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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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SPIRITUALISM A Rock of Knowledge

NOT A HOPE;

IT ABOLISHES DEATH.

A Faster Sermon by Rev.
M. J. SAVAGE.

The Easter Day and the Easter Hope Older than Christianity—Spiritualism worth Earnest and Careful Attention, and Liberals Should Sympathize with it—The Effective Solvent of Old Dogmas—The Investigator Likely to be Shocked and Disgusted by Fraud—The Whip of Public Scorn should be Applied to Tricksters—Faults of Spiritualism and Early Christianity Identical—Modern Christianity Can not Afford to Throw Stones—There is a Higher Spiritualism—Definition of it—In Perfect Accord With the Finest Philosophy—Evolution Implies Immortality—Mediumship Natural and Rational—Spiritualism Asks Nobody to Believe with Eyes Shut—Proof of Spirit Phenomena—Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Telepathy, all True—Personal Experiences—Fool-hardy to Object to a Fact—There Shall Be No More Death.

Photographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

This is Easter morning. The story has come down to us from the past that eighteen hundred and fifty-six years ago, at about the rising of the sun, certain of the loving friends of Jesus sought the tomb where they had laid him, and found it empty. And I suppose that the vast majority of people in Christendom, not having studied the subject very widely, hold the opinion that that was the first Easter morning of the world; that that Easter is Christian, and only Christian, in origin and significance. I have had the question asked me a great many times as to why, not believing in the physical resurrection of Jesus, I celebrate Easter at all. The question betrays ignorance of the fact that the Easter day and the Easter hope are older than Christianity, older perhaps than any scripture, older than any organized religion of the world. For this hope that

"Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

is older than any religion. It is a flower born of human love, and watered by the tears that have been shed on the white faces of the dead. Easter, then, is human, a human hope; and all the children of the one Father have an equal right to whatever sunshine and consolation may gather about it.

A belief that has come to be practically a religion to millions of people in the most civilized countries of the world may rightly claim at least, whatever else may be said about it, to be regarded as one of the "Signs of the Times." And this belief is not held by the superstitious, by the ignorant, by the vicious, by the socially reprobated alone. Nor does it find a home among these. For better or worse, it is shared by lawyers, by doctors, by ministers, by philosophers, by men of science, by men in every occupation, in every rank of life. There are believers among the social outcasts of the world, there are believers on thrones, there are believers in palace, believers among the nobility of every country, believers among diplomats, those engaged in the public service of their respective States. So that for better or worse, as I say, we find this permeating all modern

society, in the high places and in the low. And it seems to me significant of one of two things. It is either one of the most hopeful or one of the most lamentable things in all the world. If it be true, then the fact that so many in all walks and ranges of life have accepted it contradicts neither the brain nor the culture of its adherents. If it be only delusion, contemptible, pitiful, superstitious and fraud foisted upon so many, then it seems to me one of the saddest commentaries on what we dare to call the civilization of the nineteenth century that here at a time when we had dared to think that the world was coming to be fairly intelligent it is overrun, fairly swamped, with what the many are disposed to regard as merely a survival of old barbaric superstitions.

It seems to me, then, that it is worthy of our careful, earnest, candid attention. If it is true, we certainly want to know it. If it is false, we want to know it, not only for our own sake, but for the sake of helping so many thousands of people out of a pitiable delusion. Liberals, at any rate, at the first blush, ought to be touched with a little feeling of sympathy towards it; for, whatever else it may be, it has proved itself the most remarkable, the most wide-spread, the most effective solvent of the old dogmas that the world has ever known. Educated people, those who have time for critical thought and study, can be touched and influenced by criticism, by philosophy, by science; but here is a power that has come to work through the affections as well as through the intellects of men, and at whose touch the hideous and horrible dogmas of the past have faded away, to give place, at least in other respects, to what are rational and humane ideas concerning our Father in heaven and the destiny of his children.

When, however, an earnest, candid person wakes up to the fact that such a thing as Spiritualism exists, and proposes to study it, the chances are, unless he is more fortunate than the ordinary seeker, that he will find himself face to face with what will reel him, will shock him, will disgust him, on every hand; for, whether there be anything true in it or not, there is no sort of question that there does exist in connection with it and under cover of its name an amount of palpable and intentional fraud that is simply appalling. There is no question that there is connected with it and under cover of its name also a vast amount of honest and ignorant self-delusion. Certain strange things happen, and people at once fly to the spiritualistic interpretation of them, although more careful and conservative thinkers there may be no necessity whatever for any such explanation. There is, then, this amount of fraud and delusion which repels one who proposes to investigate for himself, and find out what is true. Words of too severe reprobation can not be uttered for this side of the movement. But it ought to be said in justice that the honest and earnest believer deprecates this state of things as much as any body, and ought not to be held responsible; but the whip of public scorn and disapprobation should be applied to the multitude of impudent and debilitate cheats, tricksters, and liars, till they are whipped out of all decent human society. There are those that trade like human ghoulies in the bodies of the dead. This business seems to me in all ways to be respectable compared with that of trading in human tears, in human heart-break, in the tenderest and highest hopes of the human soul. I know of nothing more utterly despicable, more utterly inhuman, than this manifestation of a willingness to make money out of the sacred hopes and fears of those who are heart-broken and desolate.

There is also connected with the movement, as is charged, a vast amount of immorality of every kind. I have no sort of question that this charge is true. One thing, however, I will not dwell upon it,—ought to be hinted as an explanation of it, as an apology for this condition of things. Always in the history of the world, when there has been a general, wide-spread breaking up of the old system of thought, when people are feeling about for an attempted readjustment with the new system, there has been this loss of a firm grip on the deep realities, the ethical principles of human nature. People have lost their old motives and have not found the new. It was true concerning early Christianity. There has not been one single charge made against Spiritualism that was not made by pagan onlookers and observers of young Christianity. It was said that their love-feasts were only drunken and dissipated orgies. And Paul tells us himself that on a certain occasion, in the church of Corinth, the people were drunken at the communion table; so that we must remember that, though these things are true, it is not the first time in the history of the world that men have passed through a similar phase of experience.

And while people still link themselves with the churches for the sake of social standing or financial gain, though they do not believe its doctrines nor care for its spiritual prosperity, even modern Christianity can not very safely throw stones.

I wish now to say that any critic who proposes to consider any great movement of human life or thought is in duty bound, as a fair and honest man, to judge it at its best side, to judge it at its highest.

Let us, then, consider the fact that, in spite of all I have said, there is what I may perhaps properly call a higher Spiritualism, a complete system of thought, of life, of ethics, of belief concerning God and man and destiny that is clearly wrought out. There is a

vast literature that has appeared, in the last few years, setting forth belief in all these phases of opinion; and, if any one wishes to know what it means, or what it claims to stand for on its higher side, he ought in fairness to make himself familiar with the best of its literature.

I propose to define this higher Spiritualism, not to give you my opinion of it, but to tell you what it claims for itself, what it aims to be.

What is, then, the first grand belief? Simply that death is not an end; that it is merely an experience, an incident in the onward and upward struggle and progress of the individual life. It claims to have demonstrated this, to hold it not as a hope, not as a belief, but as knowledge. It teaches that inside the gross physical bodies there is another body, a body that has grown with it, shaped by it, adapted to it, perfect in every part and faculty; and that this other body is disengaged at death, like a germ delivered from its sheath, and that it goes on, the soul taking this other body with it as a perfect equipment in every faculty for the fullest expression of its higher and better life. According to this teaching, the soul simply goes on with its power to think, to remember, to love just as of old.

It further teaches that this universe everywhere is under the law of cause and effect, and that we begin life here just as we leave it here, precisely what we have made ourselves by our thoughts, our deeds, our words on earth. Therefore, this other life is not peopled with ghosts, with ghastly, thin and unreal beings, such as we have imagined in the past; they are real folks, our fathers, our mothers, our neighbors, our friends, just as we have known them here, only released from these lower physical conditions but carrying with them the same kind of character, of thought, of personality which they had here.

It also teaches that, under certain peculiar conditions, there can now and then be manifestations of the reality of that life to this life; that sometimes there comes a whisper, sometimes there is a shadow across the abyss, and that they are demonstrations of the fact that those we have loved and that we talk of as lost are not lost, but are living as we are living.

This higher Spiritualism is in perfect accord with all the best scientific teaching of the world. It is in perfect accord with the finest and highest philosophy of the world. It is in perfect accord with the finest and highest moral principles that have ever been discovered. So there is nothing here, that I know of, that contradicts to those claims of this higher Spiritualism. Therefore whether it can demonstrate itself as true or not; it is not in contradiction with any known truth that science or philosophy has to offer, and is in perfect accord with the finest ethical teaching and the highest hopes of man. So much must be said in defence of this claim of what I have called the higher Spiritualism.

Now, I wish to offer a few suggestions of which you will see the force and drift. I speak not now as a Spiritualist. I am speaking, or trying to, as a perfectly fair and sympathetic critic from the outside. These claimed facts which Spiritualists offer us as proof of that which they declare to be true are not new facts. What is called modern Spiritualism itself is less than half a century old, but these general manifestations of a certain class and kind of facts have been reported down from the very dawn of human history. In the household of old Dr. Phelps, of Connecticut, father of Professor Phelps, of Andover, there were unquestionably certain manifestations of abnormal power that have never yet found any explanation, unless indeed they can find it here. In the home of the Wesleys there were similar manifestations continued for a long period. From almost every nation, every religion, every age, there come to us these stories of abnormal, unusual occurrences; things that usually the people are called miracles, that they were not able to explain. Now here is the point that I wish to emphasize. Are these stories, hundreds of them, told by the gravest and most reliable writers and historians of the world,—are they true? They certainly are not conscious falsehoods. Do they mean that the people who reported these things in all ages were so little to be relied on that they should be constantly liable to this sort of delusion from the beginning of the world until now? I simply wish to say this: If I may believe in the central thought of modern Spiritualism, that fact would run a line of light, a line of sanity, back up the ages through every religion, through every nation, through every tribe, and would give me an added respect for the ability of the average man to observe and tell the truth. It would explain a thousand things that now are inexplicable. It would explain not only the Bible, but the Scriptures of all ages, and the writings of grave old Roman writers, like Livy, and almost all writers of ancient times. Brush them one side, and put them down with scorn to the credulity of man, and we must believe, what I do not like to believe, that men have been too credulous in all these ages.

To believe that there was a kernel of truth in their reports would give an added respect for human nature.

Here also might be found a rational explanation of the ancient oracles, and of such claims as that made by Oracles concerning the *daimon* that was his constant attendant and teacher.

Then what a light it would throw upon the whole Bible. For the Bible looked at from the standpoint of the rationalist is nothing but a spiritualistic book from beginning to

end. Its entire significance is in its Spiritualism. It is full of running over with it from one cover to the other. Must we put everything there down to the wildest kind of delusion? Must we not, unless there is some ground for these beliefs? I would like to believe something a little more to the credit of these reporters.

Let me indicate to you one kind of influence it would have on my thinking. I do not believe at all in the physical resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth. On the testimony contained in the New Testament, I see little cause for believing even in his spiritual appearance. The testimony of the New Testament concerning the resurrection of Jesus, if it were paralleled by testimony in a court of justice, would not be accepted, for it is simply the anonymous testimony of people whom we cannot cross-examine as to certain very strange and wonderful things that happened nearly two thousand years ago. One of the strangest things to me is to find people who believe in these stories told in the New Testament, but who do not believe the modern ones. For the modern ones are of precisely the same kind, and have this advantage over the old: that they have the living testimony of hundreds and thousands of credible men and women, while the old stories are no more credible on their own accounts than the modern ones, and have no evidence that would be allowed if it were standing simply alone.

In view—and here is what I have in mind—of this, if I may be permitted to believe in the visible spirit appearance of any modern man who has died, why then it would be perfectly easy and rational for me to believe that Paul saw Jesus on the way to Damascus. It would not seem a supernatural fact, but a perfectly natural occurrence.

And here let me remove one common prejudice. Spiritualism makes no demand on us that we believe the supernatural. At most, it is only a question of words. A spiritual world, if it exists, is as natural as the physical world. All the mightiest forces are invisible, but not therefore supernatural.

I want to mention to you, also, a thought which strikes me as being of a great deal of importance, as springing out of the doctrine of evolution, as to these modern wonders; for evolution reaches from the beginning to the end, and there is no sort of reason to suppose that its force is spent, but every reason to suppose the contrary. Note one thing of vast significance. The lowest forms of life, worms and fishes, occupy a horizontal position. They have very little development of brain, very simple nervous systems. The force of evolution has tended ever to lift from the horizontal plane up through higher forms of life, reptile, bird, mammal, till you have man perpendicular, standing on his feet, with immense development of brain and nervous power. Does evolution stop there? No, it has left the physical, ages ago. It is not producing marked changes in the structure of the body, but it seizes on the brain and the intellectual power, and raises that. It seizes on the moral, the ethical nature of man, until to-day, as I have had occasion more than once to tell you, the ethical ideal is mightier than any physical or intellectual force in all the world. But it did not stop there. It seized the spiritual nature of man; and now it would seem to me in perfect accord with the scientific doctrine of evolution to suppose that we may reach still higher yet,—that there is to be a grand, a free, a wide-spread and general development of the spiritual nature of man. If so, then it will be in perfect accord with this teaching that there should have been sporadic and occasional manifestations of this in the past ages of the world, leading up to the moment of its more general recognition.

One other point I must notice and emphasize a little. It seems to me that a great many people are intellectually confused as to the choice they must make between the two great theories of life. There are people who put aside any claims to proof in this direction or that as bearing upon the spiritual nature of man, and yet cling to their own belief in his spiritual nature illogically and without any proof whatever. We are presented with two theories, and we cannot choose a little of one and a little of the other. One or the other is certainly true. One theory is the materialistic. In accordance with that, human life, any intelligent life, is merely a passing, transitory stage, of no more permanent existence than these blossoms that now surround me. Humanity itself, its brain, its heart, its life, its hope, its Jesus, its Shakespeare, its Buddha, all the great names of the world, are only curious and strange manifestations of this material world, blossoming as the plants blossom, fading as the plants fade. On that theory,—think a moment what it means,—the world, all the past of the world, is a desert, darkness, a black abyss, just behind us—nothing. All who have ever lived have been blotted out, and all that great array of figures are only fancies of a dream. And before us what? Night and the dark again. We live, we think, we feel for a little while, and that is the end. Here is this world of ours, with just a few generations that are now peopling it, sailing through space, and this is all; and when one drops out, he drops into everlasting nothingness. That is one theory. It does not commend itself to me, either to my intellect or to my heart.

The other theory is what? It is that spirit and life are first, supreme; that spirit shaped and controls form, that form only expresses spirit. Why, I have had a dozen bodies since I was born into this life. There is nothing that I know of in any science to make it un-

reasonable to believe that after the fact which we call death I may still go on clothed with a body as real as this. This theory teaches us that the universe is all alive. Young, the great scientist who discovered what has been the universally accepted theory of light, who lived just a little after Sir Isaac Newton's time, recognized as one of the most acute and profound thinkers of the world, put it forth as a speculation merely,—he did not claim anything more,—that for anything science knew to the contrary— we now see hints that look that way—there might be no end of living, pulsing, throbbing worlds all around us, a spiritual system of which we are the material counterpart.

At any rate, we must choose between the theory of materialism and a spiritualistic theory. If the spiritualistic theory be true, then death is not the end. I may hope to find my friends once more; and it is quite natural that the spiritual natures of certain susceptible ones of the race should become developed so that they are capable of receiving communications from the other side from those who attempt to come into communication with them. Does that not seem to you perfectly natural? If there be such a thing as a spiritual world, if my father is alive, if your brother, sister, husband, wife, is alive, and if they are not very far away, would it not be the most natural thing in the world for them to try, at any rate, to reach you?

I propose now to hint to you a few words as to the proof of these claims which Spiritualists offer. One thing is significant, and is immensely to the credit of this higher Spiritualism. It does not ask anybody to believe with his eyes shut. It does not ask anybody to take the statement of the most truthful person on the face of the earth. It offers, or claims to offer, no end of facts as proved; and it asks you to investigate, and believe or reject on the basis of these claims. I say it is immensely to the credit of this higher Spiritualism that it should put itself on this purely scientific basis as being perfectly in accord with the tendencies and movement of the modern world.

You are familiar in a general way with the kind of facts that are offered as proof. They are spoken of lightly, sometimes sneered at. It has been said, Even suppose a physical body is lifted up or moved by a force that has apparently no connection with the muscular power of any people present,—I have heard this spoken of and sneered at a thousand times,—suppose it is, what of it? One of the most earnest men of this country has given this hint as to what of it. I repeat it from him. He makes this point. Everything in this world, so far as we know, if left alone, tends downward under the force of universal gravity. There is no power known in heaven or earth that is capable of lifting even a pin against this force of gravity except the power of intelligent will. If, therefore, it should happen, if it should be demonstrated, that there is any such force that is capable of doing this, here would be the Rubicon, the very dividing line between materialism and Spiritualism, absolute demonstration that here is intelligent will at work. I give you this as quotation, not verbally, but the idea, as expressing the opinion of one of the most learned men in this country as to the significance of such a fact, supposing it ever occurred. And I say to you frankly, in passing, that I am convinced that such facts have occurred and do occur.

I cannot, at this time, even hint at the many proofs that the Spiritualists offer. You can find them for yourselves. You may, however, be interested if I give you one or two brief hints of things which have come under my own observation and which have filled me with most restless and eager questioning.

There has been in the modern world a manifestation in these last few years of certain strange powers on the part of mind as already embodied, such as was not recognized or given any place in science until the last half century. As I told you last Sunday French scientific commission investigated hypnotism and pronounced it all humbug. To-day there is not a competent scientific man who does not recognize its truth. There used to be once great incredulity as to the existence of clairvoyance and clairaudience. To-day, I venture to say there is no person of competent intelligence, who has investigated the matter, who does not believe that these powers exist. It was once believed that there could be no such thing as communication on the part of one mind with another, except through recognized physical media. The idea would have been scorned and flouted a few years ago. I venture here again to say that there is probably not a man of competent intelligence, who has given it careful and earnest investigation, who does not believe in telepathy, or mind-reading—the possibility of minds communicating with each other without much regard to space, providing the conditions and circumstances are favorable.

These do not prove Spiritualism at all, but note this one thing. It proves that there has been a tremendous increase and widening of the recognition of the powers of the human mind. They prove what appears to be, at least, a semi-independence of the recognized physical faculties of communication. What kind of mind is this that can manifest itself to another a thousand miles away? Something different from the old idea of mind that used to be generally entertained. Phenomena like these have become so familiar to me that they are no more wonderful now than the telegraph and the telephone. I cannot

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 4, 1889.

Agnostic Hopelessness. In a late Unity is an article from N. Hoggland, made up in part of a poem from "an old friend in Colorado, a man of rare scholarship, mental vigor and moral integrity; theologically what is called an agnostic, yet his faith in man and readiness to save him would teach many a believer humility."

A few years ago a promising daughter of this Colorado friend graduated at a high school and entered on a useful career. One New Year's day, she being a student in Colorado State University at Boulder, he sent her an album in which to preserve the portraits of her class mates and her own, and wrote on the first leaf,

As time sweeps on, and robs you of the faces That erst enriched your life with smiles and graces May these sweet pictures, which the sun-beam traces, Keep warm their memories, for the soul's embraces.

She was the first of all the sweet array to pass from earth. The stricken father, failing to see that she had graduated to a higher school, was as one without light, and wrote beneath the above lines the following:

The lines above betray illusive hopes. The May morn promise of a sunny day, Remote to me appeared the western slopes On which its brilliant light would fade away.

The "baseless fabric" of a dream appears, The "splendid purpose" beaming in those eyes, The future harkening of those wistful ears A phantom that lures an hour and dies.

In ruins now the house it built with care— Had built, but could not keep in repair. Without a house, say, does it better fare? Or was there aught escaped save exhaled air?

Our science says the only thought I know Is product of a working, warring brain, Renewed by rich red blood in ceaseless flow, Refreshed by sleep and free from pressure's strain.

With weary, sleepless brain and sad, sore heart, I bow before death's stern reality; The inner life plies for its severed part, But walls in vain to deaf mortality.

The all is heartless bleak inanities, It hears no prayers, is blind to falling tears, To praise blame it were insanity, For what to it our few or many years?

This is, indeed, the hopeless grief of a loving heart, the mourning of a tender and true father for a beloved daughter gone out of personal existence, as he feels. The pain of separation in our daily walks, on earth is hard to bear, but how much harder when there is no light behind the cloud, no thought that the blessed ministry of time may bring balm, that "the touch of a vanished hand" may reach us, the sense of the presence of our ascended friends steal into our souls and rest there as a blessed assurance.

To doubt an error opens the way for finding a truth, but to be habitually doubtful of great ideas which the soul longs for, to have no spiritual certainty or affirmation, is a calamity.

The agnostic habit of thought chills heart and soul. This noble man, in his daughter's birth to a higher life sees only the end of her career. Such was his habit of thought and such its painful result.

Suppose he had been accustomed to think of death as only a necessary event in our eternal life, needful as is the bursting of the rose bud to the development of the flower. Suppose he had allowed his intuition some weight—the voice within saying: Thou shalt never die,—and found that the range of the soul is wider than that of the external senses. Suppose some uplifting experience of spirit presence had been his, flooding his whole inner being with warmth and life, then he might have said, as he wiped away

the tears from his eyes over his dear daughter's grave: The eye that shuts in a dying hour Will open the next in bliss; The welcome will sound in the heavenly world Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

And in quiet hours the thought of her heavenly career, of her strength and grace to do what here she only dreamed of, would have brought calm and hope to his great soul.

The Editor's Outing,

CONTINUED.

Before I realized the passage of time it was high noon, limit of the proposed stay with Heber Newton, but he quite insisted on our remaining with him the remainder of the day, and I was on the point of yielding, whereupon Curtis gave a reproving look and remarked in an undertone, "Don't you see, the man is tired out now; to-morrow comes his confirmation services, and he needs the afternoon to himself; remember the 'Golden Rule,' and let us be off." So, after a delightful and most appetizing lunch which Mrs. Newton, with knowledge of human nature, and thoughtful care, had provided, we regretfully bade adieu to this model household, feeling somehow an inexplicable accession of hope, courage, and tranquility. On the evening of the same day, March 30th, I accompanied Judge Dailey to the Conference, on Flatbush Avenue, at its confluence with Fulton, where anniversary services were to be held. I found the place to be a nice little hall in a new building. The room was crowded with earnest people, among whom were some old veterans of the movement. The eloquent W. C. Bowen was speaking as we entered, but at once gave way for Judge Dailey who by special request rendered his poem, after Poe, which appeared in the JOURNAL a few weeks ago. Every time I hear the Judge render this wonderful production I catch new and deeper meanings in it, and I imagine others do, too; and that this is the reason why his friends persist in calling for it time and again. At the request of the chairman I said a few words, and soon after we reluctantly left, to fill other engagements, but there seemed to be talent enough in sight to run an all-night meeting. On the following Sunday evening we attended anniversary exercises at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, held under the management of that indefatigable promoter Mr. Rand. We only went to see and hear, but Mr. Rand insisted on our taking part. Curtis absolutely declined to go on the platform or say anything, giving as a reason, his sympathy with the hearers and desire not to afflict them in this hour of their joyous celebration. Curtis is not a public speaker, and, unlike many who essay the role, knows it. Not less diffident but more accommodating, I made one of the three very baldheaded and short haired men who sat on the rostrum, Judge Dailey and "Brick" Pomeroy being the others. The old chestnut so fondly preserved and sprung on Spiritualists from pulpit and press, "short haired women and long haired men," lost its last bit of freshness a generation ago; though moldy as it is, one sometimes hears it from some relic of a past age who is so interested in hell that he has taken no note of this world's progress.

The hall was crowded with an especially well-dressed and intelligent audience, many among the number, so I was told, being members of various orthodox churches who had come out hoping to find fresh justification for the faith within, as to the continuity of life. Scanning the hundreds of earnest faces, full of expectation and feeling, I thought, how sterile, after all, are ideas until fertilized by the emotions; and a passage from George Eliot came up fresh and forcibly: "After all has been said that can be said about the widening influence of ideas, it remains true that they would hardly be such strong agents unless they were taken in a solvent of feeling. The great world-struggle of developing thought is continually foreshadowed in the struggle of the affections, seeking a justification for love and hope." The lack of comprehension appreciation, and recognition of what this expert in the chemistry of character thus so concisely formulates, is the weakness of "free-thought" exponents and of most expounders of "liberal religion." The application of the truth embodied in George Eliot's words gives tremendous potency to the efforts of Spiritualist teachers. However crude, unpolished and commonplace may be the language of the Spiritualist lecturer—and too often it is all these—there is usually behind it, or pervading it in some subtle, undefinable way, a property that produces results which the mere intellectual faculties can neither measure nor comprehend; which the speaker feels but has neither the inspiration nor the education to clothe and polish, and formulate in coherent, consecutive, and orderly form. The hearer gets this spiritual essence psychically, but just how, he cannot tell; and thus it is that discourses which have uplifted, sweetened and strengthened an audience of intelligent people, so often appear stale, flat, and even puerile when put into cold print, and robbed of the spiritual force of which they are now but the cast off vehicles of transfer.

Well, well, I shall never get my readers out of that meeting if I don't stop switching off. JUDGE DAILEY was the first speaker. He always talks well, but sometimes better than at others; this was one of the better sort; indeed, one of the best. I cannot undertake to reproduce even his thought, still less his words; it is enough that it fell gratefully upon the ears of many a soul-hungry listener. In the midst of his

speech, a stir at the door attracted attention, and the speaker paused to welcome to the platform MRS. LEAH UNDERHILL, who took her seat beside me on the rostrum amidst the enthusiastic applause of hundreds who recognized her as the elder of the Fox Sisters, and one who has faithfully and consistently held to the truth of Spiritualism from the day it was first revealed to her, forty years ago. I followed Judge Dailey, giving in a few minutes' talk some thoughts which seemed appropriate to the hour, dwelling particularly upon the duties and responsibilities which come to Spiritualists with their increased knowledge and opportunities. Mrs. Underhill spoke next; though shrinking from the effort, she could not refuse the repeated and general demand from the audience. It seemed to me that no one listening to the touching words and solemn affirmations of the venerable woman could find either reason to doubt her statements or heart to question her goodness and purity of life. She was followed by that pioneer in the cause

E. W. CAPRON, whose delicate physique and quiet modesty, gave little token of his splendid record for physical and moral courage, both of which he was frequently called upon to display in the first years of the Movement. He told his story briefly, simply, modestly, and carried conviction. I feel sure, to every reasonable person within hearing.

The next speaker was Mark M. Pomeroy, a man than whom no other in the North was so roundly cursed and intensely hated twenty-five and more years ago, for his intemperate and shocking editorial utterances against the Union and its defenders, in his LaCrosse Democrat. But he coined a good sized fortune out of it, which he took to the once disloyal city of New York and dropped, as has many another before and since. He is better known to the public by his sobriquet, BRICK POMEROY, and barely escapes being a genius. He is strikingly original, with acute powers of observation, quick perceptions, perennial cheerfulness, monumental audacity, a kind heart, generous nature, stupendous hope, unbridled imagination, energy, a dauntless will, and under all circumstances an optimism at the core. I don't believe he would knowingly wrong any living thing; and I am sure he would give his last crust to a hungry person and starve himself, if need be; but he is a hustler, and would exhaust every resource before ringing down the curtain on the last act in the Drama of Starvation. His indomitable persistence and great versatility under difficulties are phenomenal, as witness his long years of labor in pushing the gigantic scheme known as the Atlantic and Pacific Tunnel, which he has been boring away at for ten years. He has no doubt but that he will live to ride in a Pullman car under the Rocky Mountains, after having paid for the tunnel which he is sure will be uncovered as the tunnel work proceeds. "Brick" began his religious career as a Baptist, very naturally; for if he was to be baptized he wanted no half-way work, and nothing less than immersion would satisfy him. Gradually he grew away from the belief of his youth, and finally became a Spiritualist after severely testing the evidence. He has a keener wit, a more generous flow of humor, and far greater originality than Col. Ingersoll. If he loved himself more, or rather, in a different way, was less democratic, more selfish, and if his ambition and training had run along the line of Ingersoll's he would have far outdone that materialist luminary.

BRICK'S SPEECH was good in its way and kept a considerable number of listeners in convulsions of laughter. Into every chunk of sober sense and reason he threw a copious supply of humor to liven it up. The objectionable features of his address were the flippant and satirical references to orthodoxy and its followers, after the manner of Ingersoll. These defects marred an otherwise fine speech, and while they amused some they wounded others whom it were neither kind nor wise to unnecessarily offend. I am often shocked at the vindictive and intolerant spirit shown by ex-members of orthodox sects when once they are freed from the thrall of old beliefs and associations. Never allied to any sect or church, never a believer in the "Christian Plan of Salvation" I am wholly free from any personal feeling based on experience, and suppose that for this reason I cannot put myself in the place of those who have swung from the Christian pole to the opposite extreme.

Mrs. Underhill brought with her to the meeting PROF. J. JAY WATSON, accompanied by his daughter Annie and his son Emmons. Mr. Watson is said to be the only living pupil of Ole Bull, and certainly as a violinist he does credit to his master; and as a man he honors Spiritualism. His son and daughter are also experts on the violin as well as upon other instruments. The trio added greatly to the pleasure of the evening by the rendition of several numbers. Prof. Watson is carrying forward a commendable philanthropic work in his free violin school where poor children are as carefully trained free of expense to them as are those from whom he receives large fees. Even the rich and well-to-do are not barred out of the free class, and many thus take advantage of the opportunity to discover whether they have any musical talent worth cultivating before entering upon an expensive trial. Altogether the evening was a happy surprise to me, relieved as it was from the customary Fourth-of-July oratory, and pervaded

by a spirit of self-examination, mutual encouragement toward fresh efforts for self-culture, benevolent activities and a more scientific handling of the phenomena of Spiritualism. By the way, it may be of interest to record, in passing, a remark made to the audience by Mrs. Underhill. After commending the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in terms which modestly forbids me to repeat here, she said: "It is the only Spiritualist paper that I read, or consider worth reading." I felt both glad and sorry at this statement; glad that a medium of her experience and intelligence approved of the JOURNAL and had the courage to publicly say so; sorry that other papers had not sufficiently kept up with the progress of the times to meet her approval. However, I am pleased to here bear witness that the JOURNAL's contemporaries have all shown signs of improvement within the past year, some of them in a quite marked manner. All are gradually, though slowly, coming on to the grounds for which the JOURNAL has so vigorously and uncompromisingly fought. It is the most hopeful sign visible in the whole Spiritualist movement to-day; it not only proves the soundness of the JOURNAL'S positions, but gives large promise for the future of rational Spiritualism and increased interest in its higher aspects.

PROFESSOR KIDDLE. Among the pleasant people I met while in Brooklyn was my old acquaintance, and, in the past, rather frequent and sharp critic, Prof. Henry Kiddle. Mr. and Mrs. Dailey invited him to dine and spend the evening with us, and he very kindly accepted. I found him the same genial gentleman as when I last met him at a fine banquet given in my honor by Mr. Bronson Murray, some half a dozen years or more ago. However widely one's views may differentiate those of Professor Kiddle, one must commend his zeal and loyalty to Spiritualism, his high personal character and scholarship. I doubt if he is ever intentionally unfair in dealing with an opponent, though I have sometimes felt that his intense nature blinded his vision or caused him to see obliquely. I have gone at him without gloves ere now, but always found him ready, not only to skilfully parry a blow but to follow up with a vigorous attack from his own corner. I rather think the battle might be called a drawn one, with no permanent gain to either side. So, I am willing that by-gones should be by-gones; and I am sure Professor Kiddle is equally willing to wipe off old scores and begin anew; both of us all the more readily, because there was never any difference in ultimate aims, nor in moral standards. I have not changed my views as to methods, and doubt if Prof. Kiddle's are greatly modified, but we shall both "get there" all the same in good time; and where our roads run together we may give one another a lift, and where they diverge we can part in a friendly way.

MRS. HESTER M. POOLE, so well known and highly esteemed by the JOURNAL'S readers, met me one afternoon by appointment in New York. I was glad to find her showing such marked improvement in health and spirits. She has grown in spiritual and intellectual strength in the past three years more rapidly than almost any other person I can recall. Her attention has for a couple of years been closely given to mental science and its application to the preservation and restoration of health, both of body and mind. As a teacher and practitioner her success has been and is now most marked. I look to see her acknowledged as the leading authority in this line in New York, as she is now in reality. She avoids exploiting her work in a sensational way, and detests the hippodroming expedients of some who have essayed this field under the name of "Christian Science." And she will still be active and successful long after some who are beating their tom toms to draw the rabble, have retired into obscurity. Mrs. Poole is versatile, and while carrying forward her specialty, has found time to do much good literary work.

All the older Spiritualists of New York know Milton Rathbun who grew up in the fold from boyhood. I went out with him to Mount Vernon one afternoon and spent the night with his happy family, consisting of wife and two splendid boys. Mrs. Rathbun has written considerable for the press in the past and I hope will ere long take up the work again. This family is a typical specimen of what spiritual culture can do toward making life worth living. Another pleasant experience was a visit with Mrs. J. M. Staats, now a grandmother, but formerly one of the best known and highly respected public mediums in New York. The Cary Sisters, Horace Greeley and nearly all the local celebrities visited her, in their day; and with many of the leading people of the country she has continued to maintain close acquaintance, dating from a first call upon her in a professional way. She showed me a fine old-fashioned desk, presented to her by one of the Cary Sisters, and she has many tokens of the esteem and friendship of those whom the country honors. I hope she will publish her autobiography which is full of most interesting and valuable history in connection with Spiritualism. At Judge Dailey's I met Dr. and Mrs. La Plongeon, jointly noted for their explorations and invaluable discoveries in Central America. The work begun by them should be followed up either by private effort or Government assistance. I cannot here undertake to outline the nature and extent of their researches, but will say that if their conclusions, based on what seems on its face to be irrefragable evidence, are correct, there are to-day buried in the forests of Yucatan relics of civilization which will revolutionize thought in many directions and render it

necessary to rewrite history, when brought to light and understood. The La Plongeon claim that in Central America was once a civilization antedating that of Egypt. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Tice are going abroad this spring and as I desired their testimony in my defense against the suit of Eliza A. Wells, the materialization trickster, I secured it by agreement between counsel. Mr. Henry J. Newton, who for some inexplicable reason is backing the vendor of spurious spirits in her bluff game, was on hand to coach her attorney during the tedious task of taking the testimony. I think he has enjoyed eances more than he appeared to this one. Should the case ever come to trial Mr. Newton will wish he had never heard of Eliza Ann. I understand "conditions" have been such as to spoil the woman's trade in New York, and she is now exploiting her powers in rural districts. I expected to carry my readers out of New York this week, surely; but here I am at the limits of my space and time.

Capital, Machinery and Labor.

At a dinner of the New York Unitarian Club, on the 12th of last month, there was a discussion of "Social Conditions and Tendencies." Felix Adler, B. F. Underwood and the editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, were the regular speakers. Short speeches were also made by Rev. Robert Collyer, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton and ex-Gov. Chamberlain. The discussion of such a question before a club composed of a fastidious class of men, chiefly men of wealth and social rank, is full of significance. We are not surprised to learn that most of the speakers wandered from the text of the evening. The New York Herald, in its report, says, "Mr. B. F. Underwood was the only speaker who stuck closely to it." This fact makes his speech of more than usual interest, and the condensed report furnished by a JOURNAL representative who was present, is given to our readers in another column.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Lyman C. Howe closed his month's engagement at Kimball's Hall last Sunday. His lecture in the morning was on the "Uses and Abuses of Mediumship," and contained many valuable hints and suggestions.

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins lectures at Elmira, N. Y., May 5th and 12th. He goes from there to Stafford, Conn., where he speaks on the 19th. Mr. Stebbins will always be glad to receive subscriptions and transact business for the JOURNAL.

J. C. Wright lectured to fair audiences at Glen Falls, N. Y., during the Sundays of April, and spoke in Sunderland, Manchester and Sandgate, Vermont, on week-day evenings. He is advertised as engaged at Cincinnati for May, but can be secured for western engagements during June and July. His permanent address is Newfield, New Jersey.

William Newman, Barnum's experienced elephant trainer, is credited with the following philosophical comment: "Elephants are very much like human beings, especially in one regard, and that is the females are very much nicer and better than the males, and also in that when a female is bad she is worse than the worst male."

Mr. J. J. Morse of England, will commence his final engagement in Washington, D. C., on Sunday morning next, the 5th inst., and continue it during the remaining Sundays of the present month. It is reported to the JOURNAL that Mr. Morse's engagement during the past month, with the First Society of Spiritualists, in New York City, was greatly appreciated, the various lectures being much commended.

"The Ghost's Way," republished in this issue from the New York Herald, is, we are assured by those familiar with Gotham's musical circles, founded on fact; and only disguised in a way to conceal the identity of the personnel. Whether our informants are correct or not in their opinion, there is nothing improbable nor unreasonable in the ghostly part of the story.

On the sixth page, under the heading, "The Benefit Derived from Magnetism," is an account of a remarkable case to which we call the attention of medical men and scientists and ask their explanation. There is no question as to the facts, they are exactly as related. The correspondent who supplies them speaks from personal knowledge, is trustworthy and is not the doctor in the case.

Thousands of visitors at the Lake Pleasant camp will recall Mr. B. F. Galloupe, and his valuable services in the police department of the institution; and they will be interested in knowing that he graduated on the 19th of April, from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Boston, with the highest honors, carrying off the valedictory. The JOURNAL wishes Dr. Galloupe a long and successful career in his profession.

In all the municipal elections in Kansas the women were conspicuous. At Cottonwood Falls the ticket composed of women who take the lead in all works of charity, temperance and morality was elected, receiving two-thirds of all the votes cast. Every name on the successful ticket was that of a woman. The newly elected Mayor, Mrs. W. R. Morgan, is the wife of the editor of the Chase county Leader. In Leavenworth one of the incidents was the voting of the straight Democratic ticket by a colored woman a hundred and six years old. In Topeka the best ladies in the city turned out, and, as a rule voted as their husbands did. A delicate woman brought a colored woman to the polls and was so frightened at the crowd that she fainted. At Wichita three liquor dealers were elected alder-

THE UNIVERSALIST PLAN

BY ELIZA LAMB MARTIN

Oh, may we gain that lofty eminence
That overlooks the broad highway wherein
All creatures move in harmony toward God!

To reach that height is peace,
To feel our kinship with all forms of life,
To greet all men as brothers, parts of the
Great God, the unit God, the universe
The God, and God the universe.

There is to abide life.
Full-fledged and strong, above contentious thought
That sharpens Eury's slim enamored tongue,
Bespeaking littleness, horizons small,
Distorted views of life, of man, of God.

How vain all strivings are,
With sorrow, sorrow, and lesser aims!
How grand experience, though 'tis winged with woe
That bears us upward to that brighter realm,—
That elevation with its rarer air,

Where God doth dominate and harmonize,
The good develops and the ill transforms:
The lower natures change by steady growth
When touched by power divine through contact
close.

With the First Cause,—unfolds a human soul.
O man, developed, noble, god-like, grand!
Mount up the stairway of infinity,
Fair offspring of the Deity,—Thou art
Coeval with eternity and God.

There find we heaven,
Where God doth dominate and harmonize,
The good develops and the ill transforms:
The lower natures change by steady growth
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Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Head of the List.

I know of no more powerful, reliable, or economical blood purifier than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

T. F. MOLLOY, Cor. High and Andover-st., Lowell.

Ayer's at the Front.

As a clerk and proprietor I have been connected with the drug trade in Lowell over five years...

D. W. MASON, Market and Suffolk-sts., Lowell.

Demand Constantly Increasing.

I take pleasure in attesting the fact that among all the blood purifiers Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the longest in the market...

C. J. STUART, M. D., 85 Merrimack-st., Lowell.

Ayer's is the Best.

From long experience, when our opinion is sought, we invariably advise the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best preparation for the blood.

SHANAHAN & HICKLEY, Lawrence and Wamest-sts., Lowell.

Sales Steadily Increasing.

Our sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are very satisfactory and steadily increasing. There is no better blood purifier.

EUGENE HAMBLETT, 325 Central-st., Lowell.

Its Popularity Increases.

During the many years in which as clerk and proprietor I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla in Lowell I have never heard my customers speak otherwise than well of it.

J. L. WESTWOOD, 87 Gorham-st., Lowell.

Still the Best.

The extraordinary skill with which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared, as well as the remedial virtues of its ingredients...

J. BELLE-ISLE, 28 East Merrimack-st. Lowell.

Ayer's is the Standard.

The name of J. C. Ayer & Co. on the wrapper is sufficient guarantee for the reliability of the preparations made by this eminent house.

GREGOIRE BROS., 68 Bridge-st., Lowell.

Largely Preferred.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is one of the few proprietary medicines we can confidently recommend.

OSMOND L. FIELD, 199 Merrimack-st., Lowell.

Often Speaks in Its Favor.

I am often asked my opinion of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and being familiar with its formula speak with confidence in its favor.

ANDREWS THOMASSON, Corner North and Central-sts., Lowell.

Gaining in Popularity.

As a safe and reliable blood purifier I commend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is free from harmful ingredients and has a solid basis of merit...

ARTHUR BARRIBEAULT, 862 Merrimack-st., Lowell.

Ayer's Holds First Place.

Among all the Sarsaparillas now before the public no other so commends itself as a medicinal preparation...

A. I. FIELD, 247 Thorndike-st., Lowell.

GET THE BEST!

Lowell Druggists Prefer and Recommend

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

In Quality of Ingredients, Curative Power, and Amount Manufactured and Sold

IT IS WAY AHEAD

Of All Others. We Refer to the Following

Letters from Lowell Druggists

Readers of the following testimonials will remark the high estimation in which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is uniformly held by the druggists of our own city.

Ayer's Has a Great Sale.

Few manufacturers of proprietary medicines take the medical profession and the drug trade into their confidence...

Always in Demand.

Our experience in selling proprietary medicines is that while new remedies, under the influence of an advertising boom, may have a brisk demand for awhile...

The Very Best.

We always take pleasure in selling the preparations of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Their arrangements for procuring the best quality of ingredients are unsurpassed...

Always Says Ayer's.

We are always glad to have customers ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla when they want a blood purifier...

Always Has No Equal.

It is our experience that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal as a blood purifier, especially for the cure of scrofula and all cutaneous disorders.

Ayer's Is the Best.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its reputation by years of valuable service to the community.

Large and Steady Sales.

Whatever temporary effect the sensational advertising of other blood purifiers may have Ayer's Sarsaparilla still maintains its remarkable hold on public confidence.

The Best of Its Kind.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best preparation of its kind. I always recommend its use, and am never disappointed.

Honest, Reliable.

We endorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as an honest, reliable blood purifier, and take pleasure in selling it.

Sells on Its Merits.

For twenty years, as druggists and pharmacists, we have recommended and sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it has never yet gone back on our indorsement.

Never Known It to Fail.

I consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla unsurpassed as a blood medicine. Have handled it ever since I have been in the drug trade—22 years—and never have known it fail to give satisfaction.

A Strong Hold.

There are scarcely any of the so-called Sarsaparillas in the market that are not open to suspicion as to quality or safety of their ingredients...

More Confidence in Ayer's.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla sells freely right along. Customers never have any complaints to make of it.

Sale Constantly Increasing.

We consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best preparation of its kind, and from its concentrated state the most economical for the purchaser.

In Steady Demand.

The merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a standard blood medicine are well known to the druggists and people of Lowell.

A Genuine Remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives satisfaction. The public feel confident that in purchasing it they are sure of a genuine remedy.

It Justifies Confidence.

We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla ever since we have been in the drug trade. Its great merit as a blood purifier justifies the public confidence in this standard medicine.

Ayer's Sells Freely.

We sell Ayer's Sarsaparilla freely, and we recommend it with confidence.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Sell More of Ayer's.

I have been in the drug business in Lowell for twenty years and sell more of Ayer's than of other Sarsaparillas.

Always Satisfied with Ayer's.

There is no proprietary medicine we have in stock better known or appreciated than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

More Cures from Ayer's.

We hear of more cures from Ayer's Sarsaparilla than from all other similar remedies combined.

The Best is Ayer's.

For the past twenty-five years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion the best remedial agencies for the cure of diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine.

Never Fails to Satisfy.

After an experience of a quarter of a century we have yet to learn of a case where Ayer's Sarsaparilla has failed to give satisfaction.

A Splendid Record.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a splendid record as a useful and popular medicine. It has always had the confidence of the druggists and people of Lowell.

Well-Earned Reputation.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla justifies its well-earned reputation with my trade.

Thousands of Bottles.

My customers always speak well of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have sold thousands of bottles of it since I have been in business, and I am glad to note its continued popularity.

Sales Very Extraordinary.

Our sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have been very extraordinary the past year, showing a steady growth in popularity...

From Nashua.

My trade in Ayer's Sarsaparilla is larger than in any other Sarsaparilla, and it is a pleasure to deal in it because no fault is ever found with it.

Ayer's Sells Better.

It gives me pleasure to be able to say truthfully that in all my business experience I have never sold a blood purifier that gave more general satisfaction than Ayer's.

Ayer's Highly Praised.

We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla ever since beginning business, and never yet had a bottle returned as unsatisfactory, on the contrary, it has been highly praised.

Ayer's Has the Largest Sale.

I have been in the drug business in Nashua for 12 years, and have always dealt in Ayer's medicines.

Selling Great Quantities.

I am selling great quantities of Ayer's medicines, especially the Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best of blood purifiers.

Sales Larger Than Ever.

It gives me pleasure to state that we are having the largest sale of Ayer's Sarsaparilla that we have ever had.

Excellent Satisfaction.

Your preparations all have a good steady sale and give excellent satisfaction. The sale of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is above others in the market.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA MAKES THE WEAK STRONG

THE GHOST'S WAY. A Musician's Story.

[New York Herald, March 31, 1889.]

I am leader of the orchestra in the Bijou Theatre at Pittsburg. I am nothing but a plain musician, yet I was once considered a very great one. That was when I lived on Third Street, in a suite of rooms so small that my piano and bird cages left hardly room for me to turn around. They called my rooms "The Aviary" then. Now I am well-to-do—rich, in fact, for a bachelor—and I owe my riches to the strangest circumstances that ever befel a man of my prosaic nature.

I am a diffident, shy man—have very few friends. I was the drummer in the orchestra (Tommy, as he is usually called), and Skab, the manager of the theatre, are my only intimate friends. How they came to be this little story will tell you.

I had been leading the orchestra for two years, and it was on the night of October 21, 188—, that I experienced a sensation which gives existence to this narrative. I did not often use the open piano before me, but this particular night we were one or two men short and needed more. The piano and I played the waltz in the interval between the fourth and fifth acts of a lurid melodrama, and I was banging away in tempo di valse steadily as you please, playing almost mechanically, as one is apt to play fashionable waltz music.

All of a sudden something—it was something, and yet I cannot say what it was—took hold of my hands and dashed them violently down on the keys. It was just as if some one had reached long arms around me, and seized my hands and banged them on the keyboard. My hands felt numb and chill, and I verily believe I should have thought myself paralyzed but for the actual sense of strong hands grasping my own, overpowering them and casting them down with a great crash of sound upon the piano.

I felt a cold chill start at my toes, run up my body and go out of the tips of my hair, which bristled as if electrified. I was terribly frightened, I can tell you, and my fright grew no less as I felt cold fingers—or what seemed like cold fingers—place themselves over each of my thumbs, and then my hands begin to move without any volition of my own. The entire orchestra of course stopped, and stared at me. The hum of the audience hushed, and then, without will or wish of my own, guided by these cold finger tips resting on my own, my hands began to play a waltz of Gluck's—an exquisite bit of music I never could execute, but which I loved even as you love, Sir or Madame, the perfume of the first violet you find in the early spring.

"What, in the Avairy? Your infernal mocking birds and canaries will wake me too early."

"Never mind that," I answered. "I beg you to stay. I ask it as a friend."

"All right, Johann Meister," was his answer. "I've no doubt you and I can bunk nicely together; but you show bad taste in bedfellows, my hearty."

doubtless I did, but to be thoroughly honest I was wild with fright. I believe I would have lost my mind had I been alone that night.

My grand piano—a magnificent Weber—stood in the room, I called it my parlor. I had to close the door between that room and my bedroom! The piano looked to me in the shadow like a great rosewood coffin, and the air seemed to have that terrible, indescribable odor there is ever about a room in which a corpse lies. A basket of cut flowers in my window-sill I hurled into the street. Their scent but added to the terror I felt.

I never closed my eyes during the entire night. Tossing from side to side I woke up poor Tommy half a dozen times with the insane query, "Are you asleep?" until finally he sat up in bed and stared at me in a sleepy and angry way.

"Look here, Johann, is your noodle in exactly correct time? It strikes me you are getting bass and treble jumbled in your music box, and if you don't go to sleep you'll soon be jangled out of tune. I believe there's something wrong about you anyhow. What's the matter? Play out loud and then let me go to sleep."

"Tommy," said I, and I said it in deep earnestness. "I didn't play that waltz to-night, but the devil did." And then in a few words as possible I told him exactly what had happened to me. As I went on with my story Tommy's eyes actually bulged from his head, and his sleep-swollen face, his startled expression partook so much of the ludicrous that I broke out into a hearty laugh—which was a wonderful panacea to my nerves.

"Blank me," he said under his breath, "I believe you've been drinking on the sly and have got 'em at last," and then he shook his head in the most solemn way.

Presently he leaped from the bed, turned on a full head of gas, threw open my parlor door, lit the burners—every one of them—and came back to my bedside.

"Get up," said he, and there was a note of command in his voice. "Here's your dressing gown. Blank me"—his oath was almost like a prayer—"you've got to play that waltz right now for me—or—or—I'll go home and lock the door behind me."

I plead and begged in the most abject way, but he was inexorable and I followed him into the parlor and sat down at the piano.

As I did so I glanced at the clock; it was half-past three. Nervous myself by a violent effort, and calling up all the manhood I possessed, I struck a chord boldly. The sound echoed through the room. I put out my right hand to commence the waltz, when again, though this time without any force, but with a grip like steel, I felt both hands seized, and again the cold fingers lay on mine and the cold chill passed over me. I felt my hair bristling, and looking at IVANS I saw he, too, had noticed and was partaking of my terror.

He stood motionless before me, and I sat like a block of marble, my hands, guided by the touch of those awful fingers, glided over the key-board. This time it was not the waltz my hands played, but a selection from Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice"—that portion of the act where Euridice has vanished and Orpheus wails for her in music that might indeed have stirred the Heart of Hell.

I never hear the music played now without a shudder, although I never have heard it really played but once that night. Weird and heart-thrilling, sobbing with an utter hopelessness, entreating, pleading, beseeching, stretching out the hands of music to the vanishing sky; begging it by the memory of happy bygone hours to turn and look upon him once again ere eternity swallowed it up, all, all! All this and a thousand things more I heard as the relentless possessing fingers swept my hands over the keys.

Nor was this the end. When the last note had died away the fingers again forced my hands to play—this time another selection from the same musician, but from a different opera, "La Buona Figliuola," a sparkling little piece, that danced and chirped and sparkled until my birds woke up, and in a moment the room was alive with their notes, and glancing at the window that opened to the east I saw the gray dawn begin to steal above the horizon.

But the spirit which possessed my hands seemed not to fear the dawn. When the finale of the last air was reached it dashed my hands rapidly down the treble and in a moment the room was full of the sounds of some of the exquisite melodies Playford has preserved for us—melodies than which nothing can be more unghostlike. It was broad day ere the music ceased, and then as I felt a slight shiver creep over me my hands dropped almost lifeless in my lap, and myself was calm and composed. Not so my friend. I never saw a face in which awe and admiration and ludicrous terror were so mingled. He shuddered as I stopped, then ran hurriedly to the chair on which his clothes lay, drew from some hidden source the bottle of gin and took a long, long pull at it.

Returning to the piano he stared at me a minute and broke out:

"It is a ghost, by G—, for you couldn't do it yourself. Keep him, Johann. It's a haunt that's worth at least a hundred thousand dollars."

who understood when and where to take the opportunity—the theatrical opportunity I mean—by the forelock, and in his own words, again "work it for all it was worth."

A good deal of talk wound up by Skab's insisting on my playing for him, and I started nicely together; but you show bad taste in bedfellows, my hearty."

It ended, however, just as I feared it would, and in spite of my horror and reluctance I found myself at the piano.

Just here, for once and all, let me say that from the first time I felt this strange possession, power, or whatever you choose to call it, until it departed from me, I never approached a piano without a terror and shivering fear that I cannot explain. I grew hot and cold, shuddered, trembled, even felt sick, and, although I played over two hundred times before immense audiences, my sense of fear never left me from the time I approached the piano until I knew from the falling of my hands that I could play no longer.

And in order to save time I may as well here tell you exactly how the thing felt. If it were possible to introduce into the veins of each foot at the toes about ten pounds of the smallest size shot frozen, to let the cold pellets run rapidly up the veins to the heart and hunt along the arteries until the whole body was tingling with cold and motion, and then to let every one of these shot run together in the throat, and rush up through the head and out at the tips of each bristling hair, then it might be possible to feel as I felt when this awful thing overshadowed me. First I felt my arms grow colder than my body was, next they grew hot, and upon each hand I felt the pressure of an icy hand; the fingers crept along my fingers, the thumb pressed my thumb, and with a grip of steel I feared they might leave me in the middle of a performance; and I knew I could not finish as the audience had heard me begin.

The prospect of being hoisted off the stage was not agreeable, and that of being compelled every night to go through the serenade I have described was almost as bad. I sent for Tommy IVANS; I domesticated him in my room, and I played every night; Sunday, by invitation, I played at mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral Church, and found that on the organ my fingers were controlled even as on the piano.

Monday I signed a contract with Skab for a six months' engagement; he to bear all expenses and to receive half the profits. Tommy IVANS, I stipulated, was to be employed in some capacity so as to let Tommy IVANS and my first concert was fixed for the 12th day of November.

Skab's willingness to risk money on me, and my desire to prevent his losing anything reconciled me more than anything else to the ordeal I had to undergo, but I suffered tortures in the intervals between the day I signed the contract and the night of the 12th of November.

I will not attempt to describe that night. My success was phenomenal. Encore after encore, wild applause and unbounded enthusiasm greeted the performance, and I woke up the next morning to find myself famous for the most successful concert of my ghost's handiwork.

Just here I will explain a want the papers complained of—namely, that I gave out no programme of my performance and the audience had to guess at what I played. Leaving out of view the fact that the vast majority of audiences do not know any more about what you play with a programme than they do without it I will say that I could not help it.

I never knew myself what was going to come until after a bar or so was played, and to be perfectly honest once or twice I played pieces the names of which I did not and never did know.

After one or two concertos I mended matters the best I could by stationing IVANS on the stage and telling him the name of the piece after I got well into it. He thereupon sang it out in a stentorian voice. If it happened—as it did more than once—that I myself did not know the name of the piece, I whispered, "A fugue of Tartini's" or "A sonata of Scarlatti's" or "A staccato of Goudimel's," and IVANS roared it out and the audiences were perfectly satisfied.

They did not like this method—I mean of proclaiming the names of my pieces in Boston, but they had to put up with it.

Now, I am not going to attempt to describe my six months' tour nor my wonderful success. If I mentioned the name under which I played you could yourself write out the history of my engagement. Suffice it to say that the morning after my first concert in New York, Richard Grant White pronounced me the finest pianist America had ever heard, and I do believe he was right, only he ought to have written "my hands" instead of my name.

I played steadily along—starring, as they call it, through half a dozen States, and by the end of the next May had invested \$10,000 in United States bonds and had \$10,000 more in the bank. Tommy IVANS was gorgeous on a salary of \$100 a week and had seceded gin, never drinking any other tipple less expensive than Roederer.

At a little city in Massachusetts the first incident of any note occurred, and it was the beginning of the end.

About midway in the concert a very excellent performance of one of Spohr's was entered and I attempted to repeat it. Of course I failed, and my hands glided into an arrangement which I thought at first was the andante in A flat in Beethoven's symphony. But ere I had played two bars I found I was mistaken, and that it was one of my "unknown's."

What possessed me to do so I cannot tell, but I whispered to Tommy, "Original arrangement: Love's Question," and he shouted it out.

The piece was listened to in the profoundest silence and well did it merit attention. As I say, it commenced like the andante in A flat, then it danced off into a kind of scherzo and then glided into the most pathetic music I have ever heard. My name was an inspiration. The whole arrangement was one grand question, and the anxious, timid, hopeful, half-despairing way in which the chords groped about in doubt, now feeling their way, now rejoicing at a little light, now being seized an answer, now putting it off as if afraid of what it might be, has never, to my knowledge, been equalled in music. It was the cry of a soul to a soul. "Do you love me? Can you love me? I am not worthy even of a thought, but Oh! think of me tenderly."

It said, in music, what Shelley only could say in words. "The desire of the moth for the star" was the undertone of every note, and so strangely did it affect me that tears trickled down my cheeks as I played.

All of a sudden I was conscious of a human eye piercing me through and through. I looked in the dress circle and on the front row of seats a dark eyed, gray bearded man was contemplating me with a look in which wonder and fear were so blended that I caught something of each. In the midst of the most delicate and tender movement of the piece my hands were violently lifted up at my throat and then dashed down so violently on the keys that I heard the strings of the piano snap, and heard and saw nothing more until I awoke to consciousness in the green room on IVANS' knee, Skab standing over me wringing his hands and swearing like a trooper.

Flushing that I had only been out a moment I insisted on going back to tell the truth. I was in an agony, fearing that my power had left me. Such, however, was not the case. The ghostly hands still exercised their sway and I finished the concert. Once I lifted my eyes to the dress circle, but the man I had seen had left his seat.

It appeared to me—it may have been fancy but it certainly seemed to me—that the cold fingers on mine trembled, and that the execution was not as vigorous as usual.

Next morning, about ten, a visitor to see me was announced. I told the bell boy to usher him into my apartment, and so fully convinced was I of who the visitor was that my pulse did not beat one whit the faster, and I was cool and collected when the man whose glance had terrified so the night before came into my room.

After the usual civilities, a kind inquiry after my health and few compliments on my matchless playing, as he styled it, the stranger, begging my pardon for what might seem an impertinent query, asked me if I had ever taken lessons from or known Rudolph Aronsonheim. I answered promptly and truthfully that not only had I never known him but that I then for the first time heard the name.

"Strange, sir," said my visitor, half muttering, "strange. Your touch, your execution, everything about your playing even down to your rather peculiar fingering, is Aronsonheim's in every respect. And stranger still, that beautiful concert piece you played was written by him. I never knew that any one but myself had even so much as seen the score. I have it with me. It is unfinished (Continued on Fifth Page.)"

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The Captain thereupon resigned and took service with a rival line. The next year he reached port long in advance of any competitor, to the great delight and profit of his employers, and the chagrin of Mr. Astor.

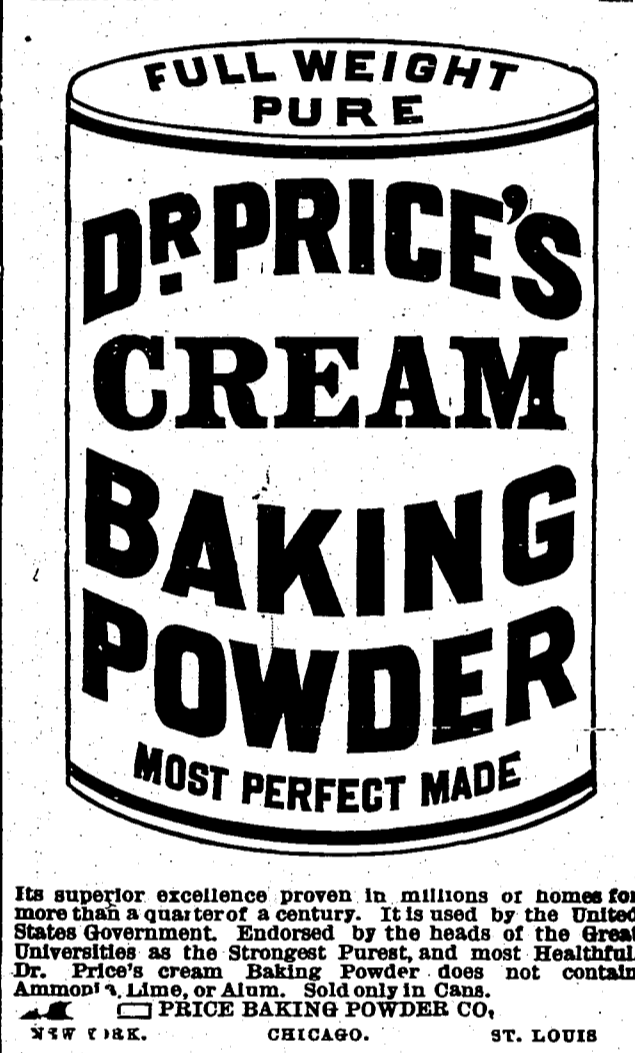
Not long after they chanced to meet, and Mr. Astor inquired: "By the way, Captain, how much did that chronometer cost you?" "Six hundred dollars," then, with a quizzical glance, he asked: "And how much has it cost you, Mr. Astor?" "Sixty thousand dollars."

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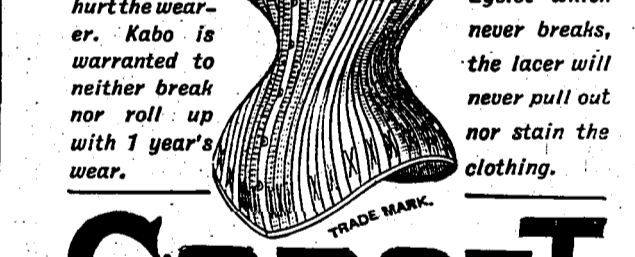
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