

# RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

There are more evictions for non-payment of rent in New York and Brooklyn in one year, says a judge of the latter city, than in Ireland in two years.

In our country, three-fourths of the nation's illiteracy is in the south. Forty per cent. of the whole population of the south cannot read the New Testament. Of the 2,000,000 illiterate voters in our country, 1,500,000 are in the south. The negro population, now about 8,000,000, increases at the rate of 500 a day.

The power of the mind over the body is illustrated by the experience of a young woman at Beaver Falls, Pa., who had been bedridden and unable to move with paralysis on one side of her body. A fire occurring in the house she arose, put on a wrapper and fled from the burning building. The papers say that to all appearance she is wholly recovered, but a recurrence of the disease is very probable.

In Erie county the legal right of doctors to advertise is to be tested. There is an old statute under which it is claimed that by advertising a physician forfeits his diploma. If there is such a law it cannot be repealed too soon. A practitioner who has made himself skillful in any branch of surgical or medical science should not be compelled by law, even if he is by a foolish code of medical ethics, to hide his light under a bushel. Medical mediocrity is entitled to no protection in competition with originality, or with exceptional ability and fitness to treat the maladies of mankind.

Carroll D. Wright, in an article in the *Independent*, gives his estimate of the probable population of the United States in 1900, which, he says, will approximate 76,639,854. He says, referring to the eleventh census: We now know that the population of the United States at the beginning of the last decade of this century is 62,622,250, and a careful study of this number convinces us that it is fairly satisfactory. I had the good luck (for it was simply good luck) several years ago, using simply fair judgment and a reasonable knowledge of general conditions, to fix the population for 1890 at 62,500,000. There was neither genius nor skill in this.

Recently ministers of the Congregational Club at the meeting at Northampton determined to labor with the *Springfield Republican* for the suppression of its Sunday issue, which was classed with the forces of evil. The *Republican*, which is one of the cleanest and best newspapers in this country, protested against the correctness of the classification, and added: The Sunday issue of the progressive daily newspaper has taken its place with the many other conveniences and necessities of modern life that were unknown to the fathers. The demand for such an issue was clearly apparent before the *Republican* determined that its duty lay in meeting this call by furnishing such clean, wholesome and valuable reading as should hold this field for the

best influences of modern life. The *Sunday Republican* not only fulfills its mission as a newsgatherer, but is doing a distinct moral service to the constituency which it serves in promoting good politics, high thinking and better living. It is possible that some of our critics are not sufficiently familiar with its quality. "The *Sunday Republican*," said a Congregational minister and doctor of divinity in Western Massachusetts, "stands beside the Sunday newspapers of the greater cities as an angel of light."

Peter Brezidine, of Bee Springs, Ky., writes of some wonderful pualæontological discoveries made by him in that part of the state. He says: I explored what is known as the Hundred-Dome Cave, about six miles east of Mammoth Cave. In it I found evidences of a race of human beings of great antiquity. In niches of the cave I counted over 2,000 mummified skeletons or bodies of what must have been a large and very superior race of men, evidently dating back beyond our history of Adam and the Garden of Eden many thousand years. The bodies are in an excellent state of preservation, and I intend to remove about ten of them at once to Boston for the benefit of the scientific world.

The Medico-Legal Society, physicians and professors of Chicago colleges, says the *Womans' Tribune*, have adopted a resolution declaring that public séances of hypnotism, mesmerism and magnetism should be prohibited by law, and that the employment of hypnotism for medical purposes should be permitted solely to duly qualified men. . . . A committee was appointed to secure legislation on this resolution. . . . How much would have been found out about hypnotism if experiments in mesmerism, etc., had been left only to "duly qualified men?" . . . Facts bear out the statement that hypnotism, under another name, has long been beneficially used by healers and faith curers, and these same irregular practitioners have always been the target of the "duly qualified." What would be the use of passing any laws on the subject, when it could by no possibility prohibit those who would desire to make a vicious use of this power.

The triumph of medical science are among the most striking evidences of the progress the world is making. Recently the leg bones of a dog were grafted into human limbs, and a girl in this State whose nose had been broken was provided with a new nose made out of cat's ribs. Last Sunday, at St. Louis, Dr. Scott B. Parsons performed an operation on a woman thirty years old who not only had no cartilage in her nose but had lost by disease much of the frontal bone, which had come out in pieces through an opening between the eyebrows. The surface of the nose had sunk to a level with the eyes, the palate was gone and a large hole opening in the roof of the mouth, interfered with breathing and caused suffering otherwise. To overcome the difficulty the upper teeth were drawn and a new set was fitted to a plate which covered a hole in the palate. Then from a young calf which he had killed Dr. Parsons took the cartilage and with it built a new bridge for the nose, correcting the unsightly depression and enabling the woman to breathe through her nostrils in a natural

manner. Commenting on the new surgical science, so full of fascination both for professional and unprofessional minds, a writer speculates humorously as follows: There is certainly little improbability in the hypothesis that the animal substances thus rudely transplanted retain still some of their natural instincts. Who cannot help wonder, for instance, what the emotions of the consumptive into whose veins goat's blood has been injected would be when he comes across a battered tomato can or stands face to face with a dead wall decorated with gorgeous theater posters? Who can resist the temptation to speculate whether, when the temper of the lovely Illinois maiden is violently ruffled, her Grecian nose, made of cat's ribs, may not arch itself and become Roman in an instant? And what son or daughter of Adam is there who does not contemplate with the liveliest curiosity as to the result, the possibility of an accidental meeting between the maiden aforesaid and the New York boy whose leg bone was taken directly from a very vivacious dog? Verily, the possibilities of these times are tremendous.

The daily papers last week published accounts of the return to life, at Springfield, O., of a dead woman, who startled her watchers by rising in bed and demanding that she be at once baptized. The request was carried out under difficulties, and it is stated that the woman is likely to recover. The probability is that she was not dead but sleeping. The name of the woman is Mrs. George Tyree, and she lives on West Pleasant street. The *Inter-Ocean's* report of the affair is here reproduced: "For some time she had been a chronic invalid from consumption, the illness being augmented by a severe fall, which affected her spine. She has been gradually growing weaker, and Monday afternoon was seized with a spell of difficult breathing. Her breath came in gasps, and at 2 o'clock to all appearances life left the body and the woman was pronounced dead. Soon after she began to show slight signs of life, but by 5 o'clock the body was again seemingly lifeless. All hope was given up and arrangements were made for the proper care of the body, an undertaker being summoned. Before he could arrive, however, the woman again revived, and, sitting up in bed, startled the attendants by saying, 'I have come back to be baptized.' So positive was Mrs. Tyree that she must be at once baptized that the Rev. W. A. Cross was summoned and requested to take her to the church and administer the rite of baptism. He refused, saying it would kill her. But the woman's appeals were so pitiful that he determined to baptize her at the house. Accordingly he took the metallic coffin, and filling it with water, with the aid of her husband, immersed the woman. The almost lifeless body seemed to be revived, and shouting 'Glory! Glory!' the invalid was laid upon the bed. No bad effect was produced by the plunge, and to-day she is better than she has been for some time, and says she will recover." Perhaps the plunge was just what was needed physically, or it may be that with the views in which she had been indoctrinated it was just what was required to produce a mental effect favorable to the restoration of organic activities. Such a case a few years ago would have been convincing evidence to thousands of the necessity of baptism as a saving ordinance.

## ALFRED A. WALLACE ON PHANTASMS.

In the *Arena* Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the distinguished naturalist, gives the Society for Psychical Research credit for having done excellent work in presenting evidences for the phenomena known as ghosts or apparitions in such a way as to cause the facts to be generally accepted, as facts, by all who have taken the pains to inquire into the amount and character of the testimony for them. "The number of men eminent in literature, art and science, who have joined the Society and have contributed to its Proceedings has," he says "given the object of its inquiry a position and status they did not previously possess, while the correctness, the thoroughness, the literary skill and philosophic acumen with which the evidence has been presented to the world have compelled assent to the proposition that the several classes of apparitions known as doubles, phantasms of the living or the dead, spectral lights, voices, musical sounds, and the varied physical effect which occur in haunted houses, are real and not very uncommon phenomena, well worthy of earnest study, and only doubtful as regards the interpretation to be put upon them."

That apparitions are objective is shown, Dr. Wallace points out, by the perception of the same phantasmal sights or sounds by two or more persons at the same time, by the persistence of the phantasm in one spot notwithstanding change in the observer's position, by the effects of phantasms on domestic animals, by the physical effect produced by or connected with the appearance of phantasms and by the fact that phantasms can and have been photographed. Several samples of each of these groups of cases are given and their bearing on the question at issue is discussed. Dr. Wallace says that photographic experiments and tests have not been considered by the investigators of the Society for Psychical Research hitherto, but that they cannot be much longer ignored since the evidence for them is superior in quality to any that the Society has collected.

Dr. Wallace holds that in cases even of phantasms of the living the facts, inexplicable on any theory of telepathy between persons in the flesh, point to the agency of spirits. He thinks that altogether too much is assumed in regard to an unconscious second self or double personality living, unknown to the normal self, an independent mental life and exhibiting the characteristics of a distinct and different individuality. In the case of phantasms of the living, he does not believe that the phenomenon is due to an agent wholly unconscious of any agent in the matter; the person whose "double" is produced is more likely a condition only necessary to the production of the phantasm. Dr. Wallace thinks that the phenomena of phantasms and hauntings are better explained by Dr. Eugene Crowell who says: "I have frequently consulted my spirit friends upon this question, and have invariably been told by them that a spirit while in mortal form cannot for an instant leave it; were it to do so, death would at once ensue; and that the appearance of one's self at another place from that in which the body at the moment is, is simply a personation by another spirit, who thus often accomplishes a purpose desired by his mortal friend, or some other useful purpose is accomplished by the personation. I am informed and believe that in cases of trance when the subjects have supposed that their spirits have left their bodies and visited the spheres, their minds have been psychologically impressed with views representing spiritual scenes, objects and sounds, and many times these impressions are so apparently real and truthful that the reality itself barely exceeds these representations of it, but these are all subjective impressions, not actual experiences."

Transference of thought from one person to another Dr. Wallace of course admits, but in phenomena that pass beyond that he holds there is probably coöperation of preter-human intelligences. Veridical dreams, impressions and phantasms which are at first so unintelligible or seem so trivial or commonplace may not, he argues, be so difficult of explanation as some have supposed, when it is considered that there is evidence at the continued association of spirits with mortals

is often beneficial or pleasurable to the former, and when it is remembered that a large number of very commonplace people are departing this life every year and every day. The idea of guardian spirits so common among Spiritualists, Dr. Wallace believes is no mere dream but a reality, and he refers to the daemon of Socrates which warned him against danger and to the numerous and various forms in which knowledge and premonition come to many persons. Some are influenced in their ideas and impressions when no visible or audible manifestations are produced; to others spirits can make their presence known through one or more of the senses. All these phenomena should be looked upon not as supernatural but as the result of the natural and orderly exercise of powers which spirits possess and use for communicating, however imperfectly, with those in the material tabernacle.

## THE AGENCY OF SPIRITS.

Few men have investigated spiritual and psychical phenomena with such patience, persistence and thoroughness as have characterized the researches in this respect of Alexander N. Aksakof, author of a work published at Leipsic, last year, entitled "Animismus und Spiritismus," in which reply is made at length to Dr. E. von Hartmann's "Der Spiritismus," which appeared in 1888. Hartmann treated as real and beyond reasonable doubt most of the phenomena claimed by Spiritualists to be due to the agency of discarnate spirits, but he held that they were produced unconsciously by the mediums and those that sat with them. In his professed explanation he had recourse to a supposed nervous force, producing physical and plastic effects, to hallucinations frequently collective supported by this nervous force, and to a hidden consciousness somnambulant in its nature, which exists throughout the normal life of the subject which possesses telepathic power and may perceive the entire past and present of another person's life—a consciousness that sometimes becomes clairvoyant and, bringing the subject into relation with absolute being, enables him to know whatever is or has been.

M. Aksakof, while conceding much that Hartmann claims, after many years' investigation of Spiritualism, in all its details, in all parts of the world, in all literatures and by personal examination of all kinds of real or alleged spirit phenomena, is convinced of agency "extra-mediumistic and extra-mundane." He found much at first to raise doubts as to the actuality of such agency, and it was only gradually, when certain phenomena of an intellectual type had compelled him to recognize an intelligent power outside the medium, that he forgot first impressions and learned to look with more respect on the claims of Spiritualism. The falsity and vulgarity of many messages with their poverty of thought, the fanaticism of many Spiritualists, the vast amount of fraud practiced even by renowned professional mediums, and the credulity and infatuation which clamored for recognition of this fraud as the acts and words of departed spirits, often made him think of the great illusions through which mankind had passed, and to wonder whether Spiritualism was not another illusion like unto the others.

Continuing his investigations, a critical study of facts satisfied him that every type of mediumistic phenomena can be produced by the unconscious action of persons in the flesh, that the unconscious psychical activity of our being can exert either within or without the body even physical and plastic effects. It is this so-called unconscious element, this inner consciousness, M. Aksakof holds, that constitutes the original principle of each individuality, which the outer, conscious self, is but a phenomenal manifestation of the noumenal self, and the personal elements of the outer conscious self may assume the manifold character shown in sleep, somnambulism or mediumistic activity. Phenomena of this kind are designated *personisimus*, or change of personality. Unconscious psychical phenomena, such as thought-transference, the movements of objects without contact and materialization, where the elements of the personality overstep bodily limitations and manifest themselves at a

distance, whether physically or psychically, are classed under the name of animism. Under the name of spiritism are included the earthly manifestations of the individuality made possible by the combination of these elements of personality which have been able to cling round the centre of the noumenal individuality after its separation from the body, and which can manifest themselves by association with the corporeal psychical elements of some being still in the flesh.

All hypnotic and psychical phenomena in the opinion of M. Aksakof point to "that transcendental core of indissoluble forces, round which the complex and separable elements of personality are grouped and cling". A variety of phenomena is adduced to show the agency of spirit, but such as readers of *THE JOURNAL* know of, if they have not personally witnessed them. M. Aksakof, referring to the labor of his life, says: "One last word! In the decline of life I ask myself sometimes, 'Have I in truth done well, to have devoted so much time and toil and money to the study and the publication of facts in this domain? Have I not struck into a blind road? followed an illusive hope? Have I not wasted my existence, with no result to justify all my pains?' Yet always I seem to hear the same reply: 'A life on earth can have no higher aspiration than to demonstrate the transcendental nature of man's being,—to prove him called to a destiny loftier than the phenomenal existence which alone he knows.' I cannot, then, regret that I have devoted my whole life to the pursuance of this aim; although it be by methods which science shuns or spurns,—methods which I hold far trustier than any other which science has to show. And if it be in the end my lot to have laid one stone of that temple of the spirit, upbuilt from century to century by men true of heart,—this will be the highest and the only recompense which ever I strove to gain." As Mr. F.W. H. Myers observes in an able notice of *Animismus und Spiritismus* in the "Proceedings of Society for Psychical Research," December, 1890: "M. Aksakof has written with adequate knowledge of what experimental psychology has done within the last few years in France and England to throw light on human automatism and the workings of the subconscious self, and his own temper of mind is free from haste or fanaticism." The investigations of such a man are invaluable and his testimony carries weight among intelligent people.

## SECTARIAN APPROPRIATIONS FOR INDIAN EDUCATION.

The National League for the Protection of American Institutions, which has its headquarters in New York, has issued a petition and protest against sectarian appropriations for Indian education, and especially against the increase of such appropriations. The petition and protest are timely. The National Constitution says "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The appropriation of money by Congress for the sectarian education of Indians is a violation of this first amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Yet Congress appropriated to various religious bodies for support of Indian schools during the fiscal years from 1886 to 1891 as follows: 1886, \$228,259; 1887, \$363,214; 1888, \$376,264; 1889, \$530,905; 1890, \$562,640; 1891, \$560,218. Every one of these years more than one-half of the amount appropriated went to schools under the care of one denomination—the Roman Catholic. Last year special appropriations in addition to the liberal estimates of the department were made for three new Roman Catholic schools. The National League for the Protection of American Institutions justly declares that these appropriations are opposed to the fundamental principles of the Constitution, that they threaten the peace of the community by introducing questions of denominational preference into our civil legislation, that they are a menace to the whole common school system, and that they produce legalized friction with the rational and American theory of the Indian bureau for common schools and industrial education to prepare the Indians for self-supporting citizenship.

In its printed circular the League says: "We submit that it is undignified for a great nation to farm

out its work among its wards to the sects, instead of doing its own work in a broad and liberal-minded manner. Many of the Indians have been made to believe by some of the religious teachers that the United States Government is their enemy, and added to this baleful instruction is their inherited belief that they have been wronged by the nation. How better can the government dissipate this wrong conception, and prove to the Indians that the government authorities and the American people are their friends, than by making large and uniform provision for their education, moral, intellectual, and industrial, instead of establishing as many grades of treatment as there are sects sharing in government appropriations?"

Some of the ablest and most prominent men of the country, East and West, have recorded their names with the National League and have expressed their desire for the passage of the following amendment to the United States Constitution:

"No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining or aiding, by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or otherwise, any church, religious denomination or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking which is wholly, or in part, under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

Among those who favor this movement are Francis A. Walker, Edmund S. Stedman, Philip Schaff, Charles Scribner, Horace Porter, Henry C. Potter, Abram S. Hewitt, Rutherford B. Hayes, W. T. Harris, William E. Dodge, George William Curtis, Howard Crosby and hundreds of others of national reputation. The movement is a worthy and timely one. A division of public money among the several sects imperils the American school system, for if the general government divides school money among the sects what is to prevent the states following the example and making denominational advantages dependent upon political majorities. The intelligence of its citizens is the only foundation of republican government, and the public schools has well been called the palladium of our liberties. It cannot be too soon entrenched by national and state constitutional safeguards. THE JOURNAL is heartily with the movement.

#### THAT CASSADAGA CONVERT.

One may get heaps of fun out of this jolly old world if one but tries; and nothing is more provocative of mirth than the ludicrous efforts of a pompous old man to keep up with the procession; nothing, unless it may be the sublime arrogance and cheerful immaturity of a conceited provincial lawyer of mature age when endeavoring to pose as a psychical researcher and defender of his own homemade and variegated philosophy of shoddy. In the latter case, unless one is very very amiable, one is apt to vote the exhibit ridiculous rather than ludicrous and to mix his laughter with contempt, which is not happyfying. To play the literary mountebank before camp crowds and supply intellectual small-beer to the mentally immature is the acme of happiness it would seem to one old party. It should not disgruntle any one if this old party can thereby inflate himself afresh and at the same time amuse the rabble. It is only one of the many farces which really demoralize no one so seriously but that he can get in at the final grand round-up on the other side of Jordan. If Turveydrop from Meadville desires to walk on stilts and decorate his pomposity with paste diamonds labelled "Shakespeare," where's the harm? True he may befuddle the followers of other amusement purveyors, but the great world will be none the worse for that; he fools nobody who is of any account in the affairs of God or man.

In his characteristic arraignment of the editor of THE JOURNAL for presuming to take him in earnest, for having "solved the mystery" of the suspended slates on "a scientific basis," the Meadville bard introduces some homebrewed lines thus: "How truly did earth's greatest poet say:

"'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange with what show of truth  
And seeming sincerity cunning sin can cover itself with all."

Of course, it goes without saying, every well-informed person knows Shakespeare never uttered such lines;

and furthermore, that no poet ever would or could have uttered them with the smallest ear for rhythm. But such little trifles never bother the wag of Crawford county; he loves a joke—when not on himself—and he is not talking to the well-informed, and knows it. For the benefit of the uninformed, among whom THE JOURNAL subscribers should do missionary work, it might be well to tell them that the only passage in Shakespeare at all like the false citation is from "Much Ado about Nothing," Act IV, scene 1, near the beginning, where it reads:

"Oh what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal."

The quotation from the Cassadaga convert is typical of many others of his make. Shakespeare's lines are of ten syllables, sometimes eleven, rarely of twelve, yet the Pennsylvania poet, in the sublimity of his genius does not hesitate to put in seventeen; and this too, without getting short of breath or blushing. "What monstrous arrogance to foist his own words and phrases into Shakespeare's great lines, and then say they are 'earth's greatest poet's,'" we hear some reader exclaim. Pshaw! you have no humor in your soul thus to inveigh against the harmless, even if vulgar, prestidigitator of this amateur performer. He does the best he can and tickles the *hoi polloi*.

Were the strolling player of Meadville performing for other than the rabble, one could hardly forgive him for what would then be the utter silliness of quoting Uncle Toby rhythmically—and impossible rhythm at that; the ghost of Sterne would surely haunt him for thus libelling one of the finest creations of his genius. But under the circumstances the performer is not amenable to any court of soberness, either of this or the Spirit-world.

The dissection of these selections will show the reader on reflection the stupendous value to Spiritualism of a man who displays in his single person the lawyer, the scientist, the literateur, the philosopher, the orator, the wit, the psychical researcher, the everything all combined,—in his own estimation. Such a man is invaluable to any movement. He will prevent too rapid spread of its doctrines, and too great respect for the honesty and acumen of its exemplars and advocates. To this extent will he keep it pruned back; and its strength in its roots to shoot up, flower, and fruit when the world is ready to partake, digest and properly assimilate.

If it be said that this player, this new star, has donned the mantle which Jonathan M. Roberts doffed for a shroud, this differentiation should be accentuated, to wit: Roberts was a vulgar blackguard and general nuisance because of the intensity of his sincerities, and is thereby entitled to be covered with the mantle of charity. Whereas, Richmond imitates Roberts, mangles Shakespeare, Sterne, *et al.*, distorts the truth, and prevaricates all because of the intensity of his insincerities.

As nursery rhymes befit both childhoods, the first and the second, and as "Humpty Dumpty" seems to have soothed and pleased Mr. Richmond we offer another, which, with a trifling alteration, is even more applicable under the circumstances:

There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise,  
He jumped into a bramble bush, and scratched out both his eyes,  
And when he saw his eyes were out,  
With all his might and main,  
He jumped into that self-same bush,  
But—he never saw again.

After having assimilated that dose it will the better fit him to appear before the bar of the Open Court, if he will digest this genuine bit of Shakespeare:

Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
Airy succeders of intestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries!  
Let them have scope: though what they do impart  
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Mixed with a generous supply of pathetic tone such as this practiced pleader knows so well how to use, the above lines may be effective as a plea in mitigation of sentence.

Last March Jesse Streitt, a thirteen-year-old boy, fell from a barn loft on frozen ground. He was injured severely about the spine and confined to bed three or four weeks. The latter part of May his father left to work in Illinois, and Jesse begged to go

with him, but was refused. On May 28th, after his mother had tried to get him to sleep and to stop crying after his father, he made her cross herself and promise to wake him when his father returned home. Then asking his sister to stop playing the organ he went into a sleep from which he woke the last of June. During this time he took only a few spoonfuls of food. Many times he was thought to be dead, but when placed in the coffin moved so as to attract attention. He said he had been in heaven, a most beautiful place, and saw his brother. He also described the identical work his father did in Illinois. He said that he would stay on earth until he was thirty years old. Since then he has been only in fairly good health, being better mornings, but having sinking spells in the afternoon, not breathing and seeming to be dead. It is now a question whether he will go into another long sleep.

Tennyson's Enoch Arden, finding that his wife had mourned him as dead and had married another, rather than disturb her happiness lived and died in loneliness. The world has admired the self-sacrifice and nobleness exhibited in that romantic character. According to published dispatches a fellow returned to a town in Pennsylvania and learned that his wife, believing he was dead, had married again, sat down with the new husband and drew lots in the presence of the woman to determine whose wife she should be in the future. The first husband won, and the second abiding by the decision left the house. As a daily paper commenting on this remarks: "Human nature is a queer thing. Sometimes it soars and sometimes it grovels. This was a case in which it groveled."

A German anatomist has called the attention of his class to certain hysterical women who are affected with a kind of "pain-joy"—not only experiencing no pain from surgical mutilation, but having a morbid desire to bear without anaesthetics operations which should prove very painful. A young woman was introduced who had seriously injured her lower jaw during a paroxysm of hysteria, but who had insisted upon having the necessary removal of part of the jaw and ligation of two arteries performed without an anaesthetic, and subsequently declared that the operation had given her great pleasure.

According to a dispatch to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, from Macon, Mo., the body of Joe Zick, thirteen years old, who mysteriously disappeared from John Todd's house, on the Carlton River, about twenty miles from Macon, was discovered by Dr. Harris, who says he dreamed he saw the body of the dead boy some distance below the town, covered with sand and debris. Dr. Harris, out of curiosity, searched in the places indicated in his dream and discovered the body. The boy was an orphan from New York, and was sent west with others from that city.

The late Chief Justice Chase once startled Donn Piatt by saying: The wicked men are not in the penitentiary, they are in the churches. The criminals we convict are not wicked, they are simply weak—weak in character and weak in intellect. The men from whom society suffers are the cold, selfish, calculating creatures who not only keep clear of the courts but seek the churches, and deceive others as they deceive themselves and hope to deceive the Almighty.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has just invented two more admirable words—"pseudopathy" and "pseudotherapy," one signifying the quack science of disease and the other the quack method of healing.

Justin McCarthy is a charming and graceful literary man, but it can hardly be claimed by his warmest friends that he has shown himself equal to the Parliamentary emergency.

The president of Rutgers' female college has issued an edict that "the Browning and Ibsen fads interfere with soul growth."



### THE RICHMOND-BANGS AFFAIR.

Our faith in the verity of the fundamental claims of Spiritualism is so strong, our confidence in the knowledge we have acquired of spirit phenomena is so great, that we feel fully armed for the support of the cause to which we have given twenty-five of the best years of our life. He who has settled for himself the great question of the continuity of life and spirit manifestation to mortals, and settled it in the affirmative, has assumed responsibilities from which he cannot shrink and be a man. He must be doubly critical and careful as to all that claims to sustain his belief and position; and this, not for his own sake but for that of the cause to which he owes allegiance and for that of the public to which he owes duties which can neither be ignored nor evaded with impunity.—From editorial remarks in account of "Hon. A. B. Richmond, at Cassadaga," in RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of May 24, 1890.

Continuous readers will recall that in its issue of May 24, 1890, THE JOURNAL contained an extended exposition of the manner in which Mr. A. B. Richmond was deceived by the notorious Bangs sisters, at Cassadaga Camp, Lily Dale, N. Y., in August, 1889. That account called out a rejoinder from Mr. Richmond, published in THE JOURNAL of June 14, 1890—those who never saw said papers, and those desiring to refresh their memory, will be supplied with copies on application. Mr. Richmond devoted a large share of his time during the next three months to a campaign against THE JOURNAL, and a malicious, undignified warfare upon its editor. After months of preparation Mr. R. made his complete answer and grand assault on August 16th, when the several spiritualistic camps were in full blast, and when he knew the editor of THE JOURNAL was on the sea-coast, nursing a sick wife, a thousand miles from home; and thus unable to meet the assault in his own paper before the campmeeting crowds had scattered, carrying with them the impressions which the Meadville lawyer hoped to produce. That Mr. R. would pursue this plan had been predicted months before by those who knew his methods. However, on reading Mr. Richmond's onslaught, the editor of THE JOURNAL saw no occasion to reply, believing that in the minds of all rational people its author had irretrievably ruined his case and written himself down as a low black-guard unworthy the attention of a respectable antagonist. This opinion was afterward fortified in many quarters; among others in *The Cambridge News*, a paper published in the county in which Meadville is located. "..... Mr. Richmond's latest article," says the *News* of August 21st, "was evidently written while smarting under the criticism of THE JOURNAL and in a state of great irritation, and by no means does him justice. He even fails in the lawyer's appreciation of the effect of his statements..... Having seen his article in cold type Mr. Richmond is no doubt by this time sorry he allowed himself to make such an undignified appearance before the reading public."

Notwithstanding Mr. Richmond's intemperate and malicious ravings, embodying all the gall accumulated at Onset, Lake Pleasant and Cassadaga, in contact with such companions as W. R. Colby, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Clayton, Lizzie Bangs and others, the editor of THE JOURNAL hoped there might be somewhere hidden in the man's nature a feeble spark of decency and manliness which, as he grew calmer, would make him feel "sorry," as the *News* suggested he would be. The editor of THE JOURNAL also hoped that on careful analysis of the whole case there would be no one left among reputable, sensible people who would impugn his motives in complying with Mr. Richmond's request in the *Arena*, where he said: "I earnestly request those who are capable of solving the mystery on a scientific basis to do so." The editor thought there could be no one in possession of fair reasoning powers who would not acknowledge, even though sorrowfully, that the evidence conclusively proved Mr. Richmond had been deceived, and that he had not borne himself becomingly nor as one devoted to the truth. It is with regret that THE JOURNAL is

obliged to chronicle the fact that Mr. Richmond, after nearly six months of frosty weather, has given no sign that he is cooled off, or "sorry." With yet more regret the editor finds evidences accumulating with time that some very good people in various sections of the country still believe him actuated by hostility to Spiritualism, as charged by Mr. Richmond, and guilty of a premeditated, cold-blooded design to humiliate the brilliant advocate from Meadville, and dim a rising star in the spiritualistic firmament. Furthermore it is discovered that there are, here and there, some quite intelligent people who either credit Mr. Richmond's *Arena* account or are in grave doubt as to its having been a deception. Surely these people cannot have given any careful study to the literature of the case.

Personally, it is a matter of no consequence to the editor what uninformed or prejudiced individuals may think of him; but in so far as his acts and motives may form a part of the history of Spiritualism it is due to the cause in which he is an humble worker and to the body of intelligent people whom he strives faithfully to represent, that the cause and his constituency be not handicapped for want of information. Furthermore, it is due posterity that the future historian of the Spiritualist Movement shall have the data essential to a correct account of matters thereunto relating. Therefore is it proper and timely now to put on record some of the inner history of this Richmond-Bangs matter. It may also be well to supply some additional but seemingly superfluous evidence in support of THE JOURNAL's exposé of the deception practiced on Mr. Richmond. Before doing so, however, it will be necessary to briefly recapitulate the facts and condense the history of the case.

In the *Arena* for March, 1890, Mr. A. B. Richmond had a paper entitled, "Is there a To-morrow for the Human Race?" Apparently in support of the affirmative of his question the writer selected incidents from his experience at Cassadaga in August, 1889. The one over which the controversy arose was as follows:

The next day I procured two slates as before and in company with a friend visited another medium—a lady—of whose occult powers I had heard many, to me, incredible relations. I told the medium that I would not prepare any interrogatories, but that I desired to make a test experiment for publication. I placed a piece of pencil between the slates, tied my handkerchief around them and suspended them from a lamp-hook in the ceiling, over a table. My friend sat at one side of the table and I at the other. The medium was not at any time near the slates while they were thus suspended, she being seated at least ten feet from them; she asked me who I desired to come? I replied: "Any one that can write on those slates, I don't care who it is or what they write." We sat for some time conversing on the topics of the day and place, when I distinctly heard the pencil moving between the slates. It seemed to be making marks, it did not sound like writing. My friend and myself distinctly saw the slates moving with a vibratory motion. Soon the sound changed as if the pencil was writing; we waited five minutes, when all sound having ceased, I removed the slates from the hook, opened, and on one were two artistically executed drawings, with a poem(?) of two hundred and fifty words. The poem, or more properly rhyme, in connection with the drawings, seemed to be a joke perpetrated at my expense as if in answer to my indifference as to who wrote or what was written, and it was so pertinent, or rather impertinent, that my friends who have seen it have no doubt but that the "intelligent force" was well acquainted with my foibles, a fact, which, on reflection, I can have no doubt of myself. The "force" was not a Burns, neither a Shakespeare, yet it certainly possessed wit as well as knowledge. There was evidently more truth than poetry in this occult literary production, and the fact of the presence of an unseen intelligent force was so conclusive that Agnosticism was no solace to my wounded vanity. Observe, I do not pretend to be able to explain the phenomena I have described, and shall not attempt to do so. "I have only a round unvarnished tale delivered." That I know is true in every particular, and I earnestly request those who are capable of solving the mystery on a scientific basis to do so.

This bit of illustration was based on a piece of deception practiced on Mr. Richmond by two notorious frauds known as "the Bangs Sisters," as was conclusively shown in THE JOURNAL of May 24 and June 14, 1890. The trick had been uncovered to the editor two months before the appearance of Mr. Richmond's paper in the *Arena*. As Mr. R. earnestly demanded a scientific solution of the mystery, and because to him "the presence of an unseen intelligent force was so conclusive that Agnosticism was no solace to his wounded vanity," THE JOURNAL undertook to furnish the solution and supply a better healing balm than

"Agnosticism" for his "wounded vanity." While THE JOURNAL's effort was a success so far as the solution of the mystery went, it was worse than a dismal failure as a balm for "wounded vanity"; it was like pouring sulphuric acid on that vanity's raw wounds. It made the owner of that vanity wildly insane with rage; it turned his conceit into gas, and the noxious vapor spread throughout the country, aggravating a mental disease quite prevalent at campmeetings, dark circles and in materialization shops.

In opening the inner history leading up to the exposé of the deception of the suspended slates it may be well to begin with a curio clipped from the highly colored crazy quilt which Mr. Richmond pieced up for display at the several camps, and under which he essayed to hide his own mental and moral peculiarities, succeeding only in making them the more prominent. If his work lacks artistic finish, Mr. Richmond is certainly entitled to mention as a colorist, as this patch from his quilt will demonstrate:

If Bundy was honest in his pretended exposé, why did he not write to me first, and get my version of the particulars of the séance? I would have, most cheerfully, given them to him to the best of my recollection; but instead of that, six weeks before the publication of his malicious libel, he wrote a "confidential" letter to a gentleman in this city (Meadville) requesting him to procure a copy of my slate and send it to him. The gentleman indignantly refused, but said nothing to me of the occurrence until after the appearance of the libel in THE JOURNAL.

Attention is first especially called to the latter half of this specimen; and the following exhibit shows from what refractory ores the genius of a Richmond can extract paints suited to his purpose:

The Meadville gentleman who so "indignantly refused" the request made him in a "confidential" letter is Mr. A. Gaston, president of the Cassadaga camp; and here is the correspondence:

[Confidential and strictly private.]

CHICAGO, April 9, 1890.

MR. A. GASTON, Meadville, Pa.

DEAR BRO.: In the *Arena* for March, Mr. A. B. Richmond has, as you know undoubtedly, an article entitled "Is There a To-morrow for the Human Race?" In the article he relates a case of alleged independent slate-writing where he got some rhymes, the slate being suspended from the ceiling. He calls for a scientific explanation. Now I have reason to believe that as long ago as last January I was in possession of the facts regarding that séance, and I waited, presuming Mr. R. would publish something about it. After Mr. Richmond's course in the Rowley matter, I feel delicate about approaching him on topics involving his ability as an investigator; yet I would like to have the real facts of that test séance brought out if it can be done—in the interest of Spiritualism. I have in my possession what purports to be a copy of the contents of that slate—the rhymes and pictures. A copy made from memory by the party who furnished it to me. Quite likely it is not exactly like the original. Now I would like your advice and assistance. How shall we proceed? Have you seen Mr. R.'s slate of late, and could you tell if you saw my copy whether it is a close approximation of the original? Could you obtain the original for a short time and compare it with the copy, and write me wherein they differ and how—either in pictures or words? I wish I could have a photo of the original. In order to avoid all suspicion that my copy was made after seeing the original, I am willing to send it to you by express, *in strict confidence*, for you to see and compare with the original, before I see it. If my copy is substantially the same so far as the rhymes go, and the general make-up of the work on the slate, it will tend to corroborate my information, and I can then explain "scientifically."

This is, my brother, a serious matter and one in which, but for Mr. Richmond's attitude in the Rowley case, I should suppose he would be as anxious as I to have the whole truth, and a "scientific answer," but remembering his very unscientific methods and after-course in that case, I feel there must be no chances taken now. I am sure you, like myself, are so well grounded in your knowledge of Spiritualism that you do not fear the truth whatever it may be. Now if you are disposed and can consistently aid me to get at the bottom of this matter I shall be glad; if you cannot, then let the matter drop. Awaiting your pleasure, I am

Fraternally yours,

JNO. C. BUNDY.

On April 17th, Mr. Gaston replied. Such extracts only as are pertinent to the present purpose are here given, in order to save space; but the entire letter is open for inspection or copying by any one who will take the trouble to call at THE JOURNAL office. Mr. Gaston writes:

In answer to yours of the 9th will say: I have been so busy, and also absent from home five days in the meantime, that you have been quite neglected.... My position at Cassadaga as well as Mr. Richmond's warm friendship for me is such that I do not see how I can act in this matter only in an open way, which I am willing to do if you

wish. It seems to me that if you should send your copy to me, and I take it to Mr. R., he would be entirely willing to compare and allow a report to be made of result. However, I am not sure. He is quite sensitive on some points and might not see it in same light as I do. . . . I am anxious for the truth and would be only too glad to lift our cause on to higher ground and will cooperate to that end wherever I can see my way clearly. . . .

Fraternally yours,  
A. GASTON.

To Mr. Gaston's letter of April 17th, the following reply was made:

[Private.]

CHICAGO, April 19, 1890.

A. GASTON, Esq., Meadville, Pa.

DEAR BRO.: Of course I did not want, and I don't think you understand that I want, you to act in any underhanded way or to take undue advantage of your old friend and neighbor. But I have found it necessary to give away no points and to guard every step in dealing with men who have thoroughly committed themselves and who have not the moral courage, or who lack the power of seeing their own blunders. . . .

Fraternally yours,  
JNO. C. BUNDY.

Reflecting upon Mr. Gaston's connection with Cassadaga camp and his relations with Mr. Richmond and others engaged to appear there, and not desiring to push him into a position that might be annoying, the following letter was sent him:

[Confidential.]

CHICAGO May 2, 1890.

MR. A. GASTON, Meadville, Pa.

DEAR BRO.: In view of your position at Cassadaga and your semi-official relations with Mr. Richmond in connection therewith, which I did not think of when I broached the matter of the Bangs sisters' slate "tests" to you, I have concluded it would be putting you in too delicate a position to ask you to act in getting at the truth of the matter. I have therefore asked Mr. — to act if he can do so consistently, and have sent him the copy, and a copy of Graham's statement. I tell you this so that you may feel I am dealing square with you, and because I consider you entitled to this information.

Yours truly,  
JNO. C. BUNDY.

The above correspondence shows all the foundation there was for the statement of Mr. Richmond; and as he is as far from the truth, in general and particular, in most of the assertions and all the implications in his August 16th screed, that high explosive is more dangerous to its maker than any body else. On September 15, 1890, a letter was written by the editor of THE JOURNAL to Mr. Gaston, calling attention to the assertion of Mr. Richmond concerning him (Mr. G.) as having "indignantly declined," etc. "I do not and I will not believe," wrote the editor, "unless you tell me so, that you ever gave him reason to thus speak of my writing you and of your reply. Will you kindly give me, so far as you are concerned, the basis for his malicious prevarication?" No reply to this letter has ever been received. Readers of THE JOURNAL are at liberty to draw their own inferences. It is to be regretted that Mr. Gaston's name should be dragged into publicity in connection with this controversy, but his silence, in the face of Mr. Richmond's widely circulated assertion based on information that could only have come, so far as can be divined, from him, and his non-compliance with the request of September 15th, for an explanation, leave no other course open.

A letter, sent on the same day the documents were dispatched, to the gentleman selected to relieve Mr. Gaston, and who for convenience may be referred to as Mr. Brown, was as follows:

CHICAGO, May 2, 1890.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Knowing you to be so thoroughly grounded in your knowledge of the phenomena of Spiritualism and faith in its central claims that you do not fear to face the truth whatever it be in relation to our cause, I desire to call your attention to a matter of great importance, and to solicit your cooperation in bringing to light the truth concerning it.

In the *Arena* for March is a well written article by our friend Hon. A. B. Richmond, entitled, "Is There a Tomorrow for the Human Race?" On page 472 Mr. Richmond gives an account of a slate-writing séance in which the slates were suspended from the ceiling, with the result of obtaining on one of them "two artistically executed drawings, with a poem (?) of 250 words." After giving some general idea of the character of the communication Mr. Richmond concludes: "I earnestly request those who are capable of solving the mystery on a scientific basis to do so."

In January last I was called upon by a man named H. H. Graham, who had just been sued a few days or weeks before for divorce by May Bangs. I suppose he called upon me because I had exposed the fraudulent

nature of the Bangs Sisters' claims to materialization and had captured them in the act of personating a spirit, etc. He told me, in substance, that he did not consider himself the legal husband of May Bangs and if any ceremony was ever performed, it was while he was under the influence of drugs. He told me much concerning the fraudulent practices of May Bangs; and from my knowledge of the methods of the Bangs Sisters and of instances to which he referred, I was satisfied that he was telling me the truth, as, had he varied from it, there were many points where I should have detected the variation.

Among other things he told me of having prepared at Cassadaga last year, at the solicitation of the Bangs Sisters, a slate containing a rhyming message taking off some of Mr. Richmond's peculiarities, that in one corner was the picture of an angel or spirit and in another that of a devil. He recited to me at the time, with but little hesitation as he proceeded, the poem. His rendering of the whole affair was very dramatic and amusing and strongly impressed me with its truthfulness; when, therefore, in March, I read Mr. Richmond's account in the *Arena* I at once recognized the incident as the one related to me by Graham. I sent for Graham, showed him the article, cross-questioned him again, and then requested him to make me a duplicate of the slate as near as he could from memory, which he did. He tells me since, however, that he thinks there was one stanza omitted in his duplicate. He recalls the two last lines of it, but so far has not been able to recollect the first two. It would be impossible in a letter to give you the great amount of detail and collateral evidence which causes me to believe that Graham tells the truth, and that the slate which Mr. Richmond supposes was written on when hanging from the ceiling was the identical slate prepared by Graham.

My first impulse was to lay this whole matter before Mr. Richmond; but reflecting upon his course and methods in the Rowley investigation of last year, I hesitated as to what might be the better course in this case. My personal feelings toward Mr. Richmond are of a most cordial nature; but I do not hesitate to say that however honest he may have been, his conduct in the Rowley matter was not such as to commend itself to those desiring scientific proof of spirit phenomena, nor was it such a course as a man fearless of consequences in the pursuit of truth would have followed. Unfortunately Mr. Richmond's temperament, supplemented by his professional career as a legal advocate, unfits him to a considerable extent for real scientific work. Add to this his great love of approbation and confidence in his own abilities and he becomes an unsafe guide to a novice in psychical matters. The inevitable tendency of such a nature as Mr. Richmond's when confronted with evidence tending to show or prove that he is mistaken in his published assertions, as in the case of Rowley and as now in the case of the Bangs sisters,—the inevitable tendency of such a man is to defend his own position at all hazards, rather than to calmly and in a scientific frame of mind analyze the evidence.

Now, I am perfectly willing that Mr. Richmond should have an opportunity to investigate the evidence going to prove that the alleged spirit message hereinbefore referred to was a fraud deliberately practiced upon him; and I am also willing that he should be the first to publicly announce the fact of the deception and to revise his opinion in so far as may be necessary in that particular instance and to so state publicly; but in giving him this opportunity I do not desire nor propose to place myself in the hands of a shrewd criminal lawyer who may practice all the arts of his profession in making black appear white in order to carry his point. I will not tolerate any hedging or sophistry in the matter.

I send you by express this day a duplicate copy of the slate made from memory by Mr. Graham and with it a copy of Graham's statement. If you feel that Mr. Richmond can be induced to look at this matter from a purely scientific standpoint and, regardless of any chagrin it may cause him to be obliged to acknowledge that he was deceived, you are at liberty to go to him, ask him to produce the original slate, compare with him the two, discuss Graham's statement and report to me the result. If you do not wish to do this, then you will please treat the whole matter as confidential and return intact the express package. In any event the duplicate and statement of Mr. Graham are to be returned to me within five days after their receipt in as good condition as when received. In case Mr. Richmond is away from home, then they are to be returned to me within five days after his return; and if you desire, you are at liberty to show this letter to Mr. Richmond.

Fraternally yours,  
JNO. C. BUNDY.

Mr. Brown was also a personal friend of Mr. Richmond and regretted that occasion should arise obliging him, from a deep sense of duty, to take part in an investigation likely to irritate his old acquaintance. He accepted the commission, but doubted the wisdom of bringing the case before the public. Writing of the case Mr. Brown says: "I have no respect for the tares which pass for the wheat of Spiritualism. I despise fraud and have no sympathy whatever with the perpetrators. But it is indeed questionable whether, in this instance, in going for this individual case, if it was fraud, there is not danger of uprooting more wheat than tares."

In reply to this the editor wrote, saying:

. . . Now, you speak of it being, maybe, more damaging in this case to pull up the tares than to let them grow. You would not say this if you could sit in my office and see the wide-spread damage done to the cause by such reasoning in similar cases. No! the truth and the whole truth is the only safety for the Cause, however damaging

or humiliating it may be to the individual. You say, "The character of the testimony going to prove the deception would justly be called in question." No, I don't think it could be "justly." It is not as though the Bangs sisters were mediums above reproach previously. They are notorious tricksters and liars; and the whole story told by Graham is perfectly consistent with their methods and previous career. I seek no public controversy with Mr. R. over this matter, neither shall I shun it!

All the letters of Mr. Brown breathe a manly, kindly spirit. From the first he evidenced a pronounced intention of acting only in a judicial spirit and of protecting the reputation and feelings of his fellow townsman in so far as was compatible with loyalty to truth. And in this he, of course, had the full approval and cooperation of the editor of THE JOURNAL, who wrote him on this point, saying: ". . . . I desire above all things not to humiliate Mr. Richmond, but to help him to come forward in a manly way and publicly revise his opinion."

On May 10th a letter was received from Mr. Brown saying:

I have been thinking whether it would not be fair, if Mr. Richmond should be willing, to give him a certified copy of Mr. Graham's alleged reproduction of the message, provided he would give a certified copy of the original. I will not propose this unless I get a telegram from you to do so. Mr. R. will be at home, I am informed, tomorrow."

To this a telegraphic reply was sent in these words: "Exchange copies certainly. Candor and fair play imperative."

It is probably needless, and might be tiresome, to follow the case from this last date up to the final publication in THE JOURNAL of May 24th. Enough has been given to show that the editor did not rush into print, but assiduously sought for six weeks to have the evidence put before Mr. R., for reasons and purposes hereinbefore set forth.

Suffice it to say that from various quarters and from those well acquainted with Mr. Richmond, came independent testimonies to the effect that he would never meet the issue in the proper spirit, but would seek to maintain the correctness of his *Arena* statement at all hazards. "He is not willing," writes a Meadville correspondent, "to concede there was any possibility of his being deceived. His theory is, if there is any duplicate of the test, it was subsequently copied. In fact he alleges that it was copied by one person to his knowledge." The form of THE JOURNAL was about to be changed; and clearly, there was nothing to be hoped for from Mr. Richmond; and so the publication was made. Those who know the most about the inside history of this controversy will bear out the editor in saying he exhibited no personal feeling against Mr. Richmond; that while protecting himself, he tried his best to give Mr. Richmond an opportunity to remedy his blunder. Furthermore, that Mr. R. did not meet the issue in any such spirit as that of the editor. Mr. R. made his choice and must abide by the consequences.

#### SUPPLEMENTARY EVIDENCE.

It would seem further testimony were superfluous in support of the claim that Mr. Richmond was deceived; that those capable of rendering a just verdict on the evidence are already satisfied; and that no amount of fresh proofs are likely to weigh with those determined not to be convinced. However, the following is offered for consideration:

No one will deny that in maintaining his account of the phenomena of the slate-writing the burden of proof rests on Mr. Richmond. Now, when May Bangs, one of the mediums who took part in the affair, states over her own signature that it was a trick and that Graham's account of the affair is correct; and furthermore when four or more credible witnesses stand ready to testify in court that she acknowledged the trick in their presence, and did this prior to the appearance of the *Arena* account, in what sort of a predicament does this put Mr. Richmond? The names of the witnesses who heard May Bangs confirm Graham are on file in THE JOURNAL office. In August last, the editor of THE JOURNAL, while at Nantucket, received a letter, forwarded through his office, from May Bangs. It was written for publication, but a request accompanied it that it should be withheld for the present. Immediately

after getting back to Chicago, about September 1st, the editor was requested to return the letter to the writer. It would appear, so far as can be learned, that Lizzie Bangs owed her sister \$100, which she either could not or would not pay; and that after sending the letter for publication, May threatened unless the debt was paid she would remove the restriction on the letter and permit its publication. In this emergency it is said that the poor old father of these women, desiring to avoid further public scandal, went to a friend, with whom he had \$100 on deposit, withdrew the money and paid it over to May, whereupon she requested the return of the letter. The request was complied with, but a photo-electrotype copy was first taken. All except that portion of it relating to the séance recorded by Mr. Richmond is here suppressed, but the photo-electrotype copy of the entire letter is in the vault of THE JOURNAL office, to be produced if need be:

CHICAGO, August 4, 1890.

"... In justice to all I wish to state (notwithstanding I have for her [Lizzie's] sake said to the contrary) that all Mr. H. H. Graham has said about the Richmond slate writing is true, except it was Lizzie Bangs, not I, who gave the sitting to Mr. Richmond, as he well knows and is no doubt willing to state. The trick was done by her exchanging his slates for the ones Mr. Graham prepared...."

(Signed) "MARY E. GRAHAM,  
nee MAY E. BANGS."

The full significance of the above will more completely appear further along. The following letter would seem to fit in here. It is from a dressmaker often employed by the Bangs sisters. The letter opens with statements as to Lizzie Bangs, irrelevant to the question of her mediumship, and continues thus:

"... While in her (Lizzie's) employ she sent me to her closet for dress trimmings. I found instead a black bag containing wigs, gray whiskers, curls, lace of various colors, beaded dress of the 'Princess,' and the soldier uniform and cap of the spirit control, George. At another time I saw her cleaning part of the brass work of George's uniform; that same evening I witnessed the same brass work at her séance, on the human spirit George. I have frequently admitted to her house her confederate who would frequently come through the alley and pretend he was a collector, a grocery man, carpenter, etc. He is well known to me and his identity I can prove. I have also heard May Bangs discuss the Richmond slate-writing; and heard her acknowledge that her husband, Mr. Graham, did compose the rhyme and did draw the picture on that slate...."

(Signed) "KATE MEAGHER."

To those who have carefully studied the testimony on both sides and who will turn back and analyze Mr. Richmond's *Arena* account of the séance after reading the following letter, there may come fresh light. That a criminal lawyer of local celebrity, at least, should be made to testify against himself over his own signature may be hard on the Pennsylvania bar, but nevertheless it will help to clarify the case under consideration:

MEADVILLE, PA., May 29, 1890.

MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

DEAR FRIEND. Yours received. I have written a long article contradicting the Bundy libel for the *Banner of Light*, also will for the ——. I will give Bundy all he needs.

I believe you are right that it was Lizzie not you—you were both in the room were you not?

Do not make any written statement to any one until I send you one to sign.

I hope to see you and Lizzie at Lily Dale this summer.

Your friend,

(Signed) "A. B. RICHMOND."

As the authenticity of the above letter might be questioned in some quarters, the precaution has been taken to reproduce it by the photo-electrotype process, and a fac-simile will be found on page 607.

In his *Arena* paper Mr. Richmond gives the reader to understand that there was no one present at the séance other than the "friend" who accompanied him and "the medium." He could not have stated this stronger by direct assertion than he does by implication. The editor of THE JOURNAL, however, had been informed that May and Lizzie were both present during a greater part of the séance; Lizzie acting as "leading lady" in the farce, and May going behind the scenes in time to produce the "vibratory motion" seen by the old gentleman from Meadville. But the editor had by this time learned the proneness of Mr. R. for mal-observation and loose statement. He felt sure that Mr. Richmond could not tell whether the leading performer was May or Lizzie, and it did not matter

which name was used; hence, the following language in the exposé of May 24th:

For reasons of his own Graham does not mix up the name of "Lizzie Bangs" with that of her younger sister May. It may be that Lizzie was the visible "medium" who posed in Mr. Richmond's presence, but it does not matter; the two women work together whenever either needs a confederate.

After the publication of the deception, May writes Mr. Richmond, and he responds to his "dear friend" as above. Evidently it needed May's help to clear Mr. Richmond's mind as to which sister was in the leading part. "I believe you are right," he says; but his recollection is still hazy and he inquires, "Yet you were both in the room were you not?" Evidently his obfuscation arose from the fact that he recalled May's presence during the first part of the séance and her absence during the latter; and between the recollection of seeing her and not seeing her his memory became dazed. Hence he seeks information of the "dear friend" who was one of the parties in foisting a fraud upon the public and who of course would be more competent than himself to answer. "Do not make any written statement to any one," commands Mr. R., "until I send you one to sign." Why this injunction? According to his own words he is not clear on vital points in the case, yet he instructs those whom he must realize know more of the affair than he to wait until he, five hundred miles away, can prepare testimony for them "to sign." The only reasonable inference to be drawn from his words is that he proposes to write out in Meadville what he desires them to affirm, so that when brought to light in Chicago it will harmonize with his version of the séance;—another striking evidence of the necessity of "harmony" in promoting and exploiting the products of the commercial séance room. Possibly this letter of Mr. Richmond is an exemplification of the ethics of his "beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism;" yet, as he never in print avowed himself a Spiritualist nor affirmed the spirit origin of the phenomena until after THE JOURNAL's exposé, it is more likely his conduct and this letter to his "dear friend" are survivals of his materialistic ethics, or telepathic reliquiae from the esoteric stores of his long professional intimacy with criminals.

#### SATURDAY'S SATURNALIAN SYMBOLOLOGY.

BY PROFESSOR COUES.

Controversy between my venerable friend Jackson and myself on elementary text-book facts in astronomy may not be edifying; but it is so excruciatingly funny that I want the readers of THE JOURNAL to help me enjoy some more of it. Every statement of fact that I made, in my two skits of November 8 and December 13, is correct, and verifiable by reference to any authority on the subject; and if Mr. Jackson knows as little astronomy as I do astrology, it is his misfortune, not his fault, and I can neither dispute his ignorance, nor argue with it. But as soon as I can compose my features and stop shaking my sides, I will try to enlighten that gloom of astronomical night which makes Mr. Jackson say of himself that his "back is up," and liken himself to his "pet cats when they see a strange dog" (see JOURNAL, December 27, p. 490).

Were I given to epithets, I could discount such mild similes as those. I eat, drink, sleep, work, move and have my being at present in the "Century Dictionary," whose resources are beyond 200,000 words with which to war. I might call my friend a phylactolæmatous polyzoan, or an opisthobranchiate gastropod, or a thalassiculous radiolarian, or an echinoproctous hystericomorphic rodent, or a bambusicolic sonorivox, or a regular parallelopedon—something of that sort, you know. But I do not; I simply say he is a gentleman who has had the misfortune to be mistaken (which is no crime) and to lose his temper (which is worse than a crime, because it is a blunder). I extend my sincere and sympathetic condolences, together with this valuable and strikingly original piece of advice: Be ca'm, my friend. Try to ca'm yourself. Cultivate ca'mness. Ca'mness conduces to peace of mind, serenity of brow, philosophy, longevity, and other admirable or desirable things. Remember, "God still lives"

and thrives; and if, as you say, your back is up, why not get ~~it~~ down? You say you are just like a cat. Then don't try to be a camel, too, for that is impossible—that would be a mixing of zoological metaphors as naughty as the nautical mixing of those babies up in "Pinafore."

With these preliminary and precautionary signals of polemical amenities, customary with diplomatic controversialists, let me see if I can find out what ails my respected patient. It seems to worry him that I said, in THE JOURNAL of December 13, that "this planet [Saturn] has never been seen by mortal eyes," and he says (JOURNAL, December 27) that my statement "is some kind of a trick or catch." It is neither; it is a fact. In support of which I quote the exact words of Professor Charles S. Peirce, one of the leading astronomers of the world, who says: "It is evident that we see only the atmosphere of Saturn." This, I may inform my venerable astrologophobist, is due in part to the construction of our telescopes, in part to the structure of our eyes, and in part to the inconsistency of Saturn himself. For his mean density is only 0.7, or less than three-fourths that of water; and his albedo is 0.5, or about that of a cloud, but decidedly orange-colored. So we have never been able to penetrate the nebulous obscurity with which the old god has shrouded himself—and I hope Mr. Jackson's lynx-eyed vision discerns the point, now that it is explained. Had it been a joke, perhaps his acute sense of humor would have taken it. But he suspected it was a "trick" or "catch"; and I confess, on second thought, it makes a first-rate one, though I did not think so before he put the notion in my head. So be it! Then the catch shall be, that no mortal eyes have ever seen Saturn, or even Saturn's albedo; for I need not argue to convince a veteran Spiritualist that the real eyes with which we see are immortal. The physical mechanism of vision, like the telescope with which we amplify it, is perishable, and sees nothing whatever. It is only the spiritual eye, back of the eye we apply to the telescope, that sees, and this eye, Mr. Jackson knows, is not "mortal." Next time Mr. Jackson feels like saying, as he says in THE JOURNAL of December 27, "I deny the assertion totally, and defy any one to defend it on any basis of common sense," common sense should make him pause to reconsider what assertion he denies, and whom he defies. Denial of fact and defiance of factors are what lawyers call *brutum fulmen*—empty thunder, or sound without sense (if Mr. Jackson will allow me to translate the Latin for one who does not seem to know that "Kronos" is Greek for "Saturn"). And while we are on a question of fact, let me correct Mr. Jackson's statement respecting the mean density of Saturn, which he asserts (apparently on his own authority, though I know where he cribbed the statement) to be three-fourths as heavy as water; but it is not; it is only seven-tenths. In refraining, in my former article, from conveying this information, I am sorry to find that I did, quite innocently, set a trap for my friend, into which he tumbled with neatness and dispatch. What a wonderful artist in words I must be, when I can spring a trap and catch a Jackson with a simple remark about the relative density of water and of Saturn!

#### I. ETYMOLOGY OF SATURN.

The derivation of the name is not absolutely certain, but it is probably, and according to the greatest and latest authority—that of Professor Charles P. G. Scott of New York—from the Latin *satus*, sown, past participle (as Mr. Jackson will be glad to learn) of the verb *serere*, to sow. It is in Latin form *Saturnus*; so also in Dutch and Danish; *Saturno* in Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian; *Saturne* in French; *Saturn* in former English, and *Sætern* in Anglo-Saxon. In the latter language it appears in the words *Sæternes-dæg*, *Sætern-dæg*, and *Sæterdæg*, which I can assure my friend means "Saturday," or Saturn's day—an expression first found in Latin in Tibullus, who calls it *Saturni dies*, I hate to spring this profound erudition on so amiable a critic as my camel-humped friend, for fear he will think it a joke; but I was never more serious in my life.

## II. MYTHOLOGY OF SATURN.

It will, I fear, make Mr. Jackson feel like a pet cat at sight of a strange dog—to use his own confession—to be told that Saturn was a god long before he became a planet. The first application of the god's name to the planet occurs in Cicero; and as that famous orator, one of whose lucubrations was *De Natura Deorum*, lived in the first century before the great Jewish reformer, it follows that Saturn, as a planet, is only about 400 years older than Christianity (which was first established in 325 A. D., by the political and ecclesiastical intrigues of Constantine and Eusebius). The first certain mention of the planet Saturn by a classic author is somewhat earlier; for we find "the star *Kronos*" named in Aristotle's *Metaphysics*; and what I said about the "heavenly *Kronos*," as a classic synonym of Saturn, need not have transformed my friend into either a camel or a cat. Neither need it have been the innocent cause of this confession: "It is not an astronomical term ever used in my sixty years reading of that science, nor is it in either of the many dictionaries or cyclopedias at hand. Possibly it may be found in astrology; but not being a Greek scholar I do not understand it, and must let it pass," says our good friend. I wonder at this naive admission, made by a gentleman of mature years, presumably worldly-wise; but I marvel more at the fearfully and wonderfully made sentences I have just quoted. But I gather from what he says—if he will allow me to translate his words into English—that he doesn't know what "Kronos" means, never saw the word before, couldn't find it in the dictionary when he tried, and had to give it up as probably some dreadful astrological slang, covering a world of wicked symbolism, mysticism, occultism, and other feefoofummism too dreadful to contemplate. Let him take new courage then in the conviction that "Kronos" is good solid Aristotelian Greek for the planet Saturn; that it has been used in that sense, off and on, for more than 2,000 years; that it is seldom if ever so used by astrologers, because few of them have been Greek scholars; and finally, that he will be likely to find the word in the first school-girl's text-book he can pick up, if he will simply look for *C* or *Ch*, instead of *K*. For it is a fact, which appears to have escaped Mr. Jackson's study of classical literature, that the Greek *Kappa* (by which he will understand me to mean our letter *K*) usually becomes *C* when transliterated in English; so that *Kronos* is liable to be found in English books as *Cronos*, or *Cronus*, or *Chronos*, or *Chronus*. To make sure of this, I will ask my little son when he comes home from school, as my bookshelves are across the room from the desk where I am writing, and Mr. Jackson has made me too tired to leave my chair.

However, a rose by any other name will smell as sweet. Saturnus was an ancient Italic god, popularly believed to have appeared in Italy in the reign of Janus, and to have taught the people agriculture, horticulture, arboriculture, medical botany, and other sensible things. He was an honest old farmer, not the least bit astrological, who married a rich wife named Ops, thus making a more reasonable "Farmer's Alliance" than they have in Kansas at present. He seems to have been pious, too; for the story has come down to us that he had an altar somewhere, before Rome was founded. There may be some hitch about the title to this property, for the early Romans mixed Saturn up with the Greek Kronos in such a way as to give rise to the legend that after he had been overthrown by Zeus ("Zeus" is Greek for "Jupiter," my friend) Saturn wandered to Italy, where he ruled so well that the poets sung his reign as the golden age, and after his death—pardon me, his transition to spirit life—the folks got up an annual festival in his honor, called the *Saturnalia*. The oldest form of national verse was also called the *Saturnian*; and for that matter the country itself was named *Saturnia* in those good old times. Saturn's regular wife was Ops; but as she was goddess of the crops she was called *Consiva*, and under that title had a sanctuary to which only vestals and priests were admitted at any price. Saturn seems to have had another wife, or brevet wife, named *Lua*; but perhaps the less said about that lady the better. The great *Saturnalia* (also called *Opalia*, from Saturn's

wife's name Ops) were long celebrated during the third week in December; or what would be just before our Christmas holidays; and a good many of the festivities which we still have at the winter solstice are historically as well as literally "Saturnalia." When the memory of the good old man began to get dim and hazy, they set up a statue to perpetuate it. They gave him a scythe or sickle, in dreadful symbolism of his agricultural proclivities; and to this day, in every almanac—in every astrological book, too, *horresco referens!*—you can see the same sign or "totem" of the planet Saturn, namely, the little symbol shaped like a reaping-hook. And to this day, too, the god Saturn figures in our folklore as "Father Time"—that venerable old fellow with the long beard, the scythe, and the hour-glass. This transformation was natural and easy—easy as lying, and natural as being mistaken. For it came about through not knowing how to spell his name. The Greek *Kronos*, in its Latin form *Cronus*, became mistaken for a Greek word *Chronos*, which means "time." Thus the god Kronos was metempsychosed into "Father Time." I have known a graceless newspaper man to call him a slow old coach, and ask why he did not trade off his hour-glass and scythe for a stem-winding watch and a McCormick reaper, so as to keep up with the times. But those of us who realize the falling of "the foot of time"—tread it on flowers or tread it on flints—cry "cheu! fugaces," and complain not that Saturn is slow.

## III. ASTRONOMY OF SATURN.

This planet is the most remote of those known to the ancients. At brightest it appears like a star of the first magnitude. It revolves in an orbit inclined 2½ degrees to the ecliptic, nothing to that extent in *Spica*, and southing in the ribbon of *Pisces*. It is 9½ times as far from the Sun as the earth is, or a calculated distance of 872,000,000 miles. Its sidereal revolution takes 29 Julian years and 167 days; its synodical, 378 days. The eccentricity of the orbit is considerable. There is a point about the period of Saturn to which I must recall Mr. Jackson's polite attention, since I made it in my article of Dec. 13th, and since it seems to give Mr. Jackson a haunting suspicion that there is something astrological about me. I made the statement in my own language, and on reading what I said about the perturbations of Saturn, I find that I said what is exactly true and mathematically demonstrable. But to be doubly fortified, I will quote the very words of one of our first astronomers. Thus—

"Owing to the fact that the period of Saturn is very nearly 2½ times that of Jupiter, these planets exercise a curious mutual influence, analogous to that of one pendulum upon another swinging from the same support. Since 1790, when in consequence of this influence Saturn had lagged 50 minutes behind and Jupiter had advanced 20 minutes beyond the positions they would have had if undisturbed, Saturn has been moving continually faster, and the whole period of the inequality is 929 years. This is the largest perturbation of those affecting our (solar) system."

That is precisely what I said! I am little used to appeal to authority respecting scientific statements of fact which I make public; but in this case I am authorized to state, in advance of the appearance of the article "Saturn" in the *Century Dictionary*, that these statements are those which that great work will make. What there can be astrological about it I fail to see; and I never before found a man so easily perturbed by a mathematical calculation as Mr. Jackson seems to be. One would think such perturbations of a planet important and interesting; but one knows that the perturbations of a Jackson are neither, though greater.

I may add some facts which Mr. Jackson may be interested to learn. Saturn is the greatest planet except Jupiter! Its diameter is about 9 times that of the earth; its volume, 697 times; its mass, 93 times. Its equator is nearly parallel to that of the earth; and what is more to the point, the spheroidal compression of Saturn exceeds that of every other planet, for it is one-tenth of its diameter! This statement is not open to question; and we have, moreover, the great authority of my friend, Professor Asaph Hall, the discoverer of the

satellites of Mars, that Saturn's rotation is performed in ten hours and fourteen and four-tenth minutes. From these data, collectively, I must leave Mr. Jackson to calculate for himself the lengths of Saturn's day and year. Let him do so conscientiously—not capriciously nor for mere controversy, but as a humble student of nature and of nature's God, as reflected in elementary school-books—and then say, if he can, that I am wrong in the least particular.

## IV. THE RING OF SATURN.

Mr. Jackson falls into a grave error in *THE JOURNAL* of Dec. 27th, where he speaks of Saturn's rings. Properly speaking, there is but one ring,—and that one ring is considerably less than 100 miles thick. It consists of (apparently) three rings; but other divisions of the ring have been observed at different times, and they do not appear to be constant. The innermost division is dusky and pretty transparent; in contact with it is the brightest division, between which and the outermost is a gap. While the total diameter of Saturn is only 75,800 statute miles, the total diameter of the ring is 172,800 such miles—figures which show, in a way which Mr. Jackson cannot presume to dispute, the true ratio between the respective magnitudes. The plane of the ring is inclined 7 degrees to the planet's equator, yet no less than 23 degrees and 10 minutes to the earth's orbit. This is an important fact in the chain of reasoning I am linking, and I wish to rivet my good friend's gaze on this point, since he seems to think there is something astrological in what is about to follow. For it is a simple fact, depending upon the inclination of these planes, that when Saturn appears in the hind legs of Leo, or in the water of Aquarius, we see the ring edgewise, and it passes out of sight, remaining invisible as long as the sun shines upon the side away from us; for the ring only shows by the reflected light of the sun, and is best seen when the planet is in Taurus and Scorpio! That is all I said, in substance, and I am sorry I did not make my meaning clear to an astronomer of Mr. Jackson's intellectual luminosity.

Considering my main points thus verified, demonstrated, and established beyond the possibility of other than fretful and testy criticism, I have but one question to ask of my formidable protagonist: It is this: Mr. Jackson, will you dare to say in public, whether the ring of Saturn is solid, fluid, or gaseous? I beg a candid, courteous reply, without evasion, mental reservation or subterfuge. You shall have my answer promptly and your long agony will then be over.

## V. ALCHEMY OF SATURN.

Saturn was not only a god, a farmer, and a botanist; he was something of a mineralogist. At least, such is the logical inference from the fact that one of the metals, known to chemists as plumbum, used to be called by his name. This is the useful and valuable elementary substance Mr. Jackson may know of under its English name of lead. It is used for gas-pipes and many other purposes. We speak to-day of "saturnine red," meaning red lead. Of the effects of lead on the system, commonly called lead-poisoning, we have many technical medical terms, such as "saturnine amaurosis," for a certain defect or loss of eyesight due to this poison; "saturnine breath," the peculiar smell imparted to the breath in this malady; "saturnine colic," or lead-colic; "saturnine palsy" and "saturnine paralysis," such as the wrist-drop of house-painters; and lead-poisoning in general is technically known to the profession as *saturnism*.

## VI. ENTOMOLOGY OF SATURN.

Mr. Jackson has perhaps heard of such things as silk-worms; perhaps also, that these are the larvæ of caterpillars of certain moths, or nocturnal lepidopterous insects. But it may be news to him, that one of the groups or divisions into which naturalists classify these moths is named *Saturniidae*; and that this division contains all the large silk-worms which are native to North America.

## VII. PROSODY OF SATURN.

As above hinted, there is a kind of verse or meter called *Saturnian*, used in early Roman poetry before the adoption of Greek meters. Many examples are

extant, and have elicited expressions of various opinions of metricians respecting the true nature of this prosody. Some explain it as quantitative, others as purely accentual. The former describe a classic example as an iambic line of two cola separated by a cesura. In his introduction to the "Lays of Ancient Rome," Macaulay compares the Saturnian verse to the familiar nursery rhyme—

"The queen | was in | her par- | lour | eating | bread  
and | honey."

#### VIII. PALMISTRY OF SATURN.

Under this head I hope to lead my pugnacious and irascible old friend gently by the hand to the astrological fate that is in store for him unless he repents of that rash heat which may be condoned in youth but less becomes maturity. I have not examined his palms professionally—in fact I am not a professional palmist, or chiromnist, or chiromancer, or chirosoph, or even a chiropodist, but just an ex-chirurgeon somewhat given to chiromancy. Yet it is a fact, that my good friend, whose back, as he says, is "up," has also another protuberance, which he will find at the base of his middle finger—not the knuckle on the back, but the pad on the palm. This is technically called the *mount of Saturn*. If he will look closely he may find, on one or both hands, a line beginning at the wrist and running up the middle of the palm toward the base of the second finger. This is the line of fate! Let him beware and prepare to meet his God, even at the eleventh hour, while yet there is time for the sinner to repent—for this—this, I shudder to say, is the *line of Saturn*!! So it must be "astrological" and "symbolical"—but the subject is so painful that I forbear.

#### IX. ASTROLOGY OF SATURN.

Saturn was called by astrologers the "Greater Infortune." Among the animals mentioned by them as "under Saturn," the ass is first—so I hope my friend was born under some other planetary influence. Among the plants under Saturn they mention a "clown's wound-wort," which he might try to ease his woe. Among the diseases due to Saturn they cite "all melancholy and nervous affections, all phlegmatic humors, and chin-cough"—with none of which I hope Mr. Jackson suffers. Saturn, they say, "governs the spleen;" so I am sure Mr. Jackson was not born under Saturn, for I perceive by his writings how well he governs his own spleen. Saturn, they say, "rules everything bitter, sharp or acrid"; let us pray, brethren, that there be nothing of that sort about us—let us be Mercurial, Martial, or Jovial, but never Saturnine. For the astrologers sum Saturn's character in these gloomy terms: "Saturn is in nature cold and dry, occasioned by his being so far removed from the heat of the Sun; he abounds in vapors, and is a melancholy, earthy, masculine, solitary, diurnal and malevolent planet"; and from his effects, when "lord of the ascendent," good Lord deliver us!

#### X. THE MORAL OF SATURN.

It is this: Next time Dr. Coues writes a paragraph to THE JOURNAL, as a kindly send-off for a friend's article to which he wishes to thus call attention, it may not be necessary for any one to question his mathematics before his motives and purposes are discovered; if any one should get his back up about it, he had better get his back down before his back gets into print; and if any one should feel like a pet cat at sight of a strange dog when astrology and symbolism are hinted, he runs the usual risk of those who monkey with buzz-saws, and takes even the extra hazard of being invited to discuss those topics in a public hall in Chicago, as Mr. W. H. Chainey challenges Mr. J. G. Jackson to do, in THE JOURNAL of this date.

1726 N STREET, WASHINGTON, D.C., SATURN'S DAY,  
JANUARY 17, 1891.

#### AGENCY OF SPIRITS AND CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

By WM. I. GILL, A. M.

It is pleasant to have some one answer an article who has temper and taste, and who himself deserves an answer. Such claims Dr. John E. Purdon has made on me in his article in THE JOURNAL of January 17th. Still he should not advise the writer of the ar-

icle—he answers to "consult such a first-class work as that of Thompson and Tait," as if such writer was unacquainted with that work. It is very necessary to a correct view on this subject, that we clearly discriminate between the action of spirits and the agency of their mediums. The confusion of these two essentially different forces and actions suffuses the entire article of Dr. Purdon, and makes him erroneously wise, superficially profound, and his logic and science misapplied. All the action of the medium may conform to the laws of our world; and this I do not dispute but rather assume in my previous article touching the subject. For the present I will grant it none, because in most cases it is true, but not in all. The connections here can all be traced, and so the law of conservation may remain unbroken. I raised no question here. But this is just the question Dr. Purdon has discussed as against me.

But so far we have not entered into the sphere of undisputed spirit agency beyond the human spirit. So long as we can explain all phenomena by the laws and forces of our own known world, of which the law of conservation forms a part, we have no distinctive Spiritualism. It is only by proving an agency which transcends these laws that we prove Spiritualism. Therefore, so far as Spiritualism is proved, it is thereby proved that there our cosmic laws of the conservation of energy does not hold and operate. This is the extent of my previous assertion in the argument drawn from Spiritualism. The spirits and spirit agency affirmed and argued by Spiritualism are not of this world or cosmic system, as this system is conceived and expounded by the physical scientists who formulated and who defend the law in question and other cosmic laws. There are two things which distinguish these spirits and their action from the acknowledged cosmic forces and laws.

First. They do not get their energies from this world or cosmic universe and in and through the action of its laws. This notion of them is fundamental to Spiritualism, I believe, according to the universal conception of spirits and spirit action. They are conceived and described as extramundane, and as belonging to an economy whose forces and laws are different from our own. This is the essential point of difference between them and us. It was in the light of this fundamental truth that I assumed there could be no question that here was a limit to the operation of our cosmic law of conservation.

Second. According to the conception of Spiritualism, spirits in various ways and degrees project into our world added forces, by using their own extramundane forces in operation on ours and in our cosmic world. When this force reaches us and is seen in its operation and effect it may coincide with our cosmic laws. But its origin in the will of the spirit had no connection with them, was not an effect of their action. The energy they exert is not the transformed energy of our world. In order to make such a transformation, some form of our cosmic energy would have to disappear from this world and lodge in the extramundane world, transformed, and thence reappear. But this is not the proper conception of their relation to us, and is fundamentally alien to the scientific conception of cosmic law, including the law of conservation.

If science should ever see reason to enlarge its conception so as to connect in some way the sensible with a supersensible and spiritual economy, the case would be altered. Psychic science is working in that direction, and that this conclusion will be its ultimate result I doubt not; and that is what I wish to promote. What I want to make plain now is, that the accepted cosmic law of conservation of energy has a limit, that it is transcended every time an extramundane agent produces the slightest effect anywhere within our cosmic sphere, whether that agent be an incarnate spirit or angel never incarnate, or the spirit direct of the infinite eternal Deity.

The main question settled, let us note a few subordinate points in Dr. Purdon's article. He says: "There is no kind of work essentially different from physical work, and for the simple reason that work is quantity." This is irrelevant to the question at issue. The whole discussion concerns quantity only, whether

the quantity of energy is ever increased or diminished, and, therefore, whether there is ever any particle of energy projected into this world from another. Spiritualist say that spirits here and there, and how much we know not, make additions to the quantity of energy operating in this cosmic sphere, which the accepted formula of conservation denies.

Further, it is erroneously irrelevant. It says there is no difference of kind wherever there is quantity. As a metaphysical doctrine this is remarkably blind. Quality and quantity belong alike to all things; and the difference of quality is the difference of kind, for these are one; and whatever the quality or kind it is of some quantity, equal to or less or more than some other thing or work of the same quality or kind. Every sense and sensible organ or member has its own kind of action or work, and these are indefinitely various at different times in their quantity. So all sensible action and work are of a different kind from the supersensible action of our minds or that of incarnate minds or spirits and these too have their variations of quantity.

My critic tell us of his deep "conviction of inviolability of the order of nature." Another of my critics has emphatically sworn to the same creed. But who has called it in question? Not I. My simple contention is that the now popular law of conservation only partially accords with the order of nature.

He tells us next, in the same paragraph, "that the most reasonable view of spirit intervention in earthly affairs is that which regard it as necessarily operating through the intervention of a living nervous system." The error of this sentence consists in the one word "necessarily," which makes this mode of spirit operation a fated universality; whereas it is not by any means universal, unless Spiritualism has a much more limited sphere and foundations than its advocates generally suppose. There are very many well authenticated testimonies of supramundane agency entirely unconnected with living nervous tissue as the medium.

My critic seems to refute me by a dull affirmation that "there are no cataclysmic spiritual manifestations that come within the ken of the senses," no volcanic eruptions, no mountains cast into the sea or stopping of railway trains by direct spirit agency. But that is not my assertion, and proves nothing to the point. These spirits may not be able to move mountains, but if they can move a pendant leaf or an atom of air, we have there in that tiniest exertion of force an agency that transcends the accepted cosmic law of conservation of energy; and this law is also transcended if this or any more or less degree of such force is exerted on the "living nervous system."

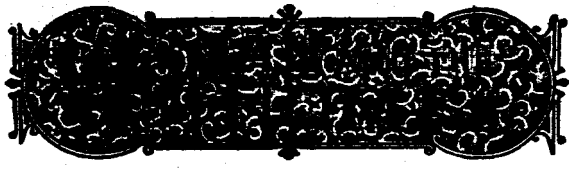
#### THE FATHERS OF THE REPUBLIC YOUNG MEN.

No fallacy is more firmly fixed in the public mind than that which represents the establishment of our government as the work of old men, says the *Century*. The delusion is imbibed in childhood, and is unconsciously cultivated by the text-books used in school. The "fathers of the republic" are depicted in all the histories with wigs, queues, and other accessories of dress that apparently betoken age, and the pupil naturally concludes that they must have been old when the nation was born.

In point of fact, they were an uncommonly young set of men. George Washington, senior in age as well as in authority and influence, was but 43 when the revolution broke out, and 57 when he became first president; Thomas Jefferson only 33 when he wrote the Declaration of Independence; Alexander Hamilton but 32 when he became Secretary of the Treasury; James Madison only 23 when he was made member of a Virginia committee of safety, and 36 when he was Hamilton's great collaborator in the production of that political classic, "The Federalist."

Nor were the leaders of the great enterprise exceptional in this matter of age. Forty names were signed to the Constitution of the United States the 17th of September, 1787. Leaving out of account four whose birthdays are not given by the books of reference, only five of the remaining thirty-six had reached the age of 60; twenty of the remainder were less than 45 years old; and twelve were under 40, among the latter being one (Hamilton) of 30, another of 29, a third of 28, and a fourth who lacked some months of 27 when the convention met. The average age of all the members did not quite reach 45 years. The most important committee to which the instrument was referred for final revision consisted of five members, four of whom were between 30 and 36 years of age, the fifth and least prominent being 60.





## ONE DAY.

The fire to kindle, the table to set,  
The coffee to make, the breakfast to get,  
The dishes to wash, the floor to sweep,  
A watchful eye on the children to keep,  
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to wash and dress and feed,  
The cows and pigs attention need;  
The beds to make, the cheese to turn,  
The chickens to feed, the milk to churn,  
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to quiet, the table to set,  
The meat to roast, the dinner to get,  
The dishes to wash, the pies to bake,  
The ironing then my time will take,  
And—there's the baby crying.

The baby to rock and put to bed,  
The little chickens again to feed;  
The cows to milk, the table to set,  
The kettle to boil, the supper to get,  
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to soothe ere supper I eat,  
The dishes to wash, the room to make neat;  
Then down to the basket of mending I sit,  
Attention divided 'tween baby and it,  
For—there's the baby crying!

God grant me patience and strength to bear  
The every day round of household care:  
To govern my kingdom in love and peace,  
Until my rule with death shall cease,  
And I at rest am lying.

Although the definite measure for which the advocates of woman's rights have chiefly contended from the beginning remains far from being generally adopted, there has been during the past forty years great advance. Women vote at school elections and are elected to school offices in New York, Massachusetts and many other states. In Kansas and other western states municipal suffrage is exercised and municipal functions discharged by women. Women have lately begun to serve on the board of factory inspectors in New York. Woman suffrage is a plank in the platform of the prohibitory party. In Wyoming political distinctions on account of sex are removed. The legal status of married women has been changed during the last forty years so that they can own property and have a recognized share in the custody of their children. The sentiment in favor of woman suffrage is strong and growing more rapidly now perhaps than ever before. A representative of the *Chicago Evening Post* recently interviewed Dr. Frances Dickinson one of the lady managers of the World's Fair, and as what she said is encouraging to all who are interested in the enfranchisement of woman, the report of the interview is here reproduced.

"There are over a million voters that I know of who are willing that women shall have the franchise," said Dr. Frances Dickinson in speaking of the present prospects of the woman's suffrage movement.

"A year ago, at the convention of the National Suffrage Association, convened at Washington, I proposed that we should seek the assistance of voters through the labor organizations, as I knew they were favorable to our cause. You see I had come to understand, through my work with the Woman's Alliance of this city, that we could only hope to gain a hearing through the voters. In that association I had seen the power that an organization can wield which represents a goodly number of voters. My motion was to the effect that we should make an effort to get voters to sign a petition in our interest and that our first and especial endeavor should be to secure the co-operation of the labor organizations.

"My motion was opposed by the Boston delegation on the ground that they objected to seeking the aid of socialists and anarchists. However, it was carried, and I was made chairman of a committee of three to undertake the work, the other members being Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby and Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake. We began work at once. A wealthy Chicago gentleman, who does not wish his name mentioned, furnished us with the necessary funds, and we have done the work. Mrs. Blake has moved in the matter in New York, and in addition to other work wrote a series of articles for the *Workingmen's Advocate*, which was a valuable aid to our undertaking.

"However, workmen, as a rule, do not need to be converted to the cause of woman's suffrage. One of the leading

members of the Knights of Labor said to me some time ago; 'Experience has taught us that we must secure to women all the rights which we ourselves seek in order to be successful. With an army of skilled women standing ready to take our places, our strikes cannot be successful without their co-operation. Therefore we want to secure for women the same wages that men receive for the same work, and also equal political power.' For these reasons, which are obvious, the organized workingmen are anxious that women should have the franchise.

"The other member of our committee," continued Dr. Dickinson, "Mrs. Colby, editor and founder of the *Woman's Tribune*, published at Beatrice, Neb., in the summer, and at Washington, D.C., in the winter, has done her share of the work. The headquarters are here, and the gentleman of whom I have spoken as furnishing us funds has also been of great assistance to us in other ways."

The ladies of this committee secured signatures to their petition by sending to different organizations throughout the country, with a request that it be filled out in behalf of the organization, the following form:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress Assembled: We, your petitioners, members of the— and voters under the laws of the United States, respectfully request your honorable bodies to pass the resolutions already favorably reported by your proper committee, proposing an amendment to the National Constitution, securing to the women of the United States the exercise of the right of suffrage; that the question may go before the people of the United States to be rejected or ratified by them through the action of either their legislature or convention, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress."

The— alliance, No.—, of the county of— and state of—, an alliance numbering— members, at a regular meeting thereof have approved of the above petition and directed the secretary of our alliance to certify this fact under seal.

Then follows the official signature of the secretary, together with the seal and the date.

The ladies have presented their petition to the different branches of the American Federation of Labor, the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, the Knights of Labor, the trade and labor assemblies and the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The petitions which Dr. Dickinson now has in hand represent the signatures of considerably more than a million voters. As each mail brings in a large consignment of signed petitions, she is confident that by the last of the month, when she goes on to Washington to present the documents to Congress, she will have 2,000,000 signatures. Dr. Dickinson states that only twelve of the organizations whose signatures they have requested have refused them. One of these was an organization of ministers, who returned their petition with the message that they had nothing to do with such subjects.

Some of the old suffrage workers are a trifle timorous about having the question presented as the petition provides, but those who have the matter in hand are confident of success. Dr. Dickinson in particular, upon whom the mantle of her cousin, the stanch and able Susan B. Anthony, seems likely to fall, feels certain of a favorable decision from each of the several states, providing they can get the question presented.

Miss Phoebe Cousins, of St. Louis, in a letter to the *Evening Post* of this city "to correct a slight misapprehension of Rev. Bishop Vincent in regard to the status of woman in sacred lore," says: "If the revered gentleman will tell us just when and where and how the creator took him into his especial confidence and directed him to inform the latter day saints that Deborah and Huldah and Miriam were not 'God's women,' but that the Rachels and Ruths and Marys were, we shall be more certain that the mantle of sacred oratory has fallen upon the right shoulders, and that a bishopric means consecration to the Master's work, and not a sleek and self-satisfied perversion of biblical lore to suit the narrow limits of a selfish aggrandizement. Miriam, saith sacred history, was a prophetess, chosen by the Lord to lead the children of Israel out of darkness into day; but the reverend bishop says she was not 'God's woman,' and therefore Exodus is wrong and the instructor in the sacred college right. The fourth chapter of Judges tells us that Deborah was a Judge and lawgiver over Israel for forty years, 'the years,' saith the

scripture, 'wherein the land had rest and peace;' but Deborah, according to Rev. Mr. Vincent, was not 'God's woman.' . . . But Ruth, whose peculiar methods of capturing a husband would entitle her in our day and generation to be sent to a training school for reformed morals, is especially brought forth for the delectation of this divinity school, while Rachel, who kept a sheep ranch amidst her father's herdsmen, drawing the water while the men lazily browsed on the hillside, is another maiden dear to the sacred heart of Brother Vincent, whose long and unctuous career has been especially ministered unto by the female contingent of water haulers in the fold of his churches. . . . I know not to which Mary he refers, but either of them is not a good punctuation for the reflected light of masculine admiration. If she was the patient, serving Martha's twin sister, it was said she was not given to domestic ministrations for the elders, and had she dwelt in Brother Vincent's circuit yellow-legged chickens and creamy biscuits would not have boosted him to the summit of a bishopric in the year of our Lord 1890.

If the one out of whom Christ cast the seven devils the alabaster box of ointment would have served the same purpose in a sacred college in the nineteenth century—its price set aside for the heathen, and this specimen of 'God's woman,' whom man previously had invested with seven devils, shown to the door!

## A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE.

In the September number of the *Journal* you call attention to Prof. William James's inquiries regarding hallucinations. I herewith enclose a statement of my experience: "About eight years ago I was delivering some lectures on phrenology in a school-house at Little Rock, Ill. My audience consisted of over one hundred adults besides a goodly number of children. The school-room had but one entrance, opening from the centre of the east side of the room into a hallway about twelve feet long, at the east end of which was the outside door. My pictures were hanging on the east wall of the room, above and on each side of the door. There was a space of from twelve to fifteen feet between the door and the first row of seats, extending the full width of the room with the exception of the space occupied by the teacher's desk on the left, and by a stove on the right of the entrance.

"One evening, after I had been speaking for half an hour or more, and while fully enthused with my subject and speaking rapidly, I felt a hand laid on my shoulder and the clasp of fingers and thumb very distinctly. In much surprise I turned to see who had entered through two closed doors and traversed the hallway so quietly as not to be heard. To my greater surprise I saw no one behind me; the door was closed, and I was the only visible occupant of the space above described. I recovered quickly from the shock it gave me and resumed my address to the audience, but not before they had noticed that something unusual was affecting me. After the lecture I gave two delineations of character.

"The first subject was a man about sixty years of age, an entire stranger to me, who, as I afterward learned, was a resident physician. While he was walking from his seat in the audience to the chair placed for him, I remarked, 'If there is any person in this community who is fond of flowers and loves to cultivate them this is the one.' I had no more than said it before I would have given the night's receipts at the door to have recalled the remark. I felt thoroughly vexed with myself for impulsively saying what my better judgment condemned as a foolish remark. However, I used both tape and callipers and gave quite an extended delineation of his character, and must have made some 'good hits,' as the audience frequently applauded, and I hoped that they would forget my remark about the flowers.

"But, judge of my surprise when, after the audience was dismissed, a lady approached me and asked how I could tell by the doctor's phrenology that he was passionately fond of flowers? She informed me that flowers were 'his hobby,' and that he was the only person in the village who cultivated a flower garden. I now felt better over my blunder, for it was the luckiest 'hit' I had made that evening. I had no acquaintance in the village and stopped at another town seven miles away, and consequently had no knowledge of the doctor or his flower garden.

"Nothing strange or unusual in all this? No. But the strange part is yet to come. I continued to lecture all that winter and the following fall and winter, and the incident of the hand on my shoulder, the flower incident, and even the lecture itself,

had faded from my mind, and would probably never have been recalled for serious consideration had I not paid a second visit to Mrs. Leonard Howard, a noted clairvoyant of St. Charles, Ill. My first visit to her had occurred about three years before, at which time I was intensely skeptical as to the truth of clairvoyance. In my first interview she told me of facts and incidents relating to my father's family, which I denied. She then told me what I thought were the facts, and told me also that my father would corroborate her statements when I saw him, which he did. She told me that I would succeed at phrenology, and advised me to quit my present business (photography) and try it. I gave her no information of myself and all her statements were volunteered. I was a perfect stranger to her, and yet while in a trance she seemed possessed of a fund of knowledge of myself and people far greater than mine or theirs. She advised me to try lecturing on phrenology as I could do much good in that field, saying she would help me, a statement which at the time seemed preposterous.

"Perhaps, for the better understanding of what follows, it may be necessary to state that Mrs. Howard claimed to be controlled while in a trance by the spirit of an old Indian doctor, and used the dialect Indians use in attempting to speak the English language. The 'doctor' told me he should remember me and would know me wherever and whenever he saw me if it was not in many years. Mrs. Howard was at that time over seventy years of age and her memory quite poor.

"At my second interview Mrs. Howard did not appear to know me or have any recollection that she had ever seen me. But after she had entered the trance state, she greeted me with 'Hello, Injun, me tant you come agin some time.' She, or perhaps it would be more proper to say, the 'doctor' (for Mrs. Howard had no recollection of what occurred while in her trance), recalled much that he had said to me on my former visit and asked if my father did not corroborate all his statements at that time. He told me that I liked to make pictures better than I did when I was there before, as the new way was easier. (I had adopted the dry plate process since my former visit.) He told me I had lectured and succeeded as he told me I would. We were sitting facing each other, when Mrs. Howard placed her hand on my knee, and clasping it with a light pressure while a merry look came over her face, said: 'Say, Injun, why you so 'fraid when I put hand on you shoulder in dat ole school-house where funny old doctor like flowers so?' To say that I was astonished does not express my feelings, for the thought that I might possibly get a solution to the hallucination of the hand on my shoulder, and comprehend why I should make such an unfounded assertion as to the doctor being passionately fond of flowers, made me anxious to ask many questions; but I was given no opportunity, for the medium continued; 'Didn't me tell you me help you if you go 'round make heap talk and feel heads? Injun, me made you tell ole doctor him like flowers 'fore he got to chair; how much you gib dat night if hadn't said it, hey? Injun, me put hand on you shoulder dat night; yip, me dare; see all dem folks and dat funny ole doctor—all dem pictures on wall, and skulls, and dat white head (bust) on table.'

"Well, if you were there why did you not speak to me so I should have known you?" I inquired.

"Umph? me couldn't do dat—didn't hab my mejum, Mrs. Howard, dare. Me dare; see eberyting dare too."

"The medium told me much more, and tried to explain something of the philosophy of clairvoyance; but could not explain to my satisfaction how the hallucination of the hand on my shoulder was produced, or why I was impelled to tell the audience the doctor was passionately fond of flowers.

"The impression was so strong in my mind, it 'said itself.' But whether it was an impression received directly from the subject by psychometry, or whether (as Swedenborg would express it) it was injected into my mind by an influx from a 'spirit,' I am unable to say. The incidents actually occurred, and so long as I can not account for them by any law familiar to myself, it is perhaps but fair to give the clairvoyant the benefit of the doubt and accept the Indian 'doctor's' statement that he produced them as the true solution, even though we do not comprehend the philosophy of the law by which they were produced.

"In conclusion, I wish to say that Mrs. Howard resided at St. Charles from the time that part of Illinois was settled, and until her recent death always commanded

the respect of all who knew her, no matter what their religious belief might be. She never advertised herself as a medium, but was visited by people of all shades of belief."—D. L. Sackett, in *The Phrenological Journal*.



### NEW YORK CITY.

TO THE EDITOR: The new Ethical Society of Spiritualists opened its meetings to-day under favorable auspices. Although it had stormed all night, in the early morning it cleared up before time for meeting and proved to be a lovely, warm spring day. A larger number of people congregated than we anticipated to see at a morning Spiritualist meeting. It made one feel as though there was a revival of interest. Every face had a happy encouraged look. The table on the platform was profusely decorated with flowers, all the donations of persons present. On the platform sat the Hon. A. H. Dailey, Mrs. H. T. Brigham, Mrs. Milton Rathbun and Dr. Silsbee, of Long Island. The meeting was presided over by Judge Dailey, and was opened by singing of a hymn. Mrs. Brigham followed with an invocation. Judge Dailey made the opening address. Mrs. Rathbun then read a paper which was received with great satisfaction by the audience. Dr. Silsbee followed in a telling speech. Mrs. Brigham, who is to be the regular speaker, spoke next. The demonstration which followed her introduction made it apparent that she is the universal favorite. At the close of her speech she called for subjects for a poem. Three were given all of which were woven together in a poem of great beauty. A hymn was sung by the congregation, followed by a benediction by Mrs. Brigham.

Every one felt happy and glad to be present. Among the audience was seen faces formerly familiar at meetings, but latterly absent; evidently all were in accord with the declarations of principles laid down in the prospectus of the society.

About double the number present at the morning meeting congregated in the evening. Mr. Geo. H. Jones, gave the opening address on the "Evolution of Spiritualism." Mrs. Farnsworth followed with a beautiful original poem. Then came remarks from Mr. Geo. Colby of Florida, and reading of the prospectus and letters, noticeable among which was a brief letter from Felix Adler. Mrs. Brigham then gave the address of the evening. She stated fully the objects of the society and cordially invited all to join and cooperate who could accord with the principles set forth. Those who could not, were not wanted.

The meeting closed by the congregation singing "Nearer My God to Thee" and a benediction by Mrs. Brigham. \* \* \*  
New York Feb. 1st, 1891,

#### OPENING REMARKS OF JUDGE DAILEY.

[Below are given the opening remarks of Judge Dailey—with some passages necessarily omitted from lack of space—at the meeting the proceedings of which are reported in the above letter by a New York correspondent.—Ed]

This society called into existence through the energy and wisdom of woman is the natural result of preëxisting causes. When society or communities find from experience that existing conditions are not congenial to some, however they may please others, the methods by which a change may be wrought, are agitated and ultimately eventuate in action. Political and religious bodies in this respect do not differ. They do, however, widely differ in others, for in our own country government is not the expression of religious thought or conviction, but one of the great purposes for which it is established is to protect liberty in religious thought and utterance, as well as peaceable assembling of people to discuss questions pertaining to their temporal and spiritual affairs. These privileges are united by clearly defined bounds which indicate where liberty ends, and license begins. Liberty to do that which seems wisest and best will only be restrained when law declares that prohibition is essential, and in this sense majorities are the whole. Then it is that minorities by agitating and discussing the wants and necessities arising from multifarious causes grow and enlarge until they become the majority and then bring about

those changes in the law which were barriers and restraints.

Among the questions which have been agitated in our own times are those touching the right of one man to hold another in bondage, the right to restrict the rule of intoxicating liquors by law, the right of woman to vote and hold political office, the right to prevent or enforce the reading of the bible in public schools, the right to use public money for sectarian purposes, the right to establish within the limits of the United States a religious hierarchy owing allegiance to a foreign potentate, the right to restrict individuals in the selection of medical advisers, the right to restrict foreign immigration, and changes touching marriage and divorce, and the right to practice certain trades, gifts and professions that are said to be condemned or prohibited in some ancient writings which are held in high esteem by certain religious sects.

The doctrine of evolution is now applied to numerous sciences and arts, and the Brooklyn Ethical Society has been holding a series of interesting meetings, devoted to the consideration of evolution in numerous departments of science and art. Notably among them has been the evolution of man as taught by Darwin and Wallace. It is impossible to restrain the effect of the researches along the lines where nature has left indisputable testimony, so potent, so clear and convincing, that those who have constructed theoretical systems are forced to change their base with every era of discovery. Creeds are revised, and re-revised; articles of faith are changed or seldom read, and when read are so softly uttered that ear trumpets are requisite to enable the keenest hearer to catch a whisper of what they are. Belief, theories, speculations and so-called revelations, have done their work and the result has been such a sad mixture of good and evil, and poor humanity has suffered so terribly that the hour of deliverance will be like the birth and reign of a new saviour. Spiritualists will never be united except in a general way. In one sense they are the most perfectly united and harmonious people the world has ever seen, and there is nothing to indicate that they will ever be less united than now. The evolution taking place among them is that which is bringing a large class into harmonious relations for a wider spiritual knowledge and closer and sounder soul relation with the spiritual realms into which we may enter while yet walking the pathways of this life and engaging in its trying duties. Some are satisfied with pursuing the study of phenomena and with what remuneration it is possible to obtain out of the practice of mediumship in its various phases. They all have their uses and are subject to grave abuses. This society is not organized to wage any contest with any other, to decry the merits of mediums or advertise their gifts or virtues. It is to do a work, and if possible meet a great want on the part of a large number of persons who wish to come together for spiritual food for which their souls are hungering, and here shall they be satisfied.

#### MRS. MAUD LORD DRAKE.

TO THE EDITOR: For several weeks past Mrs. Drake has been in Chicago, and the vicinity, but it was not until the first Sunday of this month that she entered again into public labors. During February she will speak and give tests, Sunday afternoons at 2 o'clock, and evenings at 7:30 o'clock, at halls 2 or 4 of the Madison Street Opera House, between State and Dearborn sts. The meetings have been well attended, and the audiences have manifested their hearty appreciation of Mrs. Drake's discourses. As a test medium, in clairvoyance, clairaudience or psychometric readings, Mrs. Drake is unexcelled, and it is through these powers that the great success which ever attends her is wrought. By way of illustration I will cite a few out of over forty readings given last Sunday afternoon; the first was a gentleman's ring. She said he had investigated Spiritualism many years ago, given it up, and had recently taken it up again, had ten relatives in his immediate family in spirit life, one having been gone only two years; he, himself, was a man of the world, and had been an official of some kind. When quite young he came near marrying a cousin, now in spirit life, but when he finally married he was much older. One of his spirit friends passed on from drowning, two from consumption, one from typhoid pneumonia, and one from an accident. He knew a man who passed over from small pox, whose remains were interred at night. He was also present when the remains of a drowned person were brought ashore, also many years ago he visited a cemetery and copied into his note book an epitaph. The gentleman

confirmed the truth of the reading, stating many of the events had "not been in my mind for all of twenty years."

Another reading, without anything being given to Mrs. Drake, was that of a lady. "You have the sweetest kind of an influence about you, and there are two spirits who come to you, one that passed on very young, one says 'sister,' the other 'aunty.' You have a ring in your pocket book with a dark setting, the friend to whom it belongs had a sister that passed to spirit life long ago. Recently you were about to be married, but it was fortunate for you that it did not occur."

A gentleman handed a watch chain, when Mrs. Drake said there had been three previous owners, and asked where the charm was. The man replied there was none, when Mrs. Drake said, "There is something wrong here. I cannot read from this. What have you in your hand?" The man admitted it was the charm. Mrs. Drake said, "You cannot deceive me," and gave him a fine reading.

Another handed a watch, when she said two of his family had passed on since he first bought the watch, gave the names of six or eight spirit friends, and told him his father and mother were acquainted across the ocean, but were married in this country; all being true. The evening meeting was equally interesting.

Many skeptics received sufficient evidence of the grand truths of Spiritualism to at least awaken an earnest desire for further light.  
T. E. BOND.

#### PROFESSOR HODGSON IN NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR: Prof. Richard Hodgson read another paper before the New York members of the American Branch of the English Society of Psychical Research on Thursday evening, January 29th, Dr. M. F. Holbrook presiding. The meeting was well attended and much interest shown, and it was held in one of the halls of Columbia College, Professor Hyslop, lecturer on psychology in that institution, having secured it. Two papers were read; one by S. Burkworth, of England, giving some account of experiments he had made in automatic writing with a young girl; the other, a long one, by Professor Hodgson himself, giving an account of his own experiments with Mrs. Piper. These experiments were certainly very remarkable, and show conclusively that Mrs. Piper has some means of gaining information of a most mysterious nature. What this means is, is the question to settle. It is no wonder that in the early days of Spiritualism the power was attributed to spirits. Professor Hodgson does not say they are not spirits, but he thinks we ought to try every possible means of explaining them by other means before accepting this explanation.

Some of our Spiritualists complain of the Psychical Society because it is loth to give spirits the credit which they think is their due. They would at once accept the spiritualistic explanations. They tell us that all this care and thoughtfulness in investigation are brutal, but it is truth we are after and if mediumship cannot stand the test of careful examination it will never produce conviction in the minds of our most thoughtful people. Of all spiritualistic newspapers THE JOURNAL has shown a willingness to help the Society of Psychical Research in every way, for which Spiritualists should be profoundly thankful. Only by this course will the truth be established.

JAMES CHANDLER.

#### PROGRESS IN SPIRITUAL THOUGHT.

TO THE EDITOR: Was there ever a time when a mother could cast her child into a fiery furnace and hear its scream of agony without a tear? Was there ever a time when men and women could cast themselves into the groove and be crushed by a car called juggernaut? Was there ever a time when human sacrifices were necessary to appease the supposed anger of the God of the universe? Ah yes, the blood-stained alters were too numerous to mention. From what, and through what has humanity come? What a mixture of creeds and opinions have been associated with religion? Why are we not to-day in the practice of these wild forms of worship? What do we understand to be the will of the Infinite Spirit of the universe? The teachings and teachers of religion have been multitudinous in form and character, crusades involving human suffering for a vain and idle purpose, stake-burning and imprisonment as expressions of religious fervor. The spiritually Nazarene was not in the sepulchre but it must be rescued from the hands of the infidel. Armies of children, poor

suffering little ones were driven to their death by the letter that killeth. Where Christ is there can be no contention. Pity and a desire to rescue from suffering every living thing is an expression of the Christ within. The lingering elements of brutality are yet in the creeds that tell about the wrath of God, who by His will and revenge holds a human soul in eternal torment. We are all brought into being by laws ruling in nature, subject from birth to a multitude and variety of teachings and influences, and punished for our good and correction for every violation of nature's laws. We are "fearfully and wonderfully made" but no two exactly alike in all respects. We are gifted with spiritual elements which partake of their divine service. These elements are immortal and for eternal growth. In this our age we have outgrown many superstitions and modes of religious action. We recognize goodness and love to our fellow creatures as the highest form of religion. We believe in God, the infinite spirit, in love and power as manifest in what we have learned of our own spiritual attributes and the boundless systems of creation. We believe the change called death is passing into a higher sphere of life where conditions will compel progress. We believe we can communicate with those passed on if we make proper conditions, and that we can make ourselves susceptible to their influence. This progress in spiritual thought has done away with religious persecution. It liberates thought.

It aims to fit us all for life,  
Not for the sleep that knows no waking;  
It aims to quiet sectarian strife,  
Not for a devil's angry shaking.

Each onward step the race is making  
Opens a hitherto closed door,  
And angel forms in glad partaking  
Offer food not known before.

Feed now the flock, green pastures waiting  
Far beyond sectarian folds,  
The life divine will seek its mating  
As the scroll of time unrolls.

Higher, higher up the mountains  
Now we have a grander view,  
Open wide the silvery fountains  
All may drink, 'tis not the few.

PETER THOMPSON.

CEREDO, W. VA., February 3, 1891.

#### "THE KEY NOTE."

Dr. J. H. Dewey, the author and lecturer, in a business letter writes, and we venture to publish, as follows:

... Your editorial on "More Spiritualization, Less Materialization" strikes the key note of all right thought and progress in the movement of modern Spiritualism. Had there been the same devotion and effort given to the spiritualization of the sitters in spiritualistic circles—seeking the aid of spirits to this end only—that has been given to perfecting conditions for the materialization of the visiting spirits, all temptation and incentive to deception and fraud would have been avoided, the nobler class of spirits would have been attracted and secured, a much more congenial labor and ministry given them to perform, and the results to the sitters, the movement and the world, would have been infinitely above what they thus far have been. It is not too late, however, to profit by the experience and its suggestion for the future. The true spiritualization of man will open the psychometric vision with spiritual seership and inner hearing, by which soul-satisfying communion with the departed will become as normal and easy as that upon the sensuous or external plane. This has been urged from the first by the wiser spirits, but the insatiate clamor for physical phenomena and the readiness for responding to this demand by a class of spirits not yet emancipated from the bondage of the sense-life, have drowned the higher voice. It is to call men back to the cultivation of their own interior life and its marvelous powers of spiritual vision and supremacy, that I have written my books. In this book they will enlist the divinest sympathy and ministry of the life beyond, and become in turn helpers of spirits both out and in the body to the realization of the true and masterful life of sons and daughters of God.

#### THE JOURNAL CONVERTED HIM.

An able literary gentleman of Charleston S.C., under date of January 31st, writes: Let me thank you very sincerely for THE JOURNAL, whose weekly visit I have learned to value, and I hope to appreciate. Some of your doctrines—most of them, indeed,—were entirely new to me, but THE JOURNAL,

has made me a convert to Spiritualism, and what is best of all, it has brought me unspeakable comfort. Only a few months ago I lost a brother—my best friend, my confidant, a man whom I loved as I loved my life. Until THE JOURNAL came to me I held him lost; now he is but invisible, yet with me often. I feel him near me constantly, and am happy in the knowledge that when I begin my life,—not my death—he will greet me, and for us there will be no more parting. Can I say more than this for THE JOURNAL?

The Moon, Madison, Wis., has this good word so say for THE JOURNAL:

This remarkable paper is devoted to Spiritualism and presents its side in a clear and able manner. John C. Bundy, the editor, an energetic and ardent worker for the cause of clean Spiritualism, assisted by a large and well-trained corps of contributors in America, England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Australia, makes the paper indispensable for those who wish to keep up with this age of progress and research. The publisher's statement says, among other things, "THE JOURNAL is unsectarian, non-partizan, thoroughly independent, never neutral, wholly free from cliques and clans." To those of our readers who like good sound reading of a "free religious" nature we would recommend "THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

It is due Mrs. Maud Lord Drake to say that the net receipts of the meetings she is holding in this city are given to Mr. Collins Eaton, who is said to be in reduced circumstances and needing assistance. It is reported to THE JOURNAL, that to assist this old-time acquaintance was the main incentive Mrs. Drake had in coming before the public at this time, preferring to earn the money for this charity rather than to have her husband give it to her, as he was ready to do. For many years in his younger days Mr Eaton devoted himself unceasingly to the interests of Spiritualism in this city, and now, in his old age and poverty, should not be forgotten or left to suffer.

S. F. Deane M. D. writes: I don't know that any commendatory words of mine would more thoroughly express my appreciation of THE JOURNAL, and approval of its general course, than does the fact that I have been its recipient for some fourteen years, and a constant and generally careful reader of its contents. It seems to me that your course in allowing THE JOURNAL to speak for itself as to the manner of its management, is far better than it would have been had one-fourth of its reading matter been made up of self-laudatory notices, though no doubt relished by many, but can be only a subject of regret to the more thoughtful portions of its patrons.

Mrs. Milton Rathbun's excellent address before the Ethical Society of Spiritualists, of New York, was received so late that we can give only a few sentences from it. She said: In the great army of Spiritualism we know the new born society will take its stand fearlessly, with its doors wide open to the right, but closed to all questionable methods, willing to be vilified, yea, persecuted if need be, for the sake of presenting its standard of purity and integrity. We predict for it a career of usefulness beyond the power of mortal computation. With the right hand of fellowship we bid it "God speed."

Mrs. Robert Semple, of Marcellon, Wis., writes: "Spiritualism, with spirit communion as a part of it, is to me the joy and consolation of my old age, more precious than all the wealth this world can give. To me Spiritualism is a combination of all the higher principles of life; it is a book, so to speak, divinely grand and soul inspiring, of which spirit phenomena are but the a. b. c." Mrs. Semple has had wide spiritual experiences, and possessing the power

of healing, has helped others physically while convincing them through her mediumship of the truth which is so precious to herself.

L. L. Darrow, Coldwater, Mich., writes: I have been trying to learn how to think, and what to think, and how to think it. I have learned to think much of some Spiritualists, and much less of spiritists, but of Spiritualism more than all else. It is the key to all knowledge, it is the solvent of mysteries, it is the harmonizer of all discord; it is the light that will banish all darkness, and usher in the light of immortal day.

Belle V. Cushman, of New York, writing about the first meeting of the New Ethical Society of Spiritualists says: The Tribune gave an account of the proceedings in keeping with the usual dignified and gentlemanly tone of that paper. The Herald reporter sat on or very near a stove in the rear of the hall, and not knowing enough to get off it, wrote on that subject only and tried to be funny, but wasn't."

J. Clegg Wright is lecturing at Grand Rapids, Mich., during February. His success at East Saginaw was such that strenuous efforts were made to secure his release from the Grand Rapids engagement, that he might prolong his stay, but the people of the latter city did not feel they could forego their rights.

### Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass. N. B. Be sure to get only

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### IS DARWIN RIGHT?

—OR—

The Origin of Man.

BY WILLIAM DENTON,

Author of "Our Planet," "Soul of Things," Etc.

This is a cloth bound volume of two hundred pages, 12mo., handsomely illustrated. It shows that man is not of miraculous, but of natural origin; yet that Darwin's theory is radically defective, because it leaves out the spiritual causes which have been the most potent concerned in his production. It is scientific, plain, eloquent and convincing, and probably sheds more light upon man's origin than all the volumes the press has given to the public for years. Price, \$1.00; postage, 5 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO C. BUNDR, Chicago.

### The Three Sevens.

This is a book by Dr. W. P. and Mrs. Phelon treating of the "Silence of the Invisible." "This story is," in the language of the authors, "a parable, teaching as twenty-one years bring us to the adult physical life; so also may the sevens of years bring adult spiritual growth. The attempt is to portray the trials, temptations, sufferings, growth and attainments of the spirit during earth-life." The marvels in the story are alleged to be not greater than those well attested by psychical researchers. Cloth, 271 pp. Price \$1.25. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO C. BUNDR, Chicago.

### Society for Psychical Research. American Branch.

The Society for Psychical research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena is published from time to time in the S. P. R. Journal and Proceedings, to which associate members (dues \$3.00 per annum) are entitled.

Persons who have had psychical experience kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed. Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

**RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.**  
Secretary for America,  
5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

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To introduce it, the undersigned will give away to those who are sick or ailing or suffering from weakness or disease, and who would be likely to make good agents, if cured, one of our German Electro-Galvanic Belts; regular price \$5 (U. S. Patent 357,647), invented by Prof. P. H. Van Derweyde, Pres. of N. Y. Electrical Society and late Professor of Chemistry of N. Y. Medical College. \$500 Reward for any Belt we manufacture that does not generate a genuine Electric current. They are daily making most marvelous cures in cases of Rheumatism, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Diseases, Lung Troubles, Nervous Debility, and many other ailments in which medicine fails. Address at once,

**German Electric Belt Agency, Brooklyn, N. Y.**



BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

*War and Weather.* By Edward Powers, C. E., Delavan, Wis., 1890, pp. 202. Price, \$1.00.

Mr. Power who is a civil engineer, after carefully examining the weather reports of the field secretaries and the log books of the United States navy during the war of the rebellion, proved that a heavy shower of rain invariably followed a severe engagement in which the cannonading had been heavy. With this premise he has pursued the study of the subject until he is confident that by systematic cannonading of the atmosphere rain can be caused to fall. Many observers have reached the same conclusion in fields widely different. Through the efforts of Senator Farwell Congress has appropriated \$2,000 for test experiments to be made probably in Kansas and Colorado under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture. The project of attacking the dry atmosphere with artillery is to be tried soon. "If lightning and thunder and rain have been brought on by the agency of man, when bloodshed and slaughter have only been intended," queries Mr. Power, "why cannot the same results be achieved without these latter concomitants?" This is a very pertinent question, and the result of the projected experiments will be awaited with general interest. Mr. Power's book is full of facts and very interesting.

*Lessons Learned from Other Lives.* By B. O. Flower. Second edition. Boston: Arena Publishing Co., 1891. pp. 255.

This author, in the preface to his work pertinently observes: "It seems to be that there is nothing in literature more valuable for young people to read than the lives of those who, in traveling the journey of life, have left their impress for good or bad on society. Every life carries its lessons—it matters not whether they are warnings or inspirations they are alike valuable to the young who have the journey before them." Mr. Flower, in this volume has given very readable sketches of a number of prominent characters—the philosophers, Seneca and Epictetus, the warrior maid, Joan of Arc, the actors, Booth and Jefferson; the poets, Bryant, Whittier, Poe, Payne and the Cary sisters; the scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace and the many-sided genius, Victor Hugo. All these characters are portrayed with discrimination and in a graceful manner, and the lessons drawn from the lives depicted are wholesome and well suited especially to interest and instruct young readers.

*The Origin of the Aryans.* An Account of the Prehistoric Ethnology and Civilization of Europe. By Isaac Taylor, M. A., Litt. D., Hon. LL. D. New York: Humboldt Pub. Co., 2 vols., pp. 198. Price, 30 cents each.

Mr. Taylor's work is a summary of the researches and labors of many scholars to learn where the Aryan race originated, and it is a good digest of the large amount of literature that has appeared on the subject. The theory of migration from Asia has been displaced in many minds during the last ten years by the theory that the Aryan race had its origin in northern Europe. This is the first English work that has been published embodying the results recently arrived at by philologists and archaeologists. The volume affords a fresh and highly interesting account of the present state of speculation on a very interesting subject.

*Gleanings of a Tyro Bard.* By A. M. Fleming. John A. Berry, publisher, 1890, pp. 208.

In this volume are verses on a variety of subjects and many thoughts, but the poetry is such that one is led to regret that the author did not write in plain prose.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

*The Evolution of Sex.* Prof. Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thompson. Numbers 132, 133 Humboldt Library of Science. New York: Humboldt Pub. Co. Price, each, 30 cents; Wilbram's Wealth, or, The Coming Democracy. J. J. Morse; What's the Trouble? F. E. Tower, A. M. Boston: Authors' Mutual Pub. Co. Price, 25 cents; Hegel's Logic. Wm. T. Harris, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$1.50; The Sixth Sense, or Electricity. A story for the masses. Mary E. Buell. Boston: Colby & Rich; The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson. New York: The Century

Co. Price \$4.00; The Future of Science. Ernest Renan. Boston: Roberts Bros., Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$2.50.

The following from United States Book Co., New York: Merry, Merry Boys. B. L. Farjeon; The Light that Failed. Rudyard Kipling. Price, 25 cents each; Urith S. Baring-Gould; Scum. Valedes. Price, 50 cents each; A Delsartean Scrap-Book, compiled by Frederic Sanborn. Price, 25 cents.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY, NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

*The Kindergarten.* (Chicago.) The tenth chapter of Froebel's system is given this month, with many other articles for mothers and teachers.

*Current Literature.* (New York.) The records and reviews for this month are called from the best magazines and papers in America and Europe.

*The Lyceum Banner.* (Liverpool, Eng.) The January Number of this Monthly for conductors, leaders and members of the Lyceum is at hand. A good table of contents is presented.

*The Century.* (New York.) A full and interesting chapter of extracts from Talleyrand Memoirs, with a portrait of Talleyrand in his youth appears in this issue. A striking paper is that entitled The Georgia Cracker in the Cotton Mills. The California series reaches the discovery of gold. Dr. Edward Eggleston begins a story which deals with Christian Science, Faith Cure and the Social Struggle in New York City. Other serials, short papers and notes complete a delightful number.

*The Forum.* (New York.) The Vanishing Surplus, by Senator John G. Carlisle shows up many startling facts. Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University, gives the ninth of a series of papers on Formative Influences. President C. K. Adams, in the Next Step in Education opens up a plan to make Universities of our large Colleges and better Colleges of our smaller ones.

*The Home Maker.* (New York.) In Typical Homes of America, Cragie House is described and many pleasant incidents of its inmates are given. The Cave-Dwellers; The Italian George Sand; A Recreative Art Class; The Modern Drama; Home Art, with articles and notes upon the Home complete a number replete with good and useful reading.

*The Arena.* (Boston.) Camille Flammarion, the Eminent European astronomer, writes at length on New Discoveries on Mars. Alfred Russell Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D., contributes a paper on The Nature and Cause of Apparitions. The Farmer, the Investor, and the Railway, is a survey of a great problem. Prof. Jos. Rodes Buchanan writes on the nature of consumption of the lungs and the alleged discovery of Professor Koch, and Frances E. Russell discusses on Woman's Dress Reform.

*The American Law Register* for January contains "The Eleventh Amendment and the Nonsuability of the State," by A. H. Wintersteen; "A Strange Decision by the United States Supreme Court," by a jurist, and other able articles, original or selected. This periodical is conducted ably and is very useful to all who desire to keep themselves informed in regard to current legal matters. The D. B. Canfield Co., Philadelphia.

The February number of the *Unitarian Review* has for its opening article "Papal Tradition," by Ernest de Bunsen; "Sects in Russia," by Cornelia W. Cyr and Frederick Denison Maurice; "His Influence on Theology," by Clement Pike, are among the other papers.

*The International Journal of Ethics* for January contains a number of strong articles, among which are "The Rights of Minorities," by D. G. Ritchie, of Oxford; "A New Study of Psychology," by Prof. Royce of Harvard University; "The Inner Life in Relation to Morality," by J. H. Muirhead, M. A.; "Moral Theory and Practice," by Prof. John Dewey; "Morals in History," by Prof. Fr. Jodi; "The Ethics of Doubt," by W. L. Sheldon; "The Ethics of Socialism," by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, and "Ethical and Kindred Societies in Great Britain," by Mrs. M. McCullum. 1602 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"It is like being rescued from a burning building!" says a man who was cured of a severe case of salt rheum by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Give this peculiar medicine a trial. Sold by all druggists.



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A DEAD SHOT

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Dr. Sage's treatment of Catarrh in the Head is far superior to the ordinary, and when directions are reasonably well followed, results in a permanent cure. Don't longer be indifferent to the verified claims of this unfailing Remedy.

The worst forms of Catarrh disappear with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties effect a perfect and permanent cure, no matter

how bad the case, or of how long standing. It's a remedy that succeeds where everything else has failed. Thousands of such cases can be pointed out. That's the reason its makers back their faith in it with money. They offer \$500 reward for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure.

It's a medicine that allows them to take such a risk.

Doesn't common sense lead you to take such a medicine?

"An advertising fake" you say.

Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee absolute.

Wise men don't put money back of "fakes."

And "faking" doesn't pay.



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After dinner, if you have discomfort and suffering, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, or Anti-Bilious Granules. They're made

to assist Nature in her own way—quietly, but thoroughly. What the old-fashioned pill did forcibly, these do mildly and gently. They do more, too. Their effects are lasting; they regulate the system, as well as cleanse and renovate it. One little Pellet's a gentle laxative; three to four act as a cathartic. They're the smallest, cheapest, the easiest to take. Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, because they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for the good you get.

Can you ask more?

Stop that  
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For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrophula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and  
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Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

**Scott's Emulsion**

There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.

**DYSPEPSIA.** Advice sent free to any address. John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass. 14 years City Treas.

**Books**

New Books every week. Catalogue, 96 pages, free; not sold by Dealers; prices too low; buy of the Publisher, JOHN B. ALDEN, 393 Pearl St., New York.

THE PIONEERS  
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SPIRITUAL REFORMATION.

LIFE AND WORKS OF DR. JUSTINUS KEMNER AND WILLIAM HOWITT.

The two Pioneers of new Science, whose lives and labors in the direction of Psychology form the subject-matter of this volume, will be found to bear a strong similarity to each other in other directions than the one which now links their names, lives and labors.

Cloth bound, 325 pp. Price, \$2.00; postage, 15 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JAC. C. BUDZY, Chicago.

**IF WE COULD PART THE VEIL.**

BY LAURA EMILIE MARTIN.

If we could part the veil that hides  
The mysteries of the strange beyond,  
Could trace the beckoning hand that guides  
Our wayward steps with meanings fond,  
If we could sail immortal streams,  
And breathe heaven's pure untainted air,  
Our tired brows bathed in golden beams  
From that celestial city fair.

O, welcome death, no spectre grim  
Would seem the guest in robes of night,  
Our earthly senses would grow dim,  
And we would joy to swoon to light;  
With farewells said, new greetings born,  
Stern grief and bliss to gently blend,  
O, sweet thy light eternal dawn  
Whose joyous rest will never end.

DETROIT, MICH.

**A RUNAWAY BOY.**

Wunst I sassed my pa, an' he  
Won't stand that, and punished me;  
Nen when he was gone that day,  
I slipped out an' runned away.

I tooked all my copper cents,  
An' clumbed over our back fence  
In the jimson-weeds 'at growed  
Ever'where all down the road.

Nen I got out there, an' nen  
I runned some, un' runned again  
When I met a man 'at led  
A big cow 'at shook her head.

went down a long, long lane  
Where was little pigs a-play'n';  
An' a grea'-big pig went "Booh!"  
An' jumped up an' skeered me, too.

Nen I scampered past; an' they  
Was somebody hollered: "Hey!"  
An' I ist looked ever'where,  
An' they was nobody there!

I want to, but I'm 'fraid to try  
To go back nen. . . . An' by an' by  
Somepin' hurts my throat inside,  
An' I want my ma—an' cried.

Nen a grea'-big girl come through  
Where's a gate, an' telled me who  
Am I? an' ef I tell where  
My home's at she'll take me there.

But I couldn't ist but tell  
What's my name! an' she says well;  
An' she tooked me up, an' says  
She know where I live, she guess.

\*Nen she telled me hug wite close  
Round her neck! An' off she goes  
Skippin' up the street! An' nen  
Purty soon I'm home again!

An' my ma, when she kissed me,  
Kissed the big girl too, an' she  
Kissed me—ef I p'omise shore  
I won't run away no more.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, IN CENTURY.

**THE VALENTINE.**

The Princess on St. Valentine's  
A rose found at her door,  
To which were pinned some loving lines  
Which fond affection bore.

She thought the Prince for whom she cared  
Had sent the token sweet;  
She never dreamed the jester dared  
To be so indiscreet.

So all that day upon her breast  
The yellow rosebud lay,  
And he, unknown, who loved her best  
Was happy all that day.

—FLAVEL SCOTT MINES, IN FEBRUARY HARPER'S.

Freddy (carefully rubbing the pretty bloom from his bunch of grapes)—"Say, Mr. Youngbee, do these grapes powder?"

Mr. Youngbee (fiancee of Freddy's auntie)—"Why, no, my boy; what made you think of that?"  
Freddy—"Cause this rubs off just as the pink does from auntie's cheeks."

"Kind sir," said the seedy individual, "can you lend ten cents to a man who has lost all his money?"

"Tell me about it," said the interested citizen, passing over a quarter.

"There was a hole in my pocket," answered the individual, turning to go, "and the nickel I had dropped through it."

Distressed young mother, traveling with weeping infant—"Dear, dear; I don't know what to do with this baby."

Kind and thoughtful bachelor in next seat—"Madame, should I open the window for you?"

How much does the fame of human actions depend upon the station of those who perform them! The very same conduct shall be either greatly magnified or entirely overlooked, as it happens to proceed from a person of conspicuous or obscure rank.—Pliny the Younger.

**A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.**

Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger and Providential Escape.

To the Editor Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat:

SIR: On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared on the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I had at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends, I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tubercles and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice, I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 20 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive feature of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the com-

monest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy, or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore everyone who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

**Throat Affections.**

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Wind puffs up empty bladders; opinion, fools.—Socrates.

In weak complaints you vainly waste your breath.—Dryden.

Who ever knew truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter.—Milton.

And the devil did grin, for his darling sin in pride that apes humility.—Coleridge.

The indulgence of revenge tends to make men more savage and cruel.—Kames.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him.—Bible.

The moral law is one that appeals equally to both men and women.—Stead.

The fool of vanity; for her alone He lives, loves, writes—and dies, but to be known.—Canning.

Cato's voice was ne'er employed To clean the guilty and to varnish crime.—Addison.

Vanity is the food of fools, No man sympathizes with the sorrows of vanity.—Johnson.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.—Shakespeare.

With all his tumid boasts, he's like the sword-fish who only wears his weapon in his mouth.—Madden.

Envy is a vice which keeps no holiday, but is always on the wheel, and working its own disquiet.

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Hebrew Proverb.

Men are never so ridiculous from the qualities which really belong to them, as from those which they pretend to have.—Rochefoucault.

And thus I clothe my naked villainy With old odd ends stol'n out of holy writ And seem a saint, when most I play a devil.—Shakespeare.

But prejudice, like the spider, makes everywhere its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place and all that it requires is room.—Paine.

Like one Who having, unto truth, by telling it Made such a sinner of his memory To credit his own lie.—Shakespeare.

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue; Dropped manna and could make his worse appear The better reason, to perplex and dash Matured counsels.—Milton.

At the bottom of a good deal of the bravery that appears in the world there lurks a miserable cowardice. Men will face powder and steel because they cannot face public opinion.—Chapin.

Biggs—And how does Senator Dunfor stand with your people? Griggs—He is dead—a politician corpse. Biggs—Did his enemies stab him? Griggs—No, he wrote a confidential letter to a trusted friend.

Sarah Bernhardt owns fifty trunks. Sarah should obtain Jay Gould's permission and start a trunk line of her own.—Washington Post.

"Pottair? Pottair? Haven't heard of her." This is the cruel way in which Mme. Sarah permits herself to speak of a rival Cleopatra.—Boston Post.

Queen Victoria is fond of giving presents of elephants. She has just given one to the Sultan of Morocco; and when Albert Edward was born she presented one to the English people.

The Douai version of the Bible, which is accepted by the Roman Catholic Church, makes the familiar passage on wine from Proverbs xxiii: 31, 32, read: "It goeth in pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a snake and spread abroad poison like a basilisk."—Voice.

"My client, your honor," said the lawyer, "cannot be guilty of bigamy. We admit the marriage with the first alleged wife. The second marriage was in itself null and void because of the previous one—in fact, was no marriage. Hence, as you will see at once, there were not two marriages, and therefore no bigamy."—Orange Life.

In a small degree, and conversant in little things, vanity is of little moment. When full-grown, it is the worst of vices, and the occasional mimic of them all. It makes the whole man false. It leaves nothing sincere or trustworthy about him. His best qualities are poisoned and perverted by it, and operate exactly as the worst.—Burke.

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THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

Of this remarkable man and medium a majority of Spiritualists know little more than his name, and to thousands even the name means nothing; yet is he in many respects the most striking figure in the history of modern Spiritualism. As a poet his genius has been acknowledged by literateurs, though they ignore the mediumship which made him the mouthpiece of great intellects from the Spirit-world. Among his great efforts is "A Lyric of the Golden Age," a book of 381 pages. "The whole time occupied by the spirits," says Prof. S. B. Brittan, in his introduction to the volume, "in communicating the entire poem was about ninety-four hours." The first half of this poem, according to Prof. Brittan, was dictated at the Irving House, in New York City, in December and January, 1854-5, and the remainder in September, 1855, in New York. "During the greater portion of the time employed in giving the poem outward sensation was either wholly suspended or greatly diminished," writes Prof. Brittan, "the medium seemed to be quite oblivious of external circumstances and objects, and at times respiration was apparently interrupted." "It must be apparent," continues Prof. B., "to those who deny, as well as those who accept, the peculiar claims of the author's poems, that Mr. Harris is endowed with extraordinary gifts, such as have distin-

guished few men, whose names and thoughts are chronicled in the literary history of the world. . . . In the composition of the 'Lyric of the Golden Age,' it is claimed that the particular spirits referred to in the poem dictated such parts as are ascribed to them. Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge and Pollok contributed the several portions which bear their respective names. . . . The principal spirits speak with world-awakening voices. Pollok rises far above the standard of his earthly efforts; the words of Shelley, of Byron and Rousseau sound like shrill clarion-tones that summon nations to battle against kings, and priests, and tyrannies."

Prof. Brittan was an eye-witness at the production of the poem and an assistant in the conduct of the séances. Did space permit, it would be well to republish entire his highly interesting introduction, and we may do so hereafter. The following extracts from the poem are given. Pollok is supposed to be controlling Mr. Harris when he speaks of "disorderly and orderly Spiritualism" as follows:

DISORDERLY SPIRITUALISM.

The meanest superstitions, that degrade Mankind, originate where narrow minds Make merit of their own self-murdered loves. Assassinated intellects, and days Of wire-drawn whining cant, and groaning nights In fetid cells consumed with dreams of pain; Who think to open the interior sense, And hold communion with the Deity, By immolating all that makes man man, And making earth a demon-haunted hell.

ORDERLY SPIRITUALISM.

Through harmony in body, heart and brain, Through harmony of wisdom, love and use, Man blooms in every faculty of soul, And every organ of the cultured mind, And consciousness itself becomes inspired, And man reflects the streaming thoughts that shine Through spirit atmospheres upon the world. He takes impressions from the entities Of the divine existence; in his sleep He passes through the golden gate that opens Into the splendors of the Spirit-world He wakes beyond the body and its sphere, He is at liberty from outward things.

This state of inner waking is beyond The state men first take on beyond the grave, Because the nervous essence that first clothes The spirit, leaving the dissolving form, When mind becomes clairvoyant yet remains Connected with the outer particles; And when this state grows perfect, man ascends The spiral pathway of the upper life, His errors being dormant, and he learns Eternal and unutterable things, That never are and never can be known Till all the outward faculties of man In perfect harmony prevent no ray, But shine translucent from the light above.

Men cannot tell the secrets of the life Beyond the portals of the natural sphere; At best they dimly shadow out the truth,— Too glorious 'tis for mortal minds to bear. When mortal puts on immortality, Corruption incorruption, when the grave Has lost its sting and death its victory, When, free from all the passions of the earth, The soul becomes a conscious element In the One Harmony that moves through all, Man is translated to a realm of thought Incomprehensible to minds in time. A language infinite in thought, where tones Are as the accents of Almighty God, Assumes the place of the external tongue. He speaks as he is wrought upon by powers Innumerable and beyond himself, And can at will in perfect freedom change His state each hour, as crystals change their hue, Turned at a varied angle to the sun. Humanity in heaven has varied forms; Each Race of Angels differs in the sphere Of its delight. Celestial faculties, Varied as hues and harmonies of morn And noon and sunset, alternating, give Each various race some glory which is new And special, and its own appropriate name. This speciality may be received By radiant spirits of each kindred sphere. On earth men send their writings to their friends; In heaven they give divinely glorious states, Transmuting by the mighty alchemy Of thought the spherical air around their friends, And filling up the void with images Of loveliest truths in loveliest forms combined, Whose beauty wind like groves of Paradise Round the tranced angel whom they visit. Angelic lovers give their blended love; Sages their intellectual realms of truth; Poets inspire the spirit till it grows Itself a melody, and floats afar Through unimagined realms and seas of bliss, And universal heavens of happy life. Men give cold thoughts and words on earth below, But living worlds and spheres of bliss above.

Shakespeare gave Hamlet, Romeo, Juliet, Art-forms that, clothed with beauty, walk the world, And multiply themselves in every brain; Cordelia, Desdemona, Crownless Lear, Timon and Shylock, Falstaff and his crew, Titania, Puck and Oberon, and all The fays of that Midsummer Night's Dream, Ariel, Miranda, gifted Prospero, Each form the type of some essential state Of mind or heart, some gift or sphere of power; Some use or prescience of the intellect; His thoughts have grown art-poems to the world, Sweet, deathless entities, for he became Creative. All the Angel-peopled sun In one transcendent art-realm, where unfold Myriads on myriads of evolving forms, Which the artistic faculties of mind Create, projecting outward from themselves; And Angels dramatize their radiant thoughts, Marshalled in stately theatres that ope Their vast prospectus for the inner sight.

The *New Nation* is the name of a weekly paper just started in Boston, of which Edward Bellamy is editor. Its prospectus says: The *New Nation* will criticize the existing industrial system as radically wrong in morals and preposterous economically, and will advocate the substitution thereof, as rapidly as practicable, of the plan of national industrial co-operation, aiming to bring about the economic equality of citizens, which is known as nationalism.

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