



WHO PERSECUTE THE HONORED MEDIUMS OF TO-DAY, WUNG THE SO-CALLED SALEM WITCHES.

BY W. P. PHELTON, M.D. AUTHOR OF 'FUTURE RULERS OF AMERICA' AND 'HERMETIC TEACHINGS'.

CHAPTER XIV.

In a few days came a note from Mrs. Clenham, repeating her invitation, and fixing the time for the last of August. As there was nothing to prevent, and her parents had no objection, only a little feeling of loss in having her away from home, Elsie accepted the invitation, and on the appointed day took the cars for R—, Mrs. Clenham's residence, where the delightful situation of the house and grounds, located within sight of the ever-moving lake, brought to Elsie a new sensation which was very enjoyable indeed.

Young Mr. Clenham was very attentive. There were long carriage-drives, and moonlight sails in a trim little yacht, and readings and talks of mornings in the library of the mansion. It was a new experience, but one which she received easily, and without confusion, for great souls are not easily discomposed by the accidents of the outer life, but assimilate readily their allotted quota, without regard to the remainder.

In this instance the course of true love for once seemed to run smoothly. A few days before her visit was to terminate the three were sitting in the library. They had been talking of the prehistoric conditions of that part of the country, and wondering what its future would be. The full moon shone in, sending a brilliant flood of light through the library windows.

As it happened the three were sitting in a triangle, through the base of which came the moonlight, striking the floor about the center of the figure, Elsie's position being at the apex, the son to the right and the mother to the left. Through the window could be seen the expanse of the great lake, whose surface, kissed by the dancing evening zephyr, broke up into thousands of facets, each reflecting the light of the queen of night. It was a perfect night. Elsie had said, with a great deal of earnestness:

"Why do the dead hold back from us their knowledge, when it might be of service to us?"

To this sentiment assent had been made by the others, when from above them, in far-off intonation, but clear and distinct, came the words:

"Because the living refuse to hear that which is offered to them."

Startled a little, but not surprised, because like all advanced minds Mrs. C. and her son were both familiar with the slowly unfolding forms of communications with the unseen, they waited in respectful silence to hear or see the outcome. Suddenly their attention was attracted by a luminous spot upon the floor where the moonlight struck it. It did not seem to be brighter than the rest of the light, but simply to have more substance to it. Quickly this grew, and expanded as a whirling column of the height and figure of a tall and well-formed man. Then the motion stopped, and a messenger from the invisible stood in their presence.

Elsie, reclining in her easy chair, did not seem conscious of her surroundings.

The hostess, with her usual grave kindness, said:

"Who are you, and why have you come to see us?"

"I am one of the temple-dwellers of the long centuries ago. I come partly for your instruction and partly for my own pleasure. Hold thyself without fear in the critical moment, and mayhap something may come to thee and thine of advantage."

"You are most truly welcome," was Mrs. C.'s reply, for she was a woman of a peculiarly fearless nature. She often said: "I do not know what the word fear means."

"Say on, sir, we are attentive to your message, and will surely heed your instruction."

"The great city that stands on the edge of the waters was preceded by one mightier and larger than the inhabitants of the present city have ever dreamed of. To the north along the sea dwelt many men mighty in wisdom, who knew how to use unseen elemental forces for their own will and pleasure. When their selfish desires at last brought disaster upon them, they left the elements chained to the spot. Among them was a tribe of powerful fire spirits. These have once broken loose from their prison, and many at that time escaped for good, and the whole world knows of the damage they inflicted. The remainder are likely to escape from their bondage at any time, not only in the city of Dan, but in Beer-sheba, or any point in the whole country between. This city, in which so many elements have been chained and harnessed in iron and steel and brass, so long as their harness shall repress and hold the dread energy of the mighty ones, will prosper, but their keepers must be careful and vigilant, or in an unguarded moment the fierce, the merciless, will be in control."

"Now as to thy own immediate concerns: If the young man, thy son, shall desire to follow the physical law of thy social order and take the woman to wife it is well, for they were dear friends of the old times. The ancient ties will not be broken whatever happens in the outer. But he must not expect service from her as runs your law, nor undivided at-

done quietly and unostentatiously. The wedding took place at the Holmes' homestead. The young people, instead of simply saying 'yes' to the questions of the officiating clergyman, each pledged themselves distinctly to the other for all the duties and incidents of the life that might come to them while they should walk together in this incarnation. Having due respect for the law that is the foundation of all harmony, the necessary legal formalities were then completed, and the proper authority pronounced them man and wife. Bound thus by an oath that cannot be escaped from except as its conditions are fulfilled, they went forth on their wedding-trip.

Influenced by the word of their celestial visitant, they were to spend the winter in Mexico, and thither lay their journey. They made the City of Mexico their headquarters. From this point they made excursions to various places in that marvelous country as their fancy dictated. They had secured for their guide and traveling companion an intelligent gentleman, a creole, who, naturally keen and quick-witted, had been so much interested in the history of his native land that he had become almost perfectly acquainted with all the local traditions, and at the same time he possessed that sympathy for occult subjects which shows the underlying kinship.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Clenham had been talking of the rumors always rife in Mexico—of the great city unapproachable, but sometimes visible among the mountains of the southwest.

"I wonder," said Elsie, "if we could make that section of the country a visit? Perhaps we could get a dissolving view of it, anyway."

"Well, let us talk with Jose about it," rejoined Arthur; "it is certainly worth the while to make the effort; and who knows, Elsie, what may come of it?"

So when their courier next came for instructions they asked him about the mysterious city, and if he had ever heard of it.

"Si, senor," shrugging his shoulders; "many a man has seen that city, and started on his way to find it. Almost all have lost themselves, and after many days have been glad to give up the search, and some, senors," here his voice fell almost to a whisper, "have never been heard of afterward."

"Do you know the way toward where it is supposed to be?" asked Elsie.

"Si, senora; it lies many days' journey to the southwest among the mountains."

"Will you make the necessary preparations and guide us toward it as far as we can go?" asked Elsie.

"If the senora really means it, certainly; a Spaniard can go wherever a lady might desire to go. I will attend you."

And so, in a manner, was lightly settled the onward movement of an event which all Elsie's strange experiences was to be the strangest and most inexplicable.

Amongst all the native tribes of southwestern Mexico is rife a legend of a magnificent city among the mountains, to which strangers are not allowed to find access. Some of the most daring of the natives, as well as a few of the hardy scouts who find the West and the Southwest such genial soil for their work and adventures, have climbed high upon the mountain peaks, and from thence have viewed the glories and beauties of a city lying upon a wide spreading plateau or table land, with an immense rock-temple on one side, a vast lake in the center, and innumerable buildings of stone, all shut in and rendered perfectly inaccessible by an immense wall of lofty mountain peaks. The people who dwell there have no particular knowledge of the world we know, nor desire to mingle with it. Those who from the outer seek admittance are baffled and misled in their effort to gain access.

When one of the natives of this city seeks to investigate the other parts of the world, if overcome by his eager curiosity, he is first warned what the consequence will be. If still insisting, he is allowed to go forth and pronounce upon himself a sentence of banishment during the remaining period of his earthly life, under pledge of secrecy as to his native city, returning only when the body should be laid aside. The people who dwell here have attained marvelous knowledge of the spirit forces and their uses on the plane of matter. Governed by the fixed laws of nature, they are quietly waiting for the time when they will be forced to take part in the restoration of the waste places of the earth, and their rebuilding and their uplifting to that condition of harmony and peace designed by the Infinite thought.

It was towards this city Elsie was now called in the invisible, and impelled by the action of forces she had herself set in motion many thousands of years ago. But let us not anticipate.

Their preparations were fully made, the party consisting of three young men, with Elsie and her husband, and a half-dozen attendants set out. Whatever the courier had deemed necessary to provide for the excursion he had been supplied carte blanche for.

They were to go on horseback, by easy stages, while their belongings were carried on burros, the serviceable little donkeys of that country.

Without particular arrangement, the first start was made so that at the first camp the new moon hung low over the setting sun.

Their course lay south of west toward the mountains and mountainous country bordering on the Gulf of Tehuantepec. Their daily routine was: Travel from sunrise to the noon hour, then a two hours' siesta; after that, in the lengthening shadows, they traveled on until about an hour of sunset, when they would camp for the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A duke during the Middle Ages was an independent sovereign. The first rulers of Austria were dukes. The title lost its idea of independence during the reign of Louis XIII. of France.

HENRY FOX-JENCKEN.

The Fox Sisters—Their Burial.

Passed to Spirit-life, Henry Fox-Jencken, youngest son of Katie Fox-Jencken, aged eighteen years, on October 30, 1893, at the house of Mrs. St. George, 231 Twentieth street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; cause, consumption, from a cold contracted while attending the funeral of his aunt, Margaret Fox-Kane, and afterwards, while conductor on a horse-car, he took another severe cold, and went to the Orange Mountains for his health, but failed rapidly, and being homesick to be with his brother Fred, was brought to the boarding-house of Mrs. St. George, an entire stranger to these motherless boys, six weeks ago, but she has proved a friend in need, as she has most faithfully and lovingly performed the task of ministering to all the necessities, both physical and spiritual, according to her religious faith and motherly instincts, as she is a Catholic and had her priest to visit him, and buried him in her plot in the Catholic cemetery of Mt. Calvary. No services were held over his remains, only the Catholic ritual for the dead was chanted in Latin at the cemetery chapel.

No Spiritualist visited him but the writer, and I alone attended the funeral and saw him deposited in the ground, in company with his brother Fred and Mrs. St. George. As Fred Jencken and myself took our last look upon the sweet face of this dear, affectionate and patient son of "Katie Fox," Fred said: "When I kissed him for the last time, I said: 'Good by, Henry; tell mother I am asking for her.'" Henry answered: "Yes, I will."

A shower of responsive raps came on the casket, for Fred is a good medium, and has the same muffled raps peculiar to his mother and aunt, M. Fox-Kane; I have visited them almost daily the past weeks, and found that Fred never failed to get the raps whenever he asked for them. Such gifts ought to be developed and utilized. It is to be hoped that when the Spiritualists are made aware of these facts they will befriend and encourage this motherless boy without friends or relatives in the wide world. Good mediums are not so plenty that we can afford to let any conceal or hide their gifts. But when we have assisted them to develop, let us stand by them in "good or evil report," and shield them as much as possible from unfavorable influences.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie said of these Fox sisters, that their usefulness in the cause of Spiritualism could not be overestimated! Said it is for me to state that their remains in No. 13 and No. 14 vaults, at Greenwood Cemetery, are awaiting burial, as the term has expired for them to longer be left in those vaults, and there are sixty-two dollars yet unpaid of the undertaker's bill for Mrs. M. Fox-Kane. The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn have just been made aware of these facts, and are preparing to give a concert the last Saturday evening of November to defray these expenses. Brother Joseph La Fumee, a good Spiritualist, has kindly offered one grave for these Fox sisters to be buried in, in his plot at Cypress Hills, Brooklyn, until such time as a suitable place can be found for their permanent burial. EMILY B. RUGGLES. Brooklyn, N. Y.

More Neighbors Wanted.

To THE EDITOR:—Since your paper has become such an interesting weekly visitor to our place, I wish you would allow us to tell your readers that we would like to start a colony of them down here, and to do so they must know what is in store here for them, and especially those having lung, throat and catarrh troubles, for which this climate is so helpful, as we have our dry season during the winter months.

We have good transportation and water, and a soil that will grow fine oranges and lemons. Four acres of our best lands, properly cared for, will furnish a large family all the necessaries and many of the luxuries. Fresh and salt-water fish in variety and abundance; oysters and clams to be obtained on the coast, seven miles distant.

We need but little land in this climate, where from three to five crops may be raised annually, and we may live close together, having the advantage of village life, with public schools, libraries, etc.

I can go turdling, and in five days return with enough choice meat, sausage and eggs to last the largest family one year. They weigh from 150 to 400 pounds, always tender and a healthy meat. We have milk, cream, bananas and honey the year round, and almost without labor.

And this is your chance: Some State select lands will soon be on the market at \$2 per acre (mostly pine land). They were selected as indemnity for lands granted railroads by the government and belonged to the State under the "Swamp Act," but are dry lands lying near a navigable tide-water stream.

Now, to make this information look more businesslike, and that we may know all "mean business," we will say: To all sending stamps and directed envelopes, and securing one new subscriber to this paper as a missionary work, I will give them all needed information. Address, I. M. DE PZEW, Manatee, South Florida.

P. S.—Why can we not make a very desirable camp down here? I will donate river-front grounds, a natural park of live and water oaks and sabal or cabbage palms, under which may be grown the most delicious pine-apples. Will also furnish free the use of a two-story building, 24x34 feet, till we can build better.

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AN EYE-OPENER.

Catholics Forming Military Companies.

To THE EDITOR:—Enclosed find a slip cut from the San Francisco daily Chronicle of this city. This article confirms all you have published on the subject of a military organization of the Catholics. Even the youth of the church are to be drilled into soldiers. The open manner in which this organization is spoken of and advocated is intended to throw outsiders off their guard.

It is, or should be, an "eye opener" to all Protestants and Spiritualists of the coming storm. I hope you will publish it with suitable comment. R. B. HALL. San Francisco, Cal.

The following is from the San Francisco Chronicle:

"The League of the Cross, the local temperance society of young Catholics, organized by Rev. Father Montgomery, is to have a new and interesting feature. Plans are now under way to introduce into it a military organization, and to make of the thousands of boys in the society young cadets. The proposition has met with general favor among the young fellows, and there is already on foot a rivalry among the different parishes as to which shall have the honor of forming and maintaining the first company.

"The idea is not by any means a new one. At different times the boys of several Catholic churches have formed themselves into military companies. The Boys' Brigade is now a military organization generally popular among the boys of many of the local Protestant churches, but the new organization will be larger than anything of its kind ever attempted before in the city.

"It is being organized, in the first place, to stimulate and hold the interest of the boys, and in the second, to keep constantly before their minds the thought of patriotism and their duty to the Stars and Stripes. The League of the Cross is an organization whose membership is constituted by boys of all sizes and ages. The proposition to make them cadets very naturally met with instant favor, but all of them cannot be members of the military companies.

"They become members of the league as soon as they receive confirmation. When that sacrament of the church is given to them they make a promise not to touch intoxicating drink, or to go near a place where it is sold. Some of the boys are confirmed when they are very young, so they will have to wait a while before they can wear anything like Uncle Sam's uniform.

"The matter has been discussed in detail, and it has been decided to restrict the membership in the cadets to boys who are 5 feet 4 inches or over in height. The little fellows will have to grow, or, as has been suggested, they may form junior companies.

"It is the intention to form a company in every parish, and when that is done quite a large regiment will be the result. The time for forming the companies has not been set, but there is already a rivalry among the various parishes. The boys who are members of the League of the Cross established at St. Mary's Cathedral want to have the dignity of being called the first company. They have some very decided notions about the rights of the cathedral boys in matters of form, and are ready to fight it out on that line. It is quite likely that they will be given precedence.

"When the companies are formed they will be conducted on the lines very similar to the Boys' Brigade. Each will be allowed to choose its own officers. All will be uniformed, and probably as infantry. There will be drills, of course, and some of the youngsters barred by want of size may get in as drummers.

"Rev. Father York is very much interested in the boys and their cadet company, and he will see to it that they have uniforms. They will also have an excellent drill-master, as Colonel William P. Sullivan, of the First Regiment, has agreed to show them all about military tactics.

"As the matter is still in its incipiency, no arrangements have as yet been made for armories and their equipments. But in every church there is always a spare room somewhere, and a place for each company will be found.

"It is hoped that the proposed cadet companies will serve to increase interest in the League of the Cross. Since its inception it has grown very rapidly, until it now has a membership of several thousand boys. It is doing a splendid service, for it holds its members to temperate lives. Boys want some diversion, however, and the military feature is introduced with that object in view. As yet it is only in outline. Rev. Father Montgomery is heartily in favor of it, and all the plans are made out."

Helding, the novelist, married a maid-servant.

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A ROSEATE VIEW.

Are Mormons Spiritualists?

Are the Mormons Spiritualists? The reader may judge for himself. Their entire system is founded on what they call revelation. Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, received his first revelation in answer to earnest desire offered in prayer. This was in the spring of 1820, which antedates the rise of modern Spiritualism by the Fox sisters. There was a religious revival at the time, and the boy Joseph became very uneasy. Serious reflections stirred his very soul. His great desire was to know which church to join. With this one thought burning in his breast, he retired into the woods to commune alone with his God. After praying for some time great fear fell upon him; then appeared a pillar of light, which gradually descended upon him. He says, in his biography: "When the light rested upon me, I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defied all description, standing above me in the air. I asked the personages which of all the sects was right (at that time it had never entered my mind that all were wrong), and which I should join."

Joseph was told not to join any of the man-made systems of religion, as none of the ministers had received divine authority to officiate in any gospel ordinances. Joseph related his vision to a Methodist preacher, who said it was all from the devil. The same charge is made to-day against the ten million Spiritualists in the United States.

The boy Joseph was ridiculed and persecuted from this time on; but he continued to receive his revelations or visions. The principal ones are published in a small work entitled "Doctrine and Covenants." I make a short extract from one of his early visions, as I think it will be appreciated by the many readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

"While I was thus in the act of calling upon God, I discovered a light appearing in the room, which increased until the room was lighter than at noonday, when a personage appeared at my bedside standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen, nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant. His hands were naked, and his arms also a little above the wrists; so also were his feet a little above the ankles. His whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance was truly like lightning. He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God, and that his name was Moroni; that God had a work for me to do, and that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds and tongues. He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. While he was conversing with me about the plates, the vision was opened to my mind that I could see where the plates were deposited, and that so clearly and distinctly that I knew the place again when I visited it.

"I saw the light in the room begin to gather around the person of him who had been speaking to me, and it continued to do so until the room was again left dark, except just around him, when instantly I saw, as it were, a conduit open right up into heaven, and he ascended till he disappeared."

This angel returned twice more the same night, and gave Joseph many instructions. On leaving the third time it was near day-break. From the plates above referred to the Book of Mormon was translated and published. I have carefully read this book with much profit. I think no one can read it with a thoughtful, prayerful spirit without reaping a rich harvest from its perusal.

The organization of the Mormon Church was effected through instruction from the Spirit-world. Every important move they have made since has been dictated from the same source. I think that many of the Mormons would have been willing to suffer death rather than be compelled to give up polygamy; but since Willford Woodruff, the president of their church, issued the "Manifesto" against teaching or the practice of the same, in violation of the decision of the Supreme Court, I have heard no Mormon, in public or private, advocate its practice. The "Manifesto" came as the will of the Lord to the Mormon people, and they adopted it as a united people in their great tabernacle.

The Mormons are in possession of all the gifts, blessings and powers enjoyed by the Savior and his followers. I have seen among them many manifestations of divine power. Their system has attracted to itself over three hundred thousand, mostly from the working classes; but they believe in many scientific principles worthy the attention of advanced thinkers of modern times.

The work done in their temples is of a spiritual nature, and no Mormon is permitted to enter these sacred buildings to work for the living or the dead, if he is guilty of breaking the laws of the land or of immoral conduct, until repentance and restitution are made."

The Mormons believe that there are many deceptive or undeveloped spirits that would lead persons from the path of virtue and honor. They say: "Try the spirits, and prove them." They believe that the spirits of wicked or ignorant men could tell but little if they should return, but that by work and study in the Spirit-world they can advance to higher degrees of happiness and intelligence.

They do not teach the subject, reincarnation, as expounded in Theosophy, but they believe that man existed before the solar system was organized from the eternal elements, and that death opens the door to a life of work and enjoyment and eternal progression. They believe in "Free Agency," or that man acts

from choice in the life preceding and following mortal career.

I ask the friends of humanity not to judge the Mormon people by what they think they were forty years ago, or by what their enemies say of them to-day, but judge them by what they are doing and by what they are to-day. W. H. APPERLEY. Logan, Utah.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Something for Spiritualists to Consider.

Since the subject of removing the great Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts Building from Jackson Park to the lake front is now uppermost in the minds of the people of Chicago, let Spiritualists take due notice that they must now come forward and show of what kind of material they are made, and secure representation on the committees to be organized for the purpose of concerted action in behalf of and to ameliorate and ennoble the working classes.

The churches are becoming prominent in the new scheme, and Spiritualists must rally to the support of the proposed innovation, or else lose one of the grandest opportunities that has ever been offered to place themselves on record as charitable and humanitarian and progressive to the last degree. Now is the time to act, and if Spiritualists of Chicago not only, but of other cities and towns, will subscribe to a fund to be given the prime movers in the new scheme to further the establishing of a People's Palace, where the deserving poor may have every opportunity furnished them to become educated and skilled in some particular branch of work or art, and where the undeserving (?) may be fired with ambition to do likewise, we can then prove that we are worthy to own a hall or assembly-room in the great structure, and it will give an impetus to the Spiritual movement throughout the United States almost incredible.

The eyes of the whole world have been, and still are, fixed upon Chicago, and when others are coming forward to aid in the proposed good work, let Spiritualists be prominently represented. To be sure we, as a class, are poor; but I feel sure that in every heart glows the desire to spread the good news of the continuity of life, and I beg that each will give as much as their circumstances will warrant. Although limited in worldly goods, I hereby pledge myself to give the sum of five dollars, and when the proper person is appointed as treasurer of a committee of fifteen influential Spiritualists, I shall send in my subscription. We all know that the denizens of the Spirit-world connived and aided in making the "White City" a glorious reality; and the refining and ennobling influences hovering over the magnificent achievement of inspired men was felt by even the humblest visitor there, and the results have been grand, and will be far-reaching. Let Spiritualists combine throughout the whole United States, and secure the right to promulgate their ideas in the great People's Palace.

Religious instruction will be given there by men of various creeds; let us buckle on our armor, and with the lance of truth conquer the enemies of mankind—bigotry and superstition.

Awake to the necessity of the hour! Now is the time! If we lose this grand opportunity to serve the higher intelligences, who, through mortal instrumentality, are seeking to enlighten and ennoble mankind—if we do not do our share to help them flood the darkened lives with the pure radiance of truth, it will be the chance of a lifetime lost forever! Urge upon all lecturers and mediums the desirability of this movement in their ranks, and let each Spiritual lecturer in the United States secure a list of those who will subscribe to the "People's Palace Fund," placing the amount opposite each name (to be sent in when the committee and treasurer have been appointed), and let this be done at once.

From far England has come one man, the distinguished Mr. Stead, of the Review of Reviews, and he has started this movement, and given it a high ideal to attain. If each one will but do his (or her) share, this glorious project cannot fail of accomplishment. F. M. S.

Marshalltown (Ia.) Spiritual Association.

To THE EDITOR:—I desire in the name of the exact truth to correct some errors made by someone in your paper last week under the above title. The only Spiritual society now existing here for public work is the "Marshalltown Spiritualists' Association." It is a brand new society, and not a union or fusion of any other societies. But as your correspondent of last week is not a member of the new society, he may have been misinformed. Let the truth prevail.

The Spiritual Temple is a new temple, and now dedicated to the purposes of the new society in its efforts for the cause of Spiritualism, and only upon a harmonious basis, discordant elements not being desired.

W. H. Bach and C. E. Winans assisted at the dedication, day and evening. George H. Brooks, that grand exponent of the living truths of Spiritualism, began his labor for our society on November 5th.

Our services on Sundays are at 10:30 and 8, with a social entertainment on Wednesday evenings at 8.

We start a lyceum next Sunday at 3, with prospects of good success.

Brother Brooks needs no introduction to your readers. His labors in the past give every encouragement of the success of his work here, and certainly his lectures last Sunday, most eloquently delivered on questions received from the audience, ably sustained his reputation as a grandly developed medium, while his psychometric readings, readily recognized, gave proof of his medial gifts in that direction. E. N. PROCKING, President Marshalltown Spiritualists' Association.

A Critique.

To THE EDITOR:—The Rev. George A. Gordon, of Boston, in his new book, entitled "The Witness to Immortality" (a book with a high sounding title), might reasonably be expected to give us poor mortals a glimpse, at least, of what his "witness" has disclosed to him. But what do we get? His orthodox reviewer says that he merely "re-expounds the old ideas, leading to them the emphasis of vigorous words and a vigorous style." The critic can hardly see how he leaves the subject any better explained than it was to the mind of Job, when he asked: "If a man die shall he live again?" The reviewer thinks the Doctor's effort "labored, and commendable," and "that he fails to draw any strong and convincing conclusions is the fault of his subject. It evades all expression and is a hope, an influence, a faith." Only this and nothing more.

Here you have it, dear reader, a learned D. D. of Boston has undertaken to publish a book on "Immortality," and a friendly critic, as Daniel Webster would say, "damns his effort with faint praise." His witnesses don't "show up," so to speak, and, to use a homely phrase,

"He wires in and he wires out, And leaves the Doctor still in doubt. Whether the ghost that made the track Was going South or coming back."

But, seriously, if the learned Doctor had been diligent, and made investigations among his neighbors, he might have seen plenty of living, materialized witnesses, men and women, who would have given the Doctor the best evidences this world affords of the truth of immortality—that they were his kinsmen and women, who were able to return to earth and give him assurances of immortality.

When we hear pretentious clergymen, with titles, floundering in darkness and doubt on this all-absorbing question, we think of the beautiful drama of "Ion," where the hope of immortality so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemathe asks if they should meet again? to which he responds:

"I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars, among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But, as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in love that mingles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemathe!" C. H. MATHEWS. New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Indianapolis, Ind.

The Indianapolis Association of Spiritualists elected for the coming year the following officers: B. F. Schmid, president; Mrs. George Bartholomew, vice president; D. B. Hérbine, secretary; Thos. Barnett, treasurer; Miss Grace Mayhew, librarian; J. W. Cotton, J. Finnegan, Mrs. Belle Kirchmeier and Mrs. E. E. Barnitt completing the list. Most of the above officers have been elected continuously the past four years, which in itself speaks well for them as earnest and efficient workers.

The association, though passing through many trials the past years, has nevertheless established itself in our community as a permanent fixture, and due credit must be given the faithful workers. The speakers engaged by the society for this season's work are Mrs. A. M. Glading, Rev. Geo. V. Cordingly, Mrs. Carrie Twing, Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, Mrs. Adah Sheehan and Mrs. Colby-Luther, all of whom rank high in their respective spheres of activity. September and October Mrs. A. M. Glading, so well and favorably known, has been with us, and to say we have been well served speaks but in mildest manner of her ministrations. Her rare gifts, by and through which she reaches the heartstrings of humanity, instructing and enlightening them in our beautiful philosophy, can be spoken of in highest terms of praise. Her work has already borne a beautiful harvest of good, fully evidenced by the increased attendance the past month, even though hard times have caused many pursestrings to become puckered. Closing the two months' engagement, Mrs. Glading, with the assistance of the ladies and the hearty co-operation of all the members, arranged a musical and literary entertainment for Thursday evening, November 2. The programme, choice in quality, was successfully presented to an intelligent and most appreciative audience, that fairly taxed the hall's capacity. The Rev. Geo. V. Cordingly kindly assisted and gave some most perfect tests, giving full names and dates, most of which were recognized, and a wonderful interest was manifested by the large audience present.

By the good work go on, may truth and knowledge undo the machinations of priestly intolerance and superstition, and may the bright morning light of the dawning day shed humanity more noble, more true, more charitable and self-sacrificing, and may all become united in fraternal bonds of universal love, our motto "Our people, our country, our flag," are the earnest prayers of one who loves humanity. JUSTICE.

Northwestern Camp-Meeting.

To the members of the above camp-meeting association I desire to say a few words. The most of you—I hope all—have received a circular giving a plan by which it is thought the North Star and Northwestern camps could unite. While I am in favor of uniting, I do not believe the proposition does justice to the N. W., which is a well-established and successful camp, with quite a large amount of property on hand, and numbers three or four times as many members as the North Star, who have no property of any account on hand. I believe there is a scheme to elect the officers of the North Star as the officers of the united societies. The most of their members are near by, and can attend the election in person, while the members of the N. W. society are scattered all over the Northwest, and thus hope with proxies sent in to elect their officers. I

give you this as my opinion from what I have seen and heard. Mr. Hoyt, our president, told me that he could not attend to the business of the office as it should be, and he did not want it. While I am not an officer of the association, nor will I be, I am still its father, having inaugurated its first meeting in 1890, and personally carried it to a successful termination, and, therefore, have its best interests at heart. I cannot see why the present officers should not hold until the annual election in July, which is all the constitution calls for, then both societies unite in electing those who are best fitted for the offices. If any members desire to send me their proxies, I will vote them as I think for the best interest of the society. If you have sent any and wish to change your mind, say: "I annul first proxy, and desire Dr. Aspinwall to cast my vote." Send before November 23d. DR. S. N. ASPINWALL.

Rockland, Maine.

The First Spiritualist Society of this city commenced its regular meetings September 10, and during that month Mrs. M. J. Wentworth, of Knox, Maine, occupied the platform, giving general satisfaction. The poetic imagery and sympathetic manner in which Mrs. Wentworth presents the truths of Spiritualism to an audience wins the attention and approbation of her hearers.

During the month of October Mr. A. E. Tisdale, of New London, Connecticut, has been with us. Societies that have never yet heard this wonderful orator should make an effort to secure his services. Wonderful indeed are the brilliant, intellectual and scientific discourses that fall from his lips, and his soulful rendering of spiritualistic songs brings tears to the eyes of his hearers. As a mouthpiece for the angel-world he is equaled by few. Blind from his fourteenth year, with but two years in school, he has been moulded, educated and trained by spirit power. The most bigoted and prejudiced unbeliever, listening to the floods of eloquence that flow from his lips (often with a rapidity equal to that of Phillips Brooks), can but acknowledge a power entirely outside of and beyond the speaker.

Constantly increasing and attentive audiences greeted him while with us, and we have been fortunate enough to secure him for the months of January and March, 1894. From his ministrations we expect that our little society will receive an impetus that will equal an old-time revival in the church. To all progressive thinkers Mr. Tisdale's utterances appeal with a force that carries conviction of truth to unbelievers and rouses the enthusiasm of believers. Our enthusiasm has been so effectively aroused that we propose to carry on our regular meetings every week even when obliged to depend on home talent, for we are not yet rich enough to hire lecturers every Sunday. Fraternally yours, MATILDA CUSHING SMITH.

Romanism and Assassination.

Chicago and the world mourns. Its municipal head is struck down by the credentials bullet! Another assassin is now ready to be "shrived" "for his immortal home," and the "Holy Catholic Church" stands ready to condone his crime, and give him a passport to glory, as they did the tools of the church who assassinated the immortal Lincoln. The man in high position who will not cringe and "bow the suppliant knee" to the priestly conspirators must die by the hands of their assassins. Their opposition to secret societies is but a cloak to cover their own deep-laid plots, secret conclaves and dark and damning conspiracies.

The underhand work of the terrible "Mafia" organization is but a pseudo-secular assassination-organization growing out of the underground work of the Catholic Church in Italy, and is not one thousandth part as much to be dreaded as the thoroughly organized secret and widely ramifying combinations of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, for while the former aims at the extermination of those who incur the enmity of the Mafia, the work of this organized church conspiracy aims, in the assumed name of "God's Vicegerent on Earth," to destroy all social, political or religious organizations which do not conform to their dogmas, kiss the toe of their "Infallible Pope," and acknowledge his "temporal sovereignty" over all governmental organizations.

While openly the "Holy Inquisition" is suspended, it is, nevertheless, in secret session, and doing its work through "ways that are dark, and tricks that are" destructive of all other orders of society. It is reaching out its octopus-arms to gather in and destroy all free governments and to crush out all freedom of opinion by colonizing all political centers with its votaries in sufficient numbers to have and hold the balance of power between all political parties, and only such as will do their bidding and place their minions in official positions can expect to win. In this way they are silently getting control of legislation and the government. Places of power are at their disposal. Their secret organization is educating "the faithful" to control, and the war upon our "free schools" is to retard and prevent a counter influence.

Unless our American people soon awake and stand up for the principles of freedom—free schools, free thought and personal liberty of conscience, and unite in opposition to all sectarian and class legislation, they will soon find that the last stone in the temple of liberty will be pulled down and used as a weapon in the hands of sectarian bigots to destroy the grand fabric of republican freedom. Already the Catholics have their central university in the control of imported priests, at the nation's capital, and the "papal ablegate" settled there; and while Protestant bigots are clamoring to make this a Christian government, they are only working with the Romanists to undermine the corner-stone of liberty, and bring its grand structure down into ruins. The crisis is approaching, and the day of reckoning will soon come. D. P. K.

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A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

The Poets and Poetry of Spiritualism.

Poets Are Mediums—They Say So Themselves.

(BY J. C. COX, DAYTON, O.)

Before the oncoming light of truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

Truth Is Good.

We are all agreed that truth is good; or, at all events, those who are not agreed must be treated as persons beyond the pale of reason, and on whose obtuse understandings it would be idle to waste an argument. He who says the truth is not always to be told, and that it is not fit for all minds, is simply a defender of falsehood; and we should take no notice of him, inasmuch as the object of discussion being to destroy error, we cannot discuss with a man who deliberately affirms that error should be spared.—Buckle's Essays.

One Came with a Fact.

I have found ten men with as many theories. At last one man came with a fact. These ten men denied this fact, because it squared not with their theories. "Shall I divide my fact to suit your several conflicting theories," said the man, "or will you consider my fact and revise your theories?"—Augustus.

The Palpitating World.

He who sits and looks at the palpitating world, and feels his heart swell in him large enough to hold all men within it, is near his great Creator's standard, though he dwell outside the pale of churches, and knows not a feast-day from a fast-day, or a line of Scripture, even.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Beautiful Truth.

It is refreshing to note that modern poets, equally famous, and superior in candor, but less fearful of loss of reputation than some divines, have tersely and squarely avowed their belief in the beautiful truth of Spiritualism.

Says the late poet laureate: "What is it all, if we all of us end in being our own corpse-caskets at last, Swallowed in vastness, lost in silence, drowned in the deeps of a meaningless past? But what a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive! Peace, let it be, for I loved and love him forever; the dead are not dead, but alive."

"The Spirit-world is all about us," wrote our own noble Wordsworth; and the Bard of Avoon: "I have heard that the spirits of the dead do walk again."

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen, Both when we sleep and when we wake," says the gifted Milton.

Simply Mediums.

The man who writes of love or composes love songs need not necessarily be a lovesick swain. If this rule held good throughout, what rogues the novel-writer would be who deplot the passions of thieves and murderers. Writers and composers are simply mediums or psychometrists, and during the time of writing take on the conditions they are depicting, thus enabling them to give them as they exist. Mr. Weatherly, a composer, was recently asked how he obtained his ideas for songs: "I scarcely know myself," was the reply. "They come at the most unexpected moments. Many people who feed or sing my songs, particularly the love songs, think I am a young man madly lovesmitten. It is nothing of the kind. I am an old married man and have a family of children. My sea songs are written far from the sea, and my rural songs miles from the country. Many suggestions for love songs have occurred to me while reading Aristotle. I cannot write unless I am happy. My most melancholy dirges were composed when I was in the best of spirits."

Tennyson.

There are spiritual men who are not professed Spiritualists, as there are Spiritualists who are not spiritual men, says Light. Tennyson was a spiritual man, and even if he did not publicly profess a belief in Spiritualism, his interest in it was great, and one of the most pleasant acts of his later life was to desire and receive a visit a few years ago from Mr. Stanton Moses, to whom he gave his autographically-signed portrait. But that he was a spiritual man is evident right through his poetry.

The Banner of Light incidentally says: "We may here mention the fact that our friend Whittier was at heart a Spiritualist—knowing the facts for a long time, but declining to publicly acknowledge them for reasons of his own. We learned, however, a few days since, from a reliable source, that while on his death-bed he made the remark to a personal friend, that he had seen and had a lengthy conversation with the spirit daughter of the late Senator G. W. Morrill, a young lady whom he had highly respected, who was herself quite a poet."

The poet Lowell recognizes this great truth of spirit influx in one of its most practical realizations in the following lines: "We see but half the causes of our deeds, Seeking them wholly in the outer life, And heedless of the encircling Spirit-world, Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us All germs of pure and world-wide purposes."

Spiritualism as a Branch of Knowledge.

Spiritualism, as a branch of knowledge, in-

cludes everything pertaining to the spiritual side of the universe, and spirit influx, as one of its topics, is of transcendent interest and importance. The world of spirits impinges in many ways on the world of mortals; nay, in a certain sense these two worlds are one. The denizens of both are of the same nature in their psychological character, for both are spirits, though in different states of being. The close relation and constant interaction of the two worlds have ever been obvious to all really intelligent persons; for spiritual blindness is not a normal characteristic of humanity, but a depraved condition, the result of an exclusive study of physical objects and material conditions. Beyond the realm of modern physical science and philosophy, there are few, if any, of the great exponents of intellectual and literary genius who do not, in their writings, exemplify this interesting fact, in various forms of expression, attesting that "No curtain hides from view the spheres elysian Save these poor shells of half-transparent dust; And all that blinds the spiritual vision Is pride, and hate, and lust."

The Rev. John Newton, the personal friend of Cowper, evinced an extraordinary spiritual sagacity in his recognition of this truth; and his avowals of it cannot but impress us deeply, as those of a mind unfluenced by the sensuous manifestations of the present time. But it is always a strange inconsistency in any believer of the scriptural doctrines of angel-guardianship and the ministry of spirits to be so blind as the clerical Buckley and the class of whom he is a type. Newton says: "That evil spirits have an influence and power to distress and disquiet us is well known to exorcised souls; and it seems reasonable to believe that the good angels are as willing and as able to communicate helpful and encouraging impressions."

And again: "That evil spirits can, when permitted, disturb, distress and defile us, I know as well as I know that fire can burn me; and though their interposition is perhaps more easily and certainly distinguishable, yet, from analogy, I conclude that good spirits are equally willing and equally able to employ their kind offices for our relief and comfort."

The discourses of this truly venerable man abound in expressions of this truth, showing a complete realization of the important fact that spiritual influences are ever around us, and that we are subject to them in various ways and in diverse degrees. Thus it is true, and should be universally recognized, that "the dead still rule our spirits from their urns."

It is strange that those who are constantly using a language the vocabulary of which contains so many terms based upon the fact of spirit-influence should so positively oppose the doctrines that are based upon it, especially when the evidence of its actuality, far from being traditional, is every day presented to their observation.

Perpetual Inspiration.

The Rev. Dr. Parker of Hartford, Conn., not long since preached a discourse on the inspiration of some persons not in biblical history, nor within the pale of any sect or church, which, says the Hartford Times, caused some criticisms and dissatisfaction from a part of his hearers; and those who approved it, being the majority, requested its repetition, and he complied. The leading idea of his discourse was that men may be beneficently inspired from the Spirit-world, as well as be saved even if they belong to no church. The text was the familiar one of St. Paul on the diversity of spiritual gifts. He remarked that men's gifts as individuals, "from birth, differ in different individuals, and it may still be the inspiration from the higher heavens that fills the work of one who is not formally in the fold of any of the sects or churches. One individual may have one form of spiritual gift, another individual another. Bezaleel, a cunning artificer, who was called by Moses to make the ark of the covenant, may have been as truly inspired in the remarkable creations of his art as was Isaiah or Ezekiel in prophecy. Underlying all divine inspiration, and even shaping that, is the natural man with his tendencies."

One has a native tendency to music, another to sculpture, another to law-giving, another to poetry, and another to philosophy, which he may have had from birth; his individuality is genius. Hence a Raphael, a Guido, a Beethoven, a Milton; a Tennyson may be genuinely inspired, each in his own field and way. Riches are added unto their riches. Those persons who can discern spirits and interpret tongues have their own spiritual gifts; and so have the great leaders in the world's uplifting work, each in its own kind; it is the same God which worketh all in all.

Emerson, said Dr. Parker, could not stay in his pulpit, for he could not be held to any creed; was he therefore the less truly inspired, the less a genuine light on the mountains of this world, because he ventured no creed? Beecher and Sumner were noble leaders in the battle for freedom and human progress; Sumner confessed his want of faith and his inability to accept any theological creed, yet he may have been an inspired leader in spite of that. Herbert Spencer pushes inquiry into all the realms of thought; he works for the uplifting of his fellowman, and the speaker could not but feel that somehow and somewhere he will find acceptance of God.

To our mind, looking at this matter from the standpoint of Spiritual revelation, the reverend gentleman is on the right track. Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned Biblical commentator, wrote in his article on the appearance of the spirit Samuel to King Saul: "I believe there is a supernatural or spiritual world in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness; and that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals."

How different is this enlightened view from the materialistic ideas and assertions of the Methodist editor of our time—the Rev. Dr. Buckley—who is now earnestly and persistently engaged in denying or explaining away, on mere physical principles, every fact and phenomenon that indicates the existence of spirit, or the Spirit-world. "This is evidently done in hostility to Modern Spiritualism, while the system of which this so-called 'doctor of divinity' is an exponent, is based on Spiritualism, or spirit manifestation. Thus he may be likened to a man sitting on the branch of a tree, and industriously sawing through the trunk below the branch which supports him.

Occult Experiences.

Mrs. Tascher in her "Occult Experiences" quotes from the poet guide of a medium who begun with (repeating a passage from Milton), "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake."

"How often," continued he, "the greatest writers tell their strong belief in spirit return. I am sure Longfellow is full of such allusions. I recall at this moment his 'Footsteps of Angels,' one verse of which I remember particularly: "Then the forms of the departed, Enter at the open door, The beloved, the true-hearted, Come to visit us once more."

Again, in his poem on the death of Hawthorne: "An unseen presence filled the air." Hawthorne himself often said things in his writings that show, to say the least, deep thought upon this subject, if not actual belief. I noticed, to-day, a paragraph in (Blithedale Romance, something like this: 'In due course of ages we shall figure in an epic poem and we will ourselves—at least I will—bead unseen over the future poet, and lend him inspiration while he writes it.' Mrs. T. adds: "Oh, I thought, as I read it, would that his spirit might bend over me, if but for one brief moment. I do not know of any phenomenal experiences in my life, and still there are evidences to the soul, the exalting, spiritual influence, infinitely more convincing to me than external appeals of the beautiful manifestations to the senses of sight, hearing and feeling that I have sometimes tremblingly believed I possessed. It seems to me that to find true Christianity we must cultivate a spirit of universal love, and broadly seek truth in and receive it from all directions, and boldly proclaim its convictions of the soul, no matter what we may have said or done previous to an accession of new light. To my mind it is just as cowardly and contemptible to refuse to admit truths that we are made to see unmistakably as it is to invent falsehoods and proclaim them."

The Words of Beecher.

The words of the spiritually intuitive Beecher may be quoted in contrast with the writings of the dim-eyed clerical editor: "I suppose that from the beginning of things this world has been open to the influence of spirits. It is not difficult to believe that there is a spiritual influence which we can neither understand nor appreciate. This is certainly the doctrine of the New Testament (and the Old Testament as well). It was taught by the Saviour and the Apostles that both divine and demoniac influences roll in [rather flow in] upon the human soul." This was said, by the great preacher in a discourse delivered in 1878; and a most remarkable one it was, for it enunciated forcibly the doctrines of Modern Spiritualism, and defended them as both rational and spiritual—as elevating to the soul and tending to ennoble the character of man during his sojourn in the material state.

The Keenly-Intellectual Kant.

The keenly-intellectual, but still intuitive, Kant said in his "Dream of the Ghost-See": "It will be hereafter proved that the human soul, even in this life, is in constant communication with the spiritual world, and that these are susceptible of mutual impressions; but ordinarily these impressions are unperceived." Except to the utter materialist, who views all the phenomena and capacities of human nature as merely the results of organization, there is nothing far-fetched or fanciful in this idea of Kant, even as an hypothesis; for when the duality of man's nature, and its corollary, the existence of an unseen spiritual world, are admitted, the psychological action of one on the other follows by the most simple logic. As Judge Edmonds, was told, by the spirit communicating through Dr. Dexter, "man's relation, spiritually, with the Spirit-world is no more wonderful than his connection materially with the physical world. The two parts of his nature respond to the same affinities in the physical and spiritual worlds."

Confucius—Poets Inspired.

Confucius played a piece of music several times and "caught," as he believed, a glimpse of the design and spirit of the composer. As he continued to play, he seemed to be penetrated with the same spirit as that which inspired the author while composing it. At length he seemed not only to hear the voice, but to see the person; of the gifted but unknown musician. Confucius then described his general figure, the expression of his eyes, and even his very features. He was not mistaken. It was the celebrated Wen-Wang, an illustrious sage as well as musician. Ssang, astonished beyond measure at his pupil's marvelous powers, prostrated himself before him, saying that he could teach him no longer, but that he himself must in future become the pupil of Confucius.—Pauthier's China, pp. 123-129. Also see Lippincott's Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary, Philadelphia, 1836, p. 899.

Posta are undoubtedly inspired directly

from the spirits around them, hence they often describe spirits and their actions in their lyrical lines.

Oh, that a mighty man, of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit. —Shakespeare.

We spirits have just such natures We had for all the world, when human creatures; And, therefore, I, that was an actress here, Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there. —Dryden, Tyrannical Love. Epilogue.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep. —Milton, Paradise Lost, Book IV., Line 677.

Now it is the time of night That the graves, all gaping wide, Every one lets forth his spirit, In the church-way paths to glide. —Shakespeare, Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene I.

Many ghosts and forms of fright Have started from their graves at night, They have driven sleep from mine eyes away. —Longfellow, Christus; The Golden Legend, Part IV.

Aerial spirits, by great Jove design'd To be on earth the guardians of mankind; Invisible to mortal eyes they go, And mark our actions, good or bad, below; The immortal spies with watchful care preside, And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide: They can reward with glory or with gold, A power they by Divine permission hold. —Heidius, Works, 121.

What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade? —Pope, Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady, Line 1.

For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease Assume what selves, what shapes they please. —Pope.

Take thou the poet's counsel to thy heart; Question thy spirit, make its wisdom thine, Shut out the world, pride, pomp, and every part; As these retire, we gaze on worlds divine. Then spiritual loveliness appears, God's nature glows through every form we see; For mind's the prophecy of other spheres, And in itself its own futurity. Turn to thy soul, Eternity is there; The key of the Invisible behold: Spirit thou art, of Spirit-worlds the heir, All other secrets can thy cross unfold. —Charles Swain.

When Nature ceases, thou shalt remain, Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign; Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave, Baffle destruction, and elude the Grave. —Thomas Tickell, Description of the Phoenix.

Sweet souls around us, watch us still, Press nearer to our side; Into our thoughts, into our prayers, With gentle helping glide. —Harriet Beecher Stowe, The Other World.

The air around them Looks radiant as the air around a star. —Shelley, Prometheus Unbound; Act I, Scene 1.

If once, the shadow to pursue, We let the substance out of view. —Churchill, The Ghost, Book 111, Line 77.

Spirits when they please Can either sex assume, or both. —Milton, Paradise Lost, Book I, Line 428.

As the moths around a candle, As the bees around a rose, As the gnat around a vapor, So the spirits group and close Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose. —E. B. Browning, A Child Asleep.

"The subject of ghosts being introduced in the conversation, between Oliver Goldsmith and Dr. Samuel Johnson, Goldsmith said his brother, Rev. W. Goldsmith, assured his brother he had seen a ghost. Dr. Johnson said a friend of his, an honest man, had told him he had seen an apparition.

See Chamber's Encyclopedia for more and complete accounts about spirits and ghosts, also Lord Brougham's Life, Vol. III; also Life of William Wirt, p. 24; also Life of Sir Walter Scott, by Lockhart, and the whole realm of literature from the earliest Greek and Latin classics, down to the present day.

Ancient Greece.

There is no country in Europe in which Spiritualism might naturally be expected to take root so readily and so deeply as in Greece; for it was the fountainhead of Spiritualism 3,000 years ago. The Iliad of Homer is full of it. Mithos and Lycurgus, two of the greatest law-givers of antiquity, were inspired by the spirit controls of those remarkable mediums, the sibyls and priestesses of Delphi and Delos. According to the doctrine held by most of the Greek philosophers, every man has a guardian spirit, or daemon, assigned to him for his guidance and instruction. Thales, who lived six centuries and a half before our era, taught that the whole universe is peopled with spirits, who are the secret witnesses of our actions, and who can record our very thoughts. Epimenides, the contemporary of Solon, was inspired by the spirits, and often received divine revelations. Zeno declared that every man was attended by a genius who inspired his language and directed his actions. Socrates held the same doctrine, proclaimed the pre-existence of the soul, and affirmed that there was a complete hierarchy of intelligences connecting the creature with the Creator. Plotarch has left it on record that the souls of those who have lived many virtuous existences, and are upon the point of entering the other world forever, are visited by other spirits, who sustain them in the hard trials to which they are ordinarily exposed; and Socrates tells us that God does not manifest Himself to men save through the mediumship of the spirits, which are His messengers, while his disciple, Plato, conveys much the same truth

in other words, when he says that spirits hear the prayers of men to God, and transmit His gifts and inspiration to men. Finally it is to be remarked, that the Epistles of Paul, which are fullest of Spiritualism—those to the Corinthians—were addressed to Greeks.

It is quite fitting, therefore, that Spiritualism should revive in Greece, and nowhere could it do so more appropriately than in Athens; where, as we learn from an article contributed to La Revue Spirite, by Signor R. di Giuntiniani, it is spreading apace.

In that city there is a poet, Polemi by name, 30 years of age, who is a remarkable medium, and the manifestations which have occurred through him have been such as to arouse public attention and to disarm skepticism. Barristers, doctors, journalists, university professors, diplomatists and men of letters attend the seances, which are held at the house of M. Souri, proprietor and sole-editor of the famous Greek Journal devoted to humor and satire, known as the Romios.

"M. Souri," we are told, "was a confirmed skeptic, but is now firmly convinced; and his journal is quite unique in the world, being written in verse from title page to colophon." It is published every Friday, the day consecrated to its composition. Souri's facility for versification is something unheard of, and it is not at all impossible that the astonishing editor of the Romios may be unconsciously, and in spite of his past incredulity, an intuitional medium. M. Souri defends in his journal the cause of Spiritualism in very beautiful verse.

Poets and Prophets.

I give below an excellent article from the pen of the gifted journalist, Lillian Whiting, on the theme of inspiration of the poets. The greatest good that has come to the world has been not through its capitalists, but through its poets and its prophets. It is ideas—and ideals—that are of value.

"And plant a poet's word even, deep enough In any man's breast, looking presently For offshoots, you have done more for the man Than if you dressed him in a broadcloth coat And warmed his Sunday potage at your fire."

It is not the thing that we possess, but the thought behind the thing, that gives quality to life. The supremest gift to humanity was given by One who had not where to lay his head. Yet his gift was for all time, for all the world, and is so beyond price that it is free to the poorest.

But even coming to merely human benefactors, it is not they who have created and endowed great institutions, or built hospitals or "homes," or "reformed" tenement-houses, or magnificent churches, whose names represent most to their fellowmen. Such works are to be respected at their full value; they are essential aids to civilization and progress; but they are hardly to be named beside those of him who thrills the world with the beauty of ideal standards, who reveals the possibilities of radiating spiritual energy. Material resources aid in the culture of life, but ideals and ideas and the joy of living in the spirit is life itself.

Edison, a poor boy, utterly without material means to benefit himself or any one else, is one of the greatest benefactors of his age. He is the great idealist, whose mind was so receptive to the higher possibilities that existed, unrecognized and undreamed of; who was in some mysterious way fitted to receive and transmit and set in operation these higher laws of nature, making them of inestimable service to his own age and all ages to come. A capital of millions would not have enabled him to contribute so inestimably to humanity, as his idealism enabled him to do. Any one can give money—if he chances to have it. It requires no great imagination to sign checks, and there is a gratification in giving them that—while one would not wish to judge cynically—is still not invariably that of unmixed benevolence. As the scriptures tell us that God maketh even the wrath of men to praise him, so a good degree of aid is often gained from motives that are not wholly those of spiritual impulse. Emerson, who was "the friend and aider of those who would live in the Spirit," is unquestionably the one man, not excepting statesmen or scientists or philanthropists, who has done most for America and for his century, because he put into general circulation eternal truths. Plato is a source of the same inspiration—the source, indeed—but Platonian thought loses nothing by an Emersonian interpretation.

"Is not the life more than meat?" The life is so infinitely above being made or marred by material things, that one almost marvels at the esteem, the actual reverence, indeed, in which mere things are held.

"Things are in the saddle And ride mankind," lamented Emerson.

Let one live. Let one refuse to be ridden by things. Let one assert his spiritual supremacy over mere material limitations. He is in the Wilderness, it may be, to-day. What of that? All the powers of earth and air are on the side of him who aspires. Tomorrow he shall enter into the Promised Land. Let him joy hold on life—the life of the spirit. In his presence are joy and exaltation. The life of materiality is friction and discord and depression. The life of the spirit is joy and peace and exaltation—the charmed life.

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WORSHIP THE DEVIL.

Visit to the Temples of the Karabash in Sheik Adi.

THE VALLEY IS SURROUNDED BY ALL WOOD... THE BLACKHEADS—WEIRD INITIATION AT WHICH THE "KAK" OR FAKIR SAINT OFFICIATES—THE CEREMONY TAKES PLACE AT NIGHT—ANGEL PEACOCK PROCESSION MARCHES TO THE SANCTUARY, WHICH IS IN A CAVE—SOLENN RITES.

TO THE EDITOR:—We give the following as a supplement to the Parliament of Religions as presented by a writer in the London Telegraph. It is only one of hundreds of religions lying around loose, and illustrates the almost infinite capacity of the human mind to formulate a creed.

"A few hours ride from Ba'dri, northeast of Mosul, is a picturesque glen or gorge in the Highland district of Amadiyah, known far and wide throughout Asiatic Turkey as the Valley of Sheik Adi. It is an idyllic retreat, shut in from the outer world by mountains that completely surround it. But the valley has an uncanny reputation. Christian, Moslem, and Jew all shun it, for it is the Mazur



or pilgrim resort of the hated Karabash, or Blackheads, as the natives of the country style the Yezidis or the devil worshippers of Mesopotamia. Conspicuous in the middle of the glen is a fair-sized white edifice with a double spire and spacious outbuildings, the tomb of Sheik Adi, the founder of the strange sect whose object of reverence is Satan. Higher up the valley is a much smaller building—a simple oblong erection, low pitched, and of the plainest possible construction. It is windowless, has a single spire, and is dazzlingly white. The front faces the sun, and the slender port rising from the roof catches the last lingering rays of the westering orb. At the back of the edifice is a series of shelved above-like steps, in which are stabled seven white kims carefully tended by a big white-robed "shavish." These animals are sacred, dedicated to Sheik Shems—that is, to the sun; and the building to which they are attached is the "Sanctuary of the White Cow," the temple of the devil worshippers. Here, annually, usually in mid-August, a solemn initiation is celebrated, at which the "Kak," or fakir saint of the Devil's Order, from Aleppo, is present, and his high functions of the Yezidi Chavah are performed in the favor of the holy man, the privilege of witnessing among the black-robed attendants that form his entourage.

The valley is full of Yezidi pilgrims, who have spread their tents under spreading oak trees on the hillsides, or constructed rude tabernacles of beams and greenery on the flat roofs of stray buildings there. The ceremony takes place at night, and as the shadows begin to lengthen and the sun settles on the hill crests in the west the devil worshippers gather by hundreds in front of the Sanctuary of the White Kine. The men are dressed in spotless white robes and wear white turbans, above which rise the tops of the black caps, from which they derive their popular designation, "Karabash," or black-heads. Here and there are seen the flaming orange robe and head-gear of a "pir," or priest, and more conspicuous still, by reason of its contrast to the rest, the somber black "rashah," or head covering of the fakirs of the fraternity. All, however, wear the peculiar vests of white cotton, and the twisted black cord round the neck which marks the true Yezidi—the devil-worshiper, born and bred. The sectaries use no form of prayer, and have no written liturgy; indeed, they cannot, any of them, read or write, these accomplishments being prohibited to all, whether layman or cleric, with the solitary exception of a single family to which the "Kak" has been hereditarily entrusted. The ceremony of the Yezidi Bible—the "Jaloo"—which, with the "Mash-ah Rash," constitutes their "Black Book." When the sun begins to dip below the hills the worshippers rise and hold out their hands so as to catch the last rays. They cover their faces with both hands and kiss them, and finally, as the luminary sinks, they bend their heads to the ground, touch the earth with their finger tips, and gently tap their foreheads above the eyebrows.

ANGEL PEACOCK PROCESSION. As soon as it is dark a white-robed "shavish," who has charge of the sanctuary, emerges from the pen in the rear of the building, carrying in his hands half-a-dozen small lamps, ready lighted which he fixes in tiny niches prepared for them in front. This is the signal for the commencement of the celebration, and in an instant, almost, answering lights flash from every corner of the valley. They gleam, star-like, suspended from trees, dangling upon poles, or placed in nooks and crannies of the rocky hillsides. The fires of those encamped in the glen are piled afresh and stirred until the flames leap high into the air, and the ruddy light of the valley lengthens and brightens. Scattered about the temple when the sound of music is heard in the distance and the lights of a procession are seen approaching from the tomb of Sheik Adi.

It is the procession of the "Malak Taus," or angel peacock, the sacred symbol of the devil worshippers. The Yezidi peacock is not a peacock, but a bird of the night, and is allowed them to pass on to the sanctuary. In front march a score of "koshaks," or servants of the temple, in dark garments, carrying torches. Behind them follow five "kawals" or musicians, in the orthodox white mantles and black headgear, playing lustily upon reeded flutes and tambourines; then a "pir," or priest, in flaming yellow, bearing aloft the covered emblem of the Satan cult, and in the rear a dozen swarthy, black-robed fakirs. The party make straight for the small temple in front, go round and pass in by a low door in the rear, where the sacred white kims are stabled in charge of their "shavish." Instructed by the "farash," I join the fakirs and follow, entering the doorway, we proceed, not forward, but downward, by steps out in the earth, and leading underground. The music ceases, but we march on, the "koshaks" with their flaming torches lighting the way for the descent in its perfect darkness. We go farther on, through a gloomy passage, with a slight slope, and after a sharp turn to the right, reach the holy of holies of the Yezidis, the underground temple of the devil worshippers.

SANCTUARY IN A CAVE. The sanctuary is a huge subterranean vault, originally, no doubt, a natural cave. It is in semi-darkness when we enter, and it is not easy to determine its exact proportions, but it appears to be about eighty feet long by forty feet broad. A series of recesses has been cut on each side, and these are filled with grim-looking, white-robed figures standing silent and impassive as only orientals can when deeply moved. In front of these the elders of various communities scattered throughout the neighboring pashaliks are ranged; on the right a double row of "pils," priests, all attired in the white vests, flame-colored mantles and turbans of their caste. On the left are a double row of the mendicant fakirs, wearing the coarse black "rashah," and headgear, with white turbans, and their order. Their eyes seem turned inward, as though engaged in introspection, and they look like men under the influence of hashish, or some such sense-mastering drug. At the farther extremity of the temple are ranged the women of the "Falkraya," or convent attached to the tomb of Adi. They are attired, like the male members of the hierarchy, in white garments and head-dresses, and are only distinguished from the men by a cord drawing in their robes around their breasts. In front of their order, "Kabana," or lady superior, wearing a white tuft in her headdress. The end by which we entered is occupied by the "koshaks," bearing the torches, the flame of which sheds a fitful light over the assembly. In the center of the sanctuary is a square stone altar, and behind this stand, on one side, the spiritual head of the Yezidis, on the other the head, or Emir, of the community. Between both is the "kak" or chief of the fakir brotherhood, who takes precedence of everybody, and whose person and clothing are reckoned so holy that none ever venture to touch them. Above the altar hangs a single lamp, the solitary illuminant of the underground temple, and in front of it, stretched upon the bare ground, lie two human figures. One is attired in spotless white robes, the other garbed in the full black robes of the fakir fraternity. One is the corpse of a dead mendicant brother, the other the body of a living man, who is to become his brother by birth. The faces of both are livid and drawn, and in the fitful gloom of the sanctuary it is impossible to distinguish the living Yezidi from the dead fakir beside him.

UNVEILING OF THE SANJAK. It is certainly a weird and impressive scene, and a little eerie, presented by the interior of the underground/sanctuary in the semi-darkness, as the "pils" and fakirs of the "Malak Taus" procession reach the place, by the side of their brethren. The bearing of the emblem marches into the center, and taking his stand beside the "Kak," or chief of the order, he unveils the whole assembly. The covering removed, the emblem is clearly seen. It is the bronze image of a peacock perched on the central branch of a triple candelabrum. The connection of the peacock with the worship of the devil is rather singular, but it is thus explained by the sectaries. When the all-benevolent Deity created the hawk, which destroys, Satan created a peacock, which both benefits and harms, in order to show that all his works were not necessarily evil. They say, moreover, that it was in the form of a peacock that the fallen angel tempted Eve in Paradise, and it is through a peacock that Satan will regain his position hereafter in the celestial hierarchy. The sight of the emblem, the angel peacock, seems to galvanize the worshippers into life, for it is no sooner unveiled than, with mechanical precision, they begin to recite the "Kak" or "Khadah," exclaiming, "Khadah!" "Khadah!" dropping them again as mechanically when they have done this. The "Kawals" then start the opening symphony of a hymn—a plaintive melody in a minor key—in which the women of the "Falkraya" join, and also the "pils." The singers do not understand the words of the hymn, for they know nothing but Kurdish, and the invocation is in some older dialect of Asia Minor, which it is not easy to recognize. When the voices are silent the "Kak" begins the ceremony of initiation. At a sign from the chief two of the black-robed fakirs step forward for forty days, fasting each day from sunrise to nightfall, and is clad in the white cere-clothes of the dead, to mark the solemnity of the occasion. He prostrates himself to the sacred symbol held aloft, and instructed by his assistants, proceeds to the unveiling of the white garment in which he is attired, and bending on his knee, shrouds with it the corpse of the dead fakir beside whom he has been lying. When this is done the "Kak" comes round, and, with his own hands, invests him with the robes of his order. First he throws over the shoulders of the novice a coarse black gown, reaching below the knees and over the white cotton drawers and vest, which are obligatory articles of fakir's costume. He then girds with a black cord about the waist. The neophyte now produces a black cap, which he must have made with his own hands, and puts it on his head, while the "Kak" throws over him the "mahak" or bridle, a twisted cord, which goes round the neck

and falls down in front like a necklet. This cord must never leave him night or day, for so long as he lives and when dead he is buried with him. Thus is this difference between the "fakirs" of the devil worshippers and the other priests. The latter wear the cord short so that its ends are concealed beneath their outer garment; the former wear it over all, so that it is always seen.

MARCH OF THE INITIATE. Invested with the "mahak," the candidate is fully initiated, and walks slowly round the temple, passing in front of the "pils" on the right hand and the "koshak" at the end of the sanctuary, and his colleagues, the black-robed fakirs, on the left. As he moves slowly along, each of them, before whom he passes spits in his face. This is not done as a mark of contempt, but to avert evil and misfortune from the subject of this somewhat unpleasant proceeding. The first duty the new-made fakir takes upon himself is to minister to his brethren present. He procures from the "shavish," who has the things in readiness, a pot of oil and some wick, which he immerses in it and lights by means of the lamp in the center. Then he walks round the temple holding the light in front of the "pils" and "fakirs." Each bends over the light, holds his hand out to it as though to feel its warmth, and then gently strokes his beard or chin, afterwards kissing his fingers and tapping lightly his forehead. With this the ceremony terminates. The peacock procession is re-formed, and the party gain the open air by a different ascent, which brings the members out on the opposite side of the little edifice above, where the sacred white kims are installed. Strengthened by the addition of the "pils," the Emir and Sheik, the "Kak," the Emir and Sheik, the "pils," "kawals" and "fakirs" who have taken part in the ceremony of the evening, the procession passes through the ranks of the white-robed worshippers outside, whose numbers in the interval have been considerably reinforced and include many women in the white dress of the sect. The image of the "Malak Taus" is now borne uncovered; and when the Yezidis see it they fall prostrate upon the ground, the air being between 1,800 and 2,000 strong, uttering a shriek of ecstasy and devotion that makes one's blood run cold, and seems to re-echo through the valley for a good five minutes afterward.

The procession winds slowly down the glen toward the tomb of Sheik Adi, where the lights gleam brightly in the distance. In rear of the party now a "shavish" leads one of the sacred white kims from the drove dedicated to the sun, flowers twisted in its horns, and attended by the whole multitude of Yezidis in orderly array. As the procession moves along the women of the "Falkraya" chant a couple of their hymns to the accompaniment of the "kawals" flutes and tambourines. Arrived at the saints' resting-place, a halt is made in the courtyard surrounding the main building, the white heifer is bound and killed—not by cutting its throat in ordinary Eastern fashion, but by opening the chest and inserting a hand, which grasps the pulsating heart of the victim, squeezes the blood out, and then tears it from the body to cast it in front of the emblem of the peacock angel. The carcass is then heven in pieces and distributed among the Yezidi worshippers, who return to their respective encampments.

Priest and fakir, chief and neophyte enter the tenements allotted to them near Sheik Adi's tomb. One by one the lights on the hillside and under the trees are extinguished, and the sanctuary becomes a dark and silent place. The above illustrates one of the many religious vagaries of the world, yet it is as reasonable a faith as Christianity.

INDIANA GHOST SCARE.

Citizens of a Village Alarmed.

Many Witnesses Solemnly Declare That They Saw a Spirit Near a River Cavern—Supposed to Point to a Murder of Thirty Years Ago.

The appearance of a ghost, specter, apparition, hobgoblin, or at least a supposed supernatural something, in the vicinity of St. Paul, Ind., a few days ago, has caused the air of the superstitious to stand on end, and the facts relating to the manifestation of the spook having just come out, are furnishing a theme of endless conversation, says the Chicago Herald of October 27.

Near the village of St. Paul flows the placid stream of Flatrock, so named because of the great quantity of fine building stone that lies in ledges along its banks. A quarter of a mile east of St. Paul, Mill Creek empties into Flatrock, and it was here the sheeted ghost made its last appearance.

At the point the banks of the creek are honeycombed with caverns and seams, some of them large and some small, but all of sufficient size to admit the body of a man.

fact, which, as his eyes again fell upon it, dissolved into the air. This was all over, but it was enough to fill the hearts of the people, and the whole wealth of Golconda would not induce him to undergo such a hybrid experience again.

Gayheimer and Morgan returned to the village as fast as they could and lost no time in relating the story of their thrilling adventure. At first there was a disposition on the part of some of the residents to make merry over what they termed a huge joke, but it was but a short time until others who claimed to have seen the ghost began to tell of their encounters with it.

Charles Reed, manager of the St. Paul grain elevators, and Charles Howard, two well-known and reputable young men, declared that one evening they were fishing in the creek near the cave spoken of. The night was clear, the stars were shining brightly, and all nature was quiet. While contemplating the serenity of the scene Reed cried:

And with his outstretched arm pointed to an object gleefully floating down the silvery stream. With distended eyes and bated breath the two fishermen watched the figure as it came slowly toward them. When it was opposite where they sat they saw the body of a man wrapped in a shroud, his hands folded across his breast, and his every appearance indicating that he had been the recent inhabitant of a sepulchral vault. He was slowly floating down the body slowly past them, and were about to follow after when, with a majestic wave of the right hand, it disappeared as though swallowed up in the shallow waters of the stream.

Thoroughly impressed with what they had seen, the young gentlemen sought the more congenial quarters of the village grocery, and there told their tale, only to be laughed at by the incredulous loungers. But since the experience of Gayheimer and Morgan the ghost story has been retold, and is now generally believed. Others claim to have seen the specter standing upon the ledges of rocks along the banks of the creek at various times, but for fear of being regarded as cowardly or superstitious, they have refrained from saying anything about it, but all declare that it was the shrouded figure of a man they saw, and that there was something about his appearance that plainly told that he was not of this world.

HORSES FEAR THE SPOOK.

One fact in connection with the appearance of the spook is causing no end of comment, and so far has not been explained even by those who are most outspoken in their disbelief of the ghost theory. Near where the apparition was seen by Gayheimer is a ford where country people cross the stream on their way to St. Paul. Since the recent appearance of the spook horses have absolutely refused to go near it, and when they approach are overcome by an uncontrollable fear that is almost pathetic, but no amount of coaxing or driving will induce the animals to venture near the haunted cavern. Some time ago a quantity of bones were found in the cave by a party of explorers, and they were taken to Indianapolis for the purpose of determining whether they were those of a white man or an Indian. The bones, it seems, were never returned to their resting-place, and since then, it is alleged, the earthly friends of the ghost have become more restless.

Asked what they think of the ghost story, the older residents of the town shake their heads and declare they do not know, but in the same breath they tell of a mysterious murder that was committed there about thirty years ago, and inferentially connect the two.

Milton Morgan, father of the man who was with Gayheimer, was fully murdered on a dark night, and although every effort was made to bring the assassins to justice, nothing was ever accomplished, and many believe that the cavern in the cliff holds within its damp and dingy chambers a possible solution of the bloody crime.

The subject of the ghost is more talked about in St. Paul than any other. Around the fireside, where the daily events are coned over, it is a fruitful theme, and so thoroughly has it impressed the people, that women and children do not venture out after nightfall, unless the necessity is urgent. Men compelled to pass the spot, were it was dark, take a furtive glance in that direction, shudder and hurry on. Lovers who were wont to wander down to the Flatrock bridge and pour out their tales of adoration in the golden moonlight, with nothing to disturb them save the rhythmic ripple of the water beneath, now turn their steps in an opposite direction, and so it goes.

A watch will be set for the specter, and if it should again show itself there will be no ghost less, or the brave men of St. Paul region will know the reason why.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" softens gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, 25¢ a bottle.

wrote him many letters ourselves for the work in our place, until his patients numbered in hundreds, and many wonderful cures were performed by him in this place.

We heard Dr. Dobson was going to visit Jackson, and we wrote and asked him if he would not call on us, for we did so much want to see the man who had saved the life of our little pet. He said he would. We procured the best suite of rooms at the Donnelly House and told our friends that Dr. Dobson would be there on the 14th of November for two days. He came, and so did the sick. His rooms were full all the time during his stay. Over one hundred took his treatment. Our little Gertrude met the doctor several times (she and we would naturally love the person that brought health to our child). Whether this cure was done by spirit power we know not, but one thing we do know, that our poor little girl was terribly afflicted, until death's door, and now she is as good as well.

And with his outstretched arm pointed to an object gleefully floating down the silvery stream. With distended eyes and bated breath the two fishermen watched the figure as it came slowly toward them. When it was opposite where they sat they saw the body of a man wrapped in a shroud, his hands folded across his breast, and his every appearance indicating that he had been the recent inhabitant of a sepulchral vault.

Nothing makes home so bright, comfortable and healthful as a "Garland Stove and Range."

TESTIMONIAL.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1897. I had a severe attack of the flu, and my wife and I were both very ill. I never used any other until I was about thirty years of age, and I have since used it for the foundation of all diseases of different kinds in my system, which has caused me to suffer all my days, and I felt that I was in a very bad way. I was told by a friend that I should try your medicine, and I did so, and I was cured in a few days. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

HE MIGHT CURE YOU! SUFFERED 6 MONTHS SEVERELY with heart disease; it threatened to terminate my life. Drugs appeared to be helping on the distressing ailment. Before I saw Dr. J. H. Randall, I made such a bad case of myself that I was nearly dead. I was cured in a few days. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

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FREE TO THE WEAK AND SICK. DON'T SUFFER ANY LONGER. Dr. R. Greer, 127 W. 11th Street, New York.

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A. CAMPBELL, Spirit Artist and Slate-writer. IN ANSWER TO THE MANY INQUIRIES from his friends and others, in this city and elsewhere, he finds it necessary to state that he is now in the city of Chicago, at the residence of Mr. A. Campbell, 25 1/2 Wabash Court, Flat C, Chicago; after that the Pacific coast.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO RENT BY the day, week or month. Specially furnished with one block Thirty-third Street, Station 214, N. E. corner of Cottage Grove, between 5th and 6th Streets, at 55 Oakwood Avenue. Mrs. E. Marion, 2521.

A Beautiful Souvenir of the World's Fair. ON RECEIPT OF 50 CENTS, IN stamps, I will send, postpaid, the latest Bird's Eye View of the White City, size, 10x12 inches; showing the grounds, buildings, etc. Address, C. F. Campbell, Gen. Adm., 25 1/2 Wabash Ave., Chicago, 1210.

COOL. INGERSOLL'S OPEN LETTER TO INDIANAPOLIS. My dear friends, I have just received your letter of the 14th inst., and I am glad to hear that you are all well. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

ARE YOU A MEDIUM? I AM AWARE OF THE FACT THAT there are many people possessed of the power to develop independent of writing. Many have failed to do so for the reason they did not understand the requirements and conditions of their guides. It has been my aim to develop a system of training, and I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

MYSTICISM. ALL INTERESTED IN THE STARS and planets, and in the occult sciences, will be interested in a new work which teaches planetary definition and the application of occult knowledge. It is a new work which teaches planetary definition and the application of occult knowledge. It is a new work which teaches planetary definition and the application of occult knowledge.

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HARK! I HAVE YOU A TUMOR OR CANCER. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

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THE BLIND MEDIUM, PROF. H. W. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

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HEALTH IS WEALTH! DISEASE CONQUERED, HEALTH REGAINED AND LIFE ENJOYED, THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF SPIRIT-POWER. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

PSYCHE. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

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PSYCHOMETRY. CONSULT WITH PROF. A. B. BEVERIDGE. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

DIPHTHERIA, CHOLERA, QUINCY. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

ALL INTERFERES, OR THOSE HAVING FRIENDS WHO ARE ENLIVENED BY THE ABOVE HABITS, WILL BE INTERESTED IN THE ABOVE. I have since used it for all my ailments, and I feel that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

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