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

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DELICATE INFLUENCES.

It is said that the edge of a razor consists of a great number of points or "teeth," which if the razor is of good material follow one another throughout the whole length with great order and clearness. The excessive keenness of the blade is due to the unbroken regularity of these minute teeth. The edge acts upon the beard not so much by direct application of weight or force as it does by a slight movement of a peculiar character, which causes the successive teeth to act collectively on one certain part of the beard. According to the microscopists, the best razors have the teeth of their edges set as regularly as those of a perfectly set saw. The effect of dipping the razor in hot water, as barbers and those experienced in shaving themselves do, is to cleanse the teeth of a greasy and dirty substance with which they have been clogged. It is not uncommon for barbers to say that razors "get tired" of shaving and that they need to "take a rest." A microscopic examination shows that this "tired" condition is the result of constant stropping by the same person, which causes all the teeth or fibres of the edge to arrange themselves in one direction. When the razor has been put aside for a month or so, the fine particles rearrange themselves so that they can again present the peculiar saw-toothed edge. After the disuse and rest each particle of the fine edge is up and ready to support the one next to it and it again takes some time to spoil the grain of the blade or, as the barbers say, to make it "tired" again.

These facts are very suggestive. Without the microscope and trained powers of observation it would be very difficult to explain the "tiredness" of the razors. The word "tired" is the only one the barber can use to express his knowledge of a fact, the nature and conditions of which he does not understand. Though his idea is indefinite he has learned from experience of a certain effect which he recognizes practically in his trade. Science teaches that in the edge of the razor, invisible to the naked eye, undergo molecular changes which entirely change the relations of the different parts in which no differentiation whatever is obvious to the ordinary observer. The molecular action determines the working efficiency and value of the instrument. One having no knowledge of the matter and governed entirely by superficial observation might say that the razor, when put aside, would remain the same until it was used again and he would be utterly incredulous of the fact that although insentient, possessing no feeling, it would by a month's rest become sharper and more fit for use than when lain aside.

This fact illustrates the reality of conditions often invisible and of a most subtle character, which go to determine differences of phenomena where there are no observable differences of conditions present.

For instance, in discussing the subject of telepathy, clairvoyance, etc., many skeptics declare that they have never found such phenomena as are classed under these names, that is, no person at their request can tell what is going on at a distance at a particular place. No person at the suggestion of an inves-

tigator can read correctly the mind of some other person even though a large reward be offered. The inference with these skeptics is that the power is an imaginary one and that the cases which are cited in verification of telepathy or clairvoyance are due to some mistake, if not to intentional deception. They do not see that the exercise of these powers depends upon peculiar conditions that may be present only at some particular time, possibly only once or twice in the life-time of an individual and that the reasons are of a character which makes them as little known to us as the conditions in regard to the edge of a razor would be unknown to one who had never observed them microscopically or learned the facts from others. In dealing with psychical matters, it is conditions of this character, so complex and delicate, that they cannot be produced at will and cannot even be observed or understood, that make investigation extremely difficult and require the most patient and industrious experimentation before coming to definite conclusions. A recognition of these facts by those who are favorable to the investigation of psychical phenomena, whether they are in favor of Spiritualism or opposed to it, would greatly conduce to a better understanding and to more successful results than have hitherto followed many of the crude attempts to solve the mysteries of nature, mysteries that are so far removed from our ordinary observations that they elude every such effort to bring them to light. It is only by the exercise of the scientific spirit, combined with the most earnest and patient devotion to truth, that the great facts in connection with the higher provinces of being can be ascertained.

MURDEROUS CRANKS.

The assassination of Mayor Harrison of this city has recalled attention to the problem as to what shall be done with men of the type of Guiteau and Prendergast? Certainly some precautions can be taken against the killing of prominent officials merely to gratify the malice or caprice of a disordered mind. In the excitement and indignation following such an event, the general feeling is one of impatience, not untinged perhaps with a feeling of revenge, for the execution of the assassin. Indeed, some of the papers of this city have intimated that in the case of Prendergast the trial should be merely a formal affair, gone through with as speedily as possible, with no regard for mere technicalities, preliminary to "stringing the fellow up."

There is "anarchy" in different forms. That spirit which would condemn and execute a criminal without trial in due form, without giving him every advantage to which a condemned person is entitled before sentence is passed, is more dangerous than that form of anarchy which exhibits itself in acts of unlawful violence against life and property. What is wanted is just treatment of every man who is charged with crime, and punishment when he is convicted, not in the spirit of revenge, but for the protection of society; the primary object of all punishment inflicted by the law. The gratification of revenge is unworthy the enlightened mind. Revenge begets revenge and the moment government attempts to act in that spirit it engenders hatred and crime. The cer-

tainty of punishment when crime is established, is of much greater value than any mere exhibition of indignation in times following such an event as the assassination of Mayor Harrison. The fact that a trial may result in acquittal of a man known to be a criminal does more to encourage crime perhaps than any other one thing in connection with the method of dealing with offenders.

What is the cause of murderous cranks? It is perhaps not possible to answer this question very definitely. The present American life is one that is strained and abnormally active. Changes are occurring in commercial, industrial, social and religious life, with a rapidity which makes it difficult for people to adjust themselves to these changes. It is only the more progressive and flexible minds that can do this without mental or moral impairment. A great many find themselves unadjusted and in the struggle for life are "left." Minds that are weak at any point where they come especially in contact with these outside active forces are very liable to become disturbed, unbalanced, disordered, crazed, and hence the large number of suicides, the loss of sanity, and the abnormal. In this class, where wealth is great, a certain number accumulate large fortunes, become millionaires and as they increase there is a tendency toward an aristocracy of wealth. A much larger number find themselves left behind. The introduction of machinery has destroyed many trades, the conditions of life have changed and many who in other times could have lived comfortably find themselves unable to compete with their fellows by methods with which they are not familiar and to which they cannot become adjusted. There is not only a large class of comparatively poor men, who are yet able to sustain themselves, but a large class that find themselves incompetent, not in touch with the advancing spirit of the day, unable to obtain positions they crave, disappointed in life, discouraged, disheartened, and in some cases envious and revengeful towards those who have been successful. In this last class, it will generally be found are those erratic individuals who have grievances and whose activity takes the form of some act of violence in order to redress the wrongs of which they feel they are the victims. Undoubtedly what is called our spoils system, by which offices go to those who imagine that they are necessary to the success of political candidates or party elections, contributes to this very evil, for it leads to false expectations, disappointments, envy and hatred.

The assassin who lies in the jail in this city seems to have been a failure in life, with an ambition for political office, a right which he imagined he had earned by some service, real or imaginary, contributed during Mayor Harrison's candidature. The imagined wrong preyed upon his mind until he felt impelled to go to the man's house and shoot him dead. This assassin is a type of a class to be found in every large city. Such men ordinarily pass as sane and in many respects they act perhaps as sane as most other men. There may be nothing in their conduct to indicate that they have any dangerous tendencies, but some event or some subtle influence operates upon their unbalanced minds, and

without warning they decide to take the life of a public official in order to gratify a revenge or to redress a fancied wrong.

What should be done with such men? Are they responsible, morally? Are they men whom society is justified in holding accountable for their acts? Do they know the distinction between right and wrong? Are they influenced by penalties? Should they be treated as criminals? When it is considered that the primary object of punishment is the prevention of crime and the protection of society, the most important question is: What course in dealing with assassins will be the most conducive to this end? Are men like Predergast sufficiently sane to understand that in committing murder they are violating a law and that they thereby subject themselves to the penalty of its violation? Does a consideration of this punishment have any effect upon the minds of men of this type? If the last two questions can be answered in the affirmative, then such criminals should be treated like all other criminals, tried, convicted according to evidence, and punished according to law.

A man who has sufficient reason to plan a murder, to attempt to make his escape, and to act generally in the way Predergast did is to a very considerable extent at least a morally responsible man, although his moral nature may be undeveloped and the mere fact that he is erratic, that his mind is unbalanced, is no reason for his being made an exception and merely treated as an insane person. We do not expect to find among assassins men of well balanced minds and large moral nature. It is the intellectually or moral deficient persons who commit such crimes and it is to deter such as these from criminal acts that laws are enacted for the punishment of offenders. The assassins' whole course indicates that he dreads punishment and his obedience to the instructions of his counsel in keeping silent and avoiding interviews with representatives of the press, all go to show that he has not only an idea of moral responsibility but that he has certain conceptions of the best method of escaping the penalty which belongs to the crime that he has committed. Nothing but punishment of such men can prevent others from similar dangerous "cranks"; prying up and committing similar deeds, and the best interests of society demand that an individual who shows his dangerous disposition in acts of violence be at once put in a condition in which he can never again imperil life for the safety of all and as a warning to other persons of murderous proclivities.

MR. STEAD AND SPIRIT AGENCY.

Mr. Stead, while he was in Chicago, was interviewed by representatives of the press on many subjects. He repeated the facts that have already been stated in THE JOURNAL in regard to his power of automatic telepathy and gave other facts of less importance which had not been before published. One of the interviewers remarked to him that his gift opened up a new and bewildering vista of journalistic possibilities. Mr. Stead acknowledged that that was the fact. He said he did not know how long it would be before many people would write correctly through his hand; some could not; others could and hardly ever made a mistake. If he could secure a staff of persons in sufficient mental rapport with him he thought he would be able to have special correspondence from the uttermost parts of the world without any cause for cablegrams, by the simple process of letting them all write with his own hand. He said that he would not at present publish any telepathic interview procured by automatic writing until he had submitted a proof from the person from whom the writing professed to proceed and found that it was authentic. To the question whether the automatic telepathic system would be a nuisance, since anyone might be interviewed upon any subject at any moment without his consent being asked, Mr. Stead replied that he did not think one could interview any person without asking his or her consent. He said he had suggested that the psychical research

people should ask questions of the subliminal self. The conscious mind might be quite aware of having given its assent but the sub-conscious self might be just as ready to refuse to give information. Mr. Stead said he would much rather be interviewed by automatic telepathy, without having the trouble of answering a question or wasting time in seeing the reporter, than being interviewed under the existing system.

He was asked if he ever saw ghosts, to which he replied, "No, I am blind in all that side of life. I am not a clairvoyant. My only gift in that direction is in automatic writing." He could, he said, take his pen in his hand, allow other intelligences than his own to use his hand as their instrument for expressing their thoughts on paper. Some of these intelligences professed to be individuals now living on this earth. Others professed to be individuals who had no further use for their bodies. He could not explain how it was done. He could only say that it was done and could only give the explanation which the intelligences themselves gave, namely: that they were able to impress their thought upon his conscious brain and that set in motion the nerves and muscles of the hand. He said he did not know what he was going to write when his pen began writing. He received communications from living friends and also from those who have left this earth. These communications he said often contained an element of prophecy. He thought that if the study of this subject was carefully and systematically prosecuted with the same patience and perseverance which men of science gave to the investigation, for instance, of fossils, there would be established on a basis of science the fact that human beings did not cease to exist when they laid aside their bodies any more than they did when they took off their clothes to go to bed. He thought the investigation of this subject would be valuable in the study of the Bible. The great difficulty that many have with in that book is in its descriptions of what, in the opinion of the majority of people, is no longer in existence in a practical world. If men would but take pains to learn the facts lying all around their path, they would find that apparitions, premonitions, prophecies, and, in short, the whole of the phenomena usually miscalled "supernatural," occurred as frequently now as in the days of the Bible.

Mr. Stead, continuing the subject further, said that these investigations add enormously to our sense of the wonder of the world and the immense complexity of man's personality. The more he studied this subject, the more he was convinced that the segment of man's personality which manifests itself through the body is a very small fraction of his real personality. He said he had come to regard the body as a sort of "two-legged telephone," which a fraction of the individual takes up and uses at birth and which is rung off when the change occurs which is called death.

Mr. Stead spoke on this subject discursively and of course presented no evidence in substantiation of his claims, some of which may be regarded as extraordinary, but it was not to be expected that in mere interviews with representatives of the press, he was going to bring forward proofs in verification of his statements. The Society for Psychical Research, as we understand, has been for some time making Mr. Stead's claims a subject of a careful investigation and in due time no doubt, all the results of these investigations will be published.

Of the various people brought into prominence in connection with the World's Fair, says the Independent, there are few who are more interesting in their personality than Mr. C. C. Bonney, the originator, manager and President of the World's Fair Auxiliary, with its multitude of Congresses touching upon almost every phase of intellectual development. Mr. Bonney is a man of slight build who would never attract particular attention. He has been known by a limited circle for many years as a quiet, unassuming lawyer, noted for nothing in particular, unless it be a broad catholicity which kept his interest alive

in the most diverse men and opinions. A Swedenborgian in religious profession he did not mingle greatly with men of other denominations, so that he was by no means widely known; and when it appeared that it was through his persistency, tact and indomitable energy that such a unique enterprise had not only been conceived but actually carried through, his neighbors in Chicago were not less surprised than those from other parts of the land. His addresses of welcome and introduction have been singularly appropriate, seeming to catch the central thought of all, whether missions or evolution, education, labor or socialism. He has been most ably seconded by those in charge of the different departments, and all have worked together to accomplish what will be far more enduring in its results than the Fair itself, beautiful and wonderful as that is.

SAYS the Boston Herald of September 3, 1893: An event of unquestionable importance in the history of human thought—almost hidden from us by the busy life of these closing years of the 19th century—is the publication of what is practically the last volume of the most extensive and wide-reaching system of philosophy that ever issued from the brain of a single man. After the lapse of nearly forty years of devoted labor broken in upon from time to time by illness, but never permanently interrupted, Mr. Herbert Spencer, at the age of seventy-two, now crowns his "Synthetic Philosophy" with a scheme of scientific ethics which, for fullness of detail and completeness of application to the circumstances of the individual and of society, leaves nothing to be desired. The achievement is a notable one, from whatever point of view it is regarded, and Mr. Spencer will be congratulated on the completion of his task, as well by those who differ from him on the main points of his philosophy as by those who accept his system in its entirety.

Of those creatures which man has subdued to become his dependants and servants, none are more useful than the horse and the ox. Yet these are they to be tortured in his vindictiveness and brutalized in his wrath, so that the law has sometimes to take the lash out of the hands of him who owes his daily bread to the thankless labor of the brute which he daily illuses. It adds to the hatefulness of this behavior, in the view of humane people, when such grievous and ungrateful treatment is submissively borne. To see a poor animal toiling beneath an excessive load and patiently resuming its task when the storm of blows has ceased is to experience ignominy. It was a fine counsel of a Roman that men should be as gods to their beasts in respect of beneficence as well as of power, and Plutarch says that "were it only to learn benevolence to mankind we should be merciful to other creatures." Such is the sentiment of humane people.

REFERRING to the Congresses of Missions a religious paper says: Coming in such close connection with the Parliament of Religions, it was natural that considerable stress should be laid upon the success, present and future, of missions. Not a few have expressed a fear lest the attractive setting forth of the great religions of Asia by their cultured representatives would chill the interest in missions. "If what they say is true, why should we send any missionaries to teach them?" one lady is reported to have said in the Woman's Congress.

PERIPATETIC hypnotizers are the latest European sensation and terror, says an exchange. They go around making defenseless men tell their family secrets in public bar-rooms and sending to sleep with their fascinating eyes the beautiful young Parisian women they meet in omnibuses. The most alarming part of it is that there is no law under which these latest examples of the Evil Eye can be punished. And even if there were what good would it do so long as they could fix their glittering optics on the Judge and put the jury to sleep with a wink?



THE PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS

REPORT TO THE PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS WORLD'S FAIR AUXILIARY OF THE CASE OF MISS MARY J. FANCHER.

BY EX-JUDGE ABRAM H. DAILEY.

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IV.

Miss Fancher's pet dog had contrived to find a warmer place in her heart than had her other pets. He rarely left her, and he was much of a companion in her long hours of wakefulness. But one day the dog disappeared from the house and was seen again no more for some time. Miss Fancher mourned for him, but she insisted that he would soon return again, and she seemed to be constantly looking for him. It was about 2 o'clock one rainy, tempestuous morning that she aroused Mrs. Crosby. "Get up, get up," she cried, "the dog is coming home, I see him way down the avenue. He is coming this way and he will soon be here." Mrs. Crosby did not hurry and Miss Fancher broke out once more. "Here he comes nearer. Go down and let him in; he'll be here by the time you get to the door; there he is across the street—now he's on the step." Mrs. Crosby went down and there was the lost dog, gaunt, hungry, but happy to get home. He was taken to Miss Fancher, and in the silent hours preceding the break of day she fed him with the best the house afforded.

A gentleman who had been a frequent visitor entered her room one afternoon and, laughingly tossed a wallet in the air, said, "Tell me how much change is in there and I will give it to you."

"Sixty-seven cents," was the girl's reply.

The gentleman, who did not himself know how much money the wallet contained, counted its contents. Miss Fancher's declaration had been correct.

Her powers of vision seem to have no limit. She has not only seen and described the appearance and actions of friends in other cities, but has been able to picture the doings of very near acquaintances who, for a time, lived in the Bermuda Islands.

DR. DURYEA SUGGESTING A THEORY.

THE MIND FREED FROM THE BONDAGE OF THE BODY—
POSSIBLY GOVERNED BY NEW LAWS—AT ALL
EVENTS QUICKENED AND ENLARGED.

"I have known of Mollie Fancher for several years," said the Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, pastor of the Clason Avenue Presbyterian church. "I have seen her and I have bestowed some study and considerable thought upon her. After I had become convinced that she really did the strange things that were told of her, I mentioned her in some of my discourses. Mr. George W. Benson, who is well known here in Brooklyn as the Chairman of our Committee of One Hundred that undertook to purify city politics and who is this week out of town, saw her day after day for years and was absolutely amazed at her powers. I had known of her some time before I went to see her and in passing the house I had once or twice stopped to speak with her aunt when she happened to be at the door. The afternoon I called upon Miss Fancher, I was with Mr. Benson. He entered the room in advance of me and motioned me to silence. After he had conversed with her a few sentences he said: 'Mollie, who is this?'"

"She answered: 'I don't see anybody, except you.'"

"'Look sharp,' was the rejoinder and then the girl made a movement as though in mental effort and after a moment answered: 'I see him now; it's Dr. Duryea.'"

"'Did you ever see him before.'"

"'Yes, down at the gate, talking to aunt.'"

"'How long ago.'"

"'About three weeks—the day aunt went down to call in the dog.'"

"'How can you prove to Dr. Duryea that you saw him there?'"

"'He wore a rubber coat.'"

"'Then,' added Dr. Duryea, 'I remembered that it rained and as I had to go to the church and then to a funeral that afternoon I had slipped on my rubber coat. I remembered it more particularly for the reason that it was the last time I ever wore the coat. I gave it to the driver as I entered the coach after the funeral and he hung it up to dry by a stove in the livery stable on his return and it was burned up. It was on my way from church to the funeral that I stopped for a moment only, to talk to Mollie's aunt. Mollie's Spitz dog was out on the step barking at boys that were teasing it and the aunt had gone out to take it in. The girl described us perfectly.'"

"'Being convinced then that Miss Fancher practices no deception, how are her powers to be explained?'"

"'It is impossible to satisfactorily account for them. That she has most astonishing powers of seeing friends in different parts of the country and city and of doing other almost incomprehensible things, I have not a doubt. The child cannot deceive; she is beyond that; she does not wish to practice imposition. But her physical changes have in some manner released her mind from the imprisonment of the body and she does with it what other mortals cannot do with theirs. Here she is deprived first of hearing, then of sight, then of speech, her throat paralyzed—sealed up so that nothing could be passed through it—in such a state that you might as well expect her to swallow a ramrod as a piece of bread; her abdominal organs in the same condition. The mind or spirit was absolutely confined. May it not with a mighty effort have burst away, and, once partly freed from the confines of the physical body have been governed by other and higher laws than those that control it while under the bondage of the body? That men's minds are largely subject to their physical condition is well understood. Occasionally, as in this instance, under peculiar conditions we find this power, which we call second-sight or clairvoyance. What it is we have not yet ascertained, for the reason, possibly, that so few of the cases have been scientifically investigated; no critical comparisons of one case with another have been made to discover the analogies. I think such instances should have the most widespread publicity of descriptions of their mental and physical phenomena. The more we know of them the sooner we shall solve their mysteries.'"

"'Miss Fancher sees the images of those who have gone before her to the Spirit-world?'"

"'Miss Fancher unquestionably thinks that she sees them and communes with them. Yet this is not so incomprehensible as some of her other acts. She has known their faces upon earth. With increased mental powers naturally comes increased imagination. I can readily understand how little increase of imagining it would require for you or for me to think in our dreams or out of them, for that matter, that we are talking with those who are dead. Men imagine they are sick while they are well and imagine they are well while they are sick, imagine almost every conceivable thing; nevertheless, they always have had something from which to work. Miss Fancher may think she is in heaven, yet she has read enough in her Bible to give her a basis for making a picture of heaven in her mind. While I do not say that she has not seen so-called spiritual sights, I can see an explanation of why she thinks she has seen them. It is her power of sight of things upon earth that are concealed from the sight of others that puzzles me. Tests are made of the powers in which she has absolutely no foundation from which to work. How does she arrange and decipher the contents of a letter that has been cut into pieces and sealed within an envelope—a letter the contents of which those who gave it to her had not the slightest notion. Let's settle that before we get into the merits of what

it is possible may be produced by a heightened imagination; it's the more astonishing performance."

"'Miss Fancher's case is known to many in the neighborhood, is it not?'"

"'It is; I very often mention it and I teach its lesson. I like to see such peculiar manifestations of the mind and the body made public. They teach the difference of existence between the spirit and the flesh and the superiority of the one over the other. I have followed her closely and always with no more deep wonderment at her peculiar manifestations than admiration of the sweet, contented cheerfulness of her disposition, the purity and simplicity of her life and her steadfast hope.'"

PROF. WEST'S REVELATIONS.

A WELL-KNOWN BROOKLYN MAN WHO HAS SPENT
HOURS AT HER BEDSIDE—A STRING OF ANECDOTES—NEW YORK PREACHERS
INTERESTED.

Prof. Charles E. West is principal and proprietor of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, at 133 Montague street, and he is widely known throughout the city as a scholar, a man of science and a Christian gentleman. It was in his institution that Miss Fancher obtained her education. Immediately upon hearing of the accident to her, a favorite pupil, he went to see her and barely a week has elapsed since that time in which he has not visited her. She has ever been delighted to greet him and has confided to him, as much as to any other, her sensations, her joys, her sorrows, her religious beliefs, her secrets. "I have been there by day and by night; have called unexpectedly; have remained there for hours at a time," he said yesterday, "and I have kept complete memoranda of what I have seen and heard. I never knew a more truthful, sincere and intelligent girl than she has proved herself from the first of our acquaintance. I have spent my life in study and I have devoted very much of it for the past twelve years to Mollie Fancher's case. She has been a revelation to me. I think I have recorded every change in her mental and physical condition. I have all the results. It would take you half a day to read what I have written about her and even then the wonderful things she has done are scarcely touched upon. I have been very anxious that a commission of such men as Tyndall and Huxley and Agassiz be made up to prosecute a most searching inquiry into her condition. Indeed, I had arranged with Prof. Wyman of Harvard University to come to New York, and, with some one else—we had Agassiz in mind—spend weeks with her. As he was about to start, Mollie was taken worse. She was then in the most death-like condition that we had seen her and we all thought that she must soon pass away. It was deemed better to postpone Prof. Wyman's visit until she was better able to have an investigation made. But in a few weeks the Professor died and Agassiz also soon was gone. She outlived both.

"I have taken clergymen and physicians to see her. She mystifies every one. They are charmed by her cheerfulness, her vivacity, her Christian faith. It is impossible not to admire her; yet when they see the beautiful works of art that she fashions without the aid of the natural eye and when they get a glimpse of her wonderful power of so-called second-sight, they become mute. I have seen persons who were afraid of her as they might be of a veritable ghost or supernatural apparition. None in all the hundreds whom I have seen at her bedside have I heard express a suspicion that she is an impostor. To see her seems to carry conviction. There is no more doubt that she does these wonderful things than that we sit here. I have seen her do them. I have sat in the twilight of a summer evening and watched her make fancy-work articles in colors, her right arm bent back of her head and resting upon a pillow, the hand capable of being slightly bent at the wrist, her fingers clenched and almost immovable. To this hand she carried the work in her left one, of which she has the full use, and then the needle danced in and out of the canvas drawing every thread to its

proper place and tension, every color to the exact spot. I knew she was absolutely blind; but even though she had vision she could not have seen her work while it was held in that position.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BLACK AND BROWN.

"She distinguished colors with an accuracy that made the rest of us ashamed of ourselves. One evening a physician was there and he boldly said that he believed she could not detect the different shades. Mollie had a ball of worsted thread, in which were probably ten or twelve colors. She asked the physician to select one and he pulled out a piece. Mollie's face was turned from him, but he had no sooner separated it from the others than she cried out: 'brown.' It was dark in the room and he went to the window, pushed aside the shutter and examined the worsted.

"You are wrong," said he, "its black!"

"Its brown, most assuredly," reiterated she.

"The physician supposed he was right; so he said with the utmost confidence. 'For once you are wrong; it is certainly black.' Miss Mollie quietly reached for the ball of many colored worsteds and pulling therefrom a thread said: 'Here is a piece of black—that you have is dark brown.' The physician compared the two and then saw that he was in error and that she was correct.

"I sat in the room another night," went on Professor West, warming up with enthusiasm, "after it had become dark. Mollie had lost a pet bird—somehow all her pets die very soon; she seems to draw the life right out of them—and a friend had sent the skin to be mounted by a taxidermist. The stuffed bird was on the mantelpiece. We opened the door of the cage in which was a live bird and as Mollie called to it, it flew to her. She fondled with it for a few minutes and then it flew from her. We paid no attention to it, but soon the girl called it to our attention that the live bird was on the mantel, curiously inspecting the dead one. It was so dark that we could not see it at all and Mollie's face was turned from the mantel. We made a light and sure enough the canary was in a brown study over the bullfinch. The girl was absolutely blind, you must remember. The light was extinguished—for light seems to make Mollie uneasy and our conversation went on. After a half hour I asked her what had become of the bird and she answered, 'Why, don't you see him there on the mantel, fast asleep?' We lighted up again and there the bird was, its head under its wing.

PHOTOGRAPHS RECOGNIZED.

"She does all sorts of little things that fill you with astonishment. Sometimes I have carried to her a photograph of some one whom she knew before the accident. She always saw and recognized it before it was taken from my pocket. I know of many instances in which has read letters while they were in an envelope in the pockets of gentlemen. As for books and newspapers, she reads them readily, no matter what part of the room they are in. When first taken she seemed to read by sense of touch, which, by the way, was for many months the only sense she possessed. Drawing her thumb over the printed lines with great rapidity, she was able to tell for a long time thereafter just what the text was. Her memory of things that happened while she was in that rigid condition was astonishingly accurate. I took her a book one day and she drew her thumb rapidly over the title page and began to laugh. Of course I asked the cause of her merriment and she answered that —, mentioning the name of a very dear friend, had two years before given her the same book; and with that she gave me a running sketch of its contents in a highly intelligent and surprisingly accurate manner.

"She soon ascertained, however, that it was not necessary to touch the words to ascertain their meaning, but absorbed the contents of printed or written matter. She knows whenever the newspapers print anything about her before it is read to her. The two things that she seems most to dread are, first of all, any notoriety through public prints or through the gossip of her friends; and second, the being

classed in any manner with clairvoyants or second-sight seers or Spiritualists, and these dislikes alone should go far toward making the public believe that she does not attempt imposition. Her excessive sensitiveness to all notoriety and her sincere desire to keep all knowledge of herself from the public, remove every motive for deception. To my knowledge she has never made a penny by her gifts, although having many opportunities to do so. Many persons thinking that she is a clairvoyant, have called to consult with her and many young men and women have desired her to tell their fortunes, but she has not allowed them to be admitted to the room. She knows who her visitors are long before they are ushered into the hall below and she allows them to see her, or refuses, just as the whim takes her. I took Kossuth's sister there just before her departure for the Old World. Miss Mollie refused to see her. Afterward I asked Mollie for an explanation. 'Why, I didn't like her looks when she entered the door,' was the reply. The door is on the floor below. Another time I took a gentleman of reputation as a scholar. She directed that he be kept from her room, for the same reason; she did not like his looks. While she was blind I took a large man with a great black beard to her and said, 'What do you think of this little man with a smooth, sharp chin?' and without turning her face, which was from us, she answered, 'He is very large and has full whiskers. I can see him.' She knows what is going on all over the country, but whether from her marvelous sight-seeing or because she reads it, I am unable to say. She is not willing to talk to visitors about her gifts. The topic is painful to her. To her friends, however, she is more free and she is quite willing at times to explain her sensations. She tells them where she goes and what she does.

"She has revealed things to me which I had no conception—mainly while we were talking upon religious topics. She is as earnest a Christian as I ever knew. What she sees only makes her faith the stronger; and I believe that her reason for longing to die is that she may go to heaven. I think she has glimpses of the other world, if she has not indeed been there. I cannot tell you that strangely interesting part of her experience. After she is dead it will be known; but it's more of a revelation than that seen by John from the Isle of Patmos."

"Does she see friends who have gone before her?"

"Yes" (speaking with great reluctance). "She sees many of them. She sees her mother. She longs to be with her mother. She says her mother comes to her." And the Professor wiped his eyes, nor did he speak thereafter for many minutes.

A COMMITTEE OF CLERGYMEN.

"Tell me more of the strange things she does?"

"Why! bless you! they would fill a book. The trouble with your printing them is no one will believe them. I have told this girl's history to hundreds; they laugh at me. I told it to Dr. Irenaeus Prime. He laughed at me. But I brought him over to Brooklyn to see Miss Mollie and he went home convinced, yet mystified. At the next meeting of the Chi Alpha, the secret society of New York clergymen, Prime, after things began to lag, said, 'Do you want to hear an improbable story?' and they all shouted, 'We do.' Well, Prime began to tell them the facts about Mollie Fancher, and he had not more than fairly started before they cried, 'Hold—enough—that's too much.' 'Hold! yourselves,' cried Prime, 'didn't I say I was going to tell you an improbable story, and he made them hear him through. Then they discussed it at great length, and appointed a committee to investigate. Over to Brooklyn came the committee, and straight to me, and I read them from my memoranda for an hour and a half, and then they went up and saw Miss Mollie. They reported to the Chi Alpha that all the wonderful things Prime had told them were true, but it was a case beyond their understanding.

"I don't blame folks for not believing; its past belief. Why, Dr. — was forever making fun of Dr. Speir and myself for believing what the girl does, so one day I took him up to see her. 'I'll warrant she

will perform none of her miracles while I am here he said, while on the way. We were not fairly seated before the postman's rap was heard, and down went Mollie's aunt, Mrs. Crosby, for the letter. 'It's from my friend so-and-so,' said Mollie, when her aunt was half way down the stairs. Back came Mrs. Crosby with the letter, and Mollie began to tell what was in it. 'Take the slate,' said I to the unbelieving physician, 'and Mollie will dictate the contents of the letter.' Mrs. Crosby held on to the epistle, and the Doctor took the slate, and Mollie began to repeat the letter. She did not take it in her hand, and she was not within eight feet of it. After the Doctor had filled the two sides of the slate, Mollie asked Mrs. Crosby to open and read the letter aloud. This she did, while the Doctor examined what was on the slate. The letter was exactly the same as Mollie had dictated. The Doctor went home convinced of the girl's marvelous powers.

"Yes," said Prof. West, in concluding, "I want to see a commission of the scientific men of the country investigate this strange case. The girl is simply a miracle. She says she is a miracle, and I know she is one. The entire scientific world should know all about her, and I hope the time will come when it will."

THE TESTIMONY OF PHYSICIANS.

A CASE IN WHICH THERE IS NOT DECEPTION—FACTS THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES—A MARVEL OF PHYSICAL CONDITION—MEMORY GONE.

From the first, Dr. R. Fleet Speir of 162 Montague street, Brooklyn, has been Miss Fancher's physician. He has watched her case with unrelenting vigilance, and has made full memoranda of every symptom and every change. After she had declared that she could not partake of food, that it was nauseating and distasteful and worthless, he introduced nourishment through a silver tube. When she was to all appearances dead—pulsation gone, respiration gone, warmth gone—he worked over her and restored her. He has known of her wonderful physiological condition, and of her singular mental phenomena. One day he received a note from this curious patient, warning him that an attempt was to be made to rob him. He paid not more than passing attention to it, but next day some one entered his house and took therefrom a valuable case of surgical instruments. When he has rung the door bell Miss Fancher has almost invariably called out: "Aunt, please go down and let in the Doctor." Once or twice he has halted on the landing at the stairtop while some other visitor who accompanied him entered the room with Mrs. Crosby. Miss Fancher, after greeting the new comer, has said: "Why does the Doctor wait outside? Ask him to come in." She has been aware of his presence in the neighborhood, and has told, when he was starting from his Montague street residence a mile away from her, that he was going to call upon her. Dr. Speir has taken Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Kissam, Dr. Crane, Dr. Ormiston, and many others of Brooklyn's best known physicians to see Miss Fancher.

It was Dr. Speir who, in the earlier stages of Miss Fancher's illness, tested whether she had partaken of food by going suddenly in upon her, and administering an emetic. The drug gave her much pain, while the result was convincing that her stomach was empty. The nature of the medicine was well known to Miss Fancher although it had been carefully kept from her. This event was just before she went into the rigid condition that lasted nine years. As soon as she emerged from this condition into that of relaxation, three years ago, her memory of the happenings of nine years was gone, and she remembered only incidents of previous years. So nine and a half years after the administering of the test, as Dr. Speir entered the room, Miss Fancher broke out with: "You thought I didn't know why you gave me that medicine, but I did. You wanted to see whether food was in my stomach, and you learned that none was there. It makes me feel very sick. You won't do so again, will you?"

Dr. Speir was asked: "Did Mollie Fancher ever

warn you that you were to be robbed, and next day after you received the warning were you robbed?"

"Yes."

"Do you know of her doing many other equally astonishing things?"

"I do."

"Do you think it possible for Miss Fancher to have deceived you?"

"I never detected the least attempt at deception; nor have I ever suspected that deception was practiced by her; I am convinced that there has been no deception. At the same time please understand me that I am not a believer in supernatural things. I think there must be an explanation for everything that happens upon this earth; possibly many of them are beyond our comprehension in the present condition of the world's enlightenment, but they are sure to be made plain in time."

"Is it true that Miss Fancher has continued for many hours in a condition resembling death, with no pulse, and no breath?"

"Yes, it is. Her condition has been, I may say, most remarkable. But Miss Fancher's case I regard as a professional secret. She desires me not to talk about it, and I must respect and follow out her wishes."

"Is it true that she has not partaken of food in all these thirteen years?"

"No; I cannot say that she has not; I have not been constantly with her for thirteen years; she may have taken food in my absence. Her friends have used every device to make her take nourishment. Food has been forced upon her, and artificial means have been resorted to so that it might be carried to her stomach. Nevertheless the amount in the aggregate must have been very small in all these years."

You have considered the case of such extraordinary importance as to take many physicians to see it?"

"I have, and it has excited very much of attention. I have letters about it from far and near, and the medical journals have asked for information."

HOW DOES SHE LIVE?

Dr. Robert Ormiston, who has been one of Miss Fancher's physicians from the first, who has seen her constantly in all the different conditions of her system, said yesterday that he was convinced that there could be no deception. He could find no motive for it, and he did not believe that she had attempted it. As to her not partaking of food he had with Dr. Speir made tests that satisfied him that she ate no more than she pretended to, and in the aggregate it had not, in all these years amounted to more than the amount eaten at a single meal by a healthy man. Dr. Ormiston narrated many curious incidents of the girl's illness, and verified the facts of her physical condition as narrated elsewhere.

"Can you explain why she does not die?" He was asked.

"I cannot; it sometimes seems incomprehensible to me how she lives with no nourishment except occasional drops of fruit juices? Her stomach instantly rejects food if food is forced into it. At times she has lost all her senses and her body has become cold as though she were dead. Then she has rallied, and has become better. She has had many ailments that of themselves were sufficient to have caused death in an ordinary person. Last month she had hay fever, and just now she has a sort of bloating of face and body. She is at times intelligent and sharp-witted, and is entertaining in her conversation. She has the worst spasms I ever saw a person recover from, and is a victim to the most violent attacks of hysteria. She has not exhibited to me much of her power of second-sight, yet I am aware that she is capable of most astonishing things. I have known of remarkable tests that she has withstood."

DR. MITCHELL'S TESTS.

Dr. Chauncey L. Mitchell of 129 Montague street, one of Brooklyn's oldest and most trusted physicians, said that he had known of Miss Fancher's condition for many years, and had been interested in it. He had called upon her several times with Dr. Speir, and at the request of her friends and brother physi-

cians, and to satisfy his own curiosity, had made some very severe tests. He added: "While all the circumstances and surroundings from the first disarmed me of the suspicion of deception, it was nevertheless difficult for me to believe that the young woman could subsist upon as small a quantity of food as I was assured she had received. Her mind, too, was capable of such astonishing flights as to absolutely compel one to doubt; hence I was careful in my tests. I may say that they convinced me that Miss Fancher was not practicing or attempting deception. They were perfectly satisfactory, and they have left me at a loss to account for or to understand the laws by which her mind and her body are governed. These tests were at an early stage of her sickness, and I have not repeated them. We physicians are as a class inclined to look with suspicion upon any case in which nature's known laws are for a long time disregarded, yet I believe that, so far as human testimony can prove it, it is proved that Miss Fancher lives without partaking of food to any considerable amount, and that she possesses in an extraordinary degree the gift of so-called clairvoyance. I am not able to explain how she lives. Her case is very generally known to the physicians of New York, and Brooklyn, and I have talked with many of them about it, but I never have heard given a satisfactory explanation of how she can continue to live so long in such a condition."

Dr. Geo. G. Hopkins, of 375 Grand avenue, said that the physicians of Brooklyn generally knew that Miss Fancher was living from year to year without partaking of enough nourishment to sustain life under ordinary circumstances; also that with her change in body came change in mind and ability to make second-sight manifestations. He had not seen her himself, but from many conversations with physicians and others who had, he did not doubt the genuineness of what was pretended for her. He had not heard a hint that she practiced imposition.

STATEMENT OF GEORGE F. SARGENT.

BROOKLYN, July 5, 1893.

JUDGE A. H. DAILEY—DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your request that I certify to the correctness of your report of the peculiar features of the case of Miss Mary J. Fancher, usually known as Miss Mollie Fancher in so far as they relate to the appearance of the several Mollie Fanchers—called Sunbeam, Idol, Rosebud, Pearl and Ruby. I cheerfully do so and here state that I have carefully listened to the same as read by you and find your statement of what occurred at the time you were present is in accordance with my recollections.

You request me also to state any additional features of interest in regard to those phases of her case and to furnish such other information as I think may prove interesting for publication of which I have personal knowledge.

There are indeed many interesting matters and incidents connected with them and my chief regret is that in endeavoring to comply with your request I have not the power to depict through the medium with any language at my command their full significance or to make as strikingly apparent to your readers the occurrences as they appeared to me. If you will therefore permit I will try and tell in my own fashion of such scenes and incidents as seemingly will be of interest as I can recall them.

My first acquaintance with Idol began April 8, 1886. Three years previous to that date Miss Fancher had accidentally fallen from the bed striking her head on the floor which added injury to injury, causing unusual suffering.

On the evening mentioned her Aunt Susie (Miss Crosby) and I was sitting by her bedside when Miss Fancher went into a trance. While in this condition her aunt left the room. When she came out of the trance I was alone with her and was startled to see her eyes wide open, as I had never seen her except with closed eyes. She looked strangely at me and asked: "Who are you?" as though it was an impertinence for a stranger to be sitting by her bedside and at the same time asked where is — naming a person

wholly unfamiliar to me and then asked about a matter of which I was entirely ignorant, which indicated that she supposed the matter in question was something which was in the immediate present and that she expected to find the person referred to at her bedside instead of a stranger. I was nonplussed at the situation and each moment added to my confusion. I tried, however, to explain my identity and was thus engaged when her aunt returned to the room. She was almost as much surprised as I, as she said it was three or four years since that Mollie had made an appearance. She was also distressed for the reason, as she afterwards told me, that it meant added suffering for poor Mollie.

She said that the appearance of the second Mollie precluded extraordinary suffering for the first Mollie.

The return of her Aunt Susie relieved the embarrassment and I was formally introduced and during the rest of her brief stay the time was devoted to the cultivating of our better acquaintance, which, owing to the friendly intervention of her aunt, who represented me as a friend of the other Mollie, was entirely successful.

She made all sorts of inquiries concerning the other Mollie—wanted to know if I would think as much of this Mollie as I did of the other Mollie. She said nobody cared anything for her and quoted one of the other Mollie's friends as having said to her the last time she was here, when she asked some puzzling questions about herself, that she had better go to sleep and when she awoke she would understand all about it. She seemed very sensitive about such treatment, saying that they all took some such means as that to get rid of her. Fortunately for our better mutual understanding I had urged her to stay and tell me all about herself and I told her that I would always be glad to greet her. After a stay of about three-quarters of an hour she said, "I am very tired," and with the saddest, sweetest expression on her face and with pleading arms outreaching toward her Aunt Susie, she said with a voice of such pathos that I shall never forget: "Hold me close, kiss my eyes down," and in the twinkling of an eye her features became as rigid as sculptured marble.

After a lapse of some ten or fifteen minutes she returned to consciousness and the original Mollie again appeared on the scene and seemed wholly ignorant of what had happened. She seemed to view the occasion when I told her of it as a calamity and attributed the reappearance of the other Mollie to the extreme suffering she was undergoing as a result from her recent fall. Whether this was the cause of the reappearance of the second Mollie or not I leave the problem for others to solve. It is certain, however, that her coming was accompanied by intense suffering and the weaker Mollie No. 1 became, the more vigorous Mollie No. 2 grew. From that date for perhaps a year the second Mollie came at frequent though at irregular intervals and the length of her visits increased. She seemed to have no note of time; there was no yesterday or to-morrow in her calendar. When she came, it was through a trance condition and usually accompanied by severe spasms and her exit was in a similar manner. If she had been talking at the time of her departure on any subject, on her return, whether it happened to be an hour, a day or a week, she would take up the thread of conversation where she had dropped it if the same one was present. If another one was present when she again appeared and she would seem surprised and ask for the person whom she had just left as though there had been no interval between. She had just as much individuality as Mollie No. 1 and for awhile as her appearances increased they also lengthened as regards duration. So much so that it became somewhat of a question as to which should retain supremacy. Each would speak to the other as though they were different personalities and they would send each to the other messages and letters to be conveyed by Miss Crosby and on occasions I have been the medium of communication.

To illustrate the distinct individuality of the two Mollies, I will state that shortly after the time to which I have alluded as having made the acquaint-

ance of Mollie No. 2, I had occasion to make a trip West and during my absence I received a letter which reached me May 1, 1886, directed in the handwriting of Mollie No. 1. On opening the envelope I was surprised to find that it contained two letters—one each from both Mollies. There was no similarity in the chirography, that of Mollie No. 1 being written as she always writes, back-handed, and that of Mollie No. 2 with the letters inclined the other way. I do not think an expert on penmanship would decide that both letters were written by the same hand. The subject matter of the two letters was also entirely different; each dealing with its own peculiar life. These two letters also tend to demonstrate that the two individualities represent different periods of the same existence. The handwriting of Mollie No. 2 indicates the style acquired while a girl at school, while that of Mollie No. 1 is unquestionably that which was acquired by force of circumstances during that period of physical infirmity and when it became necessary to hold her pen in a certain way in order either to write at all or to write with the greater facility. During that period of her life which embraces the first nine years of her sickness with which I am unacquainted except by hearsay, but I have specimens of her writing during that time which is still entirely different from either.

You will notice that thus far I have spoken of Miss Fancher or of the circumstances mentioned only in the past tense, also that I mentioned the two individuals only as Mollie No's 1 and 2.

I have done this, not because they are not individualities of the present as well, but for the reason that covering the time which was contemporaneous with the incidents alluded to, they had no other distinguishing identity than that indicated by numbers; subsequently there has appeared still other Mollies, when it became advisable to identify each by some name by which they would be recognizable by their friends as well as between themselves. I will, therefore, henceforth speak of Mollie "No. 1" as "Sunbeam," and Mollie "No. 2" as "Idol" and as the others appear, introduce them according to the names given them, beginning with Rosebud.

The advent of Idol had led me to make inquiry concerning the antecedent of Miss Fancher's life, which brought out the information, largely obtained from her Aunt Susie and corroborated by others, that there had been at intervals covering a period of some four or five years subsequent to 1875 the appearance of another personality which came as a child. I was not wholly unprepared, therefore, shortly after for the appearance of a third Mollie, although at the time of my first acquaintance with her she had not been known to have appeared for eight years by any of her friends.

Her coming was very similar to that of Idol, through a trance succeeded by a spasm, the only difference being that heretofore after the exit of Idol, Sunbeam had reappeared, but in this instance this little girl known as Rosebud instead beamed on me with the face, voice and action of a child. She seemed to regard the event as a matter of course and with the exception of finding me at her side it evidently seemed like the waking of a child from a nap. After satisfactory explanation as to who I was, she referred to events which correspond with the date of her last appearance, which was eight years before, as though there had been no lapse of time in the interim. She prattled like a child and asked for a young friend who was present at her last coming at which time he was a boy but in the interim had grown to man's estate. She asked for her mama—she said she was in New York sick, which indeed was the case some thirty years or more previous. I asked her how old she was and she said seven years last August, at which time I think her actual age was thirty-seven. I induced her to tell me all about herself; she told of her school teacher; her girl and boy friends; her Sunday-school teacher and classmates; she sang several songs which she learned in week day and Sunday-school which brought vividly back to me the current songs of my childhood, some of which would be wholly unfamiliar with children

of to-day. She mimicked the cackling of hens; the mewling of kittens; the bleating of sheep; the grunting of pigs and the neighing of horses. She talked of streets in the neighborhood which were not familiar to me, which, on inquiry, I found had been changed in name years before. She asked how it was that she had grown so in size, and after a while she said, "Well, I guess I will get up," and made a futile effort to do so, but the poor body chained to the bed by years of pain refused to respond to the bounding activity of the child mind which could not comprehend its bodily environment. Finally she grew tired and as a shadow of pain overspread the child face, she bade me a hasty good-bye. And as though clutched by a ruthless unseen hand she was violently shaken with spasms; struggling there helpless and mute she seemed like unto an innocent victim a prey to the vicious sport of an invisible demon until I could fancy that a guardian angel had suddenly appeared and had smitten down her enemy when her body instantly assumed the rigidity of a statue. Every cloud of suffering vanished and through trance which succeeded she came back to (if such it can be called) her normal life.

Since the event I have described I have had many similar experiences, though several years have elapsed, according to her own calendar, she is still seven years old last August. On one occasion while absent from the city I received a letter enclosed in the same envelope with a letter from Miss Fancher signed Rosebud. The composition was of just such a character as might be expected from a child seven years old. The letters were printed in irregular sizes with capitals and small letters intermingled. The personal pronoun "I" was small and dotted. I had previously seen a letter written by her addressed to her mama which her Aunt Susie had preserved as a curiosity, written about eight years before. The two productions were as near alike as would seem possible as regards composition and execution.

Not long after the advent of Rosebud there appeared a fourth Mollie and subsequent to the fourth Mollie, I should say a year later, a fifth Mollie. These are known as Pearl and Ruby, respectively. Their coming was similar to the appearance of Idol and Rosebud, generally preceded by a trance or spasm, and frequently by both, and their departure is always succeeded by either a trance or a spasm and frequently by both.

The different Mollies usually follow each other in the following order. After the first trance Idol, then Rosebud, then Pearl, and lastly Ruby; then back to normal condition, that of the first Mollie or Sunbeam.

The two latter Mollies are more matured than Rosebud and less so than Idol. I have never been able to fully determine which to pronounce the eldest; the chief distinguishing features are that Pearl is more subdued, while Ruby is vivacious when not absolutely overcome by intensity of suffering. Ruby is always ready for a joke and is sparkling with wit, while Pearl is quiet and seems to feel the burdens of life more keenly, but she never complains or shows signs of petulance. To make a comparison, I should say they were as near alike as two sisters of nearly the same age and disposition, except that one was of a more buoyant temperament than the other.

The visits of either Pearl or Ruby are as a rule much shorter than those of Idol or Rosebud, and the appearances of Rosebud are of shorter duration than those of Idol. Idol at times has manifested jealousy at not being able to do as fine work as Sunbeam and Miss Fancher's aunt Miss Crosby told me that Idol would sometime get hold of the work done by Sunbeam and unravel or otherwise damage it. My belief is, however, that this is not done so much from jealousy as from the desire to make it known to Sunbeam that she has been here, or possibly to play a practical joke for each of the lives invariably speak most kindly of each other.

The disposition and temperament of each Mollie it seems to me is quite distinct from all the others, and to me it would be quite difficult to believe that they can be the same being, were it not for the fact that they all seem more or less identified with some parts

of the life of Mollie Fancher. Each one seems to be wholly unconscious of the existence of the other and I believe them to be so.

You ask me to state any facts of interest relative to the clairvoyant power of Miss Fancher. I am fully satisfied from seeing the experiments tried that she can see when blindfolded what is transpiring in and around the room. Usually her eyes are closed and she does fine sewing and embroidering when they are closed. She can distinguish colors by touch, and sometimes works at night without the aid of artificial light. She has often told me of seeing her mother and has also mentioned the names of other friends as seeing them, who have long since passed away. At such times she in a condition unconscious as to present surroundings, and there seems to be no obstacle to prevent a direct communion with the unseen. I have watched her facial expression at such times, and though her body would be rigid, the face would portray joy or pain, indicating that an interview was being held with some unseen person, during which the face would be illumined with a joy and a peace that passed human understanding, as though an earth-bound soul with loosened fetters was enjoying a brief holiday in the regions of light and rest. Then her face would gradually change to expressions of sadness, deeper and deeper until supplanted by pain and as the body relaxed it would seem as though a soaring spirit that had been sporting in the fields of paradise was saying good-bye to the loved ones and was retracing her steps downward to the less congenial surroundings of earth to awake again back to her couch of ever present suffering.

She has correctly described where I was and what I was doing on various occasions; once at a certain hour in the city of Muskegon, Michigan, in the month of October, 1889, and she was in Brooklyn, when to my certain knowledge she could have no means of knowing the same by any of the known and recognized channels of communication. I had not communicated to her the fact that I was going to sing at an entertainment there. I did not expect to do so until a short time before it occurred. I afterwards sent her an account of it which was published in the local paper there, but found that in one of her trances she had in some way, inexplicable to me, seen me or became aware of what I was doing, describing correctly my surrounding, with such particularity as to place the description beyond question as to exactness. Upon coming out of the trance she told Mr. Albert Blossom, an intimate friend then watching at her bed, what she had seen. I know Mr. Blossom also intimately and can fully rely on his word, which was, that upon coming out of the trance she had described what she had seen me engaged in doing and my surroundings. He did not credit the statement at the time as being at all correct and insisted, he said, that she must for once have made a mistake.

Perhaps it may be well to record her own version of this event, which was as follows:

Upon coming out of the trance, Mr. Blossom remarked that she was gone a long time and he began to be afraid she would never come back again. She answered that she had been far away and had seen Mr. Sargent. He was standing up surrounded by a lot of people and was singing. Mr. Blossom smiled, smiled incredulously and said, "I guess that could not be so, as I was a comparative stranger out there." Miss Fancher replied, "Wait and see; you will find I am right." The occasion was the opening to the public of Chase Bros. piano warerooms, which was celebrated by concert. My appearance there was wholly unexpected a few hours previous. I chanced to be in that city on business and accepted an impromptu invitation to sing, my name not even appearing on the printed programme.

A year or more had elapsed when one evening I called at Miss Fancher's, and found that Judge Dalley had with two other gentlemen just previously entered. In introducing them Judge Dalley said, "Mollie, have you ever seen either of these gentlemen before?" Pointing to one, she said, "I have never seen that gentleman before," and looking at the other she hesitated a moment and said, "Why

Judge Dailey, this is the gentleman I saw with you that night of which Mr. Sargent made note at eleven o'clock in the evening, a year or so ago.

On one Sunday evening in the month of March 1887, I called on Miss Fancher about nine o'clock. She was in a trance at the time of my arrival, and her Aunt, Miss Crosby, informed me that she had been in that condition for quite a little while. Soon after my entrance she came to consciousness, and after greeting me she said, "I saw you once before this evening." I was of course astonished at this declaration, knowing I had not been near, and also that it would have been impossible for her to have left her bed. I asked her to tell me where she had seen me. She said, "In church; you were standing in a doorway, the door being partially open, and you were shaking hands with a lady." The facts of my whereabouts are as follows: At that time I had charge of the music in the Clason Avenue Presbyterian Church. The service being over I went to the library room to put away some music, and on returning to the auditorium of the church, one of the ladies of the choir was waiting for me to learn about the time appointed for a rehearsal, which was to be held during the following week. As we talked she stood on the side of the door-sill within the church, and I on the side of the library. After a brief conversation we shook hands, said good-night, she going her own way, and I direct to the bedside of Miss Fancher.

The instances I have mentioned all indicate that Miss Fancher was in a trance state at the time of the occurrence. I am convinced, however, that it is not at all times necessary for her to be in that condition to exercise the phenomena—of so-called second-sight. I have seen it manifested on several occasions, two of which being distinct on my memory. I will relate them. On Easter Sunday night, 1887, I had called at her home for a few moments after evening service at church. There were also present a few others of her friends. We were all engaged in general conversation, when Miss Fancher exclaimed, "There are flowers at the door." A moment after the door-bell rang, and a large basket of flowers was brought to her, having been sent from the Emanuel Baptist Church, of which she is a member. The flowers sent were part of those used in the decoration of the church on that day.

The farther incident to which I allude may seem a little ludicrous, but for the sake of exactness I will narrate it just as it occurred.

It was some three or four years ago. It happened that one evening I was in her room when the gas was turned rather low, as is usually the case, a glare of light being painful to her eyes. I held in my hand a little trinket of jewelry which accidentally dropped on the floor and rolled away. Owing to the semi-darkness I could not have seen it anyway. She laughed at my awkwardness, and said, "I see it." That statement puzzled me, as she was lying with her face in the opposite way from which I had supposed it rolled; and in any event I could not understand how she could have seen it any better than I, owing to the darkness. I therefore questioned her ability to see it. Well, she said, "Do as I tell you and see if I am not right." "All right," I said. "Don't turn up the gas, but get down on your hands and knees on the floor," and like children it was agreed that we should adopt the hide and seek plan, she to indicate to me after the manner of the old game of hot or cold, i. e. If I was far away I was cold; if nearing it I was growing warmer. So I dropped on all fours just where I was and she said I was cold. I moved in another direction and she said I was freezing. I turned again and got warmer, and with every change of direction she indicated my success by the temperature; finally I got hot and my eye rested on it, but to further test her power I went away, but she was in great glee and entered into the sport with all the zest of childhood, and said I was getting cold once more. Then I moved toward it, and asked where my hand was then; she said "very hot," then I put my hand on it and asked again, when she said "you have got it." During all this time she had not changed her position nor looked in that direction.

Furthermore, had she done so, it would have been useless, so far as ordinary sight was concerned, for the position of the trinket on the floor was about six inches from the foot of the bed, and the top of the foot-board was at least twelve inches above her head in the position in which she was lying.

Geo. F. SARGENT.

STATEMENT OF WM. KINGMAN, ESQ., OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.—TO THE PSYCHICAL CONGRESS WORLD'S FAIR AUXILIARY.

I am requested by Judge A. H. Dailey to state an incident which occurred to my own knowledge with Miss Mollie Fancher.

Some three or more years ago I was residing in the family of Judge Dailey and one evening he had an appointment to visit Miss Fancher at her house. It so happened that from business engagements he was unable to keep his appointment and wrote a note to Miss Fancher explaining the cause of his breach of engagement and commissioned me to deliver it in person to her, which I was willing to do. I had never seen Miss Fancher and Judge Dailey remarked to me, "Mr. Kingman, many people would esteem it quite a privilege to get the opportunity to see Miss Fancher which you now have." I took the letter to her house holding it sealed in my hand and as I entered her room and was proceeding to a seat, Miss Fancher exclaimed, "Oh Mr. Sargent, Judge Dailey cannot come to-night he is so very busy now but will be around in a few days." I then delivered her the letter and she read it in nearly the identical language she had made use of as I have already stated.

WILLIAM KINGMAN,

No. 131 Gates Ave.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN, July 26, 1893.

STATEMENT OF DR. S. FLEET SPEIR.

RELATIVE TO THE CASE OF MISS MOLLIE FANCHER—TAKEN JULY 26, 1893, AT HER RESIDENCE, 160 GATES AVE., BROOKLYN.

I have treated Miss Mollie Fancher professionally since the 6th April 1866, and then learned the history of her case up to that time. At that time I took charge of it and had in consultation with me Doctor Robert Ormiston of this city, and in connection with him I continued from time to time in attendance down to the present day.

I have heard read and carefully considered a letter written by Prof. Charles E. West, dated October 8, 1878, in which he describes the condition of Miss Fancher up to that time. I fully concur with the statements made by Prof. West in his letter concerning the case of Miss Fancher, with a few exceptions.

As to her having been paralyzed up to the time of Dr. West's statement, as a matter of fact Miss Fancher had never been paralyzed, in the sense that the word is usually understood. She has lost the use of her limbs and at times has lost the power of sensation. As nearly as I can recollect, for a period of about nine years her lower limbs were in a three twist. The result to the limbs has been that instead of being the natural hinge-joint to the knee it approaches the condition of a ball and socket joint; her limbs are drawn up backwards, the ankles bent over, and the bottom of the foot bent upwards, and remains in that condition. This is so of both feet. The limbs cannot be straightened out; they are contracted underneath.

For a period of about nine years, day and night, she was subject to trances, spasms and catalepsy. During that time the most constant care and attention were required to prevent personal injury. In these spasmodic conditions she was liable from time to time to be thrown upon the floor and the greatest attention was required and barricades were placed around her bed to prevent her doing so. Her spasmodic conditions were so violent that she was thrown backward and forward with great force and rapidity. There was a back motion which is hard to explain, by which she seemed to be thrown into the air, rising from her bed. At times her body would become rigid and upon one occasion one portion of her body

was turned to the right and the other to the left in a distressing manner and remained so for quite a time, she being in a rigid condition.

To be certain that Miss Fancher was living without solid food for the long period of time which has been stated, I resorted to giving her emetics and the result was that nothing was thrown from the stomach, showing conclusively that her stomach was empty. During the period of nine years the quantity of food which she took into her stomach was so little that it was a matter of great astonishment how life could be sustained.

With reference to the condition of Miss Fancher's eyes:

When I first attended Miss Fancher it seemed to me that her eyes were in such a condition that she could not see by the use of them. When I first saw her, her eyes were glaring open, and did not close; did not close day or night, and there were no tears or secretion in them. I made the usual test for anaesthesia, even going to the extent of touching the ball of the eye with my finger, without receiving any response. During the first part of her troubles they were considerably dilated, and not changeable by impression of light. The pupils of her eyes are still considerably dilated, although not so much as formerly, and do not respond to light. The pupil of the eye does not change at the approach of light. We have caused a careful and critical examination to be made by a competent expert—an oculist—in whose skill we have great confidence, and agree with him that she cannot see by the use of her eyes—at least as a person ordinarily can see. She has the power of seeing with a great deal of distinctness, but how she does so I am unable to state. This condition as to her eyes has been substantially so since I first began to attend her. This feature of Miss Fancher's condition relative to her power of sight has attracted a great deal of comment. At one time she did all her work, crocheting, etc., back of her head. When she selected worsted or color she put it behind her head to see it. For nine years her right arm was behind her head, where she did her work by bringing the left hand up to the right hand, which was back of her head. I recall one incident where Dr. Ormiston and myself being present, Miss Crosby received a letter from a postman.

I took the letter in my hand; it was sealed, and Miss Fancher at the time being unable to speak, took a slate and pencil and wrote out the contents of the letter, which on being opened and read, was found to correspond exactly with the letter. During that time she maintained conversation with her physicians and friends by the use of the slate, she being unable to speak. On another occasion she gave me warning that I was likely to be robbed, and told me to be on my guard. The result was that immediately after I was robbed of a valuable case of instruments. On another occasion I had invited a number of doctors to call at Miss Fancher's house, and we were waiting for one to arrive, when Miss Fancher said, "He is coming; I see him coming now," and told where he was, which was correct. On another occasion I prepared a paper which I read before a Medical Club regarding the case of Miss Fancher, and which excited the ridicule of the gentlemen present, when I invited them to visit her and see for themselves. It happened upon that evening that one of the gentlemen present had been reading a clipping of a newspaper which was a very proper thing to be read before, and considered by a Medical Club, but not quite the thing to be read by a young lady. He replaced it in his pocketbook. On the next day he accompanied us to the house of Miss Fancher, and being very skeptical, advanced to the bedside of Miss Fancher, saying "What have I in my pocketbook?" She instantly replied, "Something which you ought not to have there." He started back, and said, "Well, I guess that is so, and gave place for some other gentleman to see for himself.

During my acquaintance with Miss Fancher and her Aunt Miss Crosby, during her lifetime, the actions and conduct of both entitled them to what they always had—our highest respect and esteem.

One remarkable feature during all these years she has been confined to her bed is that she has never been afflicted with bed-sores although the right hip, from constant pressure is flattened and the flesh is gone, so that the bone is merely covered by the integument. She has always explained, when asked how she saw without the use of her eyes, that she saw out of the top of her head.

Miss Fancher's condition is materially changed from what it formerly was. From being exceedingly thin and emaciated, she is now quite fleshy. She experiences the sense of touch in all her limbs and parts of her body, although at one time, about six years ago, there were indications of paralysis of the left arm which continued for nearly two years, but which has since disappeared. There is a little numbness in her fingers at times even now.

Miss Fancher experiences quite remarkable conditions from the action of her heart. At times the chest over the heart seems considerably enlarged; it presents something the appearance of oedema, but responds to pressure in a different manner. It seems more elastic and every day she raises about half an ounce of blood, which comes from the mucous membrane of the throat and bronchial tubes. The upper portions of the body are quite fleshy. Her food at the present time is very light, consisting of jellies, fruit and she drinks great quantities of water.

When she lost the use of her hands, she wrote with her toes, taking the pen between them.

Upon one occasion, when she had lost the power of speech I was present when some one made a remark, to which she took exception. She took a pencil in her left hand and rapidly wrote a reply, which at first none could read. She had written backward, commencing at the end of a line and end of a word, and so the beginning. By holding a looking-glass we readily made it out. It was a sharp caustic reply.

S. FLEET SPEIR, M. D.

STATEMENT OF DR. ROBERT ORMISTON.

I have been present at the making of the foregoing statement of Dr. S. Fleet Speir. I am familiar with nearly all the facts to which he has referred and in so far as I recall them they are correctly stated by him. I also agree with Dr. West in the main, in what he has stated in his letter referred to by Dr. Speir. I have seen Miss Fancher quite frequently since I was first called into her case and regard her as a lady of integrity.

ROBERT ORMISTON, M. D.

STATEMENT OF DR. E. W. WRIGHT.

An unique case of interest was kindly brought to my attention by Dr. S. Fleet Speir.

For twenty-eight years Miss M. Fancher has been an invalid in bed at her home on Gates avenue in this city.

She is intellectually bright and clear; vivacious, quick at repartee. Many fancy articles requiring considerable skill, discrimination of color and great patience have been made by her.

Before inquiring the history of her case or making any tests of her powers of seeing, I examined the interior of her eye with the ophthalmoscope, an instrument which gives information regarding the existence and nature of disease in the eye or in parts remote from the eye, because we have in full view before us the termination of an artery and the commencement of a vein with the blood coursing in each; also a nerve connecting the brain and eye and the two internal coats of the eye, retina and choroid. Affection of these different parts by significant and visible changes are indicative of brain, spinal cord or other parts of the nervous system.

The importance and value of an ophthalmoscopic examination may be more appreciated if we may recall that the eye is, in reality, a part of the brain. The sclerotic, the outer coat, bears a close resemblance to the fibrous outer coating of the brain. The vascularity of the choroid reminds us of the Pia Mater. The retina is only a part of the brain itself, spread out in a thin membrane on the inner surface of the eyeball. The optic nerve is a strand of white matter extending from the brain to the eye.

Then by the ophthalmoscope, which magnifies fifteen times, we have before us for observation and study a group of blood vessels, the end of an important nerve and two membranous structures, one vascular and one nervous.

In the eyes of Miss Fancher, we find the veins are of a medium size with no pulsation observable. The arteries are extremely small but not obliterated. Near the periphery they are seen as mere threads, yet from their reflex and color we think there is blood passing through them. The retina does not show any signs of atrophy and a finely granular appearance is seen about the macula. The reflex from the choroid is of an orange-red color and the pigment is evenly distributed. The choroid and retina look quite normal. The optic nerve shows changes that are significant of deeper trouble. It is, in color, gray not white. It is surrounded by a well-marked and distinctly cut choroidal ring. There is no heaping up of pigment at margins of optic nerve, such as we often see in useful eyes. There is a small and shallow physiological cup, which is slightly paler in color to the rest of the optic disc. There is no evidence of past inflammation of optic nerve leaving traces in increased amount of connective tissue.

Along the edges of the blood vessels we find no traces of any white streaks or bands indicating past perivascularitis. Neither do we find in vitreous humor any sign of connective tissue. The cornea, aqueous humor, crystalline lens and vitreous humor are clear and permit the entrance of light. The appearance of the optic nerve is like one affected with primary or gray atrophy. We think it has lost its power of conveying visual impulses from the eye to the brain.

The changes in the optic nerve would indicate the atrophy of retro-bulbar neuritis, or an atrophy concurrent with spinal disease.

From an ophthalmoscopic examination, we are of the opinion that she has gray atrophy of optic nerve and cannot have vision.

The history of her loss of sight is briefly related from statements given without leading questions from me.

In the summer of 1861 she was thrown from a horse and received, among other injuries, a blow on left side of head. After a short time she observed floating spots, many of which were black and varying in size. Frequently flashes of light would occur with spots changing in color, now red, then yellow, again blue, while, at times, there would be a play of colors for a short time.

In June, 1865, she met with a street car accident which caused confinement to her bed. While sewing, she observed that the needle became double, indicating some failure in power of the external muscles of the globe. Later the vision in left failed, but she observed that by closing the right she could discern light or other objects from the side of the eye. This would suggest the presence of a scleroma or loss of central vision and would point to the changes beginning in the optic nerve between the globe and the union of the two optic nerves at the base of the brain, or in other words, a retro-bulbar neuritis resulting in atrophy.

The pupils of the eyes in a room moderately lighted, are equal and of a medium size. Covering the eyes for a short time, the pupils, on removal of cover, are seen to be dilated well and that they soon contract to the position first observed, but if a cone of light is thrown on eyes by a lens, they do not contract nor dilate. On convergence of eyes, there is perceived a wide dilatation of the pupils which is the opposite to the action of normal eyes.

The muscles of the eyelids permit her to open and close them at her will. The history of the case informs us that they were closed for nine years and for three and one-half years they were never closed. She can move the eyes in all directions, but upwards they move very little and with an apparent effort. On two of my visits she became unconscious, with rigidity of all extremities and then the globes of her eyes were turned very much upwards, so that only a part of the cornea was visible. They were in a fixed

position; the right looking up and out, the left up and in. The two internal recti-muscles work in association to produce convergence of visual axis to a point a foot or two away.

We conclude, then, that all the external muscles of the globe and of the lids have their power of action.

If we had not made an ophthalmoscopic examination, we might think we had to do with a case of malingering.

It is difficult to unmask the pretense of total blindness. One must have opportunities to watch the person without his or her knowledge. A person totally blind has a manner and carriage of head which are characteristic. A blind person, told to look at the hand, will try to do so and by strenuous insistence of voice and by placing his hand in front of the face, will look not far from its true position by the help of general sensation. A malingeringer will not be likely to act thus. He will profess entire inability to look toward his hand and will assert his entire helplessness. This stamps hypocrisy. The extreme difficulty of detecting simulation in this case will be noticed when we relate a couple of incidents of new powers possessed by Miss Fancher.

In an inner coat pocket, I had a score or more of assorted colored skeins of wool yarn. Gathering one at a time in my closed hand, still in pocket, I asked her to name the color. This she readily did with marked promptness for the primary colors, but for shades and tints she was less prompt, but always correct. I did not know the color until after the test was made and I had looked at it. Covering, at random, a paragraph of a newspaper, I asked her what it was about? She told me the main points of the article which I found true on reading it.

I endeavored to detect feigned blindness, by watching her behavior and by surprising her off her guard, but did not succeed in finding any fraud.

After the opportunities presented, we are of the opinion that she does not see as we see, but sees as we do not; though blind, yet sees.

E. W. WRIGHT, M. D., Queens University,
Member Ophthalmological Society of Great Britain.
(To Be Concluded Next Week.)

FOLLOW WHAT IS RIGHT.

All the time we see many of the noblest people in struggles, hardships or trial of one kind or another; and we see others, who give no sign or hint of nobleness, in apparent ease and enjoyment. What then? Shall we say, "Follow what is right and you will be fortunate; do not follow it, and you will be unfortunate?" On the surface this is not true. In the visible and material world it often falls out, indeed, that the very reverse seems true. The man who is selfish and grasping, and, perhaps, even dishonest, gains a great fortune; the one who is generous, who is considerate of others, who is scrupulously just, struggles on in comparative poverty. The meek do not, visibly, "inherit the earth," but are quite apt to get but a very small share of it. Self-confidence and self-assertion take precedence of talent coupled with modesty. It is with life in general much as may often be seen in public speaking; if a man (or woman) will pour forth some kind of a torrent of words long enough and loud enough, there will always be a crowd attracted. Sound is mistaken for sense. While this is true, it is not true that sound is equal to sense or is any kind of a substitute for it. Nor is it true that selfish gain is better than generosity which does not gain material things. It is the condition of mind, the spiritual quality which one habitually keeps that is of importance, and not the outward aspects or scenery of his life. There is a sense in which the words, "Follow what is right and you will be fortunate," are deeply true, but it is a higher than the literal sense. A still truer reading would be, "Follow what is right and you are fortunate; do not follow it and you are unfortunate." It need be thrown into no future tense. Do what is right, follow your highest conception of nobility and truth, and you have by that very choice the greatest good fortune, the greatest joy, at that very moment. "Those who multiply good deeds" have "joys overflowing," not merely will have in some vague and far-away future; and those "multiply good deeds" have their calamities, too, at the moment, for evil is calamity, and good is joy and prosperity in and of itself.—Lillian Whiting.



QUESTIONS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Where is the friend by dream of heart foreshadowed,

'Neath rose-dawn of my youth?
In gracious semblance of ideal beauty,
Interpreting the truth
Of all life's visible and sunlit glories,
Ere time sped, winged of ruth?

Then, a heavenly message told
Of the wonders manifold,
'Shrined within a heart of gold.

Then, earth's noonday splendors shone
O'er a magic realm, my own;
Never sorrow's undertone.

There, amid the joy bell's chime
Marked the fleeting years of time,
Rose-crowned in that Eden clime.

Where is the friend, by many a promise-token
Awarded unto me?
On sunset path, life's silence yet unbroken
Save by the hymning sea;
I dream that with illumined glow of morning,
My heart at rest shall be.

Cold the loving hand-clasp grown
Of the many I have known,
Leaves me with my dead alone!

Somewhere, one responsive heart,
Great in goodness, world-apart,
Must its treasured lore impart.

Toiling 'neath misfortune's frown,
Or, with honor's triple crown,
Clad in purple of renown.

I wait my friend, though on veiled summits
dwelling,

To condescend to me:
Blest hands o'er filled with youth's divinest roses,
Transmuting destiny;
And opening wide the sunset's golden portals,
To songs of liberty!

I wait my friend; true man, or purest woman,
In any mortal guise;
To hallow life with heaven's transcending beauty,
Foregleams of Paradise;
Dear angel! winged of God's divine compassion
Bid soul of mine arise!

For, low and faint the song birds call
Bids twilight's deepening shadows fall;
Swift droops the night's encircling pall.

Over sea and unknown land,
O'er the mountains towering grand,
Reach me friendship's tender hand!

For, the wonders yet untold
Fade beneath the sunset's gold,
I am weary, lone, and old!

Come to me, friend, by dream of life foreshadowed,
Ere sets my latest sun!
In gracious semblance of ideal beauty,
My loving task be done;
Thy hand in mine, o'er all life's clinging sorrows,
The final victory won!

FROM A VETERAN SPIRITUALIST.

TO THE EDITOR: As you are investigating the great questions before which, as Wallace says, "All others pale," I will relate two instances within my own knowledge never before published, as a fractional return for the good you are doing.

My present wife was converted at her first sitting, when a zealous opposer. She carried her two new slates to a medium she had never seen and who had no possible clew to her identity. Without permitting the slates to leave her hands, she heard the pencil grit and found, on opening, a pertinent communication promising that "Bancroft shall yet correct the error" he had made in her former husband's (Grayson's) biography. The penciling began "My dear wife" and was signed "Chere," the pet name by which she called him in the "honeymoon," a fact of which not a soul in San Francisco had ever heard. Strange to say, the "error" referred to was corrected in the next edition. Many people here knew Grayson as an ornithologist and he (Mr. G—) is known as the "Audubon of the Pacific."

But small things may be more convincing to some of spirit return than many arguments. An instance of this occurred to a friend of mine, an obscure man living in a quiet country home, who was not a Spiritualist and was acquainted with no Spiritualist except myself. He was very much grieved over the death of a bright five-year-old son, his only child. Soon after

this event a daughter was born to him. One day when visiting the city curiosity induced him to call upon a medium to whom he was wholly unknown and he gave her no name by either tongue or pen or any clue by which he could be identified.

Without his asking or writing a question the medium wrote the following: "My dear papa I am so glad you have come. . . I want you to get my playthings in a box upstairs in the closet and keep them for my little sister. . . I couldn't help laughing the other morning when ma spilt the milk on her new apron."

Mr. N— avers that not a thought of playthings or the milk episode—both true, had occurred to his mind until he saw the writing. From this the inference seems conclusive that even children remain after so-called death invisible around their ante-mortem surroundings, retaining their consciousness and emotional feelings. But the inquiry naturally arises: Why did not the sprightly little fellow tell his papa something definite as to how he was situated, in whose care, etc. If any of your readers can explain such omissions, frequent on the part of the friends professing to return to us, I for one would be glad of some clear explanation.

G. B. CRANE.

ST. HELENA, CALIFORNIA.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF DR. ABRAM JAMES.

TO THE EDITOR: For several years Dr. James was extensively known throughout western New York and the entire State of Pennsylvania, as a medium for locating oil wells and minerals and so successful was he, that he several times became quite wealthy, but like many other susceptible instruments in the hands of the invisible powers his wealth took wings and oft times left him dazed and stranded upon the shores of Fatuity.

He is a man of slender physique, a perfect blonde and possesses a nature as sensitive as a child's. The first instance in his remarkable experience of his spirit leaving the body was some years ago when he was in Clarion county, Pa., engaged in the oil business.

Three men who were searching for mineral had their headquarters in Memphis, Tennessee, and were in the habit of holding circles and many times received wonderful, physical manifestations. One evening a spirit came to them, announcing himself as Dr. Abram James and described to them a valley near the junction of three States, viz.: Eastern Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia. It was described as starting narrow and widening out ten or fifteen miles in length and they were told that in this valley toward the head, by excavating, they would find a rich vein of valuable minerals. Upon experimenting everything was proved to be exactly as described. The name and residence of the doctor was given and upon writing to parties to ascertain about him the letters fell into the doctor's hands. He had a dream-like recollection of the three men and the appearance of the country described, which he had never seen with his physical eyes and was greatly surprised at the experience.

The next marked case was in 1870 while in Chicago engaged in the artesian well business. He was in the habit of going to his private room at about 3 o'clock each afternoon and lying down to rest, and often went to sleep, and often in his dream-like repose saw people and places at a distance. At one time he realized that he had left the body. He stood in the room looking at his body lying on the couch asleep and at the same time observed two other oldish men standing on either side of him. They said to him: "Come young friend we want you to take a journey with us." They took him by the arms and together seemed to rise up through the building, it being no obstruction and to pass into the open air. They moved eastwardly above the buildings and over the tree tops. He observed the country, the villages, cities and railroads, many places being recognized. After a time they found themselves in Boston and appeared to descend easily and gradually to Tremont St. A crowd of passengers were coming from the depot. The doctor seemed to be taken up with the crowd and to walk along with them. After passing a little distance with the crowd he noticed two ladies coming down the street toward him. As they approached he recognized them as acquaintances. One of them Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. White, whose husband was engaged in the office of the Banner of Light. As they came together they recognized Dr.

James, as he did them, and halted to speak to him, expecting, of course, that he would leave the crowd and join them. "But," said the doctor, "I seemed irresistibly impelled to move on and could not get out of the crowd, though I strove with all my might to get away and accompany my friends. I passed up the street a little further and the scene was dissipated and I found myself in my room in Chicago." The ladies went down to the Banner office and told Wm. White, who was then living and was an intimate friend of Solomon Jewett of Vermont, that they had met Dr. James near the depot. "Well," said Mr. White, "if brother James is in the city he will soon be here, for he knows that my house is his home and that he will be cordially welcomed." Mr. White waited at the office for him until nearly dark, then went to his house confidently expecting to find the doctor there. The ladies both declared it was he that they saw and that there could be no mistake.

Mr. White waited two or three days, not understanding what it meant, then wrote a letter to Dr. James reprimanding him and asking what he or his wife had ever done that he should come to Boston and not come to see them. In answer to the letter Dr. James replied that he had been in Chicago for several weeks and was not during the time physically in Boston, but upon the day and hour which the ladies mentioned as having seen him he had a vision, as above described, in which he met them near the depot.

A number of years ago when Emma Hardinge was in New York, before her marriage, she together with J. V. Mansfield and wife, Anderson, the spirit artist, and wife, Dr. James and others were in the habit of sitting together in circles. One night Dr. James when at his own private room passed into one of those strange conditions and found himself in London, England. Said he: "I seemed to be a stranger, but was moved along a broad street until I came to a church. The door was open and people were going in. Some influence seemed to hold me. My feet seemed chained to the pavement, waiting for something I did not know what. Presently a carriage drove up in front of the church. The door was opened a gentleman stepped out, then a lady, and I recognized her as Emma Hardinge. The gentleman was invisible. They passed in front of the altar and I followed them and witnessed the marriage ceremony." At the next meeting of the circle the doctor related what he had seen to Miss Hardinge.

"That will never be" said she. "I will never marry any man." But the doctor obtained a promise from her, that if such a thing did occur she should inform him, and in six months from that time he received a letter from Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten giving an account of her marriage, just as described by Dr. James.

Hundreds of similar cases occurred, and last June he had a series of marked experiences, some of which I will relate in his own language in an interview at Lily Dale the present season.

"Each night on retiring I would compose myself and say audibly, if my spirit friends are here I would like them to come near and if possible make their presence known to me." One night I seemed to be in a ladies' house. I saw her and talked with her. I also saw others and talked with them. Presently I seemed to be in a peculiar place. I saw Mr. R. M. Rouse of Titusville. He appeared to be in a box. We talked together about the Camp at Lily Dale and other personal matters."

In a few days I received a letter from Mrs. J. W. Voorhees, 47 Campbell Park, Chicago, Ill. A lady medium had been stopping at her house for some time. The lady said to her one day when entranced, "There is a spirit here who calls himself Dr. Abram James. He shows a golden circle and other symbols which were described which he says will prove to you his identity. Mrs. Voorhees exclaimed, "It cannot be possible that Dr. James is dead!" The spirit replied, "I did not say I was dead, but you will see and hear of me again."

The same day Mr. Rouse, of Stusville, came to her house to make a visit. After being there awhile he said, "I would like to go to a materializing séance. Where can we go?" They went to Mrs. J. M. Gillett's. A spirit manifested and called Mr. Rouse to the cabinet, spoke to him and called himself Dr. Abram James, then called Mrs. Voorhees and talked to them both. Speaking particularly of the camp at Lily Dale and showing himself familiar with what was being done there.

Mrs. Voorhees wrote to Dr. James' friends in Fredonia, N. Y., to ascertain whether he was in the form or out. The letter was forwarded to the doctor who answered Mrs. B—, giving an account of his experience as above related.

"About two weeks after the above occurrence," said Dr. James, I received a letter from Prof. Whipple and wife, near Santiago, Cal., saying, "We write this letter at a venture not knowing whether you are in the body or out, dead or alive. A few nights ago we had a very wonderful and very pleasant visit from you in our house. You appeared in our room. We were in bed and asleep. You awakened us and stood before us looking well and natural. You talked of the past—of our association together in Cleveland years ago and seemed just as real as you ever did in the world. We both talked with you some time. You then bade us good night and disappeared."

"I recollected seeing them," said the doctor, and talking with them just as was described.

Dr. James is a man of unimpeachable integrity and the above account can be corroborated by many witnesses.

FREDONIA.

A VERIFIED PREDICTION.

TO THE EDITOR: During the year of 1891, I was very ill, suffering from an organic trouble. The best medical skill advised no operation for fear of unfavorable results. For years I had been experimenting, trying to explain certain occurrences. I had come to the conclusion that all the knowledge obtained by me in dreams was thought-transference from the living. During this illness while awake I had a number of visions, and on the night of December 4, 1891, at a time when I was so ill that I was almost unconscious of my whereabouts, my sister, who had passed out of the body in 1886 seemed to come to me and with her I went to some faraway place. She showed me a number of men in a room, where there were tea, coffee, biscuit and bread. She said, "I have brought you to this place in order to prove to you that it is not thought-transference, also to tell you that you will not die, but will live to go to Chicago to the World's Fair. She called my attention particularly to two men whom she said I would see in Chicago. One was packing in a large crate some exquisite china of a rare old blue, very like a pitcher familiar to us both from childhood. He said these were to be shipped to Chicago and I would see them. My sister told me I would find these men in the Vienna café, and the shorter, darker man who had a mustache would tell me where to find the dishes. He gave me his name, but before I could take note of it, I had forgotten it.

I sent an account of this vision to Dr. Richard Hodgson, of the Society for Psychical Research, at the time of the vision. Nine months later I survived the operation which was one of the most critical on record, and after many ups and downs recovered sufficiently to be able in August to visit the Fair. My first thought on reaching the grounds was to find the blue china and verify my experience. I went first to the Vienna Café on the Midway Plaisance. The place did not look familiar, neither did I see the men. I inquired if there were not another Vienna Café. I was told there was a restaurant in Old Vienna. The place was not what I expected, but after I had looked around a little, I saw one of the men I had seen in my dream nearly two years before filling orders at a desk. All the dishes I saw were white, so I went up to him and asked if he knew of any blue ones either there or on the grounds which had been brought from Vienna. He referred me to another man, who was the second man of my dream. He not only told me where I would find the china, but the name of the man in charge of the exhibit in the Manufacturers Building. Intensely interested, I went to the building designated and found the lovely china as I had seen it so long before. There were only four or five pieces, like an old-fashioned cologne set and were valued at about fifty dollars. Neither of the cafés were like the one seen in my dream or vision and my theory is that I saw some place in Vienna. The curious part of the whole matter, aside from the fact of my finding the men, is that I did live and go to Chicago to the Fair, a fact that no one, even my physicians could decide at that time. Who told me? And why is it that the so-called dead always seem to accompany us in dreams? B. B.



WHO GRIND THE WHEAT?

Near a mill, such as painters love to limn,
I sat on a rock by the brooklet's brim;
While the brook ran on, and the wheels ran round,
And the grist for the farmer's boy was ground.

"I grind the wheat," sang the brook in glee—
"There would be no flour if it were not for me.
I drive that lazy wheel round and round,
And that is the way the grist is ground."

"I grind the wheat," answered back the old wheel,
"I grind the flour and I grind the meal.
I keep turning the mill-stones round and round,
And that is the way the grist is ground."

Through the old mill's dusty, half-open door,
Came a noise between a rattle and roar.
'Twas the mill-stones singing as they turned round,
"We turn, and between us the grist is ground."

Then I heard the jolly old miller say,
As he helped the boy to mount and away,
"Fit for any king that ever was crowned,
The very best grist that I ever ground."

—O. O'B. STRAYER, in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

From an article on the "Ethics of Suffrage" by Elizabeth Cady Stanton recently published in the New York Sun we take the following pertinent thoughts:

The general unrest of the subjects of kings, emperors, and czars, in secret plottings or open defiance against self-constituted authorities, shows the hatred of all people for governments to which they have never consented.

But it is said that on this point women are peculiar; that they differ from all other classes; that, being dependent, they naturally prefer being governed by others. The facts of history contradict the assertion; they show that women have always been in a state of half-concealed resistance to fathers, husbands, and all self-constituted authorities as far as they dared—as far as good policy permitted them (being dependents) to manifest their real feelings. It has taken the whole power of the civil and canon law to hold woman in the subordinate position which it is said she willingly accepts. If woman had no will, no self-assertion, no opinions of her own to start with, what means the terrible persecutions of the sex in the past?

So powerful and merciless has been the struggle to dominate the feminine element in humanity that we may well wonder at the steady, persistent resistance maintained by woman through the centuries. She has shown all along her love of individual freedom, her desire for self-government, while her achievements in practical affairs and her courage in the great emergencies of life have vindicated her capacity to exercise this right.

Our civilization to-day is strictly masculine, everything is carried by force and violence and war, and will be until the feminine element is fully recognized and has equal power in the regulation of human affairs.

A tariff for revenue, a silver currency, the annexation of Hawaii, our fisheries in Behring Straits, the comparative merits of the Republican and Democratic parties, or even the success of the World's Fair: important as these all are, they sink into utter insignificance when compared with the emancipation of one-half the human race, involving as it does the higher development of all.

The protracted struggle through which we have passed and our labors not yet crowned with victory seem to me sometimes like a painful dream, in which one strives to run and yet stands still, incapable alike of escaping or meeting the impending danger. . . . We have lived to see the principle of woman suffrage conceded in many civilized countries, but the full fruition of the experiment is still in the future. Our work is pre-eminently unselfish. We still have persecution, ostracism, ridicule—but the blessings may be for other generations. We have the satisfaction, however, to know that we have done our duty in a holy cause, and laid the foundation for the highest civilization the world has ever witnessed. But we may not live to enjoy its full benefits.

Enough for us to see the day dawning, the coming glory on every side. Enough for us to know that our daughters, to the

third and fourth generation, will enjoy the fruits of our labors, reap the harvests we have sown, and sing the glad songs of victory in every latitude and longitude from pole to pole when we have passed to other spheres of action.

Miss Jeanne Serabji, of Bombay, India, in an article in the Northwestern Christian Advocate, in speaking of the women of India, says:

"The nobly born ladies in the Zenanas shrink, not from thirst for knowledge, but from contact with the outer world. If the customs of the country, their castes and creeds allowed it, they would gladly live as other women do. They live in seclusion, not ignorance. The women of India are not all secluded and it is quite a natural thing to go into the homes of India and find that much is being done for the uplifting of women. Schools and colleges are open where the women may attain to heights at first thought impracticable. The Parsee and Brahman women in Bombay twenty years ago scarcely moved out of their houses, while to-day they have their libraries and reading-rooms; they can converse on politics, enjoy a conversation and show in every movement culture and refinement above the common. Music, painting, etc., comes as easily to them as spelling the English language correctly. There are schools and colleges for women in Bombay, Poona and Guzerat; also Calcutta, Alahabad, Misocrie, Madras.

Miss Nellie M. Emerson, of San Francisco, is said to be the first woman to be appointed to a quasi-judicial position under the United States Government, received her appointment through Attorney Thomas Ball, of Virginia, to whom Miss Emerson rendered valuable service last summer in his investigations under the Indian deprecation act signed by President Harrison. She will take testimony as an examining officer and may say whether statements are relevant, competent and material or not, but cannot adjudicate.

Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett says: Let no man or woman be mistaken as to what this movement for woman's suffrage really means. We none of us want to turn the world upside down or to convert women into men. We want women, on the contrary, above all things to continue womanly—womanly in the highest and best sense—and to bring their true woman's influence on behalf of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, to bear upon conduct of public affairs.

Mrs. A. J. Swan, the wife of the missionary who brought "the news" of Emin Pasha's fate, has returned to England after five years' residence on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. She declares she was never lonely nor afraid, though the lions could always be heard roaring at night and they were in danger of being attacked by cannibals. She is the only white woman who ever made the journey from Sedani to Uji.



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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Jesus and the Modern Life. By M. J. Savage, with an Introduction by Prof. Crawford H. Toy, Boston: George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin street, 1893. Pp. 229. Cloth, \$1.00.

In this work, which consists of a series of thirteen chapters, Mr. Savage has attempted to present the teachings of Jesus. The misconceptions and misrepresentations in regard to Jesus are mentioned and an honest effort made to eliminate from the actual teachings of the Nazarene reformer errors of statement and interpretation ascribed to him and to present his teachings as they were. The transcendent position which Jesus occupies in the religious thought of the world makes it peculiarly desirable that we should clearly perceive what part of his teaching belongs to the enduring ideal and what to the conditions of his own time and place. . . . Few have attempted a sympathetic criticism of his inner life and a precise statement of what is significant for us in his teaching. This is what Mr. Savage undertakes to do in the following pages. In the spirit and general results of his critical analysis of the Gospel narratives he is at one with the best modern authorities. His description of the relation of Jesus to modern life will be welcome, I cannot doubt, to all those who are interested in the moral-religious culture of our times. Such a portraiture of the thought of Jesus as the following chapters present should invest it with the noblest reality, and make it an ideal in the sense in which Jesus himself wished to be considered an ideal. It is a strange fact that few things are so little studied as the life of Jesus of Nazareth. May this book arouse in many a mind the desire to comprehend that life and to appropriate its truth!

Koradine Letters. A Girl's Own Book. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Author of "Tokology: A Book for Young Women," and Lida Hood Talbot, Interpreter of Del-sarte and author of "Scrap-book Selections;" also "Creative Life," a Spiritual Letter to Young Girls. Chicago: Alice B. Stockham Company, 1893. Pp. 424. Cloth, \$2.25.

The object of these "Letters," as originally planned, was to make known to young girls knowledge that is often withheld from them, to disclose relations of life which are essential and knowledge of which is important to young womanhood. This purpose has been carried out, but as the letters progressed, the author, as she says, "grew into knowledge of spiritual laws which include all others and yet most important for all to understand. Becoming convinced that this same spiritual law is a practical application to creative life and that the knowledge of it will bring help and hope to many, I have added it as a supplement to Koradine letters." This supplementary portion is intended to be read or withheld from daughters and sons at the discretion of the parents. The book, although planned and written for young girls especially, has truths just as vitally important for young men. The letters, not to go into an extended description of them, show progressive development of a young woman in body, mind and spirit, including family and social life. In telling her story, the author carries the reader into philosophy, metaphysics and the conduct of life. Koradine is a natural girl among natural things. From her, her parents never withheld wisdom. Hers is a story of a glad heart that must carry gladness to all who understand her meanings. The book contains philosophy, not only practical in its character, but replete with pathos and humor, though the serious objects of the story are never lost sight of. Dr. Stockham has a deep interest in the subject treated and has the qualifications for considering it, including a happy manner of presenting the thought in a way to impress and instruct.

Uplifts of Heart and Will. Religious Aspirations in Prose and Verse. By James H. West, the author of "The Complete Life," "Holiday Idlesse and Other Poems," "Visions of God," etc. George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin street, Boston, Mass. Pp. 106. Cloth. Price, 50 cents.

This little volume is a new and enlarged edition of a volume, the first thousand copies of which were exhausted some years ago. The work was favorably received from the beginning. Its title indicates its contents and its purpose. Mr. West accepts the power of the divine spirit

in man and the aspirations of the soul. These he attempts to voice in prose and verse. As Rev. W. C. Gannett says of it: "It is a very earnest book, religious, worshipful: a book of prayers without 'Our Father' and 'Thou,' full of a happy sense of Nature's beauty and bounty; one unceasing aspiration toward the moral ideal, the blessed best, and not a prayer in it does not strengthen one's handclasp with man and woman or voice the longing in some way to be a world-helper."

Not Angels Quite. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 327. Cloth, 75 cents.

This story is a very good example of how trifling a matter will cause the best laid plans to fall through. Harry Carburn, who is betrothed to Beatrice Ware, saves Alma Doubleday, who is engaged to Jack Hedges, from accident by stopping the frightened horses attached to her coupe. He drops his old umbrella in the excitement and Miss Doubleday treasures it as a clue to the hero. It is upon this slight incident that the loves of four people rest and results finally in an interchange of lovers. Much extraneous matter is introduced that renders the dialogue heavy and cumbersome and does not add to the plot or attractiveness of the book.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"John B. Gough." The Apostle of Cold Water. By Carlos Martyn. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"How I Was Healed." Being an account of the illness of Mrs. Barbara Miller, and her Healing through Faith in God and the Lord Jesus Christ. Kansas City, Mo.: Unity Book Co. Pp. 31. Price, 15 cents.

"Science and a Future Life." With other Essays. By Frederic W. H. Myers. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893. Pp. 243. Cloth, \$1.50.

MAGAZINES.

The Eclectic Magazine for November has an article, the title of which will appeal forcibly to those who have attended the World's Fair or have lived in Chicago during the past season. "Weariness" by Prof. Michael Foster. "An English woman in Thibet" by Annie L. Taylor, and "The Letters of Henry IV." by Arthur Tilly are among the leading articles in this number. "Mars as a World," by Geoffrey Winterwood will attract the attention of the curious. "The Transformation of Japan" is the conclusion of an extremely interesting paper by the Countess of Jersey. Alfred Cochrane has an article on "The Philosophy of the Summer" and C. B. Roylance Kent, gives information in regard to "Life in Modern Egypt." "The Unity of Thought and Action, their Evolution" is a very valuable paper taken from the Westminster Review. Other articles are "Town or Country?" by Mrs. Lynn Lynton, "A Portnight in Finland" by J. D. Rees and "A Village Fragment" by Mary Hartier. A number of interesting notes on matters of current interest complete the contents of a very valuable number of one of the most valuable magazines published in this country.—The Atlantic Monthly for November carries on two serials, Mrs. Cavazza's "The Man from Aidone," and Charles Egbert Craddock's "His Vanished Star," and contains the second paper of Mr. W. F. Apthorp's "Two Modern Classicists in Music." This deals with Otto Dresel, a musician far less widely known than he deserved to be. Immediately following this article, which necessarily insists somewhat upon musical "schools" comes Mr. Owen Wister's paper on "Catholicity in Musical Taste," a strong plea for the equal enjoyment of all sorts of good music. Mr. Bradford Torrey in "Along the Hillsborough" brings to his readers another bit of the bird-lover's Florida. Out-door and in-door England appear in Miss Alice Brown's "A Pilgrim in Devon," and Sir Edward Strachey's charming "Talk at a Country House" on Books, Tennyson, and Maurice. In "Courts of Conciliation in America." From Wisconsin, through Mr. H. E. Scudder's "School Libraries," comes a clear showing of what the State can do in the cause of good reading. "The Beautiful Loup-Garou" is a short story by Mrs. Catherwood, and the poems are "Morn after Morn," by Stuart Sterne, and "An Ionian Frieze," by Francis Howard Williams. At the end, as usual, come reviews and that favorite Club, the Contributors'. Houghton, Millin & Co., Boston.



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OUTWITTING A SHARK.

On board the good ship "Vincennes," during a cruise in the Pacific Ocean, a party of English and American officers were one day in the cabin talking cheerfully of the Cape and the cruise, when, as if by magic, every countenance changed. Spellbound for an instant, all sat intently listening. There was a strange commotion in the ship. Then came that noise of hurrying feet, unaccompanied by the voice of command, which, breaking the silence of a well-disciplined man-of-war, and echoing below, inspires a creeping fear of unknown evil. There were, too, half-suppressed exclamations of alarm, in which were caught the ominously coupled words: "Shark—Boy!" In a moment all were on deck. Glancing over the side rail, we saw in a rowboat moored to the end of the side boom, a few feet from the side, one of the ship's boys, a bright, cheerful little fellow, standing erect, holding a boat-hook ready to strike. Gliding slowly toward him, scarcely rippling the surface of the water, through which its broad back could be plainly seen, was a great white shark—a "man-eater;" such as in former days followed in the wakes of captured slavers, prizes to her Majesty's cruisers on the coast.

The crew of the Vincennes stood aghast, powerless to aid. Some called to the boy to lie down in the boat; others shouted to him to pull away. But, wholly intent on the movements of the fearful creature, he did not hear them. We had not long to wait; the shark came on, raising its head out of the water, so that its sinister eyes could be seen. Pressing heavily on the wale of the boat, it bore down the side.

We expected to see the boat roll over upon the shark, and held our breath. Down came the iron-pointed boat-hook with all the force a boyish arm could give it. A blow, and then a quick thrust, and the light boat, buoyant as a feather, slipped out from under the shark's head and righted herself.

It was a gallant sight, to see that sailor boy standing undaunted before what might indeed be called the jaws of death. Rapidly and well did he ply his weapon. The shark, baffled, drew back as if to take measure of the brave little fellow, preparatory to a final rush which should seal the boy's fate. In that perilous instant, cool and collected, seizing the painter with one hand while he pointed the boat-hook with the other, to ward off the shark's attack, the boy quickly drew the boat under the rope-ladder, and, springing up, climbed to the boom, along which he tripped lightly to the ship.—St. Nicholas.

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Toward the close of the religious convention held not long since a prominent "brother" arose and said that, while not wanting to find fault or complain in any way, yet he did wish—and he felt sure that many others would agree with him—that women could contrive to speak a little louder in public. It so happened that the "brother" himself was not overloud in voice, and at this juncture in his discourse a well known woman, who was sitting at the extreme other end of the hall, put her hand to her ear, and in clear distinct tones that could be heard in every part of the building, called out: "Will the brother please speak a little louder? We can't quite hear what he says."

In 1761 a Glasgow, Scotland, paper announced the marriage of David Lincoln to Catherine Crow, his fifth wife, and continued: "He is 71. His first wife was a Dutch woman, whose name he has forgot. The rest were Scotch."

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We have recently gotten out a new edition of the popular little pamphlet, "Heaven Revised," by Mrs. E. B. Duffey. This is an excellent book to give to persons who are anxious to know what Spiritualists believe in regard to the future life, as it is a "narrative of personal experiences after the change called death." Those who are already Spiritualists will be interested to see how it compares with their individual conceptions and experiences. Price, twenty-five cents. For sale at this office.

THE JOURNAL has a number of "Stories for Our Children," by Hudson and Emma Tuttle that we will dispose of at ten cents each. They embody liberal ideas in a form suited to childish minds. Many habits of animals are treated of in a way to incite curiosity and study and the stories are all entertaining and well told.

People who are interested in the Society for Psychical Research can procure back numbers at this office. Some of the older numbers have become very rare and we have but a few that we can sell. For prices, see advertisement on another page.

We have a few copies of the book "Man and his Destiny," written by the Hon. Joel Tiffany. It is a book that has had a very large sale and it is a valuable one. There are but a few copies of it left and we shall be glad to fill orders for it at \$1.50.

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Why She Became a Spiritualist.

BY ABBY A. JUDSON.

The author, the daughter of the celebrated missionary, Adoniram Judson, gives an interesting account of the psychological experiences which called her attention to Spiritualism and the causes that led her into the lecture field. The book has a fine portrait of the author and consists of selected poems, communications from various persons, and twelve lectures on a variety of topics, such as: "What is Spiritualism?" "Do Spiritualists Believe in God?" "Personal Evidences of Spiritualism;" "Unreasonable Dogmas;" "What Jesus Really Taught;" "Spiritualism of Jesus;" "Spiritualism the Foundation of all Religions;" "How to Investigate Spiritualism;" "What is Death?" "Astronomical Location of the Spirit-world" and "The Future Religion of the World." This volume is especially fitted for missionary work to all interested in Spiritualism.

The book is tastefully bound in cloth. Pp. 263. Price, \$1.00, postage, 10 cents.

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CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Delicate Influences. Murderous Cranks.
SECOND PAGE.—Mr. Stead and Spirit Agency. Notes.
THIRD PAGE.—The Open Court.—The Psychological Science Congress. Report To The Psychological Science Congress World's Fair Auxiliary of the Case of Miss Mary J. Fancher.
FOURTH PAGE.—Report To The Psychological Science Congress World's Fair Auxiliary of the Case of Miss Mary J. Fancher.
FIFTH PAGE.—Report To The Psychological Science Congress World's Fair Auxiliary of the Case of Miss Mary J. Fancher.
SIXTH PAGE.—Report To The Psychological Science Congress World's Fair Auxiliary of the Case of Miss Mary J. Fancher.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Report To The Psychological Science Congress World's Fair Auxiliary of the Case of Miss Mary J. Fancher.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Report To The Psychological Science Congress World's Fair Auxiliary of the Case of Miss Mary J. Fancher. Follow What Is Right.
NINTH PAGE.—Voice of the People.—Questions. From a Veteran Spiritualist. Strange Experiences of Dr. Abram James. A Verified Prediction.
TENTH PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—Who Ground the Wheat? Woman's Progress. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
ELEVENTH PAGE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
TWELFTH PAGE.—Outwitting a Shark. Notes. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
THIRTEENTH PAGE.—Matrimony in Massachusetts. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
FOURTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.
FIFTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.
SIXTEENTH PAGE.—General Items. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

For some time THE JOURNAL has been offering to send the paper to new subscribers for 50 cents for twelve weeks. This opportunity will not be given but for a few numbers longer. The interest in the papers read before the Psychological Science Congress is very great and as it is at present doubtful whether they will be published in book form or not, a subscription to THE JOURNAL affords a chance of knowing what these careful investigators think on psychical subjects.

PORTLAND, OREGON,
November 11, 1893.

The friends of the Church of the Spirit were eagerly waiting the reopening of the meetings October 1st, and after an absence of five months Mrs. Flora A. Brown, pastor, was greeted by a host of friends, besides many new seekers after truth. Her visit to the World's Fair and Psychological Congress has furnished much that has been interesting and instructive to her audiences the past month. The last Sun-

day of every month is to be devoted to special services, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, appreciative recitations, short addresses, tableaux, etc. The first of these was given October 29th. Mrs. Brown closing the exercises with independent slate writing, given under test conditions, carrying conviction to the skeptical committee and all reasonable investigators.

H. A. FRENCH, Sec'y.

"Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life," is the title of an autobiography of the veteran agitator and reformer, George Jacob Holyoake. This is one of the most interesting books of reminiscence which has been published. Although Mr. Holyoake ranks himself among the comparatively unimportant men of his age, he is really one of its greatest. His ability is not more conspicuous than his modesty. His life has not been of a common type. The work is lucid and crowded with bright and pleasant pictures, full of quaint and brilliant records of a varied and eventful life. Some of his pen pictures of public men are very cleverly done. These volumes sparkle with epigram and there is occasionally a vein of humorous description running through his portrayal of men and incidents. All sorts of people, famous in their day, pass in succession through Mr. Holyoake's pages.

We regret very much to learn that Mrs. R. C. Simpson, the well-known medium, is too ill to return to Chicago at present. She is suffering from a difficulty of the throat which will render an operation necessary before she can resume her work. It will be a disappointment to her many friends who have not forgotten her in her absence and who have inquired about her frequently. Mrs. Simpson has given many remarkable tests to people all over the country, who are willing to testify to her uprightness and reliability as a woman and medium. Mrs. Simpson has the strength of her convictions and as a consequence has undergone many sacrifices and not a little persecution.

Says the Atlanta Constitution: Texas valley, in Floyd county, is fraught with incidents. The latest is that a man residing there, who has not seen his only brother in ten years, was awakened suddenly one night by masonic raps on the head-board of his bed. His brother was a mason and the thought came to him that the raps were those of the relative he had not seen in all that dreary lapse of time. He arose and, walking to the garden gate, saw his brother standing there with his hand upon the latch. He reached forward to welcome him but in an instant the specter vanished. He returned to the house and retired. The next morning he received a telegram to the effect that at the very hour when he heard the strange masonic raps, his brother had passed away. There are queer things happening in this world of ours every day.

Where does the animal end? Where does the plant begin? Sensitive plants in this potent climate (Egypt) approach very near to animal existence. They have their fears and repugnances, like delicate women, fixed in their places by fate, without language and without means of flight or escape. Palm trees visibly manifest their affection for each other. In Egypt, in all ages, their affectional nature has been ministered to, and those manifesting mutual affection have been transplanted to each others' vicinity. They sob and weep with voices almost akin to the human. In 1540 some French inhabitants of Algeria, who cut several, were surprised and almost frightened by their expressions

of grief and distress. A celebrated scientist who was present at the time, was much moved by this display of feeling on the part of the palms.—Translated from Michelet.

William A. Pinkerton, in an article on "Highwayman of the Railroad," published in the North American Review, says that train robbers are the result of yellow back literature. Young men without any knowledge of the world read these blood and thunder stories, are carried away with the romance of crime, and they fall an easy prey to the professional thieves who organize raids on the railroad trains. But Mr. Pinkerton assures the boys that train robbing does not pay. The robbers are always caught, shot down at the time, or end their days on the gallows or in prison, and they get comparatively little money for their work.

"Mr. Heaphy's Ghost" is a pamphlet containing the London artist's own account of a wonderful apparition. There are also the letters written by Charles Dickens to Mr. Heaphy, referring to the peculiar circumstances which attended the original publication in "All the Year Round" of an inaccurate version of the story. We have a number of copies, some shopworn, that we will send on application, accompanied by two two-cent stamps.

"How I was Healed," by Mrs. Barbara Miller, is a little pamphlet issued by the Unity Book Co., of Kansas City, Mo., which relates a cure brought about by prayer and faith, which is vouched for by residents of Smithville, O., as being a bona fide cure. Price, 15 cents.

Resolutions have been passed by the members of the First Spiritualists' Society of Springfield, Mass., in memory of Mrs. Mary E. Smith, President of the Society and in testimony of the esteem in which they held her as a friend and Spiritualist.

The publisher, George Gottsberger Peck, announces a new book "On the Cross;" A Romance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, by Wilhelmine von Hillern and translated by Mary J. Safford.

Mr. A. H. Closterman, of Staples, Minn., writes: "We have organized a spiritual society here and the truth is fast being spread, and anything in the line of psychical phenomena will be reported to you."

We have received a copy of the beautiful home song "Deal Gently With the Erring" which is equally adapted to piano or organ. Published by F. W. Helmick, 265 Sixth avenue, New York. Price, 40 cents.

Anæmia

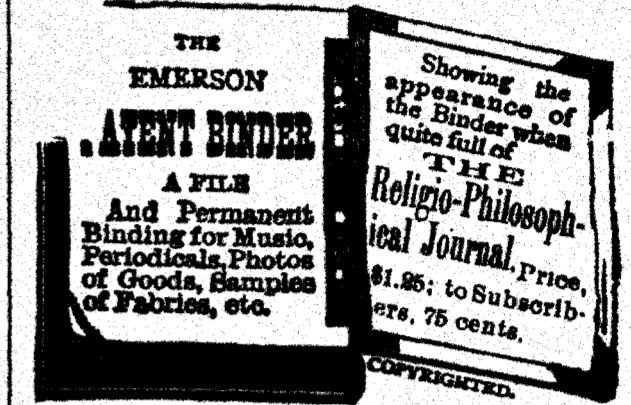
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The work is a large 8vo of 428 pages, printed from large type on fine heavy, super calendered paper and strongly bound in cloth. The price put on it is less than value, but Mrs. Home is desirous that this work should have an extended reading in America hence the book will be sold at a low
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