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

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

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"SIGNS IN THE HEAVENS."

Presentiments and Forebodings of Carlota, Ex-Empress of Mexico.

Her Letters to the Duchess of Aosta, whose Husband, King Amadeo, She Feared, will meet the Fate of Emperor Maximilian.

Translated from the Spanish for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The following letter from the ex-Empress Carlota to the Duchess of Aosta was read some years ago before the Hispano-American Society of Leipzig, by a member of the same, and received with a storm of applause. Amadeo, the husband of the Duchess, had been called to the Spanish throne, and the Empress seemed to discern in this case parallel with that of her own unfortunate Maximilian and herself, and thus gave utterance to her forebodings. It was published in the *Revista Germanica* and copied extensively by all the Spanish-American journals.

I.

MY DAUGHTER: Permit me to call thee daughter, first, because I am a widow, and secondly, because my sorrows give me a desire to employ with thee the sacred name of mother. I saw thee in Italy when thou wert very beautiful, very young and very happy; I, too, was young and happy, though not so beautiful as thou.

I saw thee at another time when thou wert extremely happy, and I most wretched. I write thee to-day to tell thee that the time may come when both of us shall be equally unhappy and unfortunate. I, too, was once a queen, Maria Victoria, and I, also, smiled and deceived!

Thou art aware that I have lost my reason; and God loves thee so much that He grants me this hour of lucidity that I may speak to thee the truth, now that so much ambition, so much flattery, so many crafty men, so many lying lips, so many idiotic tongues and so many blackened hearts are ready to come to thee with falsehoods. I have been a queen, Duchess of Aosta! I know all about that exalted position! Dost thou understand me? Yes, thou comprehendest me. See to it, then, that thy womanly heart doth not make merchandise of thy peace.

I am Carlota, the former Empress of Mexico, the wife of Maximilian. Dost thou hear me? Yes, thou hearest me. See to it, then, that thy woman's heart deceiveth thee not.

I must hasten to communicate to thee my fears, for I do not know how long my madness will leave me at liberty.

Who could have imagined what has since come to pass when for the first time we saw each other in the groves of Italy—of the Tivoli! Dost thou remember those quiet and enjoyable afternoons?

Ah! Maria Victoria! bear attentively what my misfortune has to point out for thee! Heed me well, for an unhappy wife, made insane by grief, is reading thee thy fortune!

II.

A deputation of Mexicans went to Vienna to offer my husband the crown of Mexico. I speak to thee of an embassy. Maximilian called me to his side and said: "Carlota, I am offered the empire of a famous people in America; what dost thou think of it?"

I dropped my head in a pensive mood. Again Maximilian said, "Hast thou nothing to say to this?"

I continued thoughtful and made no reply. My husband turned as if to leave the room. I thought he was going to decline the offer that the embassy had made him, and I cannot describe the inward fire that seemed to burn my vitals.

"Wait," said I to him, and Maximilian returned, smiling.

What did that smile mean? Ah! Maria Victoria! My husband knew that I was a woman, and the question was of a diadem. I do not wish to dissemble—I will not deceive thee. My soul was blinded by the brilliancy of that crown. I imagined the glitter of its jewels, its pearls, its sapphires and its diamonds. I saw a people kneeling around me, kissing my feet, crowding to get a look at me, ever watchful to proffer me blessings and uttering shouts of gladness.

What a dreadful illusion! How fearful a flattery! Continue reading, my friend, and thou wilt see what that flattery cost me. I said to my husband, "Listen, Maximilian. I do not say to thee no, neither do I say to thee yes." My husband took me to say, "I do not say to thee yes, neither do I say to thee no."

Now I must confess to thee that I was not mistaken. Maximilian saw what my answer meant, and a light shone in his eyes that I could not then explain to myself. Time explained it all to me afterward. Maria, be careful of thyself, of thy son and of thine Amadeo. Ambition kindles in the eyes of man a diabolic lustre and converts an angel into a devil. The man who wishes to become a king turns into a demon.

The eyes of Maximilian shone with a brilliancy that made me afraid. Maximilian was at that moment a demon.

III.

"The embassy will come at 3 o'clock," said Maximilian. I was dressed at 2. One year afterwards another embassy was to see me at 1 o'clock; I dressed myself to see them at 4. I had then learned to be an empress! I repeat, I was ready at 2 P. M. Art thou listening, Maria? I was waiting impatiently, and feared that the ambassadors had changed their minds.

Observing my toilet, Maximilian said to me, "How beautiful is the Empress of Mexico!" This sage gallantry of my husband gave me a pain, for I thought that, perhaps, the embassy had returned to America. But immediately three domestics announced the arrival of the Most Serene Mexican Ambassadors and I trembled with delight. "Now, I am an empress," I exclaimed in my heart; "Now I am her august Imperial Majesty." Oh! sorrowful illusions! Oh! dismal vanities! Oh! terrible spectres of conscience, how much ye have cost me! How dear was the purchase.

Go on reading, Maria Victoria, go on.

IV.

The embassy knelt before me and kissed my hand. It was just what I wanted. It was exactly what my ambition craved. They then said that heaven had destined us for the salvation of a renowned people who were living in a state of most distressing anarchy. They assured us that Mexico beheld in us her guardian angels.

Maximilian threw me a glance as though he would say: "See what they assure us? What ought we to do?"

I nodded my head in reply as though I was saying, "I see—do as thou wilt."

The deputation next spoke of the fecundity of the soil, the excellence of the fruit, the mildness of the seasons, the beauties of the landscape in a land where nature wears a perpetual smile.

Maximilian gave me a look as if to say, "Dost thou see?"

I returned his regard with an implied answer, "Yes, I see."

The embassy expatiated at great length on grandeur of the scenery around Orizaba; upon the transparency of the atmosphere, the magnificent sweep of the horizon, the beautiful azure of the sky, the risings and settings of the sun, the gorgeously plumed and sweetly singing birds, etc. Then I seemed to see the ruddy glow of the aurora—the pallid tint of the clouds that take their leave of the setting sun. I fancied that I was already hearing the melody of those birds and the murmur of those rivers, perceiving the aroma of those flowers and breathing the sweet scented air of those places while walking peacefully in the silence of the thick woods and forests. In fine, Maria, I imagined myself to be the Imperial Majesty of Mexico, the goddess of America, in the most flowery and beautiful part of the globe, and favored with the smiles of God.

Maximilian turned to me as if to say, "You understand?"

I returned his glance as though I would reply, "I do."

My husband and I were left alone.

"What do you think of the ambassadors?" he asked.

I replied, "I am quite delighted; they are perfect gentlemen—very courteous and polite."

"They kissed your hands on entering and retiring. It can be seen that they are people of distinction."

"Yes," I answered, "they must be people of quality."

Keep on reading, Duchess of Aosta, Queen elect of a famous people, and thou wilt see how all this poetry ended.

Alas! a thousand times! those men, those ambassadors of Mexico, deceived us by a thousand lies, and we said with pride, "It can be seen that they are people of quality."

If they had told us the naked truth, the honest truth; if those beggars had been loyal persons, with reluctance we would have said, "It can be seen that they are ordinary people."

V.

We embarked for America. The steamer

moves off and the shores of Europe are disappearing from our view. The memories of our fatherland were remaining behind.

We were abandoning the land that gave us birth, allured by the unknown glories of our new country.

Unknown glories, I have said. They were not unknown glories, they were criminal glories, Maria Victoria. Alas for me! They were criminal glories!

When I observed that the German coasts were disappearing from sight, I felt a pain in my heart, and from that moment the fever set in that a little later obscured my mind. It was then that this delirium commenced which is consuming my strength—this horrible phthisis that is devouring my life.

There are two kinds of fever, Maria Victoria, that of the body and that of the spirit.

That of the body kills.

That of the spirit maddens.

Be watchful of thy husband and thyself.

At about nightfall of the same day of our embarkation I discerned in the horizon a whitish point. That white point, almost yellow, appeared to move as though it were a mist arising from the sea.

I drew near to my husband and said to him, "What speck is that in the distance which appears to be in motion?"

"It is the shore."

"What shore?"

"The shores of the Adriatic."

"Farewell, ye coasts of the Baltic!" cried my conscience within! "Farewell, ye shores of my native land! When I return to you at some future day, you will see me dressed in the garb of mourning."

"What is the matter with thee?" Maximilian asked.

"Nothing," I answered.

I, too, was lying to him. I, too, was deceiving him.

Everybody deceived him; everybody lied to him—and even his wife.

Oh! my husband! thou unfortunate man, adored shade of my existence, pardon me!

Dost thou wonder, Maria Victoria, that I have lost my reason? Dost thou wonder that I have gone mad? But proceed.

VI.

We were twenty-three days on our voyage.

Thou dost not know what it is to live twenty-three days between the heavens and the great deep, between the day and the night, between the earth and the stars, when upon the land a crown is waiting for thee! I was so jealous of my diadem, so much enamored of my Imperial Majesty, that each and every wave appeared to me a rock upon which our vessel would be wrecked.

Maximilian regarded me with a look as if to ask, "Will we arrive, Carlota?"

I returned his regard as though I would say to him, "We will arrive, Maximilian."

Alas, my dear friend! Why was not the ocean charitable to us? Why did it not swallow us up?

We arrived in Mexico. What crowds of people! What shouts of greeting! What quantities of flowers strewn along the road and in the streets! What hymns of joy! What bonfires and illuminations! How great the rejoicing! How much love is expressed, and yet, Maria Victoria, Mexico hated us! We were received like two guardian angels; like two celestial spirits; like two demigods; but Mexico abhorred us.

If ever thou goest forth from Italy, if the glitter of a crown should ever dazzle thine eyes and bewilder thine heart, place no trust in the multitude that throng around the windows of thy carriage; confide not in the crowds that obstruct thy passage; rely not upon the many eyes that are strained to get a glimpse of thee. The people look at kings and emperors, much the same as they look upon a theatrical play, a bull fight or a collection of rare animals. The people look upon kings as they look upon condemned criminals.

Do not confide, either, in the smiles of those whom the world calls great. If thou didst but know, Maria Henrietta, how small they are! If thou couldst only see them in their natural size! If thou shouldst see them denuded of pomp! If thou shouldst see them as I have seen them!

Crocodiles and those men are alike, in that both seek for prey which they may tear with their teeth.

The crocodile cries in order to attract its prey.

A man smiles in order to ensnare it.

The courtesan smiles; the crocodile cries; but both the crocodile and the courtesan cry and laugh in order to attract and devour.

I shall never forget how a Mexican magnet groveled at our feet and kissed the earth upon which we trod.

The same was the first to commit treason against us.

He was the first to betray my husband.

He was the first to conspire against Maximilian, until at last he saw him shot.

Shot, Maria! Dost thou understand? My husband was shot; dost thou comprehend me, Henrietta? He was shot upon foreign soil! Hast thou heard me well? Upon foreign soil!

He that flatters us most is the first to deceive us.

He that most humiliates himself before us is the first to betray us.

I am telling thee what is true! I know it all well! Doubt it not! Woe be to thee if thou doubtest.

Maria, I saw thee in Frascati; I saw thee in Tivoli, when thou wert quite young and happy.

For thy future happiness, for thy beauty, for thy youth's sake, do not forget the words of a faithful friend who cannot deceive thee,

for she has been very unfortunate, the most unfortunate woman that was ever born of a mother.

I loved a man more than my own life, and men assassinated him. Mexico did not do it. Nations do not assassinate.

The men who sought out Maximilian in Europe, murdered him in Mexico; they were the same who kissed our hands and groveled upon the ground at our feet.

Maria, be watchful over thy husband, thy son and thyself. Dost thou know that certain ones are calling for the Duke of Aosta?

Beware much, my daughter! Dost thou observe those who are calling for him, who are bowing their heads in obeisance, who are kneeling before him? The same will by and by shoot him to death.

It is I who tell thee this! I know it all well! Do not doubt it, Maria!

VII.

The festive adornments, the hymns, the illuminations, triumphal arches, vociferous acclamations and the flowers are passed. Runners of war are rife and my husband looked at me in a manner that I could not comprehend at the time. There are mysteries in the depths of life as there are volcanoes in the depths of the earth, as there are abysses in the depths of the abysses, as there are certain afflictions in the depths of the soul.

My husband had penetrated some arcanum, become possessed of an awful secret. He looked toward me, but uttered no word. What was there to tell me if that secret was a sentence of death?

The emperor called an officer of the government to his presence, and the two closed themselves for consultation. Concealed among the curtains of a door I overheard something of what they were talking about.

Finally, my husband said to that personage, "Well, how many will it be necessary to execute by shooting?"

"Eight or nine thousand," he answered with a tremulous voice.

Nine thousand human creatures were going to be sacrificed, and in reality they were.

The government officer went away, and the emperor was left alone.

"What have you been conferring about?" said I to him.

"Nothing," was his reply.

For some time I looked Maximilian sternly in the face. He bowed his head and fixed his eyes upon the floor.

Will the world wonder, dear friend of mine, that this unhappy woman lost her mind?

Oh, Henrietta! rather than dwell in certain palaces, live in the caves of gypsies, in the cabins of shepherds, in the huts of fishermen. In the hut, the cabin or the cave thou canst believe in God; thou canst trust in the Providence of this world; thou canst love a husband, father, a son; in a dungeon thou canst love, thou canst have faith; but in certain palaces there is room for nothing but suspicion, hatred and cursing.

VIII.

The embassy told us that Mexico was in a condition of the most terrible anarchy.

It was false, Henrietta! The anarchy was in the embassy and in the men who sent it to lead us to our ruin.

The anarchy was in a few wandering politicians, the beggars of yesterday, starved loafers and idlers of the slums, who had assumed airs of gentlemen and despots without knowing how to be either despots or gentlemen.

They were the ones in whom were disorder, gluttony, robbery, bankruptcy, apostasy, shamelessness, and who scoffed at all moral ideas, at every worthy sentiment, at every noble instinct, at all sense of modesty.

Alas! Maria Victoria, thou dost not know all that came to pass.

These ambassadors came in grand ships; they gave grand banquets; twenty-five dollars was assigned them each day for their table expenses; and besides, they brought \$5,000 in small gold coins with which to feed the poor of another country, thus making a show of opulence and greatness. But while this was going on, places of importance in Mexico were being scourged by yellow fever and famine, and teachers of the youth were dying of hunger; soldiers were scouring the villages and killing their inhabitants in order to extort from them the public tribute.

Dost thou understand? The horsemen, I say, invaded towns, and amidst cries and tears forcibly took from the wretched people their substance, like in the times of barbarism, like in the days of Montezuma.

This is the kind of anarchy in which Mexico was agonizing.

Of ye wretches! Why did we believe you? Why did we listen to you rather than hand you over to justice as the chief outlaws and bandits of America?

Ah! if it should happen again!

My dear friend, if the anatomy of my body should at this moment be made, thou wouldst see that my arteries are dry. How much I have wept! How much I have suffered! Maria, Maria, learn of me! Shut thine eyes and thy heart against the false words of those gentlemen tricksters who are seeking thy presence.

IX.

Maximilian retired for the night, but I had no desire to do so. Seated in an arm chair I reclined my head upon the pillows of my couch, and I had hardly closed my eyes when my spirit was seized with a nightmare that I would fain forget. How much thou oughtest to thank me, Maria Victoria, for this sacrifice of my conscience. I am tearing open my wounds afresh; I am reading thy heart; I am lacerating my very

soul! In the delirium of that nightmare I thought I heard the report of arms, followed by the lamentations and groans of nine thousand dying victims.

I thought I saw many mounted dragons running over the palpitating members of those unburied bodies, lacerating their upturned faces with the iron-shod hoofs of the horses. I seemed to see human flesh, and wolves and tigers were slaking their thirst in great pools, and those pools were not pools of water! I seemed to see the glaring eyes of the wild beasts as they turned their heads on all sides that no one should surprise them as they tore the flesh and crushed the bones of the victims. Like Fedra in Racine, I heard the crushing of those bones, and I saw blood dripping from dishevelled hair in the same manner as dripped the blood from Hector's beard in the frightful dream of Eneid. Maximilian heard my anguish, he heard my sighs and called to me repeatedly, but could not awaken me from my agony. Then he arises, shakes me violently, almost with frenzy, and I am able to return from that dream. It was not a dream, Maria Victoria; I was in a world of horrible and strange ghoulis.

Would that I had died in that hour!

Oh, my God! how much of grief thou wouldst have spared me!

My husband asked, "What is the matter with thee?" I answered, "Dost thou ask aught of me?"

"Indeed I do. What aileth thee, my darling?"

"Nothing."

"What is the matter, Carlota?"

"Nothing, Maximilian."

"Tell me what disturbs thee, though the heavens fall, and the earth sink beneath our feet."

"Dost thou wish me to tell thee?"

"Yes."

"I have seen signs in the heavens. I do not know what phantom it is that is pulling at the skirts of my garments. I have seen a vision of three headless men, and I know them all. They are the Emperor Maximilian, Generals Miramon and Mejia. Thou art in this world, my only love—the friend of my whole life, and I see thee lost! Do not say no! Thou art lost!"

"I know it."

"Then save thyself and save me, Maximilian. Let us flee from hence."

"I cannot."

"Thou art not an Emperor."

"What am I then?"

"There was here a party of outlaws; they had no captain; they needed one and brought thee. Thou art not the Emperor of Mexico; thou art the captain of a posse of assassins and thieves—thou the captain and I the abettor, and this must not be. If thou persistest in being sacrificed together with the nine thousand human beings that thou wilt have to immolate, my courage is not sufficient to witness the slaughter. I will dress myself in mourning and return to Europe. My spirit I leave with thee, but my body must go away."

"Dost thou say thou art going?"

"Yes. I am going; I am going to try, if it be possible, to save—a man."

"Carlota, thou dost not love me now as in former days."

"I love thee more, but I fear thee. I love my husband, but I fear the tyrant. Thou art the tyrant of an innocent people."

"I, a tyrant?"

"Yes."

"Thou art going to Europe?"

"Yes."

Maximilian stood dumb as a rock, fragile and motionless; suddenly he covered his face with his hands and burst into a flood of tears.

Daughter of my soul! is it any marvel that this wretched woman has gone mad?

X.

The hour of my departure arrived. What a difference between the departure and the arrival! No one spoke to me now of the wealth of Mexico, of the delicious fruits, of the productiveness of the soil, of the mildness of the climate, of the murmuring springs, of the aroma of the flowers, of the melody of the birds, nor of the beauty of landscapes of Orizaba. No deputation came to me. A periodical published at the time simply contained the following announcement.

"The wife of the Mexican Emperor is on her return to Europe."

At the moment of leaving I said to my husband, "Must thou remain?"

"It is my destiny," he replied.

"Then," I continued, "I shall some day receive in Europe a letter from thee which will read in a manner similar to this: 'Thou didst prophesy rightly, Carlota; the ray of sunshine that is now entering my abode is the last that I shall ever see. I am preparing for death and kneeling before the image of Jesus. Within an hour I shall walk to the place of my execution between a priest and an executioner.'"

I do not wish to tell thee what passes through my mind at the moment of separation from Maximilian. He was the only love that I have ever had, that I have now, or shall ever have. Would to God I had never loved!

XI.

The ship leaves her moorings. The shrill whistle of the steamer sounds to me like the din of battle.

Cursed be the wailer! Cursed be the ambitious man who provokes it.

The continuous beating of the waves

Continued on eighth page.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Causes of Offense.

BY WM. C. WATERS.

It was very considerate, kind and generous on the part of Paul to say, "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." But he was not quite so thoughtful about the force of example, when he said to Timothy, "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities." The principles to which Paul commits himself, in denying his appetite, lest he should cause some other man to offend, is far-reaching and wide-spreading; yet a man is not likely to offend very much against moral principles in the choice of his meat—not if there is any real significance in Peter's vision of the sheet let down from heaven. "Wherein were all manner of fourfooted beasts, and creeping things and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him, rise, Peter, kill and eat.... This was done thrice; and the vessel was received up again into heaven." There could be no difficulty about understanding the import of this vision. An attempt to introduce serious religious sentiment into the subject of eating meat, is simply absurd. But when it comes to those things which debase the appetite, and debase human character, that is a different matter. This ignoring water as Paul counsels, and taking a little wine for the stomach's sake, has led on to the ruin of many millions of human beings, so far as the present life is concerned, and cast dark clouds upon their souls that must pass with them into the future world. The man who claims to be engaged in the business of inviting and assisting others to live pure in life here, that they may be ready for a better one in the future, should be very careful about setting examples that may lead to just the opposite results of what he is laboring to produce.

If we go back half a century, we shall find that both clergymen and laymen often took strong drinks together, had a merry time in the presence of youth, and were quite oblivious to the fact that they were violating an important principle in moral ethics—they were setting an example that might consume their own sons and daughters. Who can say they had a moral right to do that? Has any man, whether he be in the church or out of it, a moral right to set an example that may influence others to their downfall? Oh, says the beer, the wine and the gin-sling man, "My habits are my own private business; I am not responsible for what other men may do." And then with an air of independence, he rolls a quid of fine-cut in his mouth, lights his cigar, and as he walks away, murmurs to himself about the foolishness of any man being the keeper of his fellow-man in moral life, or any other way. I once intimated to a clergyman that I found smoking, that tobacco fumes were not just the kind of sweet smelling savor that a holy man should saturate himself with, if he expected the Lord to come into sweet communion with him—to sup and dine with him. I suggested to him that a dog-kennel was fully as sweet smelling as a tobacco atmosphere, and he would not think of going into a dog kennel to obtain Divine influence. Of course this was intoned in a way not to give offence. It has been said: "Say anything you please to me, only let your emphasizing be fitted to the occasion." Slight failures on this point have produced many a bloody nose.

The clergyman proceeded to tell me of his little son, four years old, that gathered up all the stubs of cigars he could find and smoked them. Over this he chuckled and laughed as though it was a very smart and promising thing on the part of the boy. No doubt it would promise that the boy, grown to manhood, would freely chew either fine-cut, square-plug or pig-tail, besides being a walking smoke-house, polluting the air wherever he goes with the fumes of the vile, dirty weed. And further, having become accustomed to this stimulating power, it may not always prove sufficient to satisfy a cultivated, craving demand for excitement, so that wine, beer and tanglefoot in its multifarious forms, would be resorted to. Starting in with those cigar stubs that the clergyman left in the way of the boy, and which he was so delighted to have the little fellow smoke, the child might become a drunkard and stagger through life. When the clergyman knocks at the gate of Paradise, and St. Peter looks out upon him, he may ask some sharp questions about setting an example in vice that led to the ruin of his own son, and at the same time drawing a good salary from his church for teaching the way to Heaven. And yet how many of these precious, sweet-scented ministers of grace, are doing the same thing?

Some years since, while I was confined to my bed from sickness, a gentleman of the sacred calling came in to see me; he had evidently smoked until he reached the door, and came in with his clothing saturated with tobacco smoke. The odor soon filled the room, much to my annoyance; but there was one thing in my favor, he was of the persuasion that he had left at home, so that I was in no danger of being bored with tobacco odors and a humdrum prayer, made up by somebody in the long ago. Book prayers are well calculated to economize on mental labor, and that I suppose must have had something to do with such an arrangement. In Thibet they have a still more saving process of praying. "In all their great Lamaseries they have machines which resemble a barrel, and turn on an axle. They are composed of a vast number of sheets of paper, written all over with prayers, and pasted together until they form a substance thick as a board. When set in motion it turns of itself for a long while, and he who turns has the merit of having said all the prayers it contains. Sometimes quarrels arise among the devotees, because some one comes and stops the barrel, set in motion by another, and turns it again for his own benefit. All the streams near Lamaseries are interrupted by dams, constructed for the purpose of turning numerous prayer-wheels, the motion of which is considered equivalent to repeating prayers day and night for those who erected them." If it be true that God rules all things through inflexible laws, then this mode of addressing Him may be about as good as any, though personally, I favor the kind recommended by the gentle Nazarene. When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." This is to my mind the best recipe ever offered for prayer; and most of that done upon any other principle is simply a waste of breath, except so far as it pays, financially, to those who follow an occupation that includes this kind of ceremony.

The best recipe to take the place of all stimulating drinks, I believe to be soft water, filtered through photographer's cotton-wool and set away in glass jars, and drank either cold or warm as one desires. But tobacco needs no substitute, only let it grow as one of the most potent plants that ever grew

out of the earth. Over fifty years since I stopped drinking coffee—not one cup have I drunk since, and never drink any tea except on some special occasions, simply resorting to it as a medicine. Were I seeking public popularity, I would not expose to the public my radical opinions on these subjects. To speak figuratively, both liquor and tobacco are two vicious brutes, that may never be entirely killed off, but I trust that some of their teeth may be drawn and claws shortened from time to time, though I would be just as willing to have them wholly destroyed, as any prohibitionist, were it possible. I would not only kill both vices root and branch, but I would hammer them a long time after their decease, to make sure not only of death, but judgment after death.

I have spoken of clergymen, but in the abstract I don't consider it any worse for them to indulge in these vices than for any one else, only that society is prone to look to them as examples, or patterns to be copied. How shall the mother train her child to correct habits, if her husband, and the pastor of her church, chew tobacco, smoke and tattle, or either of the three? If a man's religious sentiments or his desire to perfect himself, has not struck deep enough to eliminate objectionable habits, then it is certain that he still has on hand a large contract to cancel—he should rise early and seek his closet in prayer, asking for grace to help him vanquish the tigers and panthers that crouch in his path. A man should be as ready and free to set aside questionable habits, as to cut off a lock of hair from his head; if he is not able to do that, then he is a slave, though he may be slow to confess that which he knows to be true.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. COBB.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Some Thoughts on Materialization," by W. W. Bierce, in your issue of the 17th inst., is to my mind the most logical and most practical argument in favor of this phenomenon which has been given to your readers, and reminds me that my duty to the public is not fulfilled until an experience, which was to me a revelation, is given. I doubt if even one thousand of your readers have ever heard of Mrs. Cobb, of Mantua, Ohio—a little town lying east of here about 35 miles. About a quarter of a mile from the N. Y., P. and O. depot in this little town, is the unassuming, unpretentious farm house in which dwell Mr. and Mrs. Cobb. Here upon a little farm they are content to dwell—to milk their cows and feed their pigs, and care for and enjoy an old horse; for in this atmosphere they have always dwelt, and the world with all its allurements has no charm to them. They are to be congratulated that the love of money has not gained an ascendancy in their hearts, which will be readily granted when I tell you that one can go there and have a good supper, bed and breakfast, and the seance, for the sum of one dollar and a quarter. The good housewife employs no help, neither does the husband; each fills their respective round of domestic duty without the aid of assistants, which in itself goes away with the thought even of confederates.

Our party was made up of five congenial people, all of Cleveland, to which was added four others who were strangers to us, and who had come a longer distance than we, to witness the wonderful phenomena of spirit return as evidenced through the mediumship of Mrs. Cobb.

Arriving at Mantua Station at about 6 P. M. we were met by the genial Mr. Cobb, and the ladies of the party were permitted to drive "old Kit" to the house, she knowing the way if we did not; the gentlemen walked there. Mrs. Cobb met us at the gate with as honest a face as ever smiled upon one—a typical farmer's wife—face and hands browned by the duties of her daily life; hair combed so smoothly back as to suggest the impossibility of her closing her eyes; dress as neat and unassuming as it could well be, being a plain black jersey and skirt, with the whitest of white aprons tied about her waist. She had tea ready when we arrived, for which we were quite in trim, and of which we partook heartily, and in good cheer. After tea, one of our party assisted in doing the tea work, and the setting of some bread for the next day's baking, during which time Mrs. Cobb was not out of our sight for one single moment. Having finished her duties she joined us in the little parlor in which is the cabinet, and which we had been examining carefully while she was absent, noting this, that it was composed of common planed lumber, having no floor, and a portable roof, which was drawn over the front about a foot for the purpose of giving air to the medium. In size it was about two feet four, by three feet six, and only large enough for one mortal to sit in at once, there being absolutely no room to spare in width and only about two or three inches between one's feet and the door. The carpet underneath it was positively whole; there is not even a cellar underneath the room; the wall behind it was a solid, outside wall, which I even took the pains to examine upon the outside, where there was no evidence or sign of a door or break in the siding. The cabinet stood about six inches out from this wall, and the audience could see it upon both sides during the time of the seance.

At or about eight o'clock, Mrs. Cobb having rested a few minutes upon the doorstep, suggested the forming of the circle. She rose and without leaving the room went into the cabinet, first removing her false teeth and a hair switch from her head and leaving them upon the table in the room. The circle or semi-circle formed in front of the cabinet and about four feet from it, myself and husband having what we considered a most desirable situation, being directly in front of the door of the cabinet, he being able to see on one side of the cabinet, and I the other. After the singing of a few hymns by which the harmony of the circle was made complete, and in about ten minutes after Mrs. Cobb had entered the cabinet, the door slowly opened and out stepped a female form clad in long flowing robes of white and fully two inches taller than the medium, and much more slender. The light was very good indeed; every feature was as plainly visible as could be made by the light of a kerosene lamp which was upon the wall directly opposite the door of the cabinet, behind which was the added force of a reflector, the light being very slightly lowered. Those who had seen her before exclaimed, "It is the lace maker," one of the medium's band, which was very soon verified. She bowed to all gracefully, and first approached the lady at my right, in whose lap I lay a white pocket handkerchief. The spirit—for it could have been nothing else—spread out the handkerchief upon the lap of my friend and commenced with her fingers a motion unlike the passes which a magnetic physician will make to manipulate away a headache. Instantly, beneath her delicate white fingers and upon the handkerchief, rose a white substance which looked like fleece, but which she took up in her fingers, shook out and revealed to us the most exquisite lace handker-

chief. After all had examined it, she walking about the room to give it to each person for inspection, she returned to the lady in whose lap she had made it, and by a kind of patting motion resolved it all back again. She stepped to the door of the cabinet and looked at the medium as though anxious as to her condition, and leaving the cabinet door open as before where the medium was plainly visible to all of the circle, she continued her lace making. She next went to my husband, on whose arm she commenced the same manipulations as over the handkerchief. Again the cloud of fleece formed beneath her dainty fingers, but this time it was black, being drawn from a dark substance. Upon shaking out this lace, she threw it over her own shoulders and walked about from one to another for its examination. It resembled in texture plain Brussels net, in size about a yard square.

In asking my husband if any sensation accompanied the weaving of this texture from his sleeve, he said that after the pile of seeming fleece was formed, and she attempted to withdraw it, with her fingers at least six inches above the sleeve, a sense of drawing of the sleeve attended it. This exhibition seemed very wonderful to us, but that which followed was still more so. She, the spirit, then walked to the end of the front row of sitters, and commenced the same manipulating movement with her fingers and hands in front of each person's knees, following along the entire row, the fleecy cloud growing larger as she wove from each one. Upon reaching the end of the row she shook out her latest production, and there in stripes was represented the pattern corresponding to the different material from which she drew her atoms of matter.

The dress which I had on was a figure of polka-dot in regular form, and this was represented by dots of thick lace in the thin body net in similar form; the ribbed stripes of the gentlemen's pants were also duplicated, as also a pattern lace from the front of one lady's dress. This piece of lace must have been at least five yards long and two yards wide. Then the crowning act of power was the manufacture of a duplicate to a lace lambrequin which hung over one of the windows of the room. She approached it slowly and bowed to us most graciously, and at once commenced the same weaving process, and in about thirty seconds she brought to us for examination the exact duplicate, both in texture and in pattern, of the lambrequin as it hung there. We felt of the article, and examined it critically, and to all appearance it was common Nottingham lace, and in all respects the same as its hanging counterpart. This done she found it necessary to leave us. She bowed and smiled to all, waving a graceful adieu, and stepping to the door of the cabinet, in which the medium was plainly visible during all this time, as well as at that moment, she seemed to us to fall back upon the medium, and was, as it were, absorbed by the medium from crown to sole, right before our eyes. I have since described this part of the seance as of a cloud bursting upon a mountain peak. Mrs. Cobb loomed up through this shadow as it was thrown over her, and the cloud was no more, and although she seemed to us to throw herself back upon the medium with a force which would naturally have created by mortals quite a vibration and noise, there was not a breath of sound save the stifled exclamations of the on-lookers.

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish I could tell you something more wonderful, but to me this receding and complete absorption of that which, a moment before I had touched, and which both to sight and touch was as like to mortal as could be, was the crowning victory of the evening. Although there were as many as twenty more forms that came during the evening, none came out of the cabinet save this one. The aperture in the door was almost as wide as the door, possibly twenty inches wide and thirty inches long. Very soon after the disappearance of the "lace-maker," a young man having the appearance of being about twenty years old appeared at the aperture. He was very strong, and called for more light, at which the lamp was turned fully up. He belongs to the band of the medium also, and in conversing with us we noticed his pretty teeth, which we knew he could not have borrowed from his medium, she having left hers out in the room with us. This spirit, who was called Jimmy, seemed to be master of ceremonies on the inside of the cabinet, for he conversed freely with those who were making the effort to appear. The next to come after him was an old gentleman of fine physique, having perfectly white hair brushed back from his forehead, and a fine, short cut, white beard and moustache. His daughter sat next to my husband and recognized him at once. She asked the privilege of going to the cabinet to converse with him, which was granted, and for fully five minutes she talked with him for whose appearance she had devoutly prayed the previous day. As she stood there, she told me that the medium was plainly visible, and she saw her father recede into the body of the medium as did the former spirit.

Next came to my husband his grandmother whom, though I had never seen, I recognized by the likeness of his mother. Then to the lady friend who sat next me came a spirit whose likeness I had seen in her home, and because of the resemblance I was the first to exclaim as to who it was. Then to myself came my sister, who passed from earth two years ago, and from whom I had never heard directly till since coming here. Then came a spirit whom neither myself nor husband recognized, but who insisted by the motion of his head that he came to us. He was not able to speak to us, so that remained a mystery until after returning to Cleveland, when in a sitting with a medium he came, and spoke of coming to us there and not being recognized; the reason for which, is that he has allied himself to us by the law of attraction, and is one of the band surrounding us, and also one of its members whom we had never seen upon the earth plane, hence the impossibility of recognition.

I might continue this report *ad infinitum*, but there would be nothing gained. The seance was a complete and successful exhibition of the power of spirit over matter and he who would doubt after seeing what we saw, would doubt his own existence. But there is one other fact I must not fail to report which is, that owing to the scarcity of beds, for there were nine in all to be accommodated, one of our party was obliged to sleep out of the trance state in which she had been for two hours and a half, the medium went to bed, and this friend with her; she, the medium, not leaving the room for any purpose but going from the cabinet directly to her room, there she undressed, and my friend took note of everything she had on, and not an article of superfluous clothing or paraphernalia was in any way concealed about her person. I mention this to complete the chain of evidence in her favor, for there are always plenty of people who desire to know all these minor points. Then, too, I would mention that Mrs. Cobb has given several seances in the homes of different peo-

ple here with whom I have talked about her, and they tell me that by simply hanging a curtain across the corner of the room she has been able to produce all that was done when we saw her. Now, if this was not materialization will some one kindly tell me what it was? MARY V. PRIEST.

[Mrs. Priest is a woman with extraordinary powers of observation, critical and painstaking in her study of psychical matters and more accurate than most observers in recording her experiences. She is one of the comparatively small number, whose brain accurately registers for future use all that comes within range of her vision or impresses either of her senses; hence she is a competent witness and her testimony as above given entitled to great weight.—Ed. JOURNAL.]

BRITISH SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In my letter in your issue of April 16th, I noted the difference between the methods, but it appears from a note in *Light* that my comments were not pleasing to the London workers. The only error in my statement was that I inadvertently gave the wrong name, and should have referred to the London Spiritualist Alliance, not the Central Association. The mere change of name has not wrought any radical improvement.

Spiritualism in this land has two distinctive sections. One among the London richer classes. The other in the provinces more especially. There does not seem to be any point of contact between these two sections, which might be termed "the classes" and "the masses."

So far as any "alliance" between them is concerned it simply does not exist. In Lancashire, Yorkshire, Durham, Northumberland, Glasgow, the midlands and southern counties, Spiritualist societies exist, about one hundred of them. The membership of some of these amounts to two hundred. Services are held regularly every Sunday, partaking more or less of a religious character, the audience numbering from fifty persons to five or six hundred in some centres. The total attendance at all these meetings on any Sunday (except in summer) must reach something like ten to fifteen thousand. Last Sunday Mrs. Britten addressed audiences at Colne numbering about five hundred in the afternoon, and over six hundred in the evening.

Normal speakers, mediums and clairvoyants of varying degrees of merit and ability address these meetings.

The movement is growing; new societies are being formed and fresh halls opened in many places. All the indications point to an increased activity during the coming winter, and efforts will be made to secure greater unity and efficiency. Building funds are announced in several places for the purpose of erecting suitable halls for our cause.

We hear little nowadays of the rougher physical phenomena, and much less of dark seances. With the abandonment of darkness the rough element has disappeared. Healing, psychometry, clairvoyance and test mediumship have greatly increased and many good mediums are at work in these fields, where a few years since scarcely one could be found outside the private circle.

The fear of priestly assumption and domination deters many from all efforts to organize. It is questionable whether this fear is well grounded. Spiritualism is too essentially democratic to be in much danger. But the time is at hand, if not already with us, when something more than mere denunciation will be required. Thoughtful and religiously minded people are watching with anxious eyes for a practical and educational and elevating Spiritualism which will lead to the "higher life." Where is the constructive power of Spiritualism? Where are its spiritual services? Its common aims and fraternal fellowships? are questions which one hears from thoughtful well wishers. Are Spiritualists to be an incoherent crowd of phenomenologists only? or can we co-operate for the satisfaction of our spiritual aspirations, the culture of the sense of the beautiful and harmonious, the education of soul powers and generous sympathies, as well as for rooting up errors and supplying evidence of spirit existence? These latter tasks are important, but hearts require sustenance, the moral nature needs directions and sympathy, the aspirations after the ideal and the reformatory aims of the philanthropic demand satisfaction and support.

The recent meeting of the British Association in Manchester has called out some striking utterances from the bishops in which they abandon the old bulwarks of orthodoxy and take up the scientific parable of evolution. The Bishop of Bedford declared "the language of the Bible was most evidently not intended to teach scientific truth or to help scientific discovery, but was the language of appearances, describing things not as they were, but as they seemed." Another declared that it was useless to pray for material things, because to answer such prayers would cause confusion and derangement of the economy of nature and reduce the cosmos to chaos. Another preacher asked, "How had science served religion in regard to God?" and answered by saying: "It had shown them that there was no such God as man in his childhood imagined. The generalization of science had been influential over theology, had profoundly modified its theories and conclusions, until every one of its old conceptions had become foreign to us, impossible for us, and had fallen away.... Man was no more a fallen creature laboring under an old inherited curse; he was an ascending being, slowly working out his emancipation from the instincts of his position among the brutes."

Surely these are brave words and indicate that the old dogmatic theology is on its last legs. We shall some day have a revision of the creeds and take the "hate and hell" out of them, remove the fabled fall, frown and fire, and no longer appeal to fear or self-interest; but for the present these preachers are only the skirmishers in the front of the main body. With too many the old crude creeds are still believed, especially among dissenters; even these will wheel into line ere long, or move off the scene and make room for younger and more progressive men.

My wife and I note with pleasure the celebration of your silver wedding and the widespread interest in the event, as evidenced by the papers on both sides of the Atlantic.

For many years we have watched your work, sympathized with your aims and struggles and rejoiced that the angels had raised up such true, trusty and representative workers to add power and dignity to the cause. May your lives be spared to us this side for many years of happy labor for the good of humanity.

One of the pleasantest memories of my brief sojourn in America is the recollection of your sympathy and kindness, and the cordial reception tendered me by you in your happy home. I look forward hopefully that

I may some day have the pleasure of a renewal of those associations. Go on, good friend, in your efforts for a clean, moral and scientific Spiritualism; for character in its mediums and advocates, and sound qualities in its inspirations and may the angels bless you. Enclosed you will find a prospectus of a new spiritual journal to be entitled *The Two Worlds*. This project germinates from a band of earnest Spiritualists in the north of England who have been dissatisfied for a long time past with the scant courtesy they have received at the hands of the London editors. This dissatisfaction has deepened into stronger and intenser feelings with regard to the personal attacks made by the editor of the *Medium* upon many of the best known workers and mediums.

A united effort is being made, which will undoubtedly succeed, to establish a representative high class journal, which will be a news paper, second the work of the societies and mediums and encourage unity and organization. It will stand for character, honesty and worth. Mrs. Britten has consented to undertake the editorial work, which guarantees a high tone and standard in its management. It is to be floated by a Limited Liability Co., with £1,500 capital (\$7,500) in 12 shares (\$6.00), to place them within the reach of the poorest. A gratifying response to the circulars announcing the project has already been made, which augurs well for its ultimate success, proving that the feeling throughout the country is favorable, in fact, strongly sympathetic, and insuring the new paper a warm welcome. Manchester, Eng. E. W. WALLIS.

Dr. Abel Underhill Passed to Spirit-Life.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer Officiates at the Funeral.

[Daily (Akron, Ohio), Beacon.]

The attendance at the funeral of the late Dr. Abel Underhill, yesterday, at his former residence on North Hill, about two and one-half miles north of this city, was one of the largest that has assembled in this section of the country for some time. He was known throughout Ohio as an advanced thinker and a leading Spiritualist. Many came by train during Saturday and some Sunday morning. The life of the man who had passed into the Spirit-world was an even and at all times a well tempered man. A close student and observer, he was always on the alert to keep up with the advancement of science and as a searcher for the truth he sought light from whatever channel it was to be had. At the date of his death, which resulted from old age, Dr. Underhill was aged 83 years, five months and one day. He was born of Quaker parents in Dutchess County, New York. After passing through his school years he began the study of medicine with his brother, Dr. Abraham Underhill, at Charlton, N. Y. After entering upon the practice of his profession he removed to Massillon, O., studying carefully the work of his profession. In 1845 he became dissatisfied with the school of medicine to which he had given his attention and interested himself in the water cure, achieving some remarkable results. Leaving Massillon the doctor located in Cleveland and formed the acquaintance of J. W. Gray, editor of the *Plain Dealer*.

After the death of Mr. Gray, Doctor Underhill came to this city in 1853. He took up the subject of Spiritualism in earnest for a thorough investigation in 1845. Satisfied with the results obtained he became a firm believer and an ardent advocate of the "new theory." So successful was he in his work as a medium, that around him centered all the believers in Spiritualism then residing in Northern Ohio, and "Underhill's grove" was from that time on known as the general meeting place, the last meeting being held in July last. In 1853 the doctor wedded in Quaker ceremony Miss Electa Sanford, of Hudson, the wedding taking place upon the farm owned by the doctor. Sanction to this union of hearts was given by the presence of Gen. Lucius V. Bierce, now deceased and at the time a justice of the peace. Mrs. Underhill, a son Clarence, aged sixteen, and an adopted daughter, survived him.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer of Ravenna was the speaker announced for this occasion. She is an elderly lady, of fine appearance. She began her address in a manner that attracted the attention of her hearers. The lady spoke for three quarters of an hour, and after fifteen minutes speaking fell under the control of her spiritual guide and she spoke most entrancingly holding the closest attention of her audience to the close.

Despite the rain a large number of carriages followed the remains to their last resting place—the cemetery at Cuyahoga Falls.

At the close of the exercises Mrs. Hyzer was met by a large number of gentlemen from this city who congratulated her upon her able address. In conversation with a *Beacon* reporter Mrs. Hyzer stated that at the time of her address Dr. Underhill was standing in spirit form, at the side of his wife. She said he was in company with J. W. Gray, once editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, and who died 30 years ago. By his side stood the wife of Dr. Belden, of Ravenna, who died six weeks since, and who was present in the body at the last meeting of Spiritualists held in the Underhill Grove.

Mrs. Hyzer is 50 years of age but looks much younger. She was converted to Spiritualism in 1850. Her guide, who controls her, is the spirit of her father who died when she was a child. Her sister, Mrs. Hazen, a resident of Ravenna, is also prominent in spiritualistic circles and is considered a very fine medium, manifesting her powers yesterday after the departure of the friends and giving a very fine test. Mrs. Hyzer, when under spiritual influence, it is claimed, can sing with a fine soprano voice accompanied by spirit voices, singing alto and tenor so distinctly as to be heard by her audience.

The Mediums' Protective Union of Michigan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Last year at the Vicksburg camp, a Mediums' Protective Union was organized, its object and aim being to give to mediums better conditions and advantages, and furnish assistance to those in sickness or distress. The work for the past year has been confined to assisting those who were unfortunate. This year the meeting was held Aug. 19th, at Haslett Park. Dr. Edson of Lansing was re-elected President; Mr. H. J. Field of Grand Rapids, Vice-President; G. H. Brooks, Secretary; Dr. Edson, Treasurer; Dr. J. Simmons of Allegan, re-elected as trustee for the term of five years. The society held a very interesting meeting, and through the kindness of Mr. Haslett, it was given the lease of a lot where it intends to build a Mediums' Home for use during the camp, and if any mediums desire to use it during the year for recuperation, they can do so. Some two hundred dollars was raised by subscription on the ground. Mediums are to collect what they can for the building. The members of the society wish to make

an appeal to all those who are interested in the welfare of mediums to aid them in this glorious work. They would ask the Spiritualists of Michigan especially, to lend their aid, in thus making a home for those who are the evangelists of the spiritual philosophy.

All contributions should be sent to Dr. A. W. Edson, 519 Cedar street, North Lansing, Michigan, where they will be deposited in the bank, and used for said building.

All the mediums in the State, are requested to join in the work, by sending in their names and one dollar as membership fee, for one year, to G. H. Brooks, 519 Cedar street, North Lansing.

Let us have at our next camp-meeting a home that will be a credit to the cause and an inspiration to the medium. The society has done much good in the past, and it can do much more in the future with increased facilities.

The society adjourned to meet in one year at Hasset Park, at the next camp, and intend to make this year a year of labor.

Trusting that all our liberal Spiritualists will aid the mediums in their noble work, I am as ever yours in truth,

G. H. BROOKS, Sec. Mediums' Protective Union, 519 Cedar street, North Lansing Mich.

Dr. Julihn Claims to have seen the Material Form of One of his Patients.

[From the Washington, D. C., Post, Sept. 15th.]

Early on the morning of August 14th, there occurred in this city the death of Mrs. Wm. G. Norris, an elderly lady, who resided with her husband and several adult children, at No. 215 Eleventh street southwest.

Shortly before her death, her attending physician, Dr. Julihn, was called from the city to Onset, Mass., where he experienced, as he claims, the peculiar sensation of seeing Mrs. Norris as she had been when alive, about one hour after he had received a telegram announcing her death.

This occurred just one month ago, and since then nothing has been said about it until yesterday, when the following letter was received from a gentleman, who claims to have witnessed the same phenomenon which startled Dr. Julihn:

MERIDEN, Conn., Sept. 13, 1887. TO THE EDITOR OF THE POST: In your issue of August 15, 1887, there is a notice of the death of Mrs. Wm. G. Norris, of your city, at 2 A. M., Sunday, August 14th. I attended a spiritual séance that Sunday evening at the residence of Mrs. H. V. Ross, who is said to be a materializing medium, at Onset, Mass.

There was present Dr. Julihn, 936 C street southwest, office 200 1-2 Seventh street southwest, Washington, D. C., who was called up to the cabinet by what seemed to be a frail lady, who called him by name, and gave her own name as Mrs. Norris, of Washington, D. C., and conversed with him for several minutes, and he then introduced her to the writer and several others who were present.

The doctor stated to me that he had been her family physician for the past three years and that he was an entire stranger to every one in the house except one gentleman and he knew nothing of his personal matters or of the death of Mrs. Norris. The circumstance is so remarkable that if you think it of any importance you are at liberty to use it in your columns.

Respectfully, J. W. CADWELL.

DR. JULIHN TELLS HIS STORY.

When this letter was received yesterday a reporter called at Dr. Julihn's office. He found the physician to be a genial and, to all appearances, an intellectual man, and he was ushered into a small and cosy room nearly filled with medical books and drugs, where the doctor receives his callers, he made known the remarkable story that had just been received.

"I will tell you all about it," said the physician, his face at once assuming a grave expression. "Mrs. Norris had been sick for some months before her death; so sick, in fact, that for weeks before I had to inform her husband that there was no chance of saving her life, and that her death was but a question of time. I attended her regularly, however, until the 12th of August, when, finding it necessary to leave the city to go to Onset, Mass., I paid my last visit to her. I told her I had to leave, and she begged me not to go. My departure was, however, imperative, and I arranged with Mr. Norris that he should telegraph me in the event of Mrs. Norris's demise during my absence, so that I could mail a certificate of death.

INVITED TO A SEANCE. "This was on Friday, and on Sunday I was at Onset. Business had nearly driven my Washington patients out of my head, when about noon a telegram was brought me. It was from Mrs. Norris's son, informing me that his mother had just died. I immediately mailed a certificate and then started out for a walk. Near my hotel I met Stephen A. Morse, of the firm of Morse, Williams & Co., elevator manufacturers in Philadelphia, at No. 411 Cherry street. I give you these details so as to show that I do not expect any one to believe this story merely on my statement. Morse and I were both strangers in the town, and in the course of our conversation he told me he had an invitation to a spiritualistic seance to be held that afternoon. When he asked me to accompany him I readily consented.

"In a few moments I found myself in a room with about eighteen other persons, none of whom I knew. The room was but dimly lighted, and at one end was a recess, before which was hung two heavy curtains. Above the curtains was a small window, which admitted light to the room. When the performance began I saw some remarkable manifestations, but was not overinterested until a materialized form resembling an old lady came from the cabinet and advanced toward me.

WAS IT MRS. NORRIS'S SPIRIT? "The lady walked with evident difficulty just as I had seen Mrs. Norris do, dragging her limbs as though in great pain, and resembled in every particular Mrs. Norris. When she reached me, she took my hand and gently pulled me toward the cabinet. I followed mechanically, and when we had advanced a step or two, she turned to me and asked: 'Where's Carry?' that being the name of Mrs. Norris's eldest daughter. Her voice sounded distinctly and was heard by every one in the room. 'Who are you,' I asked, finding my voice with difficulty. 'Doctor, I am Mrs. Norris,' was the reply, 'and,' she continued, 'they brought me here telling me that I could find my doctor from Washington. But where am I?' she exclaimed, looking around her. 'What has happened to me, I feel so well?'

"This rather puzzled me, but I told her that she had died or passed into the Spirit-world, as I understood it, and that her friends had brought her to me to help her realize her changed condition. I then recalled to her the fact that I left her in Washington a few days before when I bade her good-bye. She passed her hand across her brow as if endeavoring to recollect, and then said, 'Yes,

yes, I remember.' She again asked for Garry several times and finally left me and disappeared."

THE PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.

"What is your opinion regarding this strange manifestation?" asked the reporter. "I am satisfied that I saw Mrs. Norris; but I can explain nothing else. What is related to you is as it occurred, and it was witnessed by quite a number of people who also heard the conversation."

"When the form took your hand did its hand feel natural?"

"Perfectly so, and she leaned on my arm just as flesh and blood would have. I cannot say now whether I experienced any sense of weight. It is a very extraordinary occurrence," continued the Doctor, "and I wish you would communicate with Mr. Morse in order to prove the truth of what I have just told you."

After leaving Dr. Julihn, the reporter next called at the house of Mr. Morris, the husband of the deceased, and ascertained there that, so far as the doctor's statement concerning his attendance on Mrs. Norris and the conversations with members of the family are concerned, it is perfectly correct. Dr. Julihn is well known in South Washington, where he has quite an extensive practice. It is not known whether or not he was a former believer in Spiritualism, but certainly his experience, as related by himself, has given him a decided leaning in that direction. The doctor claims that he had not seen any of the witnesses of the affair before its occurrence, and that his acquaintance ended almost immediately after.

MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER RECEIVED.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (New York.) Prof. LeConte answers the question 'What is Evolution?' in the October Popular Science Monthly; another important paper bearing on Evolution is Prof. Morse's presidential address at the American Association.

The Hon. David A. Wells gives the fourth paper of his series on 'The Economic Disturbances since 1873.' The Savagery of Boyhood is a study of certain traits peculiar to that age; in the fourth of his Social Science papers, Henry J. Philpot treats of the Alotment of Specialties. In The Oldest Noble of them all, an account of the zoological family of the Brachiopods is given; Strange Medicines is rare, curious and varied; The Language of the Emotions traces the origin of our usual modes of expressing feeling. Other timely articles are included in an excellent table of contents this month.

THE FORUM. (New York.) Speaker Carlisle contributes an article for the October Forum setting forth the grounds upon which the Democratic party bases its expectation that it will be continued in power; Education and Lawlessness points out the vice of modern social organization, namely the lack of respect for law and authority; Judge William D. Kelley offers a plan for preventing the accretion of a surplus in the national treasury; in the Anathema of the Roman Church Prof. Hingston explains the significance of the sentence of excommunication in the Roman Catholic Church; one of the most interesting articles in this number is Lord Wolsley's Queen Victoria's Reign. Other good articles are What is the Object of Life; Books that have helped me; Ousting Shakespeare, and the New Uncle Tom's Cabin.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston.) An Enclosed Skeleton is a series of letters edited by Luerotia P. Hale and Edwin Lasseter Bynner and the reader must discover whether they are old letters or a clever story cast in the form of correspondence. The final paper of Our Hundred days in Europe is devoted to some general observations of England; Mrs. Oliphant depicts some tragic incidents in her serial, The Soul of the Far East gives a very amusing account of the eccentricities of Japanese language; Theodore Child describes the Millet exhibition in Paris; there is a readable paper composed of anecdotes of Charles Reade, and Susan Fenimore Cooper gives an account of her father's Italian life. In conclusion are able reviews and the contributor's club.

THE ECLECTIC. (New York.) The October number of the Eclectic Magazine gives the place of honor to Prince Krapolkine, who contributes an article entitled The Coming Anarchy; Ireland's Alternatives is a presentation of the Anglo-Irish question; The poet Swinburne, in a paper which he calls Whitman, attacks the claims made for Walt Whitman; Wagner's Letters to Frau-Eliza White throw light on the great composer's life; Arnot Reid compares the English and American press, and Mr. W. H. Mallock continues his papers on Wealth and the Working Classes. A second article by the great painter, Holman Hunt, finishes his interesting description of his painting one of his greatest pictures.

ST. NICHOLAS. (New York.) Miss Alcott's new story opens this issue and it tells how a bright girl danced her way to happiness. Frank Stockton contributes one of his capital stories and Gen. Adam Badeau gives an account of Gen. Grant at Vicksburg. John R. Coryell tells about the curious habits of an absurd bird, and Mary J. Safford writes about a knowing dog. George J. Manson tells youths how they may become successful dry-goods merchants; while boys of a literary turn may gain encouragement from the Boyhood of John Greenleaf Whittier. Juan and Juanita, and Fiddle-John's Family are concluded. Poems, pictures and many short stories complete a most readable number.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. An ascent to the lofty crater of the Mexican volcano, Popocatepetl, is described in this month's American Magazine; a delightful description of China will interest many; Duck-shooting and warlike reminiscences are mingled in a Pot-Hunter's Paradise; an account of the Washington Monument is given with illustrations; in Some New Factors in Social Evolution we find that the American girls will soon surpass the boys in their intellectual development. There are also many short articles and poems.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

PRISONERS OF POVERTY. Women Wage-Workers. Their Trades and Their Lives. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Charles Peck in his admirable report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor for 1885 says there are very nearly two hundred thousand working women in New York, and this does not include domestic servants, but is limited to actual handicraft. Nine-tenths of the trades were open to women at that time, and several have been added since. "The city which affords the largest percentage of habitual drunkards, as well as the largest number of liquor saloons to the mile, is naturally that in which the most women are forced to seek such means of subsistence as may be had."

About a year ago Mrs. Campbell wrote a series of articles for the Sunday edition of the New York Tribune, which have now been collected and published by Roberts Bros. The articles attracted the

attention of thoughtful people interested in the sociological questions of to-day as they were written from actual knowledge, her cases being from real life, only the names and localities being changed.

Mrs. Campbell has tried to give in her book all sides of these questions. She devotes several chapters to the grievances of the sewing women, to child labor, and the problem of domestic service, and the employers also have a hearing.

The book is written more particularly in the interest of the down-trodden and oppressed, and if philanthropists will be further stimulated to help these poor distressed persons to learn how to help themselves, the book will have well performed its mission. Mrs. Campbell does not think more charitable institutions are needed but if justice were done, every one would be able to take care of himself. What these helpless people need is to be taught many kinds of work, so that if one falls they have something to fall back upon. The prejudice they have against going into the country is almost incredible.

ENGLISH MASTERPIECE COURSE. By Prof. Alfred H. Welsh, A. M., of the Ohio State University, Author of "Complete Rhetoric," "Essentials of English," "Development of English Literature and Language," etc. Chicago: John C. Buckbee & Co.

A new and valuable appliance for the growing study of English literature—one that is believed to fill all account with the more literary, suggestive and logical methods now rapidly gaining in favor. The work provides for a searching and comprehensive study of all the representative English writers from Chaucer to Emerson, including the shaping influences of the periods in which each lived and wrote, his characteristics as a writer and as an individual, and one or more of his acknowledged masterpieces.

Under Environment (of the period), Characteristics (of the author), and Criticisms (of the production or productions chosen) are exhaustive lists of references to critical authorities, a sufficient number of which, after a careful perusal of the masterpiece itself, is to be consulted in the preparation of an essay and, for classwork, a critique.

An appendix explains where the masterpieces may be obtained at very low prices. The references are sufficiently extensive to insure the availability of the manual wherever there are colleges or public libraries.

The method commends itself by important advantages. It teaches the best use of reading; familiarizes the student with the processes of investigation; compels him to consider a work of art as a whole, methodically and comprehensively; makes his task more self-reliant, and therefore more pleasurable; enriches his mind and perfects his power of expression by the written systematic exposition of his views on the vast subjects that form the staple of the highest literature.

It is the opinion of many clergymen and others, interested in the organization of societies for the study of literature, that this book is the best guide and appliance that has yet been devised for successful club use. It has long been a desideratum how to map out and carry on satisfactorily the work of literary and reading circles. The "English Masterpiece course" will, it is believed, fully supply the want.

New Books Received.

THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY AND THE OWNERSHIP OF LAND. By W. T. Harris. Boston: Cupples, Hurd & Co. Price, pamphlet form, 25 cents.

THE GANGLIONIC NERVOUS SYSTEM. BY Alexander Wilder, M. D.

THE PERFECT MAN IS THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC GOD. Christos. Published by the Rochester Brotherhood.

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BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS.

Reduced Rates for 30 days. Round-trip Excursion tickets over all roads, from all points West of the Ohio river, to attend the GREAT PUBLIC SALE OF CITY PROPERTY, October 10th, in BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS, the

most beautiful city in Kansas. BAXTER SPRINGS CHATEAU SPRINGS are attracting the nation's invalids, working wonderful cures, and will make the city famous, far and wide, adding untold thousands to her wealth.

BAXTER SPRINGS WATER POWER, just developed, is commanding the eager eyes of manufacturers seeking Western locations who will increase her population many fold. Baxter Springs' proximity to the Indian Territory (only one mile distant) makes it a very paradise for hunters and sportsmen, and for picture-seekers is unsurpassed.

Baxter Springs and vicinity have the only LEAD and ZINC mines in Kansas, and the FINEST COAL, with the heaviest veins, in the State. Fully developed, these industries will employ thousands of men.

Baxter Springs is jumping into prominence as a railroad center. She has the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf road. In October the Missouri Pacific system will reach Baxter Springs. The St. Louis and San Francisco road is only a few miles away and rapidly building, and several others are projected.

The Indian Territory will soon be thrown open, which will be tributary to Baxter Springs for many miles. CAPITALISTS and INVESTORS in Baxter Springs, and Real Estate has advanced in value fourfold in four months. This is your great opportunity. Address for full particulars about tickets, rates, etc., either of the following: JNO. E. ENNIS, Pass. Agent, Mo. Pac. Ry., 199 Clark St., Chicago. JNO. B. FRAWLEY, Pass. Agent, M. & P. Ry., 189 Clark St., Chicago. H. L. CHRISTOPHER, Pass. Agent, Mo. Pac. Ry., 189 Clark St., Chicago. P. M. SHAW, Sec. Baxter Springs Investment Co., Baxter Springs, Kan. N. R. WARWICK, Pass. Agt. Mo. Pac. Ry., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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WINFIELD, KANSAS.

GREAT OPENING SALE OF CITY PROPERTY OWNED BY THE PLATTER LAND COMPANY, TO OCCUR ON OCTOBER 26th and 27th, 1887.

Reduced excursion round-trip tickets, to Winfield and return, good for 90 days, leaving your home Oct. 10th and 11th, can be bought over all roads, from all points West of the Ohio River. Arrange your Western excursion trip so as to be in Winfield on the days of our sale. THE PROPERTY OF THE PLATTER LAND COMPANY, to be sold, includes many of the choicest residence lots in the city. Convenient to street cars, college, public schools, and the business center. These lots will advance very fast in value. The opportunity for home-seekers and investors is a rare one. WINFIELD, Cowley County, is the Coming Metropolitan and Railroad Center of Southern Kansas. Winfield is 225 miles Southwest of Kansas City, and 475 miles West of St. Louis. Few lines of railroads run in the "Golden State." There are the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system, with two lines, the Southern Kansas railroad, the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Missouri Pacific railroad. Projected lines to be built very soon are two branch lines of the Missouri Pacific system, and one line for each of the following systems: The Chicago Rock Island and Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Chicago Alton & St. Louis, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroads. The possibility of Winfield as a great wholesale and manufacturing center when the rich Indian Territory just south of it is opened, and for which these railroads are all heading is beyond conception. Cowley County is in the Southern tier of Kansas Counties, and East of the center of the State.

THE BEST BUILT CITY IN KANSAS.—Though Cowley County was not organized until 1870, her population is already 40,000. Her county-seat, Winfield, has 10,000 population. Winfield has free postal delivery, seven miles of street car lines, waterworks with eight miles of water mains, gas and electric lights, two fine parks in natural grove, seventy miles of forest land, and the best built city of any age or size in Kansas. Her City Hall, Opera House, Flouring Mills, three stone arch bridges, six church buildings, three leading hotels, four lank blocks, South-West College and State Asylum for feeble-minded Youth alone cost a round million of dollars. Business buildings now building will cost \$225,000. Four magnesian limestone quarries do an extensive business at home and abroad. Nearly all buildings are built of brick. Public buildings at the State capital, two hundred miles distant, were built of Winfield stone against competition from many points.

THE PRODUCTS OF COWLEY COUNTY, SOIL AND CLIMATE make her the farmers' paradise. Her corn is the best in the world. Fruit and cereals abound. Winter lasts but a short time. The latitude is about that of San Francisco, Trinidad, Col., Springfield, Mo., Cairo, Ill., Danville, Ky., Richmond, W. Va., and Baltimore. Grand opportunities await the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic and manufacturer in Winfield and Cowley County. Do not fail to come to Winfield. Remember the dates of sale, Oct. 26th and 27th. The terms will be one-third cash, balance in three and six months. For illustrated circulars, plats, and full particulars, address J. E. ENNIS, 1 and 2 Pass. Agt. Mo. Pac. Ry., 199 Clark St., Chicago, Ill. H. S. FRAWLEY, Pass. Agt. Mo. Pac. Ry., 189 Clark St., Chicago, Ill. H. L. CHRISTOPHER, Pass. Agt. Mo. Pac. Ry., 189 Clark St., Chicago, Ill. P. M. SHAW, Sec. Baxter Springs Investment Co., Baxter Springs, Kan. N. R. WARWICK, Pass. Agt. Mo. Pac. Ry., Cincinnati, Ohio. Or, HENRY E. APT, Platter Land Co., Winfield, Kansas.

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I have a most thorough respect for the JOURNAL, and believe its editor and proprietor is disposed to treat the whole subject of Spiritualism fairly.—E. J. Savage (Untertan), Boston.

A grand paper! I am fully in sympathy with its objects and aims; it is a tremendous power for good.—Dr. Joseph Beale, President New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association.

Of over forty papers which come to my table the JOURNAL is the best.—E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. York.

I wish you the fullest success in your courageous course.—R. Heber Newton, D. D.

As an old subscriber to the JOURNAL I value and appreciate it, and am sure it is doing a grand work.—Lady Catherine, Duchesse of Pomar, Paris, France.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 8, 1887.

Alaska Indian Religion.

It is refreshing to get a sensible and rational report from any official or popular authority touching the religious ideas of any race or tribe outside the Christian limits. Especially are the current reports of Indian ideas far from the truth in regard to our red brethren, and therefore an article in the Independent on "Civilization in Alaska," by Prof. Thomas Mehan, deserves a welcome notice. He thinks the trouble in governing Alaska is "mainly religious," growing out of a painful misunderstanding of their customs and a lack of appreciative respect of their religious convictions, and "that more intelligent missionary work ought to be employed among them," and says: "I have not been able to find any intelligent account of the religion of the Alaska Indians... much that has been written is little more than 'burlesque.'"

Surely "more intelligent missionary work" than can be done by men, however honest, who have been educated to think that all pagans are given over to believe a lie, is needed, not only in Alaska, but the wide world over. More respect and forbearance, too, are needed than can be expected from officials who look on Indians as children of satan, with no rights which white Christians are bound to respect.

Prof. Mehan says that these Indians place great value on self-sacrifice for the good of others. Those who die in defense of their friends, their homes or their tribes, go directly to heaven. The spirits in heaven spend the better part of their time, not in selfish enjoyment, but in the endeavor to aid those in the intermediate place to come up to them. This intermediate place is quite like the Catholic purgatory, so that it would seem they believe in probation after death, and would side with Prof. Smyth in the Andover controversy, but they do not believe in the eternal psalm singing and palm waving of an old fashioned orthodox heaven, but rather in good works and growth in grace in the mansions in the skies. To show the trouble growing out of the ignorance and prejudice of our officials, he says:

We will now take, as an illustration, the Killisnoo incident, related by your correspondent. It occurred a little before my visit, and I took pains to get to the bottom of it. I believe the Indian was killed on the gun-boat by the accidental bursting of a gun. When an Indian dies it is, by their religious creed, incumbent on the Indians to take steps to help him on through—we will call it Purgatory—to heaven. This Purgatory is believed to be an intensely cold place. Sacrifice by fire is regarded as extremely helpful. But sacrificing that which does not cost them anything is not their idea of sacrifice. They really sacrifice that which is to them their greatest blessing—blankets. The blanket is their measure of all value. They bargain with you, not for so many dollars but for so many blankets, and if they are describing the wealth of some neighbors, they tell you they own "so many blankets."

They tear blankets and burn them to help along the spirits of the departed friend. Their laws require that those who cause the death of the friend, accidentally or otherwise, should bear the expense of blankets. They sent to the commander of the vessel for the blankets. We can understand that the commander refused. They caught a sailor on shore, and sent word they would hold him till the blankets were forthcoming, and, in reply, the commander "moved at once on their works" and stilled their village. A more heart-rending sight than this same shuddering village I have seldom seen. The men with their wives and the little ones sat on the snow-chad hills around and witnessed the destruction—their houses destroyed by obstacles, as the commander believed, and perhaps your correspondent believed, but as these poor people believed for their faithful

adherence to a sacred religious principle. Your correspondent is thankful they were "brought to see the equities" in the case, deliver up the man, and abandon their cause. Do they see the "equity" have they not cause rather to hate the white man?

Plainly enough a little patient inquiry would have saved this cruelty of fire and wrath. He has met some admirable men and women who were useful and successful as missionaries, and others, equally sincere, "wholly unfitted for their work by reason of hide-bound minds, and some men—no women—who never ought to have been sent into such a field." One such he met who had a rare mineral which he bought of an ignorant Indian for a dollar, and for which he hoped to get twenty dollars in Portland. The Indians in his charge were "no good." Broad-views and more real fraternity are needed and a plain common sense which should lead men to fairly understand the leading ideas and usages of those whom they are sent to govern or to educate. Our treatment of the Indian is improving, but there is great need of more improvement. The "hide-bound minds" are creed bound. To them the pagan—be he red or yellow, in Alaska or India—is a child of the devil and an heir of perdition, and "I am holier than thou" is the Pharisaic spirit which makes such men tyrannical and blind and heartless toward these outcasts from Divine mercy.

Slowly but surely this Pharisaic spirit is being exercised, not by "bell, book and candle" and the like pious magic and mumery, with which the old church tried to cast out demons, but by the mightier spell of "a charity which hopeth all things" for all men.

Spiritualism has gone round the world, conquering and to conquer, and a part of the great work of this mighty movement is to demonstrate the fraternity of humanity, to show amidst varied attainments like possibilities in a higher future, and to illustrate and emphasize anew that word of the Roman slave, Terence: "I am a man, and nothing human is alien from me." Let its work go on until our homes and schools and colleges are filled with this sense of human fraternity, and a new education makes us more fit to uplift the lowly, to rule justly, to impart a broader spiritual culture, and to give light and get light from the Ganges to Alaska.

The Fourteenth National Conference of Charities and Corrections.

The Fourteenth National Conference of Charities and Corrections was lately held at Omaha, Neb. The object of this conference is in all respects commendable, and the excellent work it has done is comprehensive and far reaching. Hon. H. H. Giles, of the State Board of Wisconsin, delivered the annual address, demanding intelligent charity for the wretched who have no voice to tell their woes. The insane and the feeble minded, who are incapable of pleading for themselves, he would present to the pitying heart of man. The claims of the dependent and neglected children he would advocate. The wrongs of convicts who have no appeal from the lash, he would publish. In behalf of criminals and for the protection of society, he would urge the more rational methods of prison management.

There were many interesting statements made and conclusions drawn during the convention. We learn from the Reporter that Wisconsin presented an original idea, being a State home for old soldiers' widows, or wives and husbands together. No men without wives are received. They live in real cottages, each having room for at most two or three couples, and each couple has its own apartments.

Ohio has a new county jail system, which keeps the prisoners separate and thus avoids the well known evil of mixing innocent and guilty with its resulting contamination.

Massachusetts has a habitual criminal law punishing a convict's third felony with 25 years imprisonment, and is about to keep her criminal insane in an asylum by themselves. The Commonwealth has abolished contract labor in its prisons during the year.

Illinois presented a very explicit and interesting report, reciting the various social measures that our last legislature made law, including the abolishment of convict labor, raising the age of consent to fourteen years, making the procuring of virtuous women for immoral purposes punishable by from one to ten years in the penitentiary, and other measures in behalf of social purity. The fact that there are one thousand convicts in prison, and four thousand dependents in almshouses in this State was mentioned, also the apparent rapid growth of insanity.

Pennsylvania reported that jail matrons are now appointed for Pittsburgh, and an effort is making to also appoint police matrons. Philadelphia has matrons in the police stations and jails. A home for crippled colored children is to be erected in Philadelphia, a blind asylum in Pittsburg, and four State hospitals in the mining regions. There has been a general and marked improvement in the management of jails and almshouses during the year.

Indiana still has contract labor and makes her penitentiaries self-supporting in that way. The new lunatic asylum in Indianapolis is building on the cottage plan, and the various State institutions do not use up the whole of their annual appropriations.

Kansas wants a State board of charities, but it declares it has a hearty public sentiment which prompts the legislature to adopt reform measures. Only at one point, and that on the borders of the State, can an open saloon be seen. The good effects of prohibition in the prevention of crime and pauperism are said to be already very apparent.

Maryland reported a very great evil in the non-employment of prisoners. Owing to

contract labor being abolished one man has gone insane in prison and the sanity of others is threatened. There is no out-door relief from public money in the State. The C. O. S. of Baltimore is attempting to secure improved legislation as to street beggars. Though there is no State board of charities, the prisons are kept in good order by frequent visits made by the Prisoners' Aid Society and ample press notice of any evil found there.

Colorado showed a good report. The charity work of the state seems practically under the care of the women of the W. C. T. U. There was nothing new reported.

In California the conditions of the schools and asylums for dependent children, supported by the State but managed by private societies, is as unsatisfactory as at previous reporting. There are 4,200 such children in institutions supported mainly by the State, 3,800 in those entirely so supported. The county jails are moral pest houses, men, women and children herded together without order or discipline. The industrial school (so-called), at San Francisco, is a prison of the worst kind, with high stone walls, armed guards in watch towers at the corners, jailers with revolvers in their belts going about. No boy can be put there for a few days without learning to be a criminal, if he were not one when he went in. In the state prisons are children of twelve and men of ninety, no separation possible. The bright side of the California report is the free kindergartens, of which there are 40 in San Francisco, admirably managed and redeeming much vice.

Journal of the American Akademie.

Three numbers of this journal, March 1885, April 1886, and July 1887, have been bound together. Their principal articles are by Prof. J. B. Turner, of Jacksonville, Ills. The object of this periodical to counteract the materialistic tendency of the age by urging the claims of the high, spiritual and intuitional philosophy. It is able and learned, and its editor is Dr. A. Wilder, well known to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL'S readers and well qualified for his task. It is a capital magazine for those who can appreciate it. It is an Olympian spring of which the gods drink; but it is for the most part evaporated or sunk out of sight before it reaches the common level of the Attic plains. Small, therefore, will be its influence on the average mind. But it is better to be on the summit with the few to quaff its aromatic waters than with the multitude to share the lowland life.

The three papers of Prof. Jackson gleam with intellectual animation. The first treats of the "Differentiation of Energy as the Basis of Philosophy and Religion," and this is the best and most important of the three. It makes all energy divine and rational, whence it is clearly the ground of philosophy and religion. In this Spencer substantially concurs. He only reaches the same conclusion by a little different route. But the route is important. He reaches his goal loaded with clay and stifled with vapors from the chemical laboratory. The Platonic philosopher passes to his goal through clear spaces of celestial azure, with a spirit light and bright as the element in which he moves, sustained by wings divine.

This way is the better of the two, if we can prosecute only one. But we may, and ought to, prosecute both ways. If we take the noblest path first, it will teach us how to follow the other without being soiled or debased in quality and action. Both are necessary to fullness and perfection of knowledge and character. "The highway of holiness," the celestial flight of the rational intuition, is necessary to spiritual freedom and power. The lower route in which men go snail-like on the ground feeling every inch of their way by sensible experience, is good for the attainment of detailed precision and certainty of knowledge concerning the under side and seamy side of life and of the universe. Then the heavenly power should come down and carry even this above, showing its ultimate unity in the higher, that here is its root and source and life and eternal home.

Some such procedure as this is doubtless what Prof. Turner attempts, but he does not make adequate allowance to sense, which will yield all its treasure of significance only to appreciation and sympathy. He also assumes more than those who are working along the other track will be willing to allow, and thus he fails of his mark for those who need his help, and for whose benefit he confessedly writes. Like most of this class of writers, he denies and ignores important factors in the opposing method, factors which are unanimously affirmed by those who are best qualified from their labors to judge. It would be far better to admit and assimilate than to deny any of the facts and implications of sense. It is only thus the two can be united. The eagle must devour the snake as the only sure precaution against being stung to death.

There are poems and other prose compositions in the American Akademie which are of the same high order, and marked in the main by the same characteristics.

Scinda as a Reformer.

A colored woman named Scinda is creating great excitement in Grenada county, La. She claims to be inspired directly by God. Her sermons are of the Sam Jones style, and she has a large number of followers. At one of her late meetings, rising slowly and deliberately from her seat, among other things she said:

"Some of you darkeys are like a hoe cake cooked only on one side. You come to church and O, nothing is too good for you to do. You

sing, and pray, and dance, and shout until one would think you are ready for heaven. Monday comes, you show the raw side. You are with the world; you steal, you lie, and do everything that is wrong. That is not the kind of religion we want. We want the hoe-cake cooked through and through; when you break it in the middle let it be brown as it is on the bottom." Speaking of law, she said no law could be made too stringent for her. She wanted every violation of God's will punishable on earth as well as in the world to come. "The judges of our courts," she said, "ought to be baptized in the grace of God; the Bible says that lawyers should be good and honest, and prosecuting attorneys ought to be chockfull of religion."

She insists on personal cleanliness, and in this she is not far from godliness. She rigidly enforces honesty and the prompt payment of debts. When a member of her band is convicted of doing any deed of dishonesty they are immediately expelled from her society. Scinda's power over the temporal affairs of her members is absolute. Her law is their law, and to incur the enmity of their shepherdess is to displease God.

Prof. Dye's Experiment in Psychography.

Among the best known figures on the streets of this city is Prof. Nathan Dye, an old resident and life-long teacher of music. He is counted among his acquaintances as a man of critical judgment, with the courage of his convictions. He is counted among Spiritualists as rather skeptical of mediumistic claims until they have been demonstrated as valid.

Several weeks ago Prof. Dye bought two slates, a sheet of drawing paper and a pencil. At his own house he put the paper and a bit of the lead from the pencil between the slates, then sewed the frames together at the corners and tied a string around the closed slates, lengthwise and across. With this outfit he went to the Bangs Sisters on Walnut street to see what he could get. On arriving he secured a sitting with one of the sisters, and after wrapping his slates in his handkerchief suspended them from the chandelier in the centre of the room. Seating himself at the table with the medium, several feet from the slates and facing them he awaited results. After a time he got this message on another slate held by the medium, under fairly good test conditions: "We've made a break (beginning), take the slates home with you and bring them again". At the second sitting under the same conditions no results were had, and the Prof. once more took his slates home. A third trial resulted only in getting the following message on the medium's slate under conditions similar to the first experiment: "We are using all our forces to give you a picture. Bring the slates again," and signed by his son Byron and his first wife.

At the fourth sitting, which occurred on the 29th ult., Prof. Dye suspended his slates from the chandelier as in the preceding sittings and seated himself at the table in view of them. Soon there was written on another slate, put under the table: "Will take us about twenty minutes." At the expiration of the time Prof. Dye removed his slates from their hanging position and without opening them left the house. He had previously promised to bring them to the JOURNAL office to be opened. On the next day he appeared in the editorial rooms and, still skeptical, offered to wager something that there was nothing inside. Receiving his assurance that they had never been from under his control nor in the hands of the medium nor out of his sight while on the premises of the medium, and that the fastenings were exactly as made by him before beginning the experiments, the slates were separated. Upon the sheet of paper was found the following message written with pencil:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have at last accomplished the one great desire, and am happy in its consummation, to prove to you that we can do this work without the aid of mortal hands. Never doubt this great truth, for such is a reality, and this little pencil moved by the power of spirit, points with its testimony the everlasting progress of the soul. Yours in Spirit, BELLE.

Above this on the sheet and in the centre was a crude drawing of a female head and under it the initials B. W. A. In the upper right hand corner was a well executed drawing of a sprig of Forget-me-nots, and under it the words, "Brother Byron." In the opposite corner was a bunch of roses equally well drawn.

Mr. Byron Dye passed to spirit life about four years ago. His father feels that the experiments as above briefly told demonstrate beyond all doubt in his mind that spirits can write on slates under such conditions as to preclude all shadow of suspicion of deception or delusion.

A unique church quarrel is in progress in the Church of the Holy Trinity—Episcopal—in New York, Rev. Stephen Tyng's old church. The new rector, Rev. Walpole Warren, who is an Englishman, recently imported to succeed Dr. Tyng as rector, it seems, is objectionable to a large and influential faction in that church, and an effort is now being made to get rid of him on the ground that the importation of a minister of the gospel is contrary to the doctrines of protection to home industries, as set forth in the act of Congress of Feb. 26, 1885, entitled, "An act to prohibit the importation of foreigners or aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor in the United States." The point involved is whether any fair interpretation of this statute includes ministerial labor. Its decision will establish some new precedents in ecclesiastical affairs.

On next Sunday evening the Boy Medium will address the Young People's Spiritual Society. Subject: The Decomposition of Religions.

GENERAL ITEMS.

A correspondent from Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "Rev. Samuel Watson will stop here on his way to Cleveland and speak on the 9th of this month. He will open the lecture course there on the 16th of October."

A correspondent from Philadelphia writes that the 1st Association of Spiritualists have had fine audiences through September with Mrs. Lake as speaker. Mrs. C. Fanny Allyn will lecture during October.

A legacy of \$100,000 has been left to the city of Mannheim, Germany, for the founding of a Christian orphan's home. The money was gotten by the manufacture and sale of playing cards.

Wm. A. Mansfield, favorably known at Cassadaga Camp and through Michigan as a psychographic medium, has gone to Boston to attend the Monroe College of Oratory, where he intends to closely apply himself for the ensuing year.

Most of the religious papers have been manifesting considerable feeling over the fact that Cardinal Gibbons was called upon to officiate at the recent centennial celebration in Philadelphia. They object to him not on account of anything he said, but because he is a Catholic—this is all.

Mrs. M. E. DeGreer, president and Mrs. M. H. Euek, secretary, publish an appeal for aid in establishing "An Industrial Institute for Women," at Topeka, Kansas. Their plan is to have a place where orphans and unfortunate women without homes, may find shelter.

Buchanan's Journal of man for October is out and ready for the many anxious readers. In the "Oriental View of Anthropology," Dr. F. Hartmann presents the Mystic or Oriental view of man in an interesting manner. For sale at this office; price 10 cents. We can also furnish back numbers.

On last Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of their marriage, at their residence, 321 Turk St., San Francisco. A goodly company of the newly made friends in that hospitable city were present by invitation, and of course a most enjoyable evening was the result.

Mrs. Ada Foye gave a public séance at Sturgis Mich., on last Sunday. Next Sunday she is engaged at Albany, Wis., after which she returns to Chicago to remain for three months. At the solicitation of investigators Mrs. Foye has consented to give private sittings on her return, if she can find suitable apartments.

The American Secular Union will meet in this city the 15th and 16th inst. It will canvass measures to secure "the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute-books which conflict with the nine demands of liberalism."

Lyman C. Howe brightened up the spiritual atmosphere of Chicago last week, on his way to Kansas City, where he is to lecture for the next eight months. He is looking thin after his hard summer campaign, but is as usual full of sweetness and light. The friends in Kansas City are to be congratulated on the wisdom of their choice, as well as commended for their high aspirations so clearly indicated in the selection of Mr. Howe for permanent speaker.

Dr. N. B. Wolfe who has been for some weeks superintending his splendid Kansas estate known as Rancho de la Luce, and situated in Reno county, returned to his home in Cincinnati last week. He has kindly acceded to our suggestion and reduced the retail price of "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism" to \$2. Investigators and those desirous of posting up on the evidences of modern Spiritualism will do well to secure this account of experiences and experiments by Dr. Wolfe.

"It is strange that even so solemn a function as the funeral of the victims of the Exeter calamity could not be got over without a burial scandal," says The Truth. The scandal on this occasion appears to have arisen from the officiating priest, Rev. Mr. Ingle, insisting on performing the service in one way, while the relatives of the deceased persons wanted it performed in another. As he remained obstinate, the crowd hustled the reverend gentleman and knocked him over.

Thackeray's letters in Scribner's Magazine for October: "I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief—that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth, there must be serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage, but for the dear souls left on the other shore? But we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends though ever so far off?... Why presently, the body removed, shouldn't we personally be anywhere at will—properties of creation, like the electric something (spark is it?) that thrills all round the globe simultaneously? and if round the globe, why not Universal? and the body being removed or elsewhere disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike, etc., go along with the body—a lucid intelligence remains, a perception ubiquitous."

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Communion with God Through the Holy Spirit.

BY JAS. S. LAIDLAW.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High--Psalm 46:4.

But whoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life--John 4:14.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nation--Rev. 22:1,2.

There is a stream whose onward flow, Through all material things doth go, Within whose sweetest current lies, The key to heavenly harmonies.

There is a tree that thrives and grows, Where'er this river winds and flows; That heals all discord, hate, and strife; 'Tis called the sacred tree of life.

There is an ever flowing well, Exhaustless and unfathomable, From which the traveler o'er the plain May drink and never thirst again.

This sacred stream, this flowing well, Whose courses are unfathomable, The pure in heart alone can see; It comes of secret sanctity.

Happy are they, and only they! Who walk this pure and perfect way; For they the priceless pearl shall find, A hopeful, tranquil, peaceful mind.

No church, nor shrine, nor builded place, Contains this Christ-containing grace; It's temple is the human heart, God's own created counterpart.

There is a bright majestic band, From every nation, every land, Who under the banner of the cross, That hath been, and shall ever be.

These Sons of God, serene, sublime, Clasp hands across the gulf of time; They feel the sweet and sacred tie Of mental consanguinity.

Their words and language are the same, Inspired by one celestial flame. The universal fact, they see, Of God's divine supremacy.

Age after age they come and go, And leave their earthly mark below; And when their earthly work is done, Return to the celestial Sun.

LETTERS FROM BLACKBURN, ENG.

Satisfactory Seance with Henry Slade.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the spring of the year, 1876, I began my investigation of Spiritualism. Before I had settled anything satisfactory in my mind the great Slade trial commenced in London, in which Professor Lankester charged Henry Slade, an American medium, then in London, with using certain subtle craft and devices to deceive and impose on certain gentlemen. I carefully read the newspaper reports day by day, and finally resolved to go to London and pay Mr. Slade a visit and see and judge for myself of the manifestations occurring in his presence.

This resolve I carried out in the month of December, 1876. I had a seance with him, a report of which I forwarded to The Spiritualist newspaper, which was printed in due course. I then watched with interest the trial on appeal that took place in 1877, when the conviction was quashed and Mr. Slade left England for the continent. After that I was much interested in the experiments conducted by Professor Zöllner and read Mr. Massey's book with great delight. After that time I followed other investigations and never expected seeing Dr. Slade again, when to my surprise on August 20th of the present year Dr. Slade turned up in Blackburn. Of course I was very glad to again shake hands with one of the finest mediums it has been my lot to come across, and on August 31st I had the pleasure of joining with him in a seance with him. I was much interested in the manifestations that I witnessed in London, eleven years ago were in nowise weakened. My companion at the first and third seance was a gentleman who for the last twenty years has devoted a very considerable amount of time to mesmerism. To say that he was astonished at the phenomena is to draw it very mildly. He got a long communication how to develop static writing mediumship in himself while he was seated on the sledge.

My second seance was with the editor of one of our local papers. He published the account of what he saw in the evening paper under the heading, "Marvelous Phenomena in Blackburn"--"An Hour with a Medium." To-day, September 15th, Dr. Slade has left Blackburn to give a course of seances in Liverpool, but during his stay in Blackburn the Spiritualists have taken advantage of his visit and have had some very fine meetings with him; messages have been received from the loved and lost ones; slates have again and again been filled with these tokens of their love. The following was written while my wife held the slates along with Mr. Slade: "My good friend, I never have been sorry of the knowledge I had of this Divine truth before I left the earth, and I am glad I planted the first grain of this truth in Blackburn. I see it was sown in good soil for I can see it is growing and taking root and it will never die. As ever, H. B. S." On Sunday, Sept. 18th, Dr. Slade spoke for the Blackburn Psychological Society in the Exchange Hall to an audience numbering nine to ten hundred people. H. WOLSTENHOLME, President of the Blackburn Psychological Society, September 18, 1887.

Camp Meetings.

There is no doubt that these gatherings are a very strong feature in American Spiritualism. We could hardly do the same thing; the weather is against us, and England is not the place for an organized and pre-arranged picnic. But the energy that so finds vent under more favorable conditions than we can command might teach us to imitate it. We want much more cohesion; much more concentration; much less crankiness, and much less inclination to make private displays of prominence. We do not suppose there are no "cranks" in England--there are, we sadly know it--but we are, perhaps, less conscious of their existence here than we ought to be. The truth should be said without fear, and we are not afraid of saying it. We have to advocate and defend a subject that creates antipathy and opposition, and we cannot afford to weigh it down with defence of all sorts of ideas that have no connection with it. Why, we wonder, should Spiritualists bother themselves about the thousand and one facts that these who have broken loose from orthodox trammels seem to revel in? We see no reason as Spiritualists to avow a belief in vaccination or anti-vaccination; to embark in a crusade for or against woman's rights. As a matter of fact, the subject has been discussed and weighed down by this tendency to crankiness. We are not about to say that anti-vaccination may not be a most important question. We think it may be, but it is not our business. We have no more concern with it than we have with Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia, or Koch's cholera germ. *Ne autor ultra credimus.* Let us avoid cranks and crankiness, and stick closely to what we have to do with. And that is simply, a demonstration to sense of existence after physical death.--Light.

The sacred Burmese white elephant is to be removed from Mandalay to Baugon to convince the natives that the royal house has disappeared forever. So long as the elephant remained in Mandalay many of the Burmans firmly believed that Thebow or his family would eventually enjoy their own again.

C. P. Cocks, writes: I appreciate your paper and if it would make a small effort to keep their subscriptions paid in advance, it would facilitate matters for you very materially. While your columns are understood to be open for free or liberal expression of sentiment, still I do not think such an article as that in your issue of 3rd inst., under the heading of "Securely Bound," would have been allowed to appear (if it were not an oversight) by an editor who endorses the fact of phenomena in Spiritualism. It seems to imply from beginning to end the phenomena as alluded to cannot take place, unless produced by fraud, and then the writer endeavors to smooth it over by calling himself a Spiritualist. If my experience and observation have amounted to anything I should say that just such results can be produced in an honest way by spirit power. I should value the paper more highly if the editor had added his note to the article.

Explanations of "Securely Bound."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since writing the article, "Securely Bound," the writer has received so many inquiries as to "how" "don't believe it," with a few polite requests to "explain," that he feels in honor bound to respond through the columns of the JOURNAL, which will be more satisfactory to all interested. By the way, how queer it seems; a silent bit of manuscript addressed to the editor, brings a bang from Massachusetts, Indiana, Colorado and from Minnesota, some of these being duplicated. Before proceeding to explain, permit me to say that when we have seen a trick repeated over and over until it seems inexplicable, then if another operator performs it and explains, we are sure to exclaim--"Oh! but I know he did not do it that way!" Also we are sure to remember the exact position of the sitters wrong,--in the case of the said spirit medium. Now for the JOURNAL's readers want to know how these tricks were performed as given in your issue of Sept. 3rd. In the first place, if your readers will reflect, they will recall the fact that all mediums and tricksters, beginning with the Davenport Brothers, and passing down to the present time (who played the tie game), were of the sanguine or lymphatic temperament. You will not be able, I think, to recall any one who performs these feats, who has not round, plump wrists and no doubt, supple hands. Such is a good description of the operator referred to in the JOURNAL of Sept. 3rd. This man after informing me that he had "trained" the "carpals and muscles" of the wrist since his boyhood for this purpose, showed me that whatever clasped his wrist, could by contraction of the "carpus and metacarpus" be passed instantly over the hand. From the ropes the hand would be withdrawn instantly and replaced as quickly. Thus he deceived the trick of the juggler, the juggler in the back and then slipping his hand into knotted rope. The hand (the left I think) could be slipped from one cuff, and then with an ingenious little piece of watch spring he would unlock the other. When he opened the door first, one hand was in sight--free; the other (I think) contained the cuff, but was concealed. Then as we reopened the door he would replace the hand,--thus remaining as we found him. Now the hand and the fingers of the operator, the phalanges and surgeon from Legansport, Ind., inclines to view this statement absurd, and so it would be if it were claimed that the woman in fact and in good faith escaped from the throat tie, as it was made to appear. Place on the back of the head a concave rubber shell, about four inches deep, comb the hair well over it. Now no one uninitiated would think of pressing her head rudely against the cabinet. It will rest gently against the firm wood when you are left alone, press the head back and you will find no difficulty in slipping the string over the head.

About the great number of hands: How queer it is that a matter so very simple, will be persistently paraded before us as a mystery! I fear that the first section of this trick will be so simple in the reader's mind that he will not try it or credit it. Stand behind a screen, body out of sight; raise one hand up in sight; give it a dithering motion and continually contract and expand the fingers, until a perfect success requires some practice. The looker on will declare that there seems to be different hands.

Then I am aware that a half-dozen hands of gutta percha, attached to one flexible cylinder, have been blown full, and then exhibited at the opening of the cabinet. Let me deviate here a little to refer to a time when the absurd notion of paraffine hands moulded over spirit hands was believed in; a certain London Eastern paper declared that since in a few cases, the opening of the wrist of the mold was too small for any hand to re-enter, it followed that no mortal could have made the mold. A Western man would, I think, have guessed this trick. Blow full a gutta percha hand; mould over it; then let the air escape and the trick is finished.

The drumming described in my former article points to another very simple, yet perfect deception. Let any one practice with three thimbles upon the fingers, and he will quickly succeed in drumming very nicely with them. When you are ready to exert your mental powers, some mystery will be found necessary. Of course the spirits must be furnished with drumsticks. Let a couple of large nails or pieces of wire be placed upon some such thing as a tin pan or dish, beside you; also place a banjo, guitar, or long-necked instrument upon the table. Now place one of the committee on your left, away from the stand; a second in front of you. Let him in front place his left hand upon the table, and let him from your left place his right hand on the top of the first (on your head), and let them join the other two hands. Now place your left hand upon the left hand of man in front, just below the elbow, grasping tightly the last three fingers, and let thumb and first finger remain easy--all of which design is to be kept concealed. Place your right below this left hand near enough to touch it, and grasp in a similar manner as above. Let the lights be extinguished. Instantly, with a strong contraction of the body, let the thumb and first finger of the left hand take the place of the small fingers of your right. If done skillfully, it is utterly impossible for any one to know that a hand has thus been freed. When the writer was in the twenties (he is now in the fifties), he played this trick, as a trick on thousands, and never was detected a single time. The hand being freed, you may take the thimbles from your pocket and drum--pitching the drum-sticks finally among the sitters. This last manœuvre changes the thought of the sticks. Heav the guitar can also be used, and after a tune of confusion, while, perhaps, the nails are falling on the floor or bell ringing in the air, where you have thrown it--gracefully change fingers, calling for a light. A wild look and a nervous shudder will add greatly to the mystery.

One point more and I will close. I had not mentioned the rising up through the floor in my article, but think some good may be done by giving it here. Try it. In a dim room, let the sitters sit on a foot-stool or other object as follows: First curve the head well back, and keeping the motion constant, bring it in view; as the chest next comes in sight, curve it in a similar manner and acquire a steady movement. Stage actors fully comprehend this nice piece of art. The appearance, when it is done well, is that the person ascended through the floor. One of the peculiarities of humanity is that we never think of the fact that the individual is always seeking the same condition because he is playing a trick. One thing further I would suggest: Whenever a medium in the dark circle insists on your keeping hands clasped, look out for that medium. It is evident that if spirits are performing through his powers, that your locking hands has nothing to do with it. Concordia, Kansas. B. R. ANDERSON.

C. E. Winans again Exposed.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It becomes our painful duty to announce to the world that we have detected C. E. Winans in his shameful trickery, both at his seances, and in his late writing and flower mediumship. We warn all Spiritualists to look out for him as a fraud in practice, though we think him a good medium, and as such, greater is his shame. We all stand ready to back these statements and give particulars at any time. WARREN H. HARRIS, MARY S. HARRIS, JOHN J. HARRIS, E. H. PRINCE, R. H. SUMPTION, Madison, Neb., Sept. 29, 1887.

This man Winans is a striking example of the demoralization wrought by the temptation which constantly besets a medium for public exhibitions of spirit power, whose moral sense is weak. Years ago he was a respectable man, but he has degenerated into a chronic swindler. When exposed in one

part of the country he hies away to another and finds patronage until again detected. The only way such as he can ever reform, is to cease giving public exhibitions and strive to earn an honest living in some vocation that offers less temptation and opportunity to cheat.--ED. JOURNAL.

The Spirit Covenant.

There is in this city a small body of earnest people who have united for spiritual growth and assistance and call their society The Spirit Covenant. The friends meet every other Friday evening. Dr. Phelton is one of the best known members. At a late meeting Mr. S. W. Falls, for the fourth time president of the organization, delivered the following inaugural remarks:

Officers and members of the Spirit Covenant: In entering upon my duties as your presiding officer for the fourth cycle, I feel constrained to express to you my heart-felt thanks for continued honors conferred upon me, and also for your kind and harmonious assistance in the discharge of my duties during the past year. I assure you it is one of my greatest pleasures, and I feel that it is one common with us all, to meet from month to month with both the visible and the invisible friends, seeking knowledge, comfort and guidance from those we know we can trust.

Although our growth is not rapid as is that of the weed which to-day springs forth full grown, and to-morrow not, we are not to be at all weary of well doing; rather let our increase be that of the oak of a hundred years, whose head towers heavenward, and whose roots take hold of the foundations of the earth. Our accessions from time to time to the Covenant are true and tried seekers after light and truth. They add additional strength to the adamant foundations, resting upon the eternal purpose which the Covenant seeks to build, not for the present appearance, but for all the ages yet deep in the womb of the future buried.

The bricks of strength, the mortar of truth, and the windows of light, all in harmony with each other, already begin to show forth the design of the invisible architects, whose invisible temple we hope to see manifested while we are still in the earth life. If not so, then we certainly shall as members of the invisible section of our beloved Covenant. We know its stability will be proof against all the cyclones of unbelief, even to the end of time. The power now withdrawn within itself, will at no distant day manifest itself as a factor for good in the land.

Let us studiously put aside all thought of self-aggrandizement and bow with true reverence to the will of the Supreme Intelligence and the guidance of our spirit guides and friends, for without their assistance, we should be lost in the immense deserts of barren and fruitless endeavor.

I cannot omit to mention the loss to our personal consciousness of the presence to two of our most respected and beloved members, who during the past year have been called to rest in the invisible section of the Spirit Covenant. They have gained; we have lost. They already tell us of the joy and peace of the inheritance into which they have entered "Through the Gates of Gold." They bid us be strong, and hope for the joy of the future to those who endure to the end.

I also thank our unseen members and guides whose words of light, peace and joy have brought to our weary and oft sinking hearts, comfort and strength so many times in the cycle just closed. Commending our Covenant to the will and guidance of the highest intelligence, let us ask for the things we need, with the persistence of desire, knowing that whatever is best for us will be always granted.

The Cure of Hydrophobia.

The lamented death of Lord Donerick, and the apparent success of M. Pasteur's serum, has again attracted special attention to the subject of hydrophobia. With each death recorded the public anxiety seems to increase. The death-roll among those who have undergone M. Pasteur's preventive treatment now amounts to 96, and in the presence of such a mortality we should surely question a form of treatment until the matter is definitely settled. Besides, M. Pasteur has shown so little stability in his procedure, having twice changed his methods, that one is compelled to believe that he is not at all sure which is best. His inoculations are, therefore nothing more or less than a huge experiment upon human beings. But we touch upon the most serious aspect of the case when we assert that there is something more than a suspicion that many of those who have succumbed after being inoculated, were in no danger from the original injury. If we had nothing to offer in place of the Pasteurian inoculation, we would at least have insisted that the patient be placed in the individual under the most favorable medical and hygienic conditions, in the hope that such means would conduce to his being one of the large proportion of those bitten by rabid animals who escape all evil consequences. But our hands are by no means empty. The system of treatment by vapour baths, to which several of your correspondents have alluded, is at once simple and safe, theoretically sound, and practically successful. Dr. Buisson, the first to really apply it, was himself bitten by a rabid animal, and actually suffering from hydrophobia. The baths cured him, and subsequently over 80 people bitten by rabid dogs underwent his process, and not one died. He ordered seven baths at a temperature of 42 to 48 deg. Reaumur (128 to 140 deg. Fahrenheit), one each consecutive day. The wound was washed with liquid ammonia, and the patient drank freely of hot infusion of borage to promote full perspiration. This was his preventive treatment. When the disease was declared itself the patient received the Russian bath, which is a most valuable long process, as hydrophobia, when fatal is so within four days. It seems little less than culpable that sufferers should be deprived of such means of rescue and sent to Paris to undergo experimental inoculations of putrid matter into their circulations in the hope--vain unfortunately, in at least 96 cases--of preventing the appearance of symptoms which the French experimentalists are confessedly incapable of alleviating when developed.--I am, Sir, yours faithfully, ALEX. BOWIE, M. D., L. R. C. P. --Medium and Daybreak.

The Peoples' Spiritual Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The Peoples' Spiritual meeting of this city seems to have taken an aggressive and progressive step of late, the conductor having secured a most charming little hall at 878 Sixth Avenue, between 49th and 50th Sts., holding their first sessions there Sunday the 11th inst. Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham delivered a dedicatory address; also improvised poems upon "Our New Home," "Our Future Spirit Home," "Harmonies," "Subjects furnished by the audience." The address and poems were exceedingly fine, and nothing but a verbatim report could do justice to them. Warren Sumner Barlow, author of "The Voices," and other poems, gave words of encouragement. Mr. Noble, ex-Methodist local preacher, expressed his great joy when he found the "true light which enlightened every man that cometh into the world."

Mrs. M. C. Morrell gave descriptions of advanced spirits who had come to join in our delectatory services, and bring harmony and good will into our midst. A benign and hallowed influence pervaded the hall, resting like the "Dove of Peace" on each one present. It was a true spiritual "pentecost." On the evening of the 11th, Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., "Minister of the Church of Divine Fragments," delivered an address replete with good instruction, interspersing the same with humorous anecdotes, which illustrated the points made in a very forcible manner, also keeping the audience in such good humor as to make us "forget that we have any vinegar in our natural make-up." We want Mr. Harter again soon. Spiritualists should keep him at work.

Sunday, the 18th inst., Mrs. A. L. Pennell, of Onset, Mass., officiated as Platform Teet Medium, and won many friends by the "proofs positive" which she gave of continued existence, many of the communications given astonishing the recipient. Mrs. Pennell is expected to remain with us for several weeks. Steps are being taken to inaugurate a children's meeting, and for that purpose a meeting has been called at our hall for next Sunday morning, to take the initiatory. Sunday, Oct. 2nd, a Spiritual Love-feast will form a part of the exercises of the afternoon. New York, Sept. 22. F. W. JONES.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Translated from La Prensa, of Mexico.

Villadarias looked upon his invalid wife whose emaciated form hardly made any prominence in the bed, as if the ragged cotton coverlet wrapped a spectre in its folds rather than a human body. She was falling hour by hour, her spirit was rising above matter, her flesh was disappearing mysteriously and the machinery of life seemed about ready to stop.

The woman was suffering from a complicated disease, which was aggravated by hunger. The remnants of a sad beauty were still visible on her features, like the reflection upon the sky of a winter's pallid sunset. Her eyes had grown large from hunger and had an expression of stupor in them, while her long, delicate hands now and then grasped and relaxed from the folds of the soiled bed covering.

Villadarias regarded her with deep concern, biting his lips in painful anxiety. "Are you sleeping?" he asked the suffering woman, who bent feebly over her.

"No," she murmured faintly, "this pain does not permit me to sleep."

In her right and left sides she experienced the gnawing pain. Hunger was drawing upon her stomach in the vain endeavor of satisfying its pangs upon the scanty flesh and blood of that impoverished body.

A cupful of broth presented by a charitable neighbor was being warmed in an earthen vessel. Perhaps it was the last that the now creature would ever take. The broth boiled and hissed and bubbled. Villadarias took it from the fire, turned it into a broken-edged cup, and gave it to his wife, who sank into a troubled sleep.

For the next day there was no nourishment, not even charity's cup of broth. Villadarias seated himself near the bed, closed his sunken eyes and saw before him a future blacker than the shadow which his closed eyelids formed. There seemed to be no ray of light for him. He thought of committing suicide, but this would have been the worst of cowardice. He did something else, he searched the house.

There was nothing left in it but the ecum of misery--rags, want, squalor. On fumbling over the contents of a trunk belonging to the sick woman he stumbled upon a carefully folded paper which he unfolded. Within were three *passtos* (seventy-five cents) the savings of poverty. Villadarias put them into his pocket, and approaching the bed he imprinted a kiss upon the half-opened lips of his wife and went out. Leaving the silence of the garret he slowly descended to the noisy street.

As he passed by a store his attention was attracted by a bright light and the sound of jingling coin that proceeded therefrom. Some one was counting his money. The store was one in which lottery tickets were sold, a table at the door was posted a notice which read as follows: "Tomorrow is the drawing. Decimal tickets for sale at three *passtos*."

He did not know whether or not this was an inspiration from heaven, but he forgot that he had left home to purchase food for his famishing wife--that the three pieces of money in his possession were three days of victory over starvation and that he was going almost to commit murder. He forgot all and entered the shop.

He bought a decimal ticket and saw the number "13" stamped upon it. He recalled a moment, but resolutely put the ticket into his pocket and left the place. The number 13 represented a fatality, and like a madman Villadarias challenged it with the secret hope of being surprised by an audacious risk.

He returned to his miserable garret and passed the night at the bedside of the pain-racked invalid, and he burned with fever and remorse. The morning dawned; the sun shone through the skylight and he awoke. Before the sick woman opened her eyes he was up and he felt as if his face might betray to her what he had done.

In the doorway he met two neighbors who were looking over a list of numbers that had drawn prizes in the lottery. With eager eyes Villadarias peered over their shoulders for the number 13. It was not there. Fatality had not been frightened at his rashness.

He drew from his pocket the three *passtos* concealed in a bag against a fortune that had not come, and he held it up as a sort of silent rage. The fragments fell like a shower of snow upon the muddy pavement.

"Why do you tear up your ticket?" said one of the neighbors. "Perhaps you will find in the official list, that your number has drawn a prize."

The official list Villadarias thought that what his neighbor said was a cruel mockery, and that such a thing could be so a manner of means happen.

Nevertheless, he took back its influence upon him. He looked upon the torn bits of his ticket that were still shimmering and unsoiled upon the ground and started off down the street stopping at the first lottery ticket office that he found open. He entered in a stumbling manner for he was half crazed with a horrible suspicion, and stammeringly inquired if number 13 had drawn a prize.

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "the first prize; the lists that have been circulated on the streets are incorrect, as they do not contain this number, but it will appear in the official list."

"Incorrect?" stammered with anger and grief Villadarias gave one glance at the speaker, and rushing from the room he ran with all possible speed to the spot where were the fragments of his ticket, but they had disappeared in the mud of the street beneath the wheels of passing vehicles.

Once more he ascended to his garret with a heavy step but with a still heavier heart. His famishing and moribund wife saw him as he entered, and faintly murmured: "I am so hungry!"

Villadarias knelt by her side and kissed her lips--and all was still.

He could not restore life to the silent form; he had thrown it away on a lottery ticket--on number 13. Many and remorseful were the scalding tears he shed and terrible for their bitterness.

The only point in the above little story is to show how dominant and powerful is the passion for lottery playing among the Spanish American people.--Translator.

Catalepsy and Somnambulism.

By catalepsy is meant a condition of suspended physical manifestations on the part of the subject, during which the limbs exhibit no muscular or nervous hyper excitability, but possess the singular property, while remaining flexible, of preserving indefinitely any attitude imparted to them; hence the name of "waxy flexibility" given to this condition by old writers. Unlike the rigid spasms of the lethargic muscle, the plastic fixity of the cataleptic limb can not be relaxed by friction over the skin. The aspect of the patient in the two conditions, moreover, offers striking differences, the sleep-like immobility of lethargy contrasting vividly with the petrified attitudes of catalepsy. In both conditions, however, there often is the same absolute insensibility even to the most painful stimuli. A most remarkable phenomenon may be observed in some instances: by merely opening one eye of the lethargic patient the corresponding side of the body is cataleptized. And so in the same subject these two phases of the hypnotic sleep may coexist side by side, with the fullest display of their contrasted characteristics.

The third condition, that of somnambulism, may easily be brought about by light pressure or rubbing on top of the head. The hysterical patient then passes into a state somewhat between the lethargic and the cataleptic condition. The muscles have lost the hyper-excitability of the former state, and do not possess the plastic adaptability of the latter. Still they react abnormally to light external stimuli; they were gently stroked or bowed upon a limb, it becomes somewhat rigid. We can not then relax it by a mere touch as we can in lethargy, and, unlike catalepsy, it offers some resistance when we attempt to move it into a different attitude. Insensibility to pain may persist, but there often is in the somnambulist phase a singular exaltation of memory and of sensorial perception, which has caused it to be called the "lucid state," and which has been described by the devotees of mesmeric delusions as "second sight." Our readers will recognize in this description the "trance" or "medium" or "ecstasy" sleep into which not only hysterical, but many other individuals may be completely plunged by the usual "passes" of operators.

It is especially in the somnambulist state that the astonishing phenomena of suggestion are observed. By this we mean that the patient in whom every spontaneity is in abeyance, who does not "sleep," and who yet does not move or think, can be

so impressed through some sensory channel as to enter upon some definite train of ideas or movements. He is under the control of the experimenter, whose will is his will, so to speak. He is a machine ready to go, but unable to start itself.--From "Sleep and its Counterparts" by Dr. A. de Watterville, in Popular Science Monthly.

Mediums and Speakers.

There can be no rational objection against mediums and speakers of character, probity and earnestness visiting the varied parts of the common field of labor. But in their so doing they encounter the possibilities of either having to make all their own arrangements under a taken up by some party who for a percentage will undertake to "run" them as a speculation, or happily encounter a stalwart and proper organization to receive and sustain them. In the first two instances spasmodic Spiritualism is the natural result. When our cause--for its effective work depends upon either the visits of traveling workers, or the efforts of interested manipulators, then will it always be that when there is nothing to attract the one, or repay the other public work will come to a standstill. Whenever such parties are the only ones that our work depends upon for its furtherance then no real progress ever results.

Organized effort persistently and consistently maintained, self-sacrificingly supported and administered, is now understood as the only real means whereby our cause can be upheld and carried forward. Steady effort, not spasmodic flash-in-the-pan attempts benefit our work, and show the public that we are people of sobriety, earnestness and dignity. Spiritualistic omens like their kind in the sidereal skies are no doubt of use and service, but their orbits are erratic and their influence disturbing. All nature teaches organization and unity. Spiritualists, your duty is to sustain a steady organized and united cause--which means increase of numbers, power, means and usefulness. Intermittent and spasmodic Spiritualism conducted by the speculative and irresponsible has had its day.--The *Centurion* Daily.

A Vision.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I like your paper very much, for it points out to me that there is a life beyond the grave. I will tell you how the future life has been shown to me, which is more convincing to me than all I have ever seen of others. About two years ago, I had a vision. I was where I am now, going through the gate, none of the sidereal skies are no doubt of use and service, but their orbits are erratic and their influence disturbing. All nature teaches organization and unity. Spiritualists, your duty is to sustain a steady organized and united cause--which means increase of numbers, power, means and usefulness. Intermittent and spasmodic Spiritualism conducted by the speculative and irresponsible has had its day.--The *Centurion* Daily.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A Birmingham gun firm, in order to obviate the difficulty in sighting guns in the dark, have introduced small diamonds in both sights.

The Kansas druggists, who are required by law to get twenty-five women to sign their petitions for permits to sell liquor, find that it is a hard condition.

A Barrien Springs, Mich., lady makes the discovery that gum chewing, if pursued with the energy of despair, will get away with sea-sickness every time.

A torpedo boat has been sent by train right across France from Toulon to Cherbourg. It was placed on a platform mounted on ten railway trucks, and traveled without mishap.

It costs a railroad company \$600 more to put up 1,000 signs reading "Look out for the locomotive!" than it does to put up the same number reading "Bangor." And the latter are the most effective, 600.

The physique of the English soldier has improved very much during the last decade. During the year 1880-4 the rejections were 301 per 1,000. During 1882-6 there were only 206.

William Walters, a Galena sportsman, caught in the Mississippi a catfish that weighed sixty pounds and measured four feet nine inches in length. It was the largest fish ever caught in those waters.

The crown prince of Germany recently gave a diamond pendant to the wife of the innkeeper where he staid near Norwood. After he left it was found that the diamonds were paste. The husband wrote to Germany, but received no answer.

The title of the king of Burma includes the king of kings, the cause of the preservation of all animals the regulator of the seasons, and absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four and twenty umbrellas.

The recent discovery of several valuable springs of different mineral waters in Costa Rica has caused the government to issue a decree declaring all such to be the property of the state, and ordering that in future none shall be transferred to private ownership.

The new iron curtain of the Theater Francais is a gigantic affair. It neither rolls up nor folds together, but ascends in a solid sheet into the upper regions, which have had to be heightened to make room for it. The ascent occupies a minute and a quarter. It appears, too, that the new-drap scene with its colonnade and busts, is not an ordinary rolling canvas, but is glued to the iron curtain.

It is not generally known that pearl-fishing is carried on in rivers of Saxony. A family by the name of Schiemler has for generations had the monopoly of following this pursuit for the benefit of the state. The wise Elise, and her tributaries furnished last year 100 pearls. Formerly the yield was much greater, and in the sixteenth century pearl-fishing was considered in Saxony of rather more importance than the mining industries.

Opium smuggling is said to be quite common at Tacoma, W. T. The custom house officers frequently make a seizure of the drug. At the noon train the other day, bound for Portland, one of the hotel runners was about to check a trunk through to that city when Deputy Collector of Customs Charles J. Mulkey appeared and took possession of the trunk. Upon examination he found that it contained about sixty pounds of opium, valued at about \$750.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

Beautiful thoughts are the flowers of the mind. Never contract a friendship with a man that is not better than yourself.

He who thinks he can't win is quite sure to be right about it, for he has already lost.

When a man wants to find fault he

Signs in the Heavens.

against the ship seems to me like the gurgling of blood. The noise of the machinery I could fancy to be the clashing of battle axes, the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry.

It was just at sunset, and I perceived in the horizon a whitish object and I said to the chief of the steamer, "What point is that which I behold close to the horizon, my captain?"

I flew to Rome and went to the Vatican. I pressed my lips to the feet of His Holiness, and on kissing his foot I saw again the "signs in the heavens." I saw again the vision of three headless bodies; I saw two hands crossed—hands that were dripping with blood like the hair of the victims; hands that were preparing two gibbets, and hands that spoke and said, "We are Monti and Tognetti."

I had no longer any hope—my faith was extinguished. I called to mind the memory of one man and I lost my reason. XII. I was taken to Vienna, but in Vienna there is much festivity and I came to this castle. I am here in the country. I live in silence, in solitude and with a cherished memory.

A casket was brought to me here one day, containing the remains of the man I loved. I opened it when no one was observing me. The right hand of my husband was closed as though it were a hand of bronze. I opened it and found it clasping a paper which read as follows:

"Carlotta, thou didst prophesy rightly. The light that penetrates my abode is the last of sunshine that I shall ever see. I am preparing for death, kneeling before the Nazarene. Within a few hours I shall go to the place of my execution between a priest and my executioner. Thou art not to blame; in this be comforted and pardon me. Remember me to my family and to my country. Good-bye, Carlotta, the judgment of God awaits me. Since I have wrongly lived I desire to die rightly. My last prayer will be for thee. Who would have believed that I would come to this, my dearly beloved?"

Is it strange, my dear friend, that this poor woman should have lost her reason? I often look in the mirror and exclaim, "I am not what I was. I am not Carlotta. I am not a woman. I am not in life. I had a soul, but they stole it from me!"

"Restore it to me, yo thieves!" XIII. Napoleon III., in his exalted state, was my ruin.

Napoleon III., though brought low, will also be thy ruin. XIV. Maria, all is over! Give a kiss to your son—Amadeo.

My letter must end. Good-bye, Maria Victoria, I feel my mind tottering. I feel my soul returning to its wanderings over the fathomless abysses of madness. Again I see "signs in the heavens." I behold again the vision of headless human bodies. I see two hands crossed. I hear the crunching of bones. I see wild beasts slaking their thirst in pools of blood.

Now I seem to be a goddess, and now I fancy myself to be a monster from hell. Oh! daughter of my soul! Do not leave Turin; do not leave Florence; do not leave Rome; do not forsake thy fatherland.

Take care! for they are deceiving thee as they deceived me. Take care! for they will betray thee as they betrayed me.

Take care! for the time will come in which thy fond hopes will have no other realization than that horrible one of dying insane.

Maria, Maria! look after thy husband, thy son and thyself.

I have given thee the greatest proof of friendship that a woman can possibly give thee by recounting to thee the history, sufferings and mysteries that no one knows save thine unfortunate and faithful friend, CARLOTTA, Ex-Empress of Mexico.

SECTARIAN INFLUENCES AT WORK.

The Roman Catechism Taught in the Public Schools—Hands Off.

St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press: There seems to be a return in some quarters of the aggressive disposition of the Catholic priesthood toward the public schools which, it was thought, the experience of the past had quieted permanently.

These gentlemen and all others, of whatever race or creed, may as well understand once for all that neither the people of this State nor those of any other in this country will be silent under any assault upon the public school or under any attempt to pervert its only true and warrantable mission.

of the unequal conflict can have only the same issue. Its only effect can be to raise once more to the white heat the fires of sectarian bitterness which all good citizens would hope to see slumber in their ashes. If there is any principle more deeply imbedded than another in the American system it is that sectarian influences shall be banished from the public schools as utterly as religious tests are from the granting of political rights.

Science vs. Religion.

In science, nothing can be permanently accepted but that which is true; and whatever is accepted as true is challenged again and again. It is an axiom in science that no truth can be so sacred that it may not be questioned. When that which has been accepted as true has the least doubt thrown upon it, scientific men at once re-examine the subject. No opinion is sacred. "It ought to be," is never heard in scientific circles. "It seems to be" and "We think it is" is the modest language of scientific literature.

Science is modest.—Bible for Learners. So much for science, but what of religion? Religious rules and methods are the very opposite of those set forth above. Religion is haughty, supercilious and arrogant. In religion, any thing may be accepted as true, whether its truth be established or not; and whatever is accepted as true may not be challenged with impunity. In religion, whatever is accepted as truth is too sacred to be questioned. When doubts are thrown upon it, it may not be re-examined.

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Cassadaga Camp.

Will you be kind enough to publish another "last word" from Cassadaga Camp? I thought I had finished for the year in my last article, but an event occurred on the grounds that seems to deserve honorable mention; I refer to the celebration by about eighty friends on the grounds, of the anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Marion Skidmore, Sept. 8th. Mrs. Skidmore is known far and wide as the motor power of the grounds, and her birth involves the birth and life of our beloved sylvan home, where we yearly meet to hear inspired words and hold a nearer communion with those gone on before.

We proposed to make this affair an entire surprise to the recipient, and Mrs. Skidmore was coaxed off the grounds. When she returned at six in the evening, she was met at the train by a carriage and escort, whisked off to the hotel, landed in the parlor, and then the secret came to light. Between seventy and eighty friends gathered around to congratulate her whom all love and honor. All were affected; we must either laugh or cry: so we concluded to laugh loud and long, and to the music of merry voices we marched to the dining room, where tables had been arranged—beautifully ornamented with ferns, flowers and fruits, and loaded with the best of fare. After the supper we were invited to the auditorium. There another surprise awaited Mrs. Skidmore. The rostrum was decorated tastefully and a large chair in the center awaited her whom all sought to honor. As she came down the center aisle a beautiful colored light played over the scene and made a halo around. After a song, Mrs. R. S. Lillie made some appropriate remarks in her usual happy manner, and ended by presenting Mrs. Skidmore with a beautiful oil-painted panel from her friends. Then came singing, speeches and

finally a dance. Young and old joined, and if the writer is not mistaken, some rheumatoid old heels were surprised at their own nimbleness.

I write this because it seems appropriate that one who has worked so long, quietly and unselfishly, for the cause, should for once come to the front, and be spoken of as she so richly deserves. To say that she is the soul of the camp is to speak but faintly of what she means to Cassadaga; not as a figure head but as a worker in many ways. I have seen her coming in from the woods early in the morning drenched with dew and laden with fern sand flowers for the rostrum. I have seen her clean and sweep that rostrum; caught her behind the amphitheater ringing the bell for lectures; in fact doing anything her hands could find to do for the happiness of all and the reputation of the meeting. Always ready to sacrifice her comfort for the others, always with an inspiring word for the weak, always ready to listen to trials and troubles, but never groaning over her own, words fail to express how deeply we revere the true-hearted, loving, unselfish Marion Skidmore. E. W. T. Sept. 21, 1887.

Woman and the Household.

The Towers of Silence.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH. Afar in the realm of India The Towers of Silence stand, These tall and stately towers— In the heart of that mystic land. And oft, with a prayer, the Hindoo, When day has left the sky, Goes up to the Towers of Silence Where the dead of India lie.

My heart has its towers of silence, To the world unseen, unknown, And often, weary and broken, I visit them all alone. The portals, noiseless swinging, I pass with a solemn tread, And deep in the gloomy towers I wander among my dead.

By the Indian's towers of silence The Ganges slowly flows, With a murmur dull and dreary Which only the Hindoo knows. I read in the volumes mystic How prays he at his shrine, Till I feel that the pray'r of the Hindoo Is nearly akin to mine.

He prays to gods of the rivers, To gods of the moon and sun; He bathes his heart to a thousand, And I bare mine to one! He asks for a strength that saveth When fierce temptations try; He comes from the towers of silence Strengthened, and so do I.

O wonderful towers of silence! O mystical land afar, Where the pray'r of the kneeling Hindoo Floats up to the brightest star! There falls on our towers of silence, A light that is all divine, And thy voice comes over the waters, O dark skinned brother of mine!

"That Hired Girl."

As an appreciative reader of the JOURNAL (the literature of which I find not to be beyond the comprehension of at least one "Servant girl," and the advocacy of which have caused me many insults from my superior(?) housewife), I have been perusing with interest,—not unmixed with amusement,—the numerous articles on the servant girl question. Having served in that capacity for a number of years and given the matter considerable thought and study, I believe that I am competent to express an opinion upon the subject; and certainly justice demands that all sides of a question be presented before verdict is passed upon the testimony. The "servant girl plague" is becoming, as in fact it has been for some time past, of serious importance, and I am glad to see the subject under discussion, but I think the plans so far suggested will not bring about the much needed change.

I would suggest the first step towards a reformation would be to ascertain the cause of the difficulty, the effect of which most housewives realize only too well. In my opinion as formed from my standpoint, the primary cause is the stigma attached to the position, and the incompetency of housewives. I find from experience that not every one is fitly qualified by nature, education or training, to keep help, and of course trouble is the natural result. In all my experience with housewives, I have met but one that I thought competent to assume the responsibility. As a rule I find them to be petty and narrow in their ideas, and of course the same in mode of government.

The cause, as previously stated, is the stigma attached to the position; and right here I want to ask, Why is it that house work when performed by the members of the family, or by parties as an equivalent, for courtesies should be regarded as perfectly honorable; but when the same work is performed for a money compensation, followed as a vocation and means of a livelihood, the stigma of disgrace is at once put upon it? Where is the justice and consistency? Perhaps some one might suggest, because of the class that fill such positions. Precisely. But can that affect the work? Is it not still just as honorable and respectable as it can ever be at any time? Is not the worker alone in fault? Then would it not be more just to make character the criterion of respectability and not the work?

Lucinda B. Chandler in her article of Sept. 17th says: "Either the system must separate the branches of business and adapt household life to the principle of a division of labor,—or housewives must find how to induce a superior grade of persons to enter into domestic service." (Italics are mine.) Again she says: "The spiritual philosophy of human freedom is, that no ordinary wages for service can pay for it; neither can ordinary wages compensate a self-respecting, capable girl for the loss of social standing."

Now if the above facts are true, and they undoubtedly are, and there can be no change from this condition of things, why should housewives complain of inefficient help? How can any woman who has the heart and brain of a human being ask another woman, and that woman her sister by all the common ties of nature, to renounce all that makes life worth living? Can any housewife conscientiously ask a superior and more capable woman to accept and devote her time, a life time, perhaps, to a work that robs her of her true worth, and which offers to her no advancement? Put your own daughter in that

young woman's place and ask yourself the question: "Would it not be more humane, noble and womanly to prevent, by every possible means, any promising and capable woman from throwing herself away by doing that which degrades and, of course, demoralizes?" That the position of the servant girl does have this effect, every thoughtful person will have to admit. Respect and consideration are as foreign to the servant girl as that which is "just, reasonable and humane."

True, when the housewife does everything possible for the general good of her help, and fails to realize the naturally expected result, she deserves sympathy of course; at the same time there is something wrong some where. For instance, the kindness that will apply to the dumb creation, will not apply to the human family. I have experienced that sort of kindness myself. Not even the "mournful smile" will have the desired effect. On the contrary a quiet manner, and the right word in the right place would be better. Some housewives assume the demeanor of an insane individual when mishaps unavoidably occur. Of the two, the "senile" would be preferable.

Probably the reason why clerks, as a rule, do not assume the airs and privileges of the average house servant, is because of the environments and the difference in the nature of the work, both of which have a direct influence upon the character. Then, again, men conduct their business in a business-like manner. How many women manage their house work in like manner? Also I might suggest that the term applied to domestic service—servant girl—be changed to a form more appropriate, and more indicative of refinement. The clerk in the office is hired like any domestic servant to perform his work, yet his employer does not speak of him, nor is the term generally applied to him, as "servant boy" or "hired boy." And yet the principle in the two cases is just the same. No one would think of applying the term boy to a man, and vice versa, yet the title of "servant girl" or "hired girl," includes the feminine of all ages, from the girl of ten years to the woman of fifty.

"E" in "Servant Girl" has struck the true keynote of wisdom. But L. H. Mace in the reply to same article, thinks it is certainly difficult of application at the present day in all cases. We all meet those persons with whom it would be impossible to associate, much less to love as we would love another, because of the extreme difference in natures. Magnanimity, however, can always be exercised in all cases. If I might then suggest a remedy for the existing "household plague," it is this: To remove the stigma attached to the work, and to the everlasting shame of woman be it said that it ever existed, and improve the competency of housewives, that it may be possible for a superior grade of women to enter the service. "As you sow so shall you reap." And certainly it seems that housewives are reaping as they have sowed. TERRE HAUTE, IND. ELLEN M. ABRAMS.

Clara Barton and the National Encampment.

At the National Encampment of State troops in Washington in the month of May, that wonderful woman Clara Barton found a chance to do good work. When Miss Clara Barton found that neither the Drill Management nor the city had made any provision for the sick that might be in the "National Encampment" that was to be there in competitive drill in May, it seemed a serious neglect which might subject us then to severe criticism. So to save the reputation of the city, as well as to give an object lesson in the work of the Red Cross, she asked that its hospital be established on the ground.

The management were so pleased with her interest in the matter that they gave her carte blanche in the matter, and asked her to select and appoint the medical director and such aids as she might choose—they would put up all the hospital tents she wanted. They pitched twenty, with a kitchen and dining tent, where over a hundred meals a day were served. She secured a Dutch portable barrack and a second portable house for headquarters.

She appointed Dr. J. O. Stanton Medical Director, and twelve other leading surgeons of the city—six of them of actual army experience—to serve in relays night and day; the army nurses of the city as aids with Dr. Edson as superintendent of nurses—(the same that attended President Garfield in his illness)—and some forty trained nurses from the Training School, made an efficient corps of help.

The War Department sent two hospital stewards who were kept busy night and day in the Dutch barrack, which was used as a dispensary. An ambulance with its flag and insignia, its surgeon and stretcher-bearers, was a new sight, carrying sick and prostrated men to the camp hospital for care and nursing.

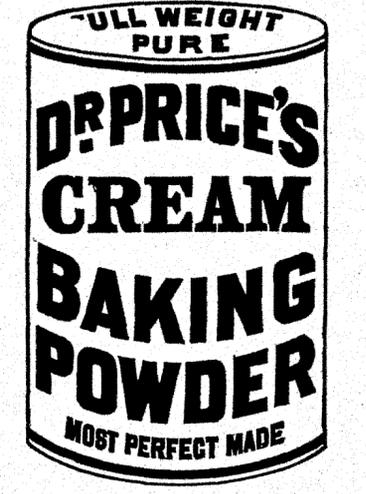
Each one on duty from Medical Director to colored attendant, wore his or her appropriate Red Cross insignia, and it was interesting to see those old army surgeons as proud of their arm-band as boys with their first pair of new boots. One of them said he possessed seven of the most coveted insignias in the United States, but he "would rather have that Red Cross arm-band pinned there by Clara Barton than all the rest of them together, and he would part with all the rest before he would let that one go."

The week of the camp was one continuous ovation to Miss Barton. She could find no escape from the throng. Some "had been waiting years to speak or grasp her hand," others wanted "only just to see her and listen as she might speak to others," or a mother wanted her little girls to take her hand for she "would rather be Clara Barton than any other woman in the world," and so it all went on to the end.

The patients were astonished when they came to learn that they could neither pay for medical attention, nor nursing—"that was better than they could have had at home," nor for medicines that were as free as the rest when needed. "They had found no other place that they had not had to pay for all they had." There were a number of serious cases but not a death, and all were sent home well or recovering.—Ex.

Women who Work.

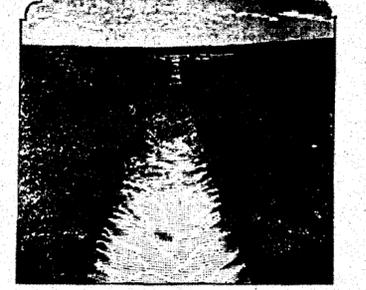
Three million women in the United States work for money. Of these 600,000 are agricultural laborers, mainly in the cotton fields of the South; 640,000 are employed in manufacturing, while 530,000 in the laundries of the country insist that the "Chinese must go"; 280,000 are milliners and 200,000 find employment as dressmakers; 60,000 earn their bread in the tailors shops and 60,000 are saleswomen, teachers, telegraph operators, typewriters, bookkeepers, typographers, and nurses. There are 2,500 female physicians.



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KEARNEY'S WATER POWER. (Engraved from Photograph taken July, 1887.)

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City Real Estate has doubled and quadrupled in value in a few months, and advances rapidly every month. To protect the public against extortion, and to encourage outside capitalists, investors and manufacturers to visit Kearney, THE KEARNEY LAND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY, composed of men whose large local business interests lie in promoting a rapid development of the city, purchased a large body of land in the heart of the city, have arranged to sell it at reduced rates on all roads, and on October 14 and 15, 1887 will conduct a public sale, when nearly 600 business and residential lots, and factory sites, among the choicest the city affords, will be sold under the hammer for whatever they may bring, on very easy terms. This property must double in value in a few months.

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