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FARMER J. W. RILEY.

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An Investigation by Prueella Janet Sherman.

"It is a question, in the first instance, of evidence; it then follows to explain, so far as we can, such facts as may have been established." So wrote the eminent English civilian and Prime Minister, William E. Gladstone, October 10, 1878, in respect to these phenomena.—Epics Sargent's "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism."

AT FARMER RILEY'S HOME.

Many hundreds of people have attended "Farmer" Riley's materializing seances, and witnessed marvelous manifestations, but not all have had the pleasure of spending three days and nights in his household, and becoming in a measure acquainted with his home life and his genial family.

Such, however, has been my good fortune, and I propose to relate my experience as connected with the never-to-be-forgotten visit.

Many have asked me since my return, "Have you now become convinced of Spiritualistic phenomena?" But I can only answer, "Wait and see what ye shall see." And this recalls to my mind a thought purported to come from the Spirit-world by way of a slate communication:

"Right, aided by time, conquers all things." By this sentiment let us abide. I left Detroit in the gray of the morning, and arrived in Marcellus about 2 P. M. I also left Detroit in the mist and mud of a damp day, and found the air growing colder and the ground covered with a light fall of snow, as I neared the end of my journey.

Marcellus is a handsome, enterprising little village of about 1,200 inhabitants, and is located in Cass county, on the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway, thirty-nine miles southwest of Battle Creek. The distance from Detroit is 160 miles. It stands in the midst of a gently-rolling fertile farming country, and has "business" written all over it so plainly that "he who runs may read."

Looking down its Main street, the first impression one receives is that every other store is a grocery. It seems as though Marcellus means to provide in this line for its own, for the farmers round about, and for the stranger within its gates, for there are between fifteen and twenty groceries within its limits. It also boasts of a school furniture factory, a flour mill, cooper shop, sawmill, stove mill, foundry and machine shop, a private bank, and numerous special and general stores. More "transients" stop there than at any town in that locality, and more farmers trade there.

This last may be partially accounted for by the fact that liquors may be obtained in Marcellus, and many farmers who feel the necessity of keeping a little stimulant in the house, in the country, where doctors are not within the call of a telephone, will drive right through the surrounding temperance towns and hitch their teams in Marcellus.

Some of the buildings are very attractive-looking, residents feeling especially proud of the bank. Of churches there are the Baptist, the Methodist Episcopal, the Evangelical, and the denomination of United Brethren. There is a public hall with a seating capacity of 700, a neat passenger depot, and the town is reached by the American Express and the Western Union Telegraph companies.

Nor does it lack in its own weekly journals, two newspapers being published, the Patron's Voice and the Marcellus News.

The "Columbian Hotel" was a "bus fare" of change to and from the depot, and special rates are given by Adams' delivery to any one wishing to be driven to "Farmer" Riley's residence, three and one-half miles west of the village.

I had not been many moments in the hotel, however, when Mr. Riley himself appeared, his cap in his hand and a smile on his face, and declared that he was happy to see me in Marcellus.

HOW MR. RILEY LOOKS.

Mr. Riley is so well known among the Spiritualists of the State that a personal description of him may not be needed for them, but to those who have not met him, a few words may not come amiss.

Rather tall and powerfully built, his appearance suggests strength and endurance. His face is decidedly square, forehead high and full, eyes deep set, penetrating, and quick to express emotions. His mouth is firm, lips rather thin, face smoothly shaven, and hair abundant and well streaked with gray. His voice is pleasant, his laugh almost boyish, and his appreciation of humor keen. And beneath all this one catches now and then a gleam of that undercurrent we call sentiment which betrays itself in the choice of words, or in some unexpected remark, allusion or quotation.

The semi-darkness of a starry winter's night had settled over the long stretch of country road before we reached Mr. Riley's home, which is a story-and-a-half house with wing and long porch, flanked by commodious outbuildings, and facing the north. Of a moonlight night the trees about the house cast their long shadows on the snow, and a long

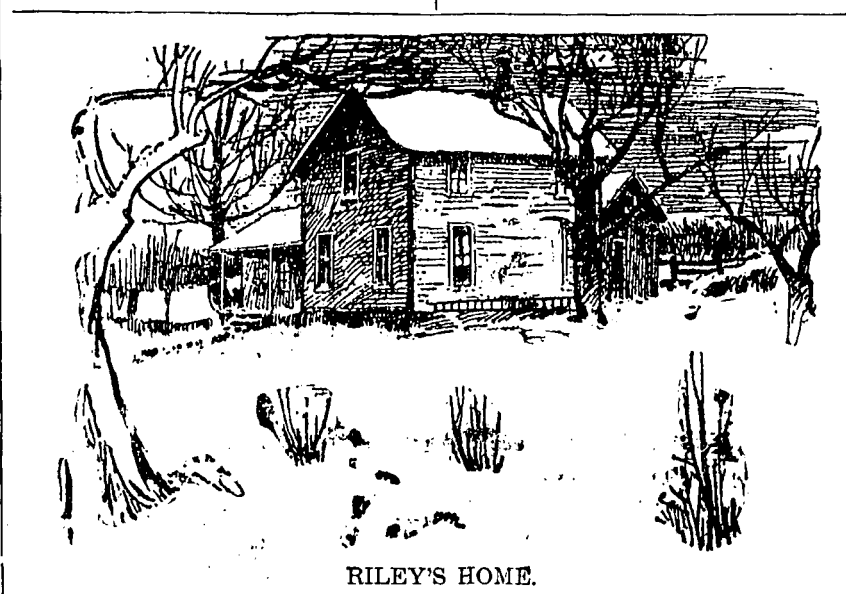
piece of woods just across the road seems weirdly silent and mysterious in its wintry picturesqueness. The place is somewhat lonely, must be beautiful in summer, and to one who loves nature in all her moods is also beautiful in winter.

"FARMER" RILEY'S FAMILY.

Mr. Riley's family are, like himself, cordial, pleasant and intelligent, and a sort of restful harmony seems to pervade the household. Mrs. Riley is a slender woman, with a somewhat serious face and a manner a trifle reserved. But further acquaintance revealed her to be an interesting conversationalist and a most kind-hearted and agreeable companion.

Some of the sons and daughters of the household have flown to nests of their own, but four still remain at home, the oldest being about twenty and the youngest, a girl, and the pet of the family, about seven years of age.

The home is comfortably furnished without ostentation of any sort; a pretty cabinet organ stands in the parlor and



RILEY'S HOME.

a well-filled book-case catches the eyes of the book-lover. Many of the works were found to be on Spiritualism, by the most noted authors who have handled this fathomless subject.

Mr. Riley told me, however, that he did not read as much as formerly, because whenever he strolled through the woods or in any way found himself alone with nature he received impressions of more direct value than the printed thoughts of men.

After supper we adjourned to the parlor, and I observed that over a doorway in one end of the room hung heavy, dark curtains. Presently Mr. Riley raised the curtains and fastened them to one side, revealing a medium-sized bedroom.

"We use this room for a cabinet," he said. "If we have any manifestations, they will be shown from here, after which it will be assigned to you for a sleeping-room," and he looked at me with an odd little twinkle of the eyes.

"Do you think to frighten me out?" I asked.

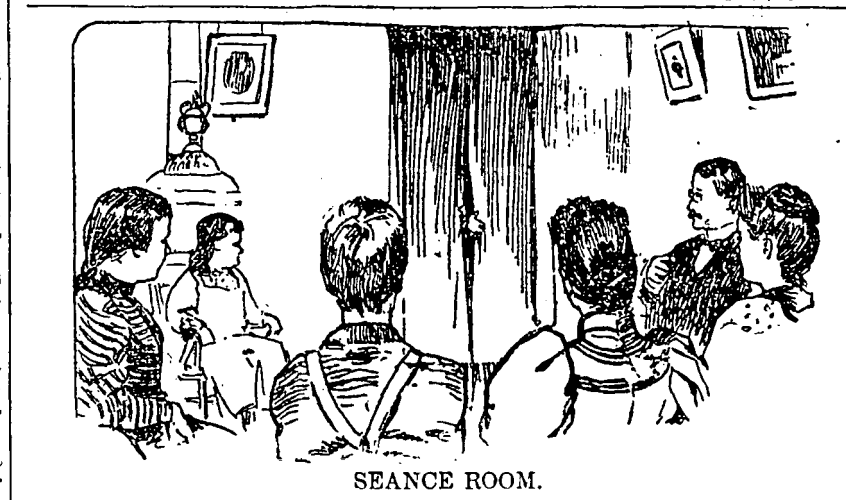
"No," he replied. "I just thought I'd tell you, as scores of people have refused to sleep there."

"Well," I answered, recklessly, "I'll not refuse," and I mentally determined to spend the night in that cabinet if materialized spirits gathered and stood three deep around the bed.

"Would you like to examine the room?" asked mine host, taking a lamp in his hand and stepping toward the cabinet.

"I believe you are more suspicious of me than I am of you," I answered, laughing, but he insisted that I take a peep inside.

"Mr. Riley," said I, "I look at it like this—if it is all right, then it is all right; if it is not, I should not be able to



SEANCE ROOM.

detect where the wrong is. However, I will look inside."

THE CABINET.

The room was about 8x10 feet, and was lighted by two windows. A bed occupied the southwest corner, the side toward the door. A small dresser stood in the northeast corner, and a couple of chairs completed the furniture. A heavy, finely-woven carpet covered the floor, and a clothes press opened off to the east. Some articles of clothing hung therein on pegs, and various articles lay

upon the shelves. Oil shades and lace curtains covered the windows. It was an ideal guest chamber in a farmer's home.

"That spirits of the dead should take unto themselves their former semblance and step forth from this common, everyday little sleeping-room, would be the last thought suggested." Only for the black curtain averaged to fall over the open doorway one would never think of such a possibility.

"In order to prove that no confederates enter through these windows, we will have them sealed," said Mr. Riley, "and if you desire to ask any question by writing on a slate, we may get some message in that way."

A few friends had arrived, and preparations were made to form a horseshoe circle before the cabinet. Slates were produced; we wrote questions upon them and threw them on the bed, writing downward. We formed a circle, a gentleman from Marcellus sitting nearest the cabinet, myself next, Mr. Courtwright, from Illinois next, and others, the number being about eight. Mrs. Riley sat a little by herself in a rocking chair, and Mr. Riley's son brought his guitar to accompany his young and pretty wife, who played the organ.

Mr. Riley placed a chair in the cabinet, in front of the bed, at the left of the doorway, in plain sight of all, and sat down facing us. He leaned forward a little, resting his elbows on his knees, and asked to have the curtain dropped. The gentleman nearest the cabinet

distinct as I could have wished; it was not recognized by any present; it seemed to lack confidence, and vanished away into the depths of the cabinet before I could fully realize that it had been, leaving a vague regret that I could not express, and it came no more.

A slate was passed out after this, with a message stating that the medium was too much exhausted for further demonstrations, and that he needed rest. The spirits therefore bid us good night. The curtain was raised and Mr. Riley was found sitting as he had left him.

"Did you have any manifestations?" he asked, and a full account was rendered. It may be here stated that during the time that manifestations take place, Mr. Riley is in an unconscious condition, completely entranced.

"I was a little afraid," he said, "that you would get nothing, for I have been up the last two nights very late, last night until 5 o'clock this morning. I am consequently tired out and need sleep."

WHEN SPIRITS FAIL TO MATERIALIZE.

"Why, what made you stay up like that?" I inquired, and he answered: "Because we did not get any results, and the circle did not like to give it up."

"No results at all?"

"Not so much as a rap."

"I don't think so. I have sat for the very same people, and received the very best results. It is that way sometimes. If the influences which control me will not come, I cannot force them. When I have put myself in a condition to receive them, it is all that I can do."

"Is a large circle better than a small one?"

"Not necessarily. We have had grand manifestations with thirty people, and just as good with half-a-dozen. A peaceful condition is the most required. It is also well if all join in the singing, as the vibration assists in materialization."

MR. RILEY'S CONDITIONS.

This may be a good place to state that Mr. Riley does not exact very strict conditions. The members of the circle need not clap hands. They need not place their feet squarely upon the floor. They may chat together, if they wish. They may step to the cabinet, if summoned. They may leave the room, to read a slate message, if they desire, without danger of breaking the current.

Sometimes Mr. Riley comes out from under the spirit influence and asks to have the curtain raised, when he will chat awhile with the circle, or get up and walk about, advising the others to do the same. Then he will go back and try again, and last, but not least, they need not sit in total darkness. In fact, Mr. Riley's conditions seem like his own nature—easy and generous.

After good-nights had been said, the family retired, and I was left alone for the night, to keep past midnight.

"Leave a light burning," were the directions given me, and I obeyed unhesitatingly. So I set the lamp on a table in the parlor, where it would throw a subdued light into my room, and prepared to retire.

As I did so I glanced about the room, and began to ponder upon the "apparitions" I had that night looked upon. What were they, and whence came they? Were they still lurking in their mysterious invisibility, somewhere near me?

EXAMINED THE CLOTHES PRESS.

That last one, who faded away so soon, as though doubtful of a welcome, was it the phantom of some one I had known? And when I had lain my head upon the pillow, would he linger near, and maybe, touch me with spirit finger, and—frighten the wits out of me?

I seized the lamp and marched to that clothes press. If it was in "deceit" so much as a finger of it, I'd just like to see. I knew all the while that it wasn't there, but I wanted to make sure, and as I returned the lamp to the table, it suddenly occurred to me that I was on the high road to nervousness. Then I said to myself, somewhat savagely: "You are a little simpleton. Get yourself into bed and to sleep instantly, and let us have no more of this nonsense, or the next thing you know, it will be reported all over Michigan, and a part of Canada, that you went to Farmer Riley's and got 'scared'."

Holding this threat menacingly over my head, I crept meekly into bed, and within three minutes was as calm as I ever was in my life.

"So much for the power of suggestion," I thought, as I drifted away on a dreamless tide. Somewhat exhausted by my journey, and the excitement of the evening, I slept well.

Spirits may have come, and spirits may have gone; they may have wandered about the room at their own sweet will, and gazed upon my sleeping face, for all I know. If they did, the influence they brought must have been a soothing one, for I only woke, once, just long enough to give a wandering thought to the two mysterious beings who had that night looked dimly out from the cabinet, and the wintry morning was far advanced when I actually realized that the night was gone, and maybe I would be late for breakfast.

But breakfast at Farmer Riley's is not an uncomfortable thing of the dark and early hours. It is a meal served informally, and seasoned with smiles and chat, at whatever hour the family find it comfortably convenient.

"Did you sleep well?" was asked, and I assured them never better.

"Did you hear any strange sounds?" asked Mr. Riley, looking across the table at me, and again I observed that odd little twinkle in his eyes. Was he making fun of me, and had he, with his powers of, perhaps, seeing through two

or three partitions, seen me hunting in that clothes press for a spirit? I laughed and said:

"No, I did not; and even if I had, I should have—"

"Laid it to rats or mice," he supplemented, I laughingly bowed, and he continued: "Of course you would. But without any joking, people have been sleeping there, and claim to have been so disturbed by raps that they gave it up, and vacated the room."

"Well, I don't think it strange that people unacquainted with spirit phenomena should become nervous sometimes," said Mrs. Riley. "I know I did myself when we first began to have materializations." These words dropped

But whilst this muzzy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it till inspired. —Bacon.

Didst never think how souls have size, And weight, and measure, in God's eyes, So different from weight and span And measure given them by man? —Joaquin Miller.

Seems it strange that thou shouldst live forever? Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all? This is a miracle; and that is no more. —Young.

There lives more faith in honest doubt, Believe me, than in half the creeds. —Tennyson.

"It was between nine and ten years ago

to come?"

"Yes, after a while, and the friends of others in the circle. By the way, it was not here that we obtained the first materialization, but at the home of a neighbor. We have seen, at different times, nearly all of our friends who have passed over."

"Our little girl, who left us at the age of about one year, came at two different times. Once she sat upon the floor and once she stood upon her feet, as though to show me she was learning to walk. She wore a little pink dress, just like one she used to have, and looked perfectly natural. Our son comes to us often."

THE SPIRITS SOMETIMES SPEAK.

"Do they ever speak?"

"Sometimes—not often. Mr. Benton speaks more frequently than others. They do not seem to know how at all times. It has all been slow work; we have had to learn many things, and so have the spirits."

"I suppose it soon became noised about concerning these things."

"Oh, yes, and people began to flock here from all around the country. Some came to investigate the phenomena, some hoping to see lost friends, and some out of sheer curiosity. We were so overrun with company that my health nearly broke down from being up nights so much. And even now we hold seances nearly every night when Mr. Riley is at home. Things come to such a pass sometimes that he has to leave home for a week or two to give me a chance to get rested."

"I don't see how he endures it himself," I remarked.

"I don't know myself how I do," said Mr. Riley. "It is the wonder of the world why I do not give out."

"And all these materializations are lost to you, personally, you being unconscious at such times?"

"Yes; the only way I can get anything for myself in that line is to sit in a dark circle with a few friends. We will sit in the dark for half an hour to-night before the people arrive, for the benefit of Mr. Courtwright and yourself, if you wish to join us."

I assured him I did.

PLAYING WITH A SPIRIT GIRL.

"Had you no knowledge of anything in the line of Spiritualism until you began to sit for development, Mr. Riley?" I asked.

"Yes, I suppose I had," he replied, "but I did not know what it was. As long ago as I can remember, my mother one day shut me up in a room alone for a little while for some purpose, and there came to me a pretty little girl about my own age, and played around the room with me, running about and having a great time. We were having as good a time as two children could, when my mother opened the door. Instantly the child disappeared. There was a wide fireplace in the room, and I always used to think that she vanished up the chimney, for I knew nothing then of spirits. I tried to tell about her, but my mother thought I had been dreaming."

"However, after my mother died, a few years later, she used to return and appear to me at night, and often lie down beside my brothers and myself. I could feel her, and knew that it was her, yet it frightened me terribly. Since I have found means of communicating with her these latter years, I have asked her why she came when she knew how it frightened me, and her answer is that her love for us boys was so great that it attracted her to us, even when—for my sake—she would fain have staid away."

A DARK CIRCLE.

Twilight had deepened into night before the conversation ceased, and household duties called Mrs. Riley from the room. Immediately after tea, we prepared for a dark circle. A little table about two feet square was carried into the parlor bedroom (the cabinet), placed at the foot of the bed, and four chairs placed around it. This filled up the space entirely. Mrs. Riley's chair back being against the footboard, Mr. Courtwright's against the dresser, Mr. Riley's next to the clothes press, and my own against the wall. There was no opportunity for any one to walk about, and when seated, we were in very close quarters. Mr. Riley sat between Mr. Courtwright and myself; Mrs. Riley opposite her husband. Mr. Riley laid his hands upon the table, and told Mr. C. and myself to lay a hand each, over them. We did so, and Mrs. Riley, having extinguished the light, joined our free hands with hers. Thus all mortal bands were accounted for.

"Now," said Mr. Riley, "keep as fast hold of me as you like."

And I am positive that in the half hour which followed he never once moved his hand or in any way escaped me, and Mr. C. afterward averred the same concerning the hand he held.

And did the spirits come? you ask. Well, I affirm that something came, and came quickly, and touched us with gentle touches upon heads and shoulders.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.]

SNAPSHOT AT MARCELLUS.

into my mind like a little seed, which blossomed into a most interesting chat with Mrs. Riley, later on.

A "SKEART" DARKEY.

Just then, as a fitting culmination to the conversation, a dark, weird face peered in at the window nearest the outside door, a pair of very wide open, black eyes rolled about for an instant, as though locating some person, after which a loud but quaking voice called out:

"I brought yer kittle home, Miss Riley."

There was a bang of iron ware on the doorstep, and the dusky vision fled. His disappearance was followed by a merry laugh all around.

"That darkey is afraid to come near this house," said Mrs. Riley, in explanation. "Thinks it is haunted, I suppose. You could not hire him to come here after dark, and if he should be forced to pass the house at night alone, I don't think he would take more than one breath while he was near the premises."

It was a funny little episode, and I stored it away for future use.

Toward noon Mr. Riley said that he must drive to the village for his mail, etc., and then I said:

SENDS FOR REINFORCEMENTS.

"I wish Mr. G., of the News-Tribune, who has been interested all along in this subject, could attend one seance

while I am here. May I not send for him?"

Mr. Riley consented, and agreed to send a telegram. That would give Mr. G. time to arrive the following day. The day passed between visiting and reading, and the hour of twilight found us gathered around a glowing fire, in those moods where retrospection comes as by magic to part of the group, and the rest listen to tales made interesting by their strangeness. The conversation turned upon Spiritualism, and upon the development of Mr. Riley's mediumship.

But as this article is long enough, I will defer until next week the recital of my experiences, together with the succeeding evening, together with interviews with Mr. and Mrs. Riley, on Mr. Riley's development into a materializing medium. Suffice it to say that while my first seance was somewhat disappointing, the other ones were full of excitement and mystification.

There's not the smallest orb which you behold But in its motion like an angel sings, Still quivering to the young-eyed cherubim, Such harmony is in immortal souls;

us. Still we kept on, and one night while Mr. Riley was entranced, a hand appeared from the cabinet. I tell you, after all our waiting and hoping, we were yet thoroughly startled."

"And what did Mr. Riley say when you told him?" I asked.

"He would not believe it at first; thought perhaps we were joking him. But when he saw we were in earnest, he was glad."

"And how did matters progress after that?"

"Well, for some time we got only hands, but after a time faces began to show themselves, and at first they were without any eyes in the sockets; faces from which the nose was missing, or from which a part of the chin seemed to have been broken away; crude, imperfect faces; vacant, expressionless faces; horrible, terrifying faces. Then we would find Mr. Riley in such dread trances that we would be afraid he was going to die, and that would frighten us worse than all the rest. Yet the spirits now insisted upon it that things were improving, and that in time we would get something satisfactory. They had to learn how to use his organism, they

SNAPSHOT AT SOME OF RILEY'S SHEEP.

SNAPSHOT AT SOME OF RILEY'S SHEEP.



CHAPTER XXI.

The Messenger of Evil.

That night a canoe bearing two white men came in from the lake. They called at the lodge of the Old Man, and were greatly surprised to find it occupied by white instead of red men.

"We have crossed the lake," said one, who seemed to be the principal, "where we have been on a mission for the Holy Church, and desire shelter for the night."

"We turn no one away," said the Old Man. He took some ears of corn in the husk and buried them in the coals, and cutting slices from a haunch of venison laid them on top. Quickly turning them over, he took them off on a piece of clean bark; picked out the ears of corn and stripped away the half-burned husks from the steaming kernels, and placed them before the guests.

"If you are hungry, it will refresh," he said. They were hungry, and it refreshed. In conversation the missionaries at Pequoting were mentioned, and the new comers were deeply interested. They expressed a desire to visit the place, and the next day, escorted by Flammarion, ascended the river. They were met at the door of his dwelling by Dencke. Passing a pleasant salutation with Flammarion, who was in advance, his eyes rested on his two followers.

"What! Martesq and Lorenzo? Birds of evil, what brings you here?" They were much surprised as he, and Martesq, who was advent in expedition and equal to the emergency, responded by repeating the question. His features were contorted by his hatred and ill-concealed delight in having so easily discovered those for whom he was in search.

"Do you not know us?" addressing Gertrude. An exclamation of horror escaped her lips. "Fiend!" she cried, "what new evil come you to bring on us? Must your revenge follow us across the sea?"

"We come as friends," he replied with sinister smile, "as friends."

"And while you are such, go," said Dencke sternly. "I will take no advantage of you. You may freely go, but if found here again, I will have the Indians teach you new methods for the Inquisition."

They required no further urging, and taking the canoe rowed away.

When out of reach Martesq turned to his companion, his face scowling with hatred, and said:

"I told you we would unearth them. Our mission for the church being fulfilled in Canada, we cross the lake on another mission which, if successful, will be more acceptable and bring us reward. The latter mission is in exact accord with our desires. Ha! ha! we struck them early and will soon bag the game."

"What are your plans?" asked Lorenzo.

"You know there are white settlements on the Ohio which must be near the main settlement of these heretics. We will institute some of the Indians to make a raid on these settlements and make the sufferers believe it was the tribe among whom the heretics are located. Then the enraged settlers will destroy them."

"What of those who are here?"

"We will learn what we can before we leave, and should chance offer, carry them away."

"Kiss them?" exclaimed Lorenzo in a fright.

"Peace, fool! Suppose we remain in this locality concealed and opportunity offers, and you can wreak your vengeance on Dencke, and have that huzzy for a wife?"

"I ask your pardon for bringing hither such unpleasant company," said Flammarion; "I knew nothing of them except the little I learned while conducting them here."

"Do not allow it to trouble you, for we do not blame you," replied Gertrude. "Come in and I will tell you who they are and why they seek us."

He seated himself by her side and she related the story of the past three years. When she finished he took her hand:

"Your trials endear you the more to me, and I hope to become acquainted with your friends. That will depend on you. Can you answer me?"

"I am not sure of having a whole heart to give you, but I answer yes."

CHAPTER XXII.

Gnadenhutten.

For Louis and Heloise there was a season of blissful rest. It was the quiet after a fierce storm, overtaking human strength. With him she felt secure, that no harm could reach her. She turned to him for aid, for strength, and he became strong by the reliance she placed on him. She had erected a barrier he could not pass; which he regarded as impassable.

Lady Margery took a more practical view of things, and on all occasions,

proper and improper, introduced her ideas.

"Perfectly willing to come into the wild to teach the beastly savages," she would say, "if any mortal good would come of it. But I do not see that there will. They are too lazy, thoughtless and shiftless. I'd rather see Heloise the wife of a good man, than all the Indians of the continent converted."

That was a wild statement, yet she meant it. Then she would say to Heloise:

"I hope, my child, you will come to a knowledge of yourself before too late. There is nothing as deceitful as love!"

"Will you take a walk with me?" asked Louis of Heloise. "A pioneer family have settled below us, and are sick and in want."

"Gladly," she replied, in her old, joyous manner.

A short walk brought them to a dwelling scarcely better than the wigwam.

The people who went forward on the advancing waves of civilization, where they broke on the savage shore, were hardy, restless, uncultured, and on the level of the savage. They were too roving to accumulate property. They would occupy a tract of land near a spring or for other desirable objects, clear a few acres of trees, plant corn enough for their immediate wants, and wearying would sell their scant improvements or desert them. They tilled the soil as slovenly as the Indians, and were equally dependent on fish and game for food.

The house visited had been hastily constructed of poles, and as these were of different lengths and had been of different places, they happened to roll into place, they joggled out beyond the corners, forming supports for skins and game. The rafters projected in the same manner, as did the poles laid on the roof to hold the bark cover in place.

An opening was cut in one side, and a curtain of skins formed the door. Light came in between the poles, as well as air. There was perfect ventilation, for the wind whistled through the sides and escaped through innumerable crevices in the roof.

They were met by a howling chorus of curs, and their yelping brought a crowd of children to the door, who, when they saw strangers, vanished like wild animals, some under the bed, others crept through an opening under the wall, and expressed their feelings with a wild cry like a war-whoop, and came back to peep through the crevices.

A red-faced woman met them. Once she might have been pretty, but exposure, sickness and care united in producing a stolid expression relieved only by the vindictive gleam of her inflamed eyes. Her hair was tangled and matted, and her dress faded, torn and tattered, falling limp about her.

"Leah, ye, git out!" she said in a sharp voice. "Blasht the dogs! Here Sim, start 'em out!" They'll bite 'em. Come on," she resumed, assuringly, "they won't bite! Don't let 'em scare you. Some folks are powerful afraid of being bit, and 'ems the ones who alius get it. A good dog will go miles to get a nip at 'em."

"My good woman," said Louis, "we heard you were sick and suffering and called to comfort you."

"Sick, guess we be! We came down the river from the Post, and jest got full of fever. Come in. It's right good in you, and its best little comfort I've had since I was born."

They went in. On a rude bench a man covered with a ragged blanket lay, suffering with a raging fever, and delirious. By an open fire, which filled the room with smoke, the woman was frying some fat pork in a skillet and baking a corn cake in the ashes. Hungry mouths were to be filled. As she turned the meat she said:

"I didn't tell ye my name: it's Crash. I know yer without tellin'. We've allus lived jest in this way. If we get hog and hunny we are satisfied."

A log split in two, the surface smoothed with an ax, and set on blocks served for a table. On it Mrs. Crash proceeded to set the skillet smoking from the fire. One of the most disagreeable odors to senses not blunted, is the pungent, swinish one from frying pork. She brushed the ashes from the corn cake, which was burned on one side to a coal, and placed it beside the meat. Then she threw some rusty knives on the table and called:

"Here, you varmints, come out of yer holes and eat."

She snatched up the baby, who was creeping over the dirt floor. It was pale, or would have been if it had been washed. It was born with malaria in its blood, and absorbed the poison with every breath. Feverish and fretful, it rebelled against the heated breast offered it.

"Want meat victuals, do yer," she said, with a sort of pride expressed in her tone, giving it a large piece of fat pork, which it ate with greediness.

"Betsy Ann, why don't you come? What are yer feedin' of? If yer don't come an' quit yer foolin', I'll cut yer liver out!"

She fully emphasized this dreadful threat, and Betsy Ann came from the

corner where she had concealed herself. She was sixteen, the age sang by poets for its womanly sweetness. She was tall, thin, angular, with uncouth features, and face sallow and expressionless; except her eyes, which were dark and appealing like those of a hunted animal. A tattered gown of coarse material, her only garment, afforded her little protection against cold.

"Git the brats together," continued her mother. "Why don't you eat? You needn't be mincing round; it's that or nothing."

The girl broke off a piece of cake and attempted to eat. She evidently loathed it.

"I can't eat," she said in a low, plaintive voice, "I am sick." Her teeth chattered, and she tottered to one side and sank on the floor.

"Got the ager," said her mother with a snarl, "what did you git that fer? Now three on 'em is down with it, and he," pointing to her husband, "has the bilious fever. What under the hevins I'm to do I don't know."

"How many children have you?" asked Heloise.

"Eight on 'em as is livin', and two dead; it was a blessing to 'em. The oldest got killed by the Injuns."

"That is dreadful!" exclaimed Heloise.

"Dreadful! death is death. It don't make a pin's difference. I hate Injuns, tho'. They want killin', every one on 'em, and in time they'll git it. My man'll shoot 'em on sight."

"Is this the general sentiment of the border people?" asked Louis.

"You can fasten to that. If there comes a chance they'll make quick work on 'em."

"I thought the people were Christians," he said, in surprise.

"So we be, but not one on us but has at some time had friends killed by the red devils and been hurried by them night and day. It's best to kill 'em and then they are done troubling."

Heloise's sympathy was excited by the suffering of the girl, who sat leaning against the log wall.

"Poor child," she said, "you will never be brought to your house, where she can be nursed."

"I'm sure don't care," she said.

"We will send for her and also send some medicine for your husband," said Louis.

"Obliged to ye," said the woman, softening.

"Your babe should have milk instead of meat."

"I don't know about that. It likes meat, and we can't keep a cow. We had 'un down the river, but it got milk disease and died, and we are too poor for to have another."

"What a miserable life these people lead," exclaimed Heloise, as they were returning home. "Their example is not encouraging to the savage people they face, for among the savages I have found honor, integrity, attention to family, and freedom from vice."

John and Betsy improvised a rude litter, and brought Betsy to the mission house. She was delirious with fever. Heloise bathed her and had her placed on a soft bed, and watched until the fever subsided and she slept. When she awoke she opened wide her dark eyes and asked, "Am I dead, in heaven?"

"You are more comfortable here," said Heloise. "There, now, you must not worry. Take your medicine and be a good girl."

In a few days medicine and nursing conquered the disease and the girl began to move around the room. In the plain dress she now wore, her hair smoothed and her face and form rounded by more healthy and generous diet, she was pleasing, not to say handsome. When she became able, accompanied by Heloise, she visited her old home. Her father had sufficiently recovered to hunt and fish, and thus provide for the family. While at some distance they heard coarse jesting and laughter, and on nearer approach a strange sight met their gaze. Two trappers had come in, bringing a jug of whiskey. This they had suspended by a cord from a rafter, and the group, sitting in a circle on the floor, could swing it around from one to the other, and each help him or herself. Mrs. Crash sat opposite her lord, and the eldest boys were by her side. The swinging of the jug in her direction indicated that she had repeatedly helped herself to the burning whiskey, and none had been backward, even the boys being unable to stand.

The girl gave a quick glance and turned away. Already had the glimpses she had received of the new life awakened disgust for the old.

"Let us return," she said, "this is terrible, and yet I must soon come here and stay. Oh, I can't bear to think of it!"

"If your parents will consent, I will gladly keep you with us."

"Oh, say you so?" cried the girl. "They will consent. Why should they want me? I will return and ask them."

"Stay with 'em!" replied her mother. "Of course you may, you jade, and good riddance. There'll be one less mouth to feed."

This heartless answer was received by the girl as a blessing, and without awaiting its possible revocation, she hurried away to join her new-found friends.

"I shall call you Augusta," said Heloise.

"I wish you would," replied the girl gratefully. "I despise the name which reminds me of my old, hateful life."

Ignorant of the alphabet even, she began to study and was soon able to read. She made a rapid progress, with that came a new expression of features, a light in her eyes, and grace of manner. The wild, uncouth girl became a beautiful lady, as kind and sympathetic as she was cultured. She often visited her old home, but an impassable gulf had opened between her and her family. Her mother plainly told her:

"I'll have no high-flyer advisin' me. If Crash and I drink whiskey when we can git it, that's our business. You don't appear to want a hard-working woman to live a grain of comfort. It's little I have, and when I can enjoy it, I'll take it. It makes me feel happy and I'll take the consequences. Crash says how if you get your head any higher, dogged if he won't bring you home and set you to doin' the work."

With the cry of a wounded bird, Augusta left her hopelessly-degraded family.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Manell's Almanac and Planetary Meteorology is now ready. Every farmer, every mystic, and every advanced thinker should have it. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

The Mission of Spiritualism.

Some Reflections of an Honest Investigator.

I have had THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for two years, and have read it with much interest. The noble mottoes heading the paper, the noble words of the editor and others, the courage which gives expression to all sides of a question, the bold front opposed to materialism, and the brave contest waged with the monster, superstition, must win the admiration of every lover of mankind who has faith in human progress.

The contributions of Hon. A. B. Richmond alone are worth many times the price of the paper. But what am I to think of the constant exposure of frauds in the most trusted mediums, upon whose evidence the faith in spirit communication rests? I am sure I stand with great multitudes who do not believe in the authority of the Bible, and have watched with longing hope the course of Spiritualism, for some sure evidence of immortality which may stand the test of the most rigid scientific investigation.

Belief in immortality is essential to happiness. Pain, grief, trials, baffled hopes, the noblest purposes thwarted, the holiest affections ending in the grave, the light of the most brilliant intellects sinking in the decay of age or the darkness of death—eminent scientists declaring thought and love but phenomena of organized matter—these being the conditions of human life, of what avail is its ephemeral dream without some assurance it will not end in annihilation.

Wearied with toil and care—the lot of all in some form, fainting under the heavy burdens of life, men turn in vain to the falsely-called Christian religion for comfort and support.

What does it say to them? "You will exist forever, but in torment with malicious fiends, if you do not accept the creed: that you are justly condemned by God to this doom, unless saved from it by believing that a third part of God, which includes all of God, was miraculously born of a virgin, lived in the form of a man, wrought miracles, and was crucified, died, was buried, rose from the grave, and ascended to heaven, so that sin may be forgiven."

A creed so abhorrent to reason and justice that no human being of enlightened reason and unbiased intellect and judgment can accept it, a creed that originated in the infancy of man, from ignorance and fear, from amid a thousand oriental superstitions and myths of man's origin, sinfulness, and punishment for sin—myths taught and fostered by priests to secure wealth and power.

Belief in not in the power of will—who can believe?

No man can be sure he is among the saved, or that any one he loves best is.

No noble man can desire immortality if nine-tenths of his race and his friends and kindred must exist in pain forever.

This is the mockery of man's highest instincts and hopes offered by the creeds as religion.

They mock the Christ who calls them "Christian," for he never taught a word of them.

They offer us a book called sacred, four-fifths of which says no word of immortality or the creeds, though claimed to be all the message sent from God to man for four thousand years. The other fifth contains a few obscure intimations of continued life beyond the grave.

I heard a prominent orthodox minister say at a funeral recently: "The only proof of immortality is the resurrection of Christ." He might have added, the Biblical scholars of Christendom believe this to be a myth. Two of his biographers say nothing of his ascension to heaven; two say nothing of his miraculous birth. If two out of four did not know or believe such wonderful statements of other two, may we not reject all their unscientific and incredible statements?

Is it strange, then, that tossed by turbulent waves of doubt, and amid darkness of the shadow of death, from beyond which no voice has come to man, that these two thousand years men have turned with new hope to Spiritualism, promising some message from those we call dead, but whom it proves immortal and still near us.

Must this hope prove delusive? Had not Robert Dale Owen been so bitterly mocked and deceived—had not a constant succession of frauds been exposed since, a great multitude would have crossed the ranks of Spiritualism and a rational religion have become universal, based upon accepted facts of the existence and condition of the dead in body and living spirit.

In the name of humanity I demand of Spiritualists so thorough and scientific tests of the phenomena called spiritual that it may be known beyond a doubt if they can possibly be caused by human intellect, power or art. If all of them can be so caused, we must accept the known cause instead of the unknown.

For nineteen centuries the Christian world has accepted the supernatural in Christianity, which the highest reason and science now rejects. But the whole world has still the substance of Christianity in its truth, spirit and effect.

So if Spiritualists can not prove spirit intercourse so the world accepts it, they have left their freedom, woman hard fought battles, from the slavery of superstition—the grand service done the world in overthrowing its stronghold of error—the sublime ethical truths of human brotherhood and mutual service it has taught, while emblazoned on its banners have been the words that should be impressed upon all human hearts—

To know the laws of life is wisdom—To obey them is happiness.

If all the so-called spiritual phenomena could be proven to be the work of embodied spirits, there would still remain the grand work of defending these great truths through the press, and organizations teaching youth undoubting faith in a future existence through an endless future, with progress and happiness man cannot now conceive—for which sublime destiny living here in obedience to all physical and spiritual law is the only preparation.

To perfect a system of spiritual faith, ethics and social science, upon which the great body of Spiritualists can unite and teach the world, with no variance among themselves, is to hasten the coming of heaven upon earth.

A. O. FULLER, M. D. Austinburg, O.

Mrs. Cadwallader at Muncie, Ind.

To THE EDITOR:—Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, is in our city in the interest of the National Association. At a special meeting held on Thursday evening, February 14th, for the purpose, so well did she present its claims that the officers of the Muncie Society of Spiritualists made application for a charter, which was received in time for the dedication services on Sunday, February 16th. In her work here she has convinced the people that she is a lady of rare talent and ability. By earnest request of the Muncie Association of Spiritualists, she was induced to prolong her stay and address the association upon the subject of Spiritualism and germane topics. On Friday evening, 15th inst., the large hall of the Spiritualists was honored with a full audience, consisting of Muncie's most liberal thinkers. The subject for the evening, by special request, was "The Life and Labors of the Immortal Jonathan M. Roberts," the well-known editor of Mind and Matter, a Spiritualistic journal. After the speaker, in a normal state, gave her views on the moral and intellectual status of Brother Roberts, she was instantly entranced and controlled by his presence, and for a full hour the risen man showed to those who knew him in his life labors, that he had lost none of his ability for treating the great question of his thought, by the change improperly called death. Spirit Roberts took for his subject "Antiquity Unveiled." This is the title of a book, in the production of which he spent not only the strength of his bodily energies during his last years, but gave to it his best and grandest thoughts. This book, for its foundation, has, probably, one hundred and fifty communications, given through the chosen medium by a band of ancient spirits, whose scholarship, during their earth-life, was the pride and admiration of the civilized world. This great and grandest of all books, extant, setting forth in its own convincing and invincible style the real origin of what is called Christianity, together with the moral corruption and vandalism employed by its founders in establishing the same, was handed by our risen brother, through his medium, in such masterly manner as to convince the audience that he was all alive to the great and grand cause—human elevation—to which he so earnestly devoted his life's energies. This book, consisting of spirit communications and the commentary of its author, was briefly reviewed and its tenets defended with such force and logical reasoning as only its masterly author could exhibit. But the crowning glory of the effort was that witnessed by several clairvoyants present while it was being made. I have space only for the statement of one witness (Dr. Schaub) as he narrated it to me. During the speaking, he said, he saw three powerful and beautiful spirits standing at either side and back of the medium; two of whom he was able to identify, as he holds in his possession their photographs. These were Jonathan M. Roberts on her left, and Gordon Bruno on her right; while the one back and centrally located was too dim for positive recognition, but thought it was Apollonius of Tyana. Their position formed a trio of magnetic or psychic forces united by one grand purpose—to defend the truth—and that the angelic effort threw out a brilliancy that crowned the brain of the medium with a halo of glory. It is the witnessing of such phenomena as these that makes spiritual philosophers. J. M. MENDENHALL.

Bessie Aspinwall's Illness.

To THE EDITOR:—Will you allow me space to say to the many friends from whom we have received letters, that Mrs. Aspinwall has nearly recovered from her attack, of January 1st. After giving a seizure that evening, she had an attack of heart failure, and we thought the spirit had passed out of the body; it had, to all appearances, as no heart-beat or pulse could be discovered, and she seemed like one dead, but I worked over her and had the assistance of Mrs. Sandell and Miss Wold, of this city, and friends from Milwaukee and Brooklyn, Wis., who were our guests at the time, and after three hours of constant work and the help of the guides, we were rewarded by seeing her open her eyes, and knew that she would still remain with us for a time. One has no idea of the relief experienced, unless they have passed through that or a similar one, and the friends rejoiced with me that the noble wife and grand medium would still bless us with her loving presence and noble work for humanity and the cause of Spiritualism.

The guides, in explanation, said that their instrument had been overworked, and two camp-meets, through July and August, and then two months filling engagements in Wisconsin and Iowa, constant work day and night for the four months had exhausted all the chemical properties with which her system must be imbued to produce materialized forms, and that she must hold no more for at least two months. She recovered her other powers very soon, and continued her work, lecturing and giving tests each Sunday for our society, and begins to look and act quite like herself again. Thanking the friends for their many letters of inquiry, I am, as ever, your friend, S. N. ASPINWALL.

MENS SANA I CORPORE SANO.

Philosophers of the ancients found a healthy mind in a body sound. Prerequisite to a blessed life. In our competitive, sordid strife Are such men fashioned? Can it be said

That by our methods such men are bred? Where is there one who is clean-limbed, whole

Erect in body and mind and soul, With honest purpose and generous heart, Developed fully in every part, With every sense in its normal state And crystal eye, undimmed by fate?

That is the standard. Society Has no occasion or destiny If not to perfect the race of men. What claim to permanence has that, then,

Which cripples, dwarfs and distorts mankind Till all are simple and halt and blind?

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THE SPIRITUAL BIRTH, OR DEATH AND ITS TO-MORROW. The Spiritual Idea of Death, Heaven and Hell, by James H. Hunt. This pamphlet teaches the Spiritualistic interpretation of many things in the Bible. Interpretations never before given, explains the heavens and hells believed in by Spiritualists. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

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GENERAL SURVEY.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Doings, Etc.

Bear in mind, please, that we cannot publish weekly reports of meetings. Whenever a change is made in speakers, or anything of special interest, send us a brief item, please. A great deal can be expressed in a dozen lines; but long reports will not be used. Meetings are of local interest only. We extend a cordial invitation to all speakers to send in their appointments to lecture, and general movements, which will be read by at least 40,000. We go to press early Monday morning, and items must reach us as early as Friday or Saturday in order to have immediate insertion.

Mrs. Thomas, the colored medium, will hold meetings at Custer Post, 35 South Sanzen street, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. every Sunday. Everybody is welcome. Anyone can bring Christian friends without fear of having their feelings wounded, as Mrs. Thomas is a Christian Spiritualist.

A. S. H. writes: "A paper of such excellence as yours, and so widely read and circulated, must have some orthodox readers. To such I would like to propose a simple question. The so-called fixed stars of our universe are arranged in sixteen classes by astronomers, according to the degree of brightness of each. The first ten classes are supposed to contain about one-twentieth of the whole number. This one-twentieth numbers over eight millions. It is entirely reasonable to assume that each one of these stars or suns has its planetary system of worlds like ours. Then, if we take ours as an average number, considering each planetary system, we have in this one-twentieth of the whole, more than sixty-four millions of worlds. Hence the question: If it took 'the only begotten son' thirty-three years to establish his plan for the salvation of this world, how long will it take him to 'get around'?"

Mrs. Ada Foye will be at 77 Thirty-first street each Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock, and evenings during March, April and May. Her permanent address is postoffice box 517, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Lulu George writes that the Lyceum at Lincoln, Neb., is well-attended and great interest prevails. Mrs. M. T. Allen, while serving the Spiritual Society, was a regular attendant, and made many valuable suggestions to the young people in regard to the Lyceum work and the necessity of training the youthful mind, as set forth by the psychic intelligences. She has been lecturing at Omaha during February.

J. S. Taylor writes of a séance held at Hamilton, O., by Mrs. Anna E. Thomas and Mrs. Hazel Stoll. The mediums' hands were held, and voices, independent and through the trumpet, were heard through the room, and the feet high, as well as outside of the circle, in different parts of the room.

G. G. W. Van Horn, the magnetic healer and business medium, was removed to the first floor 470 West Madison street, where his many friends and patrons may consult him, socially or otherwise, for an indefinite period.

C. J. Barnes has been holding trumpet and light séances in Indiana. He will now be in Akron, Ohio, for two weeks.

S. W. G. writes from Charlotte, Mich.: "On Tuesday evening last, Thomas' opera house was literally packed with our best citizens, to again listen to an inspirational lecture from Mrs. Marion Carpenter, of Detroit. Every available seat in this large opera house was taken, while many were turned away for want of room. In striking contrast was this vast assemblage to the meager one that greeted Mr. Starr the previous evening, at the same place. Mr. Starr and wife are touring the State of Michigan, ostensibly for the purpose of exposing Spiritualism, but really to feather their own nest. They did a few very clever sleight-of-hand tricks, but when they attempted anything pertaining to genuine Spiritualism, it was a most miserable failure. They were very free to denounce all advocates of modern Spiritualism as liars and hypocrites, but they had not proceeded far in their disreputable business before it was made very evident to at least three-fourths of their hearers that of liars and hypocrites they were the chief. Mrs. Carpenter held her vast audience in rapt attention for over an hour, while in earnest, burning eloquence she portrayed the many possibilities and blessings growing out of a firm belief in this beautiful doctrine. She closed her lecture by giving a fine inspired inspirational song, which was cheered to the very echo, after which she gave several tests, very satisfactory to those who received them. Mrs. Carpenter remained over the next day, giving many private sittings, and closed her engagement by holding a large séance circle in the evening."

F. M. Goedecke writes: "The First German Spiritual Society of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, held its first annual social February 9. A bountiful repast was spread, and a good time generally was enjoyed. The society here is on the highway to success. Our medium, Mrs. L. Hohenwald, is doing a good work. Last Sunday she held service in the evening, and the meeting was largely attended and most harmonious."

W. G. Roberts, of Dayton, Ohio, has a good word for Mrs. Hazel Stoll. He says: "During my fourteen years' experience as a Spiritualist, and the witnessing of various phases of the phenomena, the results at Mrs. Stoll's séances are beyond criticism, and fill one with astonishment and wonderment. If I could emphasize my words by taking an oath, I am ready to testify before a court as to her remarkable mediumship. I have heard Jimmy Johnson, and Brother Pat, two of the best, talk out loud in broad daylight. Through Mrs. Stoll's powers, I received a slate-writing from my sister (independent of pencil) containing 144 words, touching matters of our childhood days, the medium not touching the slates. I also took with me a sealed envelope, containing this question: Will you give me the word agreed upon as a test of spirit return? I never revealed that word, 'Prognosticate.' As a test it was to be given to me as 'Prognosticate,' and it so appeared in the writing in the closed envelope, in the handwriting of my sister. This, in spelling the word was to be a test of identity. I never listened to a more intelligent hand. Alice is a sweet singer. Brother Pat is not only intelligent, but a humorous type of an Irishman. He is ready at all times to discuss the subject of life, and intelligently. Little Jimmy is not only a good singer, but full of mirth, and is entertaining. Mrs. Stoll's mediumship is of a character that enables the mind, convinces the doubter, and her work is done under any reasonable conditions called for by the skeptical. The mediumistic field has a valuable addition in Mrs. Stoll, who will prove to the Spiritualistic world a medium of merit, toward whom all can point with pride as a medium and a lady of culture."

A correspondent writes: "Reformed Catholic Mission under the charge of ex-Friar P. A. Seguin, editor of 'The True Protestant,' and Fr. Monk H. Sullivan. Services every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock sharp. Patriotic lecture every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Star hall, 378 S. Western avenue, Roman Catholic converts will give testimonies in regard to their former superstitions and idolatries. Admission free. A cordial welcome to both Protestants and Catholics. Let many turn and come to these interesting meetings, and help these two advocates of the truth."

G. L. S. writes from Denver, Colo.: "In this beautiful city of Denver we have a society which has been duly incorporated under the name of The John Cummings Spiritual Association. This name was adopted in honor of the main control of one of our mediums, Prof. Thomas. E. Stewart. The John Cummings is as noble a spirit as ever manifested at a séance and is the personification of truthfulness. Evidently he saw the article which appeared in your issue of February 16th last, referring to another spirit of similar name, for he requests me to say to you, and through your widely-circulated journal to the thousands of Spiritualists who probably read that article, that he is not the John Cummings who shook hands with Deity. 'Tell them,' he said, 'I have been in the Spirit-world sixteen years and have never seen either God or Jesus Christ, and though I have met many grand and noble spirits, some of whom have been thousands of years, yet I have never met with one who has seen either of these personages. I passed out at Sioux City, Iowa, and all my friends or kindred left on earth are now living near Omaha, Neb. The only God of which I know anything is the Great All, and with that I cannot shake hands. I will never knowingly deceive anyone, and what I say to you is only that which I know to be the truth. There never was any such person as Jesus of Nazareth, and there is no such being as the Christian or orthodox God. When you come here, you will find no great white throne, and no court to pass judgment upon you, but you will be required to sit in judgment upon yourselves. Have you not covered up and hid your sins and iniquities, but will be seen and known as you really are, not as you try to make your fellow-mortals think you are. And, again, I say to you, be yourself; your highest self. Do good, be honest and fear not.' Evidently, Mr. Editor, this is not the same John Cummings who manifested at Winchester, Indiana."

By request of the Spiritualists of Aberdeen, S. D., arrangements were entered into by the spirits, Charlie and Walter Bach, gave their experience before and after entering Spirit-life, Sunday evening, February 17th, at the Park Place. The narrative was given through the trance mediumship of W. H. Bach.

James F. Hilling writes: "That many people are often influenced by spirit power to do things that otherwise would be foreign to their natures is to me a confirmed fact. During my experience as a clairvoyant, I have had one case that especially attracted my notice. At a certain public assemblage of people in a certain park, was one young man who was unacquainted with music in any respect. This young man would at certain times be controlled to sing most sublime and inspiring melodies. To the question, what the cause of his trouble was, that would make him so peculiar on these singing spells, the people ascribed it to being soft or crazy, etc. My knowledge showed to me that it was a case of absolute spirit control, the medium being almost entirely unconscious under this musical spirit control."

Captain W. Wingett, noted as a hypnotist, healer and psychic, has been laboring at Fort Worth, Texas, where he has performed numerous remarkable cures, developed several clairvoyants, and strengthened the society. One lady whom he healed of neuralgia of the stomach, of long standing, became clairvoyant and clairaudient under the treatment.

Bishop A. Beals was to lecture at Brighton, Ind., the 21st and 22d of this month; at Bronson, Mich., the 26th and 27th. He will lecture at Waterloo, Ind., the first Sunday in March, also the 4th, 5th and 6th of March.

Mrs. P. C. W. writes from Ionia, Mich.: "We have lately organized a new spiritual society in our city and started our meetings again. We are a band of earnest workers and have been blessed with the untiring efforts of Dr. H. C. Andrews of Bridgeport, Mich., to build up an interest among us never felt before. His guides, through him, have lectured, improvised and given tests from our platform for the past two Sundays to our satisfaction. He speaks under inspiration and always upon subjects chosen by the audience."

A friend in Maine sends a clipping from the Portland Press, giving an account of a banquet given by the Maine Academy of Medicine to the members of the State Legislature. Of course, the M. D.s had an ax to grind, and that was to further the passage of a "Medical Registration Bill," gotten up for the protection of their guild against the "irregular" doctors, who have a very inconvenient habit of curing sick people—even those given up by the regulars—as past all medical help—by magnetic treatment and other irregular curative methods.

M. R. Crilly writes: "I must have my PROGRESSIVE THINKER, even though I must do without something else to get it. It is certainly growing brighter, better and more interesting and instructive with every issue. Those letters of Prof. Johnson are worth the price in themselves."

G. C. S. writes: "From the Muncie (Ind.) Herald I clip the following of interest to the cause of Spiritualism: 'At seven o'clock last Tuesday evening, Moses Hull officiated at a very pretty service. He blessed a number of little children in the Spiritualistic faith as an orthodox minister would baptize a child. The little ones were ten in number and were brought to the rostrum by their proud and happy parents. Mr. Hull made a neat little speech in such a simple manner that each little tot seemed to understand just what he meant. Following the talk he placed his hands on their heads and invoked a blessing. Being something of a phenologist, he told what kind of men and women they would make. Music appropriate to the occasion was rendered and closed one of the prettiest services of the week. Wednesday morning Rev. Treat of the First Christian church and Moses Hull met in Dr. Spurgeon's office in the Ball block. Dr. T. J. Bowles and Wallace Hibbits were present. Rev. Treat and Mr. Hull entered into an agreement to debate in this city on the evenings of May 20th, 21st and 22nd. Two evenings will be given up to each of the following subjects: 'Modern Spiritualism in its phenomena and teachings is sustained by the Old and New Testament Scriptures.' 'Modern Spiritualism in its phenomena and teachings is condemned by the Old and New Testament Scriptures.' Mr. Hull will take the Spiritualistic side and Rev. Treat the Christian argument. Tuesday afternoon an exceptionally large crowd assembled at the temple to witness the feats of a medium named Oren Stevens. At 3 o'clock Stevens left the hall and went to the Daily News office to meet Elder Covert. Each man wanted to challenge the other, but as they became angry and engaged in an argument, no agreement was reached and Stevens returned to the temple. On the rostrum was an ordinary cabinet, and in this cabinet Stevens allowed himself to be securely tied to a chair by John Williams, Robert Mong and J. P. Snyder. The cabinet carrier was closed and after Stevens had called upon his spirit control, tamborines and banjos were played, a man's watch was wound and other strange feats accomplished. The curtain was drawn and Stevens was found to be securely tied. He called upon his spirit control to sing, and from a trumpet came the words of that well-known song, 'Swing low, sweet chariot.' A lady's handkerchief was passed into the cabinet and when it was handed out there appeared on it the picture of a woman's face."

E. Bach writes from Aberdeen, S. D.: "W. H. Bach is still here. He lectures, and last Sunday he had an audience of nearly two hundred. He has a developing circle, with prospects of another one starting, and there is quite an interest. I announced from the platform a couple of years ago that this would be a Spiritualistic town, and they thought me presumptuous, but the prophecy is going to be fulfilled in time. As soon as the philosophy is presented in its proper manner, so it is understood, it gets adherents among the thinking class."

Rev. E. H. Smith is giving a series of discourses on "Spiritualism and Its Phenomena," in the First Congregational church at Oshkosh, Wis. Judging from a synopsis of his opening lecture, as published in the Oshkosh daily Northwest, Mr. Smith is very liberal and fair-minded in his views—decided contrast, in fact, with most ministers, who are ready, without investigation or proper knowledge of the subject, to decry Spiritualism as the work of the Devil. He spoke of the progress Spiritualism has made, said that the general character of its adherents has been of an educated and intelligent sort, many of the best-known names in literature, science and religion were identified with it, and scholars and thinkers the world over had not hesitated to give their adherence to its principles. He felt that Spiritualism had prevailed because of some good contained therein. In conclusion, he said he would be glad to learn of any phenomena, and would not withhold a word of good-will and endorsement therefrom that was calculated to lift his fellow-men from the skepticism of a base materialism. Any doctrine or theory that could do that must have some good in it.

Wm. H. B. writes: "Mr. and Mrs. W. Brockway, of Chehalis, Wash., have for the last two months worked for the cause of Spiritualism in Southern Oregon. They have lectured and given tests in Grant Pass, Medford and Ashland, and have demonstrated the fact of spirit return in all those places. They have lectured under the auspices of the First Spiritual Society of Southern Oregon, at Ashland, to crowded houses; numbers had to leave, the hall not being large enough. Mrs. Brockway's slate-writing is second to none; is very artistic. Flower wreaths, pictures, stars, and writing in different colors, ornamented her slates and made a very artistic appearance. Questions written on paper and put in a sealed envelope will be answered. The medium will burn the envelope with questions, and then spread the ashes on a clean white sheet of paper, and the answer to your question will materialize in the writing. We expect to have a grove meeting in June, and in the near future will hold a camp-meeting every year. Mr. and Mrs. John Holton have offered to donate the grounds for such purpose to our society. Our cause is growing rapidly in this land of the setting sun."

Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson was to speak at Saginaw, Mich., the last two Sundays of February, and March will find her with the society at Grand Rapids. She will engage for week evenings. She is now engaged for summer camp-meetings for 1895, also fall months. She wishes to announce her book was delayed by her mother's transition, but she expects to have it out by the last of February or first of March.

As previously announced, Lyman C. Howe is at his home sick. Mrs. Howe writes as follows, Feb. 20th: "Mr. Howe is more comfortable this morning than he has been since he was taken sick. He is still in bed, however; sits up a little and walks out of his room into the next. He has been very sick, but with prudence I trust he may soon be himself again. Our daughter has also been very sick with la grippe, taken two days after Mr. Howe. Her little boy is having the same disease, though not so severe. I have been physician, nurse and housekeeper, and am worn and weary, yet rejoice to see my dear ones rallying so nicely."

S. P. Cook, secretary, writes from Oakland, Cal.: "A new society is here growing up under the old name of the Liberal and Spiritual Society. It is just knitting together, as it were. We occupy Fraternal hall. Our strength, in the main, is being directed to the development of all who come together into more perfect men and women, following the natural law of development, from the inside toward the outside, first of spiritual, then of material things. There are a number among us who are well on the way to become good healers and mediums. Because there is seemingly better general development with only our home developing mediums, we are not using any special talent at present, our good sister, Mrs. R. Cowell, being engaged at San Jose this month, and possibly next."

J. L. writes from Muncie, Ind.: "Here in Muncie we have had a great feast, and a revival and house warming. We had here this month Mrs. M. E. Cadson, who succeeded in getting our society into the National Association, and also gave us one of the grandest lectures ever heard from woman. We all think lots of her, and in the near future will have her here again for a series of lectures. Then we had the grandest of men, Moses Hull and his estimable wife, Mr. Hull dedicated our temple, and his other lectures to us were of great benefit. Twenty-six joined the society. Mrs. Isa Wilson Kaynor was also here all the time Mr. Hull was. Every afternoon she gave readings and tests. She is good in her work. Mrs. Mattie Hull formed a lyceum while here, and I will say for myself, that I think a lyceum beats five hundred Sunday-schools, and every Spiritualistic society certainly ought to have one. For the month of March we will have Mr. O. A. Edgerly with us. We will have three lectures a week from him, and followed by tests at the end of each lecture."

Mrs. T. D. Curtis, of Milwaukee, Wis., whose poems have created widespread interest, writes: "We received your Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-world, in due time, and I will say that I find it intensely interesting. Everything should read like this. The incidents narrated are striking and told in a manner to fascinate the reader. I know it will do a great deal of good."

Mrs. M. C. Jacob has been giving séances in Washington, D. C., for a month past, with satisfactory results. Her circles for independent voices and slate-writing have been well patronized. Voices were heard speaking German, French and English. She is expecting to go to California in the near future.

Mrs. Anna Ornellas writes: "I have just been reading in your paper a communication from J. Q. A. Floyd, stating that he and the Spiritualists of Springfield were in favor of bill No. 70, in the Legislature. Perhaps he may be speaking for himself and half-a-dozen or so of others, but I can assure you, as an old Spiritualist, that the majority of the Spiritualists here are opposed to the bill."

W. S. Decker writes from Muskegon, Mich.: "Mr. L. V. Moulton is doing a grand work for the cause in our midst this month. He is stirring them up right and left. Our society was fortunate enough to procure the valuable services of Mr. Bert Woodworth, of Meadville, Pa., for last Sunday evening."

L. S. M. writes from St. Louis, Mo.: "On Sunday, the 17th inst., Mr. F. A. Wiggins, accompanied by his solo singer, Mr. Maxham, began an engagement of seven weeks with the First Spiritual Society in this city. A large audience was present at the morning service. Mr. Wiggins gave a lecture on 'Selfhood,' which was listened to with closest attention. In the evening the hall was thronged. Scores were standing throughout the entire service, and many were unable to get inside. Mr. Wiggins' address was particularly interesting and instructive, and at the close he demonstrated his marvelous powers in giving tests, adducing unmistakable evidence of a power behind the throne. The large audience expressed their approval and satisfaction as another and another responded, 'It is my mother.' It is my child. The singing by Mr. Maxham was eminently fitting and expressive. His song ballads were rendered with pathos and grandstanding; his enunciation is wonderfully distinct, and the full sentiment of the song is carried to the hearts of the people. His singing is a pleasing and valuable adjunct to these services."

Wm. E. Kates, secretary, writes to the Mystic Circle Association of Spiritualists, of Dayton, Ohio: "Your committee beg leave to report the following resolutions: We, the Spiritualists of Dayton, Ohio, desire to publicly express our grateful acknowledgments to Rev. Moses Hull, for his accepting our invitation to publicly debate the questions relating to the truths of the phenomena and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, and to defend our cause against the unjust attacks, misrepresentations and perversions of its object; and we recognize in Mr. Hull an able and earnest defender of those truths and the philosophy of this religion; and we express our entire satisfaction with the results of his recent discussion with the Rev. Dr. Becker, of this city, under the auspices of our society. We also express high regard for the Rev. Dr. Becker, for his accepting the invitation to this publicly debate these and other kindred questions before our public, with Mr. Hull; and for the courteous, gentlemanly and friendly manner in which the Rev. Dr. Becker demeaned himself throughout this discussion toward a worthy opponent. We believe that all such friction and manly conflicts of thought, in the end redound to the advancement of truth, as well as to a more correct and proper understanding of the true aims, objects and purposes of modern Spiritualism. On motion, the report was approved and a copy ordered furnished to the Rev. Moses Hull and the Rev. Dr. Becker."

F. A. T. writes from Clyde, Ohio: "After many years of silence, I once more feel like saying a few words for the cause of Spiritualism here, which has seemed to be dormant until the last few months; but not so. The few who are left of the old workers were only gaining more strength and light, waiting for the Angel-world to again send some one to lead. Marguerite St. Omer has been here for several months, every two weeks, speaking to full houses, and giving psychometric readings, with this all done by her own power. February 17 we were more than favored. In the evening, Mr. L. Lowe (who is a brother of Libbie Lowe Watson), read a very interesting paper on 'Psychology,' after which Miss St. Omer took her subject 'The Needs of the Hour; or, Spiritual Men and Women Needed.' The audience was held spellbound by her eloquence, logic and power, that thrilled every one to perfect calmness. We welcome such workers, who are untiring, as Marguerite St. Omer, whose soul is imbued with the grand, good work she is in."

A subscriber writes: "Spiritualism has gained a permanent foothold in the conservative city of St. Joseph, Mo., with its 50,000 population. There never had been any effort to establish this purely American religion in this place until this winter. Ten weeks ago B. A. C. Stephens, a hypnotist from California, and an ordained minister of a Spiritualist church, came here, and succeeded in interesting the liberal element in hypnotism, and organized a society for psychical research. The members have been led up to the higher phases of hypnotism, until a majority, before they were aware of the change, had become Spiritualists. As a result, about a dozen home circles are being held twice a week for development, and a well-attended public circle is held each Sunday morning, and over one hundred open and avowed Spiritualists can be counted, who were not such before the beginning of this work, while the investigators number many more. A still more gratifying work has been the development of mediums, of whom there are not less than twenty, three of whom are already giving tests, and one has commenced public work successfully."

The Society of the Students of Nature seems to be doing well, at the corner of Armitage and Campbell avenues, this city, under the superintendence of Mrs. M. Summers, who last Sunday, February 17, gave a number of platform tests, all of which were recognized, in the presence of an unusually large audience. That hall now is the regular place of meeting, and mediums from elsewhere are earnestly invited to attend and exercise their gifts. Meet in the evening."

Miss S. A. Styles writes: "I desire to again acknowledge my sense of obligation to your excellent paper. It simply grows in my esteem week after week, in the makeup of its matter, editorial and contributed, and selected matter. I know of no paper more calculated to build up a strong and noble citizenship, whose activities are all permeated with a distinctively spiritual essence, broad and generous, advocating the right and denouncing the wrong from a becoming and elevated moral standpoint."

Thomas Lees writes: "Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson, who has been filling the rostrum at the People's Spiritual Alliance of Cleveland this month, during the absence of Mrs. H. S. Lake, the regular pastor, has made a marked impression on her audience. A pleasant evening was spent last Friday at the home of Mrs. Antoinette Muhlhaupt, of Walton avenue, Mrs. Nickerson exercising her mediumship for the benefit of the Alliance. A goodly number were present, and the séance proved a success every way. Mr. Lyman C. Howe, who was to have spoken in Weisgerber's hall this month, was prevented through illness from filling his engagement. Sunday evening last, a meeting had been held and proved quite interesting. Last Sunday, 17th, Mr. T. A. Thompson, a newly-developed medium and speaker, gave a very interesting discourse on 'Spiritualism and Its Scope,' at the close of which the genial speaker was heartily applauded. The first two Sundays in March Miss Marguerite St. Omer, a talented speaker and psychometric medium, speaks in Weisgerber's hall under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum."

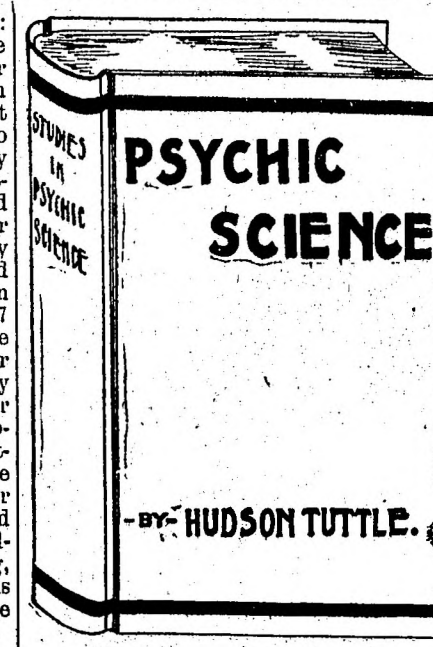
Passed to Spirit-Life.

Departed this life, from his beautiful home on Euclid avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, J. C. Saxton, in the 84th year of his age.

He came to Cleveland with his parents, from Vermont, when only 6 years of age, and has, with brief interruption, always resided there. From a village of five hundred inhabitants, he has seen it advance to its present wonderful development, and has been a leader in that growth, as well as in reform. He was first to vote for the emancipation of the slave; first to agitate the question of woman's rights, and among the first to accept Spiritualism. In 1840 he married Emeline A. Morse, and they have lived to pass, by several years, their golden wedding. Three daughters and a son blessed their union, all of whom have entered the next life, the son falling in the war in defense of the Union. They have seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. The grandsons acted as bearers, and it was a pleasing sight to see.

The funeral, on February 2, was attended by the remaining friends of olden days, and some of the most prominent citizens of a younger generation. Hudson Tuttle, as the city papers took occasion to widely announce, of just attacks, misrepresentations and perversions of its object; and we recognize in Mr. Hull an able and earnest defender of those truths and the philosophy of this religion; and we express our entire satisfaction with the results of his recent discussion with the Rev. Dr. Becker, of this city, under the auspices of our society. We also express high regard for the Rev. Dr. Becker, for his accepting the invitation to this publicly debate these and other kindred questions before our public, with Mr. Hull; and for the courteous, gentlemanly and friendly manner in which the Rev. Dr. Becker demeaned himself throughout this discussion toward a worthy opponent. We believe that all such friction and manly conflicts of thought, in the end redound to the advancement of truth, as well as to a more correct and proper understanding of the true aims, objects and purposes of modern Spiritualism. On motion, the report was approved and a copy ordered furnished to the Rev. Moses Hull and the Rev. Dr. Becker."

Theodore S. Curtis passed to the higher life February 10, at his residence, Hotel Curtis, Ceylon, Ohio, at the age of 76 years. He was a native of Massachusetts, and for the past thirty years a resident of Ohio. The funeral services were held at the Church of the Congregationalists, at the Heights, Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle singing some of her beautiful Spiritual Songs, and Hudson Tuttle giving the discourse.



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THE QUESTION SETTLED

A CAREFUL COMPARISON

—OF—

Biblical and Modern Spiritualism.

By MOSES HULL.

Author of "The Contrast," "Which," "Letters to Eldes Miles Grant," "Both Sides," "That Terrible Question," "Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER I—The Adaptation of Spiritualism to the Wants of Humanity. Do we argue so good as that of Adaptation. Religions must adapt themselves to Men, Religions and Sciences have failed to demonstrate an after-life. Two contradictory claims of the Bible and the Bible. Law forbidding Consultation with the Dead. Its Effect. Spiritualism. Doubt as to a future. A Dialogue. Spiritualism. Convicts a Minister of his Immortality. Dying Minister in Despair. Why this Age is the Age of Spiritualism. The Age of Spiritualism. The Moral Tendency of Spiritualism. A Natural Query. Jesus regarded as a Blasphemer and a Devil. Every new System passes an Era of Misconception. Present Position. What Good has Spiritualism done. Opponents united. Immortality in the Church. Religious. Spiritualism. Not responsible for Errors of its Adherents. None Perfect. All are God-makers. Men worship their own Opinions. Shortcomings of Bible. Jewish Church. Testimony of Jeremiah.

CHAPTER II—Bible Doctrine of Angel Ministry.—A Counter-Doctrine. Angels. Angels visit Abraham, Lot, Joshua. The Host of the Lord. An Angel appears to Sidney to Manassah's wife. It is introduced to Manassah. Writing on the Wall. Daniel a Superior Medium. Gabriel both a Man and Angel. The Stone rolled from the Sepulchre by Man.

CHAPTER III—The Three Pillars of Spiritualism.—Spiritual Platform. Three propositions. Man has a Natural Nature. Spirit is immortal. Spiritualism. Man. Source of Evidence. Biblical Testimony. Ellen, Zephaniah. Papal Decree. Hard Questions. Can we never all Spiritualists? Spiritualism. Two new Illustrations. Man Double. Two Fathers. Two sources of Knowledge. Paper awakened. Two Contradictory Histories of Jesus.

CHAPTER IV—The Birth of the Spirit.—All Subjects Immortal. "Ye must be born again." Nicodemus' Quandary. A Dialogue. Spiritualism. Spiritualism. Jesus' Tests. Must be born out of Flesh. Birth of the Spirit a Resurrection. Not of Flesh and Blood. Bible teaches it. It is the birth of a new life. The birth of the Spirit of the Woman of Tekoh. Of Job. Of Jesus. Objections answered. Moral Bubbles exploded. Must not Christ be a Spirit?

CHAPTER V—Are We Indelible?—Rapid Growth of Spiritualism. The "Mad-Dog" Cry. Charge Ignorance. Quandary. A Dialogue. Spiritualism. Spiritualism. Jesus' Tests. Must be born out of Flesh. Birth of the Spirit a Resurrection. Not of Flesh and Blood. Bible teaches it. It is the birth of a new life. The birth of the Spirit of the Woman of Tekoh. Of Job. Of Jesus. Objections answered. Moral Bubbles exploded. Must not Christ be a Spirit?

CHAPTER VI—Are We Deceived?—A Common Cry. Contradictory Platform. Order of Batteries. They fire into each other. "Kettle Rattle." Result of the Warfare. "Necromancy." Spiritualism. Spiritualism. Jesus' Tests. Must be born out of Flesh. Birth of the Spirit a Resurrection. Not of Flesh and Blood. Bible teaches it. It is the birth of a new life. The birth of the Spirit of the Woman of Tekoh. Of Job. Of Jesus. Objections answered. Moral Bubbles exploded. Must not Christ be a Spirit?

CHAPTER VII—Objections Answered.—Objections usually the Result of Ignorance. A British Lord and the Steamboat. Objections to the Telegraph. Objections to Abolition. Objections to Spiritualism. Spiritualism. Necromancy. Definition of the Objection. Spiritualism. Hebrews inclined to apply to the Dead for Knowledge. Spiritualism. Spiritualism. This Law abolished. Other Precepts of this Law not binding. Jesus visited this Law. Paul and John violated and Jesus rebuked. This Law good in its place, and for its time. Men inclined to worship spirits which communicated. The Jewish Jehovah not an Infinite God. He is inclined to Crime. "Old Spiritualism."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This Department is under the management of the distinguished author, speaker and medium,

Hudson Tuttle.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

E. L. K., Youngsville, Q. (1) How many spheres are there in the Spirit-world?

(2) Do spirits ever return to earth after they have entered the fourth sphere?

A. According to the spirit-authors of the "Arcana of Nature," there are three spheres or zones surrounding this earth, which have a real and permanent value. Communicating spirits, in their attempt to convey an idea of Spirit-life, have made many divisions into spheres and circles, which are as arbitrary as such divisions would be in the earth life. In the division made by the three zones or spheres, which is geographical, there is nothing to prevent the highest spiritual intelligence from passing to the lowest, although the ascent of the low must be by the slow process of growth.

H. P. W., Coleridge, Neb.: Q. Will the spirit always inhabit the spiritual body it is supplied with after death? Or will it change as it ascends from sphere to sphere?

A. The conditions of spirit-existence being fully met by the spirit-form evolved at death from the physical, there is no necessity for further change, even in ascending from sphere to sphere. This earthly life compasses the passions and appetites, which are outgrown by the spirit, and while the impress of the earthly distinction of sex is preserved, conjugal love becomes a refined attraction.

W. W. R., Thornburg, Va.: Q. (1) How would it do to introduce into THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a phase of spirit manifestations readily understood by all; I refer to the 80,777,000 gallons of alcoholic spirits produced and sold in the United States every year?

(2) And all spirits interested in the welfare of the children of earth, prefer to have the wise men from the East and West use their brain faculties in the cause of temperance, eliminating the curse of whiskey, and let people of the far away "Planet Mars" solve their own problems?

(3) Is there any other light under the brilliancy of the sun, that would shine heavenward, and reflect as much credit, as to have our country forever free from the curse of alcoholic spirits, that darkens our world with black despair?

A. These questions carry their answers with them. Spiritualists, as a class, are among the most temperate, while they make the least pretensions to giving pledges and publicly parading their virtues.

Perhaps for this cause their journals have not brought the subject of temperance prominently forward. There are, however, many periodicals, exclusively devoted to the subject, a political party and a host of lecturers. All of these have done little good, and because of their methods the Spiritualists have been unable to work with them. They have sought to force men to temperance by law, which is impossible. They have taken money of the maker of intoxicants to use against the retailer of the same. They have sought to reform the drunkard through his will, while, as is well-known, he is a drunkard because his will is destroyed, either by his temperate indulgence or inheritance. What is more, the temperance reformers have allied their cause with the church, and Sunday laws and temperance are united. All the good that has come of the affliction thus far is that indirectly from education. While the church temperance reformers regard the sin of intemperance as an immorality, and see no wrong inflicted on the body, Spiritualists hold the wrong to the physical being equally reprehensible with that to the moral nature. While the churches hurl direct scorn on the drinking of a glass of wine over a bar, they pass the same wine around the communion table, consecrated as the very blood of Christ!

It is well to agitate this subject from the high vantage ground of the spiritual philosophy, and educate the people into the ways of temperance.

But this reform must reach farther than the surface. As long as the over-taxed workers are depleted in vitality and poorly-fed, they will resort to stimulants. The man who, after a toilsome forenoon's work, snatches a cold dinner of bread and perhaps a bit of meat from his pal, will complete his meal with a pot of beer, or other alcoholic beverage. Bad cooking, or low diet, has made hosts of drunkards.

As long as the struggle for a living is so severe, the overtaxed and depleted energy will be whipped into greater activity by the lack of stimulants. Thus, as we look on the subject of intemperance, it broadens, assumes a new aspect, and we find that instead of one there are many ways to work for its suppression.

One thought more of which space allows only brief expression. The saloon is the club-house of the laborer—the poor. They find comfort, even luxury provided for them, and social life.

Now it has often occurred to me that, if the advocates of temperance would invest half the amount they now use in vain endeavor, in the tangible effort to open comfortable rooms where wholesome food and coffee were furnished, and the social life of the saloon preserved without its poisonous influence, how much more fruitful would be the results.

"Mission." Q. The spirits are constantly telling me that I have a "great mission to perform," and urging me to leave my business, and devote myself to it. What is your advice?

A. Only for well-determined reasons, according to the dictates of common sense, do we advise obeying the spirits. We, as mortals, have our individuality to preserve, and the greatest injury is wrought when we rely on any power outside of ourselves. We confess little faith in a "mission" which sends the medium adrift, powerless, and keeps him tramping to discover what his mission is. Without assuming superiority

to the communicating spirits who encourage with such high promises, would say not only to this correspondent but to all who are told of their "wonderful mission," to make sure, by the plain rules of practical common-sense, that they have a mission and have the qualifications to meet its demands, before they sacrifice their business, to engage in its pursuit. Even under spirit-control, a writer or speaker is not of momentary growth. It requires years—aye, a lifetime—of patient, persistent, self-sacrificing endeavor.

Mrs. L. M. O.: Q. In a recent discussion with one who claims to be well-informed in the sciences, he maintained that all spiritual manifestations were explained by electricity. What are the arguments against this claim?

A. One of the early and oft-repeated so-called explanations of spiritual phenomena was that of electricity. When it is considered that this force is not intelligent, more than air or water, the absurdity of claiming it as a cause is apparent, and is no longer held by those the least informed.

The mystery surrounding electric force has made it a ready and plausible means by which spirits could communicate, and has been largely employed in such explanation by Spiritualists. Yet there is not the least evidence to show that electricity is thus employed; on the contrary, there is every evidence against its presence. The most delicate instrument for the detection of that force, which would show its presence when so slight as scarcely to affect a thistle-down, is unaffected. The table, however violently moved, is not electrically excited, and the medium, writing or entranced, gives no indication of the force. It would be impossible for the human organism, constituted as it is, to generate an electric current.

In all the things that manifest electric excitation, its production is made an especial object, and specialized organs exist for that purpose. Not a single species of the higher order of animals are endowed with these, and thus far they appear to belong to the fishes only, and with them to be confined to five families. Of these the torpedo and electrical eel are best known. The power of the gymnotus is the strongest of the group, the discharge being sufficient to paralyze a horse, kill small animals, and deprive man of sense and motion. The shocks given by the torpedo are less severe, but are accompanied with considerable pain. The electrical power becomes rapidly exhausted, and the fish may even die if continuously insisted. It requires some hours' rest to restore its energies. The discharge has all the properties of electricity, yielding a spark and effecting chemical decomposition and rendering the magnetic? The special organs producing this electricity are formed of two layers of membrane, between which is a whitish pulp divided into columns by delicate partitions. The fluid in which these are immersed is a solution of albumen and salt. These organs are supplied with nerves of extraordinary size, and if these be injured, the electrical power is lost. When the temperature sinks below freezing, the same result follows, and if raised above eighty-six, the torpedo, exhausted by repeated discharges, dies.

Normally the discharges are under the control of the will, and correlated with nervous force. If the movement of the muscles produce electricity, it disappears in mechanical power, and only in rare instances of great derangement is its presence detected.

Hence all the theories of spiritual phenomena taking electricity as the cause are untenable. That spiritual beings have any more direct connection with that force than mortals is also a groundless supposition. It has been said their celestial bodies were formed of electricity, as though it was a material substance, while it is without the least substance, being a force like heat or light.

Electricity can play no more important part in the spirit spheres than on earth, and in reality it belongs as an expression of force to this material sphere, and in the Spirit-world is represented by far swifter and more powerful forms of energy, as the celestial substance of that world is more sublimated and refined.

THE VISION OF A FACE.

As oft when night enfolds the earth
With its somber, mystic veil,
And hushed the sounds of joy and mirth
Falls over all with sudden death,
From other lands I gladly hail
The vision of a face
With soulful eyes and grace,
And o'er my waking dreams
The light of heaven beams.

There drops the light from other skies
In glory's splendor rare,
And o'er the landscape softly lies
The brooding spell of dreamy sighs,
Like whispered words of prayer,
And thrills my heart the same
With the old-time love again.
When all the world was mine
And earth a blissful clime.

I part the clouds that seem to hide
The picture of my dreams;
I feel the touch as by my side
With glowing looks and pride
A face all radiant beams—
The same fond look, and eyes
As deep as summer skies.

As deep as summer skies,
The vision of the past appears
Through the mirage of my tears.
The echo of songs in rhythmic words
Ripple in currents soft and low,
And the homeward low of distant herds
Mingles and blends with the notes of birds.

Up the isles of the long ago
A flower-wreathed cottage door
Frames an image in days of yore,
And I see the vision of a face
Artless and fair with girlish grace.
I dream and drift on the River Time,
Through eddies cool and clear,
Where mossy banks and ivies twine,
And lilies bloom with a grace divine
In heaven's atmosphere;
And a touch that seems akin to pain
Fills my soul with joy again,
As comes to me, with loving grace,
The vision of an absent face.

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FARMER J. W. RILEY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

Then it tapped our heads a little more vehemently, and vanished away. Then spirits came for each of us, and one of great gentleness came for me, and rested its hand upon my head, and smoothed my hair, and then I suddenly cried out:

"Something has been laid in my lap." "What is it?" asked Mr. Riley. "I don't know, I'm sure," I replied, "but I should think it would weigh two or three pounds."

This little phantom, or whatever it was, remained in my lap for some five minutes, while other manifestations went on, and I was about to ask if I could let go and put my hand on it, when I realized that it was gone. When or how it went I know not. I only knew that it had been there, and that my lap was empty again. Mr. Riley said that he thought this quite a strange happening, and suggested that it might have been a little spirit child. Whatever it was, I deeply regret that I did not lay my hand upon it before it vanished away.

A ruler, or something the spirits can handle, is usually carried into Mr. Riley's dark circles. This time, in our haste to hold the circle before the light came, the first thing handy had been taken, and that was a tin basin. Some facetious spirit seized this basin, and rapped us lightly with it, put it over our faces, and dropped it with a startling bang on the table, pulled hairpins from my hair, and pricked my hands with them, and did other fishy tricks.

"Are you sure you are not hypnotized?" asked Mr. Riley, and I could detect the mirth in his voice. I replied that I seemed to be in full possession of all my senses.

MORE MATERIALIZATIONS SEEN.
Many other little things happened, strange and inexplicable, inasmuch as no one's hands were free to do them—in fact the half hour was filled full to the brim with demonstrations I do not pretend to understand.

Mr. Riley says they were spirits. His wife and Mr. C. evidently believed it. While, as for me, in my skeptical, storm-tossed soul, I could only hope it was true. I will say this much, however, it was the most satisfactory dark circle I ever sat in, and I was sorry when it was over.

The circle for the seance in the light was formed immediately after the close of the dark seance. The family of Mr. Riley all sat if they chose—in his seances, and it is a pretty sight to see little Minnie, the youngest child, bring her little rockingchair and sit quaintly down to watch for materialized spirits as they step from the cabinet. Once she said to me, in her childish manner: "I like to go in a dark circle, for then my little brother comes and puts his hands on me."

No fear of the supernatural lurks in her innocent heart. To her all is natural and as it should be, and she waits in perfect confidence for the little brother who, to her, is not dead, but who has simply gone to another and more beautiful sphere to live.

Mr. Riley entered the cabinet, and Mr. Benton, his spirit guide, soon appeared. Then several sate messages were given and other manifestations followed. This evening we had seven in all, six men and one woman.

The appearing and disappearing of this woman made a strange impression on me. She looked out upon us with a shadowy sort of face, and there was some kind of a bandage about her forehead. She seemed to look at us so earnestly, and then she suddenly began to go down. Down, down, in the parting of the curtains, until her face was at the floor, and she was gone.

Among others a very old gentleman parted the curtains, and when Mr. Courtwright, who sat nearest the cabinet, asked if it was for him, the figure bowed. Mr. C. stepped hastily to the cabinet only in time to touch the outstretched hand, when the curtains closed, covering the form from sight.

Mr. C. came back and sat down beside me. "Did you know him?" I asked anxiously.

"I think so," he said a little doubtfully. "I think it was my father. But he went so quickly and it was so sudden—I wish I could have kept him a little longer."

I was about to echo his wish, when the cabinet curtains swayed and quivered and something seemed weakly stirring to pull them to one side. An instant later it was accomplished and the same face looked out at the side nearest Mr. C. He immediately stepped to the cabinet again and took the outstretched hand.

"Father?" he said. The old gentleman bowed. "Am glad to see you," continued Mr. C., but the form seemed to weaken, drew back and disappeared. Again Mr. C. returned to his seat.

"I am sure of it now," he said; "yes, it was father. I am so glad I saw him the second time."

This figure was not tall, and seemed sparely built, and trembled as he stood, as with old age. Mr. C. stated that his father had seen ninety-two birthdays before he passed away.

Others who appeared were different in appearance, some having dark hair and some light, all being apparently much younger than the one described. Sometimes considerable time elapsed between the manifestations, and again they would follow one another so quickly that one would hardly be gone before another form would stand in its place.

A SOCIAL AFFAIR.
A couple of times Mr. Riley came out of the trance condition, the circle was broken, chat indulged in, and once apples were brought and passed, the medium refreshing himself also. Altogether, Mr. Riley's seances, as held at his own home, are informal affairs, tending to make one feel comfortably social, and doing away with many suspicions which arise when meeting a strange medium, in a strange place, unknown and unrecorded except, perhaps, through the advertising columns of the newspapers. For in Marcellus Mr. Riley is certainly at home, having lived in the township ever since he was a boy of ten years. That he is respected and to a very great extent believed, is evinced by the class of people who are his friends.

It was about 1 o'clock when I once more found myself alone, but that well-companioned of the night we call sleep must have slipped away with the departing guests. At any rate she did not seem to be loitering in my vicinity, and I sat down in a low rocker by the fire, and with now and then a glance to-

ward the silent cabinet, began to speculate. But speculation was in vain, for although I sat thus long and thoughtfully, I was no nearer a conclusion of my subject at the end of an hour than when I began. I therefore retired to my sleeping-room, and in this rendezvous of phantoms, again composed myself to slumber.

REINFORCED.

The following afternoon Mr. G. of the News-Tribune arrived, accompanied by his camera. A few scenes of Marcellus and of the Riley home were not to be missed, and added materially to a choice collection. Hospitality reigned supreme and Mr. G. was soon quite at home. As we all sat around the supper table devouring biscuit and honey and many other good things, the subject turned upon photography, the length of time it took to develop different pictures, etc., and Mr. G. made mention in some way of the "dark room."

"What do you go into a dark room for?" asked Mr. Riley. "Why can't you develop your pictures in the light?" I looked hastily across at Mr. Riley, just in time to catch the gleam of mischief in his eyes before the lids fell and he concealed it, and he industriously continued his supper.

But Mr. G. either did not, or would not, see the application, and gravely gave a concise explanation of the use of the dark room, wherein he could develop images of friends.

As soon after supper as possible Mr. Riley made arrangements to retire to his "dark room," and from there we also hoped might issue images of our friends, though they left us in a moment, quickly casting off the atoms gathered in the darkness, which transformed them for the brief time to something like their former selves.

A drugstore, and his wife from Marcellus village were among those present on this evening, and this gentleman attended the cabinet. He sat at my right, and Mr. G. of the News-Tribune, at my left.

UNDER TEST CONDITIONS.

Mr. Riley sat down in a chair near the cabinet, and Mrs. Riley brought a saucer of flour and a spoon. Mr. Riley held out his hands and she filled them with the flour, after which he closed them, and this hampered (if so I may call it) he retired to the cabinet, which Mr. G. had previously examined by request, and sat down in his accustomed place. I fancy I saw him lean forward, with his arms resting upon his knees, his flour-filled hands dropping slightly downward, his head slightly bent.

The curtain was dropped and we began to sing. Within three minutes the curtains parted and the tall form of John Benton stood before us. He bowed and drew back a trifle.

"Good evening, Mr. Benton," said several, and the figure bowed again and disappeared.

"Raise the curtain," came Mr. Riley's voice from within, instantly, and the curtain was put aside at once.

There sat the medium in exactly the same position as before; his hands still full of flour.

"I have a fearful headache," said Mr. Riley. "Some one take this flour and bring me a glass of milk. This headache is because the influence came so quickly," he said; "then it always produces headache."

After a while Mr. Riley returned to the cabinet, and soon after the manifestations began in earnest. Nine different spirits materialized that evening, some of them showing themselves more plainly than any had done the previous evening. I had been there. One tall, old gentleman, dressed in black, with white shirt, standing collar and black tie, stepped boldly out and I hoped would come to some of us, but as the light fell more fully on his face, he threw out his hands, threw back his head, and with an air somewhat tragic, stepped back and vanished behind the curtains.

A SPIRIT BOY GREET'S HIS MOTHER.
Others came; two women materialized, one fully, slipping downward and vanishing away at the floor, the other peering dimly out and retreating again into the gloom. Once the curtain was shaken and raised at one side, and some one seemed trying to look out toward Mrs. Riley. She rose and went to the cabinet, and said that it was her boy. This recalled to mind something she had told me. They occasionally sing the song, "Where Is My Boy To-night?" and often their boy comes, and looking out at them, sometimes says, "Here I am, mother."

Slate messages were passed out, Mr. G. receiving one in answer to a question, but he could not call to mind the personality of the writer; it being signed "Mary."

SEEN IN A BLAZE OF LIGHT.

Toward the last there came a peculiar rapping.

"Do you mean that you want more light?" asked Mr. Riley.

Three raps signified yes.

"Rap, when ready," said Mrs. Riley, going to the lamp. An instant later the raps came, and she turned on a great blaze of light. Instantaneously with the increased light the curtains parted, and a young man with a small, black mustache and dark complexion, apparently under thirty, stepped fully into view, and lifted his face slightly, projecting it forward eagerly, as though anxious to be recognized. His attitude and whole expression seemed a mute appeal for recognition, but no one knew him, and he apparently sank into the gloom, his head being the last thing visible.

One more form appeared after this, and then the curtains were shaken, and a signal by raps given to have them raised. The druggist stepped quickly forward, and while the curtains were yet being violently agitated, he lifted them high, at the same instant dodging backward, as he leaped them over the nail. As the curtains went up, my eyes instantly sought Mr. Riley's chair. There he sat, in his accustomed attitude.

"What was the trouble?" asked some one of the druggist.

"Why," he answered, "the form stood right by the curtain, and I didn't care to have a slate pushed into my face, as I had once before. I don't know where he went to," he added, laughing a little, "unless he went behind the bedroom door."

I believe that Mr. Riley would have sat for us once more that night, but it was already midnight, and Mr. G. wanted to catch the 1 o'clock train for Detroit. So, hastily prodding his kodak, he took a flash-light picture of the circle, and with expressions of gratification concerning the scene and the visit in general, he said good-night, and left for the station.

I, too, expressed the pleasure afforded

me by my visit, but added my regret that I saw no familiar face. Whereupon Mr. Riley told me the story of a young man who was very anxious to see some friends who had passed over, and who attended the seances frequently, without once seeing any one he knew. He was about to give up in despair, when his friends suddenly began to materialize, and they came, and continued to come. They even came, my folks say," continued Mr. Riley, "when they were wanted—that is, when the young man was not there, and at the expense of keeping others back who desired to come. There is nothing like perseverance."

This was my last night in Marcellus, and Mr. Riley's young lady daughter, who had this evening returned home from a visit, occupied the cabinet with me. We slept sweetly, and I rose refreshed, ready for my journey home.

Toward noon I bid good-bye to the pleasant family, and Mr. Riley and his son drove me to the station in their own buggy. I regretted that my visit was ended. I should much have liked to remain a number of days longer, and further investigated the phenomena. I had witnessed, but this much I feel impelled to say that if there is such a thing as materialization, then one may see it at Farmer Riley's seances, and I feel that I have been especially favored in having been allowed to spend three days and nights in his own home.

HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

His "Beyond the Stars."

TO THE EDITOR—Allow me personally and on behalf of the great body of Spiritualists of this country to thank Mr. Richmond for writing and for printing the very able and interesting lecture with the above title, which recently appeared in your paper. It is a thoughtful composition on a most proper subject, and were it not for the dense ignorance of even those who are called well-educated people, it would revolutionize the commonly accepted conclusions upon the cosmogony of Moses and the Bible; but for so long a time has it been impressed upon the minds of children, and grown up with them as they grew into manhood, that the world and the whole universe of suns and stars, and all things visible and invisible were made by the fiat of God, in six days; out of nothing; that this earth of ours was the center and chief object of the divine creation, and all the sparkling suns which gem the stupendous arch of nature were made to adorn and beautify it; and that God had no thought or part except to please the human beings he had created on this earth—so long and so persistently has this doctrine been taught by the church and its priests that it has become imbedded in the minds of men as a truth which could not be displaced.

Even now, when the revelations of modern astronomy have thrown a light upon the world and effectually destroyed the illusion, it is still persistently repeated as a truth, because it is found in the Bible. Mr. Richmond is ably supplementing Count Flammarion in bringing to the masses of men a knowledge of the real facts of nature, so that they may understand what a childish superstition this whole Biblical story is.

No person with a reasonable degree of intelligence, and with even a superficial knowledge of the mechanism of the heavens, can fail to see that the demonstrated astronomical facts are in direct antagonism to the fables of the world so long believed. The only wonder is, how the parrot preachers can from day to day and week to week stand up and face intelligent audiences with: "And in six days the Lord made the heavens and the earth and all things therein contained," etc.; but the congregation responds "amen," and so the miserable fiction goes down from generation to generation. The trouble is that man is a thinking creature—he does not bother himself with questions or with doubts. He joins the church for the sake of getting into what he calls good society; he attends the sermons and the prayers, meetings and puts in his "amen" to everything the preacher says, and gives no thought to the subject. He supposes that the preacher knows all about God and creation, and nature and religion, and all such things which he says are mysteries; so he does not think or care to think for himself.

It is possible that the thoughts embodied in this excellent lecture may startle some of these turtles out of their stupidity, and if they can only be induced to put their heads out of their shells for a moment or two, and look about the earth and the skies, and see for themselves what nature really is and what life really means, a certain degree of good will have been accomplished.

GEO. A. SHUFELDT.

PARADISE.

Oh, not afar in distant skies
The shining halls of heaven rise.
In loving hearts lies paradise.
And loving words are keys that open
The portals to that land of hope.

Oh, planning hearts that droop and sigh
To watch the bitter days go by,
Heaven itself is close and nigh.
Ever about us angels go,
Threading these toilsome ways below;
We do not see them—do not know.
But hearts that throb with loving thought,
And lips that whisper, heaven taught,
The loving words the Master brought—
These are the angels we would know.
And these the shining feet that go
Making a paradise below.

Oh, not afar in distant skies,
But close at hand, the blessing lies—
In loving hearts lies paradise.
Look up, sad soul! the world is fair,
And heaven and love are everywhere!

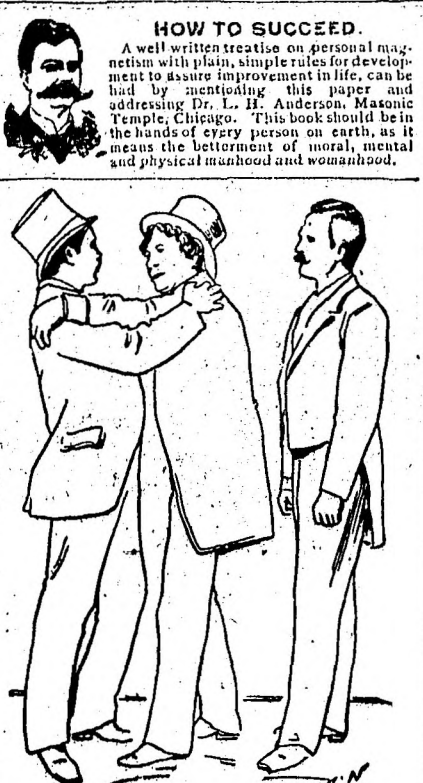
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OBSESSION.

A Man Possessing Two Identities.

A Case Illustrating Spirit Power.

A BROKER WHO DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT SENT TO AN ASYLUM, AFTER BEING KEPT A PRISONER AT HOME FOUR YEARS—HIS CONDITION FIRST DISCOVERED WHEN ARRESTED IN CHATHAM SQUARE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Here is a case of profound importance, which illustrates spirit power in a not very pleasant manner. It appears from a letter to the Editor of this city, from New York, that commitment papers were signed a few days ago which sent to a private asylum on Long Island, New York, all that is left of a man who was well known in Wall Street, and who had successfully operated in stocks until the summer of 1891. At that time he vanished from financial and public view, and only a few family friends have known his mental misfortune has made him a constant prisoner either at his home in a street just off Central Park or in warm weather on a farm in Dutchess county.

The last known of the broker to his casual acquaintances and business associates was the announcement that he had sailed for Europe in July, 1891. As a matter of fact, he was advised to sail by his physician, and his name appeared on the passenger-list of one of the big liners which left port that month. Certain events made it seem unsafe to trust him on the steamer, even with an attendant to act as a companion and nurse.

The broker was a temperate man and not easily excited, so that some peculiarities he displayed caused comment at the time. They were due to the fact that he became possessed of two minds or identities. The new one first began to trouble him early in the year, and his discovery of its existence not only worried him greatly, but landed him in the Tombs' police court. Late in the afternoon he entered a second-hand clothing store in Baxter street, and told the proprietor that his clothes were too good for a laboring man, and he wanted to change them for something in which he would not feel embarrassed.

While his good clothes seemed suited to his appearance, the second-hand man made no objection to the change, and quickly had his customer clad in the cheapest wearing apparel in the shop. An utter disregard for money and the man's willingness to exchange good clothes for poor ones led the dealer to think his customer's object was to disguise himself for some reason. The change of garments transformed the broker into a countryman, and he acted very much like one. He wandered about in the Bowery, and wound up in Chatham square about midnight. He spoke to a policeman and asked some silly questions, which caused the officer to look him up for safe keeping.

The broker recovered his senses before he was taken to court. He had no recollection of anything since the previous afternoon, when he had been walking up Broadway toward the city hall, and was at a loss to account for the predicament in which he found himself. The policeman enlightened him a little by telling him the Chatham square incident, and adding:

"You must have had quite a tussle with the 5-cent whiskey, old man; but you're all right now."

As the broker had money enough to pay his fine, he did so without disclosing his identity. Of course, when a man in his sober senses is walking in Broadway it is rather a shock to awake in a police station clad in cheap clothes. It seemed like a dream, and he could not tell whether the police station, the court and the old clothes were real or a nightmare until he reached home. Then he discovered that all his papers and valuables, except his money, were missing. If anybody had robbed him, however, the money would have been more apt to be gone than the other articles.

Clad in another suit, and much perplexed, the broker went down to his office. There he obtained a fresh clue to the mystery. A young man was waiting for him, and asked to see him alone.

"How much is the reward?" asked the strange young man.

"Reward for what?" asked the broker.

"Oh, I know where de stuff is," said the visitor; "a thief came into our place and left it last night. The police will never look it outside of the pawnshops, and you might as well give us the reward for our honesty."

Then the visitor told about the thief changing his clothes for a poorer suit. It was all clear to the broker then. The poorer suit was the one he had himself been wearing earlier in the day. For \$25 he got back his papers and watch, but did not try to effect an exchange of the clothes, fearing that in doing so the story of his peculiar actions might become known. It was better to let it stand as it was, so long as he was not recognized.

Any person in the broker's position would have been greatly worried. It was evident that without apparent cause or warning the operation of his own mind had been supplanted by that of another for at least ten or twelve hours. Had it ever happened to him before? Not that he could remember; but he did think of some occasions when he

had been rallied by friends for seeming to be absent-minded. Would it ever happen again? Would people discover it? What might he do without knowing it, while his body was guided by some other mind?

The most obvious conclusion was that the broker needed rest and recreation. He had been working too hard and there was a cog loose. It might be only temporary, but the patient needed watching. The broker could not leave the city just at that time without imperiling not only his own fortune but the investments of others. Outside of a possible loss of identity occasionally, he could transact business as well as at any period of his career, but it would not do to let people know that he had such lapses. So he hired an attendant and remained at home, giving the attendant as an excuse, and conducting his office business by telephone.

Naturally a man who is in such a condition is apt to become thoroughly disheartened. Constant brooding, which could not be prevented, has lately caused a change in the sane-self of the patient, and not long ago he stated that there was no use of his living any longer. He saw no pleasure in life, and knew he would never recover. Remarks of this nature caused a watch to be kept closer than had before been considered necessary. The result was that his attempts to secure weapons with which to commit suicide were observed and defeated.

So it came that all the thoughts of the broker while in his right mind tended towards suicide, and during the spells when the other mind dominated a desire to kill somebody continually developed. The effect of this was that he was becoming insane all the time, with alternating periods of suicidal and homicidal mania. He was dangerous to himself in one and to his attendants and relatives in the other. Physicians who were in charge of the case came to the conclusion that it would be best to send him to an asylum, where the chances of some one making some improvement, and where he can be better guarded.

"I do not expect a cure," said one of the doctors, "because the trouble is of such long standing. Paresis, I think, has set in, and it is only a question of a short time. The case has been puzzling to us in many respects. When it first came under observation it might have been cured if the family physician's advice had been taken. The patient's efforts to save his fortune aggravated the trouble, and his wife's death, caused really by his own mental distress, had the effect of adding to the diseased condition of the overburdened mind."

Two different minds seemed to take turns in possessing him. One was his normal business, speculative mind, and the other was that of an illiterate, obstinate and feeble-minded countryman. It was not quite idiotic, but the next thing to it. When first noticed the two minds were as diametrically opposed in quality as are the North and South Poles. Lately the countryman's individuality has brightened and become more aggressive, while the other has grown weaker and developed suicidal symptoms.

It seems cruel to send him to an asylum when he is wealthy enough to have all necessary attention in his own home, but he will receive equally good treatment in the asylum. Besides that, he worries about the burden he has become to his relatives, and that is one of the causes for his desire to end his life. That cause will be removed, and the change of scene may drive out some of the morbidness which now fills his mind. In the asylum, too, the work of guarding him will be less apparent than in his own home, and while there will really be more restraint, it would have been better if he had gone there right after his wife's death, but I was not consulted until lately, and, perhaps, the course then taken may have been better.

Here is a case of obsession that could easily be cured by any first-class medium. Will not the prominent Spiritualists of New York take the matter in hand, and see to it that this man is relieved?

Spiritualism Spreading Rapidly. Spiritualism has been spreading quite rapidly in this section during the past few years. Five years ago there was but one family in this city, and they were hooted and sneered at, and even the children were instructed not to play with them as they were Spiritualists. Now all has changed. Public sentiment has reached a point where it is possible to get out quite a respectable audience to listen to a "crazy Spiritualist."

By previous arrangement, my two spirit brothers gave their experience in passing from earth-life to Spirit-life, and how it had been with them since their arrival in the new sphere of existence. Strange to say, in this extremely orthodox town, with church and church papers doing all they can to throw discredit upon all that comes in the line of Spiritualism, there were something over two hundred people who attended, listening with evident interest, and then went away, some to scoff, others to praise, and still others to wonder. So it has been with each lecture during my stay here.

Our developing circle of twelve members has been progressing finely. Here, as in most places, we found a few partially developed mediums, whose influences were in a demoralized condition and required assistance, which they have received.

The queerest case I have come in contact with was presented in this circle. A young man had as a control a South Sea Islander, one of the Malay race. He was very strong and was against everybody. It was impossible for anyone to touch him, as it seemed to burn him. He was giving a treatment when a drop of cold water accidentally fell upon his hand, and it burned so that a white water blister resulted. These conditions have been overcome and he is now developing rapidly. So are a number of other cases.

I will remain here until March 1st, then go back east, spending the greater part of the season at Cassadaga.

I wish to say to those who have sent orders for "Mediumship" recently that the first edition is exhausted, and the second will be issued about March 1st. It will consist of over 100 pages instead of 65.

W. H. BACH.

Aberdeen, S. D.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA.

H. G. Hogendobler, president of Meridian Truth Seekers, writes: "I received the Encyclopedia of Death and Life in the Spirit-World, and am reading it with great interest. Every young lad and young man should read it, as there are some real lessons to be learned in its pages. It is a book that should have a wide distribution."

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S

CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

EXPOSING TRICKSTERS.

A President Who Is Worthy of the Name.

TO THE EDITOR:—During the past two weeks two young men have been in the city who go by the names of Lee V. Johnson and Harry Rockwell. Mr. Johnson is about five and a half feet in height, with light brown, wavy hair, and smooth face. Mr. Rockwell has black hair, dark eyes, a small mustache, and is about five feet and ten inches tall. They have also operated for some time at Bay City. They have been giving trumpet and materializing seances and attempting to give slate-writings. On Wednesday evening of this week several Spiritualists, who were representative citizens and members of the local Spiritual Society, made up their minds to give these young men a thorough test. They had a number of reasons to suspect, from what they had seen at other seances, that all things were not as they were represented. They therefore concluded not to have the game played according to these young men's own methods, and demanded that their clothing be searched before the seance took place. Mr. Johnson, who occupies the cabinet, consented to an examination after some reluctance, but nothing was found upon him. It was then demanded that Mr. Rockwell be examined. To this he stoutly refused, and persisted in refusing an examination. Both refused at first to have Rockwell examined. One gentleman claims to have heard Johnson whisper to Rockwell not to consent to an examination under any circumstances. Johnson then demanded, with other gentlemen present, that Rockwell be examined, and said that, unless he would consent he (Johnson) would separate from him within a week. They were told by Mr. Penney, at whose house they were stopping, that unless they consented to an examination they should leave the house. One of the gentlemen present then asked that Johnson go into the cabinet alone, and try to give something. He consented to do this, but could do nothing, which seemed to indicate that one could not operate without the other. The young men then left the house, which was late at night. After they had gone, some of their masquerading outfit was discovered behind a picture in their room.

They had also claimed to give slate-writings, but no one who hung upon their slates obtained anything. In several instances, where the slates had been out of sight from their owners for a short time before the sitting, a writing was obtained. Mr. Penney obtained a pair of slates, tied them together, marked the edges, and set three times without any result. He left the slates lying about the house for a day or two, and one evening, as a seance was about to be held, Rockwell suggested to him that he had better take his slates into the cabinet, for he might get a writing. As he picked the slates up, he noticed that the slates had been changed about so that the marks did not come together. This being suspicious, the slates were untied before going into the seance and found to be full of writing. This made things look as though fraud was being practiced, but nothing was said to those present at the time.

In one of the materializing seances a lady came out of the cabinet and called for an old gentleman, who went up to see the lady, who pretended to be his sister. He slipped his hand up to her chin and found it covered with a sprouting beard, which he says he is sure his sister did not have. He also obtained a writing upon paper from the cabinet, purporting to be from a dead sister, but she had no such sister.

Mr. Rockwell carried a large bulldog revolver in his pocket and a billy or slug upon his arm, and claimed to be up to the science of boxing. He displayed these weapons and said that no spirits were pulled out of their seances, and that he was not afraid of any man twice his size. It seems strange that honest investigators should be asked to sit in a seance with such instruments, if their dearest friends are about them and coming out to see them.

The Spiritual Society of Saginaw now recommends that hereafter all Spiritualists and Spiritual societies adopt a fair but very severe test of their own to all traveling mediums; that such a test be applied at the first seance given, and that the test be of the following nature: Also that the medium be thoroughly searched before the seance begins. If Spiritualists will open their eyes to the necessity of this action, they will find that a large number of pretending mediums will quit the business. The rule ought to be adopted, "false in part, false in all." When this is understood by all it will have a tendency to make fraud disappear.

The society at Saginaw now feels that it will know for itself in the future whether honest means are used, or whether a smooth trick is being played upon an unsuspecting lot of honest investigators by a dishonest person in masquerade.

If any Spiritualist thinks that this communication is written as a result of personal prejudice, he may write to me for a list of names who will verify the above.

G. H. LEATHERS, President of the First Spiritual Society of Saginaw, Mich.

Important Questions.

Seeing Brother Barrett's answer to Dr. Westbrooke's communication, I should like to ask the former one or two questions of vast importance to the National Association and to all Spiritualists:

1. Will the incorporation papers issued by the National Association stand in each of the United States, in case of litigation?

2. Will the incorporation papers stand in each of the United States, in case of litigation?

3. Will the incorporation papers stand in each of the United States, in case of litigation?

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13. Will the incorporation papers stand in each of the United States, in case of litigation?

14. Will the incorporation papers stand in each of the United States, in case of litigation?

STRANGE SUMMONS.

Awakened From Sleep by a Voice That Called on Him to Save the Crew of a Sinking Ship.

Changed His Boat's Course.

The recent death of Captain Isaac S. Jennings, at Harvey Cedars, N. J., one of the best-known hunting and fishing resorts on the New Jersey coast, recalls an interesting story.

Captain Jennings was proprietor of the hotel at Harvey Cedars for many years, and had been identified with the history of the place. It was he who made it a success. Always kind and hospitable, he made an admirable host, and a hearty grasp of the hand always greeted the coming as well as the parting guest.

In speaking of his seafaring days, not long since, Captain "Ike" became reminiscent. "I've got a yarn to spin," he said, as he removed his slouch hat from his head and laid it on the table, took a whiff or two from his pipe and settled back comfortably in his chair. "It may seem strange to you; you may not believe it; but it is nevertheless as true as gospel, every word of it."

"It happened several years ago, when I was master of a schooner that traded between New York and some of the Southern ports. She was a good vessel, a good sailer, and the wind never blew too hard for her. On the trip in question our destination was Savannah, Ga., and we were in port several days loading and unloading."

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

"While we were in port I was aroused one night by a peculiar noise on deck that led me to jump out of my bunk and hasten forward. The noise was repeated, and, on looking around, I saw the oddest looking animal I ever saw in my life. It resembled a dog to a certain extent, but its body was longer than that of any dog I had ever seen. It looked up at me with a staring, staring gaze, and when it turned on me in a way that rather startled me, so I halted. After gazing steadily at me for a moment, the animal turned and slowly walked to the bow, climbed over the rail and walked up the wharf, halting every few steps to turn and look at me until it was out of sight."

"I must confess to being strangely impressed, and it was a long time before I could shake off a feeling of depression. For an hour or more I lay awake in my berth, thinking of my singular experience, and then fell asleep. The next morning I asked the men on the pier if they had ever seen such a looking animal, as I described around the wharves, but none of them had. One old man said maybe it was a warning, but I only laughed at that."

"We had had favorable winds, and were bowling along at a good rate, so I turned in just before midnight, leaving the first mate at the wheel. I was pretty tired, and soon fell asleep."

AN APPEAL FOR AID.

"Just how long I slept I do not know, but suddenly I was aroused by some one calling my name. So clear and distinct was it that I felt it must be some one in the cabin where I slept, so I was on my feet in an instant. The cabin was dark and all was quiet save the ripple of the water against the vessel's sides. I listened for a moment, and, hearing nothing, I went on deck. By the starlight I saw the mate at the wheel."

"Did you call me?" I asked.

"No, sir," he replied, "didn't. I've had no occasion to. Everything is all right."

"I concluded I had been dreaming, so I went back to the cabin and turned in. A few minutes later I was again asleep, and dreamed I saw a dismantled vessel off to the eastward with decks awash and the crew lashed to the rigging. Then I heard my name called again, louder than before, twice in succession."

"Captain Ike! Captain Ike! Help us. We are sinking!"

"Then I went on deck again. "Didn't you call me?" I asked of the mate at the wheel, in a manner that showed I was very much in earnest.

"No, Captain," he replied, "no one has called you. I have been on deck all the time, and nothing of the kind has occurred."

ALTERED THE COURSE.

"This convinced me that the call I heard meant something out of the ordinary, and I gave orders to have the vessel's course changed to the eastward. The mate remonstrated, as he said it would take us out of our way, but without telling him the reason I insisted on the course being changed. It was then two o'clock in the morning."

"We kept on in the course I had given until just at daybreak, when the lookout sighted a wreck on the starboard bow. My heart gave a bound as I heard it, and the mate turned on me with words in his eyes, but said nothing. In a short time we were in halting distance of the wreck. I went off in the small boat, accompanied by two of the men."

"As we came alongside the sight was a pitiful one. The schooner, for such it had been, was a complete wreck. Both masts were broken off close to the deck, on which was a tangled mass of rigging. The sea was making a breach over the deck, at the after part of which the crew, or what was left of them, were lashed fast to the broken stump of the mast. They were overjoyed to see us, but too weak to help themselves."

"So we untied the lashings, assisted them to our boat and took them back on board ship, where we supplied them with dry clothing and the first bit of food they had tasted for forty-eight hours. Their vessel was lumber-laden, and this had kept them afloat. But for the nature of her cargo she would have foundered."

PRAYER OF THE CREW.

"Now comes the strangest part of the story. After the shipwrecked men had somewhat recovered from the effects of hunger and exposure one of them told me of the storm they had run into, which had completely wrecked their vessel and left them floating about at the mercy of the wind and waves. Their provisions had all been spoiled and their water casks swept overboard."

"A giant wave had struck the vessel as she lay in the trough of the sea, carrying away the crew overboard. The rest lashed themselves to the bulk-

momentary expectation of seeing it plunge head foremost to the bottom.

"And now, Captain," said he, "I want to tell you something queer. We had been so long without food and water that we were almost dead. Two of the men wanted to jump overboard and end it, but I restrained them. Last night we were in despair, but we were not praying men as a rule. All of a sudden I seemed to see a ship heading toward us, and I saw you on deck. "Our prayer is answered," I cried to the men, "We will be rescued by morning." They doubted me at first, but when I insisted that it was true they took fresh courage. It was then about two o'clock in the morning, and sure enough when daylight came, you came with it."

"Now," continued Captain Ike, as he relighted his pipe, "you have heard the story. It is true, every word of it. I can explain it if you will do well. I lieve the call that came to me in the cabin that night was of supernatural origin, in fact, it cannot be explained in any other way. It resulted in the saving of four human lives, and it has always been the source of satisfaction to me that I followed my inclination on that eventful night, instead of trying to convince myself that it was a delusion."

New York Herald.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Troubled with Rheumatism.

"I have been troubled with rheumatism for seven years. I was taken sick last February and could not walk a step and was advised to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. After I had taken three bottles I was able to go around and do a good deal of work. I remember Hood's Sarsaparilla all who suffer as I have suffered."—ELIZABETH CRANE, Mumford, Mo.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion.

Wanted.

A live Spiritualist in every county to manage office and control territory for the famous Australian Electro-Pill Remedies. Send stamp for terms and sample, naming THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Address Dr. E. J. Worst, Ashland, Ohio.

Testimonial.

20 Chicago Terrace, Feb. 1, 1892. B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

Dear Sir: We have received your melted pebble spectacles; they are perfect. Your power in fitting eyes is truly wonderful.

MRS. MATTIE E. HULL, MOSES HULL.

Mothers will find "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" the best use for children while teething. An old and well tried remedy.

"Voltaire's Romances," translated from the French. With numerous illustrations. These lighter works of the brilliant Frenchman, and invincible enemy of the Catholic Church, are worthy of wide reading. Wit, philosophy and romance are combined, with the skill of a master mind. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

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"History of the Inquisition." Every citizen of our country should read this concise history of that Romish church institution known as the Inquisition. The animus of Romanism against all institutions, beliefs and parties not in conformity with the ruling powers of the Romish hierarchy is plainly shown in these statements of veritable history. The devilishness and murderous malignity of the "Holy Inquisition" is scarcely paralleled in all the world's records of inhuman atrocities. It is for sale at this office, and will be mailed postpaid for 25c.

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