



SCIENCE, MODERNITY, THE BIBLE OF THE FUTURE.
BY AN EXHIBIT

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS IN OUR RANKS.

How They Bamboozle, Deceive and Swindle the Easily-Duped Quillblows.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 13.—Mrs. Francis E. Longyear, prominent in Lansing's best circles, mourns the loss of a valuable diamond, which she let a fake clairvoyant take last week. The fakir, who gave the name of H. Edward Keeley, and is supposed to have operated in Grand Rapids, came here with a blondest blonde wife, who claimed to be an actress. Last year Mrs. Longyear lost a diamond brooch, and last week she enlisted Keeley's services to find it. After three unsuccessful attempts to locate the missing article, Keeley requested the loan of one of her diamonds to sleep on. He got it and skipped by the next train. He was traced to Grand Rapids, where he pawned a trifling watch and left for parts unknown.—Detroit News Tribune, Jan. 14, 1900.

Jackman, Mich., Feb. 2, 1900. To the Editor:—Inclosed find a clipping from The Better Life, of Battle Creek, Mich., which speaks for itself. These men are supposed to be father and son, and the certainly sound of the first water. But in attempting to guard against their further fraudulent depredations, it cannot be done by giving their names only, as they have a new one in every town where they attempt to establish themselves. They have been on the tramp in this country for years. Four years ago last December the elder one who at the time under the name of Harold H. Huxen, swindled a very marked man in a number of a fine suit of clothing, set of furs, jewelry, diamonds and money up to the hundreds of dollars, and here in December last took both jewelry and money and left town saying he would be back in two or three days, but has not shown up since. He came here under the name of Dr. A. A. Walte, from Battle Creek, where he posed as Dr. Cook. He is a very corpulent, about 6 feet 9 inches in height, has blue eyes, and has a prominent scar over his right eye, above the eyebrow about a quarter of an inch; starts at the nose and extends nearly the length of the eye-brow. The most prominent phases of his work are independent state-writing, inspirational lecturing, chalk-talking and confidence-swindling. These of his patrons into whose confidence he may succeed in ingratiating himself.

He is an expert, and I know of but few people in our ranks who have the ability to do more good than he could if honest, or that is doing more damage to the cause as he is occupying himself. You will see by the other inclosed clipping the racket the young man ran in Lansing. They worked together in Battle Creek, where they separated, one going to Grand Rapids, and from there to Lansing, and the other, the elder one, (father) coming to Jackman.

If you will kindly give space to the above in your valuable paper, asking each reader to clip and save the description for future reference, this man may be spotted at sight, and headed off right at the start, so as to stop his infamous work in that town at least, and forced to keep jumping from town to town, and if he is wanted by the authorities in any place where he has previously operated, a telegram can be sent to their chief of police before he can get out of town.

Would it not also be well to ask all other spiritual papers to copy? A man of about the age and appearance of the young man was here about a year and a half ago, and "done" people up to the tune of nearly one thousand dollars, much in the same way as this Mr. Keeley did in Lansing and Dr. Walte did here a few weeks ago.

G. M. STANLEY.

PERGRINATING TRAMP MEDICINES.

There are such. They are tramps, and there are also fraudulent spirits. These play their diabolical role, and play it shrewdly if not wisely, and well. One of old said, "let both grow together, the wheat and the tares, till the harvest." If this were wise then it is wise now? Who wishes to be deceived in a matter so sacred as spirit communion and the soul's immortality.

But what shall we do? What is the use of exposing these traveling frauds? Seemingly many spiritists like to be humbugged. They really enjoy it. They will pay a dollar to sit in a pitch-dark humbug seance when they would not pay ten cents to hear the most eloquent lecturer in our ranks. This class will even run off to adjoining towns, leaving their own legitimate meetings, to see "materialized" spirits or astounding spirit phenomena in a well lighted opera house. They will do this and neglect their own honest home mediums. They want to gaze at something wonderful, or gaze at the unique and inscrutable. Why do you not expose the fraud mediums?

What good does it do to expose these continent-trotting tramp mediums? Expose them in one city and they will slip off to another city, change their names as they frequently do, and go right on with their contemptible "shows" and spiritists are their best patrons. I repeat it—your spiritists are their best patrons. For instance, some two or three years ago there came to San Diego, Cal., the renowned Peter West, the great test and state-writing medium—and yet to my positive knowledge (for I knew him personally) he, Peter West, had been dead and in the spirit life full twenty years. Thus personally knowing Peter West, in Boston, Mass., I told the San Diego Spiritists that this great, pompous, pot-bellied man was a fraud traveling under a false name. My warning was useless. He was put on the platform by Mr. Rogers, president of the society, and advertised as a wonderful medium, giving "chalk-talk" lectures, "bringing Jovers together," "teaching state-writing at \$25 per head," "turning water into wine on the platform," "instructing in adepts," "developing mediums

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

An Account of Spirit Manifestation.

Since coming into the knowledge of spirit return, I have taken great interest in the accounts of psychic phenomena, as published in The Progressive Thinker. Reading the accounts of the experiences of others has encouraged me to send in a record of some of my own encounters with spiritual manifestations. What I am about to relate are facts, and similar events have occurred from time to time in my own family, ever since I can remember anything, but I believe they were considered as being of Satanic or Divine origin, according to the nature of the manifestation.

When I was quite young my parents moved from Chicago to a small town in Indiana. The only house available in the vicinity was a log structure, which had the reputation of being haunted. Of the latter fact we were at the time ignorant, though subsequent events brought the fact before us in a very decided manner. I think my eldest brother was the first to see the spirits, for one night he rushed into my mother's room crying, "Oh, mamma! the woman, the woman!" Upon being questioned he declared that a strange woman came into his bedroom and stood looking at him. From that time, as long as we remained in the house the manifestations continued, and each member of the family saw the woman. The manifestations assumed different aspects. At one time the bed clothing would be pulled violently off the bed; again it would seem as though every article in the kitchen were dashed violently to the floor, and shattered to pieces, but examination always proved everything intact. You may be sure my parents did not remain there longer than necessary. My father, though very skeptical usually, never cared to talk about the place.

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTION.

Can Social Inequality Be Abolished?

In the issue of December 23, "Agnostic" inquires, "Can Social Inequality be Abolished?" under which question he proceeds to quote to the extent of a column from Count Leo Tolstoy, to the effect that said inequality cannot be abolished through philanthropy! As an interesting phase of the subject, of the practical utility of philanthropy, this quotation is perhaps well enough; but as a reply to the question under which it is written, or as a scientific discussion of the various allied subjects involved, I presume to remark that to a real thinker it suggests most potently the aptness of the signature.

Within the last ten or twelve years I have read the sociologic theories of many who have attracted the attention of the students of social problems; Russian, French, English, American and Australian authors; Democratic, Republican, Socialist and Anarchistic politicians; evolutionists and orthodox religious; yet I am unable to recall one of them who contemplated "the abolition of social inequality."

Men have promulgated theories and advocated systems whereby they proposed to very materially reduce the influence of title, heredity, wealth and station in the attainment of social prestige. They have formulated theories and advocated systems whereby they proposed to secure as close an approach to equal opportunity as the variations of nature, in topography, climate, soil and the like, would permit, and a system whereby the society of each man and each woman in the world would prove equally attractive and desirable to every man and every woman in the universe, would indeed prove unique in literature. (Just a moment, my critic: This is perhaps not your definition of equality. The world is always at war on definitions. This is the definition of equality that "Agnostic" and those in whom the word equality produces "exclusive hysteria" conceive of and insist upon.)

A lucid, true statement of a proposition is of more educational value than columns of sophistical innuendo. Can we abolish variety? Certainly not. Can we abrogate the laws of affinity? Certainly not. Who demands, advocates or desires this?

Would and could a really intelligent and virtuous man prevent the Russian thistle from appropriating the Russian earth to the exclusion of corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, peas, beans, etc., etc.? Would and could a really intelligent and virtuous nation sacrifice itself to a god of gold? Would it surrender its legitimate liberties to the arbitrary dictatorship of Authority? Would it, and could it, secure to its citizens a close approximation of equal opportunity? These are quite different propositions; and these are the propositions to which the wise and the good of the earth are calling the attention of the masses. Is this nation an intelligent and a virtuous nation? Is there sufficient wisdom and goodness in either, or all, of the classes, to save them? Alas! Alas! This is the question which the closing year of the nineteenth century seems inclined to answer in the negative. However, history records occurrences equally as strange as a reversal of this half-rendered decision.

Chicago, Colo. F. F. M.

None Is Equal.

To the Editor:—I must renew my subscription for The Progressive Thinker. I have taken it for about five years, and I miss its weekly visits since it stopped coming January 1.

To keep up with the times and in touch with liberal thinkers and writers, one cannot dispense of your most valuable paper. In my opinion there is no other Spiritual paper its equal. Often there is more light and truth revealed in one publication than one would get from the mouths of all the church pulpits in the land in a lifetime. I don't know as I am very much of a Spiritualist, but its doctrine on heaven, hell, devils, and personal gods, are above par. So, Brother Francis, keep on shedding eternal light into the midst of sectarian darkness.

Niles, Mich. H. A. THOMAS.

CREATION.

The Work of Infinite Intelligence.

This is a wonderful theme for man's study. His present acquirements of general knowledge enable him to grasp its vastness in a measure, but he is frequently baffled by his own set-up artifices, inasmuch as, he views things through the mist of his sense-bound field or sphere, as well as from different points of observation, and so gets confused and often takes effects for causes, being unable to discover the latter. However, it is not energy and time wasted, for all is helpful in enhancing the soul powers and rendering his vision clearer to behold and mentally receive the intelligence concerning the problems under treatment, so that he not only rightly comprehend it, but can become able to impart his knowledge to others.

With regard to creation, there are many theories extant. Agitation and comparison of ideas are desirable, that the truth may become established. There he who says there is no creation, is evolution; but, evolution being the act of unfolding—a prescribed or regular movement, according to Webster. Then can these evolutionists tell what it is that is being unfolded and by what process and what is its province? We are well aware that they think they, or some one has done this. Had it ever really been explained, there would be no room for doubt or controversy, for all would understand rightly.

The unfolding process in nature, like that of the infant man, is to fill out something by this unfolding etc. That which is to be filled out is the higher system or immortal self. In nature, this is called the warp of the universe, or the psychic system of the cosmos. In man it is the immortal I am. Through this course the creative energy, law, force, intelligence, etc., wherefore it has been aptly referred to as "God's loom in which thought is woven."

Man knows that without nerves leading to brain cells and functions, he would be helpless so far as thought receiving and exchanging is concerned, also so far as seeing, hearing, feeling, etc. By reason of man's two-fold nerve system, he supports the inner and outer man as to real individual growth which is not reckoned as stature, but as experience, intelligence, spirituality. By reason of this nerve or psychic system, he is attached to the infinite, or God, or the Oversoul, if that term is more pleasing. As man's nerve system spreads over his body, so nature's nerve system spreads over her, but she like man, has the finer and cruder nerve system to thus accommodate man's demands of supply for his two-fold nature.

In nature's cruder fibre system, the great masses are unfolded for corporeal forms, but these can be unfolded themselves, they need the action of higher force currents or spirit directed upon them. This action is started and multiplied and woof of all manner of tissues and forms is gathered for the filling out of the unfolding designs in both the natural and spiritual paragon, in accordance with immanent law.

In the study of creation, some of the world's students get things badly mixed in their ardency to dive deep into its mysteries. Some discovering effects, mistake them for causes, as we have said, and make the bold but unwarranted assertion, that there is no Supreme Intelligence. Nature's principles are supreme. We say to all such: Dive still deeper and disabuse your minds of this grave error. The principles of nature are the agents of Supreme Wisdom and force, but are not in themselves supreme. One of the things that men are to realize, and their earthly, therefore younger brothers and sisters, presume to be able to criticize the Power that created them and all that is. We who have been in the immortal worlds many thousands of years and have access to the original records made in the very remote past know, that then, neither Earth nor man existed, but Infinite Mind, Infinite Intelligence did exist. We also know that all individual and common intelligence is therefrom derived. The processes of bringing man into existence and making a god of him, were long and seriously mooted. It is not the automatic work of nature, but the work of Infinite Wisdom and Design, as all clearly see when their higher consciousness unfolds to comprehend the eternal truth of their own greatness because of their relationship to the infinite and linked thereto by said psychic system emanating from the Supreme Centre, permeating all forms and holding all in their order of the degrees and links of law, so that all from low to high states have the defence of the immutable law, which is nature's own code of ruling in all her realms. But, the author of law is supreme over it and the agents employed to bring man into existence, which are servants subject to the bidding of the Author of immutable law.

Van Wert, Ohio. MRS. M. KLEIN.

How He Got Silver.

A negro preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon, he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary on account ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de general deficiency ob de circulation medium in connection wid dis church, t' introduce mah new ottomatic clection box. It am so arranged dat a half dollar an' quatad falls on a red plush cushion widout noise; a nickle will ring a small bell distinctively heard by de congregation; an' a suspensable button mah fellah members, will flash ob a pistol; so you will gov'n yourselves accordingly."—Ex.

He deserves small trust who is not privy counselor to himself.—Ford.

ROBERT OWEN.

"The Book of the New Moral World."

To the Editor:—Continuing from No. 531 of The Progressive Thinker, I respectfully submit the following extracts from this truly valuable book:

"The absence of superstition, supernatural fears, and the fear of death."

"What mind is there that can contemplate the horrible miseries which, through all past ages, have been inflicted upon the human race, by superstition, supernatural fears, and the fear of death? These have been the horrors of human existence, the degradation of the human intellects, the powers of the priesthood of the world, and the secondary cause of the irrationality of the human race."

"Superstition, supernatural fears, and the fear of death, are created in the early stages of ignorance and inexperience, and create a dark mental night for man to pass through, before he can perceive the first rays of demonstrable knowledge, which can alone dispel the darkness of that dreadful night, during which men slaughter, plunder, massacre, and murder each other, like madmen, for they know not what; and during which their language is a language of falsehood, and their whole conduct of beings who have been made to be passing through a period of the most gross irrationality."

"Until man shall be enabled to advance beyond this period of mental infancy, there will be no chance for him to become a reasonable or rational being. By these means he is now kept in the state of a mental slave, every part of the world, even in Great Britain, said to possess more civil and religious liberty than any other country, its inhabitants, in small towns and villages especially, dare not express their opinions, when they are opposed to the superstition of the priesthood, without suffering loss of business or employment, which, to the working classes, is only another mode of depriving them of life. It is time that this period of mental degradation should cease, and that a party should come forward to claim and support the rights of conscience, which are the natural and unalienable rights of the human race, and to assert his mental liberty, that he may become a rational being, and, at length, attain the physical and mental enjoyments of his nature."

"The world is even now overrun with superstition, supernatural fears, and the fear of death. The seeds of these, carefully sown in childhood, gradually ripen into a golden harvest of wealth and power for the priesthood, under all its various names and tinsane forms and ceremonies."

"What has man to do with that which he cannot comprehend, which is incomprehensible to him, and which weakens all the vital powers of his mind?"

"While man shall remain under the influence of superstition, supernatural fears, or the fear of death, it will be impossible to make him intelligent or good, or for him to have any just pretensions to be considered a rational creature, or otherwise than an ignorant irrational animal, full of vain pretensions to more wisdom than other animals, and as the great object of all that have life is to be happy, his whole conduct evinces that he is the least rational of any of these existences."

"The Jews believe the Christians to speak the language of insanity—the Christians believe the Hindus to talk this language—the Hindus believe the Mohammedans to be insane—and, thus, each superstition blinds the mental faculties of its victims, only permitting them to perceive the gross irrationality of all other superstitions."

"I said in my former article that the fact of spirit return was a scientific one—not a 'religious' fact per se, but that scientific fact gave rise within the human brain and brain to certain feelings, emotions, sensations, ideas, morals, words to take the place of objectionable orthodox ones, let us give to the latter new and progressive definitions. It is the inevitable result of that scientific fact properly contemplated and appreciated. When I use the term 'religious' I do not mean 'theological.' There is a difference between religion and theology. The latter term is also however, destined to have a new definition—in accord with the scientific facts which are being established by Spiritualism."

I said in my former article that I cannot agree upon this question. While I will readily concede that he is right from his standpoint, I must insist that I am right from mine. Which standpoint, then, is the more plausible and correct one?

H. V. SWERINGEN.

have no fears of that which is unavoidable, but rather to rejoice that, after experiencing one life of rational happiness, he should, by his decomposition, receive an endless renewal of apparent improved existences. And thus, instead of most uselessly and irrationally embittering one life, and destroying its chances of rational enjoyment, each of these lives may be made highly intellectual, extremely interesting and full of superior enjoyment."

"A sure indication that humanity is approaching the confines of rationality, will be when superstition, supernatural fears, and the fear of death, shall form no part of the education of the human race; and when all these absurdities shall have given place to a direct instruction in the laws of nature, derived not from the wild imaginations of our ignorant and less experienced ancestors, but from demonstrable, unchanging facts, which remain to-day and forever the same as hitherto."

"And until this change shall be effected, and man shall be made rational, he cannot obtain this condition of happiness, or be otherwise than a weak and miserable being."

C. H. MATHEWS.
New Philadelphia, Ohio.
(To be continued.)

Buried Antiquities.

Digging up Babylon is a scientific work continued by a party of Americans representing the University of Pennsylvania. For a year they have kept from 200 to 400 natives employed on the ruins of Babylon. The finds for 1899 embrace over 4,700 tablets, silver and bronze rings, bracelets, nose and ear-rings, anklets and beads, coins, pieces of jade and a gold coffin plate, but not only this, but a number of small head of yellow marble in fine preservation and a torso of black stone were discovered.—Ex.

Waste of time is the most extravagant and costly of all expenses.—Theophrastus.

by **Swamp-Root.**

Deacon Pollard Finds Swamp-Root Present Help in Time of Trouble.

Among the many famous cures of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy investigated by The Progressive Thinker, the ones which we publish this week for the benefit of our readers, speak in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great remedy.

Deacon Charles F. Pollard, a prominent Baptist Deacon of Lynn, Mass, residing at 74 High Root street, adds his testimony to the wealth of others, as to the wonderful curative effects of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Deacon Pollard, on January 22nd writes:

"For years I had kidney and bladder troubles, and was also a victim of acute rheumatism in my legs. My back and palms from the latter affliction were very hard to bear. I tried many doctors and medicines without benefit. Some time ago I commenced to take Swamp-Root. It has entirely cured my rheumatism and has greatly helped my other troubles. I should not think of my back and legs any longer as being afflicted with Swamp-Root as a conspicuous feature of the housekeeping utensils.

"I can only speak in the highest praise of its health-giving properties."

C. F. POLLARD.

What a Woman Mrs. H.
Says of writes on D
Swamp-Root a very severe
for three we
my bed I wa

Swamp-Root. My water at little at a time, and then only after sufficient rest. I was so weak that I had no strength and was unable to do any work. My kidneys were not affected but I felt creaky. My sister, Mrs. C. E. Littlefield of Lynn, Mass., procured a bottle of Swamp-Root for me. I followed up that bottle with another and found I was completely cured. My strength came back as ever. My business is that of canvassing and I have to use much energy in the more remarkable, and is exceedingly

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

So when your kidneys are sick you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly" begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince you—and you may have a sample bottle free for the asking.

When your kidneys are not doing their work, some of the symptoms which prove it to you are pain or dull ache in the back, excess of uric acid, gravel, rheumatic pains, sediment in the urine, scanty supply, scalding irritation in passing it, obliged to go often during the day and to get up many times during the night to empty the bladder; sleeplessness, nervous irritability, dizziness, irregular heart, breathlessness, sallow, unhealthy complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, loss of ambition, general weakness and debility.

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N. Wheeler of 268 Bos'n St., Lynn, Mass., writes, "Ib, 1901, '99: 'About 18 months ago I had an attack of grip. I was extremely sick, and when I finally was able to leave I was left with excruciating pains in my back. At times looked like coffee. I could pass but suffering great pain. My physical condition has all run down. The doctors said that my ailment that they were the cause of my trouble. I was advised to rest. Dr. Kline's Swamp-Root of three days commenced to get better, and at the completion of this one month returned, and to-day I am as well as ever. I am on my feet a great deal of the getting around. My cure is therefore all very gratifying to me."

MRS. H. N. WHEELER.

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The author says that each individual possesses of both physical and mental or spiritual ailments for himself. Each one must digest their various kinds of food

For themselves, and that is all they can possibly do. Whether they be priest or layman, teacher or pupil. My physical expands by virtue of that food and nourishment of which I individually partake and digest. My soul must expand by virtue of the soul essence of which I individually savor and comprehend or digest, for sale at this office.

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A SAVOR RODE THE STORM IN THE DARKNESS.

A True Story of the Eliza Anderson's Miraculous Escape.

PILOTED BY A MAN OF MYSTERY—WHEN THE OLD STEAMER WAS SORE DISTRESSED AND OUT OF FUEL, A NAMELESS STRANGER APPEARED AND GUIDED HER TO PORT—PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY OF A QUANTITY OF COAL IN AN ABANDONED CANNERY.

On the bleak, wind-blown shores of Alaska, not far from Dutch Harbor, lies the wreck of a once proud steamer. Faded by months of rain and sleet and burning sunshine, the letters which years ago gleamed black on her wheel-houses are now scarcely discernible a hundred yards away. Looking closely, or through a glass, one can make out the words:

"Eliza Anderson."

The ship was wrecked at Dutch Harbor in the winter of 1897. She had 120 souls aboard. Their escape from the horrible fate in the icy waters of the Gulf of Alaska was marvelous. The true story of that escape, and of the mystic hand that interfered between the Anderson and death, has never been told.

It is a curious fact, but true, that an uncanny circumstance, the most dramatic in the long and historic career of the Eliza Anderson, is yet to be recorded of her last voyage, on which she carried over a hundred eager gold hunters. This was in the first days of the stamped to the Klondike. The wreck of the Anderson was told in all the newspapers at the time. The men who sent her to sea had been roughly abused by the unfortunates who were named on her passenger list. All who knew of her fate marveled that there was no long list of missing ones printed in the newspaper accounts of the wreck.

There are men who were members of the crew of the Anderson who will vouch for the unbroken facts. They are men who laugh at spooks, but who were with the Anderson even to her dying day. And here is the story:

George Carmack's find of gold on the mossy banks of Bonanza Creek in the summer of 1896, started probably the biggest stamped of gold hunters in the history of the American Continent. Every vessel afloat on the Pacific which could procure a certificate of seaworthiness was pressed into service in carrying the thousands of eager tent-fetters who left their homes in the East to seek fortune in the gravel banks of the Klondike. The Anderson, with her record of a quarter of a century of honorable service in man's needs on the North Pacific Coast, was one of these. She had been wrecked more times than may be told in one short article. A pile had gone through her hull in the harbor of Seattle years before, but her master, Capt. Tom Wright, resurrected her and put her again in commission. Capt. "Tom," as he was known among the seafaring men on the Sound, had been for several years the chief owner of the Anderson. He was as good and true a man as ever lived, in the opinion of those who knew him. And his life was almost wrapped up in the Anderson.

August 10, 1897, the Anderson sailed from Seattle with 120 men and women aboard, having on her deck the schooner W. J. Bryant and the old Polotsky, once a gunboat owned by Russia, but which was included in the sale of Alaska, and which subsequently fell into the hands of a firm of shipping men on the Sound.

The Anderson was old and feeble. She had been rehabilitated, however, and was pronounced staunch when she left here. She was a side-wheeler—one of the few remaining vessels of this type on the Pacific Coast.

The Anderson's master on her last trip was Capt. Thomas Powers, now gone to "the bourne from which no traveler returns." Capt. Powers was a part owner in the venture. Big money was charged to passengers who sought to reach the Klondike by the water route.

Two weeks after the ship left port she ran into one of the worst storms recorded off the Gulf of Alaska. The wind came with a velocity of forty miles per hour from the south. The Anderson lay in the trough of the sea, at the mercy of the elements. Her passengers were in extreme wretchedness. Many of them were when she was at sea before. Each successive wave pounded the old sides of the steamer with terrible force and effectiveness. Still she rode the waves.

It rained in torrents, and the barometer fell rapidly. The storm grew in violence. The Bryant and the old Polotsky were lost in the blackness that lay astern, and the Anderson, free of her tow, scudded before the wind.

The leading ship lay 20 miles from Dutch Harbor, the nearest port, and forty miles from shore. Her master, with pure presence of mind, had hugged the shore line of Alaska all through the voyage.

The chief engineer was Bob Turner. His men worked like heroes at their places in the fire-room. The coal ran short. The chief, after surveying the coal bins, determined that by scraping every piece from the bins and floors, even to the seams, enough could be obtained to last the schooner forty miles.

He sent word to Capt. Powers to this effect. A consultation of the officers was called in the captain's office. By this time the Anderson had moved away from the storm center and was headed to shore, where there was, as far as any one knew, no habitation of man.

The consultation was in progress, a seaman on the deck below sighted a black speck far off to the starboard. It looked like a pile drift, or perhaps like a small boat. Some unexplained impulse led the man at the wheel to head the steamer to that black speck, which loomed up in spite of the darkness of the storm.

A moment later all on board could see that it was a man in a small skiff canoe. What was he doing in that storm, thirty miles from land? How could his frail craft live in such weather?

Those were the questions in the minds of the passengers who hung over the starboard rail of the Eliza Anderson as she neared the dark object. Presently the canoe was alongside and a weather-beaten figure, clad in oil skins, climbed aboard.

Sharp questioning brought out the fact that the man was of Swedish extraction. An air of mystery hung around him. He did not give his name. Told of the plight of the steamer, he pointed toward the shore and said:

"There is an old abandoned cannery over there, with coal in plenty under one of its sheds. You can have that fuel, till you get there."

Then the man's lips closed. No more was gotten out of him. Blindly the captain of the Anderson followed his lead.

The steamer stood on the forward deck of the steamer and pointed the way. Shore was sighted. Two miles from where the waves broke in a white line the stranger said he would leave and go his own way through a small pass to Behring Sea. He was allowed to depart, and the Anderson made land.

Beneath the wrecked roof of an abandoned cannery the officers of the Anderson found seventy-five tons of good coal, preserved from the weather as if by the act of Providence. It was almost worth its weight in gold to the unfortunates on the Anderson. The old steamer's coal bins were piled high with the fuel, and she was headed toward Dutch Harbor. This port she made in safety, and 120 men, women and children breathed a prayer of thankfulness to their creator.

The reverse officers searched and surveyed the Eliza Anderson. They saw the gaping seams in her hull and ordered that she proceed no farther. There she lay, her anchors set in the soft sand of the harbor, until a couple of months later, when in a terrific gale from the southeast the Anderson was driven on the rocks, where she lies to this day.

A SPIRIT PUSHED HIM OUT OF BED:

DONNELLY HAS TROUBLE WITH THE SPIRIT OF SHAKESPEARE—SAGE OF NININGER APPEARS IN THE ROLE OF A MEDIUM—HAS HELD COMMUNICATION WITH THE SPIRIT OF NAPOLEON—HOW HE ADDRESSED HIMSELF TO THE GHOST OF THE BARD OF AYON.

According to the Minneapolis (Minn.) Times, Ignatius Donnelly delivered an address on "Spiritualism" at the auspices of the State Spiritualists' Association of Minnesota at the First Unitarian Church, February 14. Every seat in the auditorium was taken and many people were content with standing room in their curiosity to hear what the "Sage of Nininger" had to say about the "most interesting questions" of the most interesting questions that occupies the scientific mind of the world. "The belief in the immortality of the soul," he argued, "justified a belief in Spiritualism. He maintained that if the soul existed after death, as was quite generally conceded, then it was equally probable that spirits, under certain conditions, could hold converse with mortals."

His own experience with the speaking dial, which had once helped him to get a pension for a widow, had convinced him that there was something in Spiritualism, and he cited numerous instances where he had reason to believe that he had come in personal contact with noble spirits. He gravely declared his belief in the efficacy of the speaking dial as a medium of communication with spirits.

On one occasion he had held a lengthy interview with the spirit of Napoleon, and the utterances of the "man of destiny" on that occasion were wonderfully characteristic of him.

"He prophesied that this country was on the eve of a bloody revolution," said Donnelly. "I don't know if it is right or not, but indications have certainly not been wanting that his position was well taken."

Again, during the Spanish war, as Mr. Donnelly sat idly fingering that dial at Nininger, it had suddenly spelled out the message from another world that a great naval engagement had been fought and that 1,000 of Uncle Sam's Jack tars had gone down to the bottom of the sea.

Post haste to Hastings went Mr. Donnelly's hired man to seek confirmation of the psychic impression. He returned with the information that there was no truth in the report, but that it had been widely circulated. The deduction which Mr. Donnelly drew from this striking coincidence was that some spirit had heard of the Hastings and had obligingly brought it to his attention.

Once he had caught the dial in a lie, when it had boldly vouchsafed the information that 600 feet west of the Donnelly domicile and 600 feet down in the earth was \$1,000,000 in gold, deposited there some time in the misty past by a mischievous band of Sioux. The prevarication was so palpable that Mr. Donnelly did not consider it worth while to seek proof of the dial's veracity.

Although convinced that the dial was not strictly infallible, the author of "Caesar's Column" and other stories was nevertheless convinced that an "intelligence higher than ours" acts through the dial on that which is "the spiritual part of us."

SHAKESPEARE'S SPIRIT.

He had reason to believe that he had once come in contact with Shakespeare's spirit. It happened in London when he was busy proving to the world that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. He was writing the cryptogram and the English papers had warned him that if he didn't watch out the immortal William's ghost might get after him. One night in a London suburb he had been pushed out of bed by an unknown force several times. It had traversed the room and looked under the bed on each occasion, but could not solve the mystery. Finally he had thus addressed himself to W. Shakespeare (deceased):

"You can go ahead and annoy me if you want to, Billy, but I'm going to bed," and he did. After that Willie left him alone and he slept the sleep of the just.

Spiritualists, he declared, had rendered the world a great service if they simply stand in the doorway of the spirit world and declare to the living what they have seen in the light of scientific research. He believed they had succeeded in demonstrating that there were stranger things in heaven and on earth than were dreamed of in the philosophy of men.

He announced his conviction that science and Spiritualism went hand in hand. The great all-absorbing question was, after this brief spasm of life, does the dust of the grave and man's existence? Spiritualists had done as much, perhaps more, to answer that question than any other forces which had attempted to solve the mystery of being in the civilized world to-day. Their whole creed, belief and theory were identified with the proposition that man certainly does live again. He agreed with the greatest of prophets, "I will be as God," when he said that he would sooner believe all of the fables of the Talmud and Koran than that the universe was without a mind. There were the same evidences of intelligence in nature as in the mechanisms invented by man. Every step made by man in the progress of civilization in 4,000 years had gone to show the existence of God.

"What assurance have we?" he asked, "that the human mechanism included all of the senses which might reveal knowledge to us? How do we know that we are not staggering through the world with but a few senses, unaware of most of that which is around us? I think all of the revelations and facts of Spiritualism have served but to open wider the door of knowledge and have added another sense by which we are to become cognizant of another world which we cannot observe with eyes and ears. There is no reason why there should be only three forms of life which are known to us as solids, liquids and gases. There may be a hundred other forms which pass through us and through which we pass unknown, inhabited by beings to whom we are a great source of amusement and delight. There was never anything true that didn't have its counterpart. We have great physicians and quick doctors, great lawyers, such as Lincoln, and pettifoggers. In Spiritualism, as well, the student was confronted on the one hand by facts, and on the other by humbugs."

"The highest compliment which we can pay to the Creator is to try and understand his works. The mind must be wide ranging. Wit, philosophy and romance are combined, with the skill of a master mind. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office."

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200," etc. A condensed statement of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

Hypnotism and mind-reading. Mr. Donnelly contended, were but other manifestations of Spiritualism. He told of number of experiences at Spiritualistic seances when he was a member of Congress in Washington. "And you were better represented than than you have ever been since," he added.

In concluding Mr. Donnelly's recited Addison's "Cato's Philosophy on the Immortality of the Soul."

Worry!

Analyzed in the Chemical Retort of Reason.

"A hell-hound that doth haunt us all to death,"—Shakespeare.

"Worry, a state of undue solitude; a state of disturbance from care and anxiety; vexation; anxiety; fretfulness."—Webster.

"Anger and worry are bad habits of the mind. They are not necessary ingredients."—Horace Fletcher, in "Menticulture."

"If the deposit in the exhaled breath of an unhappy or worried person be examined under a microscope, a grayish, poisonous precipitate being deposited therein."—Prof. Elmer Gates.

"For to be vexed at anything which happens is a separation of ourselves from nature."—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

The thousands of mental and physical wrecks—once intelligent, healthy men and women—prove the fact that worry is the most dangerous enemy that the soul has to enter its castle—the physical body.

Worry never enters uninvited; but when once entered welcome becomes a "friend at court" to all the ills known.

The habitual "worrier" ever contends that his favorite habit is an unavoidable necessity, and essential to his daily life, and in this absurd fidelity to his worst enemy he resembles the inebriate who also insists that intoxicants are necessary and valuable elements, without which life would seem a dreary waste.

The victim of the worry habit poisons himself slowly and steadily, while the inebriate absorbs poison of a milder character in doses at stated intervals.

The former's habit affects the brain, weakening the heart's action and wrecking the nervous system, while the latter's habit first affects the digestive and filtration functions, ending in the same result—nervous prostration and dissolution—the freeing of a weak soul from a corrupt encasement.

The intelligent recognition and practice of the power of the mind is the solution of the problem: How to cease worrying?

If you were to enter a darkened room at midnight you would not attempt to shed your darkness out at a second, but you would simply open a way for the sunlight to penetrate the room, thereby dispelling the gloom. As sunlight dispels darkness, so will calmness drive forth worry. Instant cessation of thought on the subject, or incident upon which the worrying condition was based, and the taking up of the daily routine of life, will cause worry to disappear like gloom before the bright rays of light.

Antoninus, the Roman scholar and emperor, evidently knew how to cease worrying, for he says:

IMPORTANT MATTER FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES

THE DAWN, CALCUTTA, INDIA. LIGHT, LONDON, ENG.

A PLEA FOR THE THEORY OF REBIRTHS.

From this it follows (and only the Spiritualist can rightly and fully understand this).

THAT HUMAN LOVE IS NOT an accident. It is a part of the eternal spiritual order. It may be regarded as a product of the mighty revolutionary process, just as conscience is, or reverence, or the sense of awe, but it is none the less—really, it is all the more—a manifest part of the universal order—a part of the divine intention, appearing in its season as a higher manifestation of the hidden but eternally working power. All its manifestations, then, express something of the plan and purpose of the Great Evolver. It is, in truth, a sublime revelation in and by itself—a portion of the everlasting gospel of the grace of God, which is supreme above all sectarian and ecclesiastical dogmas; for these may be only of the letter, but that is of the spirit; these are external to man in an arbitrary institution, but that is enthroned in the human soul.

Human love is therefore a revelation from God, the purest, the deepest, the highest. It tells us what it really is that lies at the heart of all things; what is the secret of true life, and what the condition of abiding happiness.

Love is the root of creation; God's essence, worlds without number. Lie in his bosom like children; he made us for this purpose only. Only to love and be loved again; he breathed forth his spirit into the slumbering dust, and, upright standing, it laid its Hand on his heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.

Hate, selfishness, lonely brooding, are chaotic. They belong to the old order from which the human has emerged or is emerging; is emerging; and they would drag us down and back to the brute if they could. Our only hope of progressive life is love; and that is true love, which we think of as the love of workshop, the nation, or the larger brotherhood of the world. In a word, the only hope of the human race is to be found in its spiritual development. Jealousies, conspiracies, underminings, wars, belong to the bestial or inferior orders. Only Love is Life.

It seems to follow from this that love is capable of infinite expansion. In the order of evolution it is the highest product; and John, foreseeing this, dared to hail it as the very highest and ultimate product; that, indeed, which lifted up the brute to the human, and is lifting the human to the divine, as we have seen. With sublime grasp of ultimate consequences, he said: "Beloved, now are we God's children, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him." Not one of our modern evolutionists has got beyond that. Very few indeed have climbed as high. It sees in Love that which links man and God, and predicts the ascent which can end only in identification. It is a tremendous thought.

But true Spiritualism cannot and does not say that God came and here Love in God led to creation; and love in man must lead to service. John saw that, and in his usual strong way (the strength of love) he said: "Love laid down his life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." Actually lay down our lives? Well, we are a long way from that; but the ideal shows us what is the real nature and significance of this genuine responsive love.

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MODERN SPIRITUALISM

make their way silently but effectively into the lives of men everywhere, they will have the effect of spiritualizing the thought of those to whom they come, and must thus react on the social and political life of their peoples.

The great war of the coming century will be between materialism and Spiritualism in the broadest meaning of those words, and as men recognize their personal responsibility to each other and to their race, the possibility of overheating from undue friction will vanish, and men will find some honorable way of settling their differences, which differences must ever exist.

The present may be dark, but we can anticipate. As we have seen, the spread of Spiritualism by lip and life, we may encourage ourselves and each other by calling to mind that as it grows so the darkness and superstition which have made war possible will vanish; that the selfishness which has fostered lying and deceit will disappear; and the hypocrisy and humbug which now underlie our political systems will no more dare lift up their heads.

Looking to the future, ours is more of certainty than hope, and, as Spiritualists, we can recognize how much of truth there is in every line of the following verse of Whitlitter's, and how strenuously the angel visitants will labor for the abolition of the warlike spirit from the heart of man.

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I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a COPY FREE. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the right attitude of mind to receive it.

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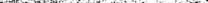
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