

The Progressive Thinker.

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VOL. 29.

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 19, 1904.

NO. 747

An Old Woman With Wonderful Occult Powers. One of the Most Remarkable Occult Experiences the World Has Ever Seen.

A WEIRD OCCULT EXPERIENCE.

As Related by Numa Numantius, a Prominent Chicago Physician.

The improbable sometimes occurs. It did in this case. The writer is well known to the editor of The Progressive Thinker, who does not believe him to be insane or laboring under an hallucination. Some twenty-five years ago he related to many his remarkable experiences as detailed in this communication, and with a sincerity that could not fail to carry conviction. His wife, a most estimable lady, who was with him, declares most emphatically that all the incidents connected with this narrative are true. The fact that the medium, Home, was levitated on one occasion, carried along in mid-air by the spirits, and that the passage of matter through matter has been repeatedly proven, brings within the range of possibility every statement made by Numa Numantius. That the central figure in this narrative possessed wonderful occult powers, was known to many.

In 1872 I was located (in medical practice) within thirty miles of Chicago, on a farm, among farmers—plain, honest people and the best of neighbors.

My circuit covered an extensive area, and my wife was wont to accompany me during those long and otherwise monotonous rides. Thus, one afternoon we were nearing the farm of a Mrs. J., whose house was situated directly on the highroad, opposite an unpainted, deserted church—a gloomy enough neighborhood.

Mrs. J.'s son was then under my care for a fractured thigh, having just recovered from a similar accident to his left forearm. The direct causes of these consecutive fractures were almost universally laid to the worthy dame herself, or to her "evil eye," which, in the opinion of most people was able to work damage at a distance. Let me explain:

Mrs. J. was known to old and young as the "EVIL-EYED WITCH," and was shunned by all, because of her supposed ability to bewitch anyone by her disliked. Everybody was in actual terror of this woman. The reader must remember that in those days less was known of things occult, and, besides, I then was an out and out materialist, consequently ill prepared to cope with such matters.

The public dislike of this woman I explained through her repugnant physique, carrying her right shoulder "a la Richard the Third." She, as if in mock reverence, bent her "off knee" in a jerky manner, stumbling more than walking, all the while muttering unintelligible words in croaky voice, mayhaps to some invisible entity. Who knows?

Her lips, as thin and expressionless as a slit cut in sole leather, were never without motion. From her emanated that weird, witchlike, nonsympathetic magnetism, all for evil and none for good.

Yes, she looked like a witch, soaked in evil, and one could well imagine her besmeared with that Devil's Ointment, supposed to be prepared in unholy confab on the Blocksberg, from clergymen's fat, clergymen who had served the devil in heaven's livery! Her eyes seemed to borrow their expression from the devil-fish, and, taken all in all, this woman certainly looked a witch! She was the best shunned woman, near and far, amply abused in her absence, while most obsequiously flattered when present. Young and old did homage to the "EVIL-EYED ONE."

I must go back a little in time, for, previously, I myself had witnessed the wholesale slaughter of a litter of pigs by this "witch," the property of her neighbor, a Mr. K. During a professional call at this farmer's house, I had occasion to praise the healthy appearance of a litter of pigs. To my astonishment, Mr. K. an unusually intelligent farmer, asserted that "nothing can save this litter, for the witch has 'evil-eyed' them!" Such STUPIDITY required correction, and I then and there gave vent to much "scientific" horror with what he said, but without shaking his belief in the old woman's "powers." As related the next day by Mr. K., EVERY PIGLET "TOOK ITS LITTLE TAIL BETWEEN ITS TEETH AT SUNSET, THE DAY PRIOR, AND TWIRLING ABOUT FASTER AND FASTER, DROPPED DEAD." What killed the pigs I know not, but that they were dead I saw for myself.

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"Doctor, I beg of you to come to me quick. Mother and I have had a rummus, and ever since I am in agony. Something is the matter with my broken thigh, for there is a crawling sensation all over and around it. Mother has 'BE-SPOKEN' the leg." In reply I simply felt Fred's pulse, believing him under febrile excitement. However, his pulse was normal and the skin moist and cool. My sole attention was now turned to the fractured limb. I dreaded gangrene and set to chiseling the thigh from out its plaster of paris incaseation.

A MOST HORRIBLE SIGHT DISCLOSED.

I doubt whether the sudden disappearance of that very limb, then and there, would have more confounded me than the horrible sight before me when the bandages fell from the thigh. THERE, IN ALL THEIR SLIMY HELLISHNESS, CRAWLED OVER AND ABOUT THE THIGH AND BEDDING, WHITE WORMS FROM ONE TO TWO INCHES LONG! These worms were different from those I had ever seen, in hospitals and on battle-fields, where wounds had to be neglected from various causes. It must also be remembered that this was a simple fracture, without even the slightest scratch accompanying it.

How did all this happen, or was it an illusion?

To me and to Fred those worms at that time ACTUALLY EXISTED. They were there to my utter bewilderment and I had not yet regained that mental equilibrium so necessary to a physician, when a low mocking laugh behind me caused me to turn and recognize Mrs. J. She seemed to enjoy the situation, but soon quieted me with the assurance that the worms were caused in no wise through my neglect, but that she simply wished "Freddie" to respect his "mammy" more and to call her less names. She added: "I regret causing you this extra trouble doctor," but, gone she was, shambling out of the room through the gloomy shed into the yard and beyond. While my eyes followed her as she passed out of sight, back to her work on the farm, a shout of surprise from Fred called me back to my duty. My patient pointed to his injured limb, where not a worm or trace thereof could be seen! His mother had not fully entered the room, remaining in the doorway. Her position even obstructed full view of the leg and its condition. Yet GONE THEY WERE, every single worm, leaving the limb clean and ready for my surgical duties.

Where did these worms come from?

Where did they go to?

What, indeed, had they been?

SEND THE RED COCK ON THE ROOF.

Pulling myself together best I could, I rebanded the leg, while Fred aired his long pent up feelings by the recital of the weird happenings there, as strange occurrences in "BLACK MAGIC" as perhaps were ever recounted to mortal. Even the recent death of a brother he believed the work of entities servile to his mother, for that death was prognosticated by the "witch" exactly as it happened. At another time, when that brother refused to advance money, Mrs. J. threatened that if the same was not handed to her by Wednesday, she would "SEND THE RED COCK ON HIS ROOF," at midnight of that day. Though Jim's house was situated on Milwaukee avenue in Chicago, some thirty miles distant, and his mother did not leave her farm, a fire actually started on the roof, but was readily extinguished, after which the "witch" promptly received the money.

Fred tearfully referred to his little wife, who was rapidly failing amidst such depressing surroundings and because of the shameful treatment she received from the old hag. I advised Fred to leave his mother and take his wife with him to Chicago, there to manfully work, and in peace and happiness support her, as in duty bound. His other remarks, touching on black magic, I also met, but with pity and scorn, doing my best to reach his "benighted pate" with sufficient of the "light of this enlightening century" to meet and overcome all such "medieval nonsense."

All my pains were for nothing, for Fred implored me to keep my counsel and to not further raise his mother's ire. "For," as he added, "she hears every word you say."

Pointing to his mother working some five hundred feet distant on the farm, Fred further explained:

"IN SOME STRANGE MANNER MOTHER FEELS WHAT PEOPLE THINK, AND I AM POSITIVE THAT SHE NOW KNOWS ALL YOU SAID AND ALL YOU THINK, FOR, FROM MY CHILDHOOD UP SHE ALWAYS KNEW MY THOUGHTS AND THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM HER."

Entirely then unacquainted with occult possibilities, I let fly at him my undisguised disgust, and after reviewing in cutting ridicule all he had said, I left his presence and joined my wife, waiting for me in the garden fronting the house. Bidding adieu to Fred's wife, we were soon seated in the phaeton, getting ready to leave, I thankful for the superstition-destroying rays that science, by a not to be overestimated chance, had enscenced into my thought-box! Never had proud aristocrat so thoroughly despised the low-born as I on that eve those "benighted plebeians!" But, my punishment was to come.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATION.

While about to start the ponies, ever ready to answer the whip, Mrs. J., suddenly appeared from behind the phaeton, and, with a peculiar distant expression in her eyes, passed about the team in a circle. This procedure was a sort of "Devil's Good-bye," and introductory to as had a night as God ever permits the devil to torment defenseless man with!

Attempting to start, I found to my utter dismay, that every encouraging word and even the whip's convincing lash failed to induce the horses to stir, though PREVIOUSLY WILLING AND NEVER BALKY. My attempts proving futile, I turned to the old hag, who then waved her bony hand at us, apparently in high glee, screaming: "NEXT TIME DON'T GIVE ADVICE TO MY FAMILY; AND REMEMBER THAT IT IS OFTEN DANGEROUS TO BLOW WHERE IT BURNS YOU NOT. YOU MAY KNOW A FEW BOOKS, DOCTOR, BUT I CAN DO MUCH THAT YOUR WISDOM CANNOT EXPLAIN!" With an energetic wave of her sinewy hand, retracing her steps around our phaeton, she finished her tirade, shouting: "Go on, doctor, go on! You will shortly be in greater danger than this!"

MORE WONDERFUL OCCULT MANIFESTATIONS.

Onward the ponies sped, apparently relieved, and we were glad to have the distance between us and the "witch" increased. By this time evening had set in and we hastened on, yearning for home.

Such is the blessing of a good wife, that soon, under her quieting influence, the above occurrence was no more thought of. We were chatting of future plans, of our contemplated return to Chicago, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, the ponies stopped short, standing stock still, at the same time trembling violently, as if shaken by some controlling force. At first our thoughts did not recur to the "witch" and her threat, BUT WHEN THE HORSES, BUGGY AND CONTENTS, ALL OF IT AND US, WERE UNMISTAKABLY RAISED FROM THE GROUND, REMAINING THUS AFLOAT, VIOLENTLY SHAKING, I WAS FOR THE FIRST TIME INCLINED TO CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITIES OF WITCHCRAFT! While arguing the point with my wife, I chanced to look down at the wheels. The sight that there met my eyes added not to my valor, for at each wheel I plainly discerned a dwarf, or humanlike "something" real as life, of stubby but strong build, lifting with all its might, and evidently the cause of the shaking-up we were still undergoing. All efforts at making the horses stir proved without avail, and in despair, braving the consequences, I jumped from the phaeton, to personally examine matters. The "something" had vanished; at least I saw no more. But I found the ponies and the wheels still some half-foot from the ground, suspended in the air. I repeatedly passed my hands under the horses' hoofs and the wheels, scarcely believing what my senses of sight and touch now plainly demonstrated! I attempted to turn a wheel, but, though suspended aloft in air, it would not move.

After a hurried consultation with my wife, whose bravery under such trying circumstances was certainly remarkable, I returned to the phaeton, she finally agreeing to leave the buggy. In stepping out her dress caught, securing her directly between the large wheels, at which moment the buggy lowered suddenly to the ground and the horses took a turn to the left, bringing the wheels closely together, within a few inches, certain to crush my wife's body, as she was still held there. I remember her piercing shriek, but cannot recall aught else, save that I saw my wife fall to the ground. A hasty examination revealed no injury!

How was my wife saved from being crushed to death?

We both positively know that she was between the wheels while they met; the distance between them being less than two inches! We cannot explain, though we know these things to have happened.

FLOATING ACROSS A DEEP RAVINE.

We were quite a distance from home and so were forced to return to the phaeton. The spell seemed to be off and we sped up the steep road, both sides of which bordered with deep ravines, cut by the rains of many years. It was as if some intelligent force suddenly deliberately headed the horses towards and over the ravine to the right, some twenty or more feet deep. Though the buggy and ponies touched the ground while on the road, we now floated across this deep ravine, and thus returned without touching its bottom.

I may as well remark right here that the next morning, accompanied by a number of farmers and others, the tracks of the horses feet and of the wheels could be plainly distinguished on the road and also where the team had turned towards the ravine and back again. These tracks led to the ravine's edge, and continued on the other side, the returning tracks equally plain. But the closest examination did not reveal the least mark at the bottom of the ravine, unrefutably proving that we had really floated both ways over the ravine. Indeed, had we not, and had we fallen into said ravine, we could not have escaped injury or even death, and, at best could not have left the ravine without a human aid, until the coming day.

A PREDICTION VERIFIED.

Returning to the road, we concluded to leave the horses at the nearest farmhouse, some half-mile distant. All spooks and spookery had vanished. Slowly progressing, it now became quite dark ere we arrived at the farm. My wife was now seized with a great dread lest something evil should befall me at the farmer's, and urged me to pass by and on. But what could I do? It was impractical to lead the horses home, a mile or more, and I rapped at the rear door of the farm-house, several times without recognition. About to try once more, the door suddenly flew open, revealing the farmer, Mr. F., with gun pointed at me and evidently about to fire! My wife's shriek and the fortunate intervention of Mrs. F., recalled the fellow to his senses, and, as if combatting with some unseen influence, he threw the gun far from him, evidently relieved, sinking exhausted to the floor, his blanched cheeks evidencing the turmoil that shook his powerful frame. When we had sufficiently recovered from our surprise, Mr. F., related how an hour or so before, he had strangely been forced to take down that old gun from a hook where it had been forgotten for many years, to clean and load it, and, finally to point it at me, with every intent to kill. He had not recognized me at first, though we were old acquaintances, until my wife's shriek saved him from murder. And, thus, the "witch's" threat, that I would be in greater danger that very night, became verified.

Strange to say, the farmer and his wife ridiculed us for our "superstitious fears," when informed of our experiences, and Mr. F., proposed to drive our team to my home that very night. Wisely, I had kept from him the more occult aspect of our adventures, merely stating that our ponies were balky, due, possibly, to Mrs. J.'s influence. But, whenever this couple was ready to start, armed with a large lantern, a sudden whiff of wind, coming from nowhere, extinguished the light, and in the ensuing darkness the same manifestations occurred that had confronted us! The farmer was tenacious and tried again and again, hitching the ponies to a heavy box wagon, but such was the devilry sure to follow, that these worthy people now peremptorily refused to harbor either of us or our team for the night! "You are both possessed of the devil," was their invariable answer to our request to keep our team over night. Finally I prevailed on him to call on a neighbor, who, ignorant of the trouble, agreed to take the horses to his farm. Nothing further occurred than that we had to walk home, our hearts and heads laboring under conflicting emotions.

THE FINAL END OF THE WITCH.

The above happened years ago and the reader may wish to know what has become of the "witch." It is but a few months since that a physician, my successor there, wrote me of the sudden demise of Mrs. J. To my knowledge, she was an old woman thirty years ago, and I am assured that she looked no older when the accident that removed her to the place where witches are said to go, befell her. It is solemnly stated in that neighborhood that she had made a compact with the Evil One, on promise of certain powers, he agreeing to not "claim her soul" so long as her feet touched the earth, or remained within three feet of the same. This accounted for the one-story, rambling house above referred to, the long shed without flooring, etc. Mrs. J. might be alive to-day had she not forgotten her pact with the Evil One, and refrained from mounting a wagon of manure, thus standing over three feet above ground, and, besides, not on soil. The Doctor reports that she was suddenly hurled from the wagon, and when picked up it was discovered that her neck was broken.

As to any such compact with an evil spirit I know not; BUT I DO KNOW THAT ALL I HAVE RELATED ABOVE IS IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE TRUTH. Though a number of years have since passed, every happening therewith connected is too vivid in my memory to be forgotten. I have since delved in things occult, for over a quarter of a century, and know more than I did then, and, hence, can solve the puzzle somewhat more to my satisfaction, but still I ask the kind reader's assistance in unravelling the above experience. I REPEAT MY ASSURANCE THAT I HAVE RENDERED A TRUTHFUL ACCOUNT, ON WHICH I STAKE MY HONOR. INDEED, I DARE NOT TELL ALL THAT HAPPENED—THEN AND AFTERWARDS—FOR FEAR OF COMMENT.

NUMA NUMANTIUS.

THANKFUL.

I have clothes, a well-filled stomach and a pleasant place to sleep. And my thankfulness of spirit runs proportionately deep. There are people who are freezing, and are hungry to the core, who for lack of work and shelter are now sleeping out of doors. When I see the mansions gaudy, and provided with the best, I am thankful that "good fortune" has a brother being blessed. But I wonder that "good fortune" with so many things in store, Gives one plenty while another starves and freezes out of doors. When I see the stately churches where the wealthy go to pray That the "meek and lowly Jesus" might their sins all wash away. When the means might be expended for the good of mortals more, I feel sorry for the wealthy who must plead at heaven's door. I feel thankful there is justice in the somewhere and some-time. And the thought uplifts my spirit with a radiance sublime, For the Present seems so partial, with the good things in its store— All to few men, while their brothers freeze in hunger out of doors. DR. T. WILKINS.

SPIRITS AS CAUSES OF VICE

A Careful and Critical Examination of the Subject.

Any mystical, pseudo-religious system, or advanced spiritual philosophy (whether it be Spiritualism, the New Thought, Christian Science, Theosophy or Quietism) which purposely ignores a thorough analysis, and investigation into the real psychological causes of vice, sin, and crime, will always be treated with moral suspicion.

The first question asked is this, viz., is the system morally clean? Not is the philosophy of the system infallibly true?

If it is not clean the people declare that they do not want it in their families.

The fact that our special reverence for the unseen, and our love for the marvelous is so great, that we would sooner worship, and become the pupils of the most foul and ignorant spirit out of his skin, than the wisest and cleanest saint in it, does not change the matter in the eyes of the public.

Spiritualism is both objective and subjective. In the objective sense, a spirit may be a cause of vice, as when a person is obsessed.

In the subjective sense, some psychological force of one's own soul may be a vicious cause.

This view is not flattering. In this last sense a standard of moral responsibility is fixed. Let us take our medicine bravely. It may do no harm, if it does no good, to call attention to the psychological fact that the human passions of jealousy, lust, despair and hate were, by the Jews, personified as spiritual entities, in James 4:5, Numbers 31:17, and other places.

This view belongs strictly to the phase of subjective Spiritualism, i. e., as distinct from the objective phase of obsession.

In the former case, the person is simply self-deceived, drawn away from common sense, and enticed by the spirit entity of their own personal lust, whether it be jealousy, avarice, fear, hate, or the desire for power or sexual conquest.

In the objective experience they are drawn away, and enticed and overpowered by deceiving spirit entities, which besiege them from without, and which spirits are animated by one or the other of the above passions.

Let us continue to bravely take our own medicine.

Let us frankly admit, however, that all the danger to wrong doing does not come from without; that not being infallible (ethical beings) that there may be such a thing as a capacity for self-deception in every human heart that beats.

That human moral evolution implies (in the very term itself) the former existence of immoral psychological states, out of which morals and ethics were evolved.

This question is one which belongs to the sphere of subjective Spiritualism. It concerns the moral condition of my own spirit—not that of a guide. Subjective Spiritualism, therefore, is related to all those moral and ethical conditions relating to the nature of my own responsibility. In this sense my own fierce, savage passions I personify as the spirits, which are the natural causes of my vices.

My savage ancestors of the zoological garden knew notions of morals. My ethics are an evolution. The archangels have descended from the cherubim, had a better start. But I was not permitted to come that way. I had come the way of the savage races and the zoological gardens. I had a bad beginning; this is why Darwin took so much pains to declare the nature of my ancestors, for a good man's pedigree is little hunted up. If I have the seeds of savage, cruel and unjust passions lurking within (the elements of my own subjective Spiritualism) I know where they came from; so does Darwin. This is a grim historic fact—not humor or romance. Let us be thoroughgoing with our view of evolution, or let it alone.

Suppose, then, that I persist in personifying the left-over elements of my own savage passions, as the spirits, which are the natural evolutionary causes of my vices, what then? Well, it necessitates a thorough analysis and investigation into the real psychological causes of the vices of my savage ancestors, as well as those of my own.

The lives of my ancestors of the zoological gardens, and of my own life, therefore, began with passions, not with conceptions of the intellect, or with the perceptions of sensation, viz., the child at birth begins with hunger, fear and anger, which are passions—not with conceptions of the intellect or sensations of the senses.

In this sense vice has five distinct stages of psychological growth.

1. The stage of hereditary and self-developed passion, i. e., as of vices which originate in the passions of hunger, fear, anger, hate, jealousy, love or domination, avarice, sex, the seeds of which are in every Spiritualist, living and dead.

2. The stage of the sensations of the senses, i. e., of seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, tasting.

3. The stage of the conceptions of intellect, i. e., of visions, thoughts, mental images, ideas, graphic images, inferior concepts, superior concepts. A continuous line of vice-thought always leads to action.

4. The stage of temperament, habit or disposition.

5. The acquired stage of impulsive, self-deceptive secret pleasures; secretly enjoyed for years. Now, my own spirit, and every developed obsessing spirit that has ever lived on earth, had their natures developed—whether for lofty virtue or degrading vice—according to the above five psychological laws. Therefore, to know anything intelligently of spirits, as causes of vices, we must study and teach the elements of their psychology, as a means of moral self-protection. To evade or ignore these unflattering studies of human nature is as unwise as it is to neglect the careful examination of the sewerage plumbing of a cholera infected district.

SALVATORA.

The Progressive Thinker Still Leads the Procession!

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The public dislike of this woman I explained through her repugnant physique, carrying her right shoulder "a la Richard the Third." She, as if in mock reverence, bent her "off knee" in a jerky manner, stumbling more than walking, all the while muttering unintelligible words in croaky voice, mayhaps to some invisible entity. Who knows?

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"Doctor, I beg of you to come to me quick. Mother and I have had a rumspus, and ever since I am in agony. Something is the matter with my broken thigh, for there is a crawling sensation all over and around it. Mother has 'BE-SPOKEN' the leg." In reply I simply felt Fred's pulse, believing him under febrile excitement. However, his pulse was normal and the skin moist and cool. My sole attention was now turned to the fractured limb. I dreaded gangrene and set to chiseling the thigh from out its plaster of paris-incasement.

A MOST HORRIBLE SIGHT DISCLOSED.

I doubt whether the sudden disappearance of that very limb, then and there, would have more confounded me than the horrible sight before me when the bandages fell from the thigh. THERE, IN ALL THEIR SLIMY HELLSHNESS, CRAWLED OVER AND ABOUT THE THIGH AND BEDDING, WHITE WORMS FROM ONE TO TWO INCHES LONG! These worms were different from those I had ever seen, in hospitals and on battle-fields, where wounds had to be neglected from various causes. It must also be remembered that this was a simple fracture, without even the slightest scratch accompanying it.

How did all this happen, or was it an illusion?

To me and to Fred those worms at that time ACTUALLY EXISTED. They were there to my utter bewilderment and I had not yet regained that mental equilibrium so necessary to a physician, when a low mocking laugh behind me caused me to turn and recognize Mrs. J. She seemed to enjoy the situation, but soon quieted me with the assurance that the worms were caused in no-wise through my neglect, but that she simply wished "Freddie" to respect his "mammy" more and to call her less names. She added: "I regret causing you this extra trouble doctor," but, gone she was, shambling out of the room through the gloomy shed into the yard and beyond. While my eyes followed her as she passed out of sight, back to her work on the farm, a shout of surprise from Fred called me back to my duty. My patient pointed to his injured limb, where not a worm or trace thereof could be seen! His mother had not fully entered the room, remaining in the doorway. Her position even obstructed full view of the leg and its condition. Yet GONE THEY WERE, every single worm, leaving the limb clean and ready for my surgical duties.

Where did those worms come from?

Where did they go to?

What, indeed, had they been?

SEND THE RED COCK ON THE ROOF.

Pulling myself together best I could, I rebanded the leg, while Fred aired his long pent up feelings by the recital of the weird happenings there, as strange occurrences in "BLACK MAGIC" as perhaps were ever recounted to mortal. Even the recent death of a brother he believed the work of entities servile to his mother, for that death was prognosticated by the "witch" exactly as it happened. At another time, when that brother refused to advance money, Mrs. J. threatened that if the same was not handed to her by Wednesday, she would "SEND THE RED COCK ON HIS ROOF," at midnight of that day. Though Jim's house was situated on Milwaukee avenue in Chicago, some thirty miles distant, and his mother did not leave her farm, a fire actually started on the roof, but was readily extinguished, after which the "witch" promptly received the money.

Fred tearfully referred to his little wife, who was rapidly failing amidst such depressing surroundings and because of the shameful treatment she received from the old hag. I advised Fred to leave his mother and take his wife with him to Chicago, there to manfully work, and in peace and happiness support her, as in duty bound. His other remarks, touching on black magic, I also met, but with pity and scorn, doing my best to reach his "benighted pate" with sufficient of the "light of this enlightened century" to meet and overcome all such "medieval nonsense."

All my pains were for nothing, for Fred implored me to keep my counsel and to not further raise his mother's ire. "For," as he added, "she hears every word you say."

Pointing to his mother working some five hundred feet distant on the farm, Fred further explained:

"IN SOME STRANGE MANNER MOTHER FEELS WHAT PEOPLE THINK, AND I AM POSITIVE THAT SHE NOW KNOWS ALL YOU SAID AND ALL YOU THINK, FOR, FROM MY CHILDHOOD UP SHE ALWAYS KNEW MY THOUGHTS AND THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM HER."

Entirely then unacquainted with occult possibilities, I let fly at him my undisguised disgust, and after reviewing in cutting ridicule all he had said, I left his presence and joined my wife, waiting for me in the garden fronting the house. Bidding adieu to Fred's wife, we were soon seated in the phaeton, getting ready to leave, I thankful for the superstition-destroying rays that science, by a not to be overestimated chance, had encoined into my thought-box! Never had I proud aristocrat so thoroughly despised the low-born as I on that eve those "benighted plebeians!" But, my punishment was to come.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATION.

While about to start the ponies, ever ready to answer the whip, Mrs. J., suddenly appeared from behind the phaeton, and, with a peculiar distant expression in her eyes, passed about the team in a circle. This procedure was a sort of "Devil's Good-bye," and introductory to as had a night as God ever permits the devil to torment defenseless man with!

Attempting to start, I found to my utter dismay, that every encouraging word and even the whip's convincing lash failed to induce the horses to stir, though PREVIOUSLY WILLING AND NEVER BALKY. My attempts proving futile, I turned to the old hag, who then waved her bony hand at us, apparently in high glee, screaming: "NEXT TIME DON'T GIVE ADVICE TO MY FAMILY; AND REMEMBER THAT IT IS OFTEN DANGEROUS TO BLOW WHERE IT BURNS YOU NOT. YOU MAY KNOW, A FEW BOOKS, DOCTOR, BUT I CAN DO MUCH THAT YOUR WISDOM CANNOT EXPLAIN!" With an energetic wave of her sinewy hand, retreating her steps around our phaeton, she finished her tirade, shouting: "Go on, doctor, go on! You will shortly be in greater danger than this!"

MORE WONDERFUL OCCULT MANIFESTATIONS

Onward the ponies sped, apparently relieved, and we were glad to have the distance betwixt us and the "witch" increased. By this time evening had set in and we hastened on, yearning for home.

Such is the blessing of a good wife, that soon, under her quieting influence, the above occurrence was no more thought of. We were chatting of future plans, of our contemplated return to Chicago, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, the ponies stopped short, standing stock still, at the same time trembling violently, as if shaken by some controlling force. At first our thoughts did not recur to the "witch" and her threat, BUT WHEN THE HORSES, BUGGY AND CONTENTS, ALL OF IT AND US, WERE UNMISTAKABLY RAISED FROM THE GROUND, REMAINING THUS AFLOAT, VIOLENTLY SHAKING, I WAS FOR THE FIRST TIME INCLINED TO CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITIES OF WITCHCRAFT! While arguing the point with my wife, I chanced to look down at the wheels. The sight that there met my eyes added not to my valor, for at each wheel I plainly discerned a dwarf, or humanlike "something" real as life, of stubby but strong build, lifting with all its might, and evidently the cause of the shaking-up we were still undergoing. All efforts at making the horses stir proved without avail, and in my despair, braving the consequences, I jumped from the phaeton, to personally examine matters. The "something" had vanished; at least I saw them no more. But I found the ponies and the wheels still some half-foot from the ground, suspended in the air. I repeatedly passed my hands under the horses' hoofs and the wheels, scarcely believing what my senses of sight and touch now plainly demonstrated! I attempted to turn a wheel, but, though suspended aloft in air, it would not move.

After a hurried consultation with my wife, whose bravery under such trying circumstances was certainly remarkable, I returned to the phaeton, she finally agreeing to leave the buggy. In stepping out her dress caught, securing her directly between the large wheels, at which moment the buggy jolted suddenly to the ground and the horses took a turn to the left, bringing the wheels closely together, within a few inches, certain to crush my wife's body, as she was still held there. I remember her piercing shrieks, but cannot recall aught else, save that I saw my wife fall to the ground. A hasty examination revealed no injury!

How was my wife saved from being crushed to death?

We both positively know that she was between the wheels while they met the distance between them being less than two inches. We cannot explain, though we know these things to have happened.

FLOATING ACROSS A DEEP RAVINE.

We were quite a distance from home and so were forced to return to the phaeton. The spell seemed to be off and we sped up the steep road, both sides of which bordered with deep ravines, cut by the rains of many years. It was as if some intelligent force suddenly deliberately headed the horses towards and over the ravine to the right, some twenty or more feet deep. Though the buggy and ponies touched the ground while on the road, we now floated across this deep ravine, and thus returned without touching its bottom.

I may as well remark right here that the next morning, accompanied by a number of farmers and others, the tracks of the horses feet and of the wheels could be plainly distinguished on the road and also where the team had turned towards the ravine and back again. These tracks led to the ravine's edge, and continued on the other side, the returning tracks equally plain. But the closest examination did not reveal the least mark at the bottom of the ravine, unrefutedly proving that we had really floated both ways over the ravine. Indeed, had we not, and had we fallen into said ravine, we could not have escaped injury or even death, and, at best could not have left the ravine without human aid, until the coming day.

A PREDICTION VERIFIED.

Returning to the road, we concluded to leave the horses at the nearest farmhouse, some half-mile distant. All spooks and spookery had vanished. Slowly progressing, it now became quite dark ere we arrived at the farm. My wife was now seized with a great dread lest something evil should befall me at the farmer's, and urged me to pass by and on. But what could I do? It was impractical to lead the horses home, a mile or more, and I rapped at the rear door of the farm-house, several times without recognition. About to try once more, the door suddenly flew open, revealing the farmer, Mr. F., with gun pointed at me and evidently about to fire! My wife's shriek and the fortunate intervention of Mrs. F., recalled the fellow to his senses, and, as if combatting with some unseen influence, he threw the gun far from him, evidently relieved, sinking exhausted to the floor, his blanched cheeks evidencing the turmoil that shook his powerful frame. When we had sufficiently recovered from our surprise, Mr. F., related how an hour or so before, he had strangely been forced to take down that old gun from a hook where it had been forgotten for many years, to clean and load it, and, finally to point it at me, with every intent to kill. He had not recognized me at first, though we were old acquaintances, until my wife's shriek saved him from murder. And, thus, the "witch's" threat, that I would be in greater danger that very night, became verified.

Strange to say, the farmer and his wife ridiculed us for our "superstitious fears," when informed of our experiences, and Mr. F., proposed to drive our team to my home that very night. Wisely, I had kept from him the more occult aspect of our adventures, merely stating that our ponies were balky, due, possibly, to Mrs. J.'s influence. But, whenever this couple was ready to start, armed with a large lantern, a sudden whiff of wind, coming from nowhere, extinguished the light, and in the ensuing darkness the same manifestations occurred that had confronted us! The farmer was tenacious and tried again and again, hitching the ponies to a heavy box wagon, but such was the devilry sure to follow, that these worthy people now peremptorily refused to harbor either of us or our team for the night! "You are both possessed of the devil," was their invariable answer to our request to keep our team over night. Finally I prevailed on him to call on a neighbor, who, ignorant of the trouble, agreed to take the horses to his farm. Nothing further occurred than that we had to walk home, our hearts and heads laboring under conflicting emotions.

THE FINAL END OF THE WITCH.

The above happened years ago and the reader may wish to know what has become of the "witch." It is but a few months since that a physician, my successor there, wrote me of the sudden demise of Mrs. J. To my knowledge, she was an old woman thirty years ago, and I am assured that she looked no older when the accident that removed her to the place where witches are said to go, befell her. It is solemnly stated in that neighborhood that she had made a compact with the Evil One, on promise of certain powers, he agreeing to not "claim her soul" so long as her feet touched the earth, or remained within three feet of the same. This accounted for the one-story, rambling house above referred to, the long shed without flooring, etc. Mrs. J. might be alive to-day had she not forgotten her pactus with the Evil One, and refrained from mounting a wagon of manure, thus standing over three feet above ground, and, besides, not on soil. The Doctor reports that she was suddenly hurled from the wagon, and when picked up it was discovered that her neck was broken.

As to any such compact with an evil spirit I know not; BUT I DO KNOW THAT ALL I HAVE RELATED ABOVE IS IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE TRUTH. Though a number of years have since passed, every happening therewith connected is too vivid in my memory to be forgotten. I have since delved in things occult, for over a quarter of a century, and know more than I did then, and, hence, can solve the puzzle somewhat more to my satisfaction, but still I ask the kind reader's assistance in unravelling the above experience. I REPEAT MY ASSURANCE THAT I HAVE RENDERED A TRUTHFUL ACCOUNT, ON WHICH I STAKE MY HONOR. INDEED, I DARE NOT TELL ALL THAT HAPPENED—THEN AND AFTERWARDS—FOR FEAR OF COMMENT.

NUMA NUMANTIUS.

THANKFUL

I have clothes, a well-filled stomach and a pleasant place to sleep. And my thankfulness of spirit runs proportionately deep. There are people who are freezing, and are hungry to the core, Who for lack of work and shelter are now sleeping out of door.

When I see the mansions gaudy, and provided with the best, I am thankful that "good fortune" has a brother being blessed.

But I wonder that "good fortune" with so many things in store, Gives one plenty while another starves and freezes out of door.

When I see the stately churches where the wealthy go to pray, That the "meek and lowly Jesus" might their sins all wash away.

When the means might be expended for the good of mortals more, I feel sorry for the wealthy who must plead at heaven's door.

I feel thankful there is justice in the somewhere and sometime.

And the thought uplifts my spirit with a radiance sublime, For the Present seems so partial, with the good things in its store— All to few men, while their brothers freeze in hunger out of door.

DR. T. WILKINS.

SPIRITS AS CAUSES OF VICE

A Careful and Critical Examination of the Subject.

Any mystical, pseudo-religious system, or advanced spiritual philosophy (whether it be Spiritualism, the New Thought, Christian Science, Theosophy or Quietism) which purposely ignores a thorough analysis, and investigation into the real psychological causes of vice, sin, and crime, will always be treated with moral suspicion.

The first question asked is this, viz., is the system morally clean? Not is the philosophy of the system infallibly true?

If it is not clean the people declare that they do not want it in their families.

The fact that our special reverence for the unseen, and our love for the marvelous is so great, that we would sooner worship, and become the pupils of the most foul and ignorant spirit out of his skin, than the wisest and cleanest saint in it, does not change the matter in the eyes of the public.

Spiritualism is both objective and subjective. In the objective sense, a spirit may be a cause of vice, as when a person is obsessed.

In the subjective sense, some psychological force of one's own soul may be a vicious cause.

This view is not flattering. In this last sense a standard of moral responsibility is fixed. Let us take our mediocrity bravely. It may do no harm. It does no good, to call attention to the psychological fact that the human passions of jealousy, lust, despair and hate were, by the Jews, personified as spiritual entities, in James 4:5, Numbers 31:17, and other places.

This view belongs strictly to the phase of subjective Spiritualism, i. e., as distinct from the objective phase of obsession.

In the former case, the person is simply self-deceived, drawn away from common sense, and enticed by the spirit entity of their own personal and ethical character to be jealous, avarice, fear, hate, or the desire for power or sexual conquest.

In the objective experience they are drawn away, and enticed and overpowered by deceiving spirit entities, which beseege them from without, and which spirit entities are moral and ethical, or the other of the above passions.

Let us continue to bravely take our own medicine.

Let us frankly admit, however, that all the danger to wrong doing does not come from without; that not being infallible (these moral beings) that there may be such a thing as a capacity for self-deception in every human heart that beats.

That human moral evolution implies (in the very term itself) the former existence of immoral psychological states, out of which morals and ethics were evolved.

This question is one which belongs to the sphere of subjective Spiritualism. It concerns the moral condition of my own spirit—not that of a guide. Subjective Spiritualism, therefore, is related to all those moral and ethical conditions relating to my own moral responsibility. In this sense my own fierce, savage passions I personify as the spirits, which are the natural causes of my vices.

My savage ancestors of the zoological garden line knew nothing of morals. My ethics are an evolution. Those who have descended from the archangels had a better start. But I was not permitted to come that way. I had come the way of the savage races and the zoological gardens.

Thus, this is why Darwin took so much pains to declare the nature of my ancestry; for a good man's pedigree is little hunted up. If I have the seeds of savage, cruel and unjust passions lurking within (the elements of my own subjective Spiritualism) I know where they came from, so does Darwin. This is a grim historic fact—not humor or romance. Let us be thoroughgoing with our view of evolution, or let it alone.

Suppose, then, that I persist in personifying the left-over elements of my own savage passions, as the spirits, which are the natural evolutionary causes of my vices, what then? Well, it necessitates a thorough analysis and investigation into the real psychological causes of the vices of my savage ancestors, as well as those of my own.

The lives of my ancestors of the zoological gardens, and my own life, therefore, began with passions, not with conceptions of the intellect, or with the perceptions of sensation, viz., the child at birth begins with hunger, fear and anger, which are passions—not with conceptions of the intellect or sensations of the senses.

In this sense vice has five distinct stages of psychological growth.

1. The stage of hereditary and self-developed passion, i. e., as of vices which originate in the passions of hunger, fear, anger, hate, jealousy, love of domination, avarice, sex, the seeds of which are in every Spiritualist, living and dead.

2. The stage of the sensations of the senses, i. e., of seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, tasting.

3. The stage of the conceptions of intellect, i. e., of vicious thoughts, mental images, ideas, generic images, inferior concepts, superior concepts. A continuous line of vice-thought always leads to action.

4. The stage of temperament, habit or disposition.

5. The acquired stage of impulsive, self-deceptive secret pleasures; secretly enjoyed for years.

Now, my own spirit, and every developed obsessing spirit that has ever lived on earth, had their natures developed—whether for lofty virtue or degrading vice—according to the above five psychological laws. Therefore, to know anything intelligently of spirits, as causes of vices, we must study and teach the elements of their psychology, as a means of moral self-protection. To evade or ignore these unfattering studies of human nature is as unwise as it is to neglect the careful examination of the sewerage plumbing of a cholera infected district.

SALVARONA.

The Progressive Thinker Still Leads the Procession!

