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DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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FROM HERE TO HEAVEN By Telegraph.

A Scientific Investigation of Occult Telegraphy, and Kindred Topics.

PAPER NO. 4.

Physical Demonstration Continued—
Trial of the Unfinished Box—Instrumental Duet—Cinchers on the Question of Secret Means—Personal Proof of the Source of Power.

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As stated in the closing paragraph of the last paper, I stopped to see Mr. Rowley and Dr. Wells on October 1, having with me the unfinished box. The box appeared to have all the essential parts in working order, but I knew that when the box was closed, a large amount of light was admitted through a space caused by the hinges not being sunk into the slate frame. This space did not show its weakness when the box was open as the lower side of each hinge was properly sunk, and Mr. Rowley did not hold the box up between himself and the window to test for leakage of light. He had no idea but that I considered the box finished and that I fully expected to see it work upon attaching it. Another point of difference at that time was that instead of a branch lever inclining upward from the middle of the main lever, I had curled a piece of brass into the form of a spiral like the mainspring of a watch, and had fastened the outer end of this under the thumbplate at the end of the lever. This brought the spiral vertically over the thumbplate, and the top of the spiral being a little too low to come near the underside of the slate, I raised and adjusted it with a broad thin wooden wedge, which I slipped in on the top of the thumbplate. This wedge nearly covered the thumbplate from view. I had no storage plates on the box yet, but a spiral wire was run through the inside of the box and fastened at the points opposite the proper location of the storage plates outside. These parts, however, were acknowledged nonessential, and had been demonstrated so by working his box without the wire in it connecting them.

Mr. Rowley opened the box, looked it over for a moment, said it appeared to be all right, and concluded to try it. We disconnected his and set it aside, connected mine, tested the connections by handling the key within, and he placed his hands upon it for trial. It was a "shocking" trial. Dr. Wells or his operator, John Rife, seemed determined to make it work, if possible, despite the daylight which I knew was streaming into it from under the back part of the lid.

After some five minutes thus spent in "exercising" Mr. Rowley, there were no further shocks administered, and seeing that they had quit trying, we took that box off and replaced Mr. Rowley's. No sooner was his connected than the sounder was full of snap, and obviously ready to explain the situation. Then came the following interview, all of which I give verbatim.

G.—Can you give any reason why you did not succeed in sending through my box?

Dr. W.—Too large for one thing; too luminous for another; a lack of a rubber lever that we have in this one, and a centre rivet on the thumbplate.

G.—What is the necessity for a rivet at that place?

Dr. W.—It is positive and attracts the current downward at that point, my noble duke. Nevertheless, currents could be so manipulated that they could be altered to suit your instrument. I would suggest that you use an elongated spring instead of a

curled one, as you get a more direct action. Remember, you are dealing with an extremely sensitive and subtle force. Which is it in your mind to-day; for ordination, or foreknowledge, or free moral agency untrammelled?

G.—I am hardly ready to give a final opinion. The matter is undergoing mental digestion.

Dr. W.—It is in statu quo then, since yesterday.

G.—Now, Doctor, what alteration would you advise me to make in this box; or shall I make a new one and make it smaller?

Dr. W.—Shut out the light; put on storage plates, and your elongated wire or metal spring about a sixteenth of an inch from the under side of the slate,—then, like a noted General of history,—"Trust in God and keep your power dry."

G.—Will it be necessary to change the brass lever for a rubber one?

Dr. W.—No; the brass lever is not a serious hindrance.

G.—Is there any one still endeavoring to control my hand for writing? I have been sitting according to agreement for more than two months, and although I often feel a strong influence in my arm, it is still not sufficient to make it write. Why does it not succeed?

Dr. W.—Too much on your mind. There is a noted electrician, B.—F.—, "poor" Benjamin, and others who wish to give you some important points in electricity that the world does not know now. Edison gets all of his that way, but not from them. You have too much on your mind to be passive enough for that class of manifestation; students and finances and blanks, and telegraphs and mental philosophy, and moral philosophy, household cares, meals, sleep, and various other minutiae, that it reminds me of the young lady I used to read about in my reader at school. You no doubt remember the place where she returned from college and enumerated the studies she had passed through, and said—here I quote verbatim—"The only wonder is that one head can contain it all." Very resp'y, Wells.

Dr. Whitney asked me if I had ever heard of any such piece. He said he had not, and Mr. Rowley said the same. I told them that it was in McGuffey's Reader which I used when I was a boy, and that I distinctly remembered that the young lady in question had but a very superficial education. They burst out laughing at me while the sounder put in hurriedly for

Dr. W.—"No reflections intended."

After the fun had subsided, I said:

G.—Well, Doctor, I shall make these alterations immediately, and we will try it again.

Dr. W.—Yes. Then sit an hour or as much more as you can, at least three times per week. Try it with patience. You can lay your hand on it, and read or study or do anything else you wish, so as not to make it so monotonous. Light reading preferred. Better to have no animals in the room during this time. No tobacco smoke under any circumstances. Spirits and smoke never go together, excepting in saloons, and that is ardent spirits, not our kind.

Dr. Whitney asked me if I smoked. I replied "No; I have no such habits of any kind."

Dr. W.—I only spoke so that if your friend comes in who smokes, you may ask him to desist.

G.—All right. Good-bye for to-day.

This interview speaks for itself and needs no further comment except that Dr. Wells's reference to the rivet in the thumbplate is further proof of his ability to observe some things which are not visible to Mr. Rowley. The wooden wedge on the top of my thumbplate prevented Mr. Rowley from seeing whether there was any rivet there or not. Even if Mr. Rowley could read my mind, (which Dr. Wells can but seldom do,) he could not have determined, for although I had used that key for more than five years, I did not know until Dr. Wells told me, that there was no rivet in the thumbplate.

After this interview, I took my box to my room, and immediately shut out the light by tacking a strip of thick, black, woolen goods all round the top of the box, altering the catch to suit. Then I put on storage plates and changed the curled spring for an elongated branch lever. I also drilled the thumbplate and put a brass-headed tack through it. These are all the changes that I made and with the box thus completed, I went on Monday, October 3d, to have it tried again; though this was the first time that I had any reason to expect it to work. It worked as reported at the close of the last paper, in less than one minute from the time it was attached. Several short sentences were said through it, but the letters were often badly bungled. However, enough had been done to demonstrate that "secret wires, springs, and other means" played no part in it, and for that purpose, one minute was as good as an hour. We then changed the boxes and the following interview ensued, which is also given entire and verbatim:

513 PROSPECT ST., CLEVELAND, Oct. 3, '87.

G.—What report have you to make on that, Doctor?

Dr. W.—It will work after a time if you stick to it; that is, if your magnetism is such that we can use it for telegraphy. Better adjust your key a little finer, though. It would be better for you not to have Mr. Rowley handle it much so as to mix the magnetic currents maintained from two different people. Make it as sensitive as you can and wait in patience.

G.—All right; I've got lots of patience.

Dr. W.—That's what Dr. Whitney would like to have—spelled differently. But how do you do to-day, Prof.?

G.—I am very well, thank you, Doctor, I am very much encouraged.

Dr. W.—I have something in mind for you to consider. Why cannot we and you together get up a series of lectures or classes or anything to advance science in general and of the spiritual school especially; taking in thinking people only and no numbskulls? Think it over and formulate something that we may talk over, if it meets your approbation in any way. Every one should have an opportunity who wants it and has mind enough to grasp it, and pocketbook enough to pay for it.

G.—I would be glad to do my part to the best of my ability, in carrying out any plan that will be of real benefit to the cause of science and spirit growth in particular. If some programme can be formed that will awaken general interest, and enable us to set the matter forth in the light that its importance deserves, I shall be willing to serve in whatever capacity I can do the most good.

Here followed some desultory conversation in which Dr. Wells took part, through the instrument, after which the regular business of the hour proceeded.

G.—Now, Doctor, I will try this box a week and then I will bring it back here again. Then I want to connect both boxes with the same sounder, and we will try to have an instrumental duet—a piece for four hands on two instruments—and I don't want Mr. Rowley to do all the playing, either.

Dr. W.—So far yours has been all rests.

G.—Yes; all rests and no music.

The next interview is largely in the form of memorandum for the reason that my own hands were so engaged that I could not take down my usual shorthand copy of the conversation.

513 PROSPECT ST., Oct. 12, 1887.

Dr. W.—Good P. M., Professor. How are you to-day?

G.—Pretty well, Doctor. Are you ready to play that duet?

Dr. W.—Ready to try.

Memorandum—Mr. Rowley sat at the north end of the table, and I at the southeast corner. The sounder was between us, but nearer his box than mine, yet within reach of me. I ran wires from my box to the sounder and battery, but in doing so I tapped his wires. Thus the sounder was in two circuits at once, and would work for either key, provided the other were open; whereas if the two keys had been in the same circuit, the sounder would work for either key, if the other were closed. Mr. Rowley was completely nonplussed with that seemingly paradoxical arrangement, and said repeatedly that he was not electrician enough to understand how I had turned things so completely contrary to all his experience in telegraphing. Either key would work the sounder, if the other were open. Neither key would work it, if the other were closed. The reason, in brief, was that, each key controlled an independent circuit through the same sounder, and, therefore, neither key could open the other key's circuit. But there is nothing so convincing as fact based upon experience, so by handling the keys, he was soon satisfied.

Note—This arrangement, the reader will see, would enable Dr. Wells to talk to us through Mr. Rowley's box about the efforts being made in my box, even if my key would not close; and yet, if my box would work under my hands, he could use mine, providing he would immediately cease to use Mr. Rowley's, or else use them both in exact unison, and there would be no interruption in the message from the sounder.

Thus prepared, we placed our hands on our respective boxes, and immediately the following ensued:

Dr. W.—How are you G.—?

G.—Which key are you writing that with?

Dr. W.—The "How are" was written with your key and the "you G.—?" with Rowley's.

G.—Well, Doctor, I have no reason to doubt your word, but for the sake of the public, I shall have to take nothing for granted, but prove everything. Now I must know that my key moves, and so I will put my ear on the slate between my hands, and see if I can hear it move. By the way, is it my magnetism that you are using?

Dr. W.—More than half is your own, but we have to supply a little from Mr. Rowley's body to help out.

By this time I had got my head adjusted to the slate so that I could hear well from below it. Dr. Wells went on telling us about the positive and negative character of the two magnetisms, something about neutral magnetism and how the magnetism from either or both the bodies may be combined with free magnetism in the air. During all this I thought I could hear my key moving according to the dots and dashes of the sounder, but before I was dashed, a street car passing by so jarred the table, that I feared that my key, being delicately adjusted might have responded to the jarring of the car. Then as I listened longer, the beating of the sounder lever seemed to me strong enough to make a key lever tremble; and if that were so, what I was hearing would be the effect, not the cause. But the favorable moment soon came, and when all else was quiet, I put my finger firmly on the sounder lever which stopped both its noise and its jarring, (but of course did not interfere with the electric currents through its helices), and then I heard my own key under my own hands distinctly tick out the word "magnetism." Being thoroughly satisfied that the key moved, I took my head from the slate

and we continued for some time to discuss with Dr. Wells the subject of magnetic properties. A drawing sensation had been gradually growing in my hands, and the palms began to tingle exactly as when one holds the poles of a weak galvanic or medical battery. Within five minutes my magnetism had become so far utilized that I could feel a stinging pain in the point of each finger, as of a needle being thrust from the inside outward. Then as if the currents were too much exhausted to keep up a steady stream, I soon began to feel a separate shock for each separate dot and dash.

We kept on discussing matters in this way for some fifteen minutes, when Dr. Wells proposed that we change seats, Mr. Rowley to sit at my box, and I at his. We did so. The messages were at once resumed but came at first with a little more difficulty than before. Dr. Wells continued to converse with us in that position for some twenty minutes, and I was feeling so faint and exhausted that I could hardly sit up. Yet, I supposed that after changing seats my instrument had been operating by Rowley's magnetism, though I still felt irregular shocks through my body; but near the close, Dr. Wells said that since changing, nearly all had been done with my magnetism, through Rowley's key. From the all-zone sensation within me, I could believe it. I had received abundant proof, both at his box and mine, that the force used is derived from the human body; and from the limp condition in which it left me, I thought they must have wasted power enough to run a saw mill.

The faint and, sickening feeling lasted some three hours and was exactly like what I had experienced four years previously upon taking too strong a shock from a medical battery.

It needs no skilled logician to see that here is a strong case. The conclusion necessitated is so plain that "a wayfarer man though a fool, need not err therein." I am certain that I heard my own key lever move under my own hands, and at the same time felt electric shocks through my own body preceding and corresponding with its movements. My key could not have been moved by any operations of Mr. Rowley's key, even if they had both been in the same circuit; for there is no helix nor magnet, nor other electrical appliance about any telegraph key, by which a current of electricity can move the key lever. No two keys in the same circuit can by any means operate each other. Much less could his operate mine when they were situated in different circuits. Suppose it were argued that all the magnetism used in moving my key were propelled from Mr. Rowley. Then the main case I am proving for Mr. Rowley is all the stronger; for my box was at least four feet from him, and besides all that, it is known to contain no "secret means."

True, these conclusions depend on sensation (what I heard and felt), but so do nearly all the conclusions of everyday life. Suppose you are walking on the railroad. A train dashes up behind you. The whistle sounds the alarm. Do you say, "Oh well; that's only sensation. I may be deceived and so I guess I'll not be in any hurry about getting off the track till I get hold of some method of reasoning by which I can prove that there is a train coming, without having to depend upon my senses for it?" Absurd; is it not? Well now suppose that you are a skeptical reader, and are just that absurd; and that you won't believe that I heard my key move or felt what I have described, though I can hear and feel other things perfectly well. Or, for argument's sake, suppose I did not hear or feel anything. Then comes the irresistible reasoning process which we hope will get you off the track, and out of the way of the car of Juggernaut in time to save you for the rest of your life from combating that which you should encourage,—namely Truth.

Now for the reasoning:
To operate perfectly after we had changed seats | is to operate perfectly without secret means.

The instrument | operated perfectly after we had changed seats.

The instrument | operated perfectly without secret means.

In form it stands.

All M is P,
All S is M,
∴ All S is P.

in which S is subject and P predicate of the conclusion, and M the middle term with which they are both compared.

It would be pleasant to enlarge upon the figure and mode of logic employed here, but hardly necessary or even appropriate in a newspaper column. In view of the facts as now presented in this paper, I submit as concerning the box.

3. That there are no secret wires, springs, or other means intended to be used for that purpose.

4. That the key can not be manipulated by pressure upon the top, bottom, sides, ends, corners, or any other part of the box, or wires leading to the box.

8. That the intelligences controlling this instrument derive that current from Mr. Rowley's body.

I had hoped ere this to close the physical department of this investigation, but the more I review my records the more I find that will clinch the nails already driven. The reader will kindly indulge me in one more paper on the physical proofs, and I will therein demonstrate that there are no "secret means" under the carpet, about the room, for anywhere else, and that no confederate plays any part in the operation.

H. D. G.

"CHARLATANS!"

Translated From "Le Lotus" for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, and Respectfully Dedicated to the American Society for Psychical Research.

BY PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COUES.

A certain smart fellow* having lately cried "Wolf!" for want of anything better to do, the rest of them are put on their guard against Theosophists, whom he calls "charlatans," and we should starve to death if such clever people were not scarce. But, stupid as we are we do not despair of cockney idiots even. It is great fun for us to drum up that squirming, sweating swarm of imbeciles, and make them play low comedy for our private amusement. For we are the only real comedians. Come in, then, ladies and gentlemen, and see our performance. Sit down—there is room for you all. Do not go to those shows over the way—to Congress, College, or Church, where they do nothing but hit each other over the head to amuse their patrons; but come to us who fear no competition. They are well enough in their way, but not quite up to our mark. What is the matter with them, did you say? The matter is the way they wrangle and squabble over what they know not, with their everlasting talk, talk, talk. For ages people have been wrangling simply because they misunderstand one another, because everybody talks at once, and nobody perceives they are all saying the same thing. So come to our show, which you will be able to understand, because we shall have no really clever people in the audience.

But we hope to have something quite as good, and that is, solemn people, or what is better still, rich folks. They understand the business, and whether they ride, walk, talk, eat, sleep, marry or die on the stage of the world, they never forget the gallery. This is encouraging to the profession. They go to the theatre after dinner. They prefer to bottle up emotion. They cry lie upon their unhappy brethren in the flesh whose hair is unkempt, and on those hopeless cases whose nails are in mourning. Yes, you of such ilk, you fill the bill exactly—you, with the latest style of hat on your empty noddles, and about the tickets, we will let you in at half-price if you will bring your wives along. We know their dressmakers, and they do look so pretty, especially in comparison with yourselves, that we will make any sacrifice to have them at our opening. Besides these dear creatures want nothing better. It sets them up to dabble in Theosophy between the five-o'clock tea and the beastly stupid ball, don't you know. To be a baroness and busy with Occultism is very select. So bring them along, gentlemen, quite as confidently as you would take them to church. We have some rising young stars, who have already turned some pretty heads with messiah-eyed glances without meaning to, who will preach to you and yours of the renunciation of all worldly things, and make you understand by their looks, perhaps, if not in so many words, that it is better to be master of one's self than of many servants; that to possess every thing, you must first learn to do without anything, and that respectability does not consist in putting on the airs of an offended turkey-cock before your inferiors. Does not your mask of reserve fall at a touch of the stern realities of life? Must we not all alike take off the fig-leaf of frigidity,—if not before babies can be born, at any rate when they die, since a mother's grief is always the same, however unlike the graves in which their hopes are buried! And after all, ladies, beneath your laces, as under the rags of those other women, is the same shuddering flesh, and destined to the same corruption!

Seeing, then, that you are not remarkable, for all your fine clothes, and but for your money would be of no account at all, what are you going to do when you come to die and lose even your bodies? What are your wormy souls, now gorged with folly, going to find to feed upon then? In fact, you and the maggots will change places, and it will be their turn at the feast of death to you. *Severities, mais verites*, and you need not rebuke us for telling you such shocking things by reminding us that the priests cover the ugliest matters of the confessional with decent words at least, and clothe their infernal fancies in Latin. At heart you are more afraid of these very things than you are of their names, and boggy-stories have a secret charm for your infantile minds by way of contrast to the rude shocks of experience with the ways of the world.

As for the realities of life, how rude and shocking they are indeed! and the facts of existence, how unruly! yet they serve to make you open your eyes—those pretty eyes you would like to keep shut—open them, too, upon what numberless sad disillusionments! O, you, miserable, solemn fools, and you, poor rich idiots, come and hear our piece, realistic enough, we assure you—terribly real indeed! Take a seat in the front row, with

*Alluding to a young Englishman named R. Hodgson, who was hired by the "London Society for Spiritual Research" to go out to India and discover the "wisdom of God" to his employers. Perhaps God never moved in a more "mysterious way, his wonders to perform," than when he confided his plans and purposes to this young gentleman. Let us trust that Mr. Hodgson, being fuller of God's counsel than he can hold, apparently, may give also the American Society for Spiritual Research, of which he is now Secretary, the benefit of his luminous Sephiroth.—E. C.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Notes for The Psychological Society to Crack.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The rule adopted for selecting the philosophical experts of the Psychological Society, who are expected to examine and report upon Spiritualism, was very nearly as absurd as the one used by the courts to obtain jurymen. In steering clear of the dreaded bias which a trial jurymen must not have, they generally succeed in getting very good honest men who are so dull and pig-headed as to be incompetent to try the question of fact before them. An intelligent, reading, hearing, thinking person is avoided because he is likely to have formed an opinion and an opinion is a something to be removed by evidence.

A lawyer once said, "The Lord deliver me from a man with an opinion." What troubles the lawyers is, that a jury of persons having opinions cannot be cheated. An intelligent, wide-awake community, in which a crime has been committed, have by the time the case is called for trial, already tried the accused upon the evidence they have received and such a community is far more competent to arrive at just conclusions, even where the evidence upon trial varies from what they have previously received, than those dullards who are never troubled with opinions.

In an important criminal trial I once attended, the following questions were asked each person summoned for jury: "Have you formed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?" If the answer was in the affirmative he was promptly excused. "Have you any conscientious scruples against finding a person guilty upon circumstantial evidence, when the punishment is death?" If the answer was in the affirmative the person was excused by the prosecution; if in the negative he was excused by the defence. Twelve men were at last found and every one had formed no opinion, and were so dull as not to be able to give an intelligent answer to the other question. Each one said it will depend on the evidence, which is no answer at all.

Just fancy for a moment a jury of 12 men, when the question was asked: "Have you any conscientious scruples against finding a person guilty upon circumstantial evidence where the punishment is death?" all answering, "It will depend on the evidence."

The accused was cleared when the evidence was overwhelming, and the crime one of the most aggravated ever found in the annals of courts.

In selecting the experts of the Psychological Society, all the well recognized rules governing such cases have been departed from. The persons chosen are no doubt experts, but not experts in relation to the questions involved. It would be like selecting a doctor, as an expert in shoemaking, or a lawyer in blacksmithing, or some fellow who had never seen or heard of a gun, in a case of murder from gun shot, or a man who knew nothing of prestidigitation to judge of the merits of sleight-of-hand performers.

Baron von Humboldt remarked that he never saw a person who had traveled so much and seen so little as Bayard Taylor; a very cruel and unjust remark, but one which throws into bold relief the peculiar and very important significance of the question before us. Both Humboldt and Taylor were great observers, but in entirely different fields. Taylor saw what the great philosopher did not see, and vice versa, although they traveled over the same ground. Taylor saw visions of beauty in the snows and ice of Lapland; Humboldt saw the snow and ice, too, and his mind was busy in studying the effect they would have upon the earth's surface and their relation to general laws. Taylor saw and admired the author of *Cosmos*, and gave in fitting and most beautiful language what he perceived in the noble face, expressive eyes and grand dome of thought of that wonderful old man. It is not at all surprising that Humboldt saw nothing in Taylor except that he was not a philosopher.

Whether Taylor or Humboldt were endowed so as to be fit instruments for examining the phenomena of Spiritualism could not be known without trial. Their success, the one in science and the other in literature, afford no guarantee of success in the spiritual field. The test for finding experts is what I would call natural selection.

Mathematicians are found in mathematics, geologists in geology, and so on through the whole range of science, abstract and concrete. Selective affinity is the law here as in chemistry. A mathematician may not be a moralist and a moral philosopher may be wholly incompetent as a mathematician. George Combe was one of the ablest reasoners and investigators of physio-moral subjects, but he had no capacity for calculating in numbers. Though a fine philosopher he would not have been an expert in arithmetic. There is no better illustration of the natural diversity of the intellectually able and scientific men than that afforded in the fact that the branch or branches of philosophy represented by Dr. Carpenter, of England, Profs. Youmans, Henry, Newcomb and several others of this country, continually call such men as Combe, Fowler, Gall and Spurzheim professors of a pseudo science.

Would it be considered pertinent and highly scientific to employ Dr. Carpenter and confer as experts to examine the claims of phrenology? Indeed it would be as reasonable as to employ them to examine and report upon the spiritual phenomena, for in the former case they have decided it to be a pseudo-science, and the latter is fraud or jugglery. The spiritual phenomena, or that portion of it comprehended by the term modern Spiritualism, has been prominently before the civilized portion of mankind for nearly forty years. It has made more noise, attracted more attention and produced a deeper impression upon such of human kind as were fitted to receive it than all other phenomena in human nature. It has been a source of positive knowledge to many, but strange as it may seem, there are thousands who must accept it as faith and thousands more who have no capacity or fitness for its belief or comprehension. The strangest part of the whole matter is the common idea that the latter class must furnish the scientific investigators of Spiritualism. An unbelieving critic asks, "Would you declare all persons unfit examiners except those who have embraced the doctrines of Spiritualism?" I answer, "No!" But would you think a person fit for the business, who, though claiming to be a scientist or philosopher, has for a period of forty years, i. e., during the whole life of the questioned phenomena, seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, thought of nothing that has prevented him from classing it among the supernatural, a word used among that class of scientists to express in a mild and humorous way that it is only one form of superstition. Indeed such scientists have a postulate that the ghost business ended with the advent of science, as astrology was repealed by astronomy, and they look upon poor, good, extra-credulous fellows with a commiseration which is truly

admirable and which only their kind of philosophers can enjoy. Yes, they smile at our credulity and wonder how long before science shall destroy all forms of superstition, and the same persons at the same time will accept the most absurd explanations and believe the most impossible stories rather than admit for a moment the only theory which can be made to account for the phenomena. They would sooner admit that Dr. Slade had the faculty of lengthening his legs ten feet, or that his fingers were invisible, or that he prepared messages fittingly addressed and conveying information and knowledge which could be explained only by the persons receiving them rather than admit that there is spirit as well as matter and force.

Natural selection is the rule for obtaining investigators; who can or will give the world valuable results, and there will be degrees of excellence among these. Not all mathematicians can approach to an understanding of the method of Newton or Laplace, and notwithstanding their dispassionate spirit and the exactness of their beloved science they are still subject to mathematical vagaries and absurdities quite equal to the Katie King humbug in Spiritualism.

Many years ago Prof. Rollwyn, assistant astronomer royal of England, published a large and costly work upon his favorite science, astronomy, at the end of which he introduced for the first time an entirely new theorem, discussing the quadrature of the circle. Several pages are occupied by the demonstration, and he comes to the most astounding conclusion that the ratio of the diameter to the circumference is as one to three exactly. He seems to have no doubts as to the correctness of his conclusion as he invites the critical attention of his brother mathematicians throughout the world to the proposition, and I understand that the book with the aforesaid addendum has passed through several editions.

Prof. Chaney, in writing to me of the curiosity, says: "I am too rusty in analytics to perceive where the blunder comes in and it appears that the fellow has really gone and done it." I wish you would point it out to me."

Prof. Rollwyn handles the mathematical tools, algebraic symbols, expertly; in fact he shows extensive knowledge in the use of them, and mathematicians generally would expect him to conclude, from the result at which he arrived, that he had committed an error somewhere in the course of his demonstration.

The fact that he did not so conclude is a striking illustration that Herbert Spencer can use in his work upon mental discipline. Prof. Rollwyn in his youth had gone over the tedious work of shutting up a circle between two approximating polygons, and it would seem as though the result ought to have produced an unalterable conviction in his mind that the old geometricians could not possibly be wrong, and have also given him a standard of truth by which every result he might obtain must be compared, and to which his demonstrations must conform. But it appears otherwise. And right here is the most suggestive place for indulging in a few reflections as to the causes of divergence or aberrations in so-called reasoning generally.

One philosopher defines reasoning as "the faculty of drawing inferences from the perceived equivalence of relations, which may do very well as a starter for criticism, but no definition has ever been given which includes all the manifestations and results of reason."

Giving it another name (a favorite resort) as ratiocination or comparison may, expand the idea somewhat without reaching the bounds of its variations. The dialecticians have found several kinds of reasoning, as *a priori*, *a fortiori* inductive, deductive, etc., and maybe it would be well to add another, the seductive, expressive of a kind the oftentimes used in every day practice. The *a priori* division, i. e., reasoning from cause to effect, and the *a fortiori*, passing from effect to cause, may answer to give notice or direct the mind of the reader either up or down the chain of causation, very much as the child goes when he says, "now I will count forwards to 100, or I will count a hundred backwards." The ability to do the other one implies of necessity the ability to do the other, and reason as usually exercised would say "with equal facility," but experience enlightens reason by adding "with equal practice." A child who has counted from 1 to 100 so often that his mind and organs of speech are practically synchronous, finds upon trial that he cannot count from 100 downwards without blundering, and that to do them equally well requires equal practice. So it is with reasoning. The disciplined mind must be able like the spider, to pass with equal facility either way along its web, to stop at any place and mend the weak points or attach branches thereto.

This is education in its true sense and can only be obtained by self discipline and probably as well in the field or woods as in the school room.

Abraham Lincoln is said to have been uneducated, a very erroneous saying to those who know the true meaning of education. The very reverse was true. In the knowledge and practice of reasoning he was the best educated man in the United States. The spider passing either way along its web, taking it up, mending it, or extending it is a very striking illustration of the free use of the faculties of reason, as to direction, but the operation of reason implies much more than freedom of direction. There must be also the ability to weigh each link of the reason chain accurately, and in this particular Abe Lincoln excelled all of his contemporaries. It is this faculty which gives wisdom. It is said of some noted men that they perceive resemblances but not differences. Whether this depends upon a difference of faculty or only of activity, I shall not now inquire. Suffice to say that Lincoln saw the resemblances which others saw and many differences which they did not see. It is said that he practiced the reasoning of geometry both upwards and downwards; not, however, as a mere matter of word memorizing, but scanning, observing, relating, building, step on step to the conclusion, and then descending step by step to the base. Would not such a practice discover relations or differences which might otherwise escape? Certainly such would be the tendency, but after admitting the superiority of such discipline there is much, very much in this world that must be accepted as facts whether acceptable to reason or not.

Lincoln accepted Spiritualism as a fact and did not think the phenomena unreasonable. Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Carpenter, Youmans, all of them able and well disciplined men in certain directions, accept the phenomena merely as a phase of superstition, and use them for illustrating that tendency in human nature.

It is really amusing to be classed; by the learned, with the inferior tribes of men as Negroes, Indians, etc., to complete a scientific view of man's slow emergence from barbarism. The most amusing part of the

play, however, is when the Soybert commission perform their part on the stage stating facts which are not facts and giving reasons which are not reasons to those who were observant of the phenomena from natural selection or from sympathetic responsiveness in the same manner that musical instruments are thrown into vibration by the tones with which they accord.

I have not seen a Spiritualist anywhere who is the least shaken or mystified by the report of the aforesaid Commission. There is really nothing in it, either as an exposé or elucidation, and more than ever, psychological inquiry is stimulated and the spiritual philosophy becoming more and more interwoven with every day thought and life.

T. W. DAVENPORT.

"Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the first page of your issue of December 3rd, appeared a sermon by Dr. Fay, Unitarian, entitled "Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit." With most of its deductions I can largely unite; but in the tortuous methods by which the Doctor arrives at them and in the sometimes false position that he assumes and incorrect illustrations that he uses, I take no pleasure. I have a passion for the established truths of accurate science, since the universe being a united whole, these truths are ever ours to fall back upon as a Gibraltar of refuge and repose from the vagaries and misconceptions of our yet very imperfect condition as respects knowledge and attainment. I trust, therefore, the preacher will not take it unkindly, if, without making a regular review of his sermon, I point out some things in it which seem entirely incorrect or misapprehended.

About the middle of his second column after speaking very justly of the wonderful accuracy with which the motions of some of the heavenly bodies are known and their phenomena "predicted to a minute," he adds: "But what of comets that dash through the very same space in seeming defiance of order and law? Does any one know whence they come, whether they go, how they move, or of what order they constitute a part? Certainly not."

This answer to this question is very misleading. We surely do know "whence they come, whether they go, especially how they move, and, in a good degree, of what order they constitute a part."

Comets are not, I admit, all alike; but many of them—most of them, it is probable—are children of the Sun, either legitimately developed as the planets and their satellites are—belonging in the same family and carried along by the sun in his flight through the realms of space; or otherwise caught as strays or homeless wanderers through those realms and adopted into the family to take their chances with the rest throughout the almost endless eons of solar life. They come to us from the out-lying fields of space, mostly beyond even of our outermost discovered planet; but still far, very far this side of even the nearest fixed stars.

That notable comet of 1831, for instance, that seemed to blaze so conspicuously, and at the first to wander so aimlessly amongst the stars, was soon reduced to order and its orbit defined by our skilled observers. That it wheeled its perihelion (if my memory serves) within one-fourth of the sun's diameter from his "cyclones of flame," and with a velocity almost inconceivable—the accumulations of nearly four hundred years of solar attraction—swepted forth on its return journey from whence it came outward bound for about four hundred years more, reaching out into the depths of space many millions of miles beyond our outermost planet (yet reaching with all only a small fraction of the immense distance of the stars), thence to return again in about eight hundred years, in obedience to precisely the same laws as to "how they move" as the laws governing the planetary motions or even the motion of our next neighbor, the moon. Let me assure Dr. Fay that the orbits of several comets are well defined. Some of them, I repeat, may seem erratic when first appearing, but let the skilled astronomer catch sight of any one of them and measure its precise angular place at three nicely specified times—a considerable number of days apart (the longer the better for accuracy) and he obtains hence in any case the data from which to define its orbits as to dimensions and position as well as the time of its periodic return.

The Doctor seems to doubt our capability to testify "under oath" to scientific facts; but were I a "swearing man" it would be easy to make oath on the steadiness of the law of gravity and that comets as well as planets are subject, in due order, to its requirements. Yet, put upon the witness stand, it would be by the Jewish writings, but by the "Holy evangelists of Almighty God" in the great Book of Nature, that we might swear.

Were it not for brevity's sake it might be explained that some comets are of uncertain origin, as before stated, but when they come within the reach of our great solar orb, he inevitably compels them to bow in obedience to him, if only to wheel before his face and depart in a new direction, indicated by his mighty arm, even should the visitor return no more.

In the next following paragraph our preacher says: "It is a law of nature that frost expands and heat contracts objects—excepting iron in which case the law is completely reversed." And he adds: "Do you know why? Can you explain the anomaly? I suppose not."

Surely we can explain all the "anomaly" that will remain after the facts are correctly stated. It is passing strange that any one should so carelessly state natural phenomena as to say: "Heat contracts objects—excepting iron." The reverse is true. As a general rule heat expands and cold contracts all bodies; not only iron but copper, gold, silver, lead, tin, rocks, water, air, gases, etc. The explanation of the reason why cold contracts water down to freezing and then expands it, is that in that event the heat has been reduced sufficiently to allow the particles of water to become subject to the laws of crystallization, causing them to arrange themselves so as to occupy more space and thus in the form of ice, to become lighter, bulk for bulk, than when in the liquid form.

Again: It is very easy to explain the reason (as Dr. Fay requests) why in reality "the mouth of the Mississippi is higher (farther from the earth centre) than its sources in the lakes of Wisconsin, and that its waters 'run up-grade.'" A simple experiment will illustrate the reason; hang a bucket partly full of water by a cord, and while the bucket is quiescent the water will take its equilibrium level; but give the bucket a whirling motion around the suspending cord as an axis, and the centrifugal force generated by the motion will immediately pile the water more or less according to the speed of revolution against the sides of the bucket—in fact cause it to flow up hill.

Well! Old Mother Earth, in the Mississippi

case, is the whirling bucket on a large scale and her waters are piled in the same way towards the equatorial regions.

The waters of the lakes of Wisconsin being nearer to the earth's axis than the waters of the gulf, and hence less affected by the earth's revolution than the latter, leaves a balance of centrifugal force in favor of the gulf, sufficient, in co-operation with gravity, to cause the flow that seems so anomalous. It is the same and for the same reason with other rivers on the earth that flow towards equatorial regions.

Thus our preacher seems unlucky in his illustrations. There are none of them really anomalous, but just as they should be, ever orderly and law-abiding. If theology could show as good a record, we would not so often put her on trial for absurdity.

Still again does not our friend begin the question when he so positively states: "Once this material universe was not. Now it is."

How does he know that? It is just as easy for our limited powers to conceive of an eternally existing universe of matter as of an eternally existing or self-creating mind. As we now know matter and spirit they are co-existent; the origin of both is utterly beyond our comprehension. It is equally futile to say: "Once every particle of matter was non-vital." We know nothing of the kind. So while we believe in the "scientific evidences of the existence of Spirit," we think several of our friend's illustrations darken counsel, and instead of helping rather tend to weaken the argument.

J. G. JACKSON.

INSPIRATIONAL ART.

The Drawings of Gurner Fisher.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There is nothing for which I have greater reason to thank the JOURNAL during the past year, than that, by means of it, I have become acquainted with the charcoal drawings of Mr. J. Gurner Fisher of Grand Rapids, Mich. The letter of Mr. G. B. Stebbins, published by you last May, stating that he had seen Mr. Fisher draw a really artistic picture while blindfolded, and giving a slight sketch of the man and his work, interested me greatly. My father being an amateur and collector of pictures, I have, during the last twenty-five years, seen and studied very many of the best works that have been imported into this country, either in the galleries of other collectors or of dealers in paintings. Thus long before I knew aught of the laws and phenomena of Spiritualism, I had lived in an atmosphere of art. You may judge, therefore, what desire I had to ascertain the quality of these landscape drawings, that were said to be produced by inspirational power. Having learned that Mr. Fisher proposed to offer his drawings for sale, I sent him an order for one. That which I received in return pleased me so well, that I sent him another order, and another, until now I have a fine collection of twenty, or more, of his drawings. Moreover, I do not feel that I can spare any of them; not only because together they are interesting as showing the development of his genius, and steady improvement in breadth, quality and finish, but also because they are all entirely different from one another in subject and sentiment.

When I remember that the first rude efforts of this artist began but little more than a year ago, I cannot view my collection of his works without astonishment and admiration. They do not look like the feeble and constrained attempts of the beginner, but have rather the freedom, force and delicacy of the master. This is particularly true of his more recent pictures. But more wonderful even than their execution, is the originating power shown in these drawings. Here are a great variety of subjects treated. Landscape in storm and sunshine, the ocean with rock-bound coast, and the quiet lake with sandy shore, woody scenes and the open country, the domestic quiet of the farm, and the solemn grandeur of the lonely canon, night scenes on land and water, with moonlight effects, and picturesque groups of medieval buildings, are all depicted with fine artistic feeling, in my collection of Mr. Fisher's drawings. The creative power herein displayed is, in fact, little short of marvelous.

What is the explanation of the sudden development of such artistic ability? Of course, it goes without saying, and upon any theory, that Mr. Fisher has by nature the mind and temperament of an artist. But what has stirred into activity faculties and powers that had long remained dormant? A very "scientific" explanation would be to say that Mr. Fisher had inherited through generations a strong artistic tendency, which had only awaited a favorable opportunity, or an exciting cause, to start it into phenomenal action. In this way was explained the mathematical genius of an entirely uneducated old lady, who was able, at times, instantly to give correct answers to difficult problems in calculus, which her sons had brought home from college. But those of us who believe in the power of unseen intelligences to influence mortals, will say, rather, that certain "viewless artists of the skies" have been attracted to Mr. Fisher, and are enabled by his sensitiveness and susceptibility to guide his hand to the results that seem to us so extraordinary. Mr. Fisher himself makes no concealment of his belief that this is, indeed, the source of his power, but he does not trust it forward as a claim to attention which his work would not otherwise receive. He prefers to have his productions judged and sold on their merits like the works of any other artist. In view of the fact that these pictures are not presented as "manifestations," this is unquestionably an entirely dignified and judicious position for Mr. Fisher to take in the premises. But it will not prevent many of us from seeing in his inspirational artwork an interesting and beautiful form of the ministry of angels. And what ministrations is just now more needed in our country than that which seeks to refine and uplift the thought and sentiment of the people by the teachings of art. Great as we are in material development, we are, as a people, dull and insensible to the truth and beauty that is in art.

It is the mission of these drawings of Mr. Fisher's hand—full of the grandeur and the subtle poetic beauty of nature as they are—to soften, elevate and spiritualize all who are daily brought under their influence. And I know no greater favor that I can do the readers of the JOURNAL than to recommend them to secure and hang upon the wall of the room they live in most, one or more of these genuine works of art. The material used in their production—charcoal—is, next to color, the very best for the expression of artistic effects, and is so recognized by authorities on art. I have never met Mr. Fisher personally, but from his letters know that he holds his gift as a trust for the benefit of humanity. I know nowhere else where pictures of the same quality can be had for so small a charge. Every one of the drawings is an original work of art.

A. A. HEALY.

New York, City.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Haunted Quarters.

Life at the Military Posts—Return of a Party of Custer's Brave Officers to their Old Haunts.

L. A. CLEMENT.

Probably the most demoralizing place in the world is a frontier military post in winter. I have in mind, particularly, Fort Rice, upon the Missouri River, about 450 miles northwest of St. Paul, abandoned in 1876 after the establishment of Fort Yates.

The officers when not on duty usually spend the day in playing cards or billiards at the officers' club room, and at night congregate in quarters most agreeable to them for whist, poker or other games, often drinking much. Occasionally dramatic entertainments are given, and dances frequently, officers and men eagerly catching on to anything that affords amusement.

In the days of which I write liquor was sold without restriction to both officers and men. The men were charged twenty-five cents for the cheapest stuff; the officers were furnished the best at two for a quarter. The charge was made against the enlisted man, if he was without money, and reported to the paymaster who deducted it from his pay and paid it over to the trader instead. The trader discounted the officers' pay accounts, sometimes for months in advance, using the vouchers in place of exchange for his eastern remittances.

Gambling was almost universal among officers and men, and instances were known to me where professional gamblers joined the regular army to prey upon their associates, and they usually got away with the pay of those easily led into that kind of temptation. Occasionally among the officers could be found a shrewd and mercenary man who would take advantage of his brother officers by every means in his power, and he would grow rich on their squandered substance, but usually the trader got the pay of both officers and men. So well did these traderships pay that as high as \$12,000 per annum was paid for the "influence" that secured the appointment.

In the fall of 1873, I made my first visit to Fort Rice. I had hardly taken off my overcoat before one of the officers, one of the bravest men I ever knew, though recently dismissed from the service for drunkenness, ordered a basket of champagne. He said it was the first time a newspaper correspondent had ever visited that post and he proposed to entertain him in true frontier style. Champagne flowed as freely as water, and toast after toast was drunk, stories were told and songs were sung. There were few officers at the post who did not join in the "fun." Sometimes the more joyous indulged in imitations of the Sioux war dance, and others in a walk-around singing the while. Finally I succeeded in getting excused, and leaving them studying the mysteries of a jack pot. I spent the evening from 9 to 12 with the family of an officer of my acquaintance. When I returned I found my friends anxiously awaiting me. They held me till 2 A. M., and when I managed to slip off to bed the officer who started in to entertain me, crawled through my window and taking all of the bed clothes with him, returned to the club room, obliging me to return and help finish the second basket of wine before he would allow me to rest. I have witnessed similar affairs at Fort Hayes. I was blockaded three nights at Fort A. Lincoln, once, and every night was in the main a repetition of the one described. The officer at whose quarters I stopped was a comrade of mine in the volunteer service; and though dissipated he was warm hearted as a man as ever lived. Indeed, I would almost have given my life for him for his impulses were so generous and his friendship so true. Finally he got into trouble that was likely to result in his dismissal, and in his distress he sent for me. I urged him to get a detail, get a leave of absence, get anything that would enable him to get away from his life of dissipation, and then get married. I urged him to find a woman who would make him a pure and noble wife, marry her and make love to her afterward. He did so, marrying a widow at one day's sight, and through her influence he left his wicked ways and became an active church worker. His bachelor quarters where in the old time the officers used to meet for card parties and walk-arounds—where they wiled the hours away in poker or billiards or over the flowing bowl, became the most attractive at the post. The open-hearted generosity of the officer continued after his conversion, without his former tendency to dissipation, and when in distress I have travelled all day to spend the evening with him at his home. In the mean time the Custer massacre occurred. This officer was one of Custer's nearest friends, and though with the expedition, he was saved. It was during the winter that followed the massacre that he was married, and in the course of two or three years his life was changed as I have stated.

Finally his family was visited by the Episcopal minister and his wife from a neighboring village. Both the minister and his wife were interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and both were decidedly mediumistic. They are now located in Northern Indiana, but having suffered persecution on account of our cause, are doubtless careful about proclaiming their knowledge of, or interest in, Spiritualism. The old room where the officers used to congregate had been turned into a bed room, and to this room our friend and his good wife was assigned. They had scarcely dropped to sleep when they were awakened by the sound of marching upon a stairway. They heard the rattle of swords and of spurs, and the sound of revelry apparently in a room above them. They heard the roll of balls as in a ten pin alley, and the sounds peculiar to billiard playing. They heard the clink of glasses and the wild and merry laugh of men. They heard confused voices as if in conversation or in song. These things were so real, although it was Sunday night, that they were confident that they were occupying quarters directly under the officers' club room. Judge of their surprise when they learned at breakfast that the house was but one story, and that there was no stairway or bowling alley or billiard table any where near it; that there was not, and had not been, a drinking or card-playing party in the house since the long ago. Others had complained of similar noises, but they had carefully guarded the secret and supposed that some natural explanation would be given of it sometime.

Our friends realized too well what it meant, but nothing could tempt them to spend another night in the haunted quarters. Nearly ten years has since elapsed. The old quarters were long since torn down and the officer was ordered to Idaho. I have often heard the good minister and his wife, with whom I used to sit once a week, tell this story. Our manifestations during these sittings were usually of a physical nature.

Notes for The Psychological Society to Crack.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The rule adopted for selecting the philosophical experts of the Psychological Society, who are expected to examine and report upon Spiritualism, was very nearly as absurd as the one used by the courts to obtain jurymen.

A lawyer once said, "The Lord deliver me from a man with an opinion." What troubles the lawyers is, that a jury of persons having opinions cannot be cheated.

In an important criminal trial I once attended, the following questions were asked each person summoned for jury: "Have you formed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?"

The accused was cleared when the evidence was overwhelming, and the crime one of the most aggravated ever found in the annals of courts.

In selecting the experts of the Psychological Society, all the well recognized rules governing such cases have been departed from. The persons chosen are no doubt experts, but not experts in relation to the questions involved.

Baron von Humboldt remarked that he never saw a person who had traveled so much and seen so little as Bayard Taylor; a very cruel and unjust remark, but one which throws into bold relief the peculiar and very important significance of the question before us.

Whether Taylor or Humboldt were endowed so as to be fit instruments for examining the phenomena of Spiritualism could not be known without trial. Their success, the one in science and the other in literature, afford no guarantee of success in the spiritual field.

Mathematicians are found in mathematics, geologists in geology, and so on through the whole range of science, abstract and concrete. Selective affinity is the law here as in chemistry.

This is education in its true sense and can only be obtained by self discipline and probably as well in the field or woods as in the school room.

Abraham Lincoln is said to have been uneducated, a very erroneous saying to those who know the true meaning of education. The very reverse was true. In the knowledge and practice of reasoning he was the best educated man in the United States.

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play, however, is when the Soybert commission perform their part on the stage stating facts which are not facts and giving reasons which are not reasons to those who were observers of the phenomena from natural selection or from sympathetic responsiveness in the same manner that musical instruments are thrown into vibration by the tones with which they accord.

I have not seen a Spiritualist anywhere who is the least shaken or mystified by the report of the aforesaid Commission. There is really nothing in it, either as an exposé or elucidation, and more than ever, psychical inquiry is stimulated and the spiritual philosophy becoming more and more interwoven with every day thought and life.

On the first page of your issue of December 3rd, appeared a sermon by Dr. Fay, Unitarian, entitled "Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit." With most of its deductions I can largely unite; but in the tortuous methods by which the Doctor arrives at them and in the sometimes false position that he assumes and incorrect illustrations that he uses, I take no pleasure.

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Giving it another name (a favorite resort) as ratiocination or comparison may, expand the idea somewhat without reaching the bounds of its variations. The dialecticians have found several kinds of reasoning, as a priori, a fortiori inductive, deductive, etc., and maybe it would be well to add another, the seductive, expressive of a kind the oftentimes used in every day practice. The a priori division, i. e., reasoning from cause to effect, and the a fortiori, passing from effect to cause, may answer to give notice or direct the mind of the reader either up or down the chain of causation, very much as the child goes when he says, "now I will count forwards to 100, or I will count a hundred backwards."

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J. G. JACKSON.

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When I remember that the first rude efforts of this artist began but little more than a year ago, I cannot view my collection of his works without astonishment and admiration. They do not look like the feeble and constrained attempts of the beginner, but have rather the freedom, force and delicacy of the master.

What is the explanation of the sudden development of such artistic ability? Of course, it goes without saying, and upon any theory, that Mr. Fisher has by nature the mind and temperament of an artist. But what has stirred into activity faculties and powers that had long remained dormant? A very "scientific" explanation would be to say that Mr. Fisher had inherited through generations a strong artistic tendency, which had only awaited a favorable opportunity, or an exciting cause, to start it into phenomenal action. In this way was explained the mathematical genius of an entirely uneducated old lady, who was able, at times, instantly to give correct answers to difficult problems in calculus, which her sons had brought home from college.

It is the mission of these drawings of Mr. Fisher's hand—full of the grandeur and the subtle poetic beauty of nature as they are—to soften, elevate and spiritualize all who are daily brought under their influence. And I know no greater favor than I can do the readers of the JOURNAL than to recommend them to secure and hang upon the wall of the room they live in most, one or more of these genuine works of art. The material used in their production—charcoal—is, next to color, the very best for the expression of artistic effects, and is so recognized by authorities on art. I have never met Mr. Fisher personally, but from his letters know that he holds his gift as a trust for the benefit of humanity. I know nowhere else where pictures of the same quality can be had for so small a charge. Every one of the drawings is an original work of art. A. A. HEALY. New York, City.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Haunted Quarters.

Life at the Military Posts—Return of a Party of Custer's Brave Officers to their Old Haunts.

L. A. CLEMENT.

Probably the most demoralizing place in the world is a frontier military post in winter. I have in mind, particularly, Fort Rice, upon the Missouri River, about 450 miles northwest of St. Paul, abandoned in 1876 after the establishment of Fort Yates.

The officers when not on duty usually spend the day in playing cards or billiards at the officers' club room, and at night congregate in quarters most agreeable to them for whist, poker or other games, often drinking much. Occasionally dramatic entertainments are given, and dances frequently, officers and men eagerly catching on to anything that affords amusement.

In the days of which I write liquor was sold without restriction to both officers and men. The men were charged twenty-five cents for the cheapest stuff; the officers were furnished the best at two for a quarter. The charge was made against the enlisted man, if he was without money, and reported to the paymaster who deducted it from his pay and paid it over to the trader instead. The trader discounted the officers' pay accounts, sometimes for months in advance, using the vouchers in place of exchange for his eastern remittances.

Gambling was almost universal among officers and men, and instances were known to me where professional gamblers joined the regular army to prey upon their associates, and they usually got away with the pay of those easily led into that kind of temptation. Occasionally among the officers could be found a shrewd and mercenary man who would take advantage of his brother officers by every means in his power, and he would grow rich on their squandered substance, but usually the trader got the pay of both officers and men. So well did these traderships pay that as high as \$12,000 per annum was paid for the "influence" that secured the appointment.

In the fall of 1873, I made my first visit to Fort Rice. I had hardly taken off my overcoat before one of the officers, one of the bravest men I ever knew, though recently dismissed from the service for drunkenness, ordered a basket of champagne. He said it was the first time a newspaper correspondent had ever visited that post and he proposed to entertain him in true frontier style. Champagne flowed as freely as water, and toast after toast was drunk, stories were told and songs were sung. There were few officers at the post who did not join in the "fun." Sometimes the more joyous indulged in imitations of the Sioux war dance, and others in a walk-around singing the while. Finally I succeeded in getting excused, and leaving them studying the mysteries of a jack pot. I spent the evening from 9 to 12 with the family of an officer of my acquaintance. When I returned I found my friends anxiously awaiting me. They held me till 2 A. M., and when I managed to slip off to bed the officer who started in to entertain me, crawled through my window and taking all of the bed clothes with him, returned to the club room, obliging me to return and help finish the second basket of wine before he would allow me to rest. I have witnessed similar affairs at Fort Hayes. I was blockaded three nights at Fort A. Lincoln, once, and every night was in the main a repetition of the one described. The officer at whose quarters I stopped was a comrade of mine in the volunteer service; and though dissipated he was warm hearted a man as ever lived. Indeed, I would almost have given my life for him for his impulses were so generous and his friendship so true. Finally he got into trouble that was likely to result in his dismissal, and in his distress he sent for me. I urged him to get a detail, get a leave of absence, get anything that would enable him to get away from his life of dissipation, and then get married. I urged him to find a woman who would make him a pure and noble wife, marry her and make love to her afterward. He did so, marrying a widow at one day's sight, and through her influence he left his wicked ways and became an active church worker. His bachelor quarters where in the old time the officers used to meet for card parties and walk-arounds—where they wiled the hours away in poker or billiards or over the flowing bowl, became the most attractive at the post. The open-hearted generosity of the officer continued after his conversion, without his former tendency to dissipation, and when in distress I have travelled all day to spend the evening with him at his home. In the mean time the Custer massacre occurred. This officer was one of Custer's nearest friends, and though with the expedition, he was saved. It was during the winter that followed the massacre that he was married, and in the course of two or three years his life was changed as I have stated.

Finally his family was visited by the Episcopal minister and his wife from a neighboring village. Both the minister and his wife were interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and both were decidedly mediumistic. They are now located in Northern Indiana, but having suffered persecution on account of our cause, are doubtless careful about proclaiming their knowledge of, or interest in, Spiritualism. The old room where the officers used to congregate had been turned into a bed room, and to this room our friend and his good wife was assigned. They had scarcely dropped to sleep when they were awakened by the sound of marching upon a stairway. They heard the rattle of swords and of spurs, and the sound of revelry apparently in a room above them. They heard the roll of balls as in a ten pin alley, and the sounds peculiar to billiard playing. They heard the clink of glasses and the wild and merry laugh of men. They heard confused voices as if in conversation or in song. These things were so real, although it was Sunday night, that they were confident that they were occupying quarters directly under the officers' club room. Judge of their surprise when they learned at breakfast that the house was but one story, and that there was no stairway or bowling alley or billiard table any where near it; that there was not, and had not been, a drinking or card-playing party in the house since the long ago. Others had complained of similar noises, but they had carefully guarded the secret and supposed that some natural explanation would be given of it sometime.

Our friends realized too well what it meant, but nothing could tempt them to spend another night in the haunted quarters. Nearly ten years has since elapsed. The old quarters were long since torn down and the officer was ordered to Idaho. I have often heard the good minister and his wife, with whom I used to sit once a week, tell this story. Our manifestations during these sittings were usually of a physical nature.

Nits for The Psychological Society to Crack.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The rule adopted for selecting the philosophical experts of the Psychological Society, who are expected to examine and report upon Spiritualism, was very nearly as absurd as the one used by the courts to obtain jurymen. In steering clear of the dreaded bias which a trial jurymen must not have, they generally succeed in getting very good honest men who are so dull and pig-headed as to be incompetent to try the question of fact before them. An intelligent, reading, hearing, thinking person is avoided because he is likely to have formed an opinion and an opinion is a something to be removed by evidence.

A lawyer once said, "The Lord deliver me from a man with an opinion." What troubles the lawyers is, that a jury of persons having opinions cannot be cheated. An intelligent, wide-awake community, in which a crime has been committed, have by the time the case is called for trial, already tried the accused upon the evidence they have received and such a community is far more competent to arrive at just conclusions, even where the evidence upon trial varies from what they have previously received, than those dullards who are never troubled with opinions.

In an important criminal trial I once attended, the following questions were asked each person summoned for jury: "Have you formed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?" If the answer was in the affirmative he was promptly excused. "Have you any conscientious scruples against finding a person guilty upon circumstantial evidence, when the punishment is death?" If the answer was in the affirmative the person was excused by the prosecution; if in the negative he was excused by the defence. Twelve men were at last found and every one had formed no opinion, and were so dull as not to be able to give an intelligent answer to the other question. Each one said it will depend on the evidence, which is no answer at all.

Just fancy for a moment a jury of 12 men, when the question was asked: "Have you any conscientious scruples against finding a person guilty upon circumstantial evidence where the punishment is death?" all answering, "It will depend on the evidence."

The accused was cleared when the evidence was overwhelming, and the crime one of the most aggravated ever found in the annals of courts.

In selecting the experts of the Psychological Society, all the well recognized rules governing such cases have been departed from. The persons chosen are no doubt experts, but not experts in relation to the questions involved. It would be like selecting a doctor, as an expert in shoemaking, or a lawyer in blacksmithing, or some fellow who had never seen or heard of a gun, in a case of murder from gun shot, or a man who knew nothing of prestidigitation to judge of the merits of sleight-of-hand performers.

Baron von Humboldt remarked that he never saw a person who had traveled so much and seen so little as Bayard Taylor; a very cruel and unjust remark, but one which throws into bold relief the peculiar and very important significance of the question before us. Both Humboldt and Taylor were great observers, but in entirely different fields. Taylor saw what the great philosopher did not see, and vice versa, although they traveled over the same ground. Taylor saw visions of beauty in the snows and ice of Lapland; Humboldt saw the snow and ice, too, and his mind was busy in studying the effect they would have upon the earth's surface and their relation to general laws. Taylor saw and admired the author of *Cosmos*, and gave in fitting and most beautiful language what he perceived in the noble face, expressive eyes and grand dome of thought of that wonderful old man. It is not at all surprising that Humboldt saw nothing in Taylor except that he was not a philosopher.

Whether Taylor or Humboldt were endowed so as to be fit instruments for examining the phenomena of Spiritualism could not be known without trial. Their success, the one in science and the other in literature, afford no guarantee of success in the spiritual field. The test for finding experts is what I would call natural selection.

Mathematicians are found in mathematics, geologists in geology, and so on through the whole range of science, abstract and concrete. Selective affinity is the law here as in chemistry. A mathematician may not be a moralist and a moral philosopher may be wholly incompetent as a mathematician. George Combe was one of the ablest reasoners and investigators of physio-moral subjects, but he had no capacity for calculating in numbers. Though a fine philosopher he would not have been an expert in arithmetic. There is no better illustration of the natural diversity of the intellectually able and scientific men than that afforded in the fact that the branch or branches of philosophy represented by Dr. Carpenter, of England, Profs. Youmans, Henry, Newcomb and several others of this country, continually call such men as Combe, Fowler, Gall and Spurzheim professors of a pseudo science.

Would it be considered pertinent and highly scientific to employ Dr. Carpenter and confer as experts to examine the claims of phrenology? Indeed it would be as reasonable as to employ them to examine and report upon the spiritual phenomena, for in the former case they have decided it to be a pseudo-science, and the latter is fraud or jugglery. The spiritual phenomena, or that portion of it comprehended by the term modern Spiritualism, has been prominently before the civilized portion of mankind for nearly forty years. It has made more noise, attracted more attention and produced a deeper impression upon such of human kind as were fitted to receive it than all other phenomena in human nature. It has been a source of positive knowledge to many, but strange as it may seem, there are thousands who must accept it as faith and thousands more who have no capacity or fitness for its belief or comprehension. The strangest part of the whole matter is the common idea that the latter class must furnish the scientific investigators of Spiritualism. An unbelieving critic asks, "Would you declare all persons unfit examiners except those who have embraced the doctrines of Spiritualism?" I answer, "No!" But would you think a person fit for the business, who, though claiming to be a scientist or philosopher, has for a period of forty years, i. e., during the whole life of the questioned phenomena, seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, thought of nothing that has prevented him from classing it among the supernatural, a word used among that class of scientists to express in a mild and humorous way that it is only one form of superstition. Indeed such scientists have a postulate that the ghost business ended with the advent of science, as astrology was repealed by astronomy, and they look upon us poor, good, extra-credulous fellows with a commiseration which is truly

admirable and which only their kind of philosophers can enjoy. Yes, they smile at our credulity and wonder how long before science shall destroy all forms of superstition, and the same persons at the same time will accept the most absurd explanations and believe the most impossible stories rather than admit for a moment the only theory which can be made to account for the phenomena. They would sooner admit that Dr. Slade had the faculty of lengthening his legs ten feet, or that his fingers were invisible, or that he prepared messages fittingly addressed and conveying information and knowledge which could be explained only by the persons receiving them rather than admit that there is spirit as well as matter and force.

Natural selection is the rule for obtaining investigators; who can or will give the world valuable results, and there will be degrees of excellence among these. Not all mathematicians can approach to an understanding of the method of Newton or Laplace, and notwithstanding their dispassionate spirit and the exactness of their beloved science they are still subject to mathematical vagaries and absurdities quite equal to the Katie King humbug in Spiritualism.

Many years ago Prof. Rollwyn, assistant astronomer royal of England, published a large and costly work upon his favorite science, astronomy, at the end of which he introduced for the first time an entirely new theorem, discussing the quadrature of the circle. Several pages are occupied by the demonstration, and he comes to the most astounding conclusion that the ratio of the diameter to the circumference is as one to three exactly. He seems to have no doubts as to the correctness of his conclusion as he invites the critical attention of his brother mathematicians throughout the world to the proposition, and I understand that the book with the aforesaid addendum has passed through several editions.

Prof. Chaney, in writing to me of the curiosity, says: "I am too rusty in analytics to perceive where the blunder comes in and it appears that the fellow has really gone and done it." I wish you would point it out to me."

Prof. Rollwyn handles the mathematical tools, algebraic symbols, expertly; in fact he shows extensive knowledge in the use of them, and mathematicians generally would expect him to conclude, from the result at which he arrived, that he had committed an error somewhere in the course of his demonstration.

The fact that he did not so conclude is a striking illustration that Herbert Spencer can use in his work upon mental discipline. Prof. Rollwyn in his youth had gone over the tedious work of shutting up a circle between two approximating polygons, and it would seem as though the result ought to have produced an unalterable conviction in his mind that the old geometricians could not possibly be wrong, and have also given him a standard of truth by which every result he might obtain must be compared, and to which his demonstrations must conform. But it appears otherwise. And right here is the most suggestive place for indulging in a few reflections as to the causes of divergences or aberrations in so-called reasoning generally.

One philosopher defines reasoning as "the faculty of drawing inferences from the perceived equivalence of relations, which may do very well as a starter for criticism, but no definition has ever been given which includes all the manifestations and results of reason."

Giving it another name (a favorite resort) as ratiocination or comparison may, expand the idea somewhat without reaching the bounds of its variations. The dialecticians have found several kinds of reasoning, as *a priori*, *a fortiori* inductive, deductive, etc., and maybe it would be well to add another, the seductive, expressive of a kind the oftentimes used in every day practice. The *a priori* division, i. e., reasoning from cause to effect, and the *a fortiori*, passing from effect to cause, may answer to give notice or direct the mind of the reader either up or down the chain of causation, very much as the child goes when he says, "now I will count forwards to 100, or I will count a hundred backwards." The ability to do the other one implies of necessity the ability to do the other, and reason as usually exercised would say "with equal facility," but experience enlightens reason by adding "with equal practice." A child who has counted from 1 to 100 so often that his mind and organs of speech are practically synchronous, finds upon trial that he cannot count from 100 downwards without blundering, and that to do them equally well requires equal practice. So it is with reasoning. The disciplined mind must be able like the spider, to pass with equal facility either way along its web, to stop at any place and mend the weak points or attach branches thereto.

This is education in its true sense and can only be obtained by self discipline and probably as well in the field or woods as in the school room.

Abraham Lincoln is said to have been uneducated, a very erroneous saying to those who know the true meaning of education. The very reverse was true. In the knowledge and practice of reasoning he was the best educated man in the United States. The spider passing either way along its web, taking it up, mending it, or extending it is a very striking illustration of the free use of the faculties of reason, as to direction, but the operation of reason implies much more than freedom of direction. There must be also the ability to weigh each link of the reason chain accurately, and in this particular Abe Lincoln excelled all of his contemporaries. It is this faculty which gives wisdom. It is said of some noted men that they perceive resemblances but not differences. Whether this depends upon a difference of faculty or only of activity, I shall not now inquire. Suffice to say that Lincoln saw the resemblances which others saw and many differences which they did not see. It is said that he practiced the reasoning of geometry both upwards and downwards; not, however, as a mere matter of word memorizing, but scanning, observing, relating, building, step on step to the conclusion, and then descending step by step to the base. Would not such a practice discover relations or differences which might otherwise escape? Certainly such would be the tendency, but after admitting the superiority of such discipline there is much, very much in this world that must be accepted as facts whether acceptable to reason or not.

Lincoln accepted Spiritualism as a fact and did not think the phenomena unreasonable. Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Carpenter, Youmans, all of them able and well disciplined men in certain directions, accept the phenomena merely as a phase of superstition, and use them for illustrating that tendency in human nature.

It is really amusing to be classed; by the learned, with the inferior tribes of men as Negroes, Indians, etc., to complete a scientific view of man's slow emergence from barbarism. The most amusing part of the

play, however, is when the Soybert commission perform their part on the stage stating facts which are not facts and giving reasons which are not reasons to those who were observers of the phenomena from natural selection or from sympathetic responsiveness in the same manner that musical instruments are thrown into vibration by the tones with which they accord.

I have not seen a Spiritualist anywhere who is the least shaken or mystified by the report of the aforesaid Commission. There is really nothing in it, either as an exposé or elucidation, and more than ever, psychical inquiry is stimulated and the spiritual philosophy becoming more and more interwoven with every day thought and life.

T. W. DAVENPORT.

"Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the first page of your issue of December 3rd, appeared a sermon by Dr. Fay, Unitarian, entitled "Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit." With most of its deductions I can largely unite; but in the tortuous methods by which the Doctor arrives at them and in the sometimes false position that he assumes and incorrect illustrations that he uses, I take no pleasure. I have a passion for the established truths of accurate science, since the universe being a united whole, these truths are ever ours to fall back upon as a Gibraltar of refuge and repose from the vagaries and misconceptions of our yet very imperfect condition as respects knowledge and attainment. I trust, therefore, the preacher will not take it unkindly, if, without making a regular review of his sermon, I point out some things in it which seem entirely incorrect or misapprehended.

About the middle of his second column after speaking very justly of the wonderful accuracy with which the motions of some of the heavenly bodies are known and their phenomena "predicted to a minute," he adds: "But what of comets that dash through the very same space in seeming defiance of order and law? Does any one know whence they come, whether they go, how they move, or of what order they constitute a part? Certainly not."

This answer to this question is very misleading. We surely do know "whence they come, whether they go, especially how they move, and, in a good degree, of what order they constitute a part."

Comets are not, I admit, all alike; but many of them—most of them, it is probable—are children of the Sun, either legitimately developed as the planets and their satellites are—belonging in the same family and carried along by the sun in his flight through the realms of space; or otherwise caught as strays or homeless wanderers through those realms and adopted into the family to take their chances with the rest throughout the almost endless eons of solar life. They come to us from the out-lying fields of space, mostly beyond even of our outermost discovered planet; but still far, very far this side of even the nearest fixed stars.

That notable comet of 1881, for instance, that seemed to blaze so conspicuously, and at the first to wander so aimlessly amongst the stars, was soon reduced to order and its orbit defined by our skilled observers. That it wheeled its perihelion (if my memory serves) within one-fourth of the sun's diameter from his "cyclones of flame," and with a velocity almost inconceivable—the accumulations of nearly four hundred years of solar attraction—swepted forth on its return journey from whence it came outward bound for about four hundred years more, reaching out into the depths of space many millions of miles beyond our outermost planet (yet reaching with all only a small fraction of the immense distance of the stars), thence to return again in about eight hundred years, in obedience to precisely the same laws as to "how they move" as the laws governing the planetary motions or even the motion of our next neighbor, the moon. Let me assure Dr. Fay that the orbits of several comets are well defined. Some of them, I repeat, may seem erratic when first appearing, but let the skilled astronomer catch sight of any one of them and measure its precise angular place at three nicely specified times—a considerable number of days apart (the longer the better for accuracy) and he obtains hence in any case the data from which to define its orbits as to dimensions and position as well as the time of its periodic return.

The Doctor seems to doubt our capability to testify "under oath" to scientific facts; but were I a "swearing man" it would be easy to make oath on the steadiness of the law of gravity and that comets as well as planets are subject, in due order, to its requirements. Yet, put upon the witness stand, it would not be by the Jewish writings, but by the "Holy evangelists of Almighty God" in the great Book of Nature, that we might swear.

Were it not for brevity's sake it might be explained that some comets are of uncertain origin, as before stated, but when they come within the reach of our great solar orb, he inevitably compels them to bow in obedience to him, if only to wheel before his face and depart in a new direction, indicated by his mighty arm, even should the visitor return no more.

In the next following paragraph our preacher says: "It is a law of nature that frost expands and heat contracts objects—excepting iron in which case the law is completely reversed." And he adds: "Do you know why? Can you explain the anomaly? I suppose not."

Surely we can explain all the "anomaly" that will remain after the facts are correctly stated. It is passing strange that any one should so carelessly state natural phenomena as to say: "Heat contracts objects—excepting iron." The reverse is true. As a general rule heat expands and cold contracts all bodies; not only iron but copper, gold, silver, lead, tin, rocks, water, air, gases, etc. The explanation of the reason why cold contracts water down to freezing and then expands it, is that in that event the heat has been reduced sufficiently to allow the particles of water to become subject to the laws of crystallization, causing them to arrange themselves so as to occupy more space and thus in the form of ice, to become lighter, bulk for bulk, than when in the liquid form.

Again: It is very easy to explain the reason (as Dr. Fay requests) why in reality "the mouth of the Mississippi is higher (farther from the earth centre) than its sources in the lakes of Wisconsin, and that its waters 'run up-grade.'" A simple experiment will illustrate the reason; hang a bucket partly full of water by a cord, and while the bucket is quiescent the water will take its equilibrium level; but give the bucket a whirling motion around the suspending cord as an axis, and the centrifugal force generated by the motion will immediately pile the water more or less according to the speed of revolution against the sides of the bucket—in fact cause it to flow up hill.

Well! Old Mother Earth, in the Mississippi

case, is the whirling bucket on a large scale and her waters are piled in the same way towards the equatorial regions.

The waters of the lakes of Wisconsin being nearer to the earth's axis than the waters of the gulf, and hence less affected by the earth's revolution than the latter, leaves a balance of centrifugal force in favor of the gulf, sufficient, in co-operation with gravity, to cause the flow that seems so anomalous. It is the same and for the same reason with other rivers on the earth that flow towards equatorial regions.

Thus our preacher seems unlucky in his illustrations. There are none of them really anomalous, but just as they should be, ever orderly and law-abiding. If theology could show as good a record, we would not so often put her on trial for absurdity.

Still again does not our friend beg the question when he so positively states: "Once this material universe was not. Now it is."

How does he know that? It is just as easy for our limited powers to conceive of an eternally existing universe of matter as of an eternally existing or self-creating mind. As we now know matter and spirit they are co-existent; the origin of both is utterly beyond our comprehension.

It is equally futile to say: "Once every particle of matter was non-vital." We know nothing of the kind. So while we believe in the "scientific evidences of the existence of Spirit," we think several of our friend's illustrations darken counsel, and instead of helping rather tend to weaken the argument.

J. G. JACKSON.

INSPIRATIONAL ART.

The Drawings of Gurner Fisher.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There is nothing for which I have greater reason to thank the JOURNAL during the past year, than that, by means of it, I have become acquainted with the charcoal drawings of Mr. J. Gurner Fisher of Grand Rapids, Mich. The letter of Mr. G. B. Stebbins, published by you last May, stating that he had seen Mr. Fisher draw a really artistic picture while blindfolded, and giving a slight sketch of the man and his work, interested me greatly. My father being an amateur and collector of pictures, I have, during the last twenty-five years, seen and studied very many of the best works that have been imported into this country, either in the galleries of other collectors or of dealers in paintings. Thus long before I knew aught of the laws and phenomena of Spiritualism, I had lived in an atmosphere of art. You may judge, therefore, what desire I had to ascertain the quality of these landscape drawings, that were said to be produced by inspirational power. Having learned that Mr. Fisher proposed to offer his drawings for sale, I sent him an order for one. That which I received in return pleased me so well, that I sent him another order, and another, until now I have a fine collection of twenty, or more, of his drawings. Moreover, I do not feel that I can spare any of them; not only because together they are interesting as showing the development of his genius, and steady improvement in breadth, quality and finish, but also because they are all entirely different from one another in subject and sentiment.

When I remember that the first rude efforts of this artist began but little more than a year ago, I cannot view my collection of his works without astonishment and admiration. They do not look like the feeble and constrained attempts of the beginner, but have rather the freedom, force and delicacy of the master. This is particularly true of his more recent pictures. But more wonderful even than their execution, is the originating power shown in these drawings. Here are a great variety of subjects treated. Landscape in storm and sunshine, the ocean with rock-bound coast, and the quiet lake with sandy shore, woody scenes and the open country, the domestic quiet of the farm, and the solemn grandeur of the lonely canon, night scenes on land and water, with moonlight effects, and picturesque groups of medieval buildings, are all depicted with fine artistic feeling, in my collection of Mr. Fisher's drawings. The creative power herein displayed is, in fact, little short of marvelous.

What is the explanation of the sudden development of such artistic ability? Of course, it goes without saying, and upon any theory, that Mr. Fisher has by nature the mind and temperament of an artist. But what has stirred into activity faculties and powers that had long remained dormant? A very "scientific" explanation would be to say that Mr. Fisher had inherited through generations a strong artistic tendency, which had only awaited a favorable opportunity, or an exciting cause, to start it into phenomenal action. In this way was explained the mathematical genius of an entirely uneducated old lady, who was able, at times, instantly to give correct answers to difficult problems in calculus, which her sons had brought home from college. But those of us who believe in the power of unseen intelligences to influence mortals, will say, rather, that certain "viewless artists of the skies" have been attracted to Mr. Fisher, and are enabled by his sensitiveness and susceptibility to guide his hand to the results that seem to us so extraordinary. Mr. Fisher himself makes no concealment of his belief that this is, indeed, the source of his power, but he does not trust it forward as a claim to attention which his work would not otherwise receive. He prefers to have his productions judged and sold on their merits like the works of any other artist. In view of the fact that these pictures are not presented as "manifestations," this is unquestionably an entirely dignified and judicious position for Mr. Fisher to take in the premises. But it will not prevent many of us from seeing in his inspirational artwork an interesting and beautiful form of the ministry of angels. And what ministrations are just now more needed in our country than that which seeks to refine and uplift the thought and sentiment of the people by the teachings of art. Great as we are in material development, we are, as a people, dull and insensible to the truth and beauty that is in art.

It is the mission of these drawings of Mr. Fisher's hand—full of the grandeur and the subtle poetic beauty of nature as they are—to soften, elevate and spiritualize all who are daily brought under their influence. And I know no greater favor that I can do the readers of the JOURNAL than to recommend them to secure and hang upon the wall of the room they live in, most, one or more of these genuine works of art. The material used in their production—charcoal—is, next to color, the very best for the expression of artistic effects, and is so recognized by authorities on art. I have never met Mr. Fisher personally, but from his letters know that he holds his gift as a trust for the benefit of humanity. I know nowhere else where pictures of the same quality can be had for so small a charge. Every one of the drawings is an original work of art.

A. A. HEALY.

New York, City.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Haunted Quarters.

Life at the Military Posts—Return of a Party of Custer's Brave Officers to their Old Haunts.

L. A. CLEMENT.

Probably the most demoralizing place in the world is a frontier military post in winter. I have in mind, particularly, Fort Rice, upon the Missouri River, about 450 miles northwest of St. Paul, abandoned in 1876 after the establishment of Fort Yates.

The officers when not on duty usually spend the day in playing cards or billiards at the officers' club room, and at night congregate in quarters most agreeable to them for whist, poker or other games, often drinking much. Occasionally dramatic entertainments are given, and dances frequently, officers and men eagerly catching on to anything that affords amusement.

In the days of which I write liquor was sold without restriction to both officers and men. The men were charged twenty-five cents for the cheapest stuff; the officers were furnished the best at two for a quarter. The charge was made against the enlisted man, if he was without money, and reported to the paymaster who deducted it from his pay and paid it over to the trader instead. The trader discounted the officers' pay accounts, sometimes for months in advance, using the vouchers in place of exchange for his eastern remittances.

Gambling was almost universal among officers and men, and instances were known to me where professional gamblers joined the regular army to prey upon their associates, and they usually got away with the pay of those easily led into that kind of temptation. Occasionally among the officers could be found a shrewd and mercenary man who would take advantage of his brother officers by every means in his power, and he would grow rich on their squandered substance, but usually the trader got the pay of both officers and men. So well did these traderships pay that as high as \$12,000 per annum was paid for the "influence" that secured the appointment.

In the fall of 1873, I made my first visit to Fort Rice. I had hardly taken off my overcoat before one of the officers, one of the bravest men I ever knew, though recently dismissed from the service for drunkenness, ordered a basket of champagne. He said it was the first time a newspaper correspondent had ever visited that post and he proposed to entertain him in true frontier style. Champagne flowed as freely as water, and toast after toast was drunk, stories were told and songs were sung. There were few officers at the post who did not join in the "fun." Sometimes the more joyous indulged in imitations of the Sioux war dance, and others in a walk-around singing the while. Finally I succeeded in getting excused, and leaving them studying the mysteries of a jack pot. I spent the evening from 9 to 12 with the family of an officer of my acquaintance. When I returned I found my friends anxiously awaiting me. They held me till 2 A. M., and when I managed to slip off to bed the officer who started in to entertain me, crawled through my window and taking all of the bed clothes with him, returned to the club room, obliging me to return and help finish the second basket of wine before he would allow me to rest. I have witnessed similar affairs at Fort Hayes. I was blockaded three nights at Fort A. Lincoln, once, and every night was in the main a repetition of the one described. The officer at whose quarters I stopped was a comrade of mine in the volunteer service; and though dissipated he was as warm hearted a man as ever lived. Indeed, I would almost have given my life for him for his impulses were so generous and his friendship so true. Finally he got into trouble that was likely to result in his dismissal, and in his distress he sent for me. I urged him to get a detail, get a leave of absence, get anything that would enable him to get away from his life of dissipation, and then get married. I urged him to find a woman who would make him a pure and noble wife, marry her and make love to her afterward. He did so, marrying a widow at one day's sight, and through her influence he left his wicked ways and became an active church worker. His bachelor quarters where in the old time the officers used to meet for card parties and walk-arounds—where they wiled the hours away in poker or billiards or over the flowing bowl, became the most attractive at the post. The open-hearted generosity of the officer continued after his conversion, without his former tendency to dissipation, and when in distress I have travelled all day to spend the evening with him at his home. In the mean time the Custer massacre occurred. This officer was one of Custer's nearest friends, and though with the expedition, he was saved. It was during the winter that followed the massacre that he was married, and in the course of two or three years his life was changed as I have stated.

Finally his family was visited by the Episcopal minister and his wife from a neighboring village. Both the minister and his wife were interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and both were decidedly mediumistic. They are now located in Northern Indiana, but having suffered persecution on account of our cause, are doubtless careful about proclaiming their knowledge of, or interest in, Spiritualism. The old room where the officers used to congregate had been turned into a bed room, and to this room our friend and his good wife was assigned. They had scarcely dropped to sleep when they were awakened by the sound of marching upon a stairway. They heard the rattle of swords and of spurs, and the sound of revelry apparently in a room above them. They heard the roll of balls as in a ten pin alley, and the sounds peculiar to billiard playing. They heard the clink of glasses and the wild and merry laugh of men. They heard confused voices as if in conversation or in song. These things were so real, although it was Sunday night, that they were confident that they were occupying quarters directly under the officers' club room. Judge of their surprise when they learned at breakfast that the house was but one story, and that there was no stairway or bowling alley or billiard table any where near it; that there was not, and had not been, a drinking or card-playing party in the house since the long ago. Others had complained of similar noises, but they had carefully guarded the secret and supposed that some natural explanation would be given of it sometime.

Our friends realized too well what it meant, but nothing could tempt them to spend another night in the haunted quarters. Nearly ten years has since elapsed. The old quarters were long since torn down and the officer was ordered to Idaho. I have often heard the good minister and his wife, with whom I used to sit once a week, tell this story. Our manifestations during these sittings were usually of a physical nature.

One evening the minister's sister for the first time joined our circle. When I got up to go just the tips of her fingers rested upon the table as she stood talking to me. As I moved toward the door the table followed me without any muscular action whatever on her part. At another time, the control being an Indian and the room quite cold, the table deliberately laid down on the floor and turned its feet (legs) up to the stove. The lady was in great distress over a check that was lost, and her hand was controlled and in a strange hand wrote directions as to where to find the missing check. It was doubtless through her mediumship that Custer's brave men were to make themselves manifest in their old haunts.

A Heavenly Visitor.

Has the age of visions passed away, and if so, why? It is because the Lord wills it thus, or is it because of the materiality of our times? What does the prophet Joel mean when, in referring to the outpouring of the Lord's spirit in this our day, he declares, "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions"?

Without stopping to discuss these important questions, let me introduce the following incident, the particulars of which are thoroughly true: Several years ago, the pastor of a prominent church in the city of Philadelphia became much depressed, owing to a want of success in his work. During the former years of his pastorate, large accessions were of common occurrence; but, through no fault of his own that he could discover, this delightful state of prosperity had given place to one of spiritual apathy, in which few were led to inquire the way of life. We will quote his own words:

"Where the secret of failure was, and how an improvement could be effected, were questions ever uppermost in my mind. These haunted my anxious and bewildered spirit night and day, depriving me of all comfort, rest and strength.

"One night I retired, as usual, amid tears and sighings, bitterly lamenting in my accustomed phraseology, 'Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of Jehovah revealed?' when without any premonition, I was suddenly startled by the dazzling form of a beautiful young lady appearing before me. For some moments we gazed in silence at each other, and my fears now leaving me, I could mark with correctness her appearance. She was clad in a robe of the purest white studded with beautiful diamonds and jewels, each emitting its own peculiar color and brightness. Over her snow-white shoulders, in the most graceful manner and in rich profusion, hung her curls of gold; while upon her head was worn a light crown having the appearance of a sun-like circle. Her features were all radiant with brightness, such as to illuminate the room; and as she looked upon me, her smile seemed that of heaven and love. She was the first to speak, and with an air of modesty and sweetness she thus began:

"My dear brother, yours is indeed an experience of disquietude and grief, and for this reason I am come to lighten your load and to disperse your gloom. Your sorrow is well known above. We all feel deeply for you; though we well understand that much, very much, of your mental suffering is self-inflicted and unnecessary. Do you act wisely," she continued, "in judging the secret and omnipotent operations of the Lord's spirit by the apparent success of your labors, thus forgetting that, while much that is seen is but superficial, much that is not seen by mortal eyes is Heaven's richest gain?"

"Here I felt the force of the rebuke, and was about to acknowledge my mistake and express my regret, when she continued, 'In proof of this, and at the request of the Lord, I now stand before you. Do you not see my form and beauty? Look well at me; do you not see this robe of white, this crown of brightness, these golden curls, these jewels—all this glory? This, my brother is your work! I am one of your converts, yet wholly unknown to you, having been secretly brought to Christ and Heaven through your labors. Beloved, look upon the work of your own hands! Have you any cause for discouragement though you have saved but one such soul during all your ministry? and yet many such as I will greet you when you arrive at home.'

"After pausing a moment, she continued: 'I have but another word to say. You are praying for greater success in soul saving. Then witness more for the Lord; aim to be yourself a more perfect embodiment of the truths you preach. Many, many preach; but alas! too few can witness for the Lord; and yet herein lies the secret of your successful preaching.' "With a sweet smile upon her lovely face, my heavenly visitor bowed her graceful form before me, and with a kind *au revoir*, vanished from my sight. I arose, to ponder over my vision; and, being filled with heavenly delight, I went as I sang the praises of my loving Lord. I there and then reconsecrated myself more fully to Him, and a tender glow of ineffable sweetness assured me that my offering was accepted. The influence of that happy night has never left me, and when the deep shades of gloom ever and anon beset my pathway, they are always dispersed by the sweet smiles of my heavenly visitor."—William Codville in *New Christianity*.

Religious Fanaticism.

The *St. James's Gazette* is responsible for the narrative: Some time ago the Madrid correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* drew attention to a remarkable phase of religious fanaticism in the village of Tolox, in the province of Malaga, which led to a State prosecution. The devotees of the religion took it into their heads, or rather were led to believe by their leader, a woman who declared herself a prophetess, that the highest form of religion was to conduct the mundane affairs of this life in the garb of Adam and Eve before the Fall. Another portion of their doctrine was to inflict upon themselves wounds in the hands, breast and feet, such as are shown in the representations of the crucifixion. They also burned all, or nearly all, their worldly possessions, in the belief that a Higher Power would provide them with food. The Government felt called upon to interfere, and a day or two ago a number of the leaders of this strange sect were put upon their trial. Already (the same correspondent now says) the most extraordinary revelations have been made, apart from what may be called the spiritual manifestations which these misguided people declare have been made to them. The most interesting feature in connection with the trial has been the experiments in hypnotism which have been made on the defendants by medical specialists; this being the first time that hypnotism has been resorted to in Spain in the interests of justice. In nearly every case the defendants proved to be "good" subjects.

Many of the experiments tried by the doctors were of the most extraordinary character. One of the accused, for instance, when in a state of hypnotism, on being ordered to perspire, broke out almost instantly into a state of profuse perspiration, while another, who was ordered to ascend a very high mountain, being the while in an ordinary room, behaved as if he were actually climbing, his breathing becoming difficult, and his heart beating violently. When this man was told that he had reached the summit and might rest awhile, the symptoms of exhaustion gradually disappeared. Others were pricked with long pins, and gave no evidence of feeling what was being done to them. The trial will last several days.

A Picture Retouched by Spirit Hands.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I was told an interesting story in relation to the mediumship of Mrs. — of this city. Her development is not complete and she has had a variety of controls. Some have shown a wonderful knowledge of mining, and some have attempted to use the medium for music, and still others for painting; none, however, obtaining complete control. The lady in question is of English descent, and while she has been a hard working woman all her life she has a keen eye for the beautiful; she is one of those housekeepers who never allows a particle of dust to accumulate in any place about the house. She is always on the war path with broom or duster. From this it would appear that she hasn't that trained touch so essential to an artist, nor has she much mechanical skill. Some of the pictures produced by her under full control, have been pronounced elegant, but they were not always safe when she was under partial control, for "finishing touches" in oil were liable to be put on water colors. The spirit had called for paints. Water colors were brought. But they were not satisfactory. Finally they indicated what they wanted and where the supplies could be had, and the husband, who is a devoted Spiritualist, quickly provided them. He was somewhat disappointed, the results were not all that he hoped for.

Hanging in the parlor there was a cheap painting, representing a scene in Switzerland. The outlines of a mountain with a lake at its feet were the leading features. The foliage on the mountain was thrown together in an indistinct mass. The sails on the lake were brown, as if resting under the shadow of the mountain. The whole picture, like a cheap chromo was dull, uninteresting. One day the medium had been absorbed an unusually long time in her work with her paints, endeavoring to form something the like of which the eyes of man never rested upon, and finally was impressed to call her husband, but why she knew not. He noticed when he came in that the picture I have spoken of had been entirely retouched. The foliage on the mountains was brought out as if by a master hand. The dull brown had taken on almost a living green; white sails had been supplied in place of the brown, and the sunshine almost seemed to dance where before there had been shadows. I have seen the picture often and it is esteemed by good judges a magnificent work of art. It was apparent that the medium had not touched it. It had been retouched, independent of her, by spirit artists. I have no right to use the lady's name. I'll give it to you for the private information of any who may wish it, however. L. A. C. Duluth, Minn.

Her Terrible Dream Fulfilled.

Mrs. Jacob Condon, living a few miles from Reed, Pa., dreamed a few nights ago that her year-old baby was burned to death, and that she sent word of the casualty to her husband, who was working at a distance from home, by James Portlewell, a neighbor. The next morning she told her husband of her dream and admitted that it made her despondent. He laughed at her fears and went away to his work. Late in the forenoon Mrs. Condon left her kitchen to go to the wood-shed, a few steps away. While she was there she heard her baby screaming. She ran into the house and found the child lying in front of an open grate, wrapped in flames. She threw an old coat about the child and smothered the flames, but it was so badly burned that it died in a few minutes. Mrs. Condon went to the door to call for assistance. As she reached the door James Portlewell was passing the gate. She sent him to her husband with the dreadful news, thus fulfilling her terrible dream to the letter.—*Globe-Democrat*.

The Sweetest Girl in School.

"She's the sweetest girl in school!" enthusiastically exclaimed one young miss to another, as they passed down the street together. "Edith is so kind, and gentle, and unselfish, every one likes her. And she has lovely golden hair and pretty eyes. Isn't it a pity her complexion is so bad; it spoils her looks. And then she has such dreadful headaches!" The girls skipped along, but it happened Edith's mother had heard what they said. It set her thinking. What could be done for those headaches and the rough, muddied complexion, that was such a trial to her gentle daughter. She recalled what she had read of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and on the spur of the moment she slipped into a drug store and bought a supply. Edith took it faithfully, with the result that it cleared her disordered blood, relieved the headaches, made her skin soft, fair and rosy, and now she is not only the "sweetest girl in school," but the most beautiful.

The agricultural department at Washington has sent an order for 100 sparrows to Mr. Hill, a professional bird-catcher at Indianapolis, for the use of the "economic ornithological bureau" for "scientific purposes." Within a little over a year Mr. Hill has caught about forty-four thousand sparrows.

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Mr. Gronlund claims that corporations which, by absorbing the efforts of individuals have grown to enormous power and influence, and that are opposed in all civilized countries to the public interests, must now face the "collectivity"—the nation—which is also a constantly growing centralization. "Of course private control," he says, "will have to give way to public control. The function hitherto performed by capitalists, that of being social paymasters, will devolve on the State." The "collective will" must be supreme, and that will must be embodied in the nation. The State will own and control the means of production.

Not that the government is to do all the business of the people. "There will be centralization of power, but not of functions, except say these three,—that of being general statistician, general manager and general arbitrator. These the collectivity will take upon itself, leaving all the rest to perfectly free associations of workers." "There will hardly be a government at all, but there will be a vigorous administration of affairs; that is to say, government over things, instead of over men." The government will be administered by the "competent, skillful and wise," who will be "selected from below by free citizens independent of all individuals."

The JOURNAL agrees with Mr. Gronlund that with the progress of civilization the functions of government increase in number, and that it has to take charge of many enterprises of public interest and impose restrictions upon others. It is also undeniable that labor has become specialized to an extent that many of the most important industries can be conducted to advantage only by individuals and corporations able to employ large numbers of men. The functions of government are increasing; the number of corporations is growing larger, and many of them gaining in wealth.

These facts afford good reasons for the belief that corporations will in the future be made to comply with such reasonable conditions as the public interest demand, but what logical connection is there between these facts and the destruction of corporate bodies and the relegation of their business to the government? How does evolution, which has produced the individual and organized industrial enterprise of the age, imply the transfer of their ownership and management to the State, and the substitution of the collective will for the will of the individual and organizations that have done and are now doing the work?

It is clear enough why some kinds of business, for instance the trial and punishment of criminals, and the postal service should be under State control, but why should the government do more in regard to the raising of corn or the publication of books than to protect all the workers, employers and employed, in their legal rights.

If the rapid growth of corporations and their great power is unquestionable, it should not be forgotten that the competition between them is also keen and increasing, and this must necessarily tend to make them feel their dependence upon the people and lead them to bring their methods and their influences into harmony with the public interests. The general intelligence of the masses is increasing, their leaders are be-

*Ca Ira or Danton in the French Revolution. A study by Lawrence Gronlund, A. M., author of "The Co-operation Commonwealth." Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. 1888. pp. 252. For sale by Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Price, \$1.25.

coming more wise and sagacious, the power to correct legal wrongs is in their hands if they will but use it, and it is not likely that in the future there are to be any combinations so powerful and oppressive that the government will, as a dernier resort, have to take possession of all the means of production and assume the general management of the business of the nation.

That the complex interests of the people may demand the extension of governmental control or supervision is very probable, is, indeed, certain. Experience has acquainted the American people with the evils of the control of the railroad system in a rapidly growing country, by unrestricted private enterprise. The railroad was followed by railroad monopolies, "pooling" the enormous power and influence used for their own ends often against the public good, indifference frequently shown to the proper service of the people, and negligence resulting in disasters. These with other evils, are sufficient reasons with many for desiring that all our railroad lines be owned and managed by the State. In France even this change may be effected. In France, in 1877, ten competing lines failed, when the State purchased them and made them the basis for acquiring the railroad property of the country. It at once assumed the management of its own lines, and soon constructed many miles of additional railroads, laying them out when they were needed and prohibiting private enterprise from constructing competitive lines. This policy in France has been successful. Belgium owns the greater part of the railroads of the kingdom. Germany and Italy have been moving in the same direction. In England the railroads are simply under close government surveillance. In this country railroad corporations have things about, but not entirely, their own way, and of course, use all their influence against State interference, for which there is as yet no great demand here. Our telegraph system is likely sooner to come under government management, as in England. Certainly the increased control by the government of the more important public interests is in keeping with that expansion of the jurisdiction of the State which has been a characteristic of social evolution. The superiority of governmental administration over private management in great enterprises which concern the entire population, is not less evident than the danger of governmental interference with the personal affairs of the people.

And here it should be observed that while the normal operations of trade, manufactures and industrial pursuits in general have required that the State increase its functions, replacing individual enterprises with its own management, as in the case of the postal service, there has gone on with this change, decline of governmental control of the individual and of interference with his personal and business affairs. This side of the subject Mr. Gronlund evidently fails to see.

To-day New Zealand chiefs superintend building operations, and in Celebes, the days for working are decided by the political agency, and the people go to the rice plantations at beat of gong. In ancient Guatemala the State fixed the prices of the markets. In France from the 11th to the 14th-century ecclesiastical and lay officials regulated both production and distribution, and from them commercial and business licenses had to be obtained. Later under the monarchy it was a legal maxim that "the right to labor is a royal right which the Prince may sell, and subject can buy"; and "down to the time of the Revolution the land swarmed with officers whose supervision and dictation extended to about everything in private life. In England as late as the 16th century there were councils authorized by the government to fix wages, prices, etc.

The contrast between those times and the present, when men work, buy and sell, and conduct their business and depend themselves as they choose, subject only to such legal restraints as are obviously required in the interests of justice between man and man, shows that progress has consisted in the enlargement of personal freedom and responsibility, as well as of the functions of government. Individuals have acquired greater power and additional incentives to compete with one another in every field of activity and to unite in organizations, and thus combined, to carry on competition with other similar organizations; while the principle of co-operation has been most prominently illustrated by the State in acquiring new functions and co-ordinating them with the older ones and using them to promote the safety, convenience and comfort of the general public. There has been constant co-operation as well as competition among every people in business, education and pleasure, and constant competition by every nation as a whole with other nations. Competition and co-operation are the centrifugal and centripetal forces of social life, and both are equally necessary. Competition spurs men to activity, and is the condition of improvement in every field of thought and work. Co-operation combines men for defense, unites them for work to which individual effort is unequal, and develops human sympathy and brotherhood.

Mr. Gronlund's work contains many important truths and valuable suggestions, but the JOURNAL does not believe that his ideal commonwealth is likely to be realized, or that if it could be, it would produce the strongest and best type of men or yield the results its author anticipates.

The law of success is as certain as the tides. All must obey these laws if they would prosper.

Evolution and Spiritualism.

It is a matter of curious interest to watch the comparatively slow growth of appreciation of Spiritualism, either in acceptance of its facts or comprehension of the truths which they body forth and the ideal to which they lead. So it has ever been with the most deeply important steps in the world's progress. Facts and truths surely go through a crucible, are tried as by fire, and thus the gold comes forth pure.

A goodly number of gifted persons could be named, whose attitude toward this matter a few years ago was that of contempt and utter disbelief. The old mood has changed; they now feel quite friendly, even desirous sometimes that it might all be true, but are strangely slow to accept proof and more strangely thoughtless as to the significance of these facts—so marvellous yet so natural. There is no lack of evidence of the reality of spirit phenomena, proofs that those called dead still live, but statements touching the popular science of our day are readily accepted with less evidence of their correctness laid before the student than is given of the nature and source of alleged spirit manifestations.

Evidence is abundant, but is underrated and not judged by the same rules, and with the same spirit in which evidence on other subjects is judged. Minds possessed and mastered, uplifted and inspired by supernal facts of supreme significance, are wanted. There are some, and more must come from these now waiting, not hostile but indifferent and unappreciative, for the weight of testimony increases, and the inner life of man gains.

Death, to the Spiritualist, is the release of the spiritual body from the dying physical form, that finer body to serve the immortal soul in the higher conditions of the life beyond, and its continued organic existence, after that birth which we call death, being "the survival of the fittest." The testimony of persons from that higher life is always that "over there" the spirit is ever reaching up, opening out to the use of enlarged powers in finer conditions. Does not this "grow out of evolution?" Is it not a great argument for the evolution hypothesis? Every representative writer among the Spiritualists favors evolution; as early, if not earlier than the days of Darwin, intuitive and clairvoyant seers gave us the hypothesis in broader scope than did Darwin, for his physical science only treated of evolution in matter, but this greater spiritual science told of its uplifting sway in the world of mind as well as in that of matter and of its continuance in the life beyond.

In an eloquent discussion of great eras in man's development it is said of the days of Jesus:

Everywhere mind was showing its marvellous capabilities; thought was rising to supremacy. The time had come for the human race to pass out from the mere struggle for bodily life altogether; it was to live a new life of intellect and morals, of hope and love, and honor and truth.... These thinkers resolved never to die; to so rise over the body that finally the body might go altogether, and the struggle for its existence be ended forever, but the subtle thinking mind live on. Just there, two thousand years ago, was the great dividing line between man as the brute and man as the god; between the struggle for bodily existence and the struggle to live forever. Did no one see or feel it? Indeed they did. Jesus was peace, love and hope. This man was the embodiment of the new age.

Here is clear sight of the great uplifting toward the immortal life which marked the days of primitive Christianity. But what of a like uplifting to-day which has spread farther in forty years than did the Judean revival in three centuries? What of a world-wide inquiry; a heart-hunger for

"The touch of a vanished hand," among peoples separated by wide oceans?

Strange that the sight should be so clear and broad, looking back two thousand years, and so dim and narrow when looking out over our world in the living present!

But the old contempt is waning; if the light is but dimly seen there is less turning away from it. The mists are fleeting but the sun is always in its place. Be ours the cheerful task of clearing away the mists, sure that the sunlight will then reach all, and that all will turn toward its radiant warmth.

Justice Defeated by Technicalities.

The fiction of the law and the innumerable loopholes through which criminals escape justice provided they have money enough to pay lawyers, has often been deplored; and never has there been a more deplorable failure to give a brace of wretches their deserts than in the case of Charles R. Ross and wife of Boston. Detected in conducting a materializing show, summoned into court and the paraphernalia exhibited, the woman is released by a fiction of the law which assumes her to be under the influence and power of her husband, a *feme-convict*, and the man is held. At the trial he slipped through the law's grip, because the bill of complaint alleged the payment of the entrance fee in paper money, and the complaining witness could not positively swear whether she paid a dollar bill or a silver dollar. Ross was again arrested on another complaint and on last Saturday again escaped justice. Judge Bacon of the Superior Criminal Court of Massachusetts sustaining the motion of Ross's counsel to quash the indictment because, in substance, the offense is not specifically mentioned in the statute which provides a punishment for obtaining money under false pretenses. This decision is due notice to Boston materializing frauds that they can ply their vocation without fear of the law until another session of the legislature shall remedy the defect in the statute.

The JOURNAL has repeatedly asserted that

If Spiritualists did not put down these frauds and render the calling of these tricksters too precarious to be followed, that laws would be enacted which would work hardship to all mediums. It is safe to predict that the next Massachusetts legislature will try its hand at making a law to fit the case. The JOURNAL has demonstrated by a practical test that in Chicago a fraudulent materializing medium can be fined \$100 or running a show without a license. It is true that this demonstration of the ability to squelch a fraudulent show by this method implies that all materializing mediums are able to be called upon to take out a license for a show, yet there is little danger of honest mediums being compelled to do this, provided they will co-operate in discountenancing and breaking up the illegitimate traffic now so widespread. If they do not do this they will be classed in with the frauds and made to suffer with them.

Characteristic.

In Cincinnati is being enacted a travesty on religion and morals. James A. Bliss, a professional swindler, has organized what he calls "The First new Spiritual Church," with himself as "pastor" and his third conjugal consort as treasurer. If there is a viler wretch outside of prison walls than this man Bliss, the JOURNAL is not aware of it. The *Banner of Light*, though perfectly familiar with Bliss's record, publishes an editorial notice of his church scheme and adds the following characteristic comment:

Now that these good people have "joined the church," and are to cultivate spiritual things, to the end that the unbelievers of Cincinnati may be induced to follow suit, and "walk in the straight and narrow path" we bid them Godspeed in this their new undertaking.

It is not to be wondered at that a paper with no more moral sense or appreciation of decency than the Boston organ, should rapidly decline in circulation and influence. The editor of that paper tells his friends privately that "that ——— Bundy has damaged the *Banner* more than \$20,000,—him!" As a matter of fact, neither the JOURNAL nor its editor has damaged the *Banner*; its decadence is the legitimate result of its own rottenness and imbecility. If the JOURNAL has quickened the Spiritualist public to a keener moral sense and cultivated a critical, rational spirit, and if in this clarified atmosphere the breath of the Bostonian concern grows short and labored, the JOURNAL's editor ought not to be damned for doing his duty nor saddled with responsibility for the misfortunes of the imbecile organ of *Gobemouches*—leastwise that is the way it looks "out west."

Another Oily Gammon Coming.

Peripatetic purveyors of psychical puerilities are plenty just now. The latest inflictor in this line which threatens Chicago is an unctuous specimen who writes his name thus, J. Commodore Street, A. B. N., Fellow of the Order S. S. S., and of the Brotherhood Z. Z. R. R. Z. S. In addition to this load of letters and responsibilities he also peddles the "Amulet Egyptian" which he declares is "a sure protection from all contagious diseases, cholera, etc." All is fish that comes to his net; in the summer season he visits a Spiritualist camp and bamboozles the people with meaningless verbiage and mystical pretense. In cold weather he apparently devotes himself to hunting for feminine theosophists and finding a warm corner and a few silly women who pine for such intellectual prostitution as he is able to help them to. The JOURNAL trusts he will be done up in flannel and tenderly cared for while here. Possibly it would do the creature good to take him to see Cyrus Rodolph Teed who has a bevy of old ladies serving as disciples, he might get a pointer from this nineteenth century messiah. Possibly, too, Philbrick might stop in his mission long enough to galvanize this latest arrival. In fact the JOURNAL is inclined to think it to their mutual advantage for Street, Teed and Philbrick to "pool" their feminine followers and divide quarterly, as do the railroads. It is probable that such a pool would lessen expenses and its managers escape interference from the Inter-State Commission.

"Charlatans."

Under the above title the JOURNAL this week publishes a translation from the French magazine *Le Lotus*. The author of this "fantasie litteraire" is pseudonymous, but we know of only one person who could have conceived so grim a philippic, and couched it in such scalding irony. Even in English dress, toned down and necessarily less picturesque than the original French, it remains a model of invective. The JOURNAL is a sort of open court in which those who think they have a truth can plead their cause or reply to their adversaries provided it is all done within conventional rules. The JOURNAL is ready to recognize whatever truth contending parties can demonstrate, and to deal justly by all who come or are brought within its jurisdiction.

Free Specimen Copies.

The publisher advertises to send specimen copies of the JOURNAL free to any address, and he is glad to do this, but he reserves the privilege of sending any copy that may be most convenient to spare. He would also mildly suggest to correspondents who request specimen copies for themselves or their friends that when they ask for a copy of a particular issue, it is only fair they should pay for it. Nobody would think of request-

ing a daily paper to send a specified date without enclosing with the request the money to pay for it; but by some strange reasoning many people think the publisher of the JOURNAL should not expect payment under the same circumstances.

Increase of Circulation.

The increase in the JOURNAL'S circulation is very marked of late, though nothing like what it ought to be. If every subscriber and reader who feels interested in maintaining a first-class, trustworthy paper will do their utmost to increase the JOURNAL'S list, they may rest assured that they will be substantially rewarded by steady improvement in the quality of matter published and by seeing the cause of scientific Spiritualism and rational religion advanced with cumulative force. How many old readers will send in a new subscriber before this month expires? Every one can do it if the effort is made!

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Louie M. Lowe is now a patient in the Battle Creek (Mich.) Sanitarium, where she will probably remain during the winter.

Correspondents whose letters require personal answer from the editor will please exercise patience, as he is a long way behind with such work and of necessity must always be.

Mrs. Janet E. Ruutz Rees, a contributor to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has assumed the charge of Dr. Fillmore Moore's Sanitarium at Lakewood, New Jersey.

Judge Tiffany will give his fourth lesson before the Young Peoples' Progressive Society next Sunday evening, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd street. The meetings are free to the public. All are invited.

The ladies of the Young Peoples' Progressive Society, invite the readers of the JOURNAL to their Leap Year Party, on Friday eve of the present week, at their hall, 159 22nd street. Tickets, fifty cents per couple.

G. H. Hawks has been lecturing at East Saginaw, Flint, and Grand Blanc, Mich. He has engagement to lecture at Flushing, Mich. During February he will be in Washington, D. C. Will also lecture in Baltimore, Maryland.

William Reed, of Pittsburg, Pa., the eccentric locator of oil and minerals by means of divining-rods, who was drowned recently on the New Jersey coast, left the greater part of his estate of \$250,000 for the benefit of students for the ministry, struggling churches, and missions.

Stephen A. Douglas, the youngest son of the great senator, was among the recent converts at Railroad chapel, this city. He joined the society at once, and rejoices at having already been the means of converting a penitent whom he never saw before. The two sat beside one another at Mr. Douglas' first communion.

The holiday issue of *The Carrier Dove*, San Francisco, Cal., was most excellent, its editor feeling jubilant over past success and anticipations of the future. She says: "For Spiritualism and progressive work we shall continue to labor with might and main. For honest workers and a rational Spiritualism we are prepared to devote all our time, strength and talents."

Col. Bundy, of Chicago, in a recent address, explains the presence of a devil in the composing room. It seems that when printing first looked an applied art the conservative world became on the press as an invention of the devil. "Though why the contemporaries of the inventors of printing should have thought his Satanic Majesty interested in the multiplication of the book especially designed to depopulate his kingdom, is not clear, unless upon the theory that in the hands of the people the book would be a stumbling block over which they would fall into hell." Never mind, so that we get an explanation of the disastrous imp whose omnipresence accounts for all mishaps of printing offices.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

"The fact," observes *The United Presbyterian*, "that men are so greatly in the minority in so many churches, and in the church as a body, is being discussed, and chiefly with the purpose of finding the reason. This is difficult, perhaps impossible. The more emotional dispositions of women is urged as a probable explanation, and the fact that, as a rule, they are not so much tempted as men to a secular or skeptical life. The preachers, also, are alleged to be responsible for it in some cases, for the reason that they preach in so gushing and sentimental a way that, though the ladies like it, the men grow tired of it. But this involves so much of a reflection on the ladies that it cannot be insisted on."

Samuel Roberts passed to spirit life at Haverhill, Mass., on the night of Dec. 31, 1887, aged 72 years. Mr. Roberts was a thorough, honest and consistent Spiritualist. Having once become convinced of the fact of the immortality of the soul, through the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, he had no farther use for the phenomena. The next thing for him was eternal life, eternal progress, and how to best meet their responsibilities. Those who knew him best realize that he tried to make Spiritualism practical in his every day life; in all his business relations it was his aim to be prompt and square, with ever a smile and a kind word to all with whom he came in contact, ever meeting out charity when justice would seem to demand censure. Funeral rites were held over his remains at his late residence, 28 Duncan street, Thursday, the 5th instant. Dr. H. B. Storer of Boston officiating. The First

Spiritualist choir rendered appropriate selections. The remains were deposited in the receiving tomb at Linwood.

Good intentions will not help a man on his way if he takes the wrong road.

All the events of our life are materials out of which we may make what we will.

Grand temples are made of small stones, and great lives are made up of small events.

No one is a more dangerous enemy to all that is sweet and good in human life than the one who lends to impurity the sanction of splendid talents.—Wendell Phillips.

It is said that Prof. Wiggins, the Canadian weather prophet, is a gander-shanked, white-headed clerk in a government department at Ottawa, and he first sent out his predictions as a joke. After he predicted earthquakes the minister told him to shut up or leave the service.

There is a society in Philadelphia with the title of the "Sudden Death club," composed of persons who have the heart or some other sudden-death disease. Like its members, the club has no constitution to speak of. It is said that "its function is to provide a dinner now and then to the afflicted beings who wish to eat, drink, and be merry in spite of physical infirmities."

George W. Rosure, known as the "cow-boy evangelist," is said by an Arkansas newspaper to be worth \$700,000, which yields him an income of \$150 a day. His fortune was made in cattle and by lucky investments in real estate. He is just 40 years old, and in his youth was reputed one of the most lawless of the desperadoes of the plains.

Kashin Nath is the name of a Hindu astrologer who astonishes European visitors. He told a political officer that Scindia would die such a day, and die Scindia did. He has even testimonials from Lieutenant Generals and members of Council, who note two extraordinary things about him—first, that he can tell "the present, past, and future of man's life by looking at his face merely"; and second, that he is "above pecuniary views."

From Raphael Tuck & Sons, we have received the beautiful porcelain pictures of President and Mrs. Cleveland. They are in the highest style of art. The list of porcelains sent out by this enterprising firm includes many prominent personages and also copies of historical paintings. To guard against breakage in transmission the porcelains are packed in wooden safety boxes. A descriptive catalogue will be sent by addressing Raphael Tuck & Sons, New York.

Another anti-Socialist bill will be submitted to the Reichstag, Germany. It calls for more stringent measures in dealing with the Socialists, and provides in certain cases for expatriation or loss of citizenship. The reason given for this clause is that it has been the custom among those expelled to resume the agitation in new places of abode and in districts that previously had not been affected by the Socialist propaganda. Another provision is that persons who deny the State's right to exist cannot claim to remain German subjects. Expatriation only will be enforced when a qualified Magistrate declares it advisable.

That this is an epoch of denominationalism is controverted by *The Independent*. This is not the day of denominational vigor, it believes, but of denominational decay. There is a survival of the denominations, but nothing more, sometimes not even that. Remember, it continues, that not a new denomination has been started for twenty-five years. The only nominal exception is that very small and excellent body of Reformed Episcopalians, so rich in bishops. The war, and no ecclesiastical causes, produced the only other schisms we have had for about two generations. That compelled the division of Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists north and south; and in Ohio split off a little body of Christians. But the day of making new denominations has passed by.

Christina, she of Cuban birth, one of the ex-consorts of James A. Bliss and a dealer in spurious spooks, has come to grief once more. Why so many advertisers in our esteemed Boston contemporary should have their traffic interfered with, when they have been endorsed time and again in its columns, seems strange. Is it possible that Boston people have no confidence in the editorial utterances of the "oldest Spiritualist paper on earth"? It really looks that way. And worst of all, it seems as though facts justify this want of confidence. But to return to Christina, who advertises in the *Banner* as Mrs. C. B. Bliss, on the evening of the 11th inst, she gave one of her exhibitions at the residence of Samuel Goodwin in East Boston. One of her most popular numbers, one which has been endorsed year after year, is a personation called "Billy the bootblack," when Christina and the notorious Jim were running their show in Philadelphia the "Billy" act with its vulgarities and nonsense was the delight of many mediamanias, and it has maintained its popularity. On the night above mentioned, a skeptical spectator seized Mrs. Bliss while she was performing the role of Billy the bootblack. The result was a hasty ringing down of the curtain and closing of the entertainment. The "spirit" wardrobe now awaits a call from the owner at the police station. Notwithstanding this little unpleasantness Mrs. Bliss will no doubt continue business at the same old stand, and with the help of her *Banner* advertisements and other steers continue to thrive—until the rapidly approaching day of judgment for such people comes.

Notes from Kansas City, Mo. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Dr. J. M. Evans is here, healing the sick by magnetic treatments. He heals publicly at Board of Trade Hall every morning, free, for one hour. Some remarkable cures are reported. He is nephew of Dr. J. W. Evans, author of "Mental Medicine," etc. Sam Jones has been dealing out his patent slang to motley multitudes the past week and gets from half to a column in the daily papers, some criticizing and others endorsing his methods, and the clergy are divided on the issues. Dr. Bowker touched up the Rev.?) Sam sharply in the morning *Journal* and the press is quite liberal in allowing all sides a hearing. Christian Science gets considerable notice, and flourishes best when attacked, for thus it gets a good deal of free advertising. Rev. Dr. Thomson is advertised to preach against it, but I do not know as the date is fixed yet. If the church want Christian Science to grow and take the cream of their society they do well to attack it.

Last week I met Mrs. Knight, sister to Harvey Mott, who is accredited with even more remarkable mediumship than Mr. Mott. At a quiet evening visit Mr. Beggs's parlors we sat at a table for phenomena. A clean slate belonging to Mr. Beggs was examined, and placed under the table, I holding it close up to the table-bed, and the medium placing one hand under mine. In this condition "Mary Howe" was written rather imperfectly. Next Mr. Beggs held it and three lines were written across the slate. There seemed no reasonable way to account for the phenomena by trick. Still I do not consider the conditions as I observed them absolutely fraud proof, though I have no reason to suspect any fraud. I anticipate a sitting with conditions that shall make any phenomena thus obtained unequivocally conclusive. I had two such sittings with Wm. A. Mansfield, but got no results. That was nothing against him, but in his favor, since he made no objections to any pretension against deception, but rather sought to give me my own way and seemed anxious to have all the conditions fraud proof. Mrs. Knight appears equally indifferent to any guards a skeptic may choose to use against possible tricks.

Dr. Buckley, editor of *The Christian Advocate*, will have another important article in his series in the February Century. The Doctor this time writes of "Astrology, Divination, and Coincidences," and shows the connection of these matters with the general argument he is carrying on in relation to Mind-Cure, Spiritualism, etc.

"A reviewer says of E. P. Powell's latest work *Our Heredity from God*: 'The very fact that this aggressive kind of writing has been taken up by the lower ranks of evolutionists, while its leaders have rather acted upon a policy of reserve and awaited developments, makes it easy to admit that one does not always open a book treating the moral aspects of evolution with an anticipation of pleasure or instruction. Mr. Powell's book is both deeply interesting and scientifically valuable.' Price \$1.75. For sale at this office."

Did you ever ride on a trolley? If not buy a ticket via the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul railway to St. Paul and return for 11.50 visit the St. Paul ice palace, and take in the carnival and toboggan slide. It is a great experience and costs but little. Sleeping car diagrams now open at city ticket office No. 63 Clark street, Chicago sale of tickets will begin January 21st.

A Dollar Bill. can be made for every hour's work. We will show you how to do it, reader. All is new, sure, light and pleasant. Both sexes, all ages. Business admits of your living at home. We start you free. Any one can do the work. Many make much more than \$1 per hour. No special ability or training required. Reward sure. All workers meet with grand, rushing business. Address at once, Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

CHICAGO. The Young Peoples' Progressive Society meets every Sunday at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street at 7:45 p.m. The South Side League of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 11:30 sharp at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street. The Chicago Association of Universal Radical Progress meets every Sunday at 11 A.M. and 7:15 P.M. in the Public Cordiality Hall, 230 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. The public cordially invited. Admission five cents. DR. NORMAN MACDONALD, President.

Spiritual Meetings in New York. The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The Peoples' Spiritual Meetg has been removed to Columbia street 87th, 6th ave. (formerly at Spencer Hall, 14th St. services every Sunday at 2:45 p.m. and 7:45 evening. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y. Conservatory Hall, corner Bedford and Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., at 8:15 P.M. and 10:15 P.M. Meeting every Sunday at 11th, Mrs. A. M. Gladwin will occupy the room until Nov. 1st. Brooklyn Spiritual Union—Sunday meetings at Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue, and South 2d Street. Members receive at 10:30 A.M., Alpha, Lecture at 2:30 P.M. Conference at 7:30 P.M.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Brant's Hall, south-west corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P.M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited. H. W. FAY, Pres., 620 S. Broadway. W. B. MILLS, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

Of obscure the road that leads to health, Unmarked by hoary elgins; Wisdom's path near, weariless is wealth To those that see of this, But do not despair, with life there's hope, The cloud conceals the sun; With Pierce's Favorite Prescription at hand Your life's full course may run. More truth than poetry in these lines, as thousands of ladies all over the land now blooming with health, testify to the great curative powers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, adapted by much research and careful study to the happy relief of all those weaknesses and ailments peculiar to females. All druggists.

Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. D., 181 Pearl St., New York

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

LECTURES. Spiritual or Liberal Societies may make arrangements for Lectures on Sundays or week days, with W. G. HASKELL, Ph. D. by addressing him at 1724 Statebank St., Philadelphia, Pa. Prof. Haskell is without question one of the most pleasing and popular speakers in America. "Prof. G. W. Bliss, Tremont Temple Lecture Bureau Boston, Mass. Write a letter to Boston, Mass. Pres. 1st. S. Stone; Sam'l Wheeler Esq., Pres. Temple Assoc'n; C. S. Bates, M. D., Pres. 4th Assoc'n; J. Stillenberger, Pres. 3d Assoc'n, all of Philadelphia, will give you full paper. Circular mailed on application. For courses or circuits very liberal terms will be made.

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\$1,000 REWARD! We offer \$1000.00 Reward for a cough or throat trouble (last stages of disease excepted), which can now be cured by a proper use of Dr. S. Stone's Bronchial Water. Sample free. Address STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Ill.

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WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME. Cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting, Diarrhoea, and all Scrofulous Humors. To One and All—Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles which attend the winter season? If so use Wilbor's Pure Cod Liver Oil and Phosphate; a safe and sure remedy. This is no quick preparation, but is regularly prepared by the medical faculty. Man factured by A. H. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

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Our price, \$25.00 18,478 \$71.75 DANIEL AMBROSE, 45 Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL. UNANSWERABLE LOGIC. A Series of Spiritual Discourses Given Through the Mediumship of Thomas Gates Forster. A remarkably clear, comprehensive and complete presentation of the phenomena and teachings of Modern Spiritualism is given in these lectures, comparing them with those of the past in respect to life here and hereafter. The many thousands who have listened to the eloquent discourses of Thomas Gates Forster when in the prime of earth-life, will welcome this volume with heart-felt gratitude. The following chapters are especially interesting: What is Spiritualism? Philosophy of Death; What lies beyond the Veil? Human Destiny; Clairvoyance and Clairaudience; What Spiritualists Believe, etc., etc. Cloth; large 12 mo., beveled boards. Price \$1.50. For sale, Wholesale and Retail by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. The most certain and safe Pain Remedy. Applied to the Chest at the beginning of a cold on the lungs, with a dose of Radway's Pills, will quickly effect a cure by relieving the Congestion. Applied to the throat on going to bed, with a sharp dose of Radway's Pills, will cure Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, and "break up" a cold.

SUPPLIES FROM BRONCHIAL TROUBLES

READ THIS AND BE WELL !!

REPORTER.—Dr. Peiro, you are reported as being the President of the "American Oxygen Company," and in that capacity responsible for the manufacture and sale of the remedy above named. DR. PEIRO.—The statement is quite true. REP.—Where are your offices located? DR. PEIRO.—200 Opera House, Chicago, Ill. REP.—Please state concerning this remedy, and if possible harm can occur by even careless use of it? DR. PEIRO.—Oxygen is nature's wonderful remedy for all diseases of the respiratory and nervous system. It is impossible that harm can come of its free use under any circumstances. REP.—How is your remedy applied, and for what particular ailments do you commend it? DR. PEIRO.—It is used by inhalation; thereby coming in direct contact with the diseased surfaces of the throat, lungs and blood. Its action is so mild and harmless that no ill-effect is possible to child or adult. We recommend it in the highest terms for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, COUGHS, SORE THROATS, LOSS OF VOICE, ALL NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, AND BLOOD DISEASES. REP.—State your reasons for so commending it? DR. PEIRO.—My reasons are as follows: Ample experience of TWENTY-FIVE YEARS in the study, observation and treatment of the diseases above mentioned, the fullest demonstration of the action of our OXYGEN TREATMENT in THOUSANDS of cases during the FORTY-FIVE YEARS we have constantly resided and practiced in Chicago, and, more convincing than all else, the impartial, unsolicited statement of those who have paid for and used our Oxygen. We esteem their testimony unfeigned because they are under no obligations to us for such expression. The statements are made of their own free will, and will presently be respectfully submitted for your consideration.

REP.—But it has been suggested that your claims are, for the oxygen, too broad. DR. PEIRO.—I respectfully differ. On the contrary, I have always been guided in my statements of its really wonderful merits, limiting my assertions to what I POSITIVELY KNOW of its action—saying much less in its praise than I have reason personally to believe, preferring to UNDER-STATE the facts than magnify them. REP.—Are you aware of the fact that the law requires that all remedies be accompanied with definite directions for their proper use? DR. PEIRO.—I am perfectly aware of that necessary provision, sir, and have clearly and amply conformed to the law by having printed on labels, wrappers and books, accompanying the treatments, directions so clear and specific that any person who can read may, in five minutes, prepare and use the oxygen. Indeed, it is simple, cleanly, delightful and very effective.

REP.—Do you offer the public any facility for information concerning their condition? DR. PEIRO.—Yes, we cheerfully mail to all applicants, free, a nicely illustrated book, a blank question list, and promptly reply to all inquiries in the most expeditious and confidential manner. The only requirement being the enclosure of a stamp for return postage.

REP.—Do you have any oxygen treatments forwarded to your patrons, and what guarantee have they the packages will be safely received? DR. PEIRO.—On receipt of money, express order, or bank draft made payable to American Oxygen Company we forward the Oxygen treatment by its express the sender designates any where in the United States, Canada or Europe. The Express Co. is responsible to us and we hold ourselves responsible for perfect delivery to our patrons. This has just occurred to have avoided even the semblance of unfair dealing and accordingly in excellent accord with all our friends and patrons. We are always pleased to hear from them, and glad to see them, or promptly reply to letters and give all needed information that may be desired.

REP.—I am pleased to say, Doctor, that your cause has certainly been honorable, and I see no necessity for further interrogation into your methods. I am fully satisfied of their correctness.—Vicksburg Citizen.

WHAT IS AN OXYGEN TREATMENT? Every complete Oxygen treatment we furnish is a two months' supply. One Bottle Oxygen Tonic \$1.00 One Glass Inhaler, Complete 1.00 and directions so plain that a child able to read can easily prepare and direct its use. The above is safely sent in nice strong box, to any express office in the United States, Canada or Europe, on receipt of \$12. Portions of the regular supply will be sent at above quoted prices for each article. We make a discount to our patrons on each treatment after the first order. Registered letters, money orders or bank drafts must be made payable to the order of AMERICAN OXYGEN CO., Chicago, Ill.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Rev. Wm. Fawcett, D. D. CHICAGO, ILL., AUG. 1. F. L. Peiro, M. D., Chicago: Very Dear Sir: Having myself experienced so much benefit in the use of your Oxygen treatment, and believing it will accomplish all you claim for it, I take the more readily because of having known you personally and because of my confidence in you as a citizen and a physician. Very truly yours, Wm. Fawcett, Pastor Park Avenue M. E. Church.

Gen. C. H. Howard—Nervous Prostration. CHICAGO, ILL., March 4. Dr. F. L. Peiro:—It gives me great pleasure to state that Mrs. Howard's health is now so much improved that she is able to do her usual household duties. I have been so long ago last November she became prostrated by an attack of spinal meningitis and the greater part of the time during all these years she has been in very delicate health. Last summer she was the use of your excellent Oxygen treatment by your advice. In a few weeks she was able to take horseback excursions. Her improvement was steady and almost daily perceptible. I am convinced that the results of your Oxygen treatment, that it is a safe and sure duty, as a debt of gratitude, to give you this statement of fact. Very truly yours, C. H. HOWARD, Editor Farm, Field and Stockman, Chicago.

Wm. Penn Nixon, Esq. THE INTER OCEAN OFFICE, CHICAGO, April 4. Dr. F. L. Peiro, Chicago:—Dear Sir: I will recommend no patent nostrum of any kind, but I don't see it adds to the many ailments of the world. I have tried a good many of them and find them to be a waste of time and money. I have used your Oxygen, and find it to be a most valuable medicine. It will work wonders. Yours truly, Wm. Penn Nixon, Business Manager, 107 Jackson.

Prof. W. R. Harper—Bronchitis. Dr. F. L. Peiro:—My Dear Sir: When I placed myself under your care, I was suffering from a severe case of catarrhal bronchitis which threatened to develop into something still worse. You have helped me wonderfully. I have the utmost faith in the Oxygen treatment; it will surely accomplish what is claimed for it. I desire to thank you personally for the benefit which I have received from it. Yours truly, WILLIAM R. HARPER, Prof. of Hebrew, Yale College.

Dr. Joshua Allen. 2186 E. CUMBERLAND ST., PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30. F. L. Peiro, M. D.:—Dear Doctor: Your letter answering my inquiry is received. After careful and continued observation with your Oxygen treatment, I am convinced that the Oxygen is to be the great treatment of the future; that from its faithful use grand success will follow. In diseases of the respiratory organs, where the membrane of the lungs are inflamed, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, and other chronic diseases. Yours respectfully, JOSHUA ALLEN, M. D.

A. A. Wheeler—Bronchitis. Dr. Peiro:—Dear Sir: I have used your Oxygen treatment for Bronchitis; it does more good than anything else I have ever tried. I have advised my sister to send for it and know it will help her if she has any lung trouble. I think the Oxygen will do all that is claimed for it, and more. Yours very truly, A. A. WHEELER.

Mrs. C. S. Morry—Asthma. SCANDIA, Kan., Dec. 4. F. L. Peiro, M. D.:—Dear Sir: Please send me your complete Oxygen treatment. I have a lady of this place, who is suffering severely with Asthma. Noting how much I have benefited, she concluded to use it herself (with the advice of her physician). Yours truly, Mrs. C. S. MORRY.

Mrs. S. B. Gaskin—Bronchitis. Dr. Peiro:—Dear Sir:—The Oxygen I did me so much good I wish I could put it in the hands of every sick person. Yours truly, Mrs. SARAH B. GASKIN.

Mrs. E. A. Morris—Asthma. HEINDELBERG, Iowa, Feb. 1 1886. Dr. Peiro:—Dear Sir:—The wonderful effect of your Oxygen on me has greatly benefited my friends and neighbors. I would see by actual results that Oxygen is indeed a remarkable remedy. My friends exclaim, "Oh! if I could have such a change as you!" and they could, if they would try your Oxygen. I am quite well now. Very respectfully, Mrs. E. A. MORRIS.

Dr. J. G. Russell—Bronchitis. 67 LANCASTER ST., ALBANY, N. Y. F. L. Peiro:—Dear Sir: I have been cured of a troublesome bronchitis of fourteen years' standing, and know thereby what a great blessing is your Oxygen treatment. I trust this treatment will do no other remarkable agent. Very respectfully, J. G. RUSSELL, M. D.

O. W. Nixon, M. D. Dr. F. L. Peiro:—Dear Sir: You ask my opinion of the Oxygen treatment. I am a great believer in it, and it is one of the most valuable of all remedies, new or old, for the treatment of bronchial or lung diseases. By proper use it reaches directly to the seat of disease, enriches the blood and tones the system. It is, in my opinion, nature's remedy. I have seen only good results from its use. Very truly yours, O. W. NIXON, M. D., 1st Ed. Ed. after-noon.

Mrs. A. P. Waterman—Asthma. Dr. F. L. Peiro, M. D.:—Having been a sufferer from asthma and bronchial affections for some years past, I was induced to try your Oxygen treatment, which I have used for the past two months with the most satisfactory results. The treatment has had a good effect; all that I could expect or desire. Have ordered another supply. Respectfully, Mrs. A. P. WATERMAN.

Hon. M. L. Bundy—Bronchitis. NEW CASTLE, Ind., Oct. 29. Dr. Peiro:—Sir: I have used your Oxygen treatment and recommended it to my friends and acquaintances; some of them have already ordered it and more will do so. I have been much interested since I commenced the Oxygen, two months ago. Please send another bottle. Very respectfully, M. L. BUNDY.

Dr. F. L. PEIRO, Physician in charge, devotes, as for 25 years past, special attention to diseases of the THROAT AND LUNGS. Examination of obscure chronic diseases of the respiratory organs requiring expert knowledge in determining existing conditions, will receive the most careful consideration. The most delicate and difficult surgical operations of the NOSE, MOUTH OR THROAT of children or adults performed skillfully, rapidly and with great care. Every applicant at hand for IMMEDIATE operation in office or at a distance. Appointments made by mail or telegram receive his personal and prompt attention. Patients coming to Chicago to receive treatment under Dr. Peiro's immediate care, should notify him several days before coming to make arrangements. Correspondence should be addressed to AMERICAN OXYGEN CO., Opera House Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Send stamp for Illustrated "Manual" 130 pages.

Voices from the People.

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

When the Final End Will Be.

EMMA TRAIN.

When we have learned the laws divine
In every blade that grows;
When we have caught the truths that shine
From every star that glows;

When we have roamed the depths of space
And named each glowing sun
And found each planet in its place
Since time its rounds have run;

When we have gathered up the tears
That fell through earth's long night

How Christians Pervert the Religion of Christ.

GEORGE A. SHUFELDT.

We are all familiar with the beautiful, simple life and character of the man of Nazareth.

"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted; blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

"I say unto you unless your righteousness shall exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no case enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"I am happy to know that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is one of the Spiritualist papers that is not afraid to attack and expose the workings of the soul and body destroying 'Church of God.'"

"I know it was from the Bible, Mr. Parker, that sentence in your prayer that I didn't like; but I didn't like it at all the same."

"Well, what sentence was it?"

"It was where you prayed the Lord not to lead us into temptation, but to deliver us from it."

"Then, said the sailor, 'I would not pray to him not to do it.'"

"The sailor left the great hall. It was some weeks after the incident that the sailor called upon me."

"No, but he repeated it with a variation. Instead of saying, 'Lead us not into temptation,' he said lead us from temptation, and he continued to use that form, I am sure, as long as he lived."

S. W. Brown writes: "I have just been reading in your JOURNAL of Nov. 29th, Reed Stuart's sermon delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church at Detroit, which you have so well and appropriately named, 'A Noble Philosophy of Life.'"

The Designs of Popery in America.

The late Pius IX., some twelve or thirteen years ago, speaking of the public schools in this country, said: "Public schools should be under the control of the church, and not subject to the civil power, nor made to conform to its age."

At the laying of the cornerstone of the Roman Catholic parochial school at Middletown, Conn., on a Sunday during Oct., '87, the Rev. Henry Kennerney, of Pawtucket, R. I., the selected speaker for the occasion, denounced the American system of public schools as heartless, headless and godless.

"There is now an avowed determination, as shown in the last council at Baltimore, to establish all over the country, a great system of parochial schools in opposition to the public schools, and it is made the most urgent duty of priests everywhere, under threats of excommunication, to found such schools."

"This schilling, underhand, bloody, heartless religious monopoly, is working day and night in the dark, plotting to overthrow our liberties and to bring us as a nation under its tyrannical yoke."

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Occultism.

In the January issue of a Boston Magazine, the editor, in reviewing an article on Occultism, says: "It [occultism] exhibits no ulterior purpose of using its knowledge for the benefit of mankind, or of even diffusing it. Its aim is selfish, and the secrecy which it refrains from the occult societies has maintained is not justifiable in the present condition of our civilization."

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More Chinese Murders.

A Chinese murder on Wednesday and another on Friday brought last week's average nearly up to the normal. For some time past there has been quite a depressed feeling in highlander first circles, owing to the conviction of several Chinese assassins, and the hanging of one or two of them, aided, possibly, by the realization that Stoneman had been succeeded by a different kind of a Governor; but the reversal of the verdict by the Supreme Court has re-awakened the interest in the subject, and the excitement among this mild and inoffensive people, and the cheerful crack of the highlander's pistol, or the crunch of his hatchet as it cleaves his victim's head, again mingle with the groans of the wounded and dying, as in days of yore.

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Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

France is about to issue nickel coinage to the amount of \$14,000,000.

Mrs. D. Givaway of Tennessee Pass, Col., gave birth to five bounding boy babies recently.

A small piece of tapestry of the time of Louis XIV. was sold at auction in Paris lately for \$2,300.

Mr. Talmage, it is said, dictates his sermons to a short-hand secretary at the rate of 150 words a minute.

A western paper says that a man who recently died "passed into the eternal slumber in the rich, cool, somber arms of death."

A citizen of Brunswick, Ga., proposes to paint his house black and ornament the roof with representations of colliers painted white.

Deadwood, D. T., has an anti-fat society, the members of which pledge themselves to abstain from eating anything that will add to their corpulence.

A poisonous distillation from potatoes, known among the negroes as "death," is exported from the ports of New Orleans and Hamburg for sale among the barbarians of Africa.

Residents of Rapid City, D. T., have sent for a lot of quail for the purpose of stocking that region with the birds. It is believed they will withstand the rigors of the winter.

Douglas Grant, brother of the famous beauty, Miss Adele Grant, has been appointed a messenger in the Navy Department at Washington at a salary of \$820 a year.

The Cincinnati Musicians' Protective Union has decided that no member shall play in an orchestra with women under penalty of expulsion and a fine of \$100 if he applies for reinstatement.

California produced 400,000 gallons of brandy last year, of which nearly one-fifth was made on Senator Stanford's Vina ranch. The yield was nearly 100,000 gallons larger than that of the previous year.

During the month of September 2,977,723 rabbits were killed in New South Wales, and yet the pest is increasing. In South Australia a disease which has attacked the rabbits is killing them off in great numbers.

Carpenter Brown of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., has dug himself a large shaft, secured a full team of bullocks, and will set out in a few days to drive them from the Soo to Grand Haven, a distance of nearly 300 miles.

Jasper Brown, an employe in a Pittsburg mill, fell from the roof of the building eighteen months ago and broke his spinal column. The doctors said he could not live twenty-four hours, but he is still alive and is getting better every day.

A woman of Jersey City, N. J., recently brought home a strange egg as a souvenir of a trip and placed it on the parlor table. One week later she was surprised to see a little turtle break the shell of the egg and slowly crawl out. The heat of the room had hatched it.

The Nevada City Transcript says: "Phil. J. Moyer of Liberty Hill, in this county, has at various times trapped Albino squirrels and sold them to residents from Duluth, Minn., and other places. The animals have all the characteristics of the common ground-squirrel, aside from their color."

The wild geese are invading the Sacramento Valley to such an extent that the farmers are obliged to employ men to parade the fields with rifles to keep them from destroying the wheat. They come in flocks of thousands, and fifty acres of ground are said to have been covered with them at one time.

As Josef Hofmann was retiring from the platform after a double encore at a recent concert he was seen to raise two fingers and gesture merrily at his father. The explanation of this gesture is that the senior Hofmann gives Josef a dime for every recall that he responds to with a reappearance and a bow.

Letter from an Appreciative Reader.

I send you herewith a slip taken from the Electrical Review, of N. Y., and have sent them the JOURNAL of the 17th ult, containing your report of a visit at Cleveland. Decent people are under obligations to you for exposing fraud and dishonesty, and I am glad you are to publish reports of experiments made with a view to the propagation of truth.

We cannot afford any nonsense about these things, and I believe it is our duty to set forth the truth, and demolish these wicked frauds. I think the time is now at hand when all who are perfectly satisfied regarding the truth of spirit communication, should have the courage of their convictions, and as far as possible set their faces against all the sickly nonsense and foolishness that is offered the public on this subject.

"I am happy to know that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is one of the Spiritualist papers that is not afraid to attack and expose the workings of the soul and body destroying 'Church of God.'"

"I know it was from the Bible, Mr. Parker, that sentence in your prayer that I didn't like; but I didn't like it at all the same."

"Well, what sentence was it?"

"It was where you prayed the Lord not to lead us into temptation, but to deliver us from it."

The Holiday Journals.

I feel like expressing to you my appreciation of the two excellent holiday numbers of the JOURNAL, the one for Christmas, and which were full of personal experience, counsel, and high-toned resolution. In these cheering voices from the people I am strengthened with new determination to keep aloft in the full light of heaven the banner of spiritual progress.

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Kansas City is Happy.

Kansas City is happy. On Sunday, Christmas morning, eighteen hacks were loaded with presents for the poor children of the city, and started on their mission of distributing. Under the auspices of the Star, a fund of \$1,741.59 was donated for the poor children and over two and a half tons of candy and one and a half tons of oranges were sent out to make a "Sabbath day's" and a merry Christmas jubilee. Over 2,500 jack-knives and other small number of dolls were added to the gifts.

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Threshing Straw.

I have read the article of Barton Brown on "Threshing Straw," and also the JOURNAL's comment there on, the drift of which seems to be that Mr. Tisdale is threshing away at an idea that has long been exploded, and which is not believed even by orthodox church members. This may be true among the ministers and congregations in your cities where advanced thought has gained the ascendancy, but throughout the country and smaller towns, is it not true that ministers are still "pounding the bible" and insisting on its inspiration and infallibility throughout? and the one who dares to even suggest that any part of it is not to be fully relied on and accepted as a God-given truth, is promptly branded an infidel.

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A Spirit Voice.

About thirty years ago one of our children had the scarlet fever, and in consequence of a relapse had spasms until he was perfectly helpless. No one, not even the physician, thought he could possibly live an hour. I having occasion to go into the back room, while there alone, I heard these words, so loud that I looked around to see who spoke to me: "The end is not yet." That child now sits by my side, and from that day to this, he has never walked a step alone. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" Is there no physician there? A MOTHER.

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The Home Circle.

We are having very interesting circles here. Two children, brother and sister, eight and nine years old, are the mediums for table manifestation. We have had a table handled so powerfully that four strong men could not hold it. It will spin around like a top, faster than could be followed with the hands. With the little boy and a man weighing 150 lbs. on the table, it would move around half way, the parties getting for over five minutes a free ride, and at the same time the table would answer mental questions. Such manifestation may in the end make a movement among the dry bones. The JOURNAL is a source of much comfort. I appreciate it.

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Pre-Existence.

Coleridge has embodied his Platonic view of pre-existence in this sonnet, "Composed on a homeward journey; the author having received intelligence of the birth of a son."

An Appreciative Letter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. I write to renew my subscription to your staunch, fearless paper, the JOURNAL for 1888.

A Man of Experience.

"Did I understand you to say that you had had considerable experience with the Indians in the West?" "Yes, I suppose you have."

THROUGH THE FOREST.

The Old and Young Danced All Night—Our Hardy Ancestors.

Old men live in the past. Perhaps it would be better for the young men of the present, if they lived a little bit more in the past, and drew less on the future.

The log cabins of primitive times would seem very cheerless habitations to the people who live in the finely constructed, furnace heated mansions of to-day.

White-haired grand-sires frequently took their life partners and on horseback rode a score of miles through the forests to enjoy the lively pleasures of a frontier ball, danced till daylight, rode home again in the early morning, then put in a good day's work.

Sometimes these log cabin old-timers were taken ill. They were not proof against all the exposures to which they were subjected.

A drug-saturated system is not in a natural, consequently not in a healthy, state. If any of the main organs are clogged with traces of the mineral poisons used to drive out a particular disease, the whole machinery of life is deranged and early decay of natural powers is the inevitable result.

Their efficacy, if properly compounded, and the proper remedy applied to the proper disease, will not be doubted. The experience of ages proves it.

The proprietors of Warner's safe remedies, in the faith that the people of to-day would be benefited by using the simple remedies of log cabin days, have caused investigations to be made and secured the formulae of a number of those which long and successful use had proved to be most valuable.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies." Among these medicines will be a "Sarsaparilla" for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin Hope and Buchu Remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy," a remedy called "Scalpine," for the hair, "Log Cabin Extract," for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for catarrh, called "Log Cabin Rose Cream."

It is a recognized fact that the cheapest farming lands in America to-day are in the South, and men of much or moderate means, looking for real estate investments or permanent homes, should not fail to visit the following points, where so many northern people are now settling, viz: Jackson, Tennessee; Aberdeen and Jackson, Mississippi; Hammond, Crowley, Jennings, Welsh and Lake Charles, Louisiana. Round Trip Tourist tickets, limited to June 1st, 1888, with stop-over privileges south of Cairo, Illinois, are on sale to New Orleans, Jennings and Lake Charles. For rates apply to nearest ticket agent, and be sure your tickets read via the Illinois Central Railroad from Chicago or St. Louis. For pamphlet entitled "Southern Home Seeker's Guide," and circulars concerning the above named points, address the undersigned, at Manchester, Iowa.

For tickets, Marasmus, and all Wasting Disorders of Children. Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is unequalled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."

Mr. Spurgeon's face is said to recall that of Chester A. Arthur, but is described as being broader and not so fine as that of the late President.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered, but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in Impure Blood, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial. Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering.

That insidious disease, Scrofula, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, Consumption being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system.

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WILLIAM RAMICH, Esq., of Minden, Kearney County, Nebraska, writes: "I was troubled with boils for thirty years. Four years ago I was so afflicted with them that I could not walk. I bought two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and took one 'Pellet' after each meal, till all were gone. By that time I had no boils, and have had none since. I have also been troubled with sick headache. When I feel it coming on, I take one or two 'Pellets,' and am relieved of the headache."

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"Charlatans."

Continued from First Page.

great dignity, as becomes your charlatanish lordship and buffoonish ladyship. After the prince of the period, its priests, enter, then, Sir Scientist—there is room for you, too, and all your ilk; and if you are crowded, the nobility will be pleased to sit a little closer together for the sake of having you alongside, because you happen to be fashionable just now. You are an eminently respectable sham, and quite "good form." You no longer smell of brimstone, because you never touch your retorts with your lily-white fingers without washing your hands. Your hair that used to be so long and white, has a tendency to grow black and curly, and even eyeglasses are seldom seen on your learned young noses. You know all you have been taught, and also how to dance. Being practical men with an eye to the main chance, you make yourselves "specialists." Being lady killers, you undertake to cure them. Being very useful persons, who know the relative value of things, you spend some times your whole lives in studying bird-life. Being featherless bipeds of the order Primates and class Mammalia, you write big dictionaries without the words, Soul, Spirit, God. Being of the genus homo and species sapiens, you regard with superb, if not sapient disdain, all things which you have not named and classified in your schedule of the Universe. Being ringmasters of the scientific arena, you have put science in a monkey-jacket and strapped her up tighter than your wives lace their corsets. Being priests of erudition, you have shut wisdom up in colleges gloomier than nunneries, through the dreary bars of which she dare not show her face. You have clipped the wings that would sweep infinity, and contented yourselves with the wagging of asses' ears. Failing to develop your own, you scoff and sneer at those whose brains are grown, and would gladly disown some of your own cloth, like Crookes, Wallace, Zollner, Reichenbach and Flammarion, who are as much at home among the stars as among molecules, and who, not content with merely knowing, seek also to understand what they discover—who, brought to the very threshold of the great mystery, come back from it almost Theosophists! You like to smile superior, too, when you speak of those old fogies, such as Copernicus, Kepler, Euler, Newton—those architects of great systems of science, almost astrologers, almost alchemists, philosophers, indeed, of the scraps of whose Theosophies your science is composed.—O scientists that you are! They and their peers are the head and front of Evolution—the crawling body and tail-end, O scientists! Thinking to lead thought, you are led by the nose with words and phrases; thinking to overthrow systems you scheme and make schedules; wherever your betters say "god," you cry "matter!" Your after-clap of Positivism, your anti-climax of Materialism and your precious anxiety for Rationalism, relieve one another by turns all along the line of the earthworks in which you are snugly entrenched; and in your zeal for every new-fangled notion you try your well-worn teeth on every old-fashioned theory. But such spleen is ridiculous, gentlemen; the enthusiasm of your predecessors, unlike your own, was sincere and natural; whereas, you are rather ashamed of yourselves, after all, when you have succeeded in proving that man is only an animal, as we see by the way you tap your foreheads significantly when you have said something particularly silly.

What innocent lovers of truth you philosophers are to be sure! When that evolutionary tendency which has resulted in to-day's Materialism, Rationalism, and Experimentation shall have brought about the inevitable reaction, you will follow the swing of the pendulum and become, perhaps, more ideal, visionary and spiritualistic than the theosophists themselves. The ghosts of your murdered innocents already haunt you under what other names and strange disguises! Dare not, then, slap us on the back with mesmerism, or we will punch your stomachs with "hypnotism." Thrust not your tongue in the cheek at clairvoyance, clairaudience, somnambulism and trance, or we will leave the point of our teeth on your "telepathy," your "hystero-epileptic form sub-consciousness," and your "supernormal cerebrations." Send no "committees on apparitions" into our haunted houses, or our ghosts shall frighten them out of what few senses they have left. Laugh not at our Elixir of Life, or we will make wry faces at your whole pharmacopoeia, whose virtue lies in its label, and is warranted to cure through the glass of the bottle as long as it stays in fashion. Turn not up your aristocratic noses at our Universal Solvent, for you have not caught a whiff of it yet, though everybody knows the smell of your laboratories, and we have only been waiting for you to invent something to keep it in, so we can give you the benefit of it. Fling at our phenomena none of the pebbles you have picked up, by the seaside of your childish experiences, lest, perchance, we send the Philosopher's Stone to crash through the glass of your playhouse! Taunt us not with our perillities, lest we retort upon your atrocities. Remember that most of your wanted discoveries are more harmful than helpful to human happiness. (It were far better for you to take us kindly as well as seriously—are we not both working our respective ways for the same end—the good of humanity? We Theosophists dream of a universal brotherhood that shall make war needless; you will soon have made war impossible by the very atrocity of your explosive chemicals, and you play a wonderfully good part in our intellectual, immoral age. Learned, but weak and wisdomless—masters of most things except your passions and prejudices—you have discovered most things excepting your own souls. Only yesterday you suspected, what everybody else has always known, that there might be such a thing as psychic science; to-day, you are beginning to ask, what we could have told you in the beginning. If there may not be such a thing as social science, and natural law in the spiritual world.

Come on now! If you are not afraid, and willing to learn, perhaps we can teach you something yet about these very things you affect to despise. Perchance we can give you a glimpse, inside yourselves as well as outside, of the great cycles of evolution through which, you, like us, must pass. Possibly, from being learned you may graduate into wisdom; but have a care! for you will be responsible for the exercise of your powers, since you are the very flowers, the rare and gorgeous exotics, in the aristocratic hot-house of thought—yet architects who have never constructed a moral, even for yourselves, and blockheads who have never so much as made a wooden pavement for humanity to walk off from the cradle to the grave, as you might easily have done by laying your heads together. Take care, then, how you hurl your cobblestone facts at the heads of the people, that those who are able may swallow them whole in ostrich-fashion, higglety-pigglety, with the unwhole-

some diet they find in the Police Gazette. Why crush poor, weak, credulous fools with the heels of your top-boots? In their poor sciences, the very chips that fly from your fragmentary science become souvenirs of nature, sadly mixed, however, with the silly superstitions they suck in from the priests, and tinged with their own morbid imaginings. Instinctively the public seeks to peep behind the mirror you hold up to them; and finding nothing there they can recognize, they fancy what they please—for to dream is human, gentlemen, whether a nightmare or a vision of heavenly light.

And that you may be in no danger of forgetting all this, we will admit along with you, as a sort of antidote to your own extravaganzas, your much despised brethren, the unscientific Spiritualists, who can easily discount your every trick and materialize anything you wish faster than you can cry, "Out damned spot," on the chastity of the intellect! These visionaries, these somnambulists of the soul, these tight-rope performers on the spiritual platform, are positively topheavy with notions about the other world, and grow more greedy in their hope of a future life, the less hope you leave them! Just as fast as you grow materialistic, they become idealists, Spiritualists, nihilists, anarchists and what not; but we have room for all, even such as these.

And enter now, all ye sad-visaged knights and chevaliers of the woful countenance, ye nobly ridiculous ecclesiastical martyrs of imaginary gods, who turn up to heaven your poor, parched, gaping throats in hopes of catching a drop of celestial saliva! ye ephraims of either sex, who bank on another world for pleasures forbidden or impossible in this one, know, then, there are for you, since you will have it so, many immense abodes of the blest in paradise, where the joys you dimly foresee shall bloom like the flowers of fairyland. Holy and yellow virgins, who have lavished the treasures of love on mystic irreposive shrines, be comforted, for we will roll away for you the stone from the sepulchre, and show you that he, your lover, lives. Enter all ye who are emboldened by very fear, all ye who are pious for your private purposes, all who torment yourselves for the dear love of the Lord. Come, tonsured Catholic priests, everlasting old St. Anthony's, sick of those vows which keep you from loving anything less ghastly than yourselves! Come, reverend Protestant sirs, who scorn the holy plaster of paris virgins, and take to yourselves wives in the flesh, and especially in the bone! Come Jewish rabbis, who brood over biblical lascivities with the gravity of undertakers and the dignity of ganders! Come, Hindu fakirs, whose concentrated will-power has made you brutes—Chinese bonzes who leave the wind to turn your prayer-mills, and whirling dervishes who turn yourselves, Freemasons, too, who have succeeded in demolishing the mother church and making playthings of the pieces—enter ye, one and all, in our temple, that is builded on the ruins of all of yours, incongruous in every detail, magnificent in its entirety!

See the Chinese gods enthroned under gothic arches—there the Assyrian colossi borne upon Celtic members—here the frowning portals of Egypt are draped with Indian tapestry—there the mitre of Rome surmounts the grinning phiz of the sacred monkey of Hindustan, and here the Singhalese elephant waves the cross of calvary in his uplifted trunk—there stands the patient white bull of the Saitic Isis, here sleeps the Lamb of God in peace beside the werewolves of Christian dogma. What strange place is this? What stranger things are these? This temple, ladies and gentlemen, is our theatre; and these things are our stage properties! Enter, then, in all your dignities, gowned and aproned and chasuble as you please, covered cap-a-pie with your churchly bangles, and see the play. Bring your bibles, your Korans, your Zend Avestas, your Bhagavad-Gitas. Play your organs, beat your gongs, sound your timbrels—louder, we say, and louder yet, till you draw in all the faithful fools whose prayers shall resound like the roar of the mighty ocean; and then, perhaps, the dear god God that no one of your individual voices has ever yet waked up, may chance to hear you serenade him with such a pandemoniac charivari!

But we are not yet full—there is the pit and the peanut gallery too. Enter there also, you laymen of the ideal—poets, artists, all the dreamy visionaries in the twilight of human life, whose poor human souls are thirsty for experiences of the True, the Beautiful and the Good, with a big T and a big B and a big G! Come, you who are so ready to take all risks that you make it risky for other people, dissatisfied as you are with the soul-scrapes you have already encountered. Enter all you who, with manly contempt for the seamy side of life, seek feminine consolation in scenes that are never sadder than when most gay and festive. Come, you precious gemmy geniuses, whose fatal enthusiasm kneads human hearts into stony statues. Come, you inspired idiots, whose endless and vagrant woes break loose in long minor choruses. Come, all you versifying rhapsodists who feverishly pass the fine-tooth comb of feeble expression through the matted mass of your fungus heads in hopes of catching an idea that you can recognize, in order that the soul of the Divine Word may crack at your touch and crystallize in dainty vocables. But know ye that the Logos, like space, escapes you when you would seize it, even as the flea of the Irish race. Know, also, that unsatisfied desire shall be your fatal gift, O slave of passion! till comes the day when you conquer desire and thus master yourselves. Know that could you dig as deep in the eternal verities as you would like to burrow in women's hearts, could you carve caryatides as virile as you would wish your own members to be, could you light up your canvas with colors as bright as the phosphorescence of your own mushroom brains—well, then, your masterpieces would, after all, be as few and as poor as their admirers, since art is an elegant superfluity while the masses of men have not sufficient food; and you will be rudely awakened from your reveries by ugly, disagreeable realities that will rasp your poor, dear, shrinking souls—such as worthy well-meaning people whose noses are ten long or not straight enough to suit your refined taste, by flaming red cornices in coquettish hats that shock your esthetic sense, and by dentist's displays alongside the door of your favorite cafe, so dreadfully vulgar you know! and, alas! you will be specially worried, if you have any real feelings, by the admiration of most people for what is false in art, and the tolerance of even intelligent persons for what is commonplace and despicably mediocre.

And listen, once more: Back of all the beauty in the world which you have not quite succeeded in ravishing by your nevertheless well meant and ardent assaults, there remains yet a beauty of another kind. Far beyond those pleasures which crumble to dust at your touch, stands that happiness

which you have never known, out of the reach of sorrow, which no grief can grasp, which no pain can make a prize. At the very bottom of your own heart, sick as it is into satiety, may yet be found a peace so full, so satisfying, that the powers of hell itself shall be powerless there. Hear us, then—all you who have prostituted yourselves to one amour, or a dozen or a hundred; or you, who have vainly cherished feelings you thought without precedent and beyond compare in the privacy of richly furnished boudoirs,—or you, who have plunged into open dissipation forever seeking the savor of some strange fison! No doubt a woman's mere glance may make you restless, but your real unrest is to come from the downcast, fearful eyes you have blind-d. All you who fancy you are enjoying pleasure are simply mistaken; it is pleasure that is enjoying you. But the hallucination hurries you on from joy to grief, from desire to satiety, from fond hopes to grim and wan despair; and you go your own gait, while the world wages on as usual. Seek no longer love without. Love is within yourself, or nowhere else. When you love your wives, mothers and sisters, your goods and your virtues, you really love only the soul of these things, and that alone is worthy to be loved; that treasure you love unconsciously, without knowing that you do so. When you shall have learned all this for yourself and caught the strains of the symphony of the universal Love that is deathless and eternal, you will understand why you fruitlessly wasted so much love and could receive so little in return.

But now, once more: To us the great unwashed, undistinguishable public with its plain, sturdy, homely, commonsense—to us the mass of the people, who are forever beaten back, kept down and elbowed aside by the great ones of earthly greatness—ye who are mere food for gunpowder, mere tools in politic hands, nothing but flesh for worms! everlasting dupes that ye are, come in and let us tell you the good news, and put you up to a trick or two! It is you we mean, Mr. Nobody, or Mr. What's-your-name, who are eyeing us with wonder, not knowing what to make of it all, after drinking in with your big dapping ears what everybody else has been saying to you. Come nearer, and do not be afraid; we are not going to bite you. Show us but your face—or any other part of your person, and we will tell your past, present, and future. We can beat the very gypsies telling fortunes. For example: You were born; you were born of a woman; she was your mother and you were her child. Is not that so? She put you in a cradle lined with silk, flannel or something of that sort, and in the soft shade of the curtains she dreamed her dreams of joy. And you, you ugly little wretch, used to bite her breasts and soil your linen. You never did? Well, we know better; and your eyes, still shut to the world, were opened to tears, and you cried, and fought against life with your awkward little red fists. They got used to your body as it grew; you had sensations, and everything astonished you, and you wanted to know if the nurse didn't find you in a cabbage. They sent you to school where, among other things, you learned to fight for marbles. Then some strange feelings stirred you, that you thought very remarkable and very naughty. You took your first cigar and your first debauch, and had your first disillusion; afterwards you acquired a taste for such things. They made you a voter at twenty-one, and you were going to be President and reform the world, that being an easier job than reforming yourself. You fell in love, got married and were, no doubt, deceived, because your wife was smarter than you ever discovered. The babies came along, and after you were a papa you grew fonder of your own father than you had been before. One day he died, however, when you were thinking of something else and you cried over his corpse, and cut off a lock of his hair to keep, and carried flowers to his grave for quite a while; for just about then you were wondering whether there might not be a future life, and you wanted to be on the safe side, and hold on to some dead love or hope, or even the ghost of one. But after a while, you vaguely perceived that infinity was a large thing, and spirit an intangibility, so you fell back again on something you could understand better. You had beastly fits of intoxication and went through the rest of your silly amusements as regularly as clockwork.

In this way, you gradually fitted yourself to be the prey of any political, priestly, aristocratic or moneyed knave who wanted to exploit himself at your expense; so you contributed money to carry elections, and put some on the plate when it came round at church, and toddled to rank and bowed down before wealth and made a most approved fool of yourself in the regulation way. So the pitch smutted you, and work and worry told upon you, and now old age has bowed you down. Come in and rest yourself a bit with us, before you tumble into the hole in the ground, O man of the people, ragpicker of every prejudice, worker of social KARMA! Simple minded as you are, honestly and hopelessly stupid, you are at any rate the typical man; and those who go about so stiffly in evening dress, ready to cringe before self-constituted authority and kneel to all the golden-calf gods in the fashionable pantheon, are mere monkeys beside you—you great big two-fisted, honest-hearted boor! Come on, and we will show you in yourself, in labor and the laboring class to which you belong, a true dignity you never suspected. We will teach you that that instinct of freedom, liberty, equality and fraternity, which has so often made your heroic, is no myth, but a reality—albeit but the first foam of a wave of human progress which shall in the end carry you higher than the gods you shall have outgrown and cast aside!

We are not quite full yet—one other call let us send out, as through some vast reverberator, that shall reach further, lower yet, till our wild cry may stir the very drags of human being. Sound it forth into the dark depths of the social crucible, into the slums where shadowy shapes are swarming, void of virtue, deprived of love, unsexed, unmentionable, into the darkness lurid depths where groans the pedal of all earthly sorrows—into the depths of hate and vice and every crime whose lowering clouds are ready to burst into tears of blood. There where human fermentation is life, where utter rottenness breeds its pestilential crops of thieves and murderers—stop, did you say? Well, they work ruin unknowingly, and can we blame them? They are only criminal because they are ignorant. Why reject them, brothers? Is ignorance, then, an unpardonable vice? How can we, then, who know so little, expect to be saved, if such as these are to be damned. Forget for once what you hear in church, and answer us truly what you think about it yourself. They are flesh of our flesh. They scratch the same leprosy whose seeds are in us also—yes, these, with bodies born just like ours with souls, become, alas, how different! And after all, do our good clothes, then, cover no ulcerated places? Let them come in, too,—these dreadful creatures, with their happier and cleaner cousins, the beasts of

the field. Nature makes room on the grass for the great patient cattle, which lick their sides in the peace of their dewy pastures; room, too, for the drunkard. There is room at the Buddhist banquet for cannibals who keep their parents from growing old; room for the vivisectors who claim that they keep other brutes like themselves from pain; room for the outcast; room for wild beasts! Their roaring and shrieking and blasphemy make a fine bass for the grotesque hosannas of hypocrites and the shrill falsetto of the skeptics. This is the music of the future, friends—this the overture of our grand performance in three acts and seven scenes. Now we are ready to begin. Be seated all, Enter, gods, men, and beasts!

AMARAVELLA, F. T. S.

Our Heredity from God.*

Letter from Rev. E. P. Powell.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

I have just read the criticism of Giles B. Stebbins in RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. I am quite capable of enduring criticism, but I have heartily laughed over this one. He pats me gently on the back and spends the rest of the time showing that the book is not written in defence or advocacy of Spiritualism. Well, brother, that was not my intention. My object was a clear one, plainly stated, to present the bearings of the evolution hypothesis on the great questions of God and Immortality; to show the legitimate outcome of the science of all sciences, Evolution. In this way I desired to make a break upon the tendency to agnosticism and materialism. The chapters move on a fixed line straight forward,—and each one is only that which is necessary to prepare for the next. This has been generally recognized by critics. Out of nearly one hundred reviews only three fail to cordially endorse the book. In this country and in England it has met with a warm welcome. Of course I am glad, for it is my life's work.

Among the testimonials, John Burroughs writes that he wishes it were "in the hands of every intelligent reader." Rev. Ch. Voysey, the noted liberal of London, writes: "I am absolutely fascinated with the book, both with its clear logic and its style." Science says: "One does not always open a book treating on the moral aspects of Evolution with an anticipation of pleasure or instruction. Mr. Powell's book is both deeply interesting and scientifically valuable." The Chicago Times says: "Altogether the book is the most cogent, candid and absorbingly interesting of the discussions of this momentous doctrine, by a thinker who both sees, and states clearly, its tremendous import." This is the tone of the press. But curiously Bro. Stebbins goes to the last chapter where I recognize the vast correlative value of Spiritualism, and because I do not ride his hobby, gives the book a scolding as negligent. At the same time comes a letter from one of the grandest Spiritualists in the country, a man whose belief carries to me almost the weight of logic, and he says: "You have done all for Spiritualism that we could fairly ask, and all that your subject allows, and all that was of value for the average reader."

Bro. Stebbins reminds me somewhat of a stoutly orthodox deacon who used to flank me in my orthodox days. Preach on what I would, he held there was not enough of the blood of Christ in my discourse. One day I spoke on "How to save our Boys," and gave as good advice as I could; but, said Deacon S., "Remember Bro. P., 'tis the blood of Christ alone that cleanseth." Now my friend Giles has a hobby, and I really wish he would not measure everything by means of it; but he is a capital fellow for all that. So was Deacon S. really good. E. P. P.

Clinton, N. Y.

* Our Heredity from God, Consisting of Lectures on Evolution. By E. P. Powell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

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DO YOU KEEP A COW?—THE DAIRY WORLD

Is a monthly journal of 24 pages devoted to the dairyman, cheese-maker and private dairy. It is finely illustrated, elegantly illustrated and ably edited by the best known American, Swedish and Danish butter and cheese makers. If you keep a cow it will interest you. The regular subscription price is \$1.00, but in order to largely increase our list we will send both the paper for one year and the above fronting glass dairy thermometer, postpaid, to any address for only 65 cents, the regular price of the thermometer alone. Address The Dairy World, Chicago, Ill.

Advertisement for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. The image shows a cylindrical tin with the text "FULL WEIGHT PURE DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE". Below the tin, text describes its superior excellence and availability in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis.

Advertisement for Cuticura. The image shows a man's face. Text reads "DON'T Allow your Clothing, Paint, or Woodwork, washed in the old rubbing, twisting, wrecking way. Join that large army of sensible, economical people, who from experience have learned that James Pyle's Pearline, used as directed on each package, saves time, labor, rubbing, wear and tear. Your Clothes are worn out more by washing than wearing. It is to our advantage to try Pearline. JAMES PYLE, New York. Sold Everywhere."

Advertisement for Cuticura. Text reads "Cuticura A POSITIVE CURE for every form of Skin and Blood Disease from PIMPLES to SCROFULA. SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY RELIEVED by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real skin beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA OIL, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, tetter, eruptions, psoriasis, Itchen, pruritus, scald head, dandruff, and every species of torturing disfiguring itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Advertisement for Knabe Piano Fortes. Text reads "KNABE PIANO FORTES UNEQUALED IN TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP AND DURABILITY. WILLIAM KNABE & CO. BALTIMORE, 22 and 24 East Baltimore Street. NEW YORK, 112 Fifth Ave., WASHINGTON, 817 Market Place. A REED & SONS, Sole Agents, 136 State Street, Chicago."

Advertisement for Epps's Cocoa. Text reads "GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pint tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, London, England. AGENTS WANTED. We want a special agent, lady or gentleman, in every town or village in the United States to take subscriptions for THE HOUSEHOLD COMPANION, the best illustrated household monthly magazine published in this country. Established at Boston, Mass., in 1879. Full of Music, Fashionable Domestic Hints, Stories and Poetry. Every lady is pleased with it at sight. Active local canvassers make \$15 to \$18 per day. Liberal cash commissions paid. Specimen copy free to applicants. For terms and further particulars address HOUSEHOLD COMPANION PUBL. CO., Box 3254, Boston, Mass."

Advertisement for W. S. Rowley's Occult Telegraph. Text reads "W. S. ROWLEY'S OCCULT TELEGRAPH. A correct diagnosis given of all diseases and successful treatment by Spirit Dr. Wells through Occult Telegraphy and under the supervision of G. F. Whitney, M.D. Patients unable to visit their office in person send full name and address, age and sex and locate the part of the body that they wish examined most particularly, when a full and complete diagnosis will be given. Terms \$5.00 and 6 cents postage for first diagnosis and medicine. Address, ROWLEY & WHITNEY, Room 39, Nottingham Block, Cleveland, Ohio. BEYOND: A Record of Real Life in the Beautiful Country over the River and Beyond. For sale, wholesale and retail by the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago."

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