

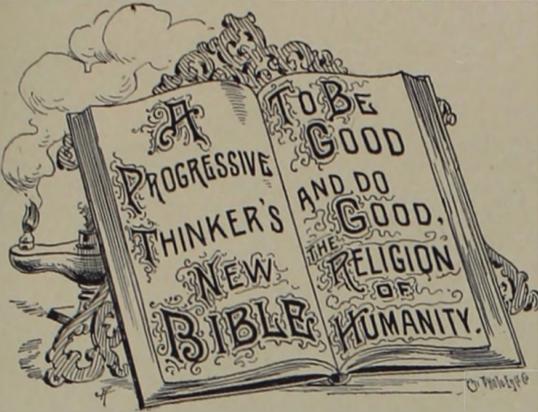
The Progressive Thinker

Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

VOL. 5.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

NO. 146



OUR NEW BIBLE.

It Contains Divine Lessons.

A MODERN SAVIOR.

He Must Have a Place in the New Bible.

TWENTY-ONE PERSONS RESCUED FROM THE WAVES BY ALEX. LABRE—CONGRESS AND THE LIFE-SAVING BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION BESTOWED HONORS ON HIM—ONLY THIRTEEN WHEN HE MADE HIS FIRST RESCUE—SOME OF HIS OTHER FEATS.

CHAPTER VI.

TO THE EDITOR:—Any one who is attracted by a kindly spirit, who saves some unfortunate person from sin, misery or misfortune of any kind, has an exalted place in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S Bible. The following, gleaned from the New York Sun, presents to our admiration an important illustration of self-sacrifice and devotion to the welfare and safety of the unfortunate:

Alexander Labre, a river front hero, died in the tenement 104 Avenue D., New York. He was a humble hero, but did not unsung, for his "skill and humanity," in the words of the official records of his deeds, brought to him the recognition of Congress and the Life-Saving Benevolent Association of New York.

Labre, who was 46 years old, is known to have saved twenty-one persons from drowning. Twice, unaided, he saved three persons from wrecks of skiffs, and once dived into a slip and rescued a bridal couple who were on their wedding journey.

Alex., as he was called, came to New York at the age of 5, with his father, a French Canadian ship carpenter. His father's employment kept him near the river, and Alex. had become an expert swimmer when he was nine.

"He could dive and swim like a Kanaka," said an old man yesterday, who remembered the youngster about the shipyards where his father worked. "Many a time I've seen men throw silver coin into the river for Alex. to dive after, and he always came up with the money. He was no more than a lad of 12 when we used to make up swimming matches for him. He was great on swimming under water. There was no one like him at that."

Alex. was thirteen when he saved the life of one of his father's workfellows. There was a Russian man of war building at the foot of Ninth street. Young Labre, as usual, was playing about the shipyard, when he saw a painter knocked out of a boat by the wave of a passing steamer. Alex. broke the lock from a skiff and paddled it out to the drowning man, whom he reached as he was sinking the third time.

"I towed him ashore by the hair of his head," Alex. used to say in telling the story, "and saved his life, but got a licking from the man who owned the skiff I used."

A year or two later a Battery boatman was swimming at the foot of Sixteenth street, while some friends watched him from the wharf. Alex. was watching, too, and suddenly yelled to the man's friends that he was drowning.

"But we can't swim," they cried in despair.

"Well, then, I can," young Labre exclaimed, and jumped in with all his clothes on. He was slightly built, and the boatman was a stout fellow and dragged his rescuer under water several times before Alex. pulled him ashore.

"I don't know which of us was nearest drowned," the boatman said as he walked away.

"I always remembered that boatman saying something to me," Alex. long afterward remarked. "He and the wedding couple were the only ones who ever said a word."

In 1868 a First avenue tailor named O'Brien concluded to take a river bath and selected a very deep spot opposite Jones' wood. He could not swim, which may have been the reason he not only selected a deep place, but undressed on a slippery rock. Of course he fell in, and yelled lustily for help. Several persons heard him, but the first to reach him was Alex. Labre, who had jumped a fence. He pushed the tailor ashore with difficulty, the drowning man making the usual efforts to strangle his rescuer.

That year Alex. performed one of his most notable deeds of "skill and human-

ity." A party of two men and a boy hired a boat to go fishing. They rowed to a point near Blackwell's Island where the water is seventy feet deep and the tide runs seven miles an hour. They cast anchor with only twenty feet of anchor rope. The bow of the boat was dragged down and she began to drift and fill. Alex. Labre was watching them from the shore, and was promptly in a skiff and off to their rescue. The boy was picked up first, and then one of the men. Both had jumped from the sinking boat. The other man was clinging to the boat, and he, too, was landed in Labre's skiff and all three safely put on dry land.

A year or two after this Alex. found employment as a stonecutter, and was soon earning \$4 a day, but he could not keep away from the rivers, and left his good pay to take a job as deck-hand on a Greenpoint ferryboat. One dark night in 1874, as the ferryboat approached the Greenpoint slip Capt. Bryant heard cries for help. He called Labre, who ran forward, jumped ashore before the boat touched, and quickly located the cries in an adjoining slip. He was in the water in a jiffy and soon had on the wharf an old man who had made a mistake in the dark.

His next rescue was the one that attracted state and national attention to his bravery, and secured for him two medals. Just as the ferryboat was leaving her slip on the New York side a young German couple, Edward and Emilie Maller, ran to get aboard. The husband reached the deck first and turned to help his bride on board. But the boat was moving. Just as he took her hand the big paddles of the steamer's wheels turned, and as the boat moved away husband and wife fell into the water. The cries of the passengers brought Alex. Labre to the rescue, and without an instant's hesitation he dived over and swam toward the struggling couple. He caught the woman's dress in one hand and the man's coat collar in the other, and "treading," held both of their heads above water until men from the wharf gave help. The bridal couple thanked their rescuer, and the husband tried to make Alex. take all the money he had.

"It was what they were going on their wedding cruise with," Alex. afterward told his sister, "so I told him to keep it."

Alex.'s sister told a Sun reporter that her brother met those people years afterward. "Alex.," she said, "was walking along one day, when a man and woman and a little girl passed him. Then the woman turned around and called Alex. She made him try to guess who she was, but he couldn't. 'Don't you know us?' she said. 'We're the people you saved from drowning, and this is our little girl.'"

The Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York, soon after this, gave to Alexander a big silver medal, inscribed:

"Presented to Alex. Labre, by whose skill and humanity Edward Maller and wife were rescued from drowning in the East River at the foot of Tenth street, New York, Feb. 28, 1875."

The United States Life Saving Service, in its report to Secretary of the Treasury Sherman, in 1879, mentions its gift of a gold medal to Alex. Labre. Congress requested the Hon. S. S. Cox to act for it in presenting the medal to Alex. The presentation was announced to take place in Cooper Union hall, and hundreds of Alex.'s friends and Congressmen Cox were on hand, but Alex. was not.

"Alex. could not go," his brother Fred said to a Sun reporter. "You see, he could not leave his job on the ferry."

"He could leave his job well enough," remarked his sister, "but he didn't want to. He told me at the time that he hadn't the nerve to stand up in a hall and have a congressman say things to him."

But Congressman Cox made the speech and sent the medal to Alex. The ferry company gave him a new suit of clothes after he saved the German couple.

"Alex. didn't wear the clothes for some time," his sister said, "but one Sunday—it was his day off—he put them on. 'Now don't you go near the river,' I said to him, 'or you will be jumping in after some one.' Well, he just laughed, but sure enough he went down to the dock and, of course, there was a woman, Margaret Crawford was her name, drowning in the river. Alex. jumped in and got the woman to some floating piles, but before a boat got to them she fell in again, and before Alex. got her to dry land, why, his clothes were spoiled by the acid and grease on those piles."

In 1878 Alex. went with the employes

of Rodman & Hepburn to a picnic on Staten Island. Returning through the Kills their steamer cut down a skiff in which were two men and a boy. Alex. jumped from the steamer into a small boat towing behind, and had the men and boy out of the water before the excited crowd on the steamer had thought to throw out a life-preserver.

There were other little rescues by this brave, quiet little man, but there is no record of them.

"He would come home sometimes and speak of saving some one from the river," said his sister, "but he never made much talk about it."

For several years Alex. was employed as night watchman for Pile Driver John Munks, and during part of each day he built small boats which he designed himself. He worked hard and supported his sister and her child.

There was a modern savior—a savior in a high and exalted sense, and whatever his religion, he possessed the elements of true manhood. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was started by those exalted thinkers in spirit-life who wish to recognize some good in every human being, and present examples of true humanitarian heroism, which are worthy of imitation. No other paper has ever taken up the ground, teaching that the main object in life is to do good and be good, and that each one is only responsible for his own shortcomings; and that to point the finger of scorn at any one, instead of having got out to them the tender feelings of love and sympathy, is not only wrong but debasing. The one who never feels kindly and charitable towards the unfortunate lacks some of the elements of true manhood. CHAR I. T.

Is the Story of Camille True?

TO THE EDITOR:—A great number of letters have been sent me, asking if the "Convent of the Sacred Heart" is a true story. The terrible details are so revolting that the kind hearts of the readers could not believe them, and hoped, at least, that the fancy was largely drawn upon. Let me assure all such that "Truth is stranger than fiction"; and that had fancy alone been drawn upon, the writer would not have dared to follow. Others have said: "Such things may have occurred in the past; they are not of to-day." I wish this were true, but in the 1,300 convents of the United States, and in the numberless convents of outlying provinces of America and Europe, exactly the same conditions prevail as centuries ago, and for precisely the same purposes.

Now similar inquiries begin to be made of "Camille." "Is it a true story?" and already sharp criticisms are privately made, and some literary friends regard some of the situations abrupt and characters overdrawn.

To all these inquiries and criticisms I here make reply, for it is impossible to give each, individual attention. The incidents of the story are all drawn from actual occurrences, and the characters are real.

During a visit in the West I became acquainted with the Moran family and their sad history. It is not unique, but is that of thousands. "The Continental Rubber Company" is another name for an Eastern company whose heartlessness and extortions have been reported at length by the daily press. To the criticism that such an abortion as Godolphus is simply impossible, I reply: "Facts are stubborn things," and Godolphus sat for his portrait, and in the ranks of plethoric wealth and shoddydom such caricatures of humanity are not rare. I would the tale were not true; that there were no monopolists, with their pitiless, remorseless grasplings; that there were no slavery of endless, unrequited toil; but oh! pitying heaven! it is all too true! There is not only one Moran; the title deeds to the great prairies of the West, the most productive land on the face of the earth, are overburdened with mortgages, which devour faster than labor can create. There is not only one Camille; in New York City alone there are 100,000, and the added lists of the great cities reach into millions. Dare we state the black libel on the Christian conscience of this age, after eighteen centuries of culture? The man who in his vulgarity "damned the people," had a daily income from railroads built by that people, and extorted from them by processes of law, equal to the wages of 100,000 workers!

Although the grouping of the characters has been such as moulded them into the plot of the story, it is not a fiction, but a life-history, and a far higher object has been kept in view than the writing of a pleasing story.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

A singular freak may be observed east of Ashburnham, Mass. Persons have dug down under a tree and found but one root underneath, but it has two kinds of foliage, that of a pine and that of an oak, which may be distinctly seen from a distance. In the fall of the year burrs fall on one side and acorns on the other.

M. Maxim Lecomte is about to introduce a bill into the French Senate providing a maximum penalty and a year's imprisonment and a fine of 2,000 francs for engaging in a duel. If the duelist shall have killed his man, the maximum penalty will be three years' imprisonment and 10,000 francs fine.

Put a buzzard in a pen about six feet square and open at the top and it is as much a prisoner as though it were shut up in a box. This is because buzzards always begin their flight by taking a short run, and they either cannot or will not attempt to fly unless they can do so.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

Something You Should Know

Roman Catholic Miracles.

BY PROF. GEO. P. RUDDOLPH, PH. D., EX-PIEST.

According to Romish theology a miracle means "an effect whose cause is hidden to us." The cause may be natural or supernatural: in the first case the effect is called miraculous, and in the second case it is a prodigy, or a real miracle. St. Thomas, the great angelic doctor who died in 1274, defines a miracle: "A tangible deed which is divinely done, outside the order of nature."

Miracles are divided as to their substance, the subject and mode. There are miracles above nature, outside of nature and against nature. A miracle above nature is explained by Romish theology as one in which the effect absolutely exceeds the law of nature; for instance, the resuscitation of a dead person. A miracle outside of nature is such a one which is produced in a way in which it could not be produced by nature; for instance, the healing of Naaman in the river Jordan. A miracle is against nature when the effect is produced while the contrary disposition remains in the object; for instance, the sun standing still or going backwards, by command of Joshua and Isaiah. (From the Jesuit Schouppé, Dogmat. Theol. tract II, chapt. II, vol. I.)

A prophecy is the foretelling of anything before it happens or takes place; this is called a miracle when it cannot be foreseen by any natural cause. Magic is explained by the same theology as: "The art to perform prodigies which, although not absolutely supernatural, nevertheless exceed the power of man, and are produced by the Devil, by a formal pact with the Devil." There are two kinds of magic, white and black. White magic is also called natural or artificial, and is known as the art of our prestidigitators. Black magic is the one defined above, and can be performed by the devil only. To this class of miracles belongs all witchcraft, with which the Dark Ages have been teeming.

The history of the human race presents a continuous production of miracles, prophecies and magic, and volumes have been written on this subject. Some people claim that miracles did happen in former ages, but not in our time. It is not my intention to give a scientific essay on miracles. This art

of Romanism, or the practices of the Roman Catholic church, and for this reason I can only speak of miracles from the Roman Catholic standpoint, or of miracles that are claimed by the Catholic church by virtue of her divine institution as the only true church of God. As a matter of course, other churches cannot perform miracles, because God has nothing to do with them.

It is wrong to suppose that there are no more miracles performed in our time. The Catholic church performs them every day of the year. The greatest miracle on earth is that so many millions of people of all ages and of all nations have been, and still are, held under bondage by this huge religious fraud called Romanism, and this great one-man-power, which has been established by that most arrogant, haughty, proud and corrupt pontifical tyrant, pope Gregory VII., who ruled the church and all Europe for twelve years, 1073-85, and to-day, after eight centuries of papal arrogance, Romanism still claims two hundred millions of subjects. The greatest miracle against nature is that the enlightened nations of to-day still submit to the degrading tenets of the darkest superstition and idolatry, and allow themselves to be led by a triple-crowned Punctinello upon a pontifical throne, who claims to be God's sole agent and representative on earth. Education, progress and enlightenment seem to have but little effect upon the minds of people who still hope to gain an eternal salvation by the sacrifice of their reason to the theological definitions of papal councils, and are in dread of an eternal damnation as a punishment for their non-compliance with the whims and fancies of a hypocritical priesthood.

When we once understand the fundamental principle of Romanism we can readily see the necessity of so many "means of salvation." It is an undeniable point of Romish theology that "the end justifies the means." Jesuit theologians have challenged the heretics and infidels of the world to prove that any Jesuit ever taught this principle. Money has been deposited in banks as a bait to any one who would venture to prove that any Jesuit ever taught this doctrine. This very bait is a Jesuitical scheme by which the world is deceived, and as no one steps up to demand the money for the proof, the people are told that as no one has ever proved the assertion, the Jesuits never taught that "the end justifies the means." But the Jesuits are not only teaching this doctrine, they also practice it. All Romanism practices this Jesuitical doctrine. No theologian teaches it in these words; but the meaning of what they teach is the same as that expressed by the above words. Here is one of their equivocal expressions:

"Qui tenetur ad finem, tenetur et ad mediam,"—he who is bound to attain the end is also bound to employ the means. This and similar expressions can be found in every book of so-called moral theology; principally in the official text book of Catholic seminaries, by the Jesuit, Prof. J. P. Gury, Ratisbon edi-

tion of 1862, as I have it before me, and used it when I was instructed in Romish theology. The end is the glory of the Pope of Rome, and the advancement of the "holy" Roman Catholic church, and to accomplish this end, anything and everything is justifiable, from the softest conventional society lie to the foulest and blackest murder and assassination.

The great miracle is that the world has stood this hypocritical power in the State for nineteen centuries, and that this religious fraud is not only supported but even defended by our present generation, after a history of nineteen centuries of fraud, corruption and deception.

Romanism teaches that all so-called miracles and miraculous deeds are permitted by God for the purpose of proving the veracity of the "holy" Roman Catholic church. She teaches that all Catholic saints had the power to perform miracles, and if any one outside the pale of the "holy" immaculate church ever performed such miraculous deeds, then the church claims that the Devil was doing these deeds, in order to deceive the people. Electricity and animal magnetism, and the science of nature, are found at the bottom of the greater part of miracles; others are simply faith-cures, but in these we find again that animal magnetism plays the most prominent role.

The church of Rome tells us in the legendary or lives of the saints, that St. Philip Neri at one time had performed so many miracles that the pope put an injunction on his power. The great saint had to obey the pope. One day, as he was walking through the city of Rome, he discovered some men at work on the roof of a building. At the moment St. Philip was passing in front of that building one of the men slipped and fell from the roof. The saint saw the man in his fall, and remembering the pope's injunction on his propensity to perform miracles, he raised his hand and commanded the falling man to wait until he could obtain the pope's permission to perform the necessary miracle, in order to let him reach the ground without hurting himself. St. Philip rushed to the pope's office and explained the case to his holiness, and prostrating himself on his knees he implored his holiness to grant him permission to let the poor man down by means of the miracle. The pope is reported to have smiled at the cunning of St. Philip, and graciously accorded the privilege to finish the miracle, which, he said, had already been performed, in anticipation of the pope's permission.

St. Philip hurried back to the scene of the accident, and finding the man suspended in mid-air, without any support, commanded him to descend by permission of the holy father, the pope.

All this, and thousands of similar cases, are recorded in Roman Catholic books, which are published "by permission of the superiors," and are read by the faithful with great devotion and veneration for the great saints of Romanism, who possess such supernatural powers.

This miraculous suspension in mid-air and the man's harmless fall, or rather, descent to the ground, may be true in every particular; yet, one thing is sure: the pope's permission had nothing to do with the miracle. The man who fell from the roof may have possessed the faculty to suspend the laws of gravitation; he may have struck a scaffold, or other obstruction, from which he was relieved by others. The passing of St. Philip Neri at the moment of the fall was merely accidental. St. Philip may, however, have been possessor of the power to suspend the laws of gravitation in others by his will power, which he concentrated on the falling man. Whether this power lay in the man who fell or in St. Philip Neri is immaterial; the same effects have been produced at other places by parties who were neither priests nor Catholics, and the miracle is simply "the effect of a cause which is hidden to us." The science of these miracles is not understood, but there is nothing uncommon about it. With the aid of a few hundred pounds of steam man can propel a whole railroad train at a great speed, or raise a balloon weighing thousands of pounds. How can that breath of steam propel the train and raise the balloon? Is this not a miracle? Yet this is a daily occurrence in our sight, and so no one calls it a miracle in our days. Had this been done in olden times by some pious Catholic saint the "holy" church would undoubtedly have thanked the Lord for having bestowed such a power on her saints; and she would have declared it an invention of the Devil if it had been performed by some heretic in past centuries, say one or two centuries ago.

Two thousand years ago there were many miracles performed; at the time of early Christianity the power of miracles was still possessed by many. The Christian church calls them saints. In later centuries, in the middle ages and down to our own century those who possessed such powers were called wizards and witches. They were burnt at the stake. Their miracles were not understood by the ignorant people; the priests attributed them to the power of the devil, and the poor victims were executed on the altar of superstition. In our own days miracles are very frequent. The superstitious laws of the sacerdotal power look upon them with suspicion, while the enlightened people try to investigate them so as to understand the laws that govern them.

The miracles of the past do not differ from those of our days. Our prestidigitators, magicians, trance and healing mediums perform the same deeds to day as the prophets and magicians of two and three thousand years ago; and our

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

Things Seen Beyond the Confines of Our Horizon.

Mysteries of Psychic Science.

AN AWAKENING TO THE IMPORTANCE OF MAGNETISM, HYPNOTISM, THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE, CLAIRVOYANCE AND KINDRED SUBJECTS—IN THE REALM OF PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL RESEARCH—FUTURE STATE.

TO THE EDITOR:—From an editorial in the San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner, and from such articles as the one concerning Saint Teresa Urrea, which appeared a few Sundays ago, it is evident that the Examiner is not a "Slurrian" upon any matter of general public interest, and that it does not fear the scoffing of those who are prejudiced against things transcending the narrow horizon of their experience. The "Age of Reason" has dawned at last, and there is nothing occult, or what some are disposed to term uncanny, that wide-awake journalists and philosophers consider too sacred or too recondite to discuss pro et con.

As there is at present a great awakening of all progressive minds in regard to what is called psychic, or spiritual science, all over the civilized world, I deem it proper, with your permission, to give the readers of the Examiner and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a few ideas upon some aspects of this important subject. Not only are many of the old popular magazines, like the Nineteenth Century and the Forum, to which Professor James contributed the article to which the Examiner alluded, occasionally printing articles on this theme, but the Arena, of recent birth in our modern Athens, whence have issued so many Yankee notions, that have set the outside barbarians agog, has had several distinguished contributors who have told of more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in materialistic philosophy. The present month a new star of science has appeared in our orbit, the Psychical Review, a journal of psychical science and organ of the American Psychical Society. This quarterly gives promise of great interest and value, as it proposes to deal thoroughly and fearlessly with the world-wide phenomena of modern Spiritualism and cognate subjects. From these and other sources it may be seen that professors in our leading colleges, ministers in most popular churches and renowned scientists at large are coming tardily to the front to discuss facts that have been well-known and understood by many millions of untitled but intelligent people for a third of the present century.

PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE. Fundamental to all psychic science must be a knowledge of the laws and functions of the human mind and body. Man, we now know, is essentially a spirit with a physical covering or body. The inner man, or spirit, is the real man. Psychic science confirms St. Paul's teaching of our triune constitution of body, soul and spirit. He said: "There is a natural (physical) body and there is a spiritual body." Both coexist, for the verb is, in the present tense, and science teaches that the spiritual body, or what physiologists term the vital force, or nerve aura or magnetism, as the mesmerists call it, is the life and moving force that controls the physical body, every portion of which it permeates.

The spiritual body, then, is the connecting link, so to speak, between the mind or spirit and the physical body. The brain is the headquarters of the mind or spirit. From the brain runs to every portion of the body the nervous system—a complex arrangement of telegraphic wires, which are charged with the vital force, just as common telegraphic wires are with electricity. The back brain, from which most of the nerves issue, is, to all intents and purposes, a dynamo or battery that charges the nerves with the electro-magnetism which operates all the functions and motions of the body. When these wires are all in order and sufficiently charged with the vital force in a pure state the body is healthy; but when there is any interruption of its circulation, or it is deficient in quality or quantity, there is a derangement of bodily functions, and disease begins.

This nerve aura, like all the nutritive elements that make up the body and keep it in repair, is secreted by the brain cells from the blood and is but a transmutation or change of the physical forces contained in food, air and water. This force is the vehicle or medium through which the mind acts upon the body and controls it telegraphically. That is, the motions or impulses of will vibrate through it, as motion is conveyed through electric currents in telegraphing. The organic machinery of the body is propelled by the back brain dynamo, through which the spirit acts mainly independent of will in producing the ordinary functions of animal life.

This smattering of psycho-physiological science is necessary to understand what is to follow as psychic science.

MAGNETIC HEALING. Healing by the laying on of hands, so termed in the Bible, is simply the impartation of the force described in the foregoing, by induction from the healer, who must possess it in abundance.

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

WAS IT A DREAM?

In the city of Bedford, England, near the old jail in which Bunyan wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," stands an old-fashioned rock cottage. In this cottage lived two sisters, Mary and Jane, and their brother Robert, about twelve years old. Their father had been instantly killed in St. Aban's Abbey by a falling timber on the day that Robert was born. In about two years after they buried their dear mother. After this the girls, who were twin sisters 16 years of age, supported themselves by dressmaking, and Robert was kept in school.

On the 24th of December, 1881, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the writer of this story, hungry and tired, knocked at the cottage door. It was opened by Robert, who said, with tears in his eyes: "I am glad that you have come; sister Jane is very ill with a fever, and has been asking for you all day." I hurried up stairs and found Mary sitting by the bedside of her sister. In a few minutes Jane asked for a drink of water; after taking it she said, with a smile: "I am better now. I shall be up to-morrow and help get a nice Christmas dinner. Let me sleep, Mary." Then looking me in the face, said: "You are very pale; Robert will go downstairs with you and pour out a cup of tea and get you a piece of cake."

I followed Robert down stairs, but just as I was taking the chair he offered, I fell. The next thing I knew I was sitting on a stone step of an old cathedral, in full possession of all my faculties, but feeling quite strange. On looking up I saw my father, who had been dead ten years, walking towards me. When he had come within about a dozen steps he spoke my name, and said, "Come." I tried to rise but was unable. He repeated the one word "come" with a little more earnestness; then I found it quite easy to do his bidding. But I noticed on reaching him that my feet had made no marks on the newly fallen snow. My father said:

"As I am now on a visit from Aleyone, I have come to give you an introduction to Mr. Dunn, the father of the two girls you love so well." I replied, Mr. Dunn is dead. "Yes," continued my father, "so am I and you. Mr. and Mrs. Dunn are very nice people, and they have invited us to take dinner with them to-day. You will be able to spend a day or two with us, and then return in time to attend your funeral."

As we walked along many beautiful sights in nature attracted my attention. The sweet warblings of the many feathered songsters filled me with delight, and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells told me that it was a time of great rejoicing.

We soon reached a beautiful little cottage surrounded by evergreens. Over the front door of the cottage I read the sign, "J. P. Dunn, Contractor and Builder." The door was opened by a fine looking man, whom my father introduced as Mr. Dunn. We were led into a beautiful parlor. In this parlor was a small boy painting a beautiful picture of Solomon's Temple and a young lady playing on the piano.

Mr. Dunn expressed his pleasure at meeting me, and said he would talk with me farther after eating dinner. At this instant a lady came in and announced dinner. On being introduced she threw her arms about my neck and wept aloud for joy. Then recovering herself, she said: "My dear children; not one of them must die in old England; you will return and see them safe to Utah."

In the dining-room I met a few old friends and made some new acquaintances. We sat around a large table well-filled with vegetables of different kinds, and nice brown Graham gems. After enjoying ourselves some time in eating and pleasant conversation, fruits, nuts and wine were brought in, but no meat was served. It may be of interest to know that death improves all our senses, especially taste and sight. After allowing a few minutes for dinner to digest, most of the company engaged in games or parlor amusements, and Mr. Dunn and I retired to the library. As soon as we were alone he said:

"By your consent we will go this evening and impress my daughter Jane with what Mrs. Dunn and I wish her to know. Behind one of the bricks in their fireplace is an iron pot containing fifty English sovereigns that I saved while on earth. I wish my children to have it now so that they may emigrate to Utah. We will start when the clock strikes seven."

We spent the afternoon in visiting public buildings, parks and the city water works. Just as the clock struck seven we were at the ticket office of the Great Northern. This line is furnished with American cars and runs parallel with the road built by the English on terra firma. Three minutes' ride brought us to our destination. We saw hundreds of well-dressed people on the cars; most of them were engaged in earnest conversation. In walking through the smoke-car I saw but two persons. One was Benedict Arnold, mending an old flag; the other an Indian chief, reading the life of General Custer.

After leaving the cars Mr. Dunn told me that the fever had been given to Jane by his request in order that she might be more easily impressed by us. By this time we were in the cottage with his children. I saw my body on a narrow bed, and Mary and Robert sitting near the fire crying. I put my hand on Mary's shoulder, and said: "Don't cry, I am all right. There is money for you behind one of the bricks." She did not notice me. Mr. Dunn said, with a smile: "She neither sees nor hears you. Mortals are not sensitive to thought waves only under certain conditions. Follow me and do as I do." We went upstairs and found Jane asleep; we knelt down at the side of her bed, and wished that she might see the money in a dream. When I looked up Mr. Dunn had vanished; I went downstairs to find him, but he was not there. The room grew dark; then a gleam of light

came. Robert spoke, and said: "The tea is ready; take a cup and you will feel better." I rubbed my eyes, drank the tea, and ate a small piece of cake. Then I lay on the lounge and tried to sleep, but all that I had seen and heard I dreamed over again.

In the morning Jane was up, and said she felt quite well. I asked her if her father had saved money to emigrate with before he died. She said: "Yes; and last night I dreamed that I found it in this room." I took up a large iron poker and slightly tapped on a few bricks until I found one that gave a hollow sound. It was but a few moments work to remove it. A small iron pot was next taken out. In it we found fifty sovereigns and a small piece of slate, upon which was written: "Emigration money, J. P. Dunn." The joy that followed cannot be described.

But little remains to be told. An X-mas dinner was provided. Just as we were sitting down to the table my companion, F. H. S., of Brigham City, joined us, and never before had I seen so small a man eat so much plum-pudding at one meal.

On the 21st of June, 1882, Mary, Jane and Robert set sail from Liverpool to New York in the Nevada.

Robert is now a conductor on the U. P.; Mary lives in Salt Lake City, the loved wife of a prosperous farmer; Jane is the wife of a well-to-do merchant, in Logan, and the mother of two bright little girls. I was one of a select number of friends invited to take Christmas dinner with her and her devoted husband on Friday, Dec. 25, 1891.

Now, when I am hungry, if my mind reverts to my Christmas dinners of the past, or looks forward to a prospective one in the future, I am satisfied. Does this prove that hunger, like some Christmas stories I have read, may be the product of the imagination?

W. H. APPERLEY.

Brain or Soul.

REFLECTIONS IN REFERENCE TO THEM.

The clock strikes twelve; I am engaged in business; I have not commenced yet, but I have just thought out my course; but how is this? The clock strikes one; well, never mind. I stop to consider; what shall I do with this demurrer? The clock actually strikes three! I shove back paper, return pen to holder; I am lost in reverie. What are these thoughts that obtrude themselves upon me? Why is it that for the last three hours I have not been aware of my physical existence, and yet have been keenly alive, thinking and doing? Let me reflect! Is it possible that the psychic jewel in man's composition called mind, is a mere external expression of the crude corpus? My thoughts take this trend. Life, I think, is a resultant of the sum of molecular energy. I have no authority behind which I can dodge when I say this, but I have great faith in it. Each atom is endowed with special force and motion. If I view this force when confined to a portion of the physical structure, I may speak of it as sensation; but when I view the resultant potency of this special creation of atomic relation, I find reflection, comparison, judgment. Whence these manifestations of the higher order of intelligence? When I try to conceive of the properties of these single atoms clairvoyantly and abstractly, I learn nothing of self-sentience; I find no trace of intelligence. There has then appeared in the equation (a certain segregation of atoms imbued with life; equal life plus intelligence). Now, when each side of an equation consists of additive quantities only, we shall not expect a foreign factor, or quantity, to obtain in the sum total. Whence, then, this new manifestation called intelligence? I then reflect again, and assume for the purpose of my reflection that the mental results from the physical. While my mind is busy, I may forget food, and thus become emaciated. Why should the resultant have the power to affect its creator thus? By abstaining from food the physical becomes starved and finally decays. Why this control of the mental over its master? The mesmeric subject is made to use the mental fluently while the physical slumbers in the background. Here the slave sits enthroned, while the creator may not awaken to consciousness even though a limb be severed. It is possible for parents of inferior intellectuality to have children of superior minds; still, there was intelligence in the first member of the equation, and we are not surprised to find this phenomenon in the result. But whence the intelligence where only inanimate, or (worse still) unthinking atoms were concerned?

Fichte, Tyndall, Huxley and others have vainly sought to show that life could result from dead, inert matter. How much less, then, life plus intelligence. A congregated mass of inanimate matter produces, in time, an element (intellect) which in turn becomes commander-in-chief of its maker! The mind works, plans and reflects, while the physical bears it about in its strong frame as do the slaves bear the Sultan in his chair. It commands and the physical obeys. When the physical demands luxuries to gratify a sensual appetite, the mental puts it upon allowance. When I was a boy a physical body carried me wherever I elected to go; I thought, then, as a boy. Now not an atom of that physical remains. I have one now which may be the fifth or sixth since that time. Yet I remember what I thought as I wore each body. Who, then, am I? Who is the real ego? I infer that the intellectual man is the real man. As the child lived before physical birth and remembers not that life, so have I ever lived oblivious of the details of a previous existence. As I quit the physical, oceans and continents will fade from my view. The blue arches above will unfold to my intellectual sight. Anew I shall hear the breakers' softened tones, that washed the shores of a forgotten life. I shall then be assured that the soul may enjoy an unbroken eternity of bliss.

B. R. ANDERSON.

Concordia, Kans.



BROTHER JONATHAN'S SOLOILOQUY. — Yes, I am interested in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Its patriotism is worthy of great commendation. Its exposure of the general trend of the Catholic Octopus is timely, and was badly needed. It is indeed a paper for the times, and which every Spiritualist should support. From the start it has had its varied attractions, which have proved of great utility to its readers. Indeed, the one who doesn't read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, must, as a natural consequence, be left in the rear; and even now there is "something in the air," gradually evolving, that will interest all.

In the language of another, "time is flying; America is started. Rome says the idea of a new continent was conceived in her brain, and the clock strikes one. She gathers in the Vatican her cardinals and archbishops, and the clock strikes two. She gathers not only pope, cardinals, and archbishops, but her bishops and priests, who, with their servants, work out useful schemes to be tried in the new continent, and the clock strikes three. Plans broaden and ramify into the seas. Missionaries from the Roman world land on our shores, and the clock strikes four. The heaven begins to work in the meal, eyes are being blinded by the magnificent displays and the clock strikes

Death-week in Rural Russia.

Some very curious ceremonies are observed by the peasants of rural Russia, on the breaking up of the ice toward the end of March. The breaking is supposed to be due to the water-spirit, who, waking hungry and angry after his winter's sleep, bursts the ice and sends the flocks drifting, drives the fish from their haunts, and causes the streams to overflow. Previous to this the peasants prepare a sacrifice as the beginning of their "death-week" celebration, to be offered to the spirit. They combine to buy a young horse, which must be purchased, not given, each contributing an equal amount. The horse having been sumptuously fed for three days, is taken on the fourth day at midnight, decorated, conducted by all the villagers in a body, tied, weighted, and plunged through a hole in the ice. In some districts fat, in others a horse's head, is thrown in instead of a living horse. A sacrifice is then made to the house spirit. A fat black pig is killed and cut into as many pieces as there are residents of the village, of which each resident receives one and buries it under the doorstep at the entrance to his house. The principal ceremony of the season is that of driving out death. All the villagers bring old clothes, rags, straw, sticks, and other stuff of the kind, from which a dummy figure representing an old woman is made, and painted as hideously as possible, to represent death—death being a woman in Slavic mythology. The figure is perched on a long pole and carried by a peasant dressed in what are left of the rags, etc., who is accompanied by a procession of the people provided with everything with which they can make a noise. The dummy is carried to the nearest river or stream, and cast into the water, or sometimes only dunked, and then thrown upon the nearest piece of vacant ground, or sometimes cast into the territory of a neighboring village, when a quarrel is likely to arise. On returning to the village more noisy instruments are collected, and the men, women and children run around to drive out the evil spirits death is supposed to have left behind. The faster the people go, and the more noise they make, the more effectually the place is supposed to be cleared, and the greater will be the blessings of the coming season. To make all sure, the villagers camp out for the night, to wait for the hour when the gates of heaven are supposed to be opened, and special blessings asked for are granted. All the trees are said to bear golden fruits at that instant, and whoever is lucky enough to grasp them just then can keep them as his own. Unhappily, the people are always too wearied with the day's work and drinking to be alert enough to seize the exact moment.—Popular Science Monthly.

There are 800 bathhouses in Tokio, Japan, in which a bath can be had for 1 cent.

Spiritualism Needed.

THE GREAT WANT OF VERACITY.

Herbert Spencer, in Popular Science Monthly for August, makes some extraordinary statements in reference to the great want of veracity. He says that "complete truthfulness is one of the rarest of virtues. Even those who regard themselves as absolutely truthful are daily guilty of over-statements and under-statements. Exaggeration is almost universal. The perpetual use of the word 'very,' where the occasion does not call for it, shows how widely diffused and confirmed is the habit of misrepresentation. And this habit sometimes goes along with the loudest denunciations of falsehood. After much vehement talk about the 'veracities,' will come utterly unvarnished accounts of things and people—accounts made unvarnished by the use of emphatic words where ordinary words alone are warranted; pictures of which the outlines are correct but the lights and shades and colors are doubly and trebly as strong as they should be.

"Here, among the countless deviations of statement from fact, we are concerned only with those in which form is wrong as well as color—those in which the statement is not merely a perversion of the fact, but practically an inversion of it. Chiefly, too, we have to deal with cases in which personal interests of one or other kind are the prompters to falsehood—now the desire to inflict injury as by false witness; now the desire to gain a material advantage; now the desire to escape a punishment or other threatened evil; now the desire to get favor by saying that which pleases. For in mankind at large the love of truth for truth's sake, irrespective of ends, is but little exemplified."

JUS TICE.

I sincerely believe that did Spiritualism and its grand truths have full possession of the hearts of the people then, no one would have reason to complain that complete truthfulness is one of the rarest of virtues. That deception is almost universal does not speak well for the nineteenth century civilization.

"Antiquity Unveiled," communications from ancient spirits. Apollonius of Tyana, the Jesus of Nazareth, St. Paul and John, the revelators of the Christian Scriptures, return to earth as a spirit, and explain the mysteries that have concealed the theological deception of the Christian hierarchy. 608 pages. A very valuable book. Price, \$1.50; postage, 12 cents.

"Spiritual Songs," by Mattie E. Hull, thirty-one in number; most admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed in pamphlet form, 32 mo. Price 10 cents each. For sale at this office.

Uncle Sam has 8,955,812 dwellings.

Letter from G. W. Kates.

TO THE EDITOR:—Wife and self have found so much good cheer in Northern Ohio, that we feel it best to publicly express our thanks. It is evident that this section of our fair land is destined to rival the spiritual centres where the public flock to receive spirit communion and to learn the laws of life.

There are now three camp-meeting associations in Ohio, and next year there may be four or five. At the Mantua Station Camp we found a beautiful place, an earnest people and a good prospect for growth and prosperity. The camp-meeting was full of interest. Every possible courtesy was extended to each medium and every visitor. A more harmonious and spiritual meeting we never attended. All the people seemed to vie in amiability and pleasure-making. At the meetings all endeavored to assist. Brother Danforth is a genial and excellent president. He makes good conditions for a speaker or medium.

Prof. D. M. King is the organizer and manager. He has done a good work in this locality.

On Sunday, August 21st, Mrs. Kates and self held two meetings on the lawn of Brother E. Hawley, near Newton Falls, Ohio. We were very agreeably surprised to see a large turnout of people. Nearly five hundred persons were present. Good feeling existed, and our work seemed to produce good results.

The Mahoning Valley Association were in charge, and voted to become an auxiliary to the National Religious and Spiritual Association.

Our few days of visit with the family of Brother Hawley proved to be a bright time to last in our memory. Their hospitality was of the generous home kind that sweetens the life of a Spiritualist missionary. All the friends in Northern Ohio seemed to be filled with generous impulse and kindness. On the Western Reserve there is a great work being done, and much promise for future good.

Tuesday, August 23d, we visited Lake Brady Camp, and found it a marvelous institution for a first year effort. The place and the lake are certainly attractive, and the management exceedingly liberal. They cordially invited us to speak at the conference, and also called upon Mrs. Kates after the afternoon lecture, by Mrs. Sheehan, to give tests, which were appreciated.

From thence we went to the Ashley Camp, and found it well located, but in the condition of a new enterprise. The campers all live in tents, and the meetings are held in a large tent. The prospects are fair for a good meeting. Lyman C. Howe preceded us and by his sterling merit has left an indelible impress. Brother Howe is one of the workers on our platform who puts his soul in all he does and stands before the world an unchallenged man of spiritual worth. He thinks his work is nearly done, but it has but just begun. An earth-life is only the commencement of personal labor. But Brother Howe is likely to stay on earth awhile longer, and his words of wisdom should be heard by all who desire to unfold the pure, good and true.

The tests by Mrs. Kates here are, as usual, accurate and fully recognized. They are mostly given to strangers. While she was under control of "Fleetfoot," a gentleman and wife from Knox county arrived, and were almost immediately addressed, and his life read with great accuracy. All descriptions, including a horse and dog, that had gone to horse and dog heaven, were so perfect that the gentleman marveled much thereat.

Our lectures are well received, and the audiences fair-sized. Mrs. Sheehan has just arrived, and with her added forces we hope to storm the citadel of error and ignorance, and build the temple of truth and knowledge. The camp will hold until September 5th.

G. W. KATES.

The Mahoning Valley Spiritualist Association.

The Mahoning Valley Spiritualist Association held a meeting in the beautiful grove at E. Haroley's residence on Sunday, Aug. 21st, 1892, and notwithstanding the fact that the notices were out only about four days, and that the Disciples were holding a grove meeting only four miles away, yet the fact that Bro. Kates and wife were to be present drew an audience of about four hundred persons, all of whom were attentive listeners, eager to hear the words of wisdom, truth, and flow of eloquence that issued from the lips of the speakers. While the tests were being given by Mrs. Kates almost breathless silence reigned, every one eager to receive, if possible, some evidence of the continued existence of their loved ones that are no longer visible to the physical eye. The tests were given in such an unmistakable manner that the parties for whom they were intended could not help but recognize their correctness.

About ten days have passed, and every word we have heard concerning the meeting has been in praise of the addresses and the genuineness of the tests. Many were present who for the first time heard the truths of our grand philosophy, and we have been asked to try and secure the services of these grand workers again in the near future if possible. The Society will hold a meeting Sunday, Oct. 11th, at the residence of B. O. Barber, at which time it is expected D. M. King, of Mantua, will be with us, and then let the project started at last meeting be fully discussed and carried to completion.

Palmira, Ohio. A. L. REICHARD.

POEMS, by Edith Willis Linn, the gifted daughter of Dr. F. L. H. Willis the well known lecturer. This charming little volume is for sale at this office. Price \$1.00.

The Evolution of The Devil. By Henry Frank. It contains 66 pages, divided into ten chapters, and is gotten up in the best style of pamphlet form. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

A man of science in Germany maintains that it is from meteors that all our diamonds come.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street. J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher. Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter. Terms of Subscription. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until October 1st, at the following terms, invariably in advance: One year \$1.00. Six months .75. Three months .50. Single copies 10 cents.

CLUBS! IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to which several orders to subscribe with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1.00, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness.

Take Notice.

As expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper is discontinued. No bills will be sent for extra numbers. If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us and errors in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pass and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is only twenty-five cents!

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.



A SPIRITUALIST?

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BOOKS OF MODERN TIMES. BY MRS. N. C. MAYNARD. EVERY SPIRITUALIST IN AMERICA SHOULD READ IT.

DOWN ON FORTUNE-TELLERS.

Jennie Hagan Jackson Scores Some of the Mediums—Closing Days at Lily Dale.

The last conference took up the question of a protective society for mediums. Some unique ideas were advanced. A portly old man of generous heart and honest face who has been nicknamed Mr. Gullible, through his ability to swallow some pretty transparent counterfeits as tests, felt called upon to defend the much-criticized Indian 'pow-wows.'

One man announced himself as a candidate for the prospective society who did not claim to be in rapport with angels, but thought himself to be a pretty good medium for the transaction of real estate business. Fearless Jennie Hagan Jackson spoke on Thursday afternoon upon "The Punch and Judy of Spiritualism."

CAMILLE.

Nearly all the first few numbers of this remarkable story by Hudson Tuttle have been exhausted, and we can no longer furnish them free to new subscribers, as heretofore announced. The demand for them has been larger than we expected.

Let us hold fast to that which is good and repudiate the evil.

Something About the Plague.

If the arousing of general expectation, and the decaying by universal consent, will bring the cholera to us, then it is already here, in effect. It is said: Once upon a time, a traveler met the plague going into Bagdad.

"What are you doing here?" he said. "I am going into the city, to kill 1,000 people." Some time after the traveler was again brought face to face with the dread messenger.

This is true of all epidemics and plagues. The negative condition, the feeling of helplessness; the idea that medical science offers no sure remedy, continually impels everybody to the studying of symptoms, and the feeling of themselves, to see if they have by chance overlooked the slightest beginning of the entrance of contagion.

Spirit manifestations exist on different planes. The Punch and Judy part of it, whether genuine or utterly false, is the legitimate result of our present civilization. The Indian pow-wows constitute a lever, perhaps, whereby better conditions can be attained; the simple rap is still heard in our midst, and the work it is accomplishing is great indeed.

The Warring Sects.

One of the most peculiar features of all systems of religion is the spirit of persecution which characterizes those who leave an old organization for a new one. Modern research clearly establishes the fact that the so-called Jewish system was but the extension of Persian and Egyptian thought over Judea.

The Camp-Meeting Clown.

It is a disgrace to the name of Christian, when Christian men and women employ and listen to the vulgarity of such a man as Sam Jones. That they make him the attraction of their camp-meetings is still more reprehensible. His style is that of the circus clown, although no clown would dare utter on the sawdust ring such vulgarity.

The Bible.

The whole Bible was printed in Massachusetts branch of the Algonquin languages, and in the Cree. Nearly the whole in the Chippewa and Micmac, and portions in a number of others. The devoted missionaries gave their lives to the study of these languages and the translation of the Bible into them.

Camp-Meeting at Sumnerland, Cal.

William B. Morris informs us that the camp-meeting at Sumnerland will commence September 11 and continue until October 2. It will no doubt be a success under the efficient management of those interested.

"New Thought" for September.

It comes forth looking fresh and vigorous, and is worthy of a place in every family. Published monthly by Moses Hull. Price \$1 per year. Address him at No. 28 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

The Roman Confessional-Box a Hot-Bed of Sin.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has repeatedly exposed the corruption of the Roman Catholic Confessional-Box. It is a sinkhole of iniquity where the breath of purity does not exist. Now comes a dispatch from Montreal, Quebec, to the daily press, setting forth that the scandal caused by the doings of Father Guhlot, the Sulpician priest, is the talk of the city.

There is no question but that the newspapers of America are responsible for the ravages of la grippe. Without the furore they aroused, by their minute accounts of its coming, and of the actions of people who supposed they had it, the sufferers would never have thought of naming their indisposition anything more than a slight cold, or an influenza, at the worst.

The orthodox Christian, who has a reserved seat by the great white throne, picked out for him by his murdered Jesus, and a consuming hell, into which he can chuck all his enemies, as he would pitch his cast-off boots and shoes into the stove, ought to be pleased that the plague is coming, for it will only furnish him a lightning express to the "worlds fairer than day," to say nothing of keeping the poor man out of the World's Fair, and everybody else, for that matter, on Sunday and every other day.

While Spiritualists may show some signs of human weakness, they are not cowards about the hereafter. Believing fully in the doctrines they teach, the glory of the future is a palpable reality. Living as they do, in the constant presence of those who have passed beyond the veil, they are eager to go; glad to lay aside all physical impediment, and thus rejoice those they have loved in the past, and are so glad to meet again.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them.

General Survey.

Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums.

Letter from a Newspaper Man.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having had during my life of nearly 40 years a wide and varied experience in connection with newspaper work, and I can truly say, without any intention of flattery, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER meets the wants, needs and tastes of Liberals and Spiritualists more completely than any other paper issued in the United States.

Passed away from earth life, Aug. 2nd.

Passed away from earth life, Aug. 2nd, Mrs. E. B. Hiller, aged 67. For the last four years she was a resident of Los Angeles, formerly of Galveston, Texas. For thirty years she had been a Spiritualist; and her spirit friends comforted her in her illness, through her own clairvoyant and clairaudient gifts.

Edgar S. Manville, Spirit Photographer.

Edgar S. Manville, Spirit Photographer, Chicago, writes: "I can take Spirit pictures from lock of hair or photograph, and persons living at a distance or who do not wish to sit for a picture themselves can write to us, enclosing a lock of hair or photograph, with two dollars, and receive prompt reply."

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums.

General Survey.

Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums.

Letter from a Newspaper Man.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having had during my life of nearly 40 years a wide and varied experience in connection with newspaper work, and I can truly say, without any intention of flattery, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER meets the wants, needs and tastes of Liberals and Spiritualists more completely than any other paper issued in the United States.

Passed away from earth life, Aug. 2nd.

Passed away from earth life, Aug. 2nd, Mrs. E. B. Hiller, aged 67. For the last four years she was a resident of Los Angeles, formerly of Galveston, Texas. For thirty years she had been a Spiritualist; and her spirit friends comforted her in her illness, through her own clairvoyant and clairaudient gifts.

Edgar S. Manville, Spirit Photographer.

Edgar S. Manville, Spirit Photographer, Chicago, writes: "I can take Spirit pictures from lock of hair or photograph, and persons living at a distance or who do not wish to sit for a picture themselves can write to us, enclosing a lock of hair or photograph, with two dollars, and receive prompt reply."

Wm. E. E. Kates, Secretary of Dayton, Ohio.

Wm. E. E. Kates, Secretary of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "At the regular meeting of the Dayton Progressive Alliance in August the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, John H. Wheeler; Vice-President, Mrs. D. Ralston; Secretary, Wm. E. E. Kates; Treasurer, O. Lawrence. It was resolved to commence public meetings again on Sunday, September 4, in the Knights of Honor Hall, 110 E. Third street. Owing to our lack of means we have no lecturers engaged, but will have to depend entirely upon home talent. During the past season our meetings were very successful, having the pleasure of listening to Willard J. Hull, Ada Foye and Helen Stewart Richings upon week-day engagements. We hope by constant and determined effort to build up a first-class society in Dayton."

Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn writes.

Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn writes: "The annual meeting of the Haleslet Park Association occurred on the 27th ult., and resulted in the election of the following officers: James H. White, President; Dr. A. B. Spinney, Vice-President; Dr. A. W. Edson, Secretary and manager; James H. White, Treasurer. Two new members were elected on the board of directors, namely Mrs. H. S. Titus, of Detroit, and Mrs. S. B. Emmons, of Mendon. Mrs. Josselyn, of Grand Rapids, was appointed assistant secretary. Mrs. Ada Foye speaks in Grand Rapids during September, for the Progressive Spiritualistic Society."

A. H. Dailey, of New York, has been elected President of the Lake Pleasant camp-meeting.

A. H. Dailey, of New York, has been elected President of the Lake Pleasant camp-meeting. Dr. Joseph Beals has formerly occupied the position, and if any man could place the camp in a first-class condition, he could. According to Mr. Dailey's circular letter, more money is needed at once.

General Survey.

Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums.

Letter from a Newspaper Man.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having had during my life of nearly 40 years a wide and varied experience in connection with newspaper work, and I can truly say, without any intention of flattery, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER meets the wants, needs and tastes of Liberals and Spiritualists more completely than any other paper issued in the United States.

Passed away from earth life, Aug. 2nd.

Passed away from earth life, Aug. 2nd, Mrs. E. B. Hiller, aged 67. For the last four years she was a resident of Los Angeles, formerly of Galveston, Texas. For thirty years she had been a Spiritualist; and her spirit friends comforted her in her illness, through her own clairvoyant and clairaudient gifts.

Edgar S. Manville, Spirit Photographer.

Edgar S. Manville, Spirit Photographer, Chicago, writes: "I can take Spirit pictures from lock of hair or photograph, and persons living at a distance or who do not wish to sit for a picture themselves can write to us, enclosing a lock of hair or photograph, with two dollars, and receive prompt reply."

Wm. E. E. Kates, Secretary of Dayton, Ohio.

Wm. E. E. Kates, Secretary of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "At the regular meeting of the Dayton Progressive Alliance in August the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, John H. Wheeler; Vice-President, Mrs. D. Ralston; Secretary, Wm. E. E. Kates; Treasurer, O. Lawrence. It was resolved to commence public meetings again on Sunday, September 4, in the Knights of Honor Hall, 110 E. Third street. Owing to our lack of means we have no lecturers engaged, but will have to depend entirely upon home talent. During the past season our meetings were very successful, having the pleasure of listening to Willard J. Hull, Ada Foye and Helen Stewart Richings upon week-day engagements. We hope by constant and determined effort to build up a first-class society in Dayton."

Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn writes.

Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn writes: "The annual meeting of the Haleslet Park Association occurred on the 27th ult., and resulted in the election of the following officers: James H. White, President; Dr. A. B. Spinney, Vice-President; Dr. A. W. Edson, Secretary and manager; James H. White, Treasurer. Two new members were elected on the board of directors, namely Mrs. H. S. Titus, of Detroit, and Mrs. S. B. Emmons, of Mendon. Mrs. Josselyn, of Grand Rapids, was appointed assistant secretary. Mrs. Ada Foye speaks in Grand Rapids during September, for the Progressive Spiritualistic Society."

A. H. Dailey, of New York, has been elected President of the Lake Pleasant camp-meeting.

A. H. Dailey, of New York, has been elected President of the Lake Pleasant camp-meeting. Dr. Joseph Beals has formerly occupied the position, and if any man could place the camp in a first-class condition, he could. According to Mr. Dailey's circular letter, more money is needed at once.

General Survey.

Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums.

Letter from a Newspaper Man.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having had during my life of nearly 40 years a wide and varied experience in connection with newspaper work, and I can truly say, without any intention of flattery, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER meets the wants, needs and tastes of Liberals and Spiritualists more completely than any other paper issued in the United States.

Passed away from earth life, Aug. 2nd.

Passed away from earth life, Aug. 2nd, Mrs. E. B. Hiller, aged 67. For the last four years she was a resident of Los Angeles, formerly of Galveston, Texas. For thirty years she had been a Spiritualist; and her spirit friends comforted her in her illness, through her own clairvoyant and clairaudient gifts.

Edgar S. Manville, Spirit Photographer.

Edgar S. Manville, Spirit Photographer, Chicago, writes: "I can take Spirit pictures from lock of hair or photograph, and persons living at a distance or who do not wish to sit for a picture themselves can write to us, enclosing a lock of hair or photograph, with two dollars, and receive prompt reply."

Wm. E. E. Kates, Secretary of Dayton, Ohio.

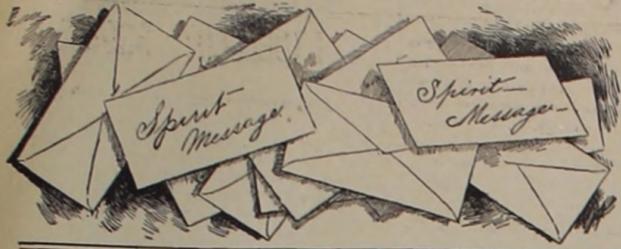
Wm. E. E. Kates, Secretary of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "At the regular meeting of the Dayton Progressive Alliance in August the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, John H. Wheeler; Vice-President, Mrs. D. Ralston; Secretary, Wm. E. E. Kates; Treasurer, O. Lawrence. It was resolved to commence public meetings again on Sunday, September 4, in the Knights of Honor Hall, 110 E. Third street. Owing to our lack of means we have no lecturers engaged, but will have to depend entirely upon home talent. During the past season our meetings were very successful, having the pleasure of listening to Willard J. Hull, Ada Foye and Helen Stewart Richings upon week-day engagements. We hope by constant and determined effort to build up a first-class society in Dayton."

Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn writes.

Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn writes: "The annual meeting of the Haleslet Park Association occurred on the 27th ult., and resulted in the election of the following officers: James H. White, President; Dr. A. B. Spinney, Vice-President; Dr. A. W. Edson, Secretary and manager; James H. White, Treasurer. Two new members were elected on the board of directors, namely Mrs. H. S. Titus, of Detroit, and Mrs. S. B. Emmons, of Mendon. Mrs. Josselyn, of Grand Rapids, was appointed assistant secretary. Mrs. Ada Foye speaks in Grand Rapids during September, for the Progressive Spiritualistic Society."

A. H. Dailey, of New York, has been elected President of the Lake Pleasant camp-meeting.

A. H. Dailey, of New York, has been elected President of the Lake Pleasant camp-meeting. Dr. Joseph Beals has formerly occupied the position, and if any man could place the camp in a first-class condition, he could. According to Mr. Dailey's circular letter, more money is needed at once.



PHENOMENAL.

Through the Mediumship of Mr. Geo. Cole.

TO THE EDITOR:—The beautiful and brilliant communication on "The Moral Attitude of Spiritualism," by Anna M. M. Stroud, was written through the process of independent spirit-writing. This spirit is an active worker in earth-life affairs, and has been living some thirty years on the spirit side of life. The medium in describing the visiting spirit, said: "Here is a very large woman; weighs, I should think, 200 pounds. She has a full, intellectual forehead and commanding presence. She has dark hair and eyes, wears a dark alpaca dress, no ornaments."

The Henry Ward Beecher and Charles O'Connor communications were spoken, the medium repeating word for word the exact language of each speaker. Mr. Beecher expresses his regret that the limited time set by Carrie Miller has prevented him from speaking more fully. In this connection I should state that there is nothing arbitrary as to the time placed at the disposal of the communicating spirits, either those who write or those who speak. The time limit is the exhaustion of the mediumistic forces, and the controlling spirit gives notice when the limit is reached. It sometimes, though not often, happens that Mr. Cole is obliged to leave the seance room and go out into the open air to recover from his weakness and exhaustion. On other occasions I have found that on account of atmospheric and other disturbing conditions, not a word (except from the controlling spirit) would be spoken or written, and the seance would have to be postponed to another day.

Charles O'Connor was one of New York City's greatest lawyers, and passed to the spirit side of life some fifteen years ago. Mr. O'Connor was a man of original mind, indomitable will, and held a comprehensive grasp of all subjects that interested him. CHAS. R. MILLER. Brooklyn, N. Y., 2481 Atlantic ave.

THE MORAL ATTITUDE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Life, the spirit of existence, is endowed with two distinct phases, namely: the mortal and the immortal. The spirit, in a virtual sense, never changes; its mortal condition, though influenced and governed by vice and crime, social preferment and pious surroundings, remains the same, though its true nature and essential principle may be clouded and hidden by the vicissitudes of the mortal mission it has come among earth scenes to perform.

Mortals who walk the earth, engrossed with the cares of this phase of existence, that build up to-day what is to be demolished to-morrow, have but little thought of the vital principle of life within them, and upon which their every act and every thought depends; but persistently and blindly pursue a course that strews the scene with shattered fortunes, broken hearts and crumbling monuments.

It is true that cathedrals and places of public worship are designed to furnish a retreat for the world, wan and weary, where their spirits may burst their enveloping shrouds and shine forth as bright lights from the darkness and corruption of earth-life surroundings. But alas! those cathedrals and churches are so impregnated with princely caste and worldly grandeur that spirits of men are more deeply enveloped in the pall of bigotry and more securely concealed behind the wall of an emulative ambition.

There are, indeed, mortals, few in number comparatively speaking, who have wearied of the pomp and grandeur of nineteenth century religion and the pride and supercilious bearing of its proselytes, who have come out in the world to seek a more practical knowledge of immortality; who have banded together and are known as Spiritualists; and lastly who seek that knowledge from relatives and friends, who have preceded them from mortal life. At spiritual conferences they hear from those relatives and friends; at spiritual circles their life and presence are made manifest; before the materializing cabinet they appear in spiritual form, and so disengage spirits of their mortal friends from the shrouds of theology, that they gleam as a cluster of bright gems, which scintillate with those pure, immortal rays which, though they may be hidden, can never be destroyed.

The phase of mortal life is brief—three-score and ten years, more or less—and time has developed such social, political and religious systems, the spirit in its mortal phase may be said to be confined in the prison cells of worldly ambition, to be the slave of pomp and pride and the puppet of public opinion.

This is the condition of the phase of the spirit in mortal life, as viewed from a spiritual standpoint; and it is the mission of every manifesting spirit to teach mortals by precept and practical demonstration, that there is a higher and more pure phase of existence, where there are elements more exalted than worldly ambition, virtues more pure and chaste than pomp and pride, and considerations more important than public opinion.

These are the lessons taught by every spiritual manifestation and they should be the text books of every earthly being in his journey through mortal life.

The immortal phase of existence is the heritage of every earthly being, it is the phase whose resplendent brightness, shines upon mortal souls, and warms into life hopes and aspirations for the celestial—hopes for the reunion of sundered relatives and friends—hopes that departed dear ones may again be clasped in the embrace of an undying affection.

By the side of the infirmed mausoleum

at the foot of the towering shaft, by the side of the lone, unfrequented grave, spiritual life is present and awaiting the visits of mortal friends, with fragrant memorial flowers, to impress them that they lie not beneath, but dwell in those celestial abodes where peace, happiness and love are the rewards for the trials and sufferings of mortal existence

ANNA M. STROUD. SPIRITUALISM THE FUNDAMENTAL EDUCATOR OF MANKIND.

This is an occasion upon which I am pleased to manifest, as I feel assured that what I may say may contribute to the evidence of a life which I now experience. From that life I now return filled with solemnity of facts which have accumulated since the sphere upon which we exist was first created. The principal fact, however, in the vast category is immortality, coeval with time, and extensive with unending space. This immortality is so little understood in mortal life that it seems more as a vague chimera, an ethereal consideration, than a sublime, palpable, inevitable fact—so inevitable, indeed, that the very gaze projected through the eye pupil cannot fail to discern its evidence, if the understanding will simply admit of recognition.

It is this immortality which I represent on this occasion, and though known among you in memory as a mortal man of distinct embodiment, characteristic features, appropriate manner and custom, whose body lies interred upon the hillside of Greenwood, yet am I that identical individual, with the same thoughts, feelings and disposition, only etherealized and purified, with a body similar to that by which I was known among men; that body is immortal, indestructible, and consequently spiritual. My identity remains; I am the same Henry Ward Beecher I was in Plymouth church, and always will be, only existing under different conditions.

This is not peculiar to me; on the contrary, it is a phase every mortal must enjoy. It is a heritage predestined, and beyond the most lofty aspirations of the most imaginative ambition. Therefore I come on this occasion with glad tidings of great joy to all people, and trust egotism, dogmatism, or prejudice will not shut up the hearts of men against the tidings which should elevate and make them better people.

There have been volumes written upon the subject I am at present discussing, but as far as I can understand, there is a failure of conviction from the want of practical demonstration of the truth, which exists in and around you every mortal day of your lives.

The inference from this is very plain; those who cannot be taught by language should be taught by symbol; where the truth cannot be reached by the sense of sight it should be reached through the sense of touch; ocular and auricular demonstrations are within the reach of every one. The seance-room and the materializing cabinet are the great instructors for that class of mortals, and if the latter will but cast aside the effects of their teachings and assertions and prepare themselves to see light which shines for all, I will guarantee that Spiritualism will be the sine qua non to earthly happiness; that the prison doors will be thrown open, that the criminal courts will be abolished, that peculation and dishonesty will be only matters for memory; and that finally, mortals will lead more pure, upright and happy lives, and be nearer what God intended they should be.

Spiritualism, therefore, will be the fundamental educator of mankind. The mortal world will be far different from what you find it to-day. Departed spirits will not only be able to manifest through media, but they will be enabled to come down among you collectively and walk the streets of your cities much the same as they walked the streets of Jerusalem 2,000 years ago.

Good friends, that will indeed be a millennium to mortals. Relatives and friends whose graves, perhaps, had been forgotten, will then be enabled to stand before you in their spiritual bodies in the streets and clasp your hand. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

I am well aware that from a judicial standpoint in mortal life there would not be sufficient material evidence to prove the manifestation I am now making. From a standpoint, however, of fact, above philosophical, religious and political opposition, I claim that nothing could be better evidenced of mortal life than a manifestation by a departed spirit. As one, I presume to come here on this occasion to give my evidence of a truth that is as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and as inevitable as the day that succeeds the night.

It would, perhaps, be pedantic to discuss a fact which all must sooner or later realize upon a basis founded upon judicial law; therefore, I will depart from an argument which will be influenced more or less by a legal standard, and rise upon a plane not only spiritual, but beautiful in inception and happy in its attainment.

Therefore, as a departed spirit, ignoring past earth-life experience, and professing earth-life association, I address you.

Life of itself is but one entity; it never had a beginning and can never have an end; it is coeval with cycles of ages. The rock-capped mountain cannot speak more eloquently of its antiquity than life. Though to a mortal it is an indivisible, invisible, incomprehensible quantity, yet it flourishes, and has flourished cycles of ages after the rock-capped mountains have crumbled and fallen in the valleys beneath, leaving not a vestige of their former adamantine grandeur behind.

Life has, however, two phases, as applied to the genus homo—the spiritual and the mortal; the latter at long intervals of brief duration, the former forever and ever. But in any phase of existence, life never loses that characteristic

entity which is a synonym of time. Though I am here, a spirit, invisible in person to most every mortal, I no less live and have my being. I speak and think, and express the very emotions peculiar to my present status, much the same as I expressed myself as a mortal. The only difference which affects my being, and that favorably, is the unlimited scope of opportunity, which is the gift of every spirit.

Good friends, believe me, when I assure you that I also, as well as all other spirits—the Alpha and Omega of mortal life—was before I was a mortal. I am now a spirit, and what may be inconceivable to many, is the fact that I am actuated by the same motives that I was thousands of years ago.

And though in mortal life, as I have before intimated, I had existed at regular intervals of time, and though of different families, of different names, different animal properties and tastes, yet I am to-day the same identical person I have been created, and shall ever remain so. What applies to me is applicable to every existing spirit or mortal. Though climate, continent and worlds may change, the individuality of life never changes. Hence in this manifestation I but perform a mission that I have performed on many previous occasions, and expect always to be endowed with the same power which characterizes either an intelligent spirit or mortal.

This, then, is the sum of all life, which is ever present, and never absent. It permeates, dominates, and controls all inferior objects; it fashions matter, makes worlds, erects temples, beautifies mortal existence, and lifts society from the savage state, and places it upon a plane of civilization.

This domination is not among mortals; it is above and beyond them. It comes from the spiritual world, and through the instrumentality of mortal men, it makes so glorious the different worlds that they glitter with the light of knowledge and ornamentation, as they revolve in measured harmony through the endless realms of space.

My side of life, therefore, is the eternal, unchanging phase of existence, which, though, for brief and unimportant periods, it may take up the mortal phase, yet our friend, Charles R. Miller, is the same individual identity he has ever been, and ever will be. This, perhaps will illustrate to the mortal world the fact to which I alluded at the opening of this address. And dear friends, I can assure you that all other facts from mortal considerations are subsidiary thereto.

Keep before your minds ever, that you have come from where I am; that you have come from thence many times before and must return, and come many times again; that your earth-life, though filled with sorrow and anguish, embittered by disappointment and misfortune—remember that as compared to your other phase of existence your earth-life years are but fleeting moments; and though from unhappy surroundings, want of opportunities, diseased, aged or infirm mortal body, your spirit never ages, but lives on, as it has ever lived, flourishing as a "green bay tree," and will soon be surrounded with those countless opportunities, the absence of which limit your present sphere of usefulness, mayhap to a nation, a State, a city, or a small community.

Your spiritual friends, some of whom, perhaps, you may remember as decrepit and infirm with age in their last days of earth-life, are now glorying in full and splendid vigor of mature manhood, which has not been developed, but has been created, and can never deteriorate thereafter. Can you realize this? That which arrested your attention and excited your pity, was not your friend; it was but his mortal body, which he laid aside, to be forgotten and lost in the dust of coming ages.

In conclusion, allow me to admonish you not to endeavor to ignore your real existence, and set up a petty ism for priests and ministers to subsist upon, but throw off the shackles which have enslaved you, and see the grand and glorious existence of eternal ages personified in your friends, whom you had been led to believe had died and were lost forever.

CHARLES O'CONNOR, LL. D.

At the new home for fresh air children at Ridgewood, N. J., the rector of Christ church of that village was addressing the children. He told them how sin tended to mar all that was good, and held before them the illustration of the blossom in its blight and the young fruit in its disfigurement caused by the worm that seized upon them before they matured. "So sin enters the heart and defiles it," he said. Then, after a moment, added: "Now, boys, what is sin?" "Worms!" came back the answer from his juvenile audience.

A Captain Blondell at Oxford, Ala., offered \$25 to anyone who would get into a boat and allow it to be blown up with dynamite, so that Blondell might show his life-saving methods. A young man named Neely accepted the offer, and was blown about forty feet into the air unhurt, but on his return to the water's surface he alighted on the fragments of the wreck and received a fractured leg and other injuries.

Oregon was a name formerly given to an imaginary river of the west. Carver, an American traveler, mentions it in 1863. In describing the river, he evidently confounded it with the Missouri, but the name was finally applied to the present State of that name.

A vessel has been designed in England, which contains some quite novel features. It is a double-ended craft, to steam either way, and ram with either end. It is also to be fitted with supplemental rudders.

Investigation of raindrops leads to the conclusion that some of the large drops must be more or less hollow, as they fall when striking to wet the whole surface enclosed within the ground.

As compared with gas illumination, the advantages of electricity on health is the result of two things: In the first place, the electric light does not draw on the oxygen, and in the second place, it gives off no noxious gases.

Tests recently made at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., show that aluminum has no very marked influence upon the magnetic conductivity of cast iron, but slightly decreases its permeability.

The strawberry plant seems to possess an amount of intelligence. It will invariably run its shoots in the direction of ground which contains a maximum amount of nutriment, and will never grow its runners towards a barren or sandy spot.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

Continued from First Page.

scientific men of to-day produce effects that surpass any Old or New testamental miracles. They are known and understood as the result of scientific researches. Everything that exists is the product of circumstances concentrating upon it; it may be a miracle in the eyes of superstition, but in the eyes of science it is simply the effect of existing causes and laws of nature.

Most of the so-called miracles of Romanism are only imaginary. They exist in the minds of visionary people; they are the result of superstition. The following is an illustration:

"A most remarkable miracle happened at Waldueren (Germany) in the year 1330. A priest named Otto, during the celebration of his mass, accidentally upset the chalice after the consecration, and the Sacred Blood was spilt upon the corporal (a linen cloth). All at once there appeared upon the corporal the figure of Jesus Christ hanging on the cross, and around it twelve figures of the sacred head crowned with thorns and disfigured with blood. The priest was frightened almost to death and endeavored to conceal the accident by hiding the corporal in the altar. When this priest was lying on his death-bed his agony was unusually great and horrifying. Thinking that his great sufferings were caused on account of his having concealed the corporal, he called for a priest, to whom he made his confession, asking him to look for the corporal, and giving him permission to reveal the miraculous fact. The corporal was found and forwarded to the pope, Urban V. (1362-70) who confirmed the miracle as being authentic. This event is well known throughout Germany." (From "The Blessed Eucharist," by Rev. Michael Mueller, pages 353, 354.)

The alleged miraculous corporal is still preserved in a "holy" shrine at the church of Waldueren, which has become a famous pilgrimage on account of the above miracle, so-called. Thousands of superstitious people flock to this old rag every year, and the priests make money out of it. The substance of the miracle is this: Priest Otto was a strong believer in the transubstantiation; that is, he firmly believed that he had changed the life water and the wine into the real body and blood of Jesus Christ in the mass. By some accident he upset the chalice and spilt the wine. This was to him a sacrilegious deed; he was horrified and scared at the idea that he had spilt the consecrated wine, which, according to his theology, was now the real blood of Jesus Christ. In his fright he saw what his theology made him believe. His imagination was stronger than his reason, and he saw Jesus Christ, saw the blood on the corporal. This was the effect of his superstition. On his death-bed he confessed what he supposed to be a crime, and told his confessor that he had seen Jesus Christ on the corporal in the blood. The corporal was found, the story was related to the pope, and he put the corporal in a frame with a glass cover and sent it back to Waldueren with the seal of his pontifical authority. Neither the priest who found the corporal nor the pope ever saw anything on that rag; but the dying man's deposition was good, and they made capital out of it.

I remember the time when I spilt the "sacred blood" out of the chalice in the "holy mass" at one occasion; but I did not see blood on the corporal, nor did Jesus Christ appear to me. My theology taught me the same doctrine as that of priest Otto in 1330. The difference between him and me was that he was superstitious and I was not.

The largest number of Roman Catholic miracles are faith-cures. In early Christianity and at the time of Christ and the apostles faith-cures were very frequent. Some of them were magnetic cures, produced by imparting animal magnetism to the sick person. Any healing medium of to-day can produce the same cures. The faith-cures of our day can be produced without the use of "holy water of Lourdes," without blessed candles, scapulars, agnus dei amulets, rosaries or any other blessed trinkets of sacerdotal hocus-pocus. Faith-cures can be produced without believing in any Roman Catholic or other orthodox or heterodox church, creed or religion. The "faith" part of the cure is the firm belief in the cure, and this belief or determination of the mind has such an effect upon the body as to produce the cure which medical treatment failed to achieve. That necessary belief, faith or determination of the mind must be imparted to some by outward influences because they are lacking in the necessary amount of will power. Thus religious worship, pilgrimages, "holy" shrines, "holy" missions, revivals or protracted meetings, singing, shouting, dancing, jumping and all such outward religious demonstrations have a tendency to relieve the mind and to effect the cure of some bodily ailment. In this way most of the faith-cures are produced, and there is absolutely no miracle about them. In many cases the religious excitement entirely deranges the minds of people and permanently unbalances their reason. Religious excitement and religious fanaticism, produced at holy missions, in the confession-box, at revivals and camp-meetings have sent more crazy people to lunatic asylums than all the liquor trade in the land. Romish convents are filled with women who have been led astray by religious frenzy; many nuns have gone crazy and died in obscurity, while others who were affected in a milder degree, recovered to find themselves imprisoned in a nunnery, and bound to live and die there by the perpetual vow of obedience.

The Romish church has been guilty of great frauds in so-called miracles; the rapacity of the Romish clergy makes use of any scheme for the purpose of filling their coffers, and for the advancement of the holy mother church, and the end justifies the means.

Stigmata, or the imprint of the five "holy" stigmata, have been quite frequent among Romish saints. The most famous case in Romish church history is the stigmatization of St. Francis Bernardone, of Assisi, in Italy, on Sept. 17, 1223, which is solemnized every year in the holy mass, as well as in the priest's breviary of that date. St. Francis was born in 1182. He was a good-for-nothing boy, who grew up in idleness and ignorance. He squandered all he had, even the goods from his father's store, and for this he was disinherited. He left home and tramped through the country with a number of chums of his ilk, begging and stealing. After a stage of sickness, which he had contracted by his lewdness and filth, he

experienced religion, and then devoted his life to the service of the church. He became a great professional beggar for the church (and is now the special patron saint of church fairs in this country), and he was the first who preached in the language of the people, instead of preaching in Latin, as had been the custom.

He was the founder of the Franciscan order of monks. He lived three years after the stigmatization. He was one of the dirtiest, filthiest saints that Romanism ever produced, but nevertheless he is a canonized saint, and is highly venerated by all Catholics, especially by the Franciscan monks and nuns. Besides the monks and nuns of St. Francis, who live in monasteries and convents, there is a third order of St. Francis, which any pious Catholic, male or female, may join without giving up family relations.

St. Francis is known in the Romish calendar by the euphonious name "The seraphic St. Francis," not because cleanliness is nearest kin to godliness, but because "the dirtier and filthier, the greater the Romish saint." Every Catholic who prays to the stigmata of St. Francis in a Franciscan church, chapel, monastery or convent, on the second of August, can gain a plenary indulgence; which means a free pass to heaven, without stopping off at purgatory station to have his wings burnt off.

In the present century, the best-known stigmatized saints of Romanism were Maria Taighi and Maria Moerl. Their case was the same as that of the latest saint, Madam Stuckenborg, of St. Louis, Mo.

I presume the great theologian, Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, and his priests, are still investigating the case. It was very prudent that the Bishop excluded all outsiders, even physicians. There are so many magicians, mesmerists and mediums in this country to-day, who might have broken the spell if they had been admitted to see the stigmatized saint.

The Bishop's Latin report of his investigation will not revolutionize the world. Some heretical physicians of Paris have been just a little too previous, and have spoiled the mysticism of Romish stigmatizations. The secrets of demography are now known to science, thanks to the scientific researches and experiments of Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz. The Romish church says: "Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis;" "The Lord is wonderful in his saints; but Romish saints with the stigmata are only victims of sacerdotal magicians."

Send Madam Stuckenborg to the World's Fair at Chicago, as the latest specimen of Romish superstition and fraud. Clyde, Ohio.

SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

Continued from First Page.

dance or be a mediumistic conductor of it from higher powers. This gift of healing, like all other spiritual gifts exercised by Jesus and his apostles, and promised to all true believers without limitation of time (see Mark 17:18, Acts 11:39), is revived to-day, and has been exercised by hundreds during the last half century. Probably in all cases where this power is very marked the natural psychic force of the healer is reinforced by divine power.

The case of Saint Teresa Urrea, which has created so much interest of late, is clearly explainable by the theory of spiritual mediumship. It has been exactly paralleled by Dr. J. R. Newton, Dr. Byrant, and hundreds of other healing mediums of lesser note. About a year ago a company of six Spiritualists from the Topolobampo colony in Mexico, headed by Dr. Schelhouse, formerly of San Francisco, visited Saint Teresa at her home, and they reported that she is simply a spirit medium and that she and her family so understand it.

Some of the wisecracks who have just awoke from a Rip Van Winkle sleep to investigate what Mesmer taught in 1778 and Puysegur extended in 1784, what Megendie, Fouquier and several other members of the French Academy of Medicine reported on in 1831, admitting the most important phenomena, as also did Cuvier, Gall, Spurzheim, Hahnemann, Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Ashburner and many other celebrated men of their day, now scout the idea of what Mesmer called magnetism being used to produce the hypnotic state, as it is now called.

THE THEORY OF HYPNOTISM.

But the experiments and experiences of these scientists, of Dr. Kerner in Germany, Dr. Eisdale in India, of the celebrated Arago in France, Professor J. R. Buchanan and a hundred more in America, confirm the writer's opinion that suggestion alone does not induce this condition of mental abstraction or insulation as we would term it.

All sensitives feel the magnetic sphere or force that emanates from a more positive person, often without being in contact, and sometimes when out of sight. The true theory, I believe, is this: By will-power acting through his magnetism, or psychic force if you please, the hypnotizer blends his force with that of the subject and overpowers his or her mental force, causing the mind of the subject to lose hold upon the nerves of special sense (seeing, hearing, etc.) and thus becomes unconscious of environment, or, to use technical terms, to fall into a state of catalepsy or trance. In other words, the magnetism of the hypnotizer charges the optic, auditory and other nerves of his subject, thus insulating the latter's mind from them, and thereby the operator takes control.

Thought transference here comes in by simple telepathy, or the vibration of the magnetism which connects one brain with another.

For the present purpose I will define thought to be a mode of motion of mind. When one mind is in motion, that is magnetically connected with another mind, as in hypnotism, the motion of the active will vibrates telegraphically to the passive one instantly and easily, and thus we have two souls with but a single thought, if not two hearts that beat as one.

The hypnotic state is not indispensable to mind-reading. Indeed, it is of frequent occurrence between sympathetic persons in a normal state, and sometimes occurs at remote distances, but in all instances the two psychic spheres must touch and blend to form the proper connection.

THE SILENT EXCHANGE OF THOUGHT.

The quality of this force, or magnetism of different persons, differs as much

as their temperaments; hence only those can come into telepathic sympathy that have an affinity of magnetism. A coarse quality will not vibrate as rapidly as a fine one, any more than the bass string of an instrument will vibrate as rapidly as the E string. It is well known that when one of two strings of the same size and tension is struck the other will be made to vibrate in unison if near by. In a similar manner the nerve aura of two persons will synchronously blend in pulsation, and thus a sympathy of feeling and a silent exchange of thought may telepathically occur.

Thus very briefly, and necessarily imperfectly, avoiding scientific technicality as far as possible, have I given my theory of some of the most obvious occult phenomena now challenging public investigation. It may not be altogether correct, but none other have I seen that gives so simple and rational a solution of the facts. And, furthermore, it furnishes an easily working key that will aid in unlocking much of the spiritual phenomena of this and all past ages.

More than twenty years ago Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S., said of them: "They have been tested and examined by skeptics of every grade of incredulity, men in every way qualified to detect imposture or to discover natural causes—trained physicists, medical men, lawyers and men of business—but in every case the investigators have either retired baffled or become converts." Mr. Wallace sums up an able defense of Spiritualism, in which he has quoted the testimony of many of the other foremost scientists of Europe and America, as well as that of many sleight-of-hand performers, who acknowledge their inability to produce it or account for it by saying: "My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in thematization, even entirely do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences."

SPIRITUALISM A SCIENCE.

Inasmuch, then, as Spiritualism is an acknowledged science by many of the greatest savants of this age, such as Crookes, Varley, Flammarion, Zollner, Ulrici, Webber, Boutrouf, Heurle, Mages and scores more, and since there is to be a congress of spiritual scientists at the coming World's Fair, it is not creditable to the intelligence of any one to either ignore it or pronounce a judgment without a thorough investigation. As an accepted science we will endeavor to show some of its phenomena are produced in accord with the known laws of mind and matter.

Before doing so it is necessary to give some idea to those who do not understand the spiritual philosophy of what a spirit is.

It has been shown that within this gross physical body of ours there is a spiritual body as St. Paul affirmed. That body, as was shown, is sublimated or ethereal matter, transformed to psychic or magnetic force, perhaps. Within the brain portion of this spirit body may be found our real ego from which as the *primum mobile* all our energies start. What has been termed death is the birth of the spiritual body and its inmost ego, from out the physical form, as the butterfly comes forth from its chrysalis.

Since all the energy and intelligence we as mortals possess pertained to the inner body and its inmost spirit essence or ego, it follows that birth from the mortal form destroys nothing but the former relation of matter and spirit. We still will have an etherealized material body, the exact counterpart of our discarded mortal form, minus its deformities. Malformations and decrepitudes of old age do not appear in the more perfect spirit body. Children grow there as here to maturity, which is nature's perfect type. This much to preface an explanation of the manifestation of decarnated spirits.

When we leave the mortal form we, as spirits, lose our connection, or at least our former relations to the material world; hence a broken link must be re-established for manifestation to those still encased in gross matter. This reconnection is made through persons called mediums. These are persons who have a quality or quantity, or both, of psychic force or magnetism which will blend with that of the spirits to form a telepathic connection, as in mind-reading and hypnotism, between two or more persons in the flesh.

The law of relationship and method of control is precisely the same in both instances. Spirits hypnotize mediums, thus putting them in a trance, as before explained; then telegraph their thoughts through them as conductors to their mortal friends. In the trance state, the mind of the medium is insulated from the nerves of special sense, and hence his or her unconsciousness, and the controlling spirit has the same intimate connection with his subject as has the early hypnotizer.

FUNCTIONS OF A MEDIUM.

Impressional or inspired mediums are those whose psychic force is of so fine a quality as to readily unite and vibrate with that of spirits, so that it is not necessary to take complete control, as in the trance. In the inspired state, the brain of the medium is psychologically quickened by being charged by the psychic force of one or more spirits, while the medium retains consciousness and gives the thought of the spirits, as telegraphed by them. In this state, it will be readily understood, the thought of the medium is liable to mix, more or less, with that of the spirit, and thus many mistakes occur in the communication. It is rare that spirits find a medium with just the quality of psychic force that will blend and vibrate with their own. Hence people who wish to investigate often have to try several mediums before they find one suited to their spirit friends. It by no means follows, as ignorant and hasty people often assert, that the medium is a fraud because they fail to get any, or but a very mixed communication from the spirits sought.

In most cases mediums have a familiar spirit, who gives the message, as the earthly telegrapher does, for the one who desires to send it. But though this familiar may be able to get good control, he or she may not get the thought clearly from the spirit who desires to send it, for spirits are in very different conditions, and cannot always freely communicate with one another.

Many mortals are very careless and bungling in communicating with one another, and make many mistakes. Death in no way changes the mental characteristics of anybody. Is it at all strange, then, that there are often mistakes in spirit communications, especially when we consider what nice

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

TRULY A MYSTERY.

A Case in a Georgia Court That Turns on the Supernatural.

TENANTS OF A HOUSE KNOCKED ABOUT THE ROOM WITH A BLOODY HAND.

TO THE EDITOR:—I send you this—a genuine ghost story. I am sure it will interest the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. From the account given in the *Pioneer Press*, I learn that the extraordinary manifestations occurred at Quitman, Ga. William Judson, a well-known citizen who resides there, has recently entered suit against Robert Kattmann, another prominent merchant residing there, which suit involves a question perhaps unique in the records of justice in this country and age of enlightenment. The judge and jury will be called upon to decide in all seriousness whether there is such a thing as a ghost, or, at any rate, an evil spirit capable of disturbing living people. For this reason the case will excite extraordinary interest among both Spiritualists and those that refuse all belief in supernatural occurrences, as well as the prominence and character of the parties to the suit.

William Judson is by profession a lawyer and a man of undoubted ability, and has obtained some slight political influence in the community. He declares that he is not of a superstitious turn of mind, and was certainly not a believer in ghosts and such gentry until the commencement of the most singular happenings that constitute the cause of trouble mentioned.

He says that on the 25th of May last he leased from Kattmann a house belonging to the latter, and which he proposed to occupy as a dwelling. Before the business was concluded a friend called on him and asked him if he had ever heard of the many uncanny stories connected with this house, and represented it to be uninhabitable. Judson had heard something of this, but did not place the slightest credence in the reports, and said so, but on going to sign the lease the thing recurred to him and he mentioned it to Kattmann, who became angry to an unwarrantable degree and swore loudly and repeatedly that there was not a word of truth in the matter. He grew even insulting to Judson, who then declined to do business with him, when Kattmann cooled down, and, apologizing to him, the thing was smoothed over, and the two finally laughed about the

ghostly reputation of the house, and when Judson took the pen to affix his signature to the lease he jokingly remarked: "Well, remember that I take the house on condition that I am not molested by the ghost," and Kattmann with an oath replied: "If you are, I'll release you from your contract."

The following day Judson moved in with his family, and was settled by evening. It was just at dark that the family sat down to supper, and were all at once startled by the sound of a heavy fall, apparently on the roof of the house. The entire building was shaken by the concussion, and, afraid that the walls were falling, they ran out of the house, but, seeing that nothing alarming followed, Judson returned to it and made a careful examination of the entire interior; then with a ladder mounted to the roof, but could find nothing out of the way. Satisfied that they were in no danger, he recalled his family, and they were in the act of retiring when one of the little boys, a child of seven, who was going to bed in a room at the other end of the house, came running to his parents, screaming that he had been caught and slapped by some one. Mrs. Judson seized the child and saw that one side of his face was covered with blood, and, thinking him seriously wounded fainted away, but her husband examining the boy, found that the blood did not come from any wound on him, but was evidently left by the hand that had struck him. He then ran to the room in which the child had been struck and sought for the assailant, but found no one except the other two boys, who were in bed. They both declared that they had seen no one strike their brother, but that he had been quietly seated on the floor removing his stockings when all at once he gave a scream, and they heard the sound of a violent slap. The little fellow himself says he saw no one near him, but that as he ran through the hall to his parents' room he saw a man just ahead of him going out of the front door. This man he could not describe, except to say that he was dressed in dark clothes. Mrs. Judson was now so thoroughly frightened that she implored her husband to leave the house at once, but, not believing that there was anything supernatural in what had occurred, he prevailed on her to remain, for a time at least.

THE MYSTERIOUS HAND.

Nothing more happened for several days to disturb the family, and the events spoken of were beginning to be forgotten, when Mrs. Judson was awakened one morning soon after dawn by a sudden and violent jerk of her hair. She gave a scream, which aroused her husband, and he sprang out of bed, to receive, as he did so, a blow on the back of the head that stretched him unconscious on the floor. The light in the room was not strong, but was sufficient, Mrs. Judson declares, to show that there was no one but themselves visible in the apartment. Being a very timid woman and beside herself at seeing her husband lying lifeless, as she thought, she ran to the window and called several of the neighbors in. These came and searched the house from garret to cellar, but failed to discover the assailant of Mr. Judson, who soon recovered. Mrs. Judson then refused to stay in the house another hour, and, accordingly, went to visit relatives, while her husband, feeling himself unable to abandon a place for which he had paid a good rent, remained to investigate the causes of the phenomena they had experienced. Well armed, he spent several nights waiting for a recurrence of them, but the invisible occupant seemed to rest content with what he had done,

and at last Mrs. Judson returned home. But her arrival seemed to be the signal for another outbreak, for on the night of her return the family were unable to sleep because of a rumbling, growling noise that seemed to be first in one room and then in another, though not to be located in walls, ceiling or floor, and which was not to be located.

WITNESSES CALLED IN.

Mr. Judson, foreseeing that they could not remain in the house, and being anxious that witnesses should see for themselves the mysterious causes that were rendering the house uninhabitable to him and his family, requested several of his neighbors to pass the night with them. All of these are responsible, intelligent men, and, while reluctant to be drawn into the matter for fear of ridicule, corroborate Judson's account of the noises and disturbances that took place. Being urged to give an opinion as to the causes of these, they admit that they see no explanation of the mystery except on supernatural grounds. A Mr. Lewisberg says that he himself saw a large, bloody hand move about the room in which he, Mr. Judson and another neighbor were seated, though the hand was visible only to him, for when he spoke of it the others declared that they saw nothing. The hand remained for nearly a quarter of an hour, and seemed to be groping about for something, and was visible on the walls, ceiling and floor. As near as he could judge it was the hand of a man with long snarled fingers with talon-like nails. It was clearly defined and had only a few inches of wrist, ending in a ragged stump, from which the blood was dripping and clinging in horrid clots.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

Mrs. Judson and the children again left the house, but Mr. Judson refused to do so until he found it impossible to remain. This happened the night after his family moved out. A young man named Nugent consented to stay with him, and the two men were seated at the table eating their supper at early dusk when the room filled with something that resembled smoke, but had no odor, but which rendered it so difficult for them to get their breath that they were obliged to rush out into the fresh air. Returning after some minutes they found the floor covered with what looked like pools and rivulets of newly-spilled blood, as if half a dozen men had been killed there in a most violent manner. Nugent's nerve gave way at this and he declined to pass the night in the house, though Judson declared he meant to do so as long as it was possible. He had been alone, he says, about a quarter of an hour, when the building began to shake so that he feared every moment that it would fall about his ears. He then left the house, and as he did so a mocking burst of laughter was shrieked almost in his ears.

THE GENESIS OF THE GHOST.

The house in which these remarkable occurrences are said to have taken place is nearly thirty years old, but has recently been put in repair by Kattmann, in whose family the place has been for a number of years, though it has not been tenanted for a long while. In 1869 it was rented to a man named Matson, who lived alone for some time, when his daughter arrived from the East, where Matson had come from. The girl was very pretty and headstrong, and showed a preference for a young man named Shackelford, who was regarded by Matson with singular hatred. But one morning he announced that his daughter had eloped with her lover; and as the two were seen no more the story was accepted. Matson became a perfect hermit, exchanging only the fewest, most necessary words with any living creature, and one day ended his career by hanging himself to a rafter in the garret, where his body remained undiscovered for nearly two weeks. It is now being said that the old man murdered his daughter and her lover, and that it was remorse that caused him to kill himself.

Kattmann throws ridicule on Judson's story, and says that the happenings witnesses testify to were caused by Judson himself, who, finding from some reason that the place did not suit him, took this method of recovering the money he had paid for the lease. The community is much divided in opinion in the matter, some taking Judson's side, and others sharing the expressed belief of Kattmann. The suit is looked forward to with great eagerness.

St. Paul, Minn. F.

Testimonial Fund for Mrs. H. S. Lake.

The many friends of Mrs. H. S. Lake throughout the country will be glad to learn that a testimonial fund has been started at Lake Brady, as an assurance of our appreciation of her long and faithful service in the cause of reform. She cannot be spared from the public platform, and to encourage and equip her for the work which we feel she is called to perform, we desire to tender a substantial token of our esteem. All sums should be sent to the treasurer of Lake Brady Camp, Dr. Edwin Fowler, No. 1436 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio. J. R. HAINES.

Photography has determined the cause of the recent glacial avalanche in the Alps. It was hydraulic pressure beneath and behind the glacier, produced by masses of ice falling into connecting water above and at a considerable distance.

It is not generally known that an orange hit in the exact center by a rifle ball will vanish at once from sight. Such, however, is the fact. Shooting it through the center scatters it in such infinitesimal pieces that it is at once lost to sight.

The oldest armchair in the world is the hrone once used by Queen Hatafa, who flourished in Egypt 1600 B. C. It is made of ebony, beautifully carved, and is so hardened with age as to appear to be carved from black marble.

Japan is shaken 500 times a year by earthquakes, and has 700 stations erected for observing seismic shocks.

Notes from Cassadaga Camp.

The saying "The best of the wine for the last of the feast" would not be inappropriate as applied to the last week of this camp, though the entire season has been so filled with varied interest and great truths that we are hardly able to draw a just comparison. Woman's Day, Wednesday, Aug. 24th, was, perhaps, the most marked of any during the season. There were from 4,000 to 5,000 people within the gates, and the woods were literally filled with teams and conveyances. There were two long excursion trains from the north and south, besides the regulars, all filled to overflowing. Waving flags, banners, trailing vines and yard upon yard of golden bunting festooned in various devices, decorated every cottage, and every man, woman and child bore the golden badge.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker was the acting chairman of the day, and Mrs. Clara Burwick Colby, of the *Woman's Tribune*, Susan B. Anthony, Rev. Anna Shaw and Mrs. R. S. Lillie, each gave discourses that would have done credit to the United States Senate. Logic, wit, repartee, and choice sentiment were so interwoven and interblended that, although the day was warm and the amphitheatre was packed to its utmost capacity, there being not even standing room left, there was no appearance of impatience, every eye being riveted upon the speakers. The singing and music by the Lillie Lane chorus was fine, and patriotic selections by the Northwestern orchestra were grandly rendered. Mesdames Lillie and Jackson gave a fine poem for the closing, entitled "The woman of the future."

Mrs. Voorhees had prepared a grand treat in the line of pyrotechnics, but the heavy rainfall just at evening prevented, depriving many people from witnessing the grand display, but on Thursday evening it was presented to an enthusiastic crowd, which filled the lawn and hotel porches. These fireworks were donated by Mrs. J. W. Voorhees, of 117 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and the display was fashioned by her husband, Mr. J. W. Voorhees, general manager of the Consolidated Fireworks of America. The design was given inside a pair of closed slates, by a spirit, through the mediumship of Mr. W. A. Mansfield, the renowned slate-writer. The first piece was for the Pansy Whist Club, which has been regularly organized here, with constitution, by-laws and officers, meeting twice a week at 8:30 p. m., at cottages or rooms of its members. Progressive whist, euchre, inexpensive prizes, fun, hilarity and enjoyment being the order of exercises. This pyrotechnic piece displayed the inscription "Pansy Club," and a beautiful sprig of pansies, in illuminated colors. The next piece was for woman's equality, and was a most enchanting device. In each of the two upper corners was an illuminated star, to represent the male and female, with the following inscription between: "Men and women shall shine forth with equal brilliancy in the domestic heaven," and under the stars was the word "EQUALITY," all in illuminated colors. There was also a fine display of other fireworks—bombs, six-pound rockets, flower-pots and whistling rockets that shot above the clouds and illumined the trees with their bright colors. Everybody was delighted, and an enthusiastic vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Voorhees for the entertainment.

Friday forenoon was the last meeting of the Lyceum under the charge of the charming Miss Clair Tuttle and Mr. Lew Gleason, Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle being here to act at first organize. All the exercises were first-class, and evinced careful and patient training on the part of the teachers, and great aptitude, responsiveness and intelligence on the part of pupils.

Miss Clair Tuttle read the following letter from her mother, addressed to the children of the Lyceum:

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO, Aug. 23, '92.
MY DEAR CHILDREN:—How I wish I could be with you to hear you on Friday, which will be your last session this year, and to have a good bye kiss. But I can only send out to you my love, and thank you for the honorable manner in which you have acquitted yourselves. You have won golden praise from all who have seen your work, and I again thank you for all you have done. Remember to practice on all you have been taught, and then you can scarcely fail to be healthy in minds and bodies, and will come next year with straighter forms, and brighter roses blooming on your cheeks. You hear your mamma talk a great deal about *airing* things. They *air* the rooms, *air* the beds, *air* clothing, drive you out for an airing, but there is one thing more important than everything else, which they talk the least about, and that is *AIRING THE BLOOD!* "Air the blood!" you exclaim. "How can I do that when it is all concealed in my little silky veins?" I will tell you. It is a work nobody can do for you—your mamma cannot relieve you of it—you must do it yourselves. There is only one way, either, to air the blood, and that is to breathe deep, and use your lungs! That is what your elocution lessons were for, and your calisthenic exercises. That is the prime object. Of course they cause you to read well, and to be graceful also, but these are secondary objects.

Remember your Band of Mercy pledge, and practice upon it the coming year. Since I came from Cassadaga one of our neighbors came very near losing a valuable horse with spinal meningitis. I had seen his owner, a proud young man, driving him, and letting him stand hitched with a very short overcheck, which drew his head into a torturing and unnatural position. I thought I would venture to tell him the cause of the poor animal's illness. I knew it would come when I saw his treatment with the check-torture! I did so, and to my surprise the young man thanked me, and said he thought I was right—that the surgeon had also told him so, and he had taken off the overcheck and should never use it again! The horse is recovering, and will not

suffer any more from his owner's pride and ignorance.

You are going to your homes; you will want to do some little work during the year. If you can, will you not do some little bit of fancy work to bring next year to decorate Library Hall?—a little picture or any trifling thing. Mudge has just come from her mamma's house on the hill, and says: "Send my love to all the Lyceum scholars." I send mine, too, and bid you a loving good-bye.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.
Friday afternoon Mr. W. J. Colville gave his closing address. The discourse was replete with lessons of instruction, and we will try to lay it before your readers in the near future.

Saturday morning was the last conference of the season. Subject: "How can we best make use of and profit by what we have learned at Cassadaga, after returning to our homes?" Much excellent thought was put forth by several persons.

In the evening Mr. A. B. French gave an able discourse upon "Why I am a Spiritist." Mr. W. J. Colville gave a fine valedictory improvisation.

Sunday Mrs. Jennie B. H. Jackson gave the discourse of the forenoon, and Hon. A. B. Richmond in the afternoon, both of which were well received, and which closed the most successful camp that has ever been held at Cassadaga.



THE DEAR OLD FLAG.

The Love of it a Proof of Loyalty.
True Freemen Everywhere May Safely Gather Beneath its Shining Folds.

The star spangled banner forever shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

TO THE EDITOR:—I desire to ask the attention of the readers of the loyal PROGRESSIVE THINKER to the suggestion made in this article as in every way worthy of the adoption of all loyal citizens. Having served my country three years and a half under its glorious folds, and since then, in a veteran capacity, frequently marched with its gleaming sheen in our ranks, I have no doubt that thousands of my fellow-citizens experience the same feelings that I do every time I look upon this grandly floating symbol of our American freedom.

The sight of that banner always thrills me, and sends my blood pulsing faster through my veins, and a feeling of gratitude passes over my mind as I thank my Creator that I was born in this great nation, this noble land of liberty, and can enjoy so many priceless blessings that few outside of our beloved country can obtain.

The symbolic meaning of the flag in a spiritual sense is worthy of this republic and its citizens. The red stripes signify love and wisdom; the white stripes, purity, innocence; the blue field, truth, honor, loyalty, and the stars, heaven's immortality, eternity. Thus we have the higher spiritual attributes typified in the ensign of this land of freedom. A mixture of love, purity, and wisdom, for the defence of the truth, with the honorable loyalty of our citizens, to be rewarded by immortality in an endless eternity.

The common meaning of the flag is that the thirteen red and white stripes represent the thirteen British Colonies of North America that proclaimed their independence of Great Britain, and ratified that proclamation with the victories of the revolution; the blue field represents the sky, with the stars, which denote the present number of States—a star for each State—there being forty-two stars now.

The star spangled banner is the emblematic symbol of our glorious country, and the free institutions that are the foundations thereof, and as it floats proudly in the breeze, is the visible sign of all that is precious in the blessings we enjoy under the protecting laws that are made to maintain our rights and privileges derived from the liberties we have inherited from the founders of our grand republic.

Gen. John A. Dix said, in 1861: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" A sentiment that sent a thrill of patriotic approval all over the loyal sections of the country.

The time is propitious for the raising of liberty poles, and the hoisting of American flags all over our country. The sight of our banner every day, and in each city and town in these United States, would tend greatly to remind the citizen of his duty to his country, and would raise the standard of loyalty to the maximum.

In these days of labor agitation and socialistic discord; when foreign influences are in-

cessantly at work to undermine and overthrow our institutions; when Cahenslyism openly shows its head and talks treason unrebuked; when the church minority demands that our Government shall close the World's Fair on Sunday against the wishes of a vast liberal majority, who can, many of them, visit it on no other day; and when that same church minority attempts to obtain official recognition of the State, upon the statutes and constitution of the country, to the exclusion of all other creeds and opinions, and with the purpose of enforcing such recognition by an attack upon all advanced and liberal thinkers, it is quite time that the patriots of this country throw their glorious colors to the breeze and gathered beneath its stary folds in protection of their rights as American citizens.

The Grand Army of the Republic would be doing their country a most valuable service if they would take up the matter of flag raising, and by their efforts and influence make arrangements in their own cities and towns to obtain the flag and keep it flying every day. They might keep the flag at post headquarters, and with drum and fife and a corporal's guard of veterans (soldiers and civilians), escort the flag back to the post at retreat every day. A comrade could raise it at reveille. It would be a grand supplement to their services in the field—this care and protection of the flag and the institutions it represents. A glorious duty which could be transmitted, when necessity demands it, to that worthy scion of the Grand Army, the Sons of Veterans.

Then, a word to the Patriotic Order of Sons of America, and other kindred orders and societies scattered over the broad face of our beloved country. Here is a work in which you can, by your acts, show your regard for your principles and your loyalty to your country and its flag.

On the 12th of October next will be the 400th anniversary of the discovery of this continent by Christopher Columbus, in 1492. Next year will see the grandest exposition of the ability of man to invent, construct and arrange at the World's Fair, in our great city of Chicago, which will call to our shores the best elements of humanity from every land and clime.

And next year, in psychic circles, will be one of the highest importance as the beginning of a new cycle, which is destined to be an era of light, truth and knowledge, greater in its benefits upon mortal races than any of its predecessors, and which will mark the greatest psychic developments ever known.

There might be brought forward several other reasons for action in this matter at this time, did your space permit it, but the most important have been stated, and are of sufficient weight to call the attention and receive the support and prompt action of every patriotic loyal, citizen in our land of liberty.

Let these words sink deep into your hearts and minds, oh, American freemen, who keep the gates of our liberties against the encroachments of medieval ignorance and treason. Buckle on your belts of action, and sally forth among your neighbors. Get them together and let them subscribe the means to procure the flag and prepare for its being raised and maintained. Organize a special society, if you choose, and, perhaps, that will be a better way to accomplish the purpose. Only let the members of some loyal society take the initiative, and form a nucleus for the formation of a society whose duty should be the care and protection of the flag. As the Banner League of America, or by some similar title, such a society would be doing a grand and valuable service to this land of freedom.

Let earnest action be taken at once in this direction. The accepted time is now, for shortly there will be crowds of people from every nation, passing through our country to the World's Fair, and traveling afterwards all over the land, visiting points of interest, viewing our scenery, and studying our methods, habits and customs as a free people.

What more can we do to show our love for our country and our liberties than to decorate every city, town and village with a handsome flagstaff, and the star spangled glory of our freedom floating grandly from the top.

Every man, woman and child, with love of country in their hearts, are eligible as members of such a patriotic league. Those of any community who antagonize such a movement might be invited to emigrate to a more congenial climate.

And now, my dear Editor, since your grand city of Chicago is destined to be the center of the coming World's Fair, as well as of the commercial, financial and national life, it seems eminently proper that the initial step ought to be taken in your city.

It is a great cause—the protection of our flag as the representative of our rights and liberties against the malicious attacks of treasonable dogmatism and criminal lawlessness, and the defenders of the flag will deserve and receive from futurity the lasting gratitude of a free and enlightened people.

E. N. PICKERING.

Marshalltown, Iowa.

"The Religion of Man," by E. D. Babbitt, M. D. This is a most excellent work, replete with suggestive thoughts, and calculated to interest and instruct. Price, \$1.25; postage, 10 cents.

It is now claimed that fast trains are safer than slow ones.

Switzerland has a 900-year-old hotel.

A man in Vermont has an aluminum nose.

PHYSICAL PROOFS OF ANOTHER LIFE. Letters to the Seibert Commission. By Francis J. Lipsett. An illustrated pamphlet. Worth its weight in gold. Price 25 cents.

PSYCHOPATHY, OR SPIRIT HEALING. A series of lectures on the relations of the spirit to its own organism, and the interrelation of human beings with reference to health, disease and healing. By the spirit of Dr. Benjamin B. Blood, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. Richmond. A book that every healer, physician and Spiritualist should read. Price \$1.50.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE. By Andrew Jackson Davis. A rare work. It possesses great merit. Price \$1.50.



LIZETTE.

GAMILLE.

The People Who Are "Damned."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER IX.

Down with Wages.

The winter passed and spring came, spring with bud and bloom, fragrance of flowers and odorous leaves, with fresh, soft breezes from the south. But in the Continental Rubber Company's factory breezes not perfume penetrated. The workers suffered not as much from the cold; they were not compelled to wrap as closely, but there was the same clatter of machines, the same gloomy light from the begrimed windows, the same close, foul and fetid atmosphere. The inmates knew it was spring, for they saw the trees were putting forth their leaves, and heard the birds singing in the branches. What was it to them, be it spring, summer, autumn or winter? There was no cessation to their labor. Day in, day out; week in, week out; month in, month out; it was the same wearisome round. It was the more tiresome because their interests were not in it. They were wage-workers; their object was money. Such work is slavery. Labor commanding the heart is noble, and like a creative prayer. Labor in which we are interested is a diversion, a pleasure, and akin to worship. Labor without interest is slavery.

One day as she was specially engaged, determined to add one more to the number of coats she had been making, Camille became conscious that some one was gazing at her. She looked up quickly and saw standing a little way in front of her a most extraordinary young man of perhaps twenty-two years. He was large of body and small of limb, a peculiarity intensified by the style of his garments. His pants were so tight that they suggested the question how he ever put them on, and the sleeves of his short, tiger-colored coat were equally close-fitting. A plush vest, with old-gold embroidery, very short, partially covered his ruffled shirt-front, in which a diamond sparkled underneath a blue velvet with enormous ends. His face ought to have been described first, but being of less consequence, was left for the last. It was broad, pink and white, soft, downy, flabby, without strength or muscularity. His nose was round, his eyes large and round; his yellow hair parted in the middle, and his yellow mustache attempted to do ditto. This preposterous being regarded himself as an Apollo. He had an eyeglass at his right eye, which made the left appear weaker and less intelligent. By his side was another being, very like, yet perhaps more allied to the human type. A momentary glance was sufficient, and with crimson cheek she continued her task, but she could not prevent hearing their words, as they continued to stare at her.

"Gad, she's a pretty one—you know. I'll be 'troduced some time; gad, 'troduce myself. Now that's a rich idea. Ha, ha."

"She's not so pretty, Dolp, as the next one. I'll introduce myself there."

"It's pick and take; gad—aw, it's a rum go. Real funny how those working people like! What the devil makes 'em like to hurry so?"

"You'd hurry if you'd anything to do."

"Na-o-aw, it's horrid to hurry; gad, I wouldn't. I notice those working-folks get up early; did you ever notice that fact?"

"Well, yes, they do, I believe, but I never thought of it before. You are original, you are marvelous."

"Original! What is that? Anything bad; now don't insult me. I won't take an insult. I won't be called names."

"I meant it for praise."

"Gad, I thought you put on me. I won't be put on, not even by the governor. There is another thing I've observed; the working people dress horrid. They wear calico; now who ever heard of anybody else wearing calico?"

"It would be funny to see calico worn by our set, wouldn't it?"

"Gad, yes. What do you say; shall I speak to the beauty?"

"Go slow there, Dolp, you'll find yourself lame."

"Let it alone till a better chance! Gad, I will. Let us go to the next."

"As they passed to the other end of the room, she saw that they engaged in conversation and indulged in familiarities with girls who seemed not offended by their rudeness. She turned to Marie and asked: "Who are those ruffians?"

"Hush," was the reply, "they are sons of the two principal owners of this factory, and to resent or rebuke them would result in dismissal. Those girls with whom they are now conversing despise them, but if they should complain they would lose their places."

"Is this possible," she exclaimed, "here in Boston, the center of culture and morality?"

surprise, "I have heard of him; does he often visit the factory?"

"I presume he comes no nearer than the office. He would be soiled in this atmosphere."

Judge Potts was at that time in the luxuriously-furnished office, with his partner, Major Prod, engaged in earnest conversation. Both were leaning back in easy chairs, smoking finest Havanas. Major Prod had been in the army as a contractor, and while the soldiers in the ranks bled and died, he succeeded in the game of grab, and by means of moldy biscuits, rusty meats and worthless blankets, amassed a small fortune, a portion of which he invested in the present business.

"We're carrying a big stock, Major; in fact, we're making more than we are selling," said the Judge, winking his watery eyes.

"Just so, as I said six months ago, production exceeds the demand, and we are paying too high wages."

"Suppose they'll work for less?"

"Of course; what else can they do? We've got 'em right where they ought to be! We can dictate prices. If they strike, let 'em; we have goods enough now to keep our stock good until we can supply their places."

"You see, we make fifty cents profit on a coat now, and if we reduce the price of making five cents, that will be clear gain."

"And a handsome pile it will be at the end of a year—let's see. If a hand makes six coats a day for 300 days, that is 1,800, and five cents saved is ninety dollars! On two hundred hands that's eighteen thousand! that's a big thing! Why didn't you think of it before?"

"Because I am half a fool. I was afraid they would say we were grinding the poor. But I don't care a d—"

The fact is, the working people are better off on low wages. What good does high wages do them? They just waste the more. They'll live on a shilling a day, and they'll use up five dollars. When wages are low they keep their place better, and are more civil."

"Just so," echoed Judge Potts; "just so; we'll do it. From last Monday, coats shall be twenty cents, boys', twelve, and circulars ten. You can send your family to Europe on your half of this gain, and not feel it, Major."

"I'd like to get Mrs. Prod off my hands and feel free for a year or so," replied Prod feelingly.

"God saw fit to remove Mrs. Potts early," responded the Judge lugubriously, "but," he resumed, winking slowly, by way of emphasis, "but I have now, after long waiting, another in view."

"Then you will find extra cash handy. They know how to make it fly."

At this moment they were interrupted by the entrance of the two young bipeds we left in the sewing-room.

"Laud, governor, you've some pretty ones, haven't you?" was the introductory question of the foremost.

"Godolphus, you better let the girls alone—working girls, we've had rows enough on that score."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Godolphus, slowly fixing his eye-glass and striking an attitude as he surveyed his father. "Ha! ha! laud, Governor, what's that fellah's name you spoke of with several colored coats. You are like him. Your advice is good, and I'd take it, if you had not so much need of it yourself."

"Godolphus!" imperatively.

"Say," said the precocious youth, turning to his companion, "say, Napa, I never told you how I caught the governor—"

"Godolphus," cried the Judge excitedly, "that will do."

"It pinches like blazes; well, I will tell you, Napa—"

"No, you won't, you scapegrace. If you have no manners I'll teach you. Another word, and I'll cane you!" The Judge was on his feet, and his wrathful manner frightened the babbler into silence.

As a diversion, his companion, whom he had called Napa, but whose name in full was Napoleon Prod, said to his father: "I say, governor, when are you going to give the working people that free excursion you've promised them? They are growling about it, and the other company gave theirs last week."

"Well thought of, Napoleon; we'll attend to it right off. We'll give an excursion, but not a free one."

"Why not, the other company did; had a jolly time."

"It will cost us a hundred dollars for a boat, and will be a dead loss."

"Costs too much," said the Judge, "fosters extravagance in these people. They must learn economy. I have it, Major. We can charter a boat for a hundred, or we'll say expense one hundred and fifty. We have six hundred hands, we'll charge 'em up one dollar apiece on their checks when we settle next Saturday night, that will give us a profit of—well, say, a cool four hundred dollars."

"Oh, the governor," drawled Godolphus, "he is a cute barley-corn."

"To-day is Monday," said the Major, "splendid weather, and we'll have it Thursday."

"Correct," responded the Judge, "you will see to the arrangements."

The pale operatives, famished for fresh air, heard with thankful joy that they were to be given a free excursion to Nahant, and for a day breathe the pure sea air. The next morning the papers stated under flaming headlines, how the public-spirited firm of Potts & Prod would give their employees a free excursion on the splendid steamer, Ocean Belle, to Nahant. They added that the success of these gentlemen in their gigantic rubber factory ought to stimulate the ambition of young men. They furnished employment to nearly a thousand persons, at extraordinarily high wages, and had accumulated a fortune by their energy and business ability. This excursion was of a piece with the open-handed, generous manner they treated their employes, and should be imitated by others. The leading morning journal, in an editorial item, modestly suggested the name of Judge Potts as one prominently appropriate to grace the ticket of the workmen.

Wonderful men were these who grew rapidly wealthy and were public benefactors at the same time. The people praised and pointed them out as examples to their sons. Ah, how little is known by report of the ways of men! The history of firms that suddenly rise to great influence is almost invariably one of petty extortion and tyranny practiced on their employes. Their wealth is the sum of tears, suffering and deprivation of those who do their work. It passes without argument that if the worker starves while the employer amasses a princely fortune, that

the division of the fruits of labor is unjust. Build your palaces, oh Mammon, from the results of prosperous business; every brick is wet with tears, and the mortar tempered with human blood! To shudder at the black savage who sacrificed the hearts of young girls to temper the mortar of his rude mansion. There are such mansions in all our cities, and they who build and occupy them are regarded as exemplary, although, if the walls had tongues, they would send forth a perpetual wail!

CHAPTER X.

CAN YOU TRUST ME?

The warm sun had melted away the snow and like a billow sea of green the plains extended from the grove which sheltered the residence of Lizette. The tall, spire-like cottonwoods shook their half-expanded leaves, and flowers sprung up from the turf, in places making up brilliant patterns of blending color. Here and there the plowmen were drawing black lines across the landscape, for they had begun the labors of the year, and dotting the emerald slopes where the grass was freshest, the cattle wandered in scattered herds. The day was closing, and the weary plowman unharassed his team, and the herdsmen gathered the cattle preparatory to driving them to the enclosure. As the sun sank in the warm golden splendor of that early spring evening, Lizette slowly walked along the carriage-way leading to the town. She did not hasten, but stopped to gather flowers as though that was her object. "Lizette," called the housekeeper from the open window, "you know that your father gave me strict orders not to allow you to leave the house."

"It is such a splendid evening, it is cruel to keep me confined indoors as he has done for the past month. You will grant me the favor of getting a few flowers, I know?"

"It is cruel, and I'll trust you, though I shall lose my place if he finds it out."

"Oh, do not fear; neither robbers or kidnapers, traps nor vagabonds will molest me. I'll bring you a bouquet of flowers."

She went forward, glancing slyly at the house until she came to a diverging path into which she gently turned, and walked as rapidly as possible, until she came to the edge of the green. Here she paused and waited. "He has not come! I am early, yet I feared if I delayed I should not have an opportunity to come at all. Hark, somebody is coming from the house! No, it is from the open field and must be him."

Then came the rapid tread of a horse galloping over the turf, and she could distinguish the form of the horseman against the sky. He was soon by her side. "I have kept you waiting, Lizette, which I regret, for it is so much time lost to me."

"Not more than a minute, Fred," she responded, "and I am as miserly of time as you. I cannot be absent more than a half hour and I have a world to say in that time."

"Are you still persecuted, dear Lizette? Does your father insist on your marrying Judge Potts?"

"Yes, and says that unless I go to Boston with him he will disinherit me."

"I suppose he thinks as much of me as ever?"

"So much that if he found you here, I truly believe he would shoot you. He says he would, and has secured arms, which he keeps ready at hand."

"Had I a home or were I established in business, I would this moment place you on my horse and carry you off, as the Romans did their Sabine wives. But you are aware that I love you too well to ask you to accept the wretched lot that is mine."

"It would be exactly what I should desire of you, were it not that I have other plans, which I hope will bring about better results. First, dear Fred, I want you to tell me if you can trust me?"

"Trust you, more perfectly than myself."

"Implicitly?"

"Implicitly, as a devotee his patron saint."

"Well, then, I think I will take the journey, as father desires."

"To Boston, to the house of Potts?" He endeavored to speak calmly, but he could not conceal his surprise.

"Oh no, you jealous boy, that I will compromise, and we shall stay at a hotel. Now you have said you trust me, and I am strong in my own resolution. What is Potts to me? Because he happens to reside in that great city, is that a reason why I should not go there when I have from childhood desired to do so? Now Camille attracts me, I want to find the dear girl and bring her home."

"When will you go?"

"I presume in a few days if I say to father I yield. Everything is ready and has been for weeks, trunks packed and twice lunch-baskets filled. I would not consent until I had seen you, and explained to you the motives which influenced me."

"Go by all means. I shall miss you, but Camille will bless your coming; time brings wonderful and unlooked-for changes, and when you return our paths may be less obstructed. Next year, if fortune favors, I shall claim you, whatever your father may say."

"Remember, dear Fred, that I have promised."

There came on the still air an angry call.

"That is father; he does not allow me out of his sight, unless he thinks the housekeeper is on guard! If I wanted to elope, what wretched keepers they were? He is coming this way; good-by, Fred, you must stay."

He kissed her and sprang on his horse, and as it slowly walked away its footsteps gave no sound.

"Lizette! Lizette!" The shout was near and angry. "That housekeeper will go in the morning. Lizette has gone this time, but she has not gained much of a start, and I have some fast horses and will at once pursue. If I catch him, the rascally pauper, I'll make short work of him."

"What is the matter?" asked Lizette, meeting him and speaking in her sweetest tone.

"Hello, here you are. What have you run off for?"

"I have not run away, have I; I am not off the grounds!" she replied with provoking coolness.

"What are you here for, then?" he asked, still boiling with anger.

"I came down the path to obtain a view of the Western sky free from trees, and watch the twilight fade."

"Quite sensible, quite sensible, I'm glad it's no worse. But mark you, if it

had been; had you attempted to elude me, his blood would have stained the road, where I overtook you!"

"That is dreadful talk, father. Then they would have hanged you. I am glad I did not elope."

"Have you had a chance?" asked he, quizzingly.

"Oh no, I have not, and I am glad I did not have."

"Why are you so glad, you obstinate child?"

"Because if I had you would have been hanged."

"That is nonsense. It does not seem you have good sense lately. See now what I have done for you—reckon the money I expended on your education, and the trouble I have been to have Judge Potts come to visit you. He is one in a thousand; rich as Cæsar, and moves in tip-top society."

"And old enough to be my father. He is older than you."

"All the better. He knows how to treat a wife better than a young, inexperienced loony. Besides, Miss Highflyer, you may understand that I do not consider myself old by any means."

"I've changed my mind, father," said Lizette, lightly.

"For the worse, of course! You are the most aggravating child that ever lived."

"I regret you think so unkindly of me, for as I told you I have changed my mind, and am willing to go with you anywhere you please."

"To Boston?" asked he eagerly, rubbing his hands.

"Even to Boston; more than any place else do I desire to visit that cultured city."

"I knew you would come round, and not break my heart by your obstinacy, and now you have consented, I shall give you no chance to go back on your word. We'll be off to-morrow morning."

"The sooner the more pleasing to me. Our trunks are packed, and really, nothing is in the way of our starting this evening."

"The morning will be soon enough! It's a miraculous change. I don't understand it, but it plays into my hands. You will lose nothing, daughter, by consenting. The finest dresses money can procure shall be yours, and whatever jewels are in style. They shall know that we westerners have the cash, if we haven't the culture."

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

Continued from Fifth Page.

conditions are requisite for them to communicate at all? Mental or spiritual telegraphy is far more subtle and far more difficult than our most perfect methods of communicating, and as we find it very hard to find another who can give our thoughts to a third person directly, we need not wonder that spirits, who have lost their physical organs of speech, and have silently to impress their thoughts, so often fail. Clairvoyance means clear-seeing. It is what the Scots call second sight, which discerns clearly objects not visible to ordinary sight-seeing, through opaque substances, at any distance, and in total darkness. I have said that the spiritual body-within is the counterpart or double of our outer one; consequently it has spiritual organs of sight, and it is the opening of these by the quickening influence of the magnetism of either some mortal or spirit, or sometimes by disease, that constitutes a clairvoyant.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND CLAIRAUDIENCE. The spirit organ of vision, perhaps, perceives the higher vibrations of the same ether which gives physical sight, or there is a more attenuated spirit ether. In either case, the seer perceives spirits and spiritual things, as readily as remote physical objects. This is what may be termed direct or objective clairvoyance. Few at present possess this power. A more common form is the subjective. This latter is induced by a mortal or spirit hypnotizer, who by will-force photographs the object seen by the clairvoyant upon his sensorium or mind.

It is well known that a hypnotizer causes any hallucination in the mind of his subject he pleases. It is really not a hallucination, but a real perception of an image or thought in the operator's mind, which vibrates to that of the seer, as already described.

Short of spiritual manifestations by decarnated spirits, clairvoyance is one of the best scientific proofs of immortality we have. It is a mental function without, or independent of, a material organ, and materialism has never been able to nullify its force.

Clairaudience has the same relation to the organs of hearing that clairvoyance has to sight. It is the opening or quickening of the spiritual ear by the same process. By it the still, small voice of ministering spirits becomes audible. Angel whispers become something more than a poetic fancy. The sound of a voice that is still to ordinary mortals, becomes to the inner ear of the clairaudient as audible as the voice of many waters, or as sonorous as that of a mortal orator in his most emphatic utterance. It usually accompanies clairvoyance, and when it does, we have a first-class test medium, for then our loved ones can not only show themselves, but speak in their own language, and peculiar idiom, by which all may recognize them.

The possession of this power has been demonstrated in this city hundreds of times in the last two years, and any one who doubts it is willfully blind.

DR. DEAN CLARKE. San Francisco, Cal.

Passed to Spirit-Life. (Please make your obituary notices short, not over ten or fifteen lines, and they will be inserted at once. If long, their insertion may be very much delayed.)

Passed to the higher life, Aug. 12, El Nora wife of Emmet G. Ord, of Santa Cruz, Cal., aged 23 years. The deceased was born in Indiana, and subsequently removed to Santa Barbara, Cal. She was a member of the Methodist church in that city, and a graduate of the high school. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, pastor of the Unity Spiritual Society of Santa Cruz, and a large circle of sympathizing friends met to extend their sympathy to her bereaved husband, and show their respect for her many virtues and attractive qualities. She was fully convinced of the fact of spirit return, and knew her loved ones were waiting until her spirit could be released from physical suffering.

W. E. A.

Advertisement for 'Spirit Hands' featuring a large illustration of a hand holding a banner that says 'The World's Best'. Text includes 'OVER 700 KINDS AND SIZES FROM \$10 TO \$70' and 'THE GENUINE ALL-BEAR THIS TRADE-MARK. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.' Below the illustration, it lists 'A Choice Gift', 'A Grand Family Educator', 'A Library in Itself', and 'The Standard Authority'. It also features 'WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY' and 'NEW FROM COVER TO COVER. Fully Abridged of the Times.' and 'Successor of the authentic "Unabridged." Ten years spent in revising. 100 editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.' It is 'SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. GET THE BEST. Do not buy reprints of obsolete editions. Send for Free pamphlet containing specimens of paper and FULL PARTICULARS.' and 'G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.'

Advertisement for 'Spirit Hands' with a 'ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR' offer. Text includes 'A Choice Gift', 'A Grand Family Educator', 'A Library in Itself', and 'The Standard Authority'. It also features 'WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY' and 'NEW FROM COVER TO COVER. Fully Abridged of the Times.' and 'Successor of the authentic "Unabridged." Ten years spent in revising. 100 editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.' It is 'SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. GET THE BEST. Do not buy reprints of obsolete editions. Send for Free pamphlet containing specimens of paper and FULL PARTICULARS.' and 'G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.'

Advertisement for 'Spirit Hands' with a 'ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR' offer. Text includes 'A Choice Gift', 'A Grand Family Educator', 'A Library in Itself', and 'The Standard Authority'. It also features 'WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY' and 'NEW FROM COVER TO COVER. Fully Abridged of the Times.' and 'Successor of the authentic "Unabridged." Ten years spent in revising. 100 editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.' It is 'SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. GET THE BEST. Do not buy reprints of obsolete editions. Send for Free pamphlet containing specimens of paper and FULL PARTICULARS.' and 'G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.'

Advertisement for 'Spirit Hands' with a 'ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR' offer. Text includes 'A Choice Gift', 'A Grand Family Educator', 'A Library in Itself', and 'The Standard Authority'. It also features 'WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY' and 'NEW FROM COVER TO COVER. Fully Abridged of the Times.' and 'Successor of the authentic "Unabridged." Ten years spent in revising. 100 editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.' It is 'SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. GET THE BEST. Do not buy reprints of obsolete editions. Send for Free pamphlet containing specimens of paper and FULL PARTICULARS.' and 'G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.'

Advertisement for 'Spirit Hands' with a 'ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR' offer. Text includes 'A Choice Gift', 'A Grand Family Educator', 'A Library in Itself', and 'The Standard Authority'. It also features 'WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY' and 'NEW FROM COVER TO COVER. Fully Abridged of the Times.' and 'Successor of the authentic "Unabridged." Ten years spent in revising. 100 editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.' It is 'SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. GET THE BEST. Do not buy reprints of obsolete editions. Send for Free pamphlet containing specimens of paper and FULL PARTICULARS.' and 'G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.'

Advertisement for 'Spirit Hands' with a 'ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR' offer. Text includes 'A Choice Gift', 'A Grand Family Educator', 'A Library in Itself', and 'The Standard Authority'. It also features 'WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY' and 'NEW FROM COVER TO COVER. Fully Abridged of the Times.' and 'Successor of the authentic "Unabridged." Ten years spent in revising. 100 editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.' It is 'SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. GET THE BEST. Do not buy reprints of obsolete editions. Send for Free pamphlet containing specimens of paper and FULL PARTICULARS.' and 'G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.'

Advertisement for 'Spirit Hands' with a 'ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR' offer. Text includes 'A Choice Gift', 'A Grand Family Educator', 'A Library in Itself', and 'The Standard Authority'. It also features 'WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY' and 'NEW FROM COVER TO COVER. Fully Abridged of the Times.' and 'Successor of the authentic "Unabridged." Ten years spent in revising. 100 editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.' It is 'SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. GET THE BEST. Do not buy reprints of obsolete editions. Send for Free pamphlet containing specimens of paper and FULL PARTICULARS.' and 'G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.'

Advertisement for 'Spirit Hands' with a 'ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR' offer. Text includes 'A Choice Gift', 'A Grand Family Educator', 'A Library in Itself', and 'The Standard Authority'. It also features 'WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY' and 'NEW FROM COVER TO COVER. Fully Abridged of the Times.' and 'Successor of the authentic "Unabridged." Ten years spent in revising. 100 editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.' It is 'SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. GET THE BEST. Do not buy reprints of obsolete editions. Send for Free pamphlet containing specimens of paper and FULL PARTICULARS.' and 'G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.'