains.

A big ledge runs through this property. He found great excitement just made along this ledge. They had found a quantity of apparently rich ore. Mr. Martin got mining men to investigate, and they reported that the ore was syvante. He thinks for the minute that Mr. Martin believes that he has every reason to expect the development of a new Cripple Creek on his own land.

Since then Mr. Martin tried to find the medium who told him the wonderful story and cross-question him a little, but he had disappeared—New York World.

"The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional." This book, by the well-known Father Chiquiquy, reveals the degrading, impure influences and results of the Romish confessional, as proved by the sad experience of many wrecked lives. Price, by mail \$1. For sale at this office.

RETURNS TO EARTH.

To Have His Picture Taken.

Here is a real ghost photograph with an affidavit to prove its truth! Joseph Jeanes, of Chester, Pa., a man several years of age, whose integrity is above reproach, is responsible for one of the strangest stories that ever came out of the mysteries of a photographer's dark room.

On one of the states that while he was developing a plate a few days ago the ghostly outline of a man long dead appeared upon the negative beside the picture of the man he had photographed. The latter being a friend of the dead man, recognized him immediately. The results gained were not due to any tricks of the photographer so common to-day, and were a genuine surprise to him. Mr. Jeanes has taken his affidavit to the truth of the picture, and, as he comes from good Quaker stock, it will be accepted.

This is how the ghost appeared in the picture: A man who gave his name as Burnes went to Jeanes' establishment to have a photograph taken. Burnes, who is an athlete, had the picture taken in his athletic costume. The exposure was made and the plate was being developed when the ghostly outline appeared upon the negative mixed in with the background. At a loss to know what it was, Mr. Jeanes threw the plate away.

"Guess we'll have to try again," he remarked to Burnes, who was waiting to see the negative.

The second exposure was made and the same mysterious shadow appeared upon it.

"Something wrong with that plate, too," said Jeanes, and he made a third exposure. The same shadow appeared like a fatal stain upon the third exposure, but in a less marked degree, and Jeanes decided to print it. He told Burnes to call for the finished pictures in a few days.

Burnes called, and when the pictures were handed to him he looked at the first one and exclaimed:

"The ghost! The ghost! How did that get there?"

"I am as much at a loss to account for it as you are," replied Jeanes. "My dark room is all right. My developer is good. That never happened to me before in all my experience."

"It's my trainer," shouted Burnes, still fearfully agitated.

"Your trainer?" repeated Jeanes blankly.

"And he has been dead four years!" cried Burnes, dropping the photograph in dismay and retreating towards the door.

"Come in to-morrow and we'll try it again, to see if the same thing appears," solicited the photographer.

"Not if I know myself," replied Burnes. "You couldn't get me into that studio of yours again with a team of mules."

He darted out of the door and down the street as if an army of spirits were after him.—Chicago, Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Kates at Grand Rapids.

The Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald says:

Among the most interesting of the lectures are the Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Kates. They are interesting, not only because of the remarkable work that they do, but because of their general personality and superior attainments. Mrs. Kates is a southern woman, Georgia being her native state. She has many of the strong characteristics of the women of the south, notably a charming manner, graceful speech and attractive personality. She has resided in Philadelphia, but the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Kates is in Rochester, N. Y. Mrs. Kates is in many ways a remarkable woman. Although a Spiritualist, she is not a fanatic, but has based her belief upon scientific study, thorough investigation and personal experience. She is able to tell, in a very interesting and comprehensive style, not only what she thinks, but what she knows. Her lectures are what Spiritualists call "inspirational"; that is, she considers herself merely the physical means through which the spirit speaks, or, to put it in another way, the material means of spiritual utterance. After placing herself under the spirit control, she is able to speak upon any subject. She has, in this way, given profound scientific lectures before audiences of learned men. While in Colorado recently she lectured on the interests of woman's suffrage during the suffrage campaign. She has also lectured for the W. C. T. U., and various other causes as well as in the interests of Spiritualism. Her descriptions are also said to be wonderfully accurate.

Mrs. Marion Carpenter.

The Grand Rapids (Mich.) Democrat speaks as follows of Mrs. Marion Carpenter:

"She declared it was no more marvelous that one should commune with telepathy than it is with a good example the simple, loving nature of Christ, but she ridiculed many so-called Christians. She said no one could atone for another's sins, but that each one must stand for himself, and if every child were taught that he must be responsible for his own acts this world would be much different. If the churches would use their money in making good homes for poor children in this country, instead of sending missionaries to foreign lands to convert people, they would be entitled to some credit. She told us of a missionary who was sent to India to convert the Buddhists. She described the Buddhist priests as men whose pure lives and do their work with nearly as much power as Christ possessed. They heal the sick, and add this missionary wanted to convert them. The priests knew he was coming, and one of them met him and gave him a hearty welcome and entertained him. When night came he took him to his house to sleep, and showed him to his room. The missionary examined the doors and windows and said: 'I am afraid to sleep here. There are no locks on your doors and windows, and I carry a large sum of money with me.' 'Don't worry about your money, my dear man,' replied the priest, 'it will be perfectly safe. There is not a Christian within 100 miles of here.'"

A Secular Paper's Views.

The Lincoln (Nebr.) State Journal says: "The people should not deal too harshly with Mrs. Lense because she has espoused Modern Spiritualism. That fact is a deal more sensible than populism."

What is Eclecticism?

Judge Maguire talked before the First Eclectic Society of Spiritual Culture on the subject, "What is Eclecticism?" Holding that all advances in ethical thought have resulted from eclectic reasoning processes—the more eclectic the more truthful and satisfying the result—he thus generally defined the term:

"Eclecticism is based upon the fact that no special school of thought is final, can be exhaustive of truth; that the total consciousness of the race, the highest possible attainment for the individual in his human relationships, includes the essential elements, the truths, of all systems. The term means, 'I select—accept the good and discard the false of all systems, as in a spirit of perfect tolerance and charity may see the way.' It is thus defined by Victor Cousin, foremost of French educators the first half of the last century: 'Each system is not false, but incomplete, and in re-uniting all incomplete systems we should have a complete philosophy, adequate to the totality of consciousness.' Only through eclecticism is it possible for mankind to come into a universal faith, to an understanding of all things as affecting the well-being of all alike. The most perfect of the partial systems must lose what it cannot spare in the course of its development by refusing to accept the good and true in the least perfect. Through the spirit and methods of eclectic education alone is it possible for the different systems to blend at last into the true spiritual system in the natural order—essential unity without restraining the volition and freedom of the individual in the pursuit of happiness under the conditions of environment and life that particularly affect his destiny."

Camille Flammarion.

The Chicago Times-Herald says: "Camille Flammarion seems to be hedging on Spiritualism. Replying to an interviewer from the Figaro, the French astronomer declares he has not lost his faith. He only wished to get proofs, as it were. His doubts appear to have been awakened by the fact that when Victor Hugo proposed the questions to the spirits of Jersey he received replies from them in verse. That, according to Flammarion, was worthy of the master himself. It is just possible that he was also struck by the fact that when he himself interrogated the spirits they answered him with more or less foolish misinformation about astronomy."

A Piece of Litigation.

The Oakland (Cal.) Tribune says: Dr. Schlesinger, a foremost resident of Oakland, now traveling for his health, having been absent from the State for the past six months, is prominent in an interesting piece of litigation in San Francisco. In his absence his wife, Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, has been sued for the possession of her abode, 624 Page street, near Fillmore street, San Francisco, valued at \$10,000. The suit is brought by William W. Van Arsdale.

Mrs. Schlesinger, by her counsel, P. F. Benson, after denying all allegations of the complaint, alleges as a separate defense that she and her husband are entitled to the property as absolute owners, by reason of professional services rendered by Dr. Schlesinger to the plaintiff as his spiritual adviser, and by the aid and comfort afforded him five years ago, when he was in a state of extreme depression consequent upon the death of his wife. It further appears from the answer filed in this case that in consideration of these services, W. W. Van Arsdale bought the property now in dispute for Mr. and Mrs. Schlesinger and placed them in possession of it.

Camp Meeting in Colorado.

The Denver News says: The Spiritualist camp meeting was opened yesterday at the mouth of Boulder canon with nearly fifty people present. A party attended from Denver, Lafayette, and several visitors from other States were on the rolls. It was a preliminary meeting to look over the ground. This week tents will be erected and arrangements made to continue the meeting until September.

"George Taylor, a follower of Spiritualism, has purchased 480 acres at the mouth of South Boulder canon and expects to convert the place into a great center for the followers of that faith. The plan outlined is to improve the grounds with a permanent auditorium and cottages for a summer school of Spiritualists. It is to be the Chautauque of Spiritualism, where a thousand students from all over the country, and particularly from Colorado, will assemble for two months to enjoy themselves and become deeper impressed with the mysteries of the spirit world."

Money and Souls.

The Oakland (Cal.) Tribune says: Millionaire Boardman and his child wife might have received some comfort and much discomfort had they attended the meeting of the Spiritualists yesterday afternoon in Fraternal Hall. The subject was "The Power of Wealth as Illustrated by a Recent Marriage of a Local Millionaire." Mrs. C. T. Gunn was the first speaker. She spoke of the unfortunate influence money had over some souls. She said the speakers in the meeting had no right to be so casual in this discussion and reminded them that though the body grows old the soul can remain young.

Other speakers talked of the usual unhappiness due to a marriage of May with December, and all deprecated the power of wealth over the minds of some people.

At Owosso, Mich.

The Owosso (Mich.) Reporter says: "The Spiritualist Society held their annual business meeting Saturday evening. It was decided to hold the present officers' hold-over for another year. They are: President, Miss Eva Hopkins; vice-president, A. Stogdall; secretary, Miss Laura Matlock; treasurer, Rollin Ford; trustees, M. Crooks, Charles Hume, Mrs. A. M. Farnsworth; delegates to the State Convention at Lansing, August 8, J. F. Yeats, Rollin Ford; alternates, Miss Laura Matlock, Mrs. A. E. Sheets."

Mrs. Carpenter's Experiences.

Mrs. Marion Carpenter said, as reported by the Herald of Grand Rapids, Mich.: "I have written to Mrs. G. C. Bacon, Lake Brady, via Kent, Ohio. A camp meeting will be held at Camp Monroe, on the banks of Deep Lake, Lake county, Ill., beginning July 1, and ending August 1. For particulars address G. V. Cordingley, P. O. Box 10, Lake Villa, Ill.

Delphos, Kansas.

Delphos camp-meeting of the First Society of State Spiritualists, opens Aug. 11 and closes Aug. 28. We expect rates of one fare on all railroads in the state. For particulars address E. S. Bishop, Glasco, Kan., or M. J. Main, Simpson, Kans.

Sunapee Lake, N. H.

Commences July 29, at Blodgett's Landing, N. H., and ends August 26. Address W. H. Wilkins, Felchville, Vt. Box 63, for programmes.

Forest Home, Mich.

The Forest Home Spiritual Camp Association of Northern Michigan first annual meeting will convene on the camp and resort grounds, at Snowflake Antrim county, Mich., situated on the Chicago and West Michigan railroad, three miles south of the village of Central Lake, five miles north of Bellaire and twenty miles south of Charlevoix the beautiful, on July 8, 1899, and will continue four weeks. Send for programmes and posters. Address Anna M. Fox, secretary, Manalona, Mich., or Charles Benton, president, Central Lake, Mich.

Catalpa Park, Liberal Mo.

The Catalpa Park Camp-meeting of Spiritualists, at Liberal Mo., will commence on the 10th day of August and close Sept. 3. For particulars address G. H. Walser, president, Liberal, Mo.

Maple Dell Park, O.

Maple Dell Park is located at Mantua Station, Ohio. It opens July 30 and closes September 3. Address D. M. King, Mantua Station, for full particulars.

Vicksburg, Mich.

The Vicksburg (Mich.) Camp will open August 5 and close August 28. For full information address Jeannette Fraser, manager, Vicksburg, Kalamazoo county, Mich.

Lake Pleasant, Mass. Opens July 30, and closes August 28. Address H. Daily, president, Secretary, Albert P. Blinn, 603 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. Address him for circulars.

Summerland Beach, O. Commences the first Sunday in August and ends the first Sunday in September. Any one can secure a programme by addressing J. F. Grove, 277 19th street, Columbus, Ohio.

Jefferson Park. E. Summers announces a basket picnic on the Fourth of July in Jefferson Park, in the "old apple orchard." Five blocks from end of street-car lines connecting with Milwaukee avenue line. The picnic will continue each Sunday thereafter until September. For particulars address Mrs. M. Summers, 1753 Milwaukee avenue, Chicago.

Island Park, Winfield Kansas. The camp-meeting at Island Park, Winfield, Kansas, opens Sept. 6 and closes September 25. For further particulars address the secretary, Loola D. Whartenby, Cedar Vale, Kans.

Niantic, Conn.

The Connecticut Spiritualist camp-meeting is held at Niantic Camp Grounds, Niantic, Conn., commencing July 20 and continuing until September 9.

SPIRITUALIST CAMP-MEETING DIRECTORY.



Lake Helen, Florida.

The Southern Cassadaga, near Lake Helen, Florida, commences Feb. 6, 1900, and continues until March 21. J. Clegg Wright, Carrie E. S. Tving, Mrs. L. Brewer and J. C. P. Grumblaine are among the engaged speakers.

Freeville, N. Y.

The Freeville Camp opens July 20 closes August 14. For full particulars address B. L. Robinson, McLean, Tompkins county, N. Y.

Summerland, Cal.

The camp meeting of the Summerland Spiritualist Association, of which Prof. J. S. Loveland is president, will commence the 27th of August. By coming with the S. P. R.'s excursion, August 25 and 26, visitors to the camp can secure half fare. Wm. P. Allen, secretary.

Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

This popular camp-meeting will open July 29 and close Aug. 27. For circulars and further particulars address the secretary, E. A. Kilby, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Franklin, Neb.

The Southwest Nebraska and Northwest Kansas Spiritualist camp-meeting, at Franklin, Neb., opens July 21, closes August 6. Address D. L. Haines, secretary, Franklin, Neb.

Grand Lodge, Mich.

Commences July 21 and closes August 20. For full programme address M. L. Phares, secretary, Grand Lodge, Michigan.

Indiana Camp.

The Indiana Camp-meeting opens at Chesterfield, July 20 and closes August 28. For programmes and particulars address Flora Hardin, secretary, Anderson, Ind.

Lily Dale Camp.

This favorite place of resort opens July 14 and closes August 27. For full particulars address the secretary, A. E. Gaston, Meadville, Pa.

Lake Brady, O.

Commences July 2 and continues until September 1. Anyone wanting a program can get it by writing to Mrs. G. C. Bacon, Lake Brady, via Kent, Ohio.

Island Lake Camp, Mich.

The Island Lake Camp, Mich., will commence Sunday, July 16, and close August 31. For further particulars address the secretary, A. G. Brown, 200 21st street, Detroit, Mich.

Camp Monroe.

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