



THE HOME CIRCLE.

In this column will be published original accounts of spirit presence, and practical phenomena of every kind, which have been witnessed in the past or that may be observed from time to time in private households...

Spirit Communication.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: A few years since I was sitting alone in my own home when my hand began to prickle...

"My name is Sarah J. Canney. I died of quick consumption in South Franklin, Mass. I took a severe cold and never got over it. Life was very sweet to me, for when I passed on I was only sixteen years old, and everything in your world seemed bright and beautiful..."

A Vision.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I have been a steadfast friend and constant reader of the JOURNAL for some years, believing that it is the sincere champion of pure and unadulterated Spiritualism...

"Atlantis."

Scientists now generally agree that the "Atlantis" of the ancients was an island of continental dimensions between the West Indies and the west coast of Africa, now buried beneath the waters of the Pacific Ocean...

Michigan has, by actual count, over five hundred small inland lakes.

Hersford's Acid Phosphate.

IN LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES. Dr. O. G. CHILLEY, Boston, says: "I have used it with the most remarkable success in dyspepsia, and derangement of the liver and kidneys."

his activities had been so exclusively of a purely intellectual kind, that no available conception of a life beyond that of the physical body, had ever found a lodgment with him. Hence when loosed from the bodily organism, he did not gravitate toward the regions of spirit life, but was held in slavish bondage to his old earthly surroundings...

CONFIRMED BY SCIENCE.

"Some of the scientists of the world have decided that Spiritualism is a fact and no trick, though unscrupulous persons put their powers to improper use. I have no more doubt of a future life than I have of this, nor of my ability to return in spirit and body to this earth..."

BEN. F. WADE'S EXPERIENCE.

"He was sitting in his office in West Jefferson one day, when his wife entered and asked when he would be ready to go to dinner. He replied, 'presently.' While waiting for him she picked up a pencil. Suddenly her hand began to move, while the pencil scratched rapidly away. The writing read: 'Washington, D. C.—Ben. F. Wade: I died last night at 10 o'clock, Stevens.' 'What Stevens?' Mr. Wade asked. 'Thad Stevens,' wrote the pencil. Sure enough, the papers arrived that evening with the information of Thad Stevens' death at 10 o'clock the night before."

A REAL ESTATE MAN'S METAPHYSICS.

W. B. Sheppard, real estate dealer at Court and Walnut, says: "I think Spiritualism is growing rapidly, though not obviously, as it were. There is a large growing liberality in the pulpits in favor of Spiritualism. I meet persons every day who are investigating the subject, and know hundreds of church members who are strong Spiritualists..."

Aids to Earth-bound Spirits.

Through the Mediumship of Mrs. H. A. Whittier, of Boston—Prepared for the Religio-Philosophical Journal from a Record of the Seances, by Herman Snow.

No. 6.

THE EARTH BOUND PROFESSOR.

After becoming fixed, somewhat more deeply than usual, in her abstranded condition, Mrs. W. said, "I see myself standing directly before myself, one of my personalities being in the chair, and the other standing a little way in front of it. The last named seems to be the center of my intelligence, though with something like a telephonic connection I still use the physical organs of the other for speaking. My spirit guide stands by my side, and tells me that he is going to take me with him to a distance; it is some where in Connecticut that he says we are going. But before we leave, a spirit of advanced years while in the earthly life—a grandfather of mine it proves to be—is placed in close connection with the body-form in the chair as a sort of guard, and retaining force whilst my spirit self is away at a distance. Now we move onward easily and rapidly, over various scenes of earthly life and activity; I note especially a large river with steamboats and sailing craft upon it. At length we reach the special destination of our journey; it is a place where there are large buildings used for educational purposes; I think that there is a college or university here, of long standing, as feel influences—not altogether pleasant—of many generations, who have passed through this kind of life. A narrow, creed-bound theology has been at work here, the influences of which still linger. But the natural scenery of the surroundings, is of a very lovely and attractive character."

"We now go down toward the water where some kind of a steamer is just leaving the wharf; and soon a small, but very neat and clean yacht, with but one mast, is seen following in the same direction. Now it gets into the wake of the steamer and is tossed about in rather a risky manner. I feel troubled about it. I do not see clearly how, and by whom this yacht is managed, but I think that there are only two persons on board. There, it has capsized! And now I see one of the men clinging to the part still above the water; but this only for a brief space when he suddenly falls backward and disappears beneath the surface. I think that some kind of a convulsion must have seized him, so suddenly did he lose his hold. The accident does not seem to have been seen from the steamer, as its course is continued without interruption. But from the shore, all has been seen, and many boats at once put out for a rescue. It is too late, however, as the man is sinking for the last time when the first boat reaches the locality. But very promptly, a grappling-iron apparatus is rigged and so successfully used that almost immediately the body is secured and drawn into the boat. The drowned man seems to have been about 26 years of age; was tall, with light hair and complexion, and well dressed. The name, as given me, is Russel, the son of a Dr. Charles Russel. I now see them making efforts to resuscitate the drowned man, but without success."

HELD IN SLAVISH BONDS.

Now came in what seemed to be the especial object of our seance, what had thus far been given, having been a retrospective vision of the leading events attending the departure of our subject from the physical body. This was about twelve years ago, and it was seen that all this while the young man had been lingering in his spirit form, amid the books and collegiate exercises of his former life, having for a long time been unconscious that he had passed through what was called death. He had been a person of large intellectual attainments, being a professor or teacher of mathematics in the institution of learning with which he was connected. But

about the room, playing delicious music, occasionally resting on some one's lap. A small harp that Mr. Shepard kept in his room was also used. Once the harp rested on my lap, and I asked a spirit friend to play "Home, Sweet Home!" It complied. When out of tune, you can hear the instrument being tuned in the air. The best test of the reality of Spiritualism occurred to me at one of Mr. Shepard's seances. I have on my finger here a plain gold ring, which you see, and which it is impossible to remove. It is my mother's engagement ring, and has been on that finger twenty years. At this seance a spirit called my attention to the ring and repeated the circumstances, date of the engagement, and my mother's maiden name which was engraved inside. When the spirit said my mother's name was Caroline, I corrected it, insisting it was Charlotte, but the spirit persisted in its being Caroline. I became skeptical, but on returning, I looked at some old family records, and found her name was Caroline, and

THE SPIRITS WERE RIGHT.

"Of course, I believe my mother was standing by and gave the information. I think Mrs. Annie Cooper, of Louisville, is one of the finest materializing, trumpet and slate writing mediums I have ever met. Other mediums of note are Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Laura Carter, Mrs. Lizzie Green, of Aurora, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Siering and others."

"What is a trumpet communication?" "We form in a circle in a darkened room, with the medium on one end of the circle. A tin trumpet, about three feet long, six inches in diameter at the base and half an inch at the point, is placed on a chair in the middle, and when a spirit desires to communicate with one in the circle the trumpet floats over and lightly touches such person on the head and speaks to him in whatever language the listener understands. Sometimes the spirit speaks in the tone of voice as when on earth, sometimes shouts, and again whispers. My mother once appeared before me in one of Mrs. Faulkner's cabinet seances and grasped my hand, after presenting me with a rose which I preserve to this day."

EXPERIENCE OF AN EDITRESS.

Mrs. Annie Laurie Quinby, editress of the *Egis*, says: "My first understanding of Spiritualism in a scientific light was in New Orleans at the age of 22, when spirit rappings first transpired, and I soon became a medium. We had table rappings first, and from that developed clairvoyance. When I became a clairvoyant I told a great many things which actually occurred. One incident is fresh in my memory now. My brother once sent me a lady and her child to board in the South, and while seated about the supper table the first morning after their arrival the figure of a man appeared on my right, and pointing to the child said nothing could save it from death within the next few days. The child did not appear sick, but six days later died from spasms."

"Another time I saw a lovely child in a beautiful, transparent country, who told me her age, circumstances of her death, relatives, etc., and sent a communication to its mother in a beautiful verse. When I related the circumstance a moment later, a lady who was present declared it to be her lost child."

"Yes, I think Spiritualism is a beautiful philosophy. I have been instrumental in exposing several frauds—alleged spiritual mediums. I do not accept pay for my services, nor do I practice clairvoyance at all. My time is entirely occupied in restoring woman to her proper position in society."

CONSORTS ONLY WITH THE LEVEL-HEADED.

Judge M. H. Tilden says: "I began to inquire into the mysteries of Spiritualism in 1850, but have kept studiously aloof from all save the most level-headed in order to keep myself level-headed—retain my individuality, as it were. I do this from the firm conviction that at least two-thirds of those who launch into Spiritualism become crazy on the subject. When I began to investigate I was too much of an atheist for a young man, and had strong convictions against Spiritualism, but was so favorably impressed with what I saw and heard that I have since coupled Spiritualism with the old and new philosophies and metaphysics, and I have been brought into the belief that there does exist a future, but unknowable realm. I am no Spiritualist, in the common acceptance of the term, but am only an investigator yet. I really think that there are more men in the civilized world who think as I do—that spiritual manifestations do occur, as the history of the world will prove, than there are Protestants and Catholics. There is no organization of Spiritualists in Cincinnati, but Mr. Kinsey is probably recognized as the head of the belief here."

A VERY CONVINCING INCIDENT.

"I do not attend seances. There was one incident in my life which is to me convincing beyond a doubt:

"When I was on the Superior bench I was an intimate friend of Judge Minor. One Saturday evening the Judge and I were talking over the subject, and it was agreed between us that whichever one of us died first he was to appear before the other and inform him whether or not Spiritualism is a fact or a myth. Next day I left the city, and a couple of days after I went to Chicago. At the breakfast table of the Palmer House, a couple of days later, my son informed me that a celebrated medium, Mrs. Hollis, was at the hotel. I called on her. Her method of communication was in a darkened room. She was seated in one corner, and my son and I were seated near the middle of the room. Suddenly a voice in the corner directly opposite to that in which the medium sat, said: 'Some one wishes to converse with Judge Tilden. Now, the medium did not know my name, and the papers had not arrived yet. I asked who it was. A moment later a voice entirely different, but strikingly familiar, said:

"Good morning, Judge. You see I was the first to come here." "I don't understand you," I replied, forgetting the arrangement I had made with my old friend. He then repeated our agreement to come back, adding, "I am glad to be afforded the opportunity of keeping my promise, and informing you at the same time that Spiritualism is a truth," and then proceeded to explain: "The day after you left the city, I went to Washington and returned in a day or two. This morning I took the car to Plum St. as usual, and a moment after I got off, was prostrated with a stroke of apoplexy, and died a few minutes later." This is only one of the thousands of incidents illustrative of the truth of Spiritualism which has come under my immediate observation."

A STORY OF PERSECUTION.

D. M. White, real estate agent at Court and Walnut, says: "I was a practicing physician with a splendid practice, and a prominent member of the Methodist church, when I began my investigations of Spiritualism in 1858; but when it became known that I really believed in spiritual manifestations I was requested to either denounce Spiritualism or resign from the

Experiences and Wonderful Materializations.

Probably one of the most conscientious and best posted lady Spiritualists of Cincinnati is Mrs. A. G. W. Carter, widow of the late Judge Carter, who was himself among the foremost in the faith. When questioned regarding her experience, she replied that it was impossible for her to tell all she knew, as it would fill a volume, and she positively objected to newspaper notoriety. Questioning, however, elicited the following story of how she came to embrace the faith:

"Many years ago I lived in the East. My parents were strict Baptists, and sought to raise their children as such. My oldest brother, however, was an infidel, and ridiculed the idea of the soul existing after death. About this time the Fox sisters (one of them, Katie, now Mrs. Underhill, being the author of the recent great work on Spiritualism, 'The Missing Link'), then in their 16th and 18th years, and the founders of the faith, were giving entertainments in our town, and my infidel brother determined to go.

"CONVINCING AN INFIDEL BROTHER. I concluded to go with him as a precaution. I did not want him to give vent to his infidel ideas. The sisters passed about the circle, and each was given an opportunity to ask for news from the Spirit-world. When his turn came my brother asked if there was any one who knew him. Three raps informed him 'yes.' Would he tell his name. 'Yes.' And the name of our young brother and the circumstances of his death were spelled out. He had fallen on the ice and injured his head, from the effects of which he died. We were comparative strangers there, and no one knew of our brother's death, but it was related just as it had occurred. We were convinced. My brother's wife also embraced the faith. One evening she said: 'If there is anything in this faith we surely are able to have our own rappings at home here,' and we gathered about the table, and she asked the questions. They were answered, and she developed into a powerful medium. When my brother died he promised to return, and he did."

A HOME CIRCLE.

"Every evening his little boys would sit at the table and communicate with their father, and he would tell them wherein they had done wrong during the day. They kept it up to this day. One of the children always insisted on having an extra chair at the table beside him for the beautiful little boy, who played with him, yet who was invisible to all save him. Thus, yet I became a Spiritualist. My husband, who died Feb. 21st last, has often said: 'Oh, that I could leave this old body for a new one!' Yes, the faith is that the so-called death is an exchange of an old house for a new one."

"Why, I had a Gypsy experience in New York State that will fill a volume, which I propose publishing some day. I will not tell it now, for people will think it a fairy tale." "Mr. Joseph Kinsey," continued Mrs. Carter, "has become one of the most wonderful mediums of the day, and the wonderful things that have occurred at the private seances held by Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey, Dr. and Mrs. Jackson, and my husband and myself in the past four years would set us before the public as crazy people if we made them public."

A WONDERFUL BOY.

"There is a boy in this city, about sixteen, named Walters, who promises to be one of the most powerful mediums of the day. He is a slate writer, and catches long sentences and pictures on his slate. He is conscientious, and will not go among the rich for money, but serves the poor free of charge. His materialization of what the spirits write on the wall and in the air is wonderful. My husband was a Spiritualist long before we were married, and he has made many sacrifices for his faith; been characterized as a crank, which he endured with fortitude."

A TENDER MEMORY.

Mr. Bolly Lewis, the well-known and popular clerk of the Gibson House, can be classed among the staunchest disciples of Spiritualism in the city. He says: "The mysteries of the faith are hard to get at, and I have never probed it. I embraced the faith through my deceased wife, who was a life-long believer, and the subject is so firmly linked with her memory that I would prefer to decline giving any of my experience to the public. There are mediums of different phases, though I know of no especially distinguished one in Cincinnati. I do not attend seances, as a rule, but hold Mrs. Cooper, of Louisville, in high esteem as an independent slate writer. Among the prominent Spiritualists of my acquaintance are Dr. Wolfe, of 146 Smith St., who is the author of a very interesting and enlightening work on Spiritualism; also Messrs. Ben Hopkins, Jos. Kinsey, Jos. Megrue, Henry Von Puhl, Judge Tilden and others."

A DOCTOR WHO SUCCEMS.

Dr. A. Zipperlin, of 23 Webster St., relates a very interesting story of his experience as a Spiritualist: "In 1853 I had under my treatment, a young girl who was a powerful clairvoyant. She talked Spiritualism to me, and finally after I had treated her physically, and she had treated me spiritually for two years, I was a confirmed believer in Spiritualism, and nothing can ever shake my faith. She convinced me by communicating with a friend of mine who had died 20 years ago in the old country, before I had come to this country, and of which no one knew, thus convincing me beyond a doubt of an existence after death. I had never examined the phenomena of slate writing, until the death of my son in 1881, and until then regarded it as tricky. But several months after his death I was induced to visit Mrs. Laura Carter, a very successful slate writer, whose slate writing startled me, and every week thereafter I visited her with some member of my family, and communicated with my son in the Spirit-world, each time experiencing new tests. Spiritualism in this city is growing rapidly, and to-day there are

FULLY 15,000 BELIEVERS

in Cincinnati. The increase is due to the curiosity of many who are attracted to seances from hearing of the wonderful results accomplished. If a person attends a seance in a perfectly passive frame of mind he can have communication with a spirit friend, but if he is very anxious to hear from them they will fall to respond. Joseph Swerberger is a man who has made a large number of converts in this city, especially among the Catholics, who embrace both faiths. One of the most powerful mediums with whom I have been intimate was Jesse Shepard. I attended seances with him for a long time. He would sit and play the piano while the spirits would converse. We always commenced our seances with a religious song, as one of our meetings Judge Carter, deceased, used to do."

"THEY ARE TAKING OFF MY SHOES" When the lights were turned up later, and the door unlocked, the shoes were found on the floor. Frequently a guitar would be seen in place on the floor and









For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Encouragement.

BY C. W. COOK.

Joy, comfort and love, purity, peace. At your heart shall abide and ever increase...

Warned of Death's Call.

Valley Cottage is a station on the West Shore Railroad, midway between Nyack and Rockland Lake, N. Y. John Ryder was the most prominent man in the place...

Miss Anna E. Carroll.

After waiting nearly a quarter of a century, Miss Anna E. Carroll, of Maryland, has received justice, the court of claims having decided in favor of her claim for recompense for services during the war of the Rebellion...

Victor Hugo.

Last night at Lincoln Hall was held a large and enthusiastic meeting in memory of the life and services of Victor Hugo. Victor Hugo, a man of a brief introductory speech and was followed by Miss Keyser (a young girl not twelve years of age) reciting in a remarkably accurate and artistic manner...

Almost all the Southern States have a nearly equal number of each sex. In Massachusetts the females between twenty and fifty years of age exceed the males of the same age by about 44,000.

The Voice of the People.

The people, as a whole, seldom make mistakes, and the unanimous voice of praise which comes from those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, fully justifies the claim of the proprietor of this great medicine.

Japanese girls are said to have small, plump hands and to use their finger-nails as pens when writing love-letters.

"That tired feeling" from which you suffer so much, particularly in the morning, is entirely thrown off by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Garlic among the Greeks was held in such abhorrence that any person who partook of it was regarded as profane. The Romans, on the contrary, gave it to their soldiers with the idea that it excited their courage, and to laborers to strengthen them.

"Yes, the other may be just as good," perhaps, but I prefer Mr. K. Brown's Blue Jamaica Ginger.

New England manufacturers 100,000,000 pairs of boots and shoes annually. The city of Lynn alone last season turned out a product worth \$30,000,000.

It Will Save Your Life.

Everybody knows the symptoms attending coughs and colds, but the dangerous character of these ailments is not so well understood. When a cold settles upon the lungs, if the blood is tainted with serofula, or the system is weak, Catarrh or Consumption is sure to follow.

Spitting of Blood.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me entirely. Mrs. R. Campbell, Woodville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled, for five years, with an affection of the throat and lungs, coughing severely the whole time. I used different preparations, and was treated by several physicians, without effect. I finally tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and before finishing one bottle was completely cured."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has effected many wonderful cures. Mrs. Mary K. Whitcomb, Hartford, Conn., writes: "Some years ago my mother had an obstinate cough, with severe pains in the chest, and several attacks of bleeding from the lungs. She was very much reduced in strength, and believed herself about to become a victim of Consumption."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

She did so, and by its use was restored to perfect health. Since her recovery the Pectoral has been her sole dependence for colds, coughs, and all similar troubles, which it has never failed to cure.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., (Analytical Chemists), Lowell, Mass. For sale by all Druggists.

Catarrh prevails in this country to an alarming extent. It is a troublesome and disgusting disease, usually induced by neglected colds, and, if allowed to become chronic, produces Bronchitis, and often terminates in Consumption. Ernest H. Darrah, Tolleboon, Ky., writes: "A year ago I was afflicted with Catarrh. One bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me."

It Cured Me

of this troublesome complaint, when other remedies afforded no relief." Dr. F. Schley, Fredericktown, Md., writes: "In pulmonary cases, of anaemic character, or of catarrhal origin, I find Ayer's Cherry Pectoral invaluable." Dr. F. E. Pape, Sandusky, Ohio, writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and, in connection with Ayer's Pills, find it an invaluable remedy for colds, coughs, and the inflammations that follow them upon the throat and lungs."

HALL OF FAME PROFESSOR OF PERSPECTIVE AND THE HARMONY OF COLOR AND PAINTING IN OILS AND DRAWING

Frightful Case of a Colored Man. I contracted a fearful case of blood poison in 1888. I was treated with the old remedies of Mercury and Potash, which brought on rheumatism and impaired my digestive organs.

BEYOND THE SUNRISE. OBSERVATIONS BY TWO TRAVELERS. This curious and fascinating book which has already excited great interest, treats of Dreams, Premonitions, Visions, Psychology, Clairvoyance, Theosophy, and kindred theories.

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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE. The people, as a whole, seldom make mistakes, and the unanimous voice of praise which comes from those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, fully justifies the claim of the proprietor of this great medicine.

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A MYSTERY EXPLAINED. A Warning to the Gullible.

What was the matter with Walter? We had known him for over a year, as a warm-hearted, clever and jolly fellow, ready for any good-natured frolic, and open in heart and purse to his less fortunate friends.

One evening, while I was seated in my office, reading the news, enjoying a much-deserved rest after a day's hard work at the bedside of suffering humanity, I was surprised to see Walter saunter in unannounced, and nervously drop into a near chair.

That evening found us groping our way up two flights of narrow stairs, at No. — State Street. We dropped into a small room and the presence of Mr. Sleek, who evidently relished not my accompanying Walter.

Had Walter turned such a crank? I could not believe it. I knew him of too sound and well-balanced a mind for such tangential capers; yet Walter was by no means himself.

Some months ago he had called "for the fun of it," on a "medium," a lady. She had received him with a vulgar familiarity, seating herself at his side on a sofa, to "form a battery."

Yes, Walter was convinced, — too much so. He now veered completely around, as the wind will before a storm; and what a storm it was to become! He believed everything coming from that "medium," the first one who furnished him with proof of immortality.

I was more puzzled than ever. But I resolved to do my best to "save him," though I then knew not of what. Walter was too fine a fellow to lose in this way. I knew that his nerves were too highly strung, and in a day or two more it might be too late.

Was Walter mad? Was I too late? In this mood, he would do anything. But I dared not approach him openly, and to save him from the impending danger I must not address him, no more than I would a somnambule walking the cornice of a high structure.

fruits efforts at lifting the veil, he drifted towards a "direct writing medium," whose wonderful performances had completely upset him and his supposed wisdom. It was this medium who had convinced our skeptic, Deception was impossible; this, at least, was genuine. So thought Walter!

In short—after several sittings with this "wonderful medium," during which a mass of direct messages were obtained by Walter from most every corner of spirit land, these communications gradually focused to the necessity of "setting up" this medium with a sum of money, so that he would be placed beyond the earthiness of earth, to enable him to calm the pain, "that the sufferings of the poor caused his sympathetic heart."

Now do not call Walter a fool; he was not. That is, no more than the rest of us. "Remember the circumstances, and that what I relate took weeks to bring about. Walter was less gullible than most men; and yet, having strained at a gnat, he now swallowed a camel.

Walter added that the spirits had reduced the amount one-half, seeing his inability to raise more. On my natural question, "Why knew not the spirits that from the start?" Walter looked puzzled, and exclaimed: "Doctor, I have tried my best to discover fraud, but I cannot. I now ask you to aid me. Accompany me to-night. I know you will be convinced of Sleek's honesty."

That evening found us groping our way up two flights of narrow stairs, at No. — State Street. We dropped into a small room and the presence of Mr. Sleek, who evidently relished not my accompanying Walter.

After exchanging a few remarks on Spiritualism, during which he was evidently pumping me (and I let him pump), Sleek began the "manifestations" with the assurance that he knew not "what done them things," handing us a common cigar-box. It was without any alteration, containing but a piece of black velvet, "black, because an absorber of nature's forces, such as colors, magnetism," etc., as Sleek volunteered to explain.

I myself guided the paper into the box, and tied several yards of surgeon's silk I had with me around it. I did not let Sleek come near the box; and on opening it myself, with Sleek in the hall, after his usual passes, the paper was covered with writing!

What could I do? I did what we medical men always do, and what we have wisely copied from the clergy, when we are defeated and cannot answer,—I shrugged my shoulders and said nothing! This is done with an owl-like expression of wisdom.

I shall not repeat my experiments with this wonderful Sleek. It were carrying my story beyond all bounds. During several visits at Sleek's, I met some of our best citizens, all expressing their conviction. And so I take courage to add that I was at that time also convinced, but at a loss what to do with Walter, who was now more morose than ever, taking no food, no exercise, but brooding over the \$5,000 he could not raise.

Sleek nervously chewed the end of a penholder he held in his left hand, while, equally nervously, he was busy with the right hand, attempting to cover a vial with a newspaper. This drew my attention towards the vial, and Sleek was discovered! I saw but the lower right hand part of the label, and no more than "—ride" with "—atinum" under it.

A half hour later found me at Walter's rooms. I came none too early. Poor fellow, he was unable to properly co-ordinate his thoughts, and watched me in a dazed manner. I asked him to accompany me to my home. He would not go, saying he had some important business with Sleek that evening. It was this sleazy business I came to pre-

vent. But nothing could induce Walter to accompany me, till I concluded to make an exception for once, knowing under such extreme circumstances I could prevail on my wife to "sit" for him. I promised that any wife would fall in a trance for him. Walter became interested at once. "Doctor," he exclaimed, "your wife is honest herself. If the spirits tell me the same through her that she will through Sleek, will not you then side with me?" I promised everything. I felt he was laboring under a great excitement, and that an abrupt disclosure of Sleek's fraud would certainly unbalance him.

My wife kindly consented. She never sat but for me. She was soon entranced. I shall never forget the tenderness with which her control argued with poor Walter. How soothingly she spoke of his being in the hands of a dark souled villain. I was asked to retire, and when I returned I saw Walter in tears, tears of a soothing nature. The poor fellow looked like one awakened from a long frightful dream. I saw the change and touched not the subject.

Strangely enough, Walter assented with the eagerness of a boy. We adjourned to the parlor, and went through Sleek's mode of operation. Walter wrote: "If you can, oh! please write and tell me what to do?" I busied myself in another room to allay all suspicion. I let Walter call me in. He placed the paper in the box I provided; my wife did the "magnetizing" in good faith, being equally ignorant of my intentions. Walter himself opened the box. Picture his astonishment, if you can, when he saw a full page of close writing. He carefully read it. Poor fellow! His face twitched convulsively, with death-like pallor.

The next day a card was seen at No. — State Street, proclaiming to the homeless, "two rooms to let." Sleek had sneaked off ere vengeance could overtake him.

Query? Where is the harm done to Spiritualism in exposing frauds? In this case it saved a good fellow from worse than death, and proved the only way in which he could have become a Spiritualist.

"How was the direct writing done?" Ah, yes, my dear reader, the very knowledge that you would put that question has kept me from relating the above, all these many years. I fear that its answer would furnish but another method of deception to frauds, causing the gullible to be still more gullible!

Sleek wrote his "spirit messages" before the "séance," and had a number on hand for different occasions. The "magnetized" paper was such a sheet, and the "magnetized" piece of black velvet" was sufficiently impregnated with the corresponding chemical. Placing the prepared paper on this prepared velvet at once brought out the writing that had so effectually puzzled both Walter, myself and so many others. Sleek was a scoundrel. Are there more Sleeks?

Jefferson, Wis. J. C. HOFFMAN, M. D.

A Word of Caution.

Sometime since one H. Pettibone and wife, who claimed to be spiritual mediums, stopped at this place. They claimed to be independent slate-writing and materializing mediums. We found them to be very clever tricksters, well calculated to deceive. Before leaving, however, we detected them, and found them to be frauds. They paid all their bills here, but we learn that they left Cairo owing their bill for meals furnished. We heard a few days ago that they were at Street or in this State, and intended going to Chicago, thence to St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo., on their route, as they expressed it, around the world. They were detected here by Spiritualists, and all are satisfied that they are frauds. Their method of operating I could give, if wished, but a word of caution to Spiritualists I deem sufficient.

JOHN LINEGAR, Mound City, Ill., June 24th, 1885.

The society for promoting the use of Roman letters in the place of the German is fast extending in Germany. No young man born and bred in a Congregational Church in Hartford within the last fourteen years has become a minister. The franking privilege was abolished in Great Britain in 1840, and in the United States in 1873. The discontinuance of the privilege saved to the government of the country \$2,250,000 annually.

At Argenteuil, between Ascension Day and Whit Monday, there is annually exposed to the view of pilgrims, who journey from all parts of France to see it, the holy tunic of Christ, which tradition says was worn by the Savior from infancy to his death, and which grew as he grew and never wore out.

Inquirers and Inquiries. "M. A. (OXON.)" IN LIGHT, LONDON. No. 4.

In dealing with any subject so vast as this, I must necessarily have been very superficial; and I do not doubt that many readers will at once complain that nothing said by me at all touches their own case. It must be so, I fear; the needs of humanity are infinitely various, and I cannot hope to touch more than a few of them. But I have found that what was given to me in answer to my own needs was, in a remarkable degree, applicable to others like circumstanced; so I hope that general remarks may find particular application here also.

The difficulties, first of all, vanish in face of a determined will, a persistent and unwearied desire for success; and they will yield to nothing less, save in those rare cases where no difficulties are felt, because they have been smoothed away by those unseen guardians who have need of the co-operation of a selected person, who is irresistibly impelled to action without conscious choice. Difficulties there are for most of us, but none insuperable, only they do not yield to a careless investigation on an idle evening when there is nothing better to do. They may, indeed, be prolonged, but I should be surprised to find that they were in any case insuperable. Penetrating beyond the threshold is a matter of more difficulty, and few care to do what the old occult writers were right in requiring—to sacrifice self altogether with all that that highest of abnegations involves.

The risks are principally of our own making. The ordinary methods of a promiscuous circle of approaching the world of spirit would seem to be devised for the very purpose of incurring the maximum of risk with the minimum of satisfaction. I hope the day is not far distant when we shall agree to abandon such ill-advised procedure. There is risk there, so grave that it can hardly be exaggerated. But for the evenly-balanced mind, not to be thrown off its balance by the unknown and unexpected, there is no risk greater than that which besets our ordinary life. The unbalanced intellect when tried then falls, as it would do elsewhere. The enthusiast raves; the vain-glorious vaunts himself exceedingly; all the over-developed instincts or passions become rife under unthought stimulation. That is so, and must be so. But the even-minded, level headed incurs no risk, and soon learns his best lessons from the discipline necessarily imposed upon him by an intercourse that demands his whole self-command and the exercise of the best qualities of his nature. I see that it has been said that some risk to physical health is inseparable from this investigation. I have no such experience or belief. I believe that a constant attendance on promiscuous circles is, especially for the medium, whose vital powers are used, gravely fraught with risk. But I know no such risk as attendant on the same and well ordered investigation of a reasonable man.

In concluding what I have written on the difficulties, dangers, and risks, which I do not wish to minimize, I desire to add some few words on the other aspect of the question. If there be risks, there are blessings; if difficulties, success is to be won. If we leave the individual and pass to the general, if we take a broad view of Spiritualism, and ask what it has done for human thought, we have no reason to fear the result of the inquiry. Taking the term in its widest acceptance as implying the inquiry into, or the knowledge of, the means of communion between this world and the world of spirit, with all that that communion carries with it, Spiritualism has already conferred upon us benefits that we are, perhaps, slow to recognize.

As a corporate organization, its growth has been out of all proportion to that of any body that has preceded it. Its adherents—infinitely varying in minute shades of opinion, but of one accord in important matters—are numbered to an extent which no census can gauge in every country under heaven. Even where open adherents are not found, secret belief obtains to an unknown extent. Even when no special profession of faith has been made, the belief of the Spiritualist has permeated the thinking classes, especially in respect of matters of religious faith. It has made, for instance, the old idea of God obsolete and repulsive, eternal fire a savage myth, and the hard literal interpretation of the Scriptures a crude and childish folly. It has refined, spiritualized, and elevated our conceptions. If it be contended that they would have been elevated anyway by the progress of human thought, I am not concerned to deny it. I only say that Spiritualism has been one of the expressions of the progress of human thought. I do not believe in any progress of that kind apart from the inspiration of spirit.

More than all, it has cut at the very root of dogmatism and intolerance. It has taught a man to think aloud, to have the courage of his opinions, and to leave to others the responsibility for theirs; to lend an attentive ear to whatever of new truth may come from whatever unlikely source, and to cherish with loving veneration whatever of the old truth man has spared in spite of his theological systems.

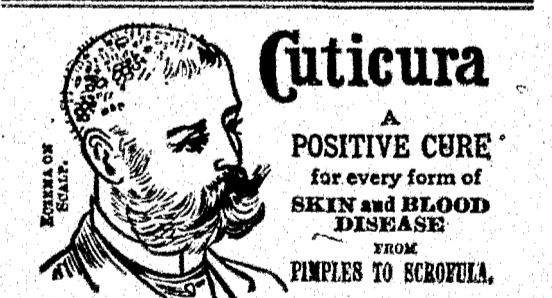
Most of all, perhaps, it has made religion a matter of daily life to those who before regarded it as a thing for high days and holidays. For if a man makes his future by the acts and habits of his daily life, how should he not live always as in the very presence of death? This, in Eastern phraseology, is in part the doctrine of Karma—the accretion in the earth-life of an individuality which will survive the dissolution of the personality.

and which will determine its own future state by the action of inexorable law. If this idea be once grasped as an energizing factor in the daily life, most else may contentedly be left alone. Blessed would be the man whose acts were so governed! Blessed the State whose citizens were actuated by such potent motives!

General News.

In wealth Indiana ranks seventh in the Union.—The King of Greece is the founder of a dynasty.—Francis Joseph became Emperor of Austria by an act of abdication.—An eminent physician has discovered that nutmegs are poisonous.—The sword which the Czar gave to Komaroff is made of Damascus steel.—King Humbert was seventeen years old before a kingdom of Italy existed.—The King of the Belgians is the only European sovereign who was born to a throne and reached it.—The number of children of school age in the Argentine Republic is 503,590, but only 146,325 actually attend school.—Queen Victoria has just lost her favorite dog, Noble, that had been her constant companion in her walks for more than twelve years.—A French musician has caused quite a sensation in Paris by declaring that piano playing degrades the whole science of music by bringing it down to a vulgar level.—July 22, 1885, will be remarkable hereafter as the date of the disappearance of the omnibus from Broadway in New York. Street cars will commence running on that day.—The ushers who acted at a wedding held in Baltimore two years ago were the pall bearers at the funeral of the bride last week, and invitations to attend the funeral were sent to all who had been invited to the wedding.—Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt makes excellent cake, and is especially successful with a certain kind of sponge cake of her own invention. Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, more practical, is noted among her acquaintances for her very fine bread.—The railroad system of Japan has attained a length of 225 miles, and is increasing steadily. It has been mainly built by the Japanese Government with native capital. The business results up to the present time have given no cause for dissatisfaction.—A section of famous Père La Chaise is devoted to the sepulchre of Mohammedans who die in Paris, and an extraordinary monument of a fabulous value is now being erected in the section. The model comes from Granada. Two thousand pieces of faience will be used in its construction, and almost all are dissimilar.

The greater portion of the mining town of Iron River, Michigan, was destroyed by an incendiary fire.—Much damage was done to crops, fences and buildings, and several lives lost, in the vicinity of Ashton, Dakota, by a storm.—Elijah Hipson has been arrested at Whitehall, Arkansas, for a murder committed in Greene County, Illinois, two years ago.—Three hundred blood Indians have left their reservation in northern Montana, and are journeying south to join the Piegiens in war upon the Crows and Gros Ventres.—James D. Fish, ex-President of the defunct Marine Bank of New York, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in Auburn penitentiary.—Mr. Spurgeon, the London divine, has created a profound sensation by the publication, under his own signature, of a scathing denunciation of immorality in the high official life of England. He furnishes a bill of particulars in support of his charges.—Arrangements are already making in England for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. The rumor that Her Majesty contemplates abdication upon this occasion receives little credence.—The gross receipts of the Chicago post-office for the twelve months ended March 30, were \$1,873,591, a decrease of \$23,291. The falling off is due to the reduction in the rate of letter postage.—At Barnesville, South Carolina, Rebecca Samuels, twelve years old was convicted of murdering an infant whom she was nursing, by soaking her in a pot of lye.—The old United States steamer Niagara, which was used in laying the first Atlantic cable, is to be burned at Apple Island for her metals.—In the case of George W. Richards, late chief clerk in the Census Bureau at Washington, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from acute alcoholism.—The venerable Charles Francis Adams is at death's door.—The rebellion against Chinese rule in Chinese Turkestan is spreading. At Kashgar the insurgents killed all the Chinese officials and native overseers, and cut off communication with the interior of China.



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