

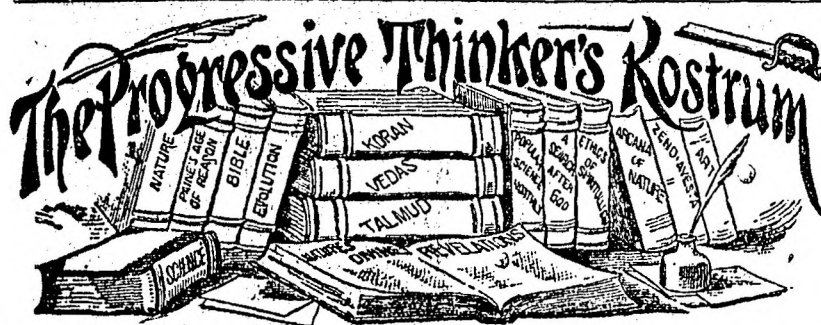
# THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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## YES! NO!

### Snags Manifested in Spirit Return.

A Critical Review by a Comprehensive Thinker.

An Address Delivered BY CHARLES DAWBARN, to the Spiritualists of the United States.

Perhaps there is nothing that occasions more perplexity to the investigator than the contradictions by intelligences that communicate through different mediums. This is the "snag" that has troubled a gentleman well known in political life, and accorded high honors in his State. He has been an investigator for thirty years, yet a letter I have just received from him is full of the woe of uncertainty and doubt. I will allow him to speak for himself, and then I will attempt an explanation of some of the problems that have troubled his honest soul:

"Sometimes I have thought I was a Spiritualist, and then I would run into so many contradictions that I would decide that I had better investigate a little more. I am now nearly ready to throw away all spiritual papers, without breaking my heart over worthless rubbish. What a waste there is in it, anyway, to one who believes in the existence after death, as I do not believe in the teaching, nor from the Bible, but from nature, and the reasonableness of things. I said Spiritualism was so contradictory. Is it not? So-called spirits answer all the following questions yes and no.

"Was there such a person as Jesus, as described in the Bible? Yes. No. Did Jesus have an earthly father? Yes. No. Were there such persons as the scriptural Adam and Eve? Yes. No. Are the wicked punished in an endless hell? Yes. No. Do animals have souls or individual spirits that live after death? Yes. No. Are there marriages of the two sexes in the Spirit-world? Yes. No. Are there any accidents in heaven? Yes. No. Is the doctrine of reincarnation true? Yes. No. Do spirits from other planets visit earth? Yes. No. Is the earth a solid globe? Yes. No. Is it a hollow globe? Yes. No. Is the moon inhabited? Yes. No. Are there genuine spirit materializations? Yes. No. Is it proper to administer medicines to sick people? Yes. No. Is the spirit of the genuine John Pierpont influencing Mrs. Longley? Yes. No.

"In other words, whatever spirits have taught on every conceivable subject has been flatly contradicted by other spirits. With such experiences, I am not, to-day, after thirty years of experience, sure that the cause of the phenomena is the spirits of departed human beings. Spiritual phenomena may serve a good purpose in convincing hard-headed materialists that if a man die he shall live again, but it is doubtful if it teaches anything useful beyond that. I do not think I have ever known any one benefited by Spiritualism, while I do know of several who were greatly damaged both morally and physically. The harmonious philosophy does not, so far as my experience goes, make harmonious philosophers."

Such are a few extracts from a long letter with many paragraphs equally as pithy as the above. Of course the disheartened writer has read the explanations repeatedly given in "answers to questions," by the controls of prominent mediums, yet he remains unsatisfied and unconvinced. I will venture to offer him one more reply from a different standpoint, as I have been a fellow-worker with the writer of that letter, and have even had painful experiences not alluded to by him.

It has been said that we can have no conception of absolute truth outside pure mathematics. But the mathematician of to-day is doubtful whether there is not a fourth dimension in space that may affect what he has believed to be his truthful conception of natural law. And if that be settled in the affirmative, there might be a fifth or a sixth dimension known to superior intelligence, with a broader outlook upon nature; so the search for absolute truth must ever be hopeless to the mortal.

But if it be freedom from contradiction that is the desired haven of rest for the troubled soul of the writer of this letter, then that is unattainable in earth-life. It is true, a theologian finds spiritual repose by accepting the pope as his mental lord, and master, that may comfort him till the pope dies; but then he discovers, unless his discoverability has become shrouded from want of use, that another man and another mind is wearing the tiara. The pope and his college of cardinals may "make believe" infallibility for a generation or two, but the pages of history unroll the lie, and leave the mummified fact for the honest explorer. And then

that fact becomes a "yes-no" in the world's history. Allow some man to play authority, and contradictions seem to cease for the time being.

But our everyday life teems with "yes-no" answers. Politically, almost every law is an iteration or repetition of some previous law, and is, of course, "no" to the former legislator's "yes." Our judges delight to contradict one another, from the bottom to the court of last resort. Why does not the present complainant pitch into his waste-basket such a lot of "yes-noes"? Even science knows no better way of reaching truth than to cry "no" to every previous public gathering. And even her settled facts are still contradicted. The Rev. Jasper of Hiram, still teaches his people that "the sun do move," but amidst it all, we want to keep in mind that there will be very little contradiction if we seek answers from but one mind. Under such conditions an investigator of modern Spiritualism can conclude that the game isn't worth the candle, and retire to his ignorance, if he so choose. Or, with a higher manhood, he may perceive that, like the key to the hieroglyphs of Egypt or Central America, true knowledge can only be gained by a perseverance that will accept one grain of wheat as ample reward for a search through a bushel of chaff. The philosopher will expect the "yes-no" at every turn, and from that fact will determine the direction of his search. But the ordinary investigator will have to face very many of these "yes-noes," and had better make up his mind to accept them good-naturedly during his search for truth. The circumstances under which they are almost sure to come are worthy a little careful thought.

If the investigator be a thoughtful man he will soon discover that he usually has but one man—one mind—one experience to deal with, if his communication be with an honest spirit and through the same medium. But if he changes his pope, that is, his medium, his conception of spirit infallibility, or even consistency will soon receive a severe shock. In the first place, it is a fact that a spirit can find two brains that he can control; and if found, they may be a thousand miles apart. But a much greater difficulty is in the road of that spirit than the mere finding of a medium. We take too little thought of the value of the medium's organism upon the spirit. I once had the privilege of seeing a spirit use first one and then the other of two mediums, both of whom he was able to control. The spirit was sparkling and witty, besides being clairvoyant and clairaudient. His knowledge was very superficial, and largely adapted to the class of self-seekers who visit a public medium. The other medium was the wife of a professional gentleman, whose mediumship had never been used, save for her husband and a very few friends. This lady when entranced was able to assist her husband in his studies. But she never joked, or trifled, nor was she either clairvoyant or clairaudient. And she never discussed money matters. Through the first medium the spirit could tell you anything transpiring at the home of the other. But with the second, he was blind and deaf to all outside. Through the one, he could often recall that which he had said through the other. But through the second, never. Through the one he was always veiled and dignified; through the other, somewhat effusive. I am sure that this was a marked case, but it is from marked cases that we best learn our lesson.

The intelligent complainant will, without my having to point them out, see the great number of "yes-noes" that he would run against in such a case as this. But much more is involved than appears on the surface. Was that spirit wise or foolish? Was he refined or coarse in his own personality? Plenty of chance for a "yes-no," either way. If he was one thing in the one case and the opposite in another, which was the real nature of the spirit controlling? But this conundrum applies to earth-life as much as to the spirit. Not long ago our surgeons operated successfully upon a young man who had never laughed in his life, nor shown any disposition to acquire knowledge. The bony skull was closed and sutured, and the brain was unable to exhibit the intelligence of humanity. That was another extreme case, and so is that of the idiot, whose skull is without a forehead. But all such cases mean that the spirit man must manifest according to the conditions he finds. We now know that a slight pressure upon one spot will destroy memory for nouns. At another, it is verbs that vanish. These are physical manifestations. But we must enter the larger field of psychics before we can fully realize the difficulty a returning spirit finds in giving us "yes, yes," instead of "yes-no."

Watch the hypnotist play with the memory of his unfortunate subject. At an unspoken suggestion the poor wretch forgets his name. He says "yes," when he means "no." It is "yes-no" with him all the time. And if told to say "no" for a week, he says it obediently.

Such facts permit the thinker to advance another step into the field of "unconscious suggestion." Hypnotism is to-day a recognized law of nature. The world is full of it. It is the unnoticed factor in almost every case where man uses his influence successfully to make his fellow-man do as he wishes. It has been called the "Holy Ghost" by the revivalist, and it is the "Devil" who helps the successful sensualist. It always means that the subject is saying "yes," instead of "no." It is the power back of the winning candidate at the polls, and the salesman is a failure who lacks the gift. Those who have tried the experiment know how easily a passive medium becomes the victim of a powerful will. Men laugh as they tell you how their will determined what was said at some particular scene. Yet such sitters, not recognizing the power of their own unconscious will, are amongst the firmest believers in utterances made when they believed themselves passive. They take little heed of the enduring and lasting effect of will-power on the brain of a medium. So the will of a previous sitter may be dominating and manufacturing a "yes-no," when they are hoping for unadulterated truth.

The sitter as an individual, and the circle as a whole, are positive factors in the result of a seance. But there are three factors to every communication from the world of spirits. The medium and the sitter count for two, but the third is popularly supposed to be the source from which must come the expected truth. That is the spirit. If that spirit be unable to protect his medium from a positive sitter, then that fact constitutes a dangerous weakness in his control. He has become reduced to the level of a psychologized mortal. He now becomes "yes-no," according to whatever may be the dominant influence at the time. I have seen a control sobbing with indignation because she had been unable to tell the truth to a previous sitter, and had actually uttered a falsehood. Surely nothing can be a sufficient explanation of many a "yes-no" of both mortal and spirit. And it is a fact that must be accepted and dealt with by an investigator who aims at the truth.

We now enter another field—that of the actual knowledge possessed by a spirit. Of course we ask no questions of either mortal or spirit, unless we suppose we may receive an intelligent answer. We do not seek knowledge either of idiots or fools. But unless a man have gained information during his earth-life, surely nothing can be changed by death to entitle him to college degree. The loss of his mortal brain does not turn the fool into a wise man. And death is not education to the ignorant. But the ordinary investigator acts upon the presumption that it is. He assumes that not only is the intelligence the one he claims to be, which may or may not be true, but he also assumes that as a spirit he knows a great deal more than he did as a mortal. And there is abundant proof of the conditions that bar the way of a returning spirit. To sense any detail of our mortal life, that spirit must be able to use some mortal brain, with all its limitations. If the medium be clairvoyant, then the spirit is able to exhibit clairvoyant power, and not otherwise. And the wisest spirit is limited to the capacity of the brain he is using. This fact alone accounts for many of the "yes-noes" received in answer to our questions. The vibrations of the spirit that permit our existence are impossible to the spirit. Yet we expect truthful answers when we demand: "Is the earth a solid body? Is it a hollow globe? Is the moon inhabited?" meaning, of course, by beings we could see and hear. "Is it proper to administer medicine to sick people?" etc., etc. The honest spirit who hopes to answer such questions must use the psychic powers of his medium, and is limited to the clairvoyant, and is limited to the clairvoyant power of his medium. Now, how many investigators have ever tried to determine the length and breadth of the clairvoyant power? Yet its necessary limitation is almost on the surface. The spirit eye deals with the things that vibrate on the spirit level. If it look at the North Pole, it can only see the spirit of that pole. And if living beings be there who belong to our earth-life, then the clairvoyant eye could not see them. Such a statement may seem to contradict the experience of both the investigator and the medium. But that is because the psychometric power which inheres to the spirit of the mortal can sense vibrations that are down to the level of the earth-life. Therein is the distinction between clairvoyance and psychometry. And we should notice that even the finest clairvoyance can necessarily reach but the lower vibrations of spirit-life. The control who is trying to answer such questions as put by the complainant in this case, is for the time not only less than spirit, but has most of the limitations of the mortal. Pure clairvoyance cannot reach the material North Pole, and the psychometric power, like electricity, must have its wire, to be available for the use of the mortal. Unless the spirit understands this, he will honestly try to answer questions that are unanswerable from his standpoint as control. He cannot reach them clairvoyantly, and the psychometric power cannot, in many cases, be used successfully.

The thoughtful reader will now perceive that some of the many questions concerning material interests that are put to controls by sitters may sometimes be answered more or less successfully if they can be reached psychometrically. It is from this faculty that correct answers to questions concerning stocks, mines, and ordinary business, must come. I do not suppose that many spirits draw any line to determine what faculty or power of the mortal they are using. But all the same, we must distinguish if we would learn the truth.

If we were the only problems in the case, we should soon overcome the difficulties that have so beset us. But there are "yes-noes" of another class, that also demand their explanation. And these also deal with the actual knowledge possessed by the spirit in control. It is not a simple question that we have to answer here. We must remember that there are few mediums that can be controlled by more than one spirit. From this fact comes what we may call "friendly personation" by the spirit. That is to say, the control speaks for another spirit, but usually without deeming it necessary to explain the situation to the sitter. In such cases, the control is giving the mortal the knowledge and experience of another spirit, but without using his name. It is personation by permission. But if at another time that control answer similar questions without aid, we have, as a result, another instance of the "yes-no," for he is very likely to contradict what had been said previously.

No control can be assumed to have the broad knowledge demanded by the questions asked by various sitters. We do not call upon any mortal to evince universal knowledge, yet we seem to expect that the spirit has no limitations. But though we may thus explain the "yes-no" of many contradictions, where such contradictions are through the same medium at different sittings, there is a very important residuum based upon the limitation that every spirit must experience in acquiring exact knowledge of material affairs that are directly interested to the mortal. Suppose an Esquimaux to enter the Spirit-world. His relatives discover that he is not dead, and open up communication with him. Like the American citizen, they want to gain some material advantage out of his visit, and ask him to point out a seal or whale for them to capture. It is obvious that the spirit must be dependent upon the psychometric power, either of the medium, or of some of the questioners. But suppose they enter the mortal field and ask the visitor to help them to invent some improvement upon their lance or their kayak. What can there be in the Spirit-world to have given that spirit any experience in such matters? Would it not be like calling a counsel of wise Esquimaux to suggest improvements for the negro in Central Africa? The Northerners would not have either knowledge or experience to justify their giving advice. There are any good results following such demands, but it is not because some one of the mortals was inspired to a better use of his own brain. Here again we see that honest-minded visitors might give that woful "yes-no" without intending the least fraud. I have purposely avoided speaking of the class of spirits naturally attracted to the average sitter when he visits the miscellaneous circle. The mortal at such times invites "yes-no," and of course receives it.

Now let us suppose a reliable medium and an intelligent, truth-seeking investigator. We ask the question: "Does such a sitter must remain amidst 'yes-no' influences?" This is the reply: The medium, the sitter and the spirit are alike subject to the eternal law of vibrations. The brain of the mortal sensitive will respond to the actual conditions, whether the sitter and the spirit desire it or no. At so many vibrations per second I see with my mortal eye, and hear with my mortal ear. Change these vibrations, only the spirit and ear can respond. In other words, the normal cannot be both normal and abnormal at the same time. But upon the condition of the medium depends the truthful sight, hearing and expression of the spirit. He must either bring that mortal brain to vibrations suitable to his use, or his own intelligence will be clouded. In other words, we shall have "yes-no," in the accustomed manner. Herein is the trouble for that spirit, that he cannot bring his vibrations to the world as direct influence upon the vibrations of the medium's brain as the spirit, and often overpower him entirely. Of course that means more "yes-noes." But such influences are usually wielded unconsciously. It is thought that almost in a moment can change the vibrations of a mortal brain. You think anger, and immediately the brain throbs, the heart shows excitement, and the whole body is affected. You need not say a word, yet the brain of the sensitive will echo your vibration. Remember that if a dozen pianos are in a room, and you strike but one note upon one instrument, the like note will respond from every string that can repeat the vibration. So the spirit is almost compelled to respond to your tone. Every mortal is an instrument keyed to the level of his daily life. For instance, if the sitter be a politician mingling in active political life, the vibrations of his brain are normally at that level. That might favor a political spirit, if the medium's brain were responsive, but on all other themes there would be the usual "yes-no." And if that sitter be sitting by the side of a scientist, or one longing for spiritual knowledge, the confusion becomes only the more confounded. The wonder is that anything but "yes-no" can ever be evolved from spirit intercourse as attempted in ignorance or contempt of natural law. As a matter of course, the earnest and intelligent spirit usually retires disgusted or disheartened; but plenty are ready to take

his place, with a full supply of "yes-noes" ready for their customers.

The reader will notice that these explanations are not based upon fraud by either mortal or spirit. I claim that in almost all cases the "yes-no" is the result either of the different minds who act as spirit control, or else of the ignorance of natural law governing such intercourse by both spirits and mortals. Naturally, the honest investigator, of whom the present complainant is a type, will now demand to know if, in my judgment or experience, there is any way of avoiding, or at least lessening the number of "yes-noes" to which he finds himself exposed. Against the rare cases of pure fraud from the invisible he can only keep his wits sharpened as in the life of to-day. But ignorance must be met by knowledge, or the result may be "yes-no" at any time. The complainant knows full well that the family circle, and the circle composed of friends to which no stranger is admitted, are more favorable to a "yes-no," than the public circle, or than the private sitting with a public medium. But even under such conditions I have known a whole series of "yes-noes" to follow a slight discord between two of the members when on their way to the gathering. And on another occasion, when we had had a silent meeting, the control explained that under the existing inharmonious between two members—unknown to the rest—answers to questions and all communications would have been uncertain. So if the complainant's fearsome contradictions are to be measurably avoided, he must himself become a medium, and by so much control the conditions on the mortal side. When he and the spirit are the only factors present he will be one step further from his "yes-no."

But he will still be far from the perfection and infallibility for which his soul sighs. For he will make discovery that he carries within his own brain the elements of more contradictions to the square inch than he now dreams. As his sensitiveness develops he will take on and carry to his sittings all manner of unwelcome conditions, that will manufacture many a "yes-no" for his benefit. He can by effort make progress, but it will count by years.

The Brahman who for centuries has cultivated spiritual life divides development into three degrees. They are twenty years apart. Few qualify for the second, and they are rare indeed who attain the third. But the first step in the kindergarten is to cease all care for the almighty dollar. And the second tramples the sensual out of sight. The adept climbs that ladder to its last round. And little as we have been allowed to know of their inner life, we do know that they have had most of our present astronomical knowledge without having to invent a telescope. In other words, they have been able to reach a "yes, yes" by an inner road, free from contradictions.

But the impatient American sneers at the woes of the average investigator of to-day. He demands that he shall leave his shop and his office, pay his almighty dollar to some overworked medium, and receive that which the Brahman thinks cheap at forty years of patient effort. But neither the use of a law of nature, nor even the knowledge of its existence, is to be obtained in that way. He goes fishing for a "yes," but with a hook that can only catch a "no." And then he declares modern Spiritualism to be a humbug. The dollar worshiper is own brother to a "yes-no." In other words, he is living for the material. A Faraday, when offered a lucrative position, replied: "I have no time to make money." How that makes the average American laugh. So those who find that there is a "yes-no" when they visit a medium, and grumble thereat, are safer in the old church pew. It is all "yes-no" there; but their grandmother believed it, and there is nothing disturbing about it. They want truth without being willing to pay the price for it.

There are tens of thousands of others who find a great blessing in spirit return. They are good, honest souls, who don't aim high. The "yes-no" does not trouble them. Spirit return is proof to them of immortality, and devoid of the fear of death. They get many a life over a bog without troubling whether it be psychometry or spirit clairvoyance. They give warm greeting to an old friend. And if next time the conditions prevent his personal appearance they don't find out the substitution. They have discovered the untruth of theology, and the truth of a natural life, to follow this. And if that discovery does not always produce all the outward effect that we might desire, we may charitably remember that it takes more than a generation of freedom to do away with the effects of a thousand generations of slavery.

For the noble souls who aspire to the highest possible development of their own manhood, spirit return is the greatest blessing that the heavens could bring to earth. They recognize the "yes-no" when it appears, but instead of bewailing the contradiction they search for the cause. If it be born of the cares and troubles of this life that cannot now be avoided, they keep more closely to the realm where the honest "yes-no" can do but little harm. But they know that it is in manhood to demand and receive from nature a truth and not a lie. Such men may have to bide patiently their time, but they would scorn to take refuge in a church pew, or clasp hands with any form of belief that denies the twin truths of human immortality and spirit return.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

San Leandro, Cal.

## PROPHECY.

### Scientific Predictions Made.

#### Calamities to Come.

EARTHQUAKES—THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON—PREDICTED HORRORS.

From one to three distinct earthquake shocks were felt near 7 o'clock Wednesday morning at several points on the Mississippi from Alton to Memphis, and it is not improbable that the seismic disturbance extended beyond those limits. In view of the rather confident predictions of earthquake calamity for the last half of this year, the said vibrations being credited to Prof. Falsb of Vienna, it may be of some interest to know the position of the moon at the time, since the relative position of the moon with respect to the earth perhaps is the leading factor in the vibrations referred to, and certainly is regarded as an important one.

The moon was full about fifteen hours previous to the time when the earthquake shocks were felt. That is the position which she is nearest to the earth, if the ellipticity of her orbit be not taken into the account. But the moon had been at the apogee point of her orbit only seven and one-half hours previous to the time of full, and at the time of the earthquakes her distance from us (in miles) much exceeded the average. (The near coincidence of apogee with full occurs once in a little less than nine years.) The theory is that when the moon is nearest to the earth at the time of new or full, then pulling along the line of solar attraction, there must be a bigger strain on the earth's crust than the normal, this corresponding with the observed maximum height of the ocean tides under that condition. Hence the argument is that the crust then is most likely to yield in those places where it is most susceptible to fracture; there is a settling of strata unequally along the line of weakest resistance, and the earthquake shock is the result. Evidently the theory does not account for the disturbances reported to have occurred along the Mississippi last Wednesday, nor for the other shock stated to have been felt in Utah a few hours later. The disturbing force of the moon was less than the average, instead of being much greater, so that the occurrence of the shock near the time of full moon was only a coincidence.

Perhaps this statement of the case will cause some to be less apprehensive in regard to the calamities said to have been predicted by the authority named. The moon will be at her least distance from the earth about midnight of the 28th of this month, and new the first day of August. The most "critical days," however, are stated to be Aug. 30 and Sept. 23, on which days the moon will approach most closely to the earth. The one of six weeks hence is stated to bring with it the greatest danger in the shape of serious disturbances of the earth's crust. If the prophecy were true, this would be no laughing matter, since it is claimed to be probable that it will include the disappearance of New York City under a tidal wave, and will make islands as the result of a submarine earthquake.

This chapter of predicted horrors would not be complete without the statement that according to the same distinguished authority, Nov. 18, 1899, will bring us into collision with the comet of 1866, involving us in "fireworks and darkness," and that there is no scientific warrant for such a prediction. No doubt the comet will reappear then, but no astronomical computer can tell to within several hundred thousand miles what will be its least distance from the earth. As the uncertainty on this point makes all the difference in the world (as they say), the portent may be dismissed as not well grounded, though it would be idle to deny that such a collision may occur, and with the most serious consequences. Yet it may be stated that such collision with the nucleus of the comet is widely improbable, and that there is no strong reason to apprehend great damage to our earth or its inhabitants from a passage through the tail of the comet. As proof that one prediction is not warranted by our knowledge of the fact carries with it doubt in regard to the rest, the good people of New York may count on being able to keep on enjoying the growth of Chicago not only after the coming 30th of August, but subsequent to Nov. 18, 1899, though the prophecy of destruction for the later date is supported by certain fanciful deductions made by ex-Lieut. Totten.

The above is from the Chicago Tribune, which seems to think that the danger predicted will not happen to any great extent. Now, what do the people across the Atlantic think of Prof. Falsb as a prophet. A special telegram to the Globe-Democrat says: "The spirit of unrest now prevalent throughout the world seems to have brought society to the verge of hysteria. No one seems exactly to know from whence the next report of a great horror or physical upheaval will come. The verification of Prof. Falsb's predictions regarding earthquakes has given him almost the authority of a prophet of evil. He seems to have been able to predict, with the most startling accuracy, all the seismic disturbances which have recently wrought devastation throughout the East. He was only one day behind time on his prophecy regarding the earthquakes in Greece, and he was two hours ahead of time on his

prophecy relative to the shocks which have driven Constantinople and the adjacent cities of Turkey to the depths of despair. So absolute is the belief now placed in the infallibility of this German professor's predictions that in several places where he has announced that seismic disturbances may soon be felt, the people are placing their houses in order, and as far as possible, arranging their affairs so that they may flee to other places in advance of the expected disasters. The time is now near at hand when, if Prof. Falsb's predictions continue to come true, a great tidal wave, created by a submarine earthquake, will sweep over New York, and practically wipe the American metropolis from existence. One might fancy, from the tenor of his vaticinations, that Prof. Falsb was a very truculent sort of a person, with the disposition of an anarchist, but the fact is that he is nothing of the sort. He is a pleasant-mannered man, perhaps 40 years of age, with a blonde beard, blue eyes and the tendency to wear spectacles during his waking hours, which is the characteristic of almost every learned German. To a representative of this cable service, who met him the other day on one of the little steamers plying between Dover and Calais, he remarked that his predictions were based clearly on mathematical propositions. He further asserted that it was his desire to benefit his fellowman by giving him timely warning, so that he might avert as far as possible the horrors of inevitable catastrophes.

Prof. Falsb having always proved correct in his scientific prophecies up to date, those who make in reference to any great disturbance in nature will excite grave fears. A SCIENTIST.

### Camp-Meeting at Elk Grove, Kansas.

TO THE EDITOR: I have just returned from a Spiritualist camp-meeting at Elk Grove, Kansas. This grove is owned by W. P. Sailing, a most enthusiastic Spiritualist. Early last spring, Mr. Sailing began talking about having a camp-meeting at his place. He was derided and laughed at by his neighbors, and told that he could not get a dozen people together. But he was assured by his spirit guides that it would be a success. The result was, as you are asking, and was all that could be asked. The meeting commenced Saturday, July 14. On last Sunday there were not less than 1,000 people in attendance.

We had upon the platform Dr. Jos. De Buchananne, who, in my opinion, has few equals, and no superiors. He was assisted by Mrs. L. A. Hooker, of Eureka, Kansas; Mr. Bonney, of Cherry, Kansas; and Roscoe Stephens, of Oklahoma City.

As platform test mediums we had Mrs. Della Bryan, late of Washington, D. C., who, for accuracy of description, I have never seen equaled.

Miss Ella Cutler, of Joplin, Mo., also did some excellent work in that phase. Dr. Eastman, of Winfield, Kansas, who as a personating medium and healer, was a success. A. L. Concanon, materializing medium, gave perfect satisfaction.

To W. P. Sailing and his wife, assisted by their spirit friends and guides, is due the origin and success of this enterprise. The camp is situated four miles from Derry Station, on the Frisco road, fifty miles east of Wichita.

Mr. Sailing furnished free transportation from and to the station for all who came by rail, and free pasture and oats for horses. He paid the lecturers and mediums himself. The result was most pleasing and satisfactory to Mr. Sailing and all who attended.

He also organized an association known as the Elk Grove Association of Spiritualists and Liberals, under the laws of the State of Kansas, and by authority of the Kansas State Spiritual Association, with W. P. Sailing as president and all the usual officers, and decided to hold another camp at the same place next year.

The following persons were ordained as ministers and mediums by Dr. De Buchananne: E. A. C. Stephens, of Oklahoma City; A. L. Concanon, Mrs. Della Bryan, Mrs. L. A. Hooker, and Mrs. Ella Cutler.

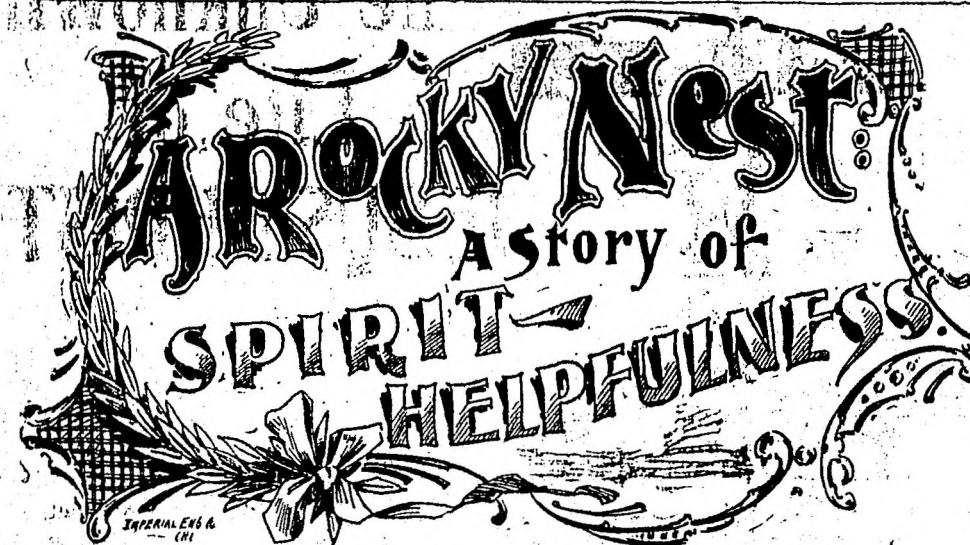
Take it all in all, we had a most enjoyable time, and laid the foundation for great camp. S. M. TUCKER.

### Onset (Mass.) Camp-meeting.

The rostrum last week at this camp-meeting was graced by the presence of Mrs. J. T. Jackson and Mrs. Cadwallader. Mrs. Jackson, of Oklahoma City; A. L. Concanon, Mrs. Della Bryan, Mrs. L. A. Hooker, and Mrs. Ella Cutler. Take it all in all, we had a most enjoyable time, and laid the foundation for great camp. S. M. TUCKER.

May good angels ever surround thee. And all love be thine; Your thoughts be of thy mother. Place her cares entwined in thine. And if she passes e'er before thee, Remember all the good she does. Keeping her memory pure and holy. Even from dawn to setting sun. Resolving all vice to slay. M. H. PRINCE.





BY EMMA MINER.  
Author of "Bars and Thresholds," "Led,"  
and other stories.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Unseen Intelligences.

It was with a heavy heart that Mrs. Adams went about her accustomed duties. Mr. Emmons retired to his room with his soul full of sorrow and bitterness. Neither could sleep that night, thinking of the suffering of Alma and Mrs. Andrus. As for the mysterious disappearance of the bills, Mrs. Adams found herself frequently asking how they could come in Alma's bureau; but she never for a moment thought her guilty.

In the midst of her tossings and wakeful hours, she had a thought which might prove of help, in pursuance of which, she made her way early Sunday morning out to Laureldale to see Mrs. Mills.

Meanwhile she was mentally congratulating herself that the affair had not yet become the property of the press.

Arriving at Mrs. Mills' house, she awaited her entrance with anxiety. There was no need for her to say to Mrs. Mills that she was in trouble; her sad, pale face gave ample token of it. Mrs. Mills said at once:

"I will help you if I can; but, first of all, let me tell you not to tell me anything; I want my mind left clear in the matter; don't give me any special clues."

Even as she was saying this, she began to pass into a semi-conscious state, and slowly uttered these words:

"I see that a lady, a young lady, is in great trouble, and one—two—three—four—five—no—three—are suffering with her and for her. The trouble involves some others who do not seem friendly to her. Why, it seems as if I have met these people, some of them, but I don't know where to place them just now."

Mrs. Adams remained silent. Mrs. Mills continued:

"The trouble began—yes, and still is—in your own house, among your family. What a large family you have! Oh, I see; you keep boarders, or lodgers."

"Yes, that is true," assented Mrs. Adams. "Now, let me look farther. I just wish I could get inside your house."

"Then I wish you would go. I think, perhaps, you might help me."

All this time Mrs. Mills was pacing the floor in a half-distracted state, conscious, yet forced to say what she had said.

"I must go," she finally said. "Shall I go back with you now?"

"Yes, you can go back with me; I may have to leave you for a little while, but you can stay as long as you like; it will make no difference."

"Not a bit; I don't know what I want after I get there, but I must go to make something clearer."

They returned at once. As they entered the hall, Mrs. Mills said quietly:

"There is one particular room where I want to go for a while. You need not lead me; although I have never been in this house before, I think I can find it, if I may go where I like."

Mrs. Adams stepped behind her, and said: "Go wherever you please, and do as you please."

Again this semi-conscious condition took possession of her. She walked straight to Alma's room. She began to walk the floor, wringing her hands and crying. In the midst of it she suddenly turned to the bureau and opened the upper drawer.

"Oh, how dreadful! Alma never put them there—she never did!" she exclaimed in great excitement. Mrs. Adams dared not speak.

"Oh—here comes a woman! What a handsome woman! A large, tall, dark, handsome woman! But she's a wicked woman! Dreadfully wicked! She goes right up to this drawer; she puts in one—two things; one is a small purse, and one is a box. Oh, if only I could get that box open, I would find something bright and shining in it, I know I should!"

Mrs. Adams' suspicions began to be aroused; but then came another thought: was it possible or probable that Mrs. Mills was catching this thought from her? Oh, if she could only know!

Mrs. Mills had been standing, looking into the drawer, without touching anything.

"Now she has gone!" she exclaimed, "I'm going to follow her!"

Mrs. Mills crossed the hallway and went directly up to the door of Mrs. Echo's room. Mrs. Adams did not interfere with her. She paused there, and then whispered:

"She has gone in there and locked the door. She is in there now!"

Mrs. Adams nodded affirmatively.

"I must go back to that room again," whispered Mrs. Mills.

They returned to Alma's room; and Mrs. Mills seated herself with her back to the door. Suddenly she turned as if someone were opening it.

"Here comes somebody else. It's a young man. I can't see him plainly just yet; he is tall—yes—tall, and quite light complexioned. He looks ugly. He looks sly; looks as if he were afraid he would be seen. He has a roll of something in his hand. Oh, I see now—it is money—bills. He looks anxious about them, and seems as if he were in a hurry. Now he goes up to that same drawer and tucks the bills in as quick as he can, and hurries away. I'm going to follow him, too!"

"She started quickly toward the door. She hastened through the long corridor, turned to the right, and stopped before the door of Mr. Ledyard's room.

"He went in there, but he isn't there now!" They returned to Alma's room. Mrs. Mills continued her description of the young man.

"He is a very light-complexioned man. He took something out of a trunk after he came in here—yes, two somethings—and he put those in the drawer, too, under some clothes."

"Did he take the bills out of his trunk?" asked Mrs. Adams anxiously. Mrs. Mills waited a moment before replying:

"No—he got those in some other place. I should have to go down stairs to find the place."

"Will you try to find it?" asked Mrs. Adams, opening the door as she spoke.

Mrs. Mills walked out first, went down stairs, and directly to the door of Mrs. Adams' office.

"He got them in that room. Many people go in there, but that's where he got them. If I may go in I will show you where he got them."

Mrs. Adams opened the door; Mrs. Mills stepped to the desk and placed her hand on the very spot where Mrs. Adams remembered placing the money.

"There was some trouble, somebody was hurt out there; I see blood—I feel pain, and in the midst of it, that young man came in and got the money, and hurried right upstairs with it! He certainly did!"

Mrs. Adams instantly remembered that Mr. Ledyard was the last one to pay, and she had seen him step out just as the accident occurred. She had forgotten it until the fact was recalled by Mrs. Mills' words.

It all seemed very plain to her now. He must have returned, and then have done that dreadful deed!

"Did he need the money for his own use?" she asked.

"He did not take it for that—it was to make trouble for somebody. He did not mean to use it for anything else."

"These words confirmed her suspicions, but what was evidence to her would not carry weight with other people, or in a court of justice; she was afraid it would go against Alma if it came to trial.

Mrs. Mills continued:

"Help is coming—coming from a long way off—surely, at a moment when least expected. Follow the matter closely yourself, and if I can advise you I will."

With these words Mrs. Mills left Mrs. Adams.

In the evening Mrs. Adams called Mrs. Andrus and Mr. Emmons into her private parlor, and related to them the occurrence of the morning.

"I don't see how Mrs. Mills could have known anything of the circumstances," said Mrs. Adams. "It was too late for it to get into the evening papers, and there is nothing in this morning's papers—so far as I have seen. It seems as if she must have seen something clairvoyantly," she argued.

"I feel she has the right of it, but how can we prove it?" said Mrs. Adams.

"We cannot, not that evidence," said Mr. Emmons.

"Oh, does it seem as if there could be a God who cares anything about us if He could let such things happen? Perhaps, if you hadn't come here you wouldn't have gotten into such trouble; and I meant to be so helpful to you!" said Mrs. Adams, weeping in sympathy with Mrs. Adams.

"You need not reproach yourself, dear Mrs. Adams. I am inclined to think some evil influence would have followed her for a time, wherever we might have gone, on account of Mr. Vane and Mr. Ledyard. Mr. Vane is not a man to yield lightly when he has a purpose of revenge. In other places we might have been without friends. Here we have you and Mr. Emmons," said Mrs. Adams, thankfully pressing Mrs. Adams' hands.

"But I feel as if we are helpless!"

"Truly, it seems so; still, I have begun to have a feeling that help will come at the last moment, just as Mrs. Mills said," said Mr. Emmons.

Mr. Emmons could hardly believe his own words, as he walked slowly out of the room and upstairs to his own room.

## CHAPTER VII.

### Detective Sayles.

Mr. Emmons had been in his room only a few moments when a caller was announced for him. He did not feel in a mood to see any-

one; but he opened his door to see an old fellow-clerk who had been absent from the business for several days. He brightened a little at the sight of his old friend, Carroll White.

"Well, well, Carroll, this is an unexpected pleasure!" exclaimed Mr. Emmons, as he grasped his caller's hand.

"Is it? Then, I guess, it is about time I came, for of all the dumpy-looking fellows I've seen this many a day, your face was the worst when you opened the door! What in the world ails you?"

"I'll tell you by and by, after I hear all about yourself. Never a word have I heard since the day you tumbled down in that unlucky fit at the store. Hope you are all right now."

"Yes, fairly so; I don't feel just right, but I shan't complain."

"What ailed you?" asked Mr. Emmons.

"I had had a headache for nearly a week, and that morning I felt dizzy. Last thing I know about, I remember walking near Miss Grimes' counter, and then I fell. Never had a fit before. I went up home, and mother nursed me up, and I feel fairly well now. Shall go into my old place in a few days."

"That's good!" said Mr. Emmons heartily.

Mr. White was several years Mr. Emmons' senior. He was a door-walker in Marcella's. As he was acquainted with Alma and Mr. Ledyard, and was usually reserved about other people's private affairs, Mr. Emmons told him of the recent trouble. He made no inquiries, and no reply. He sat apparently staring into space.

"For Heaven's sake, man, do say something! What are you staring at so stupidly?" asked Mr. Emmons.

"I don't know, Emmons. I am trying to think of something. When you spoke of Mrs. Adams finding those articles with the firm tag on them, it seemed for a moment as if I ought to know something about them. I must think for a moment—don't interrupt me!"

Mr. Emmons remained quiet, while Mr. Carroll walked the floor restlessly. He kept putting his hands thoughtfully to his head, and at last explained:

"I ought to remember something. Seems as though it happened just before I fell, in that fit!"

Mr. Emmons had no idea what he could mean, and felt afraid he would disturb him if he questioned him, so he remained silent. At last Mr. Carroll threw himself in his chair.

"It's of no use just now, Emmons. I can't think. I am going home, and to bed. Perhaps I can dream it out; I am sure something will all come back to me, and I am equally sure it has something to do with this case."

"Then good night, and good luck to you. God knows, we need somebody's help!" and the door closed behind Mr. Carroll White, who hastened to his rooms, all the while trying to find that elusive something in his memory.

"I ought to know; I must remember!" he said, over and over again. He retired, and finally slept. He awoke, with a start. He felt, rather than saw, a presence by his bedside. The voice muttered, "Ledyard! Ledyard!" Then came an indistinct murmur of something he could not understand.

He was wide awake enough now. He arose, looked about, could find nothing, see nothing, hear nothing more. He allowed the gas to burn awhile, while he sat with a pale face, down which drops of perspiration were streaming.

"I certainly heard a voice," he insisted to himself. He tried the door the third time to make sure it was still fastened. "What nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Of course, I must have been dreaming. It was because Emmons and I had been talking of Ledyard that I dreamed it. No one could get in here."

He was too thoroughly wide awake to try to go to sleep again just then. He took up a paper and began to read.

The hours passed. Daylight came. He took his breakfast and was about to saunter down town. Suddenly there flashed across his mind something which he had witnessed just before his illness at Marcella's. He remembered seeing Mr. Ledyard take from a counter a peculiar-looking purse and slip it into his pocket. This purse had been examined and commented upon by several of the clerks as being something of a novelty. He saw him go to a handkerchief counter and take one from a pile of peculiar design. He followed him instantly, intending to call him to account for his act, but before he could reach him, that strange dizziness came over him and he fell. He remained unconscious several hours, and when he recovered the affair had passed from his mind.

This, then, was the missing link for which he had been searching. He sprang to his feet in excitement.

"That's it, I do believe!" he exclaimed. "I'll go to Emmons this moment, and see if it could have anything to do with this matter of which he was telling me."

Arriving at the store he learned Mr. Emmons was absent. He decided to go to Mr. Emmons' room. He found him there, and learned that Alma was too ill to have a hearing, and the trial would be delayed.

Mr. White related the circumstance of seeing Mr. Ledyard take the purse and handkerchief from their respective counters, because he believed it would have a bearing on Alma's case.

After a hasty consultation with Mrs. Andrus and Mrs. Adams, Mr. Emmons decided to employ a detective, hoping the affair might be cleared up and settled before it should come to trial. He engaged Mr. Sayles.

Together they went over the story with Mr. Sayles. They exhibited the purse and handkerchief said to belong to the Marcella firm, and of which Alma could give no account. She had also affirmed she had never seen Mrs. Echo's watch to her knowledge, but admitted she might at some time have seen her purse in Mrs. Echo's hands, but could make no explanation as to how any of these articles could have come into her possession.

Then Mr. Emmons called upon Mr. White to tell his story concerning the Marcella articles.

Before expressing an opinion on the case, Mr. Sayles asked Mrs. Andrus several questions as to their habits about the doors of their rooms.

Mrs. Andrus replied that she had taken unusual care for several days, and said that on the day in question Alma's door had been locked all day, she going through Mrs. Andrus' room into the hall.

She also stated that when the accident in the street occurred, she had come down hurriedly, and had forgotten to lock her door—a fact which was not discovered until later on; soon after the crime Mrs. Echo announced her loss.

"Who is this Mrs. Echo? Is she friendly to you?" asked Mr. Sayles.

"No; quite the contrary. I cannot explain all now; but she is an enemy, decidedly," replied Mrs. Andrus.

"She is coming into the hall now," said Mr. Emmons, who caught a glimpse of her as she passed the window near him.

Mr. Sayles sprang to the hall door, opened it, and admitted Mrs. Echo herself. He wanted a chance to see her face to face.

Mrs. Echo walked leisurely in, thinking it might be a new lodger.

"So that is Mrs. Echo, is it? Well, I guess we will keep on and work this case up. Now, I want to step down town a few moments. Meanwhile, Mrs. Adams, I want you to send for Mr. Vane and Mr. Ledyard, and take them into your parlor. If they get here before I do, keep their attention occupied by small talk until I come. I shall bring an officer with me, and I want to place him in your office until he is needed. I want you, Mr. White, to go into another room where you will not be seen by Vane or Ledyard; keep within my call. You two ladies, with Mr. Emmons, had better remain together here."

Mrs. Adams sent the desired message to Mr. Vane and Mr. Ledyard at once. They responded by coming up at once, but, although they made no delay, Mr. Sayles had already arrived with an officer, who disappeared in an adjoining room.

Mr. Sayles was seated by a table, upon which were lying the disputed articles said to belong to the Marcella firm. Mrs. Andrus and Mrs. Adams sat side by side on a sofa.

Mr. Emmons sat near Mr. Sayles, his face wearing an ill-concealed look of anxiety.

Mr. Sayles glanced quickly at Mr. Vane's face as he entered the room, and noticed that he paled, and shrank a little as he recognized him.

"Will you give these articles your attention a moment, Mr. Vane?" said Mr. Sayles, quietly indicating the purse and handkerchief lying on the table.

Mr. Vane advanced and took up the purse with trembling hands.

"Can you identify these?" asked Mr. Sayles.

"Yes."

"As what?" questioned Mr. Sayles.

"As articles belonging to the Marcella firm."

"Are you quite positive?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Vane, gathering courage at the sound of his own voice, "they are the same as mysteriously disappeared just before Alma Andrus was discharged from the store."

"Are you sure they disappeared before Alma Andrus left the store? Take time to think. The exact date is not important just now; but, was it before she left?"

"I am positive it was just before she left. In fact, it was because of my suspicions in regard to her honesty that I discharged her," he replied.

"Oh! You discharged her, did you? That is all, Mr. Vane; thank you."

Mr. Vane retreated thankfully to a chair, casting a sneering glance at the two ladies seated upon the sofa.

"Now, Mr. Ledyard."

Mr. Ledyard advanced quickly toward the table.

"What can you say about these?"

"They belong to Marcella fast enough; could swear to them anywhere."

"When do you remember seeing them last?"

"Day before Alma Andrus left the store."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sir; no doubt about it."

"Have you seen them since that day?"

"Not until to-day; am positive I have not."

"That is all. Be seated a few moments."

Mr. Ledyard dropped into a chair, wondering what it all meant.

Mr. Sayles stepped to the door leading into the back parlor, opened it, and admitted Mr. White. Mr. Vane and Mr. Ledyard looked astonished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## Be a Broom.

The following lines I copy by request of several neighbors and friends who desired them for publication. The title lines were given to me while I was engaged in washing my dishes, May 21 last. I both saw and heard the words, and was told to get paper and pencil and write. As I was in haste I tried to put it aside until I had completed the dish-washing and milk-skimming duties; but was told they couldn't wait, and the spirit friends would not be here long. So I left my lowly task, and seated myself for the spirit message, viz.: "Be a Broom."

Be a broom, use every day,  
Sweep the cobwebs far away,  
Be a broom where'er you go,  
To the world your labors show.

Be a broom in darkest hours,  
Let mortals see your latent powers;  
Raise the dust, and clear the way;  
Lend a hand, and brush away.

Be a broom, and be a gleaner  
Be at work, an earnest cleaner,  
Be a faithful, loving friend,  
Never shirk till life shall end.

Be a broom, in homes so lowly,  
Be a helper sure, if slowly,  
Watch and wait, much time thou hast  
Ere the race of life is past.

When the broom you well can ply:  
Then the mist-like clouds will fly;  
If, with ready helping brain,  
You truly strive for others' gain.

Then be a teacher and a broom;  
Come to the front, there still is room,  
Let thy whole life a lesson be—  
And trusty guide o'er life's rough sea.

Brushing—gathering, as you go,  
All around your labors show;  
Give from out your bounteous store,  
'Till oft return to you four score.

Be a broom for others' good;  
Be a helper as you should;  
Aid the angels from on high;  
Pull the beam from out thine eye.

So by helping, as you travel,  
Push aside all dust and gravel,  
You will gather strength and love  
Which fits you for the home above.

Be a broom, no trouble borrow;  
Be a broom in scenes of sorrow;  
Raise the weary, broken-hearted—  
Point them to their friends departed—

Who have gained the promised prize  
That awaits us in the skies.  
Up! Let not thy courage fail;  
Spirit hands will raise the veil.

Then work you clear, and more clearly,  
Joined in hand with those loved dearly,  
Sweep superstition and her crew  
Far—far away from mortal view.

Be a broom where'er you go;  
Be a sweeper here below;  
Be a broom, should foes assail;  
Be a broom—but not to fail.

EVA E. SMITH.

## Read and Reflect.

"Benefice," in "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," says: "Flowing out from the thought of universal education many ideas appear, and various methods for assisting in the scheme of instruction arise. And in connection with this work I wish to speak of the importance of the spiritual press. Great truths are constantly dropped by returning spirits into the hearts of men. The spiritual press, in taking these truths up and spreading them before the attention of the multitude, is fulfilling an ennobling mission. Humanity has too long been merged in the clouds of superstition and error concerning the purposes of being, the meaning of life, the uses of experience, the discipline of labor, the condition of the future existence, and the circumstances, methods and vital interests of immortal life. Spirits of intelligence, experience and wisdom stand ready to reveal to mortals a knowledge of these great questions and issues of life. Let the spiritual press gather up, arrange and send forth these truthful lessons, and it will perform a most important part in the education of humanity, and prepare a way in the hearts of its intelligent and influential readers to accept and advance a system of universal education that will especially be provided for and directed to the needs of the lowliest and most ignorant."

But it needs the co-operation of the readers. In proportion as the circulation of a spiritual paper is extended, and the subscriptions roll in, will its power for good be increased.

ALEXANDER SPENCER.

## Election of Officers.

TO THE EDITOR:—At the annual meeting of the North-Western Spiritualists' Association, held this day, on the camp grounds at Twin City Park, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, J. W. Watson, of Minneapolis; 1st vice president, R. U. D. Evans, St. Paul; 2d vice president, Mrs. E. Cora Haskins, Minneapolis; 3d vice president, M. T. C. Flower, St. Paul; 4th vice president, Mrs. E. A. Sauer, St. Paul; 5th vice president, O. B. Underhill, St. Paul; secretary, Wm. A. Peterson, St. Paul; treasurer, O. J. Johnson, St. Paul; representatives to the National Convention at Washington—Wm. H. Bach, Mr. and Mrs. F. Corden White.

The camp is progressing finely, and will close on the 29th inst. A goodly number has been in attendance, and the camp is a success. The weather has been propitious, only one light shower having fallen during the entire time, the only drawback being the intense heat which has visited this section recently.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1894.

## Fossils.

A fossil, in general acceptance, relates to organic remains, whether vegetable or animal, which are found embedded in rocks, or are dug from the earth. Petrified wood, bones, shells, gums, are fossils, the remains of a flora and fauna which may have had their origin millions of years ago.

But the word fossil has a still larger significance. It applies appropriately to antique manners, customs, ideas which have survived the ages, and are reflected on modern times. There are fossil religions, fossil politics, fossil politicians, fossil preachers, fossil statesmen, and we should be very reluctant to deny that fossils are found in every walk of life. In short, the world itself is a combination of fossils.

The countryman, plodding his weary way to mill, with a grist on his shoulder and a stone in the mouth of his bag to balance the grain in the other end, is a familiar example. He met a more progressive neighbor who suggested the removal of the stone, and the division of the grain into two equal parts, thus saving the burden of the stone. The idea struck the fossil favorably. The proposed change was made and the journey to the mill was resumed. A train of thought was set in motion: "Really, the load does not seem more than half as heavy as before, and I feel rested with the apparently lighter burden." And then: "My father always put a stone in the mouth of the bag, so did my grandfather. They were wiser than I. They knew more than neighbor Jones. They would never have practiced the habit if it was not correct. Here is a stone the size of the discarded one. It shall take the place of the former." The story tells us the boulder was soon in place and the weary weight resumed his tiresome journey, just as his ancestors had done for many generations.

This age is disposed to be iconoclastic. Great inroads have been made during the last few years on old institutions, old habits, old ideas. The scientists are sifting out the fossils of a Gothic age, and are substituting modern ways and modern thought in their place. The public schools are powerful aids in pushing forward the new order of things. But the church remains a fossil. It clings to the past, and idolizes it. It exhausts all its arts and wealth and education in perpetuating the old fossils. The rejected stone must be rolled back into the bag, hell must be kept aflame, the devil must continue to act his part, and sinners must burn in quenchless fires; for God is good, and heaven is a paradise of bliss; so their opposites, Devil, hell, damnation, must be realities.

## An Amendment Proposed.

A movement is projected in the State of Pennsylvania, to importune the Legislature at its next session to modify the puritanical laws in regard to Sabbath-breaking. Many branches of industry, notably the pumping of oil wells, are almost ruinously prejudicially affected by stopping the pumping on Sunday; for they soon fill with salt water, and a long period of active pumping is required to displace it and get the oil flowing again. This is only one of the illustrations of the workings of the puritanical laws. If the good God wishes all the machinery of modern civilization to rest, he should hold in abeyance the workings of his own laws.

## Kansas Liberals.

Freethinkers hold a convention at Lawrence, Kansas, commencing on the 6th of September next, and continuing four days. It is expected there will be a large number of Liberals in attendance from that and adjoining States. Success to it, and to every movement whose object is the emancipation of the mind from the thralls of error.

Honora, a Latin name, signifies the honorable one.

## Jesus Christ an Anarchist.

An honest confession is good for the soul. Rev. Myron Reed, one of the most prominent clergymen of Denver, Colorado, owns up like a little man. In his Sunday service on the 14th ult., he was reported as saying: "I am an anarchist." But he did not stop there. He went right on and said:

"Jesus Christ was not only an anarchist, but was killed by the representatives of the law, the church and State, for daring to practice humanity. Jesus Christ was an anarchist and a socialist, but I never heard of his being a deputy sheriff."

Rev. Reed deserves well of his countrymen. He comes out flat-footed for anarchy, and he has his Jesus Christ on an anarchical platform with him. Many of the so-called infidel writers have insisted all along that Jesus, as presented in the New Testament, was certainly an anarchist, and they have repudiated him and his teachings because of their anarchical tendency. The preachers mainly have tried to make it appear that all true government was based on his teaching, and for that reason they have labored for many years to crown him king, and force him, as such, into our National Constitution. But here is an honest Christian, who tells the truth about himself and the God he worships.

What is anarchy? The Imperial Dictionary defines it: "A want of government; a state of society where there is no law or supreme power. Confusion in general." It is to government what chaos is to matter—confusion, disorder, confusion. Christ was an anarchist, and "I am an anarchist," says the pulp-ponder, Rev. Myron Reed, D.D., of Denver, Colorado. Will all other pulp-ponders say amen?

## Speedy Action Desired.

That pesky Col. Ingersoll is responsible for the trouble now. Without consulting the W. C. T. U. the great Anarchist gave an address in an "open theater," in Washington, D. C., a few Sundays ago, to a crowded house, with an admission fee to seats varying in price from \$1 to \$1.50. It was too bad. The above-named organization set forth its grievances in a lengthy preamble, claiming the "open theater" for the use of the Lord's day, by which Christian sentiment was insulted and shocked. They then:

"Resolved, That we appeal to the Sabbath-loving and God-fearing citizens of this community to bring to bear all proper means to secure the passage of Senator Kyle's bill for the protection of Sunday in this District."

They begged the immediate action of the Senate committee to report back the bill with a recommendation for its adoption.

Probably there were more persons in attendance on the Colonel's lecture, who heard and approved of it, than there are members of the W. C. T. U. in Washington. These Sunday zealots evidently forgot that the clergymen preach for hire on their sacred day. The gist of Col. Ingersoll's offending lay in the fact that he had a crowded house, all paying generously to hear him "kick hell," as only the Colonel can, while the pews in all the churches were nearly vacant. We repeat, it is too bad.

## Want Money to Perpetrate Crime.

Cardinal Vaughan, the Archbishop of Westminster, was appointed by the Catholic Bishops of England, at their late annual session, to draft a bill for presentation to Parliament, providing for a division of the public moneys for the benefit of parochial schools. They say:

"Catholic parents cannot in conscience accept or approve a system of education for their children in which secular education is divorced from education in their religion."

As the State has to punish crime and support paupers, it is the province of the Government to see what system of education best promotes good morals and industrious habits. If statistics are the same in England as in America, it finds the criminal and pauper class come very largely from those educated in parochial schools, where the pupils are taught the priests have power to forgive sins. Even those experiencing purgatorial fires by priestly intercession may escape all punishment. The dying Catholic, if so fortunate as to have a priest to shrive his soul, without regard to his many crimes, conceives himself secure for heavenly bliss. As the priest expects generous compensation for such services, the more who believe in their efficacy, the greater his pecuniary reward.

## Putting God's Law at Defiance.

Can any one tell why the clergy are so anxious that legal measures shall be employed to compel one day of rest for the people, and yet do not say one word about enforcing by law long rest at night, which a merciful providence has expressly provided for that purpose? There are many times more people who violate the natural law, and toll through the long night, than there are who habitually labor on Sunday. To date, we have never heard even a suggestion that a penalty shall be laid on those who put God's law at defiance, though all know the infringement is destructive to life and health.

## Larceny.

Larceny is defined as "The felonious taking and carrying away of the personal chattels of another."

It does not the stealing of railroad trains come under this definition as fully as the stealing of a horse and carriage, or any other personal property?

## Strongly Put.

Voltaire is said to have expressed the wish to live to see the last noble in France hanged with a rope made from the hide of the last priest. The great heretic always expressed himself vigorously when he was showing up the wickedness of the church and its principal defenders.

Mark is of Roman origin, signifying the hammer.

## A CHAPTER of HINDOO MYSTICISM. The Yoghi and Occult Forces.

## WONDERFUL YOGHIS.

## Strange Stories of the Incomprehensible Achievements of Indian Magicians.

## Evidence of Various Witnesses.

## Great Trees Grown in Five Minutes, Water Turned into Snakes, Human Bodies Floated in Air.

## MIRACULOUS FEATS OF LEVITATION—AND TO CROWN ALL, THE MARVELOUS TRICK BY WHICH THE FAKIR CLIMBS ON INVISIBLE LADDERS.

TO THE EDITOR:—India is famed for the wonderful powers of the Yoghies, and at the present time great interest is taken therein in this country. Last week we published a long account from the New York World which was read with great interest by all. This week we give another installment from the New York Herald, which will excite no less interest. As is well-known, the mysteries of the Yoghies, those marvelous religious magicians who dwell in the fastnesses of Northern India, have been a fascinating subject for investigation ever since travelers from the West began to penetrate into that ancient land of the occult. The stories told of the powers of these weird and wonderful people would pass all human credulity were they not vouched for over and over again by those whose word as to their own impressions and sensations cannot be doubted.

The feats performed by the Yoghies cannot be classed as tricks and rise into the realm of the supernatural, if such a thing as the supernatural exists. Trees, thirty and forty feet in height, are made to spring in a moment from a seed. A rope is thrown into the air and is apparently fixed without any means of support, and on this rope the magicians climb into the sky and out of sight. Live snakes are developed with the pass of a hand from clear water, and dark rooms are suddenly illumined without any apparent source of light. Bodies are suspended in the air without the slightest means of support, and, again, live men are buried fast in the earth apparently lifeless and after a lapse of weeks are exhumed and resuscitated. Before the very eyes of spectators three dancing magicians are apparently fused into one, and, again, this one is separated into many.

These are samples of the wonderful stories that are brought back from this mysterious land by travelers, some of whom have spent years in endeavoring to elucidate these mysteries.

Dr. Henry Heinrich Hunsoldt, a German scientist, spent five years in India for this specific purpose, and Harry Kellar, the magician, and his friend in magic, S. S. Baldwin, who is now in New York, have been engaged in similar investigation for more or less of the last fifteen years. I had an interesting talk with Kellar the other evening, and he assures me that the feats performed by the Yoghies of India really surpass in their marvelous nature anything that can be outlined of them in mere description. Said he:

## AN ANCIENT MYSTERY.

"You know that these strange performances of the Hindu magicians have been told in Europe for centuries. Marco Polo was among the first to go deeply into the subject, and his relation of the things he saw produced a profound impression throughout Europe. The tales told by the Crusaders revealed those told of the achievements of the great Merlin. And from the exploits of Thomas of Ercildoune and the wizards of the North we may catch glimpses of powers that are very probably but the reflective potency of the Thibetan esoterics. Such of the more wonderful of these exploits which it has been my good fortune to see, remain the still inexplicable subject of my lasting wonder and admiration."

"I spent a good fifteen years in India and the far East, much of which was spent in investigating the Hindu mysteries, and from my long and close examination I became thoroughly convinced that the high caste fakirs or magicians of Northern India, the Yoghies, have beyond doubt discovered natural laws of which we of the West are still ignorant. My observation satisfies me that they have succeeded in overcoming the forces of nature that to us seem simply insurmountable."

"The jugglers of India may be divided into two classes. The low caste fakirs are to be met with all over the East, traveling in parties of from three to six. They are arrayed in breech cloths and have an air of pitiable poverty and misery. Each party generally includes one or two women, whose flowing robes assist in the concealment of the necessary juggling apparatus. At none of their seances that I have ever seen or heard of did the audience completely surround the performers; opportunity being offered for evasions and changes."

"They all seem to have the same stock in trade, and to be willing to explain any one of their tricks in private for three or four rupees. They are to be met with almost anywhere in Indian cities, in the plazas, open squares and around the hotels. They content themselves with the sword and basket trick, the duck trick, the mango trick and the manipulation of cobras. All these tricks are readily understood by the practiced eye."

"The high caste fakirs, on the contrary, are only seen at great public fetes, such as the coronation of a prince, the festival of the Maharajah, the coming of a Nizam, and such special occasions as the visit of the Prince of Wales to India. I have had the good fortune to be present at all of these occasions, and I confess that after thirty years' professional experience as a magician, in the course of which I have circumnavigated the globe a dozen times or more, and penetrated the remotest corners of both the

East and West, I am still unable to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the performances I witnessed.

## THE GREAT FAKIRS.

"These fakirs—the term does not imply a reflection upon their personality or their methods—are very dignified men of patriarchal appearance, with ashy faces and long, gray beards. All the skillful ones I have seen were quite advanced in years, and were said to have spent their lives in study and seclusion. It is easy to believe their story that it is only after a lifetime of contemplation and study that they are admitted into the higher circles of the esoteric brotherhood whose seat is in the monasteries of Thibet and in the mountain recesses of Northern Hindoostan. They are quiet, suave and secretive, and seem to attach a deep religious significance to the manifestations of their power. There is nothing improbable in the theory that they are initiated into a knowledge whose secrets have been successfully preserved for centuries."

"What," said I, "do you account the most marvelous trick which you ever saw performed?"

"A mere trick? Ah, that is hard to say. I will tell you two."

"A deception was given to me at the Chuddermanzil Club, of Lucknow, some



THE MANGO TREE—SEE NEXT WEEK'S PAPER.

years ago, at which, as a special feature of the occasion, one of these high caste magicians was present. He was like the most of them—an old man with a dark face and long, flowing beard. He brought out a young Indian assistant and, placing four tumblers on the floor, laid over these a board, and on the board stood his little assistant. You should understand that the high caste men do not wear any of the long, voluminous robes which are worn by the cheap fakirs which swarm about the hotels, but are, save for the breech cloth, naked."

"As the old man advanced toward the board he held out his hands as though to form a cup, and into this the magician poured perfectly clear water. The water was held in the boy's hand without leakage, and we were permitted to see it there. As we gazed upon it the water apparently, under the influence of a pass from the magician, began to turn a deep green, and a moment later to jellify. Then, to our astonishment, from this mass of green jelly in the boy's hands there was slowly evolved a live green snake. You must understand that the formation of the snake consumed the entire mass in the boy's hand. When the snake began to wriggle the boy was apparently frightened, and threw the snake to the ground, where it started to wriggle away, but was pinioned by the old magician and held up to the view of the audience. There was not the slightest doubt that it was a live, genuine snake."

"The magician made a low salaam to our applause, and turning to the boy, curled the live snake again in his hands. Still under our direct gaze the snake began to turn back to the green mass of jelly, and then from this state the coloring slowly disappeared, and left the perfectly clear water again in the boy's hand. The boy poured the water back into a large glass, whence it was drunk off by the magician to show that the water itself contained nothing. All this, you understand, was done but a few feet away from us, without any cloths, bags, rods, or any of the paraphernalia which usually accompanies the magician. Of course, at some stage of the proceeding it must have been a substitution, but when it was done and where the snake came from, or the green jelly, either, for that matter, it was far beyond my wit, as well as that of every one else present to explain."

"But this was really mild compared with the sensation which the magician gave us immediately afterward. The old man was accompanied by a young woman with a babe hung round her in a sort of a girdle. The woman was introduced apparently to do some simple juggling. Her repeated failures seemed to arouse the magician to a high pitch of wrath, and suddenly seizing the baby from the woman he rushed to the side of the stage, and jammed the child violently into a small sack. Then, as if he gave still further vent to his anger, he caught up the sack, and raising it high over his head, dashed it upon the floor. It came down with a veritable sickening thud, which even my nerves could not withstand. The Indian woman screamed in terror, and several of the officers leaped up to restrain the madman. The Indian turned with a cool smile, and lifting up the sack, opened it, and drew from it two live doves, which fluttered out and perched upon his shoulders. Then turning, he walked to another part of the room, and produced the infant, entirely unharmed. The whole proceeding was merely a piece of his jugglery, but I pledge you his acting was so vivid that it made some of us sick."

"These, however, were merely wonderful tricks, only far more wonderful than anything ever achieved by any European or American magician. Really, the most marvelous phenomena which I have been privileged to observe were feats of levitation, or the annihilation of gravity, the whirling illusions and voluntary interment. Some of these

I described in an article in the North American Review two years ago.

## AN INEXPLICABLE MYSTERY.

"My first experience in levitation was on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Calcutta in 1876. The feat was performed in the Maidan or Great Plaza, and the old fakir who was the master magician did his work not merely in the daylight, but out in the open plaza. Around him was an audience of 50,000, including the native princes and begums gathered by the score, arrayed in their silks and jewels, with a magnificence to which our western eyes are little accustomed."

"After a salaam to the prince the old man took three swords with straight, crossbarred hilts, and buried them, points upward, about six inches in the ground. The points, as I afterward informed myself, were exceedingly sharp. A younger fakir, whose black beard was parted in what we now call the English fashion, although it originated in Hindoostan, then appeared, and at a gesture from his master, stretched himself out upon the ground at full length, with his feet together, and his hands close to his sides, and, after a pass or two made by the hands of the old man, appeared to become rigid and lifeless."

"A third fakir now came forward, and



THE MANGO TREE—SEE NEXT WEEK'S PAPER.

taking hold of the feet of his prostrate companion, whose head was lifted by the master, the two laid the stiffened body upon the points of the swords, which appeared to support it without penetrating the flesh. The point of one of the swords was immediately under the nape of the man's neck, that of the second rested midway between the shoulders, and that of the third was at the base of the spine, there being nothing under the legs. After the body had been placed upon the sword points, the second fakir retired, and the old man, who was standing some distance from it, turned and salaamed to the audience."

"The body tipped neither to the right nor to the left, but seemed to be balanced with mathematical accuracy. Presently the master took a dagger, with which he removed the soil round the hilt of the first sword, and releasing it from the earth, after some exertion, quickly stuck it into his girdle, the body meanwhile retaining its position."

"The second and the third swords were likewise taken from under the body, which, there in broad daylight and under the eyes of all the spectators, preserved its horizontal position without visible support, about two feet from the ground. A murmur of admiration pervaded the vast throng, and with a low salaam to the Prince the master summoned his assistant, and lifting the suspended body from its airy perch, they laid it gently on the ground. With a few passes of the master's hand the inanimate youth was himself again."

"By the use of metal shields it is perfectly conceivable that the aged fakir could have laid the rigid body of his subject upon the sword points and kept it there without the assistance of anything marvelous. In a closed room with walls and ceilings to which the mechanical appliances of the magician's craft, we understand it, could be attached, the feat of levitation, as described, could be performed. But this would be, of course, simply an illusion."

## IN SOUTH AFRICA, TOO.

"But while I am speaking of this subject I may tell you of what I considered a still more wonderful feat which I witnessed in South Africa during the Zulu war. In Dunn's reservation, 200 miles north from Durban, in Natal, I saw a witch doctor levitate the form of a young Zulu by waving a tuft of grass about his head, amid surroundings calculated to impress themselves deeply upon the most prosaic imagination. It was evening, and the witch doctor, who belonged to the class described more than once by Rider Haggard with great accuracy, was as revolting in his appearance as the high-caste fakirs had been pleasing. A number of fakirs had gathered about our camp fire, and I had given them some illustrations of my own skill. They seemed puzzled, but were not specially curious. One of them stole away, and after some minutes returned, with her own conjurer, the witch doctor in question."

"After considerable solicitations from the natives, the intricacies of which my knowledge of the Zulu language did not enable me to penetrate, the conjurer, who at first seemed reluctant to give his consent to an exhibition of his powers before me, took a knob kerri or club, and fastened it at the end of a thong of rawhide about two feet long. A young native, tall and athletic, whose eyes appeared to be fixed upon those of the conjurer with an apprehensive steadiness, took his own knob kerri, and fastened it at the end of a similar thong of hide. The two then stood about six feet apart in the full glare of the fire and began, all the while in silence, to whirl their knob kerries about their heads. When the clubs passed in their swift flight, a flash struck from one to the other, and then there came an explosion which burst the young man's knob kerri in pieces, and he fell to the ground apparently lifeless."

"The witch doctor turned to the high grass a few feet behind us, and gathered

a handful of stalks. Standing in the shadow and away from there, he waved with a swift motion, exactly similar to that with the clubs, the bunch of grass around the hilt of the young Zulu, who lay as if dead in the freight. In a moment the grass seemed to ignite, although the witch doctor was not standing within twenty feet of the fire, and burned slowly, crackling audibly. Approaching more closely the native in the trance, the conjurer waved the flaming grass gently over his figure. To my intense amazement the young man slowly rose from the ground and floated upward in the air to the height of about three feet, remaining in suspension and moving up and down, according as the passes of the burning grass were slower or faster. As the grass burned out and dropped to the ground, the body returned to its position on the ground, and after a few passes from the hands of the witch doctor, the young Zulu leaped to his feet, apparently none the worse for his wonderful experience."

"I mention this merely to show that these feats are possible outside of India. The celebrated whirling illusion I first saw in the Chander Choke, the Cheap-side of Calcutta. We were escorted to a long, empty room, which was apparently a vacant storeroom. There was no back door, and only two windows, which looked into the street. There was no one present when we arrived, and we examined the room carefully, testing the walls, ceiling and floor for secret doors, traps, wires, etc., and came to the conclusion that in these respects all was as it should be. We then drew a chalk line one-third of the way down the room from the door beyond which we were to remain as audience, and four fakirs who appeared at that moment from the street were placed in an exhibition of their magical powers in the other two-thirds of the apartment, which was, so far as we could find out, absolutely without means of communication with the adjoining buildings or with the open air."

## A STRANGE FEAT.

"The old fakir took a chaffing-dish and set it about ten feet from the chalk line on his side, casting upon its glowing coals a white powder, which gave out a strong scent of tuberoses, very agreeable to the senses. A fine white vapor arose from the burning powder and filled the corners of the ceiling, draping the dull paneling with a flying wreath or two, but still permitting a clear view of the end wall. As a point equidistant or eight feet beyond the chaffing-dish, the old man and his three assistants began dancing slowly; they gave utterance to no sound, but whirled faster and faster, with a rhythmic motion, their robes flowing out on either side, and blending the four forms into a composite group, of which the tall master was the central figure. Suddenly, to our great astonishment, we became aware that there was only one form visible, that of the old man. The swift whirl of his dance was gradually relaxed, and in a minute or two he became motionless, saluted, advanced in front of the chaffing-dish, bowed again, and pointed with a dignified gesture to the rear of the apartment."

"We all looked eagerly in the direction of his gesture; there was not a living creature, nor indeed an object of any kind visible beyond the line except himself. With another salaam he returned to his original position in the rear of the chaffing dish, and began with reverse motion the dance of a moment before. Holding out his arms on each side of him as if the better to balance himself, he now sang in a low, monotonous tone, a chant, the words of which impressed themselves on my memory, and sounded like this:—

Ai ya or ekto dol

"In some inexplicable way the monotonous drone of this chant, which fell not unmusically from his lips, seemed to join with the vapors which curled about the scene to bewitch our fancy, or at all events to produce a condition, so be it, but whether or not the existence of this charmed condition can be ascribed to hypnotic influences, I never felt my senses more completely at my command, and with my eyes fixed intently on his whirling figure I became aware that he seemed to be throwing from himself portions of his body, one arm here, another there, a leg here, and so on, the illusion being perfect, if illusion it was, and the end of the room where he had begun to dance alone becoming gradually filled with figures like his own, only younger, each whirling with the same chant, in the same direction. Suddenly the dance died away, the chant was hushed, and when we looked again there was but one performer visible, the old fakir, who advanced in front of the chaffing dish and asked for back-sheesh. He received it liberally, and we again made an examination of the room, but could discover no explanation of the disappearance of his companions."

"I do not tell these things simply to excite awe and wonder, or to tell a big tale. I frankly confess that they are beyond my powers of penetration, and for that matter, I believe, beyond the powers of any one who has ever witnessed them."

"In many respects the feats of temporary interment, or hibernation, may be accounted among the most wonderful performed by the Yoghies. Professor Kellar relates an incident of his own experience which took place some years ago:

"It was one of a party of Englishmen present at a grand fete in Secunderabad at the palace of Sir Salzer Jung, the Nizam of Secunderabad. An old man, with aquiline features, a long white beard and flashing black eyes, accompanied by his wife, a pretty little woman, came to us as the chief of a band of eight fakirs. In the presence of all the company one of the young men was tightly bandaged, and a small glass disc was held in front of and directly between his eyes. His master told him to gaze fixedly at the disc, and as he did so the others of the band of fakirs began droning a chant, the words of which were:—

Ram, ram, amaram, amaram, amaram, amaram, amaram, amaram.

"The bandaged fakir appeared to go to sleep under the drovsky hum of this incantation. He soon became to all appearance dead; the blood seemed to leave the extremities, and his limbs stiffened. His tongue was now turned black as his master told him to gaze fixedly at the disc, and as he did so the others of the band of fakirs began droning a chant, the words of which were:—

Ram, ram, amaram, amaram, amaram, amaram, amaram, amaram.

used to close his eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth.

## APPARENTLY DEAD.

"Dr. Crawford, of the army, who was present, then made a careful examination of the man's condition. All the usual tests for death were applied, a mirror was held over his mouth, and to all intents and purposes he was pronounced dead. Dr. Crawford went even to the extent of what might be called cruelty, although the subject was undoubtedly unconscious, and stuck a large bodkin through the palm of the man's hands, through the tips of his ears, his cheeks, the ends of his fingers, his thighs, his arms, and other parts of his body."

"No blood came from these wounds, but a yellowish ichor followed the point of the needle. The master fakir took a coal of glowing charcoal and placed it on the upturned palm of his subject's hand, causing the flesh to sizzle and an unpleasant odor to arise, but there was no sign of feeling. This condition continued for thirty minutes, at the end of which the master fakir made passes over the body with his hands, removed the red paste from the face and ears, took off the bandages and bade us note the result. With horrible contortions and the appearance of great agony, which, the old fakir assured us, was only an appearance, his assistant returned to the land of the living, apparently as well as ever, except for a badly burned hand."

"One of the best authenticated tales of voluntary interment was that of a native of Cashmere, who was interred alive in the presence of Runjeet Singh. The man was tied in a sealed bag, which in turn was placed in a sealed box, and the box in a sealed room. He came out alive. Another remarkable story was told by Colonel Julius Medley, who was afterward a general in the Indian army. A group of fakirs of the high caste visited his quarters and offered to give an exhibition. The old man had, without assistance, thrown himself into a trance while sitting on the ground. His assistants then took hold of the end of his tongue and pushed it back until it closed the epiglottis. They then lay him upon his back and swathed his body in bandages. The assistant fakirs next filled the eyes, ears, mouth and nostrils of their apparently unconscious master with red paste and bandaged his neck and face."

"This took place in the presence of Colonel Medley and his staff. The entire body of the old man was then apparently protected from the atmosphere, as well as from the ants, which in the East attack every living thing that is helpless; it was for this purpose of protection that the red paste had been put in the cavities of the face and head. The Colonel and his staff inspected the body of the old man and signified their willingness that the ceremony should proceed. In the meanwhile four of Colonel Medley's men were ordered to dig a grave ten feet deep in the enclosed yard of the barracks, and the old fakir's assistants lifted the body and gently placed it in a box sheathed with metal, which was then hermetically sealed under the Colonel's eye. The box was lowered into the tomb, the earth was filled in, the surface was leveled, and millet seed was sown over the grave. The assistants then departed under a solemn promise to return in forty days. On every morning, day and night, of the forty succeeding days, an armed guard was kept on watch above the fakir's grave, so that no human agency could tamper with the tomb or the box. At the end of the specified time the fakirs returned and in the presence of Colonel Medley and his staff the tomb was opened. The body of the fakir was removed from the box, not differing in appearance in any way from the condition in which it was buried, except that the linen clothes in which it had been wrapped had rotted and fell away at the touch."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

## The Camp at Chesterfield, Ind.

There is some excitement at the camp at Chesterfield, Ind., over a contemplated debate between J. Clegg Wright and Rev. Clark Braden. Braden is a blatant egotist, always firing off his shots against Spiritualism and endeavoring to demolish it. Mr. Wright's proposition is as follows:

## THE ISSUES.

The issues shall be the truth of the spiritual hypothesis and the rationality of popular Christianity.

## QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE.

First—Can the so-called phenomena of Spiritualism be best explained on the hypothesis that they are produced by spirits?







## BLIND TOM AT HOME.

## A Mysterious Child of Nature.

His Soul Melodiously Attuned, yet Regarded as an Imbecile.

A PETTED CHILD WITH A GRAND PIANO—A STALWART AFRICAN A GENIUS IN MUSIC.

To THE EDITOR:—Blind Tom, the musical prodigy, is a grand medium. In some respects an imbecile, yet his soul is full of music, and his execution on the piano is grand indeed. The New York Sun gives an account of this remarkable character, setting forth that in old-fashioned St. Mark's Place, just east of the bustling Bowery, stands an old-fashioned, marble-stopped dwelling that is a marked spot in that noisy quarter of the town. At varying intervals daily the music of a sweet-toned piano floats softly from the interior of the old house, and mingles a delightful harmony with the dull hum of traffic in the populous thoroughfare. Men and women hurrying to and fro in the street stop often and listen to the strains. The fingers that so deftly touch the keys, and draw such wondrous symphonies from the instrument are those of a strapping big negro, who sits at the piano in the spacious back parlor, and for hours, sometimes, those residents who are fortunate enough to have living quarters in the houses in Ninth street, whose back windows look upon the rear porch of the old-fashioned dwelling, have a rare and delightful treat. The back windows of the old dwelling, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, are thrown open to the June breezes, and the sunshine, and all the wondrous variety of melody that the negro draws from his grand piano floats out upon the balmy air in waves of captivating sound.

Every once in a while the stalwart African will start up from his seat and rush out upon the porch, and pace up and down like an imprisoned animal, beating his chest and moaning piteously. A railing that reaches above his waist completely cuts off egress to the little garden patch that blooms in the back yard, and he runs his hand along it as if he were trying to find a stairway to the garden.

"How are you, Tom? What's the matter?" someone who has been listening is sure to say when the musician makes such sudden appearances on the porch. Their greeting is always cheery, for all the listeners know well that the big-chested negro is none other than Blind Tom, the famous Ethiopian pianist.

For hours daily he tramps up and down the porch in his slippers, clad in blue trousers and a dark flannel yachting shirt, bare-headed and uneasy. He behaves like an imprisoned bear, at times crouching on all fours or dancing up and down in a mysterious delirium. He has worn a ridge on the flooring of the porch near the hand-rail by his restless promenade to and fro. Music or harmonious sounds seem to be the only influences that ever divert him from these capers on the porch.

One Sunday recently the chimes in Grace church steeple on Broadway began to ring, and the echoes, softened by the distance they had traversed, struck Tom's ear with a sweet tintinnulation that reproduced note by note the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

In an instant the giant ceased his tramp on the porch, and, resting his hand on the railing, raised his eyes to the sky, and, turning his head in the direction of the chimes, stood like a statue, listening with rapt attention to the melody. The echoes died away finally, and, waiting some moments to hear if they would continue, he groped his way through the open window into the parlor, and seating himself at the piano, ran his fingers over the keys in a sudden inspiration. What he played was an imitation, as perfect as the piano would allow, of the music of the chimes. Tom repeated the same stirring imitation when a little later the chimes again rang out upon the June breeze.

Then he rose from the piano, went out on the porch, and listened in a curiously intent way to the noise made by the flapping wings of a flock of pigeons, whose coo is built against the wall of an adjoining house.

The sun meantime rose so that its hot rays broke past the shade of a tree in the garden and beat against the side partition of the porch. The big negro leaned on his hand against the partition. He withdrew it the moment he felt the heat. The sensation seemed to puzzle him, for he placed his hand on the partition again, withdrew it a second time, and began to stroke it and to ponder. He stood in this way stroking his hand for many moments. Then he looked up and smiled. It had dawned upon him at last that what he felt was sunshine. He held both hands aloft and groped in the air until he discovered that he was standing in the rays of the sun. He remained on the spot motionless, and laughed with the glee of a child who had found a new plaything.

For several days last week workmen were busy painting the railing and portions of the porch, and putting down a carpet on the worn floor. During all this time Tom himself was invisible, and the neighbors, who enjoyed his capers and his piano playing, began to comment anxiously upon his continued absence.

"I wonder where Tom can have gone to?" said one of the tenants of the Ninth street flats as he sat in the sunshine.

"Give me that piccolo," exclaimed a fellow tenant, "and I'll fetch him out."

The last speaker raised the piccolo to his lips and sent the notes of the pretty ballad, "My Nelly's Blue Eyes," floating over to the porch. He played cleverly for several minutes without effect. Then there was a commotion in the parlor, the bolts of the big window were suddenly unlocked with a clang, and Blind Tom plunged out among the paint pots that littered the porch, laid his big hands upon the freshly painted railing, and

leaned over, with a smile lighting up his dusky face, to catch the piccolo notes. When the ballad was finished he groped his way back to the piano, and, pressing his paint-smeared fingers to the keys, played the ballad himself and the high notes. Then he dived out on the porch again and waited anxiously for some more music from the piccolo player.

A bird flew into the garden while he waited, and, perching upon a branch that nodded near Tom, swelled its little throat in a sweet anthem to the sunshine and the balmy breezes. The negro's eyes again turned heavenward, and the black face lighted up with joy. Tom turned his ear so that he could catch every note of the feathered songster's melody, and he drank it in as one would take a draught of delicious wine. When the song ceased he went back to his piano and reproduced the notes with a fidelity that was marvelous. Then he shut the windows and was seen no more that day on the porch. He had made up his mind that he would not hear any sweeter harmony than the unwritten music that poured from the tuneful throat of the little bird.

Day by day passes thus in the old-fashioned house, with the afflicted musician awaiting the new delights that come from unexpected harmonies of sound. Watched by a guardian, freed of all care, and giving himself up to the whims and emotions of an eccentric personality, this strangely inspired black genius lives for all the world like some petted child in a playhouse. Alternately petulant and cheerful, like a child, he plays when the inspiration moves him, with his captivating toy, the sweet-toned grand piano, or groves in a chase after the beautiful sunbeams, or drinks in with all the enthusiasm of a genius the varied melodies of singing birds, or tintinnulating chimes or the harmonies of the human voice. Therefore, despite his afflictions, Blind Tom cannot but be intensely happy.

Who can conceive a grander personality in some respects than this lowly African, born in slavery, and now passing gradually down to his grave?

## Regarding Christian Burial.

In the course of one of Ruskin's letters he touches on the subject of Christian burial, apropos of a fossil child that had been found in the rock somewhere. He writes:

"When we are put into graves, and get what people call 'Christian burial,' we go to powder in no time and are sucked up by the buttercups and daisies on the top of the graves; and then the sheep eat us and we go to assist at our friend's dinner in the shape of mutton; or we are diluted with rain-water and so go soaking through the earth till we come out in mineral springs, and everybody drinks us and says, 'How nice.' But if we are not buried in a respectable way—if we tumble down Niagara, or sink into an Irish bog, or get lost in a coal-hole, or smothered in a sand-pit—the earth takes care of us, and bituminizes, or carbonizes, or calcifies, or chalcidizes, until we are as durable as rock itself; and then, if we have the luck to get picked up and put in to a museum, we may stand there and grin out of the limestone with quite as good a grace as a mammoth or ichthyosaurus."

The hints of Ruskin are timely. Give the world cremation instead of a Christian burial, then dead bodies will not make "mineral" water for people to drink.

JULIUS.

## Telepathy.

## A STRANGE FACULTY OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

Prof. Baldwin says that during his travels, when practicing telepathy or mental telegraphy in connection with Mrs. Baldwin, he almost took the breath out of the East Indians. He says:

"I have been hundreds of miles away from Mrs. Baldwin," he continued, "and have mentally talked with her and she with me, and we have verified the accuracy of the conversation by correspondence and by friends. My wife was in Calcutta once and I was six hundred miles away. I talked with her. I saw her in the street with a lady and gentleman and afterward wrote her who they were and what they were talking about, without having known of their existence before. We frequently get impressions and mentally chat together in this way. These impressions do not last more than fifteen or twenty minutes and can be satisfactorily explained. It is solely a mental operation. We do not speak nor imagine that we hear each other's voice. We simply fix our minds on each other and converse. Sometimes the expressions are very short and the impressions cloudy. This, however, is due to indisposition."—*St. Louis Republic.*

## Ordinations at San Diego, Cal.

To THE EDITOR:—The First Spiritual Society of San Diego, since its re-organization in May, 1892, while not having realized the full measure of the writer's optimistic ideal, has made for itself a record of which it may feel a pardonable pride, and may justly merit congratulations and good thoughts from other societies. This is not saying that our sea has at all times been entirely smooth, but our barque has been kept steadily sailing; not one Sunday without a meeting, generally two.

Chartered under our State law, the society has ordained as ministers of the gospel of Spiritualism: A. B. Conley, Mrs. Dr. Clark, Mrs. Charlotte M. Johnston, and, next Sunday, Mrs. Mary P. Morrill will be ordained; and, besides these four, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Elliott, of this city, were ordained last year in San Francisco. All these are our home mediums, and we have several others that are nearly ripe for the honor. What society can show a better record than this even half-dozen full-fledged preachers? J. W. MARSHALL, San Diego, Cal., July 16, 1894.

Old Testament Stories; comically illustrated, by Watson Heston. A series of amusing cartoons illustrating the Bible texts. Price in strong, board covers \$1. Cloth, \$1.50.

## ANOTHER PROJECT.

## Florida Camp-Meetings.

While the brilliant and entertaining programmes of the numerous Northern summer camps are attracting the attention of those who believe in the divine mission of Spiritualism, the workers interested in establishing winter camps in Florida are not idle or indifferent to the situation. The winter visitors are gone, and with them such Florida residents as desire and can afford so expensive a vacation, while still others have sought the seaside resorts on the Florida coasts, till our summer population is probably not more than one-half of what it is in mid-winter. Such a state of affairs is not favorable for summer work here in Florida, yet there is no thought of giving up our efforts for the establishment of a permanent camp on Colby Lake, near Lake Helen, that shall be National in its far-reaching influence and beneficent character. Mr. Geo. P. Colby, on whose land it is proposed to locate the camp, is filling engagements at Northern camps, where his time will be occupied till near October, when he expects to return to Florida, and give his attention to the interests of a camp-meeting for the coming winter. In order to do this he has been obliged to refuse many offers for lecturing engagements in leading Northern cities. With G. W. Lewton, of Forest City; F. E. Bond, cashier of the Volusia county bank of Deland; Mrs. S. B. Sanford, of Tarpon Springs, and Mrs. Cuscaden, of Tampa, all of Florida, and Prof. H. D. Barrett, of Lily Dale, N. Y.—who have consented to act as officers for the association, and have expressed their interest in the movement and willingness to do all in their power to promote its success—we feel that we shall have a substantial and trustworthy executive board that may well command respect and confidence.

Mr. E. A. Kniskern, of St. Augustine, Florida, an earnest Spiritualist and friend of the camp, informs me that he intends in the near future to make his home here, going into business as a florist and nurseryman. E. A. Marsh, of Oak Hill, Florida, intends to build a cottage on the camp grounds for his own use. Many others are proposing to do likewise.

To the many friends who have written letters of inquiry or encouragement, or expressed a desire to join our movement and build cottages for their own use during the winter season, I wish to say that we who, with the advice of our spirit-friends, have for so many years been planning this camp, and waiting for the auspicious moment to arrive, feel the greatest confidence in its final success. Our spirit-friends advised us to wait till the result of the DeLeon Springs experiment should be determined, which they assured us, would be a failure. When that was given up last winter they urged immediate action.

While this region was nearly an unbroken wilderness, Mr. Colby and Mr. T. D. Giddings came here by direction of their spirit-friends, and secured lands lying on Colby and Spirit Lakes for the purpose of establishing an educational and Spiritualist association. Afterward the writer came with his family, being urged to do so by his spirit-guides. At an expense of several thousand dollars he purchased a valuable 80-acre lot, one-half mile south of the Lake Helen railroad depot, and connecting the tract of land owned by Messrs. Colby and Giddings. Spiritualists interested in the success of the camp have secured other tracts of land, till now all the desirable land lying on the aforesaid lakes, nearly 500 acres, is owned by Spiritualists. Mr. Colby proposes to donate 40 acres for the camp grounds, and another 40 acres, about one-half of which lies in Colby Lake, he wishes reserved for a public park, making in all practically nearly 80 acres in one body devoted to the interests of the association. Valuable orange lands lying near have also been offered to the association. Mr. T. J. Skidmore, of Cassadaga, N. Y., who, with Mrs. Skidmore, spent the last winter here, made the remark that "there may be a more lovely spot in Florida for a camp, but if there is, I have never seen it or heard of it." Mrs. E. J. Heuff, also one of the active Cassadaga workers, where she owns a beautiful cottage, spent the winter here with the Skidmores, and she and Mrs. S. a part of the previous season. They were delighted with the location and Mrs. Huff proposes to build a cottage of her own here, and will do all she can for the success of the camp, spending the summers at Cassadaga and winters at Lake Helen. Parties at Lily Dale desiring information as to the location are referred to Mrs. Huff, Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore, or Prof. Barrett. We have promise of assistance from railroad companies interested. Lake Helen has direct railway communication with the east coast, twenty miles distant, where oysters, fishing, boating and sea-bathing are among the attractions. No other inland town in Florida enjoys such facilities for excursions to the Atlantic coast. Lake Helen is justly celebrated as a health resort and for its oranges and other semi-tropical fruits.

Lake Helen, Fla. G. W. WEBSTER.

"Woman: Four Centuries of Progress." A lecture delivered at the Freethinkers' International Congress, Chicago, Ill., October, 1893. By Susan H. Wixon. A noble address by a noble, womanly woman. It should be read by every woman and every man. Especially excellent to place in the hands of women who are members of the churches. Price, 10 cents.

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The demand for "The Priest, Woman and Confessional" in the German language has been such that the publishers feel warranted in getting out an edition in German. The book is well printed and illustrated, and sells for \$1 per copy. For sale at this office.

## This Is Not Dying.

Oh, can you call it dying  
When the trusting spirit waits,  
With all its conscious being,  
By heaven's golden gates—  
Waits with an earnest longing  
For the fiat that shall roll  
Those gates on their shining hinges  
Back for the passing soul?

Nay, this cannot be dying,  
Though this earthly senses fail:  
For the soul leans out to listen  
And it hears a welcome hail  
Across the solemn gloaming—  
Those sounds the echoes thrill—  
Are the voices of the loved ones  
Whose mortal lips are still!

What though the strength is falling,  
And the eyes forget to see;  
Yet hearts respond forever  
To that deathless melody,  
The melody that's thrilling  
The vibrant heart-strings o'er—  
The voices of the risen—  
From some fair celestial shore!

Ah, can you call it dying  
When love that wakens here  
Refuses to be vanquished  
By the casket and the bier?  
When the last hand-clasp is given  
With a lingering sweet caress,  
And the last faint words are spoken  
With a yearning tenderness?

Aye, mortals call it dying,  
Because the hands unclasp,  
And the words grow hushed and silent  
On the pale cold lips at last;  
And because our eyes are dimming  
With the tears we cannot stay,  
We cease to watch the Spirit,  
As it passes on its way!

But the outward-bound are halting  
For a moment by the shore,  
Where the boatman pale is waiting  
With the silent, dipping far,  
And his gaze is backward turning  
From the glory he hath seen,  
With an earnest to reveal it  
To the weepers here, I ween!

It's the sending of a message  
From the silent river's side,  
That is broken by the passage  
Or the ebbing of the tide;  
It may only be the glinting  
Of the glory in the eyes;  
Or the lifting of the pale hands  
In a gesture of surprise!

But the glimpses of the gloaming,  
With their faint, uncertain gleam,  
Will grow and grow together  
Like the fragments of a dream;  
Till poor mortals in their wonder  
Shall forget the tears they shed,  
And shall learn to know their loved ones,  
Through all changes, are not dead.

Rockport, Mich. Mas. M. J. KUTZ.

## Lives in the Basement.

To THE EDITOR:—In your issue of July 21 is an article by Bro. Westbrook, criticizing one of great length, written by Otto Wettstein, which appeared in the *Investigator* some time ago, in which Bro. Wettstein shows to his entire satisfaction that no spiritual life exists anywhere in the universe, for he knows it, and that settles it. Ingersoll simply says, "I don't know," but Wettstein has later and fuller accounts, amounting to positive knowledge, which must be a great consolation to him.

The writer has met one other man who has attained to a similar dizzy height of knowledge, asserting that he knew there could be no life outside of the physical organism, so when two men know a thing that ought to settle it.

A "liberal" may be very tolerant and liberal, or he may be the veriest bigot in the world and not know it. Some phrenologists ascribe to man an organ called "spirituality," located in the upper portion of the brain; and now I would say to Bro. Westbrook that in the cases under review, this organ may be lying dormant and undeveloped, but will yet bloom forth in all its beauty, when the man will leave the basement of his house and occupy the upper rooms, and enjoy the air and sunshine of life, and become less sure that he understands all the laws and possibilities of the universe.

O. W. BARNARD.

## The Great Paper.

To THE EDITOR:—We must have the great paper, the brave paper, the independent paper, the paper that hews to the line, even if the chips do fly in the face of popery, ecclesiasticism, or capitalism—THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER! Spiritualism is the great moralism of this age, and its teachings embrace all things that pertain to man's advancement here and forever, hence it embraces all subjects bearing upon or related to our present and future development and progress.

I wish to applaud Prof. Lockwood for his able article of July 7th. The personal god idea has long held the minds of men in the slavery of superstition, and that is now what leads so many Spiritualists into aping old theology; but the world moves, and those that don't move with it will get left with their idols.

J. W. PORTER.

## What Is Evil?

Evil is the result of all unwise and imprudent acts, no matter by whom or when they are committed. A record of the first unwise and imprudent act, after man existed, was God letting the serpent (the Devil) into the garden of Eden; from this act of God the world of mankind has become full of sin and wickedness. Providing theology is true, who says this act of God was wise and prudent? This question arises from the words recorded in the Bible, if they mean what they say. A reply from the Christian world is looked for.

Galesburg, Ill. ISAAC PADEN.

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