

# RELIGION PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXIV.

CHICAGO, MARCH 17, 1883.

No. 3

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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## MR. HEAPHY'S GHOST.

The London Artist's Own Version of an Extraordinary Apparition.

Mrs. Heaphy's publication, some months ago in London, of the version sent by her late husband to Charles Dickens of his wonderful ghost story, has recently been presented to the public in this country. Mrs. Heaphy's publication, printed in London by Griffith & Farran, makes a neat little pamphlet of eighty-seven pages. It is enriched with the letter 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. One curious circumstance these letters adds to the many curious features of this strange narrative. Mr. Dickens, it seems, when he received the original version from a man of distinguished reputation in letters, found that no date was given, and, in order to give probability to the story which he supposed to be a fiction, put in the date of September 13. Strangely enough, it turned out to be the case that the series of Mr. Heaphy's ghostly visitations really began in the month of September, 1858. Mr. Dickens's attention was good-naturedly called to the publication by Mr. Heaphy himself, who sent him the whole manuscript account of the experience as soon as he saw the version published in *All the Year Round*. Mr. Heaphy's communication was acknowledged by Mr. Dickens in the following letter:

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT, Sunday, September 15, 1861.

DEAR SIR: Allow me to express to you the sincere regret I feel that your most remarkable story (which I have read with great interest) should have been innocently forestalled in the pages of my journal. At the same time I must add that your own version of the experience is so very curious, and so much more striking than the account sent to me, that I shall be happy to publish it in *All the Year Round*, if you should feel disposed to intrust it to me for that purpose.

I received the story published in that journal first among the "Four Ghost Stories" from a gentleman of a distinguished position both literary and social, who, I do not doubt, is well known to you by reputation. He did not send it to me as his own, but as the work of a young writer in whom he feels an interest, and who previously contributed (all through him) another ghost story. I will immediately let him know what correspondence I have had with you; and you shall be made acquainted with the nature of his reply. You may be quite certain I feel sure that there has been no betrayal of confidence on the part of any one connected with the magazine for whom you reserved your story. It must have been repeatedly told (though probably never correctly) in more circles than one. It happens that Mr. Layard is staying here with me, and instantly recognized the version printed in *All the Year Round* as a version of a story he heard at Sir Edward Lytton's in —, Hertfordshire, some time since.

As I do not feel authorized in retaining your MS. without your consent, I beg to return it herewith. But I am anxious to repeat my readiness to purchase it for publication in *All the Year Round* as the authentic story. Its interest seems to me to be heightened, rather than impaired, by its having been imperfectly told.

Again expressing my regret that I should have been, however innocently and uncon-

sciously, the cause of a moment's annoyance to you, I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,  
CHARLES DICKENS.

Thomas Heaphy, esq.  
Mr. Dickens two days afterwards wrote to Mr. Heaphy:

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT, Tuesday, September 17, 1861.

DEAR SIR: I think I can show you in a very few words not only that your lingering suspicion is groundless but that everything associated with your strange experience would seem to be extraordinary. In the version I received and published there was no date. All that was set down as to time was: "Late in the autumn." When I came to revise the story in the proof for press, the need of some precise date was so clear to me that I myself inserted in the margin of the proof the date you find in the published narrative. Why that date should have come into my head rather than any other I am profoundly unable to say. Mr. Layard remembers that it is more than a year since he heard Sir Edward Lytton tell the story, and he says he has a strong impression that he laid it on the table in writing. Moreover, Mr. Layard is convinced that he has seen it in print, though he cannot recollect where. I have written to Sir Edward to ask him how he came by it. His answer will, no doubt, have an interest for you, and I will let you know the purport in due course. I read Mr. Layard your own account, and he was quite clear in his remembrance that Sir Edward's version of it fell as far short as my contributor's does. I think it would be best to call it "Mr. H.—'s Own Narrative," or "Mr. H.—'s Own Evidence," and I will introduce it with a few lines referring to the version already printed and calling attention to it as being the authentic story given at first hand. There is no doubt that it ought to appear as soon after the wrong version as possible. I will, therefore, place it in the number I shall make up to-morrow, which will be published to-morrow fortnight. I will send you a proof from the office in the course of to-morrow, and I must ask you to have the kindness to return it on Thursday, as we publish simultaneously in America and London and the sheets go across the Atlantic by the next mail. Dear sir, faithfully yours,  
CHARLES DICKENS.

Thomas Heaphy, esq.  
P. S.—I observe in your narrative that you mentioned the young lady's eating the beef and drinking the claret. Do you remember whether the joint was placed on the table or carved on the sideboard? and whether you seemed to see the figure served as the three mortals were, or seemed to find it already carved without noticing the progress?

OFFICE OF "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," FRIDAY, September 20, 1861.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Layard has not been able to remember where or when he saw some version of your story in print. Sir Edward Lytton received his version in writing from Mr. Edward Ward. Sir Edward informs me that his version was very superior to that published here. I therefore suppose it is told nearer your own. He is searching for the MS., but has not yet been able to lay his hand upon it. Faithfully yours,  
CHARLES DICKENS.

Thomas Heaphy, esq.  
Mr. Heaphy's version of the "Ghost Story" was finally published with the following editorial note in *All the Year Round*:

There was lately published in *All the Year Round* a paper entitled "Four Stories." The first of those stories related the strange experience of a well-known English artist, Mr. H. On the publication of that account Mr. H. himself addressed to the conductor of the above journal (to his great surprise) and forwarded to him his own narrative of the occurrences in question.

As Mr. H. wrote without any concealment in his own name, in full, and from his own studio in London, and there was no possible doubt of his being a real existing person and a responsible gentleman, it became a duty to read his communication attentively. And great injustice having been unconsciously done to it in the version published as the first of the "Four Stories," it follows here exactly as received. It is, of course, published with the sanction and authority of Mr. H., and Mr. H. has himself corrected the proofs.

Entering on no theory of our own towards the explanation of any part of this remarkable narrative, we have prevailed on Mr. H. to present it without any introductory remarks whatever. It only remains to add that no one has for a moment stood between us and Mr. H. in this matter. The whole communication is at first hand. On seeing the article, "Four Stories," Mr. H. frankly and good-humoredly wrote: "I am the Mr. H., the living man, of whom mention is made. How my story has been picked up I do not know, but it is not correctly told. I have it by me, written by myself, and here it is."

MR. HEAPHY'S OWN NARRATIVE.

I am a painter. One morning in May, 1858, I was seated in my studio at my usual occupation. [A paragraph or two is omitted, as only introducing a lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck.] My new visitors were strangers to me. They had seen a portrait I had painted, and wished for likenesses of themselves and their children. The price I named did not deter them, and they asked to look around the studio to select the style and size they should prefer. The inspection proving satisfactory, they asked whether I could paint the pictures at their house in the country, and there being no difficulty on this point, an engagement was made for the following autumn, subject

to my writing to fix the time when I might be able to leave town for the purpose. This being adjusted, the gentleman gave me his card and they left. Shortly afterwards, on looking at the card left by the strangers, I was somewhat disappointed to find that though it contained the names of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck there was no address. I tried to find it by looking at the Court Guide, but it contained no such name, so I put the card in my writing-desk and forgot for a time the entire transaction.

Autumn came, and with it a series of engagements I had made in the North of England. Towards the end of September, 1858, I was one of a dinner party at a country house at the confines of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The party was a numerous one, and as the meal approached its termination and was about to subside into the dessert, the conversation became general. I should here mention that my hearing is defective, at some times more so than at others, and on this particular evening I was extra deaf—so much so that the conversation only reached me in the form of a continued din. At one instant however, I heard a word distinctly pronounced, though it was uttered by a person at a considerable distance from me, and that word was—Kirkbeck. In the business of the London season I had forgotten all about the visitors of the spring who had left their card without the address. The word reaching me under such circumstances arrested my attention and immediately recalled the transaction to my remembrance. On the first opportunity that offered I asked a person whom I was conversing with if a family of the name in question was resident in the neighborhood. I was told in reply that a Mr. Kirkbeck lived at A—, at the further end of the county. The next morning I wrote to this person, saying that I believed he called at my studio in the spring, and had made an arrangement with me which I was prevented fulfilling by there being no address on his card; furthermore, that I should shortly be in his neighborhood on my return from the north, but should I be mistaken in addressing him, I begged he would not trouble himself to reply to my note. I gave as my address The Post-Office, York. On applying there three days afterwards I received a note from Mr. Kirkbeck stating that he was very glad he had heard from me and that if I would call on my return he would arrange about the pictures; he also told me to write a day before I proposed coming, that he might not otherwise engage himself. It was ultimately arranged that I should go to his house the succeeding Saturday, stay till Monday morning, transact afterwards what matters I had to attend to in London and return in a fortnight to execute the commissions.

The day having arrived for my visit, directly after breakfast I took my place in the morning train from York to London. The train would stop at Doncaster, and after that at Retford Junction, where I should have to get out in order to take the line through Lincoln to A—. The day was cold, wet, foggy and every way as disagreeable as I have ever known a day to be in an English October. The carriage in which I was seated had no other occupant than myself, but at Doncaster a lady got in. My place was back to the engine and next to the door. As that is considered the ladies' seat, I offered it to her; she, however, very graciously declined it and took the corner opposite, saying, in a very agreeable voice, that she liked to feel the breeze on her cheek. The next few minutes were occupied in locating herself. There was the cloak to be spread under her, the skirts of the dress to be arranged, the gloves to be lightened, and such other trifling arrangements of plumage as ladies are wont to make before sitting themselves comfortably at church or elsewhere, the last and most important being the placing back over her hat the veil that concealed her features. I could then see that the lady was young, certainly not more than two or three and twenty; but being moderately tall, rather robust in make and decided in expression, she might have been two or three years younger. I suppose that her complexion would be termed a medium one; her hair being of a bright brown or auburn, while her eyes and rather decidedly marked eyebrows were nearly black. The color of her cheek was that pale transparent hue that sets off to such advantage large, expressive eyes and an agreeable, firm expression of mouth. On the whole the ensemble was rather handsome than beautiful, her expression having that agreeable depth and harmony about it that rendered her face and features, though not strictly regular, infinitely more attractive than if they had been modelled upon the strictest rules of symmetry.

It is no small advantage on a wet day and a dull, long journey to have an agreeable companion; one who can converse and whose conversation has sufficient substance in it to make one forget the length and dreariness of the journey. In this respect I had no deficiency to complain of, the lady being decidedly and agreeably conversational. When she had settled herself to her satisfaction she asked to be allowed to look at my Bradshaw, and not being a proficient in that difficult work, she requested my aid in ascertaining at what time the train passed through Retford again on its way back from London to York. The conversation turned afterwards on general topics, and, somewhat to my surprise she led it into such particular subjects as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with; indeed, I could not avoid remarking that her entire manner, while it was anything but forward, was that of one

who had either known me personally or by report. There was in her manner a kind of confidential reliance when she listened to me that is not usually accorded to a stranger, and sometimes she actually seemed to refer to different circumstances with which I had been connected in times past. After about three-quarters of an hour's conversation the train arrived at Retford, where I was to change carriages. On my alighting and wishing her good-morning, she made a slight movement of the hand, as if she meant me to shake it, and on my doing so she said, by way of adieu: "I dare say we shall meet again," to which I replied: "I hope we shall all meet again," and so parted. I missed the agreeable conversation and tried to supply its place with a book I had brought with me from York and the *Times* newspaper, which I had procured at Retford. But the most disagreeable journey comes to an end at last, and 5:30 in the evening found me at the termination of mine. A carriage was waiting for me at the station, where Mr. Kirkbeck was also expected by the same train but as he did not appear it was concluded he would come by the next—half an hour later; accordingly the carriage drove away with myself only.

The family being from home at the moment and the dinner hour being 7, I went at once to my room to unpack and to dress. Having completed these operations I descended to the drawing room. It probably wanted some time to the dinner hour, as the lamps were not yet lighted, but in their place a large blazing fire threw a flood of light into every corner of the room, and more especially over a lady who, dressed in deep black, was standing by the chimney-place warming a very handsome foot on the edge of the fender. Her face being turned away from the door by which I had entered I did not at first see her features. On my advancing into the middle of the room, however, the foot was immediately withdrawn and she turned round to accost me, when to my profound astonishment, I perceived that it was none other than my companion in the railway carriage. She betrayed no surprise at seeing me. On the contrary, with one of those agreeable, joyous expressions that makes the plainest woman appear beautiful, she accosted me with: "I said we should meet again."

My bewilderment at that moment almost deprived me of utterance. I knew of no railway or other means by which she could have come. I had certainly left her in a London train and had seen it start, and the only conceivable way in which she could have come was by going to Peterborough and then returning by a branch to A—, a circuit of about ninety miles. As soon as my surprise enabled me to speak, I said that I wished I had come by the same conveyance as herself.

"That would have been rather difficult," she rejoined.

At this moment the servant came in with the lamps and informed me that his master had just arrived and would be down in a few minutes.

The lady took up a book containing some engravings, and having singled one out (a portrait of Lady A—), asked me to look at it well and tell her whether I thought it like her.

I was engaged trying to get up an opinion when Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck entered, and, shaking me heartily by the hand, apologized for not being at home to receive me; the gentleman ended by requesting me to take Mrs. Kirkbeck in to dinner.

The lady of the house having taken my arm, we marched on. I certainly hesitated a moment to allow Mr. Kirkbeck to pass on first with the mysterious lady in black, but Mrs. Kirkbeck not seeming to understand it, we passed on at once. The dinner party consisted of us four only, we fell into our respective places at the table without difficulty, the mistress and master of the house at the top and bottom, the lady in black and myself on each side. The dinner passed much as is usual on such occasions. I having to play the guest, directed my conversation principally, if not exclusively, to my host and hostess, and I cannot call to mind that I or any one else addressed the lady opposite. Seeing this, and remembering something that looked like a slight want of attention to her on coming to the dining-room, I at once concluded that she was the governess. I observed, however, that she made an excellent dinner; she seemed to appreciate both the beef and the tart, as well as a glass of claret afterwards; probably she had had no luncheon or the journey had given her an appetite.

The dinner ended, the ladies retired, and after the usual port Mr. Kirkbeck and I joined them in the drawing-room. By this time, however, a much larger party had assembled. Brothers and sisters-in-law had come in from their residences in the neighborhood, and several children, with Miss Hardwick, their governess, were also introduced to me. I saw at once that my supposition as to the lady in black being the governess was incorrect. After passing the time necessarily occupied in complimenting the children, in saying something to the different persons to whom I was introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had referred principally to portrait-painting, she continued the subject:

"Do you think you could paint my portrait?" the lady inquired.

"Yes, I think I could, if I had the opportunity."

"Now, look at my face well; do you think you should recollect my features?"

"Yes, I am sure I should never forget your features."

"Of course I might have expected you to say that; but do you think you could do me from recollection?"

"Well, if it be necessary, I will try; but can't you give me any sittings?"

"No, quite impossible; it could not be. It is said that the print I showed you before dinner is like me; do you think so?"

"Not much," I replied; "it has not your expression. If you can give me one sitting, it would be better than none."

"No; I don't see how it could be."

The evening being by this time pretty far advanced and the chamber candles being brought in, on the plea of being rather tired, she shook me heartily by the hand and wished me good-night. My mysterious acquaintance caused me no small pondering during the night. I had never been introduced to her, I had not seen her speak to any one during the entire evening—not even to wish them good-night—how she got across the country was an inexplicable mystery. Then, why did she wish me to paint her from memory, and why could she not give me even one sitting? Finding the difficulties of a solution to these questions rather increased upon me, I made up my mind to defer further consideration of them till breakfast time, when I supposed the matter would receive some elucidation.

The breakfast now came, but with it no lady in black. The breakfast over, we went to church, came home to luncheon, and so on through the day, but still no lady, neither any reference to her. I then concluded that she must be some relative who had gone away early in the morning to visit another member of the family living close by. I was much puzzled, however, by no reference whatever being made to her, and finding no opportunity of leading any part of my conversation with the family towards the subject, I went to bed the second night more puzzled than ever. On the servant coming in in the morning I ventured to ask him the name of the lady who dined at the table on the Saturday evening, to which he answered:

"A lady, sir? No lady, only Mrs. Kirkbeck sat."

"Yes, the lady that sat opposite me, dressed in black?"

"Perhaps Miss Hardwick, the governess, sir?"

"No, not Miss Hardwick; she came down afterwards."

"No lady as I see, sir."

"Oh, dear me, yes; the lady dressed in black that was in the drawing room when I arrived, before Mr. Kirkbeck came home?"

The man looked at me with surprise as if he doubted my sanity, and only answered, "I never see any lady, sir," and then left.

The mystery now appeared more impenetrable than ever. I thought it over in every possible aspect, but could come to no conclusion upon it. Breakfast was early that morning to allow of my catching the morning train to London. The same cause slightly hurried us and allowed no time for conversation beyond that having direct reference to the business that brought me there; so, after arranging to return to paint the portraits on that day three weeks, I made my adieux and took my departure for town.

It is only necessary for me to refer to my second visit to the house in order to state that I was assured most positively, both by Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck, that no fourth person dined at the table on the Saturday evening in question. Their recollection was clear on the question, as they had debated whether they should ask Miss Hardwick, the governess, to take the vacant seat, but had decided not to do so; neither could they recall to mind any such person as I described in the whole circle of their acquaintance.

Some weeks passed. It was close upon Christmas. The light of a short winter day was drawing to a close, and I was seated at my table writing letters for the evening post. My back was toward the folding-doors leading into the room in which my visitors usually waited. I had been engaged some minutes in writing when without hearing or seeing anything, I became aware that a person had come through the folding-doors, and was then standing beside me. I turned and beheld the lady of the railway carriage. I supposed that my manner indicated that I was somewhat startled, as the lady, after the usual salutation, said, "Pardon me for disturbing you. You did not hear me come in."

Her manner, though it was more quiet and subdued than I had known it before, was hardly to be termed grave, still less sorrowful. There was a change, but it was that kind of change only which may often be observed from the frank impulsiveness of an intelligent young lady to the composure and self-possession of that same young lady when she is either betrothed or has recently become a matron. She asked me whether I had made any attempt at a likeness of her. I was obliged to confess that I had not. She regretted it much, as she wished one for her father. She had brought an engraving (a portrait of Lady M. A.) with her that she thought would assist me. It was like the one she had asked my opinion upon at the house in Lincolnshire. It had always been considered very like her, and she would

Continued on Eighth Page.





Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO

By JOHN C. BUNDY.

Terms of Subscription in Advance. One Copy, one year, \$2.50. Six months, \$1.25.

Remittances should be made by United States Postal Money Order, American Express Company's Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on either New York or Chicago.

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 17, 1883.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Salvation Armies.

A new mania has been developed in many of our cities—religion run mad. Mostly independent of creed, though they make great use of "hell and damnation," the officers of the Salvation Army shout hymns of most questionable English construction, to tunes of well-known English songs, make stirring appeals in language from which the letter h has either been eliminated or placed eccentrically, lead or drive all they can to the anxious seats, and then proclaim them saved, and the poor psychologized penitents shout incoherent exultations, not always succeeding in omission of familiar "cuss words."

There are those who think well of this new craze. They talk about the ignorant masses, who cannot be reached by other means, exist in the enormous number of conversions, so-called; yet crime is more rampant than ever in our cities, and the leaders of the army furnish their quota. Here and there we find a corporal, or captain, or major who has had officially to proclaim that "Jesus saved him, and keeps him every hour," stealing the funds, or endeavoring to lure some female corporal from the true path, not without success. What may be the case among the privates we know not, for the names of the privates are not published. We would not be understood to say that the Salvation Army have any special proclivity to evil, but only that they are men and women not of a high order of intelligence, who are not taught anything, who have submitted themselves, temporarily to the influence of an enthusiasm which affords little help against familiar temptations, that they are likely to become hypocrites, likely to offend against all other laws as well as the laws of good sense; not likely to learn, for they rely on the Holy Spirit to reach them, and will be sure to mistake promptings of their heated fancy or their physical organization for divine impulses. If this is the best way to teach men religion, it was a mistake to give men the power of reason, they should have been all nerves.

But, after all, there is a good side to their folly. Enthusiasm is better than indifference; better a superstitious belief than no belief at all. Better a mistaken love than utter ignorance of anything worth loving. Better a false ideal than no ideal. Better spiritual excitement, wild, visionary, false, than spiritual deadness. Better erratic life, than pulseless death. If we could give to them the steady foundation of fact and knowledge we have for our faith, and take in exchange some of their "fire and fury," if we could make them understand that theology not only can, but must be reasonable, to be true, and they would in return vitalize some of our dreary abstractions, so that their life would grow toward a pure ideal and ours become more objective; we would share the empire of the world's thought, be the conservators and wielders of its mightiest forces, and be the most potent power the world has yet seen, for its salvation.

What! adopt Salvation Army methods, march the streets, sing absurd songs, make noisy, foolish, wicked prayers, shout out subjective delusions and call on all to share them. Is the editor crazy? Not quite; to

us the Salvation Army, its methods, its creed, what there is of it, is altogether repulsive. We do not endorse any of them. But we do wish, often, that Spiritualism were true, enthusiasm enough to spend more of time, and effort and money to spread what they know to be truth. We would even be willing to see them a little less intellectual if they would only be a great deal more fervid. We should like to see a Spiritualist Salvation Army, every man of whom could proclaim his sure knowledge of immortality, his clear understanding of what it meant, an intense desire that all others should know what he knows, who would think no effort too great, no expenditure too vast, if thereby men might be saved from bondage to opinion, from subjection to false creeds, might learn to win heaven for themselves. There are hosts of Spiritualists, would there were more spiritual energy among them.

Three Days with the Wolverines.

"We both need rest; a long, hard winter, with no relaxation from daily cares, has left its impress; let us run over to Detroit and spend two or three days. We shall have an enjoyable visit with our old friends, the L—s we shall meet Stebbins, Spinney and others whom we've not seen this long time." Thus spoke the editor to his wife. "Really I don't see how it is possible for me to go; the new cook is only twenty-four hours in the house, and, too, Gertrude, will be lonesome and we can't take her away from school." Thus answered the wife. "You have fairly earned a respite," says the editor, "so let us go tomorrow morning." "Well, I think we can manage it," replied the excellent manager, as with redoubled energy she resumed her office work, in haste to get home and straighten out the house. By the next morning every thing is smoothed and the religio-philosophical couple find themselves occupying one of the elegant cars of the Michigan Central Railroad, and with perfect comfort flying over the identical stretch of country across which some forty-five years before, their fathers had laboriously picked their way through the mud on horseback, afoot or in stage coach as the exigencies of the day required. Now, it is easy to make forty miles an hour; then four miles was good average speed. Then Michigan had not a rod of railroad, now more than four thousand miles of steel furnish a roadbed on which her vast stores of lumber, salt, wheat, fruit and manufactures are transported to market, and over which millions of passengers are yearly carried in comfort and almost perfect safety. The Michigan Central is a favorite road for travel between Chicago and New York, the two great commercial centres of the United States, the former containing in the vicinity of 650,000 inhabitants, and the latter about 1,500,000. The number of people actually in Chicago at any one time would doubtless range far above these figures, as its floating or transient population is enormous, running up into figures that can hardly be credited. The traffic passing between these two cities daily is very large when one considers that they are within a fraction of 1,000 miles apart. Boston also has a large traffic with Chicago, and to give an idea of the accommodations necessary to provide for the passenger business alone between the three cities, it may be stated that the Michigan Central Railroad runs five express trains daily—three on Sundays—made up of fine new day coaches, smoking cars, drawing-room cars, palatial sleeping cars, and last and best the famous dining cars. These dining cars have done more toward making the journey from Chicago to New York and Boston comfortable and enjoyable than any other modern invention, as they do away with the old custom of getting out at wayside stations and devouring poorly cooked victuals, with the momentary expectation of seeing your train pull out and leave you, as an accompaniment. In the Michigan Central cars you have plenty of time to enjoy your meals, and those who have already dined in the cars hold that it is one of the pleasantest experiences in the world to calmly relish a good meal as you fly over the smooth steel rails, with the whole outside world in panoramic motion before you. Other great features of the Michigan Central Railroad are that its through trains for New York and Boston run out of Chicago along the Michigan Lake front within a stone's throw of the city's costliest mansions, through South Park and the magic city of Pullman, affording an extensive survey of this marvel of a marvelous age, and later passing in full view of Niagara Falls. It is for this latter reason known to all travelers as "The Niagara Falls Route."

Reaching Detroit soon after dark, the cheery voice of Dr. L. was heard in words of welcome, and soon the Chicago pilgrims are in the midst of his delightful family, where long into the night reminiscences of past years are recalled.

The next morning the editor made it his first duty to call upon those staunch friends of political, religious, and social reform, Mr. and Mrs. Giles B. Stebbins, whom he found in pleasant winter quarters, and just as sunny and hopeful as of yore. Though Mr. Stebbins has seen sixty-six winters come and go, his heart is as light and his hopes as bright as one could wish. "I've forgotten his name," said the aged Emerson on returning from the grave of Longfellow, "but his was a sweet spirit." As time rolls on the name of Giles B. Stebbins may be forgotten, yet thousands will say when seeing the beneficent results of his life labors, "his was a sweet spirit." In the long contest for human liberty and intellectual and spiritual freedom,

this man's work has contributed in a thousand ways toward the grand achievements wrought. He is just now taking things easy, but after awhile when the weather grows balmy he will work his way Eastward, and his welcome voice will be heard among the groves of New England at the summer's camp meetings.

Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins we called on Mrs. A. B. Spinney, whose face is familiar to the Spiritualists and Liberalists of Michigan, and found her happily situated in a cosy little home. The next day, Dr. Spinney returned from one of his periodical trips, and we had a most profitable and refreshing time, discussing the spiritual outlook and the demands of the movement.

Detroit is a handsome healthy city, most advantageously situated on the Detroit river, between Lake Erie and Lake Huron, with fine transportation facilities both by land and water. Her population has doubled since 1870, and she has a splendid future before her. There is a large liberal element in the city and many Spiritualists. The people generally are liberal and tolerant. We know of no more desirable place in the West to live than Detroit.

A delightful evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. completed the time allotted for the vacation, and the next evening the JOURNAL folks opened their own door in Chicago to meet with a rapturous reception from the fourteen-year-old Gertrude, the scotch terrier, Florence Nightingale (called Flossy for short), the sweet little singer just from the Hartz Mountains, whose name is yet in debate, and all the rest of the household. A good night's rest and once more the daily routine is assumed. We feel sure our readers are glad that we could rest, and will with the interest of old friends read this familiar talk of how we got a little new strength.

Incineration of the Seventeenth Body in the Le Moyne Crematory at Washington, Pa.

An exchange says that seventeen human bodies have found their way into the Le Moyne crematory Washington, Pa., and there reduced to ashes. The custom seems to the casual observer to be growing into favor. It is but five weeks since the remains of a child of Dr. Hahn, deceased, of New York, were incinerated there. The child's father was also cremated a few years ago. A large proportion of these incinerations have been of persons from New York. The one disposed of March 7th was the corpse of Henry Seybert, a wealthy though not extensively known individual of Philadelphia, the first subject from the City of Brotherly Love. Mr. Seybert was born in the year 1801, and was consequently 82 years of age. He has been an advocate of cremation for years, and was one of a small number of gentlemen who about concluded to begin the experiment of another crematory to be located in or near the City of Philadelphia. On reaching the crematory the clothing of the deceased was removed at the request of George S. Pepper, one of the executors, who was anxious that no foreign matter should find its way into the ashes. The corpse was then wrapped in an alum-soaked sheet, lifted into the iron crib, and shoved into the retort. But two hours elapsed when the body was satisfactorily reduced. All that is left of the deceased will be placed in an urn and deposited in the ground near the graves of Mr. Seybert's parents, in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

A Fiddle Plays the Mischief.

The Crisfield, Md., Leader gives an account of a very amusing scene, which illustrates the superstition and ignorance of the colored people on the Peninsula, and which occurred in the hotel at Milford a few nights ago. A lad had been playing a few tunes on an old violin, and the others had been dancing to his music in a merry mood. When bedtime arrived the boy hung his fiddle near a window, and all were in the act of retiring, when low strains were heard to issue from the fiddle, which was untouched by human hands. There was at once a general stampede from the house into the snow, and cries that the fiddle was bewitched. One colored man said it was the ghost of Samuel Mason, who was murdered a few weeks since at Milton, and another declared that he had recognized the shadow of his dead father. Finally, the bravest peered into the kitchen and heard the fiddle still making the mysterious sounds, and getting a pole, he knocked it from the nail and burned it, just as our Puritan fathers of New England punished witches. But none of the colored people would sleep in the house that night. "It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add," says the Leader, "that a current of air was playing upon the violin."

In a recent lecture Dr. Andrew Clark (Mr. Gladstone's doctor) said: "I do not forget that, through hereditary influences and unsuitable but inevitable environments, many persons are doomed to be constantly ailing, without being really ill; that their normal state is one of suffering; that no physiological readjustments and no specific indications can give them the pleasant sense of health; and that attempts to effect what is impossible issue only in greater suffering or in disaster. But, making full allowance for such cases, there remain countless numbers who are willing and eager to make any and every sacrifice necessary to recovery, and who are left to continue in suffering because the physiological principles and compensations applicable to relief are derided, disregarded or denied."

Current Items.

Last week Rev. M. J. Savage lectured in this city before the Ethical Society; he also had a satisfactory sitting with Mrs. Simpson, of which we shall speak more at length next week.

Grave charges have been made against the Servite Sisters, in their treatment of little children under their charge at the refuge maintained by them on Van Buren street, this city.

The Theosophist for February has just been received. This number contains, as usual, much interesting matter on the subjects: Oriental Philosophy, Occultism, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc. For sale at this office. Price, 50 cents.

Rev. Jacob B. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., continues his good deeds in the "Church of the Divine Fragments." He is an earnest, conscientious laborer, and is doing a good work for humanity. Many a poor soul can date his first step in reformation to Mr. Harter's efforts.

Miss Mary Wolfe, daughter of Dr. N. B. Wolfe, graduated last week from Pulite Medical College in Cincinnati. Dr. Mary Wolfe has distinguished herself throughout her course of study, receiving unusual honors and mention for her ability and assiduity. The JOURNAL wishes her the greatest success in her chosen field of labor.

It is said that a cremation society is to be formed in Chicago, with a capital of \$100,000. It is intended to establish a regular crematory in this city, as it is thought that there are a large number of people in the Northwest who believe that the most decent and most economical method of disposing of the dead is by incineration.

P. L. Henly is about to start Sunday religious services in Baltimore, Md., to be followed with a success. Mr. Henly is trying to establish a fruit farm in Florida or elsewhere, to be called "The Florida Home of Distressed Gentle People."

A Hamburg correspondent writes to a Nuremberg paper that the divers who have been down into the steamship Cimbric, report that there are over three hundred corpses in the wrecked vessel, in every imaginable attitude of sudden agony; the action of the water causes them all to sway to and fro in the most ghastly manner, so that the scene is one of inconceivable horror.

The census returns of the northwest provinces of India and Oude enumerate more than 3,000 acrobats, 1,100 actors, 3,000 ballad singers, 140 curers by incantation, 33 gamblers, 97 snake-charmers, 50 match-makers, 10,000 singers and dancers, 4 poets, 4 story-tellers, and 7 thivies. There are more than 7,500,000 cultivators of the soil, nearly 10,000 landholders, and nearly 40,000 money lenders.

The editor of the JOURNAL is again obliged to ask correspondents, whose letters require his personal attention, to exercise patience, as his time is so fully occupied that "considerable delay in answering private letters is unavoidable. He is always glad to receive letters and hopes his inability to reply will not discourage friends from writing as often as possible.

The Nacogdoches (Texas) News says that Mrs. Mary Dana Shindler, a prominent Spiritualist and a frequent contributor to the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, passed to spirit-life in that place the 9th ult. She leaves many relatives and a host of admiring friends to mourn her loss. Mrs. Shindler was the author of an interesting work entitled, "A Southerner among the Spirits."

On January 30th, 1883, the Rev. Dr. John P. Newman, officiated at the funeral services of an aged lady at No. 561, Madison avenue, New York City. The sermon he delivered on the occasion sparkles with beautiful truths of Spiritualism, and will be read with interest and profit. Emanating from the source it does, it will prove of great value to those who are seeking the truth. We have received from Mr. Geo. H. Jones, 2,000 copies of the sermon for gratuitous distribution. We will forward a half-dozen copies to any of our subscribers who will forward us a three-cent postage stamp.

The Trenton, (N. J.) Times says that Percy F. Crisp, the lad of nine years, whose death was published recently, was in every respect a most wonderful child. He possessed a mind far in advance of his years, and was never happier than when debating or discoursing upon some scientific subject with persons four times his age. For the last month or two this child had studied an old translation of the Iliad. Story books or light literature had no attraction for him. On matters of ancient history, astronomy, physiology and geography he stood in a position to be envied by many of the teachers of those studies. Only the other day this child-sage was looking with his mother at a picture of "Atalanta's Race," in a State street window. His mother inquired of him as to the history of it, and without hesitation the child related the incidents which the engraving illustrated. Even on his sick-bed he insisted on being read to, and would glance under the spoon or glass in which his medicine was being given, in order to read whatever might be on the stand by his bed. His death was caused by a severe attack of diphtheria.

Nine tons of postage-stamps, 32 tons of envelopes, 113 tons of postal cards, and 17 tons of newspaper wrappers were sold at the New York post-office during 1882. The total receipts of the office were \$4,228,575.20.

Courtesy is a powerful refiner. Treat even a base man with respect, and he will make at least one desperate effort to be respectable.

In Lyons, France, the cold-bath method of treating typhoid fever has been adopted with marked success.

Joseph B. Loomis, lately hung at Springfield, Mass., made the following sad confession from the gallows, illustrating the evil effects of intemperance:

"I hereby confess this day that I, with my own hand, slew David Leavitt. I now seek the forgiveness of my fellow-men as I have tried to seek God's. I have to thank all the officers who have had charge of me since I have been in jail for the many tokens of love and their consideration of my feelings during the long confinement. Let it be known to you all, and to coming generations that I have never my arm to strike down my friend, David Leavitt, as it has been the inspiration of what has been wicked in my career to the gallows."

The Methodist Episcopal pastor of Birmingham, Ala., published a card in which he said: "My church is for white persons exclusively, and colored people are not invited or expected to attend." Revival meetings were being held, and negroes were attending them in considerable numbers. The excuse for their exclusion was that their presence hindered the work among white sinners. The minister's course has been strongly condemned, but the Atlanta Methodist Advocate defends him, declaring that "the conference in the South need at least twenty more like him."

The hymnology of the poets of the Salvation Army puts the efforts of Pusey and Roundell Palmer in the shade. The newest thing in the shape of refrains is as follows: "If you can't get in at the golden gate, Get over the garden wall!"

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va., has published an order directing his flock to withdraw from the Knights of St. John, a local German Catholic society, under pain of excommunication. The Knights recently gave an entertainment at which the members not only indulged in the alleged soul-destroying round dance, but also had the temerity in the face of Episcopal prohibition to refresh themselves after their salutory exercises with the beverage of their native land. It does not appear that either of these enormities was perpetrated within the sacred precincts of a church, and the society entertains the idea that their spiritual pastor's halliwick was not trespassed upon. So one idea follows Episcopal denunciation, and on the other defiance of what is looked upon as an unwarranted exercise of priestly interference with the innocent amusements of the people.

The Worthington Advocate says that the State Auditor of Minnesota is being overhauled by some of the church people for placing parsonages on the list of taxable property. The St. Paul and Minneapolis papers have been printing letters of some pious gentlemen claiming that parsonages ought not to be taxed. "Well," says the Advocate, "if there is a State religion in America, if Church and State are united under our constitution, these pious dodgers of the tax are probably correct, but if there is no State religion they are wrong. Parsonages should no more be exempt than the homes of school teachers, or editors or lecturers, or any class who are engaged in educating the people." School teachers and editors are doing a thousand fold more to educate the people and "preserve the State" than the clergy, and why their homes should be taxed and the preacher's home go free, is more than any reasonable man can explain.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, who has lived five years in Alaska, recently stated in a lecture on that subject in Philadelphia, that a record kept by the Russian Government for forty-five years, shows the astonishing fact that only four times in that long period did the thermometer fall to zero. The average winter temperature, he says, is the same as that of Kentucky; the summer temperature, similar to that of Minnesota. Its coal and iron deposits are so extensive that half a dozen Pennsylvanias could be carved out of it. It has also vast forests where can be cut logs ninety feet long and forty inches square. The Indians of South-eastern Alaska, though revengeful and cruel in war, are, when well treated and not under the influence of liquor, hospitable, brave, industrious and intelligent; not honest, but easily led for good.

Chicago Celebrates.

The thirty-fifth anniversary approaches. The birth of Modern Spiritualism dates from March 31st, 1848, when the "mystic rap" was first intelligently questioned and interpreted. After twenty years, when it had won its way to the hearts and homes of millions and established the claim of its spiritual origin beyond all reasonable question, the day of its advent began to be regarded with public interest, and to be appropriately celebrated. This practice has now become general wherever societies have sufficient strength and enthusiasm to rally and do honor to the name of Spiritualism. Such commemorative demonstrations have an important influence in arousing the dormant energies and interest of believers and calling public attention to the movement. They also inspire the workers with new courage, and furnish an opportunity for pleasant and profitable entertainment in which we may realize a fresh baptism of spiritual life and power. In view of these facts, arrangements are being made to celebrate the 35th anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism at Martine's Hall, 55 South Ada Street, the programme of which will be announced in due time. Let all who love the cause and respect the name of Spiritualism, unite for a grand rally and make this one of the most interesting and successful anniversary celebrations ever held in the Great West.

Correspondence solicited with mediums, speakers, musicians or any one who may have time and ability to help make this occasion a success and entertain the public acceptably. Societies in the country who do not celebrate at home may find this a good time to come to Chicago and join in the grand hallelujah.

D. F. TREFFY, Sec'y. 602 W. Lake St., Chicago.



Voices from the People,

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Victuals and Drink.

"There once was a woman, and what do you think, She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.

And were you so foolish as really to think, That all she could want was her victuals and drink?

Mother Goose knew far better, but thought it sufficient, To give a mere hint that the fare was deligent;

For I do not believe she could ever have meant, To imply there was reason for being content.

Yet the mass of mankind is uncommonly slow, To acknowledge the fact it belongs them to know,

But just take a man—shut him up for one day— Get his hat and his cane, put them snugly away,

Do you think he will quietly stick to his stocking, While you read the news, and "don't care about talking."

O, many a woman goes starving, I ween, Who lives in a palace, and far like a queen,

Yet stay; to my mind an uneasy suggestion Comes up that there may be two sides to the question.

The verdict must often be "willful starvation"— Since there are men and women would force one to think

O, restless, and craving, and unsatisfied hearts, Whence never the picture of hunger departs?

Behink you when lulled in your shallow content, 'Twas to Lazarus only the angels were sent?

Some Experiences from the Dawn of Spiritualism to the Present Time.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I am specially interested in perusing the experiences which are often published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

As I was walking one evening alone, I said mentally, "I will go home to Vermont to-morrow and develop in mediumship."

In 1864, while teaching in Buffalo I attended séances at Mrs. Swain's. The company were seated around the table, over which was a thick spread reaching to the floor.

In 1869, I visited Mrs. Weaver, 94 Longworth St., Cincinnati. We were seated alone as strangers; she commenced by saying, "Julia Prellaugh has come with you from Covington."

"I have seen your mother twice. I am not living with your mother, I am living with Lydia, my first wife. I was most attracted to your mother here, but Lydia and I understood each other better."

Mrs. Mary J. Ely writes: We continue to receive profit statements from the perusal of the JOURNAL, and cannot too highly commend your noble and independent course in upholding true Spiritualism.

Dr. T. J. Griffith writes: I like the JOURNAL because it dares to do right in denouncing frauds. Let the work of weeding the true from the false, go on.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity.

Mrs. Amelia Lewis, of New York City, gave the opening address at our conference meeting on Friday evening Feb. 23rd. Her lecture on the "Dominion of the Spirit" was listened to by a large audience.

"The dominion of the spirit—this alone proves to me the existence of the spirit. What right have you to use the words, 'The dominion of the spirit?'"

"In our century we are coming to certain truths, and this in a measure through the growth of the spirit and by the disengagement of spiritual laws.

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Thomas Lee writes: I must certainly say that you are proving yourself to be the medium's friend by opposing all fraud, no matter where found. In your editorial of Jan. 27th, headed, "Circles and Mediums for Advancing Low Spirit," I say positively that you are right when you say, "Low degraded spirits are not wanted in the medium, but the medium is generally brought down to their level."

Persecution of a Spiritualist Society in Baltimore, Md.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Some time since I announced through the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the fact that an organization of Spiritualists had been made here, under the style of the "Third Spiritualist Society of Baltimore,"

"Then one of the committee proposed to purchase the property, and a price was agreed upon, but before the necessary papers were executed, Mr. Turnbull changed his mind and asked to be excused, as he had then discovered that he did not want to sell the property to the Spiritualists, but of friends was firm, and having got him where he could not escape, refused to release him from the contract.

"Our friends, Mrs. Rachel Walcott and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, have volunteered their services and lecture upon Sunday and Thursday evenings of each week, and thus have done much to help the society.

"The house has been divided into lecture rooms, séance rooms, and one chamber has been reserved for the use of mediums who may be engaged by the society.

"No dark circles are to be held in public, and no mediums will be employed by the society, unless they are free from love doctrines and are well endorsed as to their capacity and rectitude. The place affords the best conditions, and the society is determined to offer nothing to the public that will not stand the test of the light, as well as the moral sentiment of the community.

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Honorable industry travels the same road with duty; providence has closely linked both with happiness.

Phenomena through A. H. Phillips.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: You may deem some of my experiences of interest to your readers—in particular certain phenomena which came through the mediumship of A. H. Phillips, of this city, I gentlemen is generally known as an independent late-writing medium,"

"I take these things in the order named: I have seen the independent slate-writing, as it is called, a number of times with Mr. Phillips, and under such conditions as to entirely remove the strong doubts I once entertained respecting the possibility of such a manifestation. Seated opposite the medium at a table five feet across, I have taken two slates in my hand, closely examined them to see that they were clean, placed them together with no pencil between, and held them in my own hands, no part of the medium's body being within four feet of the slates.

"When I reflected on this occurrence it seemed to me so marvellous and of such weighty import, and it was with so unexpected, that I almost began to doubt the evidence of my three senses and to question myself as to the reality of the phenomena. To satisfy my mind I called again on Mr. Phillips and with all my senses alert and active, the slate writing occurred a second time under the same conditions and in the same way as above described. I have since seen the same phenomenon a number of times.

"Although by these and other experiments equally convincing, I had satisfied my mind as to the fact of slate writing without contact, to 'make assurance doubly sure' I invited a friend of strong, clear mind, to accompany me to Mr. Phillips's rooms in order to take his opinion on the subject. This gentleman had never seen anything of the kind and could not believe my representations respecting it. On our way we purchased two slates, and on arriving at Mr. Phillips's rooms, the writing came upon them while lying on the table in our presence and without having for an instant left our sight. Surprised at seeing the writing, my friend rose from the table, took up the two slates he had brought, walked to a wash bowl and commenced a vigorous washing of the slates. Having satisfied his mind that they were thoroughly clean, he laid them again on the table and said emphatically: 'If the writing comes on those slates now, I will believe in it. Presently, and without moving them from their position, the ticking sound was heard, and on opening them the name, 'Emma,' was found distinctly written on one of the same being the name of a dear friend. The gentleman acknowledged the fact of the writing with the conditions he had prescribed.

"I will, with your permission, in another letter, lay before your readers an account of phenomena of a different sort, which I have seen in the presence of Mr. Phillips, Feb. 24th, 1883. A. A. HEALY, New York, Feb. 24th, 1883.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: My mutual friend and medium, Dr. Henry Slade, paid our little city a brief visit, and the slate-writing tests given through him, excite the wonder of the skeptic and warm the hearts of believers.

"Our mediums may become the willing instruments through which these subtle truths are partially revealed, our Slades may visit every clime of the civilized world, yet their work will prove comparatively futile, and their honest efforts to interpret some of these hidden truths will meet with sneer and calumny, and they will be regarded by the ignorant as mere charlatans and impostors.

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THIS WORLD. A WEEKLY LIBERAL MAGAZINE published by GEORGE CHAINY, 51 Fort Avenue (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL SONGS. D. C. P. LONGLEY, author of "Over the River," and "Dasher Sweet Melodies," "Come in Thy Beauty, Angel of Light."

MEDIUMSHIP. CHAPTER OF EXPERIENCES. By MRS. MIRA M. KING. This Pamphlet of 50 pages is a condensed statement of the laws of Mediumship illustrated by the Author's own experiences.

DISCUSSION. BETWEEN EL. V. WILSON, Spiritualist; AND Eld. T. M. Harris, Christian. RESOLVED, That the Bible, King James's version, contain the Teachings, the Phases and the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

Notes and Extracts. An adversity it is easy to despise life; he is truly brave who can endure a wretched life. Never let your zeal outrun your charity; the former is but human, the latter divine.



leave it with me. Then (putting her hand impressively on my arm) she added: "She really would be most thankful and grateful to me if I would do it"—and if I recollect rightly, she added "as much depended on it."

Seeing she was so much in earnest I took up my sketch-book, and by the dim light that was still remaining, began to make a rapid pencil sketch of her. On observing my doing so, however, instead of giving me what assistance she was able she turned away, under the pretense of looking at the pictures around the room, occasionally passing from one to another so as to enable me to catch a momentary glimpse of her features.

In this manner I made two hurried but rather expressive sketches of her, which, being all that the declining light would allow me to do, I shut my book and she prepared to leave. This time, instead of the usual "Good morning," she wished me an impressively pronounced "Good-by," firmly holding rather than shaking my hand while she said it.

I immediately inquired of the servant who she had not announced the visitor to me. She stated that she was not aware there had been one, and that any who had entered must have done so when she had left the street door open about half an hour previously, while she went across the road for a moment.

Soon after this occurred I had to fulfill an engagement at a house near Botsworth Field, in Leicestershire. I left town on a Friday, having sent some pictures that were too large to take with me by the luggage train a week previously, in order that they might be at the house on my arrival, and occasion me no loss of time in waiting for them.

On getting to the house, however, I found that they had not been heard of, and on inquiring at the station, it was stated that a case similar to the one I described had passed through and gone on to Leicester, where it probably still was. It being Friday, and past the time of the post, there was no possibility of getting a letter to Leicester before Monday morning, as the luggage office would be closed on Sunday; consequently I could in no case expect the arrival of the pictures before the succeeding Tuesday or Wednesday.

The loss of three days would be a serious one; therefore, to avoid it, I suggested to my host that I should leave immediately to transact some business in South Staffordshire, as I should be obliged to attend to it before my return to town, and if I could see about it in the vacant interval thus thrown upon my hands it would be saving me the same amount of time after my visit to his house was concluded.

This arrangement meeting with his ready consent, I hastened to the Atherstone station on the Trent Valley Railway. By reference to Bradshaw I found that my route lay through Litchfield, where I was to change carriages to S—, in Staffordshire. I was just in time for the train that would put me down at Litchfield at 8 in the evening, and a train was announced to start from Litchfield for S— at 8:10, answering as I concluded, to the train in which I was about to travel.

I therefore saw no reason to doubt but that I should get to my journey's end the same night; but on my arriving at Litchfield I found my plans entirely frustrated. The train arrived punctually, and I got out, intending to wait on the platform for the arrival of the carriages for the other line. I found, however, though the two lines crossed at Litchfield, they did not communicate with each other, the Litchfield station on the Trent Valley line being on one side of the town and the Litchfield station on the South Staffordshire line on the other.

what could have made me address you instead? I really beg your pardon; my writing to you and unconsciously guessing your name is one of the most extraordinary and unaccountable things I ever did. Pray pardon me."

He continued very quietly: "There is no need of apology; it happens that you are the very person I most wished to see. You are a painter and I want you to paint a portrait of my daughter. Can you come to my house immediately for the purpose?"

I was rather surprised at finding myself known to him, and the turn matters had taken was so entirely unexpected I did not at the moment feel inclined to undertake the business; I therefore explained how I was situated, stating that I had only the next day and Monday at my disposal. He, however, pressed me so earnestly that I arranged to do what I could for him in those two days; and having put up my baggage and arranged other matters I accompanied him to his house. During the walk home he scarcely spoke a word, but his taciturnity seemed only a continuance of his quiet composure at the inn.

On our arrival, he introduced me to his daughter Maria and then left the room. Maria Lute was a fair and a decidedly handsome girl of about fifteen; her manner was, however, in advance of her years, and evinced that self-possession and, in the favorable sense of the term, that womanliness that is only seen at such an early age in girls that have been left motherless or from other causes thrown much on their own resources.

She had evidently not been informed of the purpose of my coming, and only knew that I was to stay there for the night; she therefore excused herself for a few moments, that she might give the requisite directions to the servants as to the preparing my room. When she returned, she told me that I should not see her father again, that evening, the state of his health having obliged him to retire for the night; but she hoped I should be able to see him some time on the morrow.

In the mean time, she hoped I would make myself quite at home, and call for anything I wanted. She herself was sitting in the drawing-room, but perhaps I should like to smoke and take something; if so, there was a fire in the housekeeper's room, and she would come and sit with me, as she expected the medical attendant every minute, and he would probably stay to smoke and take something.

As the little lady seemed to recommend this course, I readily complied. I did not smoke or take anything, but sat down by the fire, when she immediately joined me. She conversed well and readily, and with a command of language singular in a person so young. Without being disagreeably inquisitive, or putting any question to me, she seemed desirous of learning the business that had brought me to the house. I told her that her father wished me to paint either her portrait, or that of a sister of hers, if she had one.

She remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to comprehend it at once. She told me that a sister of hers, an only one, to whom her father was devotedly attached, died near four months previously; that her father had never yet recovered from the shock of her death. He had often expressed the most earnest wish for a portrait of her; indeed, it was his one thought; and she hoped, if something of the kind could be done, it would improve his health.

Here she hesitated, stammered and burst into tears. After awhile she continued: "It is no use hiding from you what you must very soon be aware of. Papa is insane—he has been so ever since dear Caroline was buried. He says he is always seeing dear Caroline, and he is subject to fearful delusions. The doctor says he cannot tell how much worse he may be, and that everything dangerous, like knives or razors, is to be kept out of his reach. It was necessary you should not see him again this evening, as he was unable to converse properly, and I fear the same may be the case to-morrow; but perhaps you can stay over Sunday, and I may be able to assist you in doing what he wishes. I tasked whether they had any materials for making a likeness—a photograph, a sketch of anything else for me to go from. "No, they had nothing."

"Could she describe her clearly?" She thought she could, and there was a print that was very much like her, but she had mislaid it. I mentioned that with such disadvantages and in such an absence of materials I did not anticipate a very satisfactory result. I had painted portraits under such circumstances, but their success much depended upon the powers of description of the persons who were to assist me by their recollection; in some instances I had attained a certain amount of success, but in most the result was quite a failure. The medical attendant came, but I did not see him. I learned, however, that he ordered a strict watch to be kept on his patient till he came again the next morning. Seeing the state of things, and how much the little lady had to attend to, I retired early to bed. The next morning I heard that her father was decidedly better; he had inquired earnestly, on waking, whether I was really in the house, and at breakfast time he sent down to say that he hoped nothing would prevent my making an attempt at the portrait immediately, and he expected to be able to see me in the course of the day.

but said, in a tone and manner I had not observed in him before, "I was right all the time; it was you that I saw with her, and these sketches are from her and from no one else. I value them more than all my possessions, except this dear child." The daughter also assured me that the print I had brought to the house must be the one taken from the book about three weeks before, in proof of which she pointed out to me the gum marks at the back, which exactly corresponded with those left on the blank leaf. From the moment the father saw these sketches his mental health returned.

I was not allowed to touch either of the pencil drawings in the sketch-book, as it was feared I might injure them, but an oil picture from them was commenced immediately, the father sitting by me hour after hour directing my touches, conversing rationally, and indeed cheerfully while he did so. He avoided direct reference to his delusions, but from time to time led the conversation to the manner in which I had originally obtained the sketches. The doctor came in the evening, and after extolling the particular treatment he had adopted, pronounced his patient decidedly, and he believed permanently improved.

The next day being Sunday, we all went to church; the father for the first time since his bereavement. During a walk which he took with me after luncheon he again approached the subject of the sketches, and after some seeming hesitation as to whether he should confide in me or not, he said: "Your writing to me by name from the inn at Litchfield was one of those inexplicable circumstances that I suppose it is impossible to clear up. I knew you, however, directly I saw you; when those about me considered my intellect was disordered, and that I spoke incoherently, it was only because I saw things that they did not. Since her death I know with a certainty, that nothing will ever disturb, that at different times I have been in the actual and visible presence of my daughter that is gone—oftener, indeed, just after her death than latterly. Of the many times that this has occurred, I distinctly remember once seeing her in a railway carriage speaking to a person sitting opposite; who that person was I could not ascertain, as my position seemed to be immediately behind him. I next saw her at a dinner-table, with others, unquestionably, I saw yourself. I afterwards learned that at that time I was considered to be in one of my longest and most violent paroxysms, as I continued to see her speaking to you, in the midst of a large assembly, for some hours. Again I saw her standing by your side, while you were engaged either in writing or drawing. I saw her once afterwards, but the next time I saw yourself was in the inn parlour."

The picture proceeded with the next day and on the day after the face was completed, and afterwards I brought it with me to London to finish. I have often seen Mr. L. since that period; his health is perfectly re-established and his manner and conversation are as cheerful as can be expected within a few years of so great a bereavement. The portrait now hangs in his bedroom, with the print and the two sketches by the side, and written beneath is: "C. L., 13th September, 1853, aged twenty-two."

AN ENGLISH GHOST STORY.

A Specter in a Dog-Cart.

The breed of ghosts appears to be not quite extinct in England yet. Seldom, however, has one of these shadowy visitants the hardihood to expose itself to such unobstructed and point-blank investigation as did the phantom which introduced itself the other day in England to Mr. C— G—, the son of the well-known Admiral C— G—.

One day at the beginning of this month Mr. C— G— was going to call on the duke of R— at B— castle, and he probably did not trouble his head much about things hereafter, when he found himself at a small country station, some miles from his destination, with no vehicle to get him over the muddy country lanes in between. After worrying round a bit, however, he succeeded in hiring a trap—a common-place dog-cart enough, with nothing ghostly about it, and a horse that looked as if, with good management, it might hang together in this life for a few weeks yet. Not a man was to be found who could accompany him to look after the beast; so, having done grumbling, Mr. C— G— took the reins himself and started for B— castle. Nor was there anything to suggest ghosts in the drive there; and the duke of R— was as real and fleshy as a well-conducted duke ought to be. So far, then, the odds seemed all against a ghost finding room to come into the day's events. When Mr. C— G—, however, had got half way back to the station he passed a pond by the roadside which he had not noticed on his way out. Turning round to look at it, he was astonished to find that there was another man on the trap, sitting back to back to himself. The stranger was to all appearances a farm laborer, dressed in corduroy and red neck-cloth. Mr. C— G— at once concluded that his companion had been sent after him by the inn-keeper from whom he had hired the trap; but what puzzled him was how and where a stout farm laborer with hobnailed boots could have climbed up without his feeling it. The shortest way to settle this was to ask him; but, unfortunately, the intruder paid no attention to the question, and seemed quite unconscious of anything when Mr. C— G— shouted comonplaces on the weather at the top of his voice. Nothing remained, therefore, but to whip up the dilapidated horse and while away the rest of the journey with cursing the inn-keeper who could find no better man to send him than a deaf and dumb farm laborer. On arriving at the inn Mr. C— G— handed the reins back to the stranger and walked into the house. Meeting the landlord his first remark was naturally on the sort of man the other had seen fit to send after him.

"What man?" was the reply; "I sent no man after you."

"Surely you did," said Mr. C— G— "a man in corduroy, with a red scarf around his neck."

"Good God, sir," returned the other, "that man was drowned an hour ago, and is up stairs now!"

"Nonsense. He is in your trap now, come and see."

Our Jubilee. A Pentecostal Feast—Celebration of the 35th Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism by the Church of the New Spirit and Dispensation, 133 Clinton Avenue, below Myrtle, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 30th, 31st and April 1st, 1883.

ORDER OF EXERCISES. Friday evening, March 30th, 7:30 P. M., singing by the choir and congregation, of an original ode, written by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Baltimore, Md.

Opening address by Hon. A. H. Dailey, President of the Society. An address, "The Leaven of Spiritualism," by Rev. C. P. McCarthy. "Materialism or Spiritualism, which will you choose?" D. M. Cole.

Spirit rappings on the platform through the mediumship of Mrs. Julia Hindley, of New York City, at all the meetings. Saturday, March 31st, 10:30 A. M.: Opening address by Mrs. Milton Rathbun, New York City. Subject: "How can we best sustain, aid and develop True Mediumship." Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, of Boston, Dr. J. V. Mansfield, New York City, Mr. J. Clegg Wright, of Liverpool, England, and Mrs. T. B. Stryker will make short addresses.

2:30 P. M.: Organization as applied to local work. Addresses by Miss A. M. Beecher, Prof. S. Chase, Hon. A. H. Dailey. 7:30 P. M. sharp: A veteran and pioneer meeting. Opening address by Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, of New York City, the first trance speaker ever developed in this country. Charles Partridge, of New York City, will give an account of his visit to Hydesville, his conversion and his bringing the Fox girls to New York City. Dr. J. V. Mansfield will give some early reminiscences, and see spirits and give names. Closing address by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Elm Grove, Mass.

Sunday, April 1st, 10:30 A. M.: How can we best interest the young in Spiritualism. Addresses by Prof. S. Chase, Miss A. M. Beecher, W. C. Bowen and Mr. Le Grand Douglass, President of Young Peoples' Union. Songs and recitations by the children. 2:30 P. M.: Address through the organism of Mr. J. Clegg Wright. Subject: "The present and future outlook for Spiritualism from the spirit side of view."

7:30 P. M.: Retrospective and Prospective. Short addresses by Judge A. H. Dailey, W. C. Bowen, Prof. S. Chase, Mrs. T. B. Stryker, Miss A. M. Beecher, Rev. C. P. McCarthy, D. M. Cole and others. Spirit Phenomena: Dr. J. V. Mansfield, the world renowned spirit Postmaster, will be present at all meetings, ten cents. Seven tickets sold for fifty cents. Committee: S. B. Nichols, Chairman; Col. John D. Graham, Sec'y, Hon. A. H. Dailey, Treasurer. Music Committee: Mr. George Middleton, Mrs. Minters, Mrs. Wheeler and Mr. Noey.

Cassadaga. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Cassadaga Lake as a summer resort for the Spiritualists, seems to meet the want of this region better than the most sanguine at the commencement had hoped for. Three years ago people laughed at the idea of its becoming more than a resort for local picnic parties, and controlled, as outsiders thought, by a handful of Spiritualists seeking ease and a quiet hour more than the interest of the people at large.

The desirableness of the location, it being but ten miles from Lake Erie, and 800 feet above the lake, and easy of access, and charmingly located both as to scenery and susceptibility to catch the cool zephyrs from Lake Erie and the lake it borders, and nestled as it is among the great pines and hemlocks which have been five hundred years or more preparing for its advent, insures its success for all time. To-day, it is not immodest to say that it is an institution which concerns the nation, for such is the fact. Representatives from all adjoining States at least, and from all classes of society, were to be seen last season among the campers and the indications this year are, that the rush will be greater than ever. The design is now to have an amphitheatre erected upon the grounds, with a capacity of seating from three to four thousand people, in time for the August meetings. The building is to be after the plan of the one at Fair Point, with an improvement in the way of a movable platform, which can be easily adjusted to the size desirable for ordinary meetings, for exhibitions of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, for amateur theatrical entertainments, and for semi-weekly dances, which, by the way, are to be an interesting feature of Cassadaga camp life the coming season, as they will be managed by A. J. Damon, and enlivened by his famous orchestra. A brass band will furnish music during the day, led by John Eggers, the cornetist. For the amphitheatre above mentioned subscription papers are already in circulation, and are meeting with good success. It is expected the enthusiasm in this direction will reach a desirable point during the annual picnic which occurs the 9th and 10th of June. The speakers engaged for August are:

J. W. Fletcher, Lyman C. Howe, James E. Emerson, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Mrs. A. H. Colby, W. W. King, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Tuttle, J. Frank Baxter, Judge R. S. Mc Cormick, and Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham. Others are expected with whom engagements have not yet been definitely made.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum inaugurated last season by Mr. Thomas Lees of Cleveland, is from this time on to receive the attention which it needs to insure the perfect success of this very desirable department for present and future benefits. Miss Hattie Myers of Jamestown is devoting considerable time to this department, and it is to be hoped she will meet with that encouragement from friends in different localities which timely assistance gives.

THOS. B. BUEL, Secretary. Laona, N. Y., March 5th, 1883.

Mark Twain says there is something very fascinating about science—it gives you such wholesale returns of confidence for such trifling investments of facts.

MOTHERS READ. Cases—About nine years ago I had a child two years old and almost dead. The doctor had attended her could not tell what ailed her. I asked him if he did not think it was worms. He said no. However, this did not satisfy me, as I felt convinced in my own mind that she had. I obtained a bottle of Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE (gentle) I gave her a teaspoonful in the morning and another at night, after which she passed seventy-two worms and was well child. Since then I have never been without it in my family. The health of my children remained so good that I had neglected watching their actions until about three weeks ago, when two of them presented the same sickly appearance. Fanny did nine years ago. So I thought it must be worms, and went to work at once with a bottle of Dr. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE between four of my children, their ages being as follows: Alice, 8 years; Charley, 4 years; Emma, 6 years; John, 9 years. Now comes the result: Alice and Emma came out all right, but Charley passed sixty-five and Johnny about sixty worms. The result was so gratifying that I spent two days in showing the wonderful effect of your Vermifuge around my office, and now have the worms on exhibition in my store.

Yours truly, JOHN PIPER. The genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is manufactured only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa., and bear the signatures of C. McLANE and Fleming Bros. It is never made in St. Louis or Wheeling. Be sure you get the genuine. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

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