

THREE HUSBANDS

APPEAR AT ONCE.
**But They Are Spirits and Unite in
Cheering Message to Their
Former Wife.**

Former Wife.

To have her three husbands, who had passed away into spirit land, come

The recognition of these three husbands was highly dramatic. Mrs. Caspar announced that three persons whose names were Susan George and Caspar came to her with a letter from a woman in the audience. After a moment's hesitation, she picked out a little, blackgowned, elderly woman in the middle of the house to whom the

"This is but the prelude of the great cataclysms coming, due to the great glacial movements scientists have been telling us about. Food and money have gone forth to those afflicted by great disaster, but the sympathy the minister has for those, that succurs, that keeps mankind together spiritually, is of vastly more importance. There are more ministers of the gospel preaching Spiritualism in their churches - to-day than there are Spiritualists in the world."

Dr. George B. Pratt of Chicago, a director of the Morris Pratt Institute at Whitewater, Wis., after relating his experiences in coming to Milwaukee by way of the electric line, made a strong case for the continuation of the use of the world's "Soul Line."

philosophy, he said, could make that name as honored as the Quakers, the Shakers, or the Methodists, all of which had at first been terms of derision.

Mrs. Coffman concluded the evening's work with a large number of mystifying tests, all done in the glare of electric light and without leaving the platform. In every instance the tests were recognized by persons in the audience. Alderman Smith, one of the most interested in the house, recognized a woman who came to the medium as "Clara."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A VIVID PROPHETIC DREAM.

Mrs. R. Borres Saw Destruction of City Twenty-four Hours Before Disaster.

Twenty-four hours—almost to the minute—before an earthquake, which shaken by the great earthquake shook the terrible scenes incident to the destruction of the city were foretold in a dream to Mrs. R. Borres, a Chicago woman.

Mrs. Borres, who lives with her husband at the Grand Central Hotel, West Madison street, is greatly concerned over the fate of her three sisters, all of whom resided in San Francisco.

Their names are:

Mrs. Howard Black, wife of the one of the members of the board of supervisors.

Mrs. John L. Marks.

Mrs. Edward Linden, wife of Captain Linden.

Mrs. Borres Recounts Dream.

The facts in relation to her dream are told in a letter from Mrs. Borres to the Chicago American as follows:

Tuesday night during the early hours I was so restless I could not sleep. Toward morning I fell into a deep slumber. I thought I was returning to my home in San Francisco. As I emerged from Ferry station, intending to take a Haight street car, I was aware that a great calamity had befallen the city.

The houses were heaped with ruined buildings and flames were springing up everywhere. People with white, agonized faces were rushing

dazed and rooted to the spot.

"Suddenly I saw members of my family running wildly down Market street, making for the ferry.

"As they passed me they declared that an earthquake had tumbled down hundreds of houses. We fled toward the bay, but were driven back by the soldiers.

"Then we discovered that my sister Mrs. Black, was missing and also another sister, Mrs. Linden.

"Searching for them we became separated and then we struck a heap of dead bodies that were being carried out of a large hotel.

"Alone I continued the search for my family, but could not find any of them.

"I stopped to inquire of an old man whose only answer was:

"'St. Louis is doomed next. St. Louis is going to be destroyed.'

"Then he fell dead in the sand.

The next day I was almost sick with fright. My family only laughed at me.

"Then came the news of the terrible disaster." I am afraid more of my dream is coming true and I will never see my sisters alive again."

"If any man is able to convince me and show me that I do not think and feel as I do, I will gladly change. For I seek the truth, by which no man has ever injured."—Marcus Aurelius.

A Little Pilgrim.

This is a charming narrative illustrating the beauty grandeur and sublimity of the spirit side of life, the realms of souls, the immortal spheres of existence. Margaret O. W. Oliphant is the author. And while it has been read by millions in the past, it will prove refreshing and soul-inspiring to our readers to again peruse it and feel its thrills of inspiration, and enjoy its uplifting influence.

Chapter V.—Continued.

I followed two of those who pushed their way to within a short distance of the stage, and who were strong, big men, more fitted to elbow the crowd aside than I, after my rough treatment in the first place, and the agitation I had passed through, could be. I was glad, besides, to take advantage of the explanation which one was giving to the other. "It's always best to see this fellow demonstrate," he said, "and the subject to-day's a capital one. Let's get well forward, and see all that's going on."

"Which subject do you mean?" said the other; "the theme or the example?" and they both laughed, though I did not seize the point of the wit.

"Well, both," said the first speaker. "The theme is nerves; and as a lesson in construction and the calculation of possibilities, it's fine. He's very clever at that. He shows how they are all strung to give as much pain and as much harm as can be, and yet how well it's all managed, don't you know, to look the reverse. As for the example, he's a capital one—all nerves together, lying, if you like, just on the surface, ready for the knife."

"If they're on the surface I can't see where the fun is," said the other. "Metaphorically speaking. Of course they are just where other people's nerves are; but he's what you call a highly organized nervous specimen. There will be plenty of fun. Hush! he is just going to begin."

"The arrangement of these threads of being," said the lecturer, evidently resuming after a pause, "so as to convey to the brain the most instantaneous messages of pain or pleasure, is wonderfully skillful and clever. I need not say to the audience before me, enlightened as it is by experience of the most striking kind, that the messages are less of pleasure than of pain. They report to the brain the stroke of injury far more often than the thrill of pleasure; though sometimes that too, no doubt, or life could scarcely be maintained. The powers that be have found it necessary to mingle a little sweet of pleasurable sensation, else our miserable race would certainly have found some means of procuring annihilation. I do not for a moment pretend to say that the pleasure is sufficient to offer a just counterbalance to the other. None of my hearers will, I hope, accuse me of inconsistency. I am ready to allow that in a previous condition I asserted somewhat strongly that this was the case; but experience has enlightened us on that point. Our circumstances are now understood by us all in a manner impossible while we were still in a condition of incompleteness. We are all convinced that there is no compensation. The pride of the position, of bearing everything rather than give in, or making a submission we do not feel, of preserving our own will and individuality to all eternity, is the only compensation. I am satisfied with it, for my part."

The orator made a pause, holding his head high, and there was a certain amount of applause. The two men before me cheered vociferously. "That is the right way to look at it," one of them said. "My eyes were upon them, with no particular motive; and I could not help starting, as I saw suddenly underneath their applause and laughter a snarl of cursing, which was the expression of their thoughts. I felt disposed in the same way to curse the speaker, though I knew no reason why."

He went on a little farther, explaining what he meant to do; and then turning round, approached the table. An assistant, who was waiting, uncovered it quickly. The audience stirred with quickened interest, and I with consternation made a step forwards, crying out with horror. The object on the table, writhing, twitching to get free, but bound down by every limb, was a living man. The lecturer went forward calmly, taking his instruments from their case with perfect composure and coolness. "Now ladies and gentlemen," he said, and inserted the knife in the flesh, making a long clear cut in the bound arm.

I shrieked out, unable to restrain myself. The sight of the deliberate wound, the blood, the cry of agony that came from the victim, the calmness of all the lookers-on, filled me with horror and rage indescribable. I felt myself clear the crowd away with a rush, and spring on the platform. I could not tell how. "You devil!" I cried, let the man go! Where is the police? Where is a magistrate? Let the man go this moment! He is a human shape! I'll have you brought to justice!" I heard myself shouting wildly, as I flung myself upon the wretched sufferer, interposing between him and the knife. It was something like this that I said. My horror and rage were delicious, and carried me beyond all attempt to control.

Through it all I heard a shout of laughter rising from everybody round. The lecturer laughed; the audience roared with that sound of horrible mockery which had driven me out of myself in first experience. All kinds of mocking cries sounded around me. "Let him have a little blow to calm him down," "Let the fool have a taste of it himself, doctor." Last of all came a voice mingled with the cries of the sufferer whom I was trying to shield, "Take him instead; curse him! take him instead." I was bending over the man with my arms outstretched, protecting him, when he gave vent to this cry.

I heard immediately behind me a shout of assent, which seemed to come from the two strong young men with whom I had been standing, and the sound of a rush to seize me. I looked round, half mad with terror and rage; a second more and I should have been strapped on the table too. I made one wild bound into the midst of the crowd; and struggling among the arms stretched out to catch me, amid the roar of the laughter and cries—fled—fled wildly, I knew not whither, in panic and rage and horror which no words could describe. Terror winged my feet. I flew, thinking as little of whom I met, or knocked down, or trod upon in my way, as the others did at whom I had wondered a little while ago.

No distinct impression of this headlong course remains in my mind, save the sensation of mad fear such as I had never felt before. I came to myself on the edge of the dark valley which surrounded the town. All my pursuers had dropped off before that time; and I have the recollection of flinging myself upon the ground on my face in the extremity of fatigue and exhaustion.

I must have lain there undisturbed for some time. A few steps came and went, passing me; but no one took any notice, and the absence of the noise and crowding gave me a momentary respite. But in my heat and fever I got no relief of coolness from the contact of the soil. I might have flung myself upon a bed of hot ashes, so much was it unlike the dewy cool earth which I expected, upon which one can always throw one's self with a sensation of repose. Presently the uneasiness of it made me struggle up again and look around me. I was safe; at least the cries of the pursuers had died away, the laughter which made my blood boil, the laughter which I had taken for travelers between one city and another were in reality wayfarers endeavoring to keep clear of what seemed a sort of press-gang at the openings.

One of them, unable to stop himself in his flight, adopted the same expedient as myself, and threw himself on the ground close to me when he had got beyond the range of pursuit. It was curious that we should meet there, he flying from a danger which I was about to face, and ready to encounter that from which I had fled. I waited for a few minutes until he had recovered his breath, and then, "What are you running from?" I said. "Is there any danger there?"

The man looked up at me with the same continual question in his eyes, "Who is this fool?"

"Danger!" he said. "Are you so new here, or such a cursed idiot, as not to know the danger of the mines? You are going across yourself, I suppose, and then you'll see."

"But tell me," I said; "my experience may be of use to you afterwards, if you will tell me yours now."

"Of use!" he cried, starting; "who cares? Find out for yourself. If they get hold of you, you will soon understand."

I no longer took this for rudeness, but answered in his own way, quiring him too for a fool. "If I ask a warning I can give one; as for kindness," I said, "I was not looking for that."

At this he laughed, indeed we laughed together, there seemed something ridiculous in the thought; and presently he told me, for the mere relief of talking, that round each of these pit-mouths there was a band to entrap every passer-by who allowed himself to be caught, and send him down below to work in the mine. "Once there, there is no telling when you may get free," he said; "one time or other most people have a taste of it. You don't know what hard labor is if you have never been there. I had a spell once. There is neither air nor light; your blood boils in your veins from the fervent heat; you are never allowed to rest. You are put in every kind of contortion to get at it, your limbs twisted, and your muscles strained."

"For what?" I said.

"For gold!" he cried with a flash in his eyes. "Gold! There it is, inexcusable; however hard you may work, there is always more, and more!"

"And to whom does all that belong?" I said.

"To whoever is strong enough to get hold and keep possession, sometimes one, sometimes another. The only thing you are sure of is that it will never be you."

Why not I as well as another? was the thought that went through my mind, and my new companion spied it with a shiver of derision.

"It is not for you nor your kind," he cried. "How do you think you could force other people to serve you? Can you terrify them or hurt them, or give them anything? You have not learned yet who are the masters here."

This troubled me, for it was true. "I had begun to think," I said, "that there was no authority at all, for every man seems to do as he pleases; you ride over one, and knock another down, or you seize a living man and cut him to pieces!" I shuddered as I thought of it—"and there is nobody to interfere."

"Who should interfere?" he said. "Why shouldn't every man abuse himself as he can? But yet for all that we've got our masters," he cried with a scowl, waving his clenched fist in the direction of the mines; "you'll find it out when you get there."

It was a long time after this before I ventured to move, for here it seemed to me that for the moment I was safe, outside the city, yet not within reach of the dangers of that intermediate space which grew clearer before me as my eyes became accustomed to the lurid threatening light. One after another the fugitives came flying past me, people who had escaped from the armed bands whom I could now see on the watch near the pit's mouth. I could see too the tactics of these bands, how they retired, veiling the lights and the opening, when a greater number than usual of travelers appeared on the way, and then suddenly widening out, throwing out flanking lines, surrounded and drew in the unwary. I could even hear the cries with which their victims disappeared before me as my eyes became accustomed to the lurid threatening light. One after another the fugitives came flying past me, people who had escaped from the armed bands whom I could now see on the watch near the pit's mouth. I could see too the tactics of these bands, how they retired, veiling the lights and the opening, when a greater number than usual of travelers appeared on the way, and then suddenly widening out, throwing out flanking lines, surrounded and drew in the unwary. I could even hear the cries with which their victims disappeared before me as my eyes became accustomed to the lurid threatening light.

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mass excitement, which was all the relief that was possible to me. And by and by, collecting all my faculties, and impelled by this impulse, which I seemed unable to resist, I got up and went cautiously on.

Fear ran in two ways: it paralyzes, and it endures cupping. At this moment I found it inspire me. I made my plans before I started, how to steal along under the cover of the blighted brushwood which broke the line of the valley here and there. I set out only after long thought, seizing the moment when the vaguely perceived bands were scouring in the other direction, intercepting the travelers. Thus, with many pauses, I got near to the pit's mouth in safety.

But my curiosity was as great as, almost greater than my terror. I had kept far from the road, dragging myself sometimes on hands and feet over broken ground, tearing my clothes and my flesh upon the thorns; and on that farther side all seemed so silent and so dark in the shadow cast by some disused machinery, behind which the glare of the fire from below blazed upon the other side of the opening, that I could not crawl along in the darkness, and pass, which would have been the safe way, but with a breathless desire to see and know, dragged myself to the very edge to look down.

Though I was in the shadow, my eyes were nearly put out by the glare on which I gazed. It was not fire; it was the lurid glow of the gold, glowing like fire, at which countless miners were working. They wore all about like flies—some on their knees, some bent double as they stooped over their work, some lying cramped upon shelves and ledges. The sight was wonderful and terrible beyond description. The workmen seemed to consume away with the heat and the glow, even in the few minutes I gazed. Their eyes shrank into their heads; their faces blackened. I could see some trying to secrete morsels of the glowing metal, which burned whatever it touched, and some who were being searched by the superiors of the mines, and some who were punishing the offenders, fixing them up against the glowing wall of gold.

The fear went out of my mind, so much absorbed was I in this sight. I gazed, seeing further and farther every moment, into crevices and seams of the glowing metal, always with more and more waves at work, and the entire pandemonium of labor and theft, and search and punishment, going on and on, the baked faces dark taking the golden glare, the hot eyes taking a yellow reflection, the monotonous clamor of pick and shovel and cries and curses, and all the indistinguishable sound of a multitude of human creatures, and the floor below, and the low roof which overhung whole myriads within a few inches of their faces, and the irregular walls all breathing fire and heat, were everywhere.

"I had loved many foolish things in my life, but never this; which was perhaps why I gazed and kept my sight, though there rose out of it a blast of heat which scorched the brain. While I stood over, intent on the sight, some one who had come up by my side to gaze too, was caught by the fumes (as I suppose), for suddenly I was aware of a dark object falling prone into the glowing interior with a cry and a crash which brought back my first wild panic. He fell in a heap, from which his arms shot forth wildly as he reached the bottom, and his cry was half anguish yet half desire. I saw him seized by half a dozen eager watchers, and pitched upon a ledge just under the roof, and tools thrust into his hands. I held on by an old shaft, trembling, unable to move. Perhaps I cried too, in my horror, for one of the overseers who stood in the center of the glare looked up. He had the air of ordering all that was going on, and stood unaffected by the blaze, commanding the other wretched officials, who obeyed him like dogs. He seemed to me, in my terror, like a figure of gold, the image perhaps of wealth or Pluto, or I know not what, for I suppose my brain began to grow confused, and my hold on the shaft to relax. I had strength enough, however (for I cared not for the gold), to fling myself backwards, downwards. I knew not how, turning over and over upon sharp ashes and metallic edges, which tore my hair and beard, and for a moment I knew no more.

(To be continued.)

"DUE ILAE."

Being a Glimpse in Verse.

Aroused from sleep terrific,
The world's heart is throbbing,
And nation vies with nation
To ease the pain and sobbing.

Though heaven's gates are closing
Round earth's same-stricken martyrs,
Unmoved the Christian Science
And still for profit barbers.

Safe wrapped in robes religious,
She views the grim procession;
Fire, famine, plague and torture,
Yet makes no intercession.

The day of wrath overtakes her,
Bids speak each tongue-tied minion,
Sets free her half-civilized vassals,
Strips bare her mock dominion.

—Josephine Morris Woodbury.
Hotel Buckingham, New York.

"After Her Death," The Story of a Summer, by Lillian Whiting. No mind that loves spiritual thought can fail to be attracted by this book. Beautiful spiritual thought, combined with a clear and logical presentation of the facts of life, leading the mind onward into the purer atmosphere of exalted spiritual truth. A book for the higher life. Price, cloth, \$1.00.

The Velvet Paw Reveals the Talons of Theocratic Despotism—Father Sherman as a Revelator.

There is absolute antagonism between the forces of Catholicism and Spiritualism. They are as wide apart as the North and South. There is not one principle in which they agree. One is for liberty of thought, the other for enslavement; one is for every man to be a law unto himself, free to think for himself, the other for absolute self-government before the priest; one looks to the future, the other to the past; one would have a government of the people, by the people, for the people; the other would have a theocracy with the pope as its head and the people nothing but clay in its hands.

This statement is confirmed by the remarkable discourse of General W. T. Sherman at Syracuse, N. Y., at the meeting for non-Catholics. Father Sherman is a renegade American, and it has been a constantly noticeable fact that such characters invariably out-Herod Herod for the cause to which they attach themselves. He was not satisfied with becoming a Catholic, he joined the extreme wing of the Jesuits, the most crafty, unprincipled, bigoted and unscrupulous of Catholic orders.

He is so saturated with zeal and bigotry, he forgets the policy which usually marks the actions of the Jesuits, and reveals the animus and intentions of his leaders.

He began with a trade against Protestant ministers. "Impious wretches! Most impious wretches!" he cried. "Such ministers of the gospel, I would say your belief is based on bread and butter and beefsteak."

"Wretches!" because they do not believe that the Pope is God's vice-regent, and infallible authority. And if they are "wretches," why should they not be tortured until their confessions? Why should worthless "wretches" be given over by law into the hands of the Jesuits, as they once were, and tortured until they become good Catholics, or killed outright that the church might confiscate their estates? Father Sherman apparently would dearly love to have hold of them with red-hot pincers, or bind them on the rack.

Appointed in love affairs in his youth, his mind embittered and hopelessly distorted, he leads his furious attacks, which are harmless because the law holds him in check. He cannot at present use force, but he stretches out the ugly paw of theocratic despotism, and beneath the velvet touch displays the cruel talons. It is a mistake to show them now. It is a thing that should be done, but he is so sure of victory, he casts discretion to the winds.

When the "holy father" begins to scream "wretches," to those who happen to disagree with him, he is longing for the restoration of the torture chamber. How he would delight to have the inquisition restored! How he would love to see the thumb-screws or branded with sizzling irons! The Protestant ministers have his first and malignant hate. Even more than the free thinkers and Spiritualists, but all would be subjected to his rule were he given the power.

Review of Passing Events.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE, EDITOR-AT-LARGE, N. S. A.

"Father" Sherman, a man who would introduce the Inquisition into the United States, if he had the power. He is the unworthy son of a great General, and the worthy representative of one of the most corrupt of all the churches that has afflicted mankind in general. "Father" Sherman belongs to the extreme wing of the Jesuits.

The Velvet Paw Reveals the Talons of Theocratic Despotism—Father Sherman as a Revelator.

There is absolute antagonism between the forces of Catholicism and Spiritualism. They are as wide apart as the North and South. There is not one principle in which they agree. One is for liberty of thought, the other for enslavement; one is for every man to be a law unto himself, free to think for himself, the other for absolute self-government before the priest; one looks to the future, the other to the past; one would have a government of the people, by the people, for the people; the other would have a theocracy with the pope as its head and the people nothing but clay in its hands.

This statement is confirmed by the remarkable discourse of General W. T. Sherman at Syracuse, N. Y., at the meeting for non-Catholics. Father Sherman is a renegade American, and it has been a constantly noticeable fact that such characters invariably out-Herod Herod for the cause to which they attach themselves. He was not satisfied with becoming a Catholic, he joined the extreme wing of the Jesuits, the most crafty, unprincipled, bigoted and unscrupulous of Catholic orders.

He is so saturated with zeal and bigotry, he forgets the policy which usually marks the actions of the Jesuits, and reveals the animus and intentions of his leaders.

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This country by its generous laws makes it possible for such creatures as Father Sherman to express their hatred because it is free. He insults every citizen of the great Republic. He says in his contention, that Catholic countries are more advanced than Protestants.

"The humblest servant girl in Spain has more refined instincts in matters of esthetic taste, than the highest American I know in my country. The Spanish servant and intelligence than the American, and intelligence than any senator or representative in Congress has bred." "The higher classes in Europe look upon Americans as pigs."

"My country!" Why, Father Sherman has no country. As a Jesuit he renounced allegiance to all governments. He is a puppet of the pope, his only duty is to do his bidding. He has no duty or obligation to the government at Washington. His oath is to Rome. If we object to the Mormons because their first obligation is to their church, what shall we say of the Catholic who boldly advocates the doctrine held for twenty centuries, that the pope is the heavenly-appointed ruler of the earth and the discoverer of his sin demanding capital punishment? No, Father Sherman has no country. He is an alien and his interests are opposed to the liberty this country gives.

Again he exclaims: "What civilization have we in this country? Is it to be compared to the age of Dante? Have we not a mere smattering of things here and there on a variety of subjects? When America is civilized, then talk to me about Catholic countries." "When Roman Catholicism was in its palmist days, in the 13th century, the arts and sciences, philosophy and theology flourished as they never have since."

It does not seem possible for any man, claiming the least prestige of learning or position, to stand before an audience of thinking people and brazenly make these assertions. It shows to what degradation of moral principles and honest decency the "holy" religion will bring to its realists.

Of all benighted ages of the world, the culminating point of the Dark Ages was the 13th century. Europe had passed through the throes of the Crusades, which had paved the road across the deserts of Asia with the bones of the bravest; yet misguided of her sons to wrest the sepulchre from the hands of the Mohammedans. It was tantalizing that the grave of the God could not be visited by the Christians without the consent of the infidel. The mother church had urged the terrible work, blessed and cursed by turns, and her priests had lured money to the chieftains that had persuaded to take up the cross. When the shattered remnants of the Crusaders returned to their homes, they found their possessions in the hands of the church. Europe was

owned by the priests. It was assuredly halcyon days for Christianity. The priest was everything, the people nothing. As for science, nothing was then known that would be called science to-day. Astronomy was astrology and the healing art in the hands of the priests of a mixture of poison drugs, incantations and prayers. Philosophy died with the Greek sages, and theology—yes, theology flourished. It is the opinions of men, and can be made just as the stronger pleasure.

Yes, the 13th century to the 16th was the time when the names of priests were busy forging manacles for the priceless volumes of Greek and Latin writers were obliterated to allow the writing of drivelings monks, of "church fathers" and revisions of the Holy Scriptures.

Ignorance was supreme. Only priests could read and write. The church was opposed to learning, and made thinking a crime punishable with dungeon and fagots. The lords and barons, unable to write their names, "made their mark." There was not a public school, a town library, a newspaper in all Europe. No one dared to speak, scarcely think, in opposition to the church. Oh! it was a glorious age for the Christian priest!

When thought finally began to awaken, the inquisition was instituted, and in Spain was so relentless in its work, that it left the people in that state of mental lethargy and slavery which is ideal

The articles now running in *The Progressive Thinker* will open the eyes of Spiritualists as never before. All along the line *The Progressive Thinker* has awakened a feeling that will not subside until all the charlatans shall have been driven from our ranks, or sent behind the bars as Mr. Maybee was. The exposure of Mr. and Mrs. Amundson of Minneapolis, Minn., illustrates most graphically the condition of our cause. For years little children, old men, old women, Indians, etc., have "materialized" at their seances—every one a fraud—nothing but deception throughout—Infernalism itself instead of sullied Spiritualism! Oh! Angels of Light, Love and Purity, how long must Spiritualism endure the practice of Legerdemain Infernalism?

May 12, 1906.

QUESTIONS
AND
ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called such a host of respondents that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby as terse, while all things to be said are crowded into a few lines. We are weary of waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTE.—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give what information I am able to, the ordinary courtesy of correspondence is exacted.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Levi Wood: Q. Was the Leland Stanford University founded by the advice of spirits?

A. I will answer this question by giving in full an editorial on the subject, from the Kalamazoo Telegraph. I do so for the reason that this journal has not been over partial to Spiritualism, and hence its endorsement indicates the wonderful change which recently has been shown by many responsible newspapers and magazines.

Moreover, the article gives a full and fair presentation of the subject, leaving nothing to be asked for. While at Lake Pleasant camp, I met Mr. and Mrs. Stanford. They came on a hasty visit for the purpose of consulting the spirit of their son, through Maud Lord. Mrs. Tuttle and I had the pleasure of sitting in the circle held for their special benefit. That was before the world had any intimation of the building of the great university. Mr. and Mrs. Stanford desired to converse with their son, in heart to heart communion, but even more they wished to learn his desires and have his advice on the great work which was to be his monument.

It is asked, "What has Spiritualism done for the world?" at the Kalamazoo Telegraph answer:

"Every great undertaking has for its vital principle the concept of a masterful mind. The outward form in which such ideas find expression may be obliterated. But not so with the ideas. They survive everything except the conditions that compelled their birth.

"Leland Stanford, Jr., University at Palo Alto, Cal., was more than the concept of a masterful mind. It was the last grand passion of a strong man who violated custom by having his greatest passion in his old age; it was the brain and heart-child of a woman bowed with grief, and if this man and this woman were right, the university was established and its great buildings reared in obedience to the expressed wish of their only son—a son who died at the threshold of manhood and whispered from the land of spirits his wish that his parents should devote their enormous fortune to the creation of a great university.

"Leland Stanford, Jr., University will therefore survive the shock of earthquake, because the idea that gave it existence is so strong. It will live even though the man and the woman who expressed the idea are dead, and most of its fifteen buildings are in ruins, with a resultant loss of over \$4,000,000, because the need of a great place of learning for the youth of the land still exists.

"A broken heart will run through many editions," said Oscar Wilde, speaking of books. Leland Stanford, Jr., University's greatest strength lies in the fact that it was founded on two broken hearts. The Stanfords had an only child—a son—who bore the name of the father and was the idol of the mother. When this boy was a toddler Stanford was engaged in his great undertaking of building the Central Pacific railway. The work dragged, and Stanford went mad. A way into the mountains he went, and in 233 days he built 530 miles of railway. In this time he was home but once. And that once was to see this boy who had fallen ill.

"In 1884 the boy was sent east to college. The parting was not without a fresh pang on the part of the dotting mother, who disliked to see her boy go far away. But it seemed best that he should go, and she gave him up. Little did she know that she was giving him up for ever. He came back in a baggage car—dead.

That was the real birth of the university whose buildings have just fallen. Always inclined toward Spiritualism, the Stanfords now became devotees to it. Only their feet touched the earth. In thought and in soul they were millions of miles away—away with their son in the land beyond the stars. And one day they came back to the earth with a message.

"It was a message from their son. This son, they told their friends, desired them to build a great university for their sons and daughters of other parents and to bestow upon it all of their fortune.

"That settled it. They never questioned the wisdom or the lack of wisdom of the proceeding. It was enough for them to know that their son wanted them to do this thing. And straightway they proceeded to do it.

"The grant of endowment was made the next year after the boy's death—in 1885. It conveyed to the university about 90,000 acres of land in California. This grant included the Palo Alto ranch of 9,000 acres in Tehama county and the Gridley ranch of 22,000 acres in Butte county. Two and a half millions in cash were also thrown in, making the total endowment \$40,000,000.

The cornerstone was laid in 1887, and the university was opened to students in 1891.

"The university was thus fairly on its feet in 1893, when Senator Stanford died. But the events of the next few years showed that the troubles of the institution had just begun—financial troubles that Stanford never dreamed would appear.

"Possibly it was merely fate trying to show the world the fiber of Mrs. Stanford, but, at any rate, the United States government began suit to recover from the Stanford estate millions upon millions that were claimed to be due the government as interest upon a loan made to aid Stanford to build the Central Pacific. The instant the suit was brought the Stanford estate was tied up. The university was in imminent danger of being compelled to close its door for lack of money to pay current expenses when Mrs. Stanford came to its rescue. Like Queen Isabella of Spain, when Columbus wanted some money, Mrs. Stanford had some jewels. They were rare jewels—jewels such as Isabella had not.

"Mrs. Stanford never said anything about her intentions, but one day she called the trustees of the university together and gave them \$3,000,000. She had sold her gems.

"Then began the good luck of the university that lasted until last Wednesday morning. The government lost its suit against the Stanford estate and the \$3,000,000 originally devised to the university was released. And when Mrs. Stanford died about a year ago, she gave to the university the last dollar that remained of the Stanford estate, about \$6,000,000, making its total endowment \$36,000,000.

"Inside the quadrangle at Palo Alto are buried the ashes of the man, the woman and the boy whose existence made the university possible. The man and the woman were strong in many ways, but in no way so much as in the strength of their love for their son.

Abbie E. Culver: Q. What is the meaning of "Plerian spring," in the following lines:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,

Drink deep, or taste not the Plerian spring?"

A. A celebrated fountain near Corinth. It flowed from many fountains of the rock and from early times attracted attention. The flow of water was in the high tide of Greek civilization increased by cutting into the rock, and the torrent was received in a marble basin. It was named after the nymph Pleron, who in the beautiful myth dissolved in tears after the death of her son, slain by Diana. It was here the winged horse Pegasus, was seized by Bellerophon, as it came to drink, before attacking the Chimæra. It was held sacred by the ancient poets, to the muses, and the coming of Pegasus to the spring, is the poetic way of speaking. Later the abundant sparkling stream became a symbol of knowledge, and to acquire learning was to drink of its waters. No other draft so inspired the poet, or sharpened the reason of the sage.

THE EXCELLENT WORKER.
MR. WILE J. ERWOOD.

He Retires Most Gracefully From a Position He Has Honored, and Pays a Well-Merited Compliment to G. H. Brooks, His Successor.

To the Editor:—For the first time in four years the writer knows what it is to be free from the cares of executive work—a fact that is the source of a good deal of relief to him. Aside from the connection with the Wisconsin Camp Association, he now has no ties to prevent him from accepting engagements generally. With the close of the recent convention of the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association, your correspondent has arisen to the position of "high private in the rear rank," as Geo. H. Brooks, the excellent worker from Wheaton, Ill., has stepped into the presidency of that association. In this change much wisdom has been shown, as Bro Brooks is a man of wide experience and versatility. A strong board has been elected to assist him in the work. Among them are Mrs. Catherine McFarlin, of Plainville, Minn., and Miss Louise Loebel, who is the new secretary.

The writer closed, just before the convention, an extensive missionary trip in this state; during this trip Mrs. Coffman of Grand Rapids, Mich., served the association as test medium. She is an excellent clairvoyant and clairaudient, as well as trance medium, and her work was well received by the many to whom she ministered. She was also the test medium at the convention, and did some very touching work there.

As the speaker of the occasion we had the incomparable Cora L. V. Richmond, whose presence acted as a magnet for the people. This lady needs no encomiums from me, but as I believe in giving our flowers while the worthy ones are still in the body, I wish to say that she is already widely known—what Mrs. Richmond's work is incomparable. The writer knew Mrs. Richmond, when he was a little fellow, going to the Catholic church. He was mightily afraid of her, because he had been told that she was "in league with the devil." The only fear he has of her now is that he will not be able to hear her as often as he would like to.

Brother William Richmond was present, and we enjoyed his companionship very greatly.

All in all, our convention was one of the best and most harmonious that the writer has ever attended in the good old state of Wisconsin.

The genial president of the Illinois State Association, Dr. Geo. B. Warner, spent a day with us, and greatly cheered us on our way. The way this excellent worker has grown in the last couple of years is a marvel.

Then we had that dear young man, A. J. Weaver, of the Morris Pratt Institute with us. What a jewel his lecture was, only those who had the privilege of listening thereto can understand.

The school was well represented by Brother Weaver and Secretary Emma J. Owen.

Many other good people were there, but as the State Secretary has undoubtedly written a full report, I need not mention them in detail. I will simply add that it is my strongest hope that the Spiritualists everywhere

in this state, will rally to the support of President Brooks, and aid in carrying out the plans he has outlined for the ensuing year.

Relative to his own work the writer would say that he is contemplating a trip through Indiana, to begin very soon, and would be glad to hear from all the points therein that desire a visit from him while en route; and the latter part of August, and early part of September, he will be in Kansas, and would be glad to hear from societies and localities where there is a desire for a visit from him while in that vicinity.

Being a sort of "free lance" now, I will be glad to correspond with any societies wishing a speaker during all or a part of the coming fall and winter season. Address me at Black River Falls, Wis., for the present.

WILL J. ERWOOD.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
Mass-Meeting at Whitewater, Wis., May 16 and 17.

There is to be a grand mass-meeting at Whitewater, Wis., for two days, following the annual meeting of the Morris Pratt Institute on the 15th. There is to be a good program offered to the friends. Mr. and Mrs. Hull will then be home. Mr. Hull is to assist Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and others are expected to be there. The program to be carried out has not yet been arranged in full, but I can assure all who attend a glorious good time.

Thursday evening there is to be a social, one of the kind you read of. The school and friends of Whitewater will do all they can to make it pleasant for all who come.

I forgot to say in the proper place, that Mrs. McFarlin will also be present, also Dr. Mehrrens and wife, Miss Louise Loebel, secretary of the state society, and others.

This is the first mass meeting since the convention in Milwaukee, and it is to be followed by many others through the state.

Your humble servant, the writer of this, wishes the friends everywhere to arouse and let us all work with a will. I shall be present at the mass-meeting, and at all others to be held in the state. I will try and do my best by the friends. One and all who can, should attend the Whitewater meeting and enjoy the feast of things.

I will keep up meetings in Milwaukee for the month of May, and assist one Sunday in the afternoon at Hodgerson's meetings; one Sunday at Hedgeron at Dr. Fred. Mehrrens', and the last Sunday we are to hold another union meeting at Severance Hall, afternoon and evening, and all the friends are invited. On Saturday evening the 26th, all the societies in Milwaukee are to meet in a hall, for the benefit of the state society, and the prospect now is that there will be a large attendance; so you see we are to keep the ball rolling.

G. H. BROOKS.
President Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association.

"Spiritism and Mrs. Leonora B. Piper, and Dr. Thomson J. Hudson's Theories in regard to it." By Dr. J. C. Abraham H. Dingley. Demonstrates the inadequacy of Hudson's explanations of spiritual phenomena. Price, 25 cents.

"Death, Its Meaning and Results." By J. K. Wilson, of the Pennsylvania Bar. An absorbingly interesting volume, of decided value. A narrative of wonderful psychical events in the author's experience. Cloth, 60 pages, illustrated, \$1.25.

VARIOUS PERPLEXING PROBLEMS

Carefully Considered by Mrs. M. Emilie Kratz of Los Angeles, Cal.

The way of the transgressor is hard, if one should judge from the many writers who so openly and fearlessly denounce what has heretofore been accepted as truth by those professing to be seekers of truth, viz., Spiritualists who have for years accepted materialization as given by the many charlatans who have made their pretensions as being materializing mediums.

The "white dress, shoes and doll" have had a two-fold mission. First, some mortal was made the richer by Mrs. and Mr. Gualdini's success in their public work. Second, it has put the public in the minds of those who are investigating Spiritualism, but it has brought forth sentiments and testimonies from those who by careful and studious investigation are willing to aid in turning the searchlight on these wrong-doers, who have for years been able to deceive even the elect, thus putting on their guard those desirous of only truth.

The question arises, since all true Spiritualists are desirous to have our ranks purified, is the materializing medium the only barometer that weighs our ship of truth? Are there not others, far more destructive in their dealings with human kind?

The materializing mediums are at least harmless so far as their exhibition goes, they at least develop patience, if not common sense, for who has not set for three long hours or more in some closed, air-tight room, breathing and rebreathing the foul, contaminated air of a dark seance room, for just this message: "I am glad to greet you—must go now—will have more strength next time. Come again." (One dollar, please.)

What in this we are minus one dollar, yet the exhibition, and the pleasure of having embraced and kissed some supposed spirit, has made many of us soar skyward, so long as the delusion lasted.

All of the materialized spirits (supposed) as produced from the cabinet, that it was ever the writer's fortune to meet, at least made no pretense at giving life's troubles and sorrows, for others, as is the case with many professing clairvoyants, who assume to be able, through their guides, to take the web of an individual life and weave and unweave it at will, in their business readings (also at one dollar per head).

Then we have the locater of mines, who has caused more financial and mental wrecks than all materializers combined, if this were a possibility. Many call upon them and their guides to just locate one mine (we will not be choiced gold, silver or copper) for the sole benefit of our "Moses" and his school (including his faithful wife Mattie) so that their closing days of life's activity might be spent in the quietude of a restful home shelter.

Would this be asking too much, of either medium or of the spirit world, whom these two have so faithfully served?

Then we have to contend with the wonderful developing medium, who has been instrumental of more souls being "obsessed," and division wrought in families, with great promises made, and great promises unfulfilled, to be developed through their guides—also at so much per development. Just so long as these conditions exist, must we expect the public and our secular press to brand us as lunatics.

WEIRD EXPERIENCES.

Spiritualism Is Advancing the World Over, and Occult Experiences Are Becoming Common.

Four investigations of spiritualistic phenomena relating their personal experiences to a large audience in the salon of the Royal Society of British artists.

The meeting was under the auspices of the London spiritualistic alliance, and the fragments of autobiography were of a decidedly good character. The narrative of Mr. George Spriggs, however, was, in the opinion of experts, the most remarkable of many extraordinary experiences related.

In December, 1884, said Mr. Spriggs, Mr. H. J. Brown, of Melbourne, lost two sons in a yachting accident. They had sailed away in a boat and not returned. Under control, he (Mr. Spriggs), who had not known the boys or heard of their death, was able to inform their mother of their fate, describing the exact place and time of the accident. One of the boys explained that his body had been eaten by a shark, but said that of his younger brother would be discovered.

Later came confirmation of the news received from the spirit world. On the following Sunday the youngest brother's body was found near the spot described by the medium. On December 27 a large shark was caught in Hobson's bay. It was cut open, and inside were found pieces of the waistcoat worn by the dead boy, his watch and chain and certain coins and other curios in his possession at the time of the accident.

The hands of the watch—an English lever—pointed to 9 o'clock, the very hour mentioned by the medium nine days previously.

In regard to this gruesome narrative even the Psychological Research Society, observed Mr. E. W. Wallis, who presided, could not find a flaw in the evidence.

Mr. Spriggs' control was a spirit known in life as Dr. Jenkins, who preferred, however, to call himself "Light." On one occasion "Light" had materialized himself in Mr. Spriggs' bedroom, and in answer to questions had stated his name.

Admiral Osborne Moore, a more recent convert to Spiritualism, who had been diligently pursuing his investigations in New York and England, declared that he had seen a woman whom he had served thirty years ago, and who was now in the spirit world, had made himself known to him at least twenty times.

An interesting incident was related by Mrs. W. P. Browne. On the death of her son, Horace, said this lady, she had instituted a memorial prize at a public college. In a book were placed with "The Horace Browne Memorial Prize" and the college arms. Unknown to any one but herself, she took one of these forms, folded twice, to a seance and held the folded sheet tightly in her hand. Twice attempts were made by materialized hands to drag the paper from her fingers. The third time she started up, and handed forward a little book, which she opened. In it was written, "The Horace Browne Memorial Prize" and the college arms. Unknown to any one but herself, she took one of these forms, folded twice, to a seance and held the folded sheet tightly in her hand. Twice attempts were made by materialized hands to drag the paper from her fingers. The third time she started up, and handed forward a little book, which she opened. In it was written, "The Horace Browne Memorial Prize" and the college arms. 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