No. 12

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to zeno 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 organzation 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 ne published as soon as possible

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A VISIT TO THE SUMMER LAND.

In the following narrative is detailed the experience of a medium, Mrs. Cora Freeman, a young woman now undergoing her development at my home in Santa Monica, Ca This trance or clairvoyant experience occurred about three weeks since, and was for the purpose, as set forth in the narrative, of seeing and describing, in part, the home now preparing for a member of our family.

The medium, though so young, not yet 22 years of age, is already developing powers of a varied and high order. She is under the control of a powerful band of advanced spirits, to whose high work she has dedicated the remaining years of her life on earth, be they few or many. Her work for the past few weeks has been the making of pictures, both in crayon and oil, and of frames to suit them, and our humble little home is turned into a veritable "Spirit Picture Gallery." Her best work so far is the set piece entitled the "Gates Ajar," built in pebbles and shell and finished in six sittings of two hours each; done by this slender young woman, under control, with her eyes closed. But I must not weary my readers with my introduction. I will retire, for the present, and let the medium talk.

H. C. TOWNER.

Santa Monica, Cal.

A VISIT TO THE SUMMER LAND. . As in my vision I saw and heard, so will

try to tell you. From the deep, dark border land of sleep, I stepped out into the enchanting light of eternal day. My feet pressed an undulating carpet of richest grass and flowers, and there began my journey onward. Before me lay a broad smooth avenue lined on either hand with choice shrubs and flowers that gave out the sweetest fragrance. As I walked through what seemed a veritable Garden of Eden, at length I paused on the brink of a crystal stream, whose shallow waters rippling over their pebble-strewn beds, made sweet, bird-like melody. I crossed on a dainty structure, that one could hardly call a bridge, so frail and fairy-like did it seem. and traversing the now familiar path with the same beautiful surroundings, I came to a second stream much more broad and deep, where I found no bridge; but, moored upon the placid waters, lay what I at first sight supposed a gigantic swan, but which on closer inspection proved to be a beautiful, luxuriantly furnished boat. I admired it while my courage failed. I could not venture into that lovely, frail craft, so, keeping along the shore. I soon found another bridge, and crossed safely

Now I began walking along a wide pavement of richest mosaics, and as I emerged from the thicker foliage into more open ground, I fairly held my breath with delight for there loomed up before me almost within a stone's throw the home of my dear earth friend and her spirit mate. Standing in the midst of extensive grounds, with every environment that supernal love could suggest and supernal skill and energy execute, it was the very embodiment of a typical English country residence, on a scale of magnificence and grandeur beside which the proudest palaces of earthly monarchs were but child's play; a combination of the best effects of the Elizabethan and Queen Anne periods; with the great round tower, the multitude of gables and dormer windows, the balconies, the vast chimney stacks, the grand entrances, the long perspective of marble steps leading down to the very water's edge, an inson.

Elizabethan and Queen Anne periods; with the entrancing melody beautiful and blessed corner of my own earth, this region. Did I not tell you that air was vibrant with the entrancing melody beautiful and blessed corner of my own earth, this is my Fruit of this region. Did I not tell you that air was vibrant with the entrancing melody beautiful and blessed corner of my own earth, this is my Fruit of this region. Did I not tell you that air was vibrant with the entrancing melody beautiful and blessed corner of my own earth, this is my Fruit of this region. Did I not tell you that air was vibrant with the entrancing melody beautiful and blessed corner of my own earth, this is my Fruit of this region. Did I not tell you that air was vibrant with the entrancing melody beautiful and blessed corner of my own earth, this is my Fruit of this region. Did I not tell you that air was vibrant with the entrancing melody beautiful and blessed corner of my own earth, this is my Fruit of this region. Did I not tell you that air was vibrant with the entrancing melody beautiful and blessed corner of my own earth, this is my Fruit of this region. Did I not tell you that air was vibrant with the entrancing melody beautiful and blessed corner of my own earth, this is my Fruit of this region. Did I not tell you that air was vibrant with the entrancing melody beautiful and blessed corner?" His words reassave that in all the length and to find the time the save was not one save that in all the length and blessed corner?" His words reassave that in all the time the save was not one save that in all the length and blessed corner?" His words reassave that in all the time the save was not one save that in all the time the save was not one this save that in all the length and to find

in architecture is left upon the mind, that can not be easily forgotten.

I did not seem to care to enter this wonderful spirit home, but turning to the left as I drew near, passed around to the rear, or, more properly speaking, a new front, where stretched away in pleasing perspective a vast wing, in itself a palace, battlemented in true medieval style, and rendering complete as glorious a picture of true comfort and elegance as even the Spirit-world itself might

For a little time I was lost in contemplation of this celestial abode of love and harmony. Then resuming my walk along a broad way shaded by stately oaks and beeches, I had not gone far when I saw before and on either hand two statues: to the left a lovely woman with drooping head and down-Parian Marble; opposite, and a few paces distant, the figure of a knight in full armor, who held a battle-ax aloft as if it were his cruel mission to strike the angelic being who bowed as meekly before him, with crystal drops of water issuing from her eyes. The sight about to pass on when I heard a light movement on the walk behind me, and beheld advancing toward me with easy graceful carriage, a being to whom the word "Man" in its present limited sense will hardly apply; a veritable demi-god; a divine Apollo, full of an ineffable graciousness, smiling brightly upon poor bewildered me, who stared as one in a dream at the ideal of angelic manhood of a tender musical sweetness, reassured duced many fantastic effects on the other

"You are looking at two of my fountains," was his salutation. "I see that the sight is displeasing to you. Let me give you a better impression."

So saying, he seemed to press a concealed spring, at the base of the manly figure, when lo! the statue, as if endowed with life. assumed a new attitude. The threatening expres sion was gone. The battle-ax was laid down and in its stead the mailed hands held forth a beautiful vase, from which poured a jet of sparkling crystal spray. No less wonderful himself, while the furniture and fittings and pleasing was the transformation in the lovely woman. The seemingly lifeless figure was erect. All traces of sorrow were gone, basin, of an irregular circular form, sunk life. and from every fold and petal of a bouquet of lilies and roses she held in her hands, sprang est sparkling water. It appeared very deep tiny streams of the same snowy spray.

As I, enraptured, admired the magical scene, my companion spoke: "You have come to visit my spirit home that I am preparing | back. I seated myself on one of the sofas and adorning for my beloved mate yet in the near the side of the pool and watched while was to take mental note of a particular place earth-life. Therefore by your leave I constitute myself your guide and master of ceremonies, with the hope, yes, the knowledge, pearly white substance, which he scattered that it will be as great a pleasure to you to upon the water, saying, "Now I am feeding see, as to me to show."

So saying, with a wave of his shapely hand he turned down another broad walk. I obediently followed. We now entered upon an work. I wish all the readers of the JOURNAL | a double row of elegant columns supporting | in the pellucid depths; but now the whole bacould see this marvellous production, begun a trellised roof, and columns and roof over- sin seemed alive with them, thousands of the run with a wild luxuriance of climbing vines venience, my guide explained in a few almost careless words as we passed through. "This is the Arbor," he said, in a very

natural matter-of-fact way. "I will now show you where I keep my birds."

As if reading my thoughts in my face, my guide replied: "Let no idea of bolts or bars disturb you. I draw my pets to me by a power stronger than bars or chains of iron or steel; by the power that rules the universe; garden beset with countless varieties of flowby the irresistible power of love! but yonder ers and flowering shrubs, all in full bloom, is my birdcage!" And truly a singularly whose commingled fragrance had almost looking cage. Imagine an immense square, overpowered my senses with their subtle arwith a tall massive marble pillar at each oma. As we passed through the garden, in corner; these four pillars supporting a lofty roof of light and graceful open iron work, grand mansions, charmingly situated among and depending therefrom by long slender the flowers and shrubbery, that I took to be chains a multitude of small baskets filled with flowers of a thousand hues, swinging to and fro in the light breeze, making queer | with a careless wave of his hand, said: "My shadows on the smooth marble floor, while summer houses." Summer houses indeed! the effect was further heightened by the gilded lattice work at the sides, giving the whole | walked, or rather, glided, for I was not constructure much the appearance of a gigantic

After a few moments pause that I might drink in the beauty of the scene, my guide said: "Now that you have seen the cage, let me show you the birds." He then began to whistle softly, softly and melodiously, and in a moment, as it seemed to me, the air was filled with living rainbows. "Here come the birds," he said. Were these birds? These living, darting flashes of blue, white, red green and yellow lightning? All these colors and a myriad of resultant tints and combinations were flashing, sparkling and glowing as they dashed hither and thither in endless graceful lines and curves, rising and swiftly that the delighted eye could hardly fol-

impression of the beautiful and sublime | Suddenly, as if by magic, a simultaneous | not a speck or stain; not a sign of dust or | Unlike earthly fruit, there was no waste, no

movement was made, and in an instant every bird of that vast multitude was sitting serenely in a basket of flowers, as lightly as so many masses of down, swinging and swaying, their long tails pendant in the light summer breeze, and their delicate plumage like so many masses of floss silk; of a truth, "Birds of Paradise." All this glorious effect

at its bidding. My guide now said: "You have seen the extent of my grounds in this direction, though you have seen but a small portion of my estate. You had a view of the park as we came by the arbor. It is now necessary that we return, as your time is limited, so I will take you back by way of the amusements; and first lovely woman with drooping head and down-cast mien; a beautiful picture of Sorrow in out a certain regret that I turned my back upon the enchanting bird-cage, and followed my guide by a way that commanded many fine, though distant, views of the park, whose varied beauties I had so much admired from many a point of vantage, from windows and doors, as we came through the arbor. Watersaddened me. I hardly knew why, and I was falls, clumps and groves of ever living, ever blooming trees and shrubs; lakes and streams; beautiful vales where the timid, mild eyed deer browsed in eternal content, never disturbed by a thought of the hunter. All this I could see, but distantly now, as we came by a new and winding way to an extensive building hitherto unseen, constructed entirely of glass: sides, floor and roof were all of this translucent material, the roof bein a conventional dress suit. His voice, full | ing in beautifully variegated colors that proroom were many articles of furniture: chairs, tables, sofas, all of solid, transparent, enduring glass, carved, turned and fretted in many and varied designs. But we lingered not long in this room, which seemed merely an ante-room to the main apartment itself "The Fishery," as my guide called it, and truly the first room was but a waiting room to this magnificent apartment. Of vast extent and lofty height, it would have well served as an audience chamber for King Solomon were on the same princely scale; but the main feature of this room was an immense below the floor level and filled with the purand shallow alternately, and there were many beautiful designs in rock-work and sub-marine grottoes, extending dimly, far my guide went to an exquisite gem of a cupboard and took a small dish full of some

I could not repress a cry of delight as l witnessed the scene that followed. I had noticed here and there bright graceful forms extensive vista: down either side of the walk | singly or in small groups, sporting at ease lovely creatures, great and small; a dozen difwhose rainbow-tinted flowers shed far and ferent varieties, their brilliant coloring viewide a delicious fragrance that fairly made | ing with even the rainbow tints of the birds the atmosphere heavy; at irregular intervals, as they crowded forward.—many leaping soft easy chairs, divans, costly rugs of intri- clear from the water in their eagerness to secate pattern; great fountains, throwing high their silvery spray, their basins filled with gold and silver fish; musical instruments, ness; no show of fear or enmity. The little ness; no show of fear or enmity. The little and tables covered with books and papers; fish swam fearlessly among the larger ones, all this bewildering effect of luxury and con- and like the birds the peaceful aquatic community acknowledged the same mighty power

of love. I could have lingered long watching the fascinating play of these lovely denizens of the watery sphere, but an impulse I could not resist was urging me on to the completion of my task. There was no impatience manifested by my guide, however, as he smilingly led the way out through a large itself a princely estate, I noticed several the residences of people of great wealth and importance until my guide, indicating them More like enchanted castles. Onward we scious of any perceptible motion. We passed the summer houses, groups of statuary, fountains, bowers, grottoes and then came to what appeared to be a gigantic playground, and such indeed it was. Here were numerous tall swings; not clumsy poles and ropes such as are used on the earth, but elegant columns, with silken chains depend ing, and light airy baskets attached. Some were hung from the branches of trees; others were horizontal; an improved sort of "merry-go round;" and one was a beautiful tete a-tete chair. Nothing seemed to be lacking to complete such a series of swinging and flying apparatus and other conveniences that would have sufficed for the delectation falling in troops and battalions, breaking of a whole town full of children; and all as into squares, triangles, stars and crescents, clean, neat, light, airy, and all so suggestive and a bewildering maze of undulations, so of the sweet stories I had read, of the fairies and their houses and play-grounds; and yet low the kaleidoscopic-like lightning flashes of everything so real, it seemed as if I had

order and neatness there was no suggestion of primness or angularity; all the corners were rounded; all curves easy, flowing and graceful; and, with the blue sky overhead, and the green grass, flowers and rip-pling water at our feet, and the glorious landscape all about us—all was so real and yet so dream-like, that, like the apostle of old, "whether in the body or out of it,I cannot

But I must leave the swings, doing so with sensation of lingering regret that came over me as I left each successive stage in my journey behind, and realized that I was drawing near the termination of my celestial visit.

Proceeding on our course, with a vast extent of undulating landscape, with many a grand mansion and cozy little cottage on our left, and that mighty, charmingly irregular, and peerlessly graceful mass of architecture, the home of my guide, dominating the horizon on the right. By a smooth spa cious flower-bordered driveway, we came to a very extensive, and at first sight a very confusing arrangement of tall poles and short poles, ladders and bars, silken ropes and cords innumerable, trapezes, hurdles for running and leaping, and all the concomitants of a perfect gymnasium.

As I looked upon the scene, order and harmony soon appeared, and the same divine beauty of construction and finish, even to the smallest detail, were conspicuous. Here a regiment of ambitious gymnasts might have disported themselves, while the surrounding amphitheater seemed capable of sustaining thousands of enthusiastic spectathe single exception of my guide I saw no person, man, woman or child, during my entire journey.

Of animal life there was plenty: horses. cattle, deer, and some of the finer varieties of dog ?; perfect in form and feature. roaming at will through these eternal parks and pastures, cared for and watched over by love divine, without fear or care. More beautiful by far than earthly imagination can conceive, they find here in this land of everlasting life and love a fitting compensation for their hardships, toil and suffering in the earth-

While I wondered somewhat at the utter absence of personal life, yet it did not occur to me to ask an explanation, nor did my guide offer any. But I have since learned that this incident of my visit to a higher sphere had its meaning. My mission there, and its surroundings, and to be able to give an earth friend a fair idea of one phase of the future home prepared for her; and it was thought best that my mind be not distracted from the work by any such scenes as would inevitably ensue if I had met any of my dear ones gone before.

From the gymnasium, our course was through a small grove of magnificent elm trees; then turning obliquely toward the mansion, we soon came to a building fairly embowered in flowers and flowering vines, whose appearance within and without was much the same as that of the arbor, save in one important particular; and here occurred the most singular experience of my wonderland journey. Passing through the main part of the building, among a multitude of beautiful and interesting objects, amid such princely furnishings as no earthly mansion could boast of, my guide drew aside a fold of a silken portiere, and ushered me into a room whose particular arrangements struck me at once as among the most marvellous of the host of marvels I had already

Ranged about, over the length and breadth of the immense apartment, whose mirrored sides reflected the wonderful scene, somewhat after the style of an earthly restaurant, were a great many low tables of great variety of work and carving, and shining like polished glass,—each with its surrounding of easy chairs, and arranged in long rows with broad aisles between.

Depending from the lofty carved ceiling, over each row of tables, were a great number of silver and golden cords. From the lower end of each silver cord, depended a small tassel, while each golden cord was finished by a small hook. While inwardly wondering at the meaning of all this strange furniture. I followed the example of my guide, and seated myself with him at one of the tables. "We are now in the Fruit Bower," said he. Would you like some fruit?" I immediately felt a strong desire to taste some peaches. and intimating my wish, my guide pulled lightly at one of the silver tassels. Instanty from the ceiling came the soft sweet note of a silver bell, and one of the golden hooks arose, as if the cord were wound up. "Look, said my guide, and there appeared

hanging from the hook, a silver filigree work basket. How or when it came there, I cannot tell; but there it was, and in a moment more was on the table before me, and nestling there, a half dozen of such soft, creamy peaches of which poet never sung, or painter put on canvas.

It seemed almost like sacrilege, to eat such lovely luscious fruit. My guide, seeing my hesitation, said: "Do not scruple to taste them. They were brought to you for this purpose. They are a part of the ordinary

mud! And yet, with all this perfection of stain. The beautiful porcelain dish on which the fruit rested was as spotlessly clean after our repast as before; and the snow-white napkins had no spot or stain. There was no sense of fullness, such as follows an earthly meal. It appears that our systems absorbed the substance of the fruit entirely, giving a sweet sense of satisfaction that no earthly

food-could supply.

I tried to imagine the glorious scene when this great room should be filled with a gay assemblage of the divine people of this blissful sphere, men and women, who while on the earth, had done their duty, whether in exalted or lowly station; who had, perchance, drank to the very dregs the bitter cup of sorrow and affliction; who had endured, mayhap, poverty, disease, persecution, martyrdom, for the truth's sake, and who having fought the good fight, having kept the faith, were now enjoying their reward. What an array of the best minds that "Merrie England" had produced through the centuries might be gathered at these tables. What a "feast of reason and flow of soul" would be here. What jests! What anecdotes! The sounds of their innocent mirth and the hum of their conversation, would be mingled with the melodious notes of resplendent birds, as they come flashing into the room, through the open window arches, the great mirrors reflecting the perfect forms and faces, the brilliant dresses, the laces, and the jewels. But the room was empty, save for its furni-ture; and silent, save for the occasional songs of the birds:

Flitting, flitting, here and there, Singing, singing, everywhere.

I had fallen into a sort of reverie, which absent, and it is worthy of note that with my guide, noticing, said: "Pardon me for disturbing you again, but your time is limited. I will now show my croquet grounds. This way, please." He led me out by another door, and the bright scene faded from my sight, to be succeeded by another scarcely less wonderful, as we wound our way down through a veritable "Bosky dell," and came to a large open space in the midst of ancient and venerable oak trees, very patriarchs inappearance, with the symbolic mistletoe clinging to them, "fondly as of yore." Of all the imaginable places for a croquet ground the most beautiful! It was a great rectangular space, with a smooth yielding pavement, something like asphalt, with all the paraphernalia of arches, stakes, balls. mallets,- all in their proper places, and only wanting the gay crowd of youths and maidens to complete the enchanting picture. The scene was enchanting, the broad, irregular open space being set with the loveliest, sweetest flowers, and flowering shrubs; charming little bowers and summer-houses; exquisite figures and groups of statuary, and, in the center, the long wide rectangle, the croquet ground itself, with restful seats scattered invitingly around.

Under our feet was the velvet like green sward, so soft, fine and yielding, it seemed more like a carpet than living green grass. Roundabout were the mighty encircling forests of grand old oaks, beeches, elms, and maples, shutting us in from the world, except on one side, where an opening in the trees gave one a beautiful view of the blue dancing waters of a small lake, with here and there a sail-boat, like a white winged swan, bowling merrily on.

And over all brooded the deep blue sky, with its great golden sun shining mildly, not fiercely, like our earthly sun; and the air was heavy with the breath of the flowers, and vocal with the music of myriad feathered songsters, many of which sat on flower or shrub, and would hardly move out of our way. Do you wonder that I felt sad at the thought of leaving this blissful region, or that my heart was heavy as I realized that one more scene must terminate my visit?

My guide noticing my sadness, said: "Do not grieve, little one. What you are now experiencing is but a foretaste of what you shall sometime certainly have and enjoy. You have yet a work to do, and it is necessary that you so perform the same, that before you came over here your earthly labor will have been finished, and you be ready to enter upon your reward. We will now visit the dancing hall."

Once more on the way, through the great forest, along the border of a silvery streamthrough a bewildering maze of flower gardens, arbors, summer-houses and lovely-little parks where deer and antelope were quietly resting, we passed one vast, open meadow, fenced in with a border of roses of all colors, so graded as to form a beautiful pattern, where a large herd of magnificent horses were gathered. As we passed along, my guide spoke to them, and then what a commotion, prancing, galloping to and fro, tossing of manes and tails, that fairly swept the ground; arching of proud necks, and soft low whinnyings, and the loving glances from the large, tender, gazelle-like eyes! Beautiful. noble horses, how I loved them! They could do every thing but speak; and surely, methinks, such dumb protestations of love needed no words to make them understood. Love is its own interpreter, whether in speech or only dumb show.

As we passed on, my guide said: "These are my hunters. I keep them for myself and friends when we want to go out riding. I conquer them and keep in subjec-tion by the magic power of love, without

the most unique, and in many respects the (Continued on Eighth Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what

2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds? 4. What is the most remarkable incident of your

experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars. 5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you

6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day? In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws end to help one in the conduct of this life-in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Govern-

RESPONSE BY T. D. CURTIS. 1. My parents were the uneducated children of pioneer settlers in the heavily wooded sections of central New York, and were reared under the sporadic ministrations of the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, They had too much natural force of intellect to be drawn into any of the churches, until weakened by old age, when they joined the Methodist church, but soon found its professions too extravagant, its practices too selfish and narrow, and their means too limited; so they backslid by staying away from it and letting it severely alone. I was reared amid the redhot blasts from these three openings to the pit, and my young and tender imagination was sorely scorched, from the tortures of which I was at times driven nearly to insanity. In my sleep, I had visions of the conflagration of the world, of the devil wandering to and fro, up and down the earth in the garb of a dirtylooking beggar, and of his sometimes coming toward me with his dirty paws extended, at which time I would scream and wake from my sleep. By day I was brooding over the infernal pictures drawn by the ministers at the revival or "protracted meetings," till I became afraid to go out of the sight of the house without some one with me. I brooded over the "experiences" of some of my young associates who became "serious," went forward to be prayed for and I longed to have some evidence in myself of that wonderful change of heart talked about by the ministers and claimed by some of my playmates to have been felt. They used to get me one side and pray for me; but all to no purpose. There was no sign of hope of salvation for me. They could not even persuade me to kneel. I could not profess what I did not feel, and was sure if I lied about it God would know it, if he knew all things. I preferred to take my chances with him by being honest and truthful. So I failed to join any church, and floated out into the world a free thinker. In a little while I became not only an atheist but an annihilationist, believing when man died he went out like a candleblaze, without hope of resurrection or of being relighted. This was pleasanter and more rational to me than orthodoxy. The more I inought of being washed white in the of Jesus and of the remission of sins on the mere blind assent to this credal doctrine-of the whole scheme of vicarious atonement, and the pardoning of sins by the priest-the more absurd, demoralizing, dangerous and infernal the orthodox scheme appeared. But think not that I was irreverent and not anxions to tread the "straight and narrow way." The trouble with me was to find it. I watched the pious deacons and the reputed good church members. But I found them do better than others, and often they were the most unscrupulous, selfish and mean men with whom I came in contact. If I trusted their honor, on the strength of their religion, was pretty sure to be cheated. They appeared to "wear the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." It was plain to me that morality and religion were two very different things. 1 scrutinized the lives and actions of non-believers and infidels. Some of them were cranky, but they were generally not only the most independent but the most truthful, frank and upright men with whom I had deal. I naturally gravitated to the company of such men, much to the injury of my popularity and against my success in the world, but to the betterment, I now think, of my morals. I did not know but I was making a mistake in not "enjoying" this world, when I had the opportunity, as some of my church-going friends did; but somehow I steered between Scylla and Charybdis, though often in great danger, and acquired no habits of dissipationnot even the priestly one of smoking and chewing tobacco, which I have in vain tried to save my boys from, by both precept and example. As to the Bible I could not see why the writings composing it should be any more authoritative or sacred than the speculations, imaginings, fantasies, vaticinations and visions of men of the present day. soon found the histories of these writings were lost and their authorship was un known. To me, looking to them for guidance was like looking into a dark hole for light. They are variously interpreted, according to the intelligence and prejudice of the interpreter, and their orthodox advocates of them as the word of God have never been able to rationally cope with the infidel critics, but at once got angry and abusive, calling down the wrath of an unknown personage, whom they call God, upon the heads of the infidel offenders; but so far as I can discover, that wrath has never descended except through the instrumental ity of the priests and their dupes. Thus it will be seen that, by sheer force of facts and logic, I was driven out into the cold, and obliged to either become a hypocrite and liar,

I had been banished by the absurdity and outrageousness of orthodoxy, and by my conscientious regard for truthfulness and reason 2. I have been a Spiritualist, as I understand the term, for over 30 years—that is to say, I have during all that time believed in the immortality of man, in the communion of spirits under proper conditions, in evolution and eternal progression through countless conditions or spheres, and in the broth erhood and absolute equality of all men and women, the differences here being external and seeming, and largely caused by the ignorance and selfishness of mankind in general. Hence, I hold that a belief in Spiritualism involves the duty of working for the overthrow of the present reign of mammon, and the substitution of equity and co-operation in place of the unjust competition that now

or remain in the "outer darkness" into which

3. My first experience with spiritual manifestations was with J. B. Conklin, the leading medium in New York at that time. My first communications were of a very general char-

medium was in a trance condition. These answers, as far as I followed them, were always pertinent. I witnessed many tests given by him. I also made the acquaintance of other mediums and received frequent com-munications. The result of all was a thorough conviction that there was a genuine disembodied individual intelligence behind all these manifestations which I could not account for more rationally than by assenting to the truthfulness of what was claimed through the manifestations themselves, viz: That they were produced in some way by the spirits of those who once inhabited earthly bodies. Whether good or evil, did not seem to me to change the fact. This at first I thought was evidence so far of the truthful ness of the claims of orthodoxy for the immortality of the soul. But judge of my astonishment when I found church members generally refused to accept this, which seemed to me strong testimony. I soon discover- moral courage to "speak the truth and shame ed that real belief, based on evidence, was the devil." It is only the deference which quite different from verbal assent based on blind faith and the fear of the consequences of owning the truth of innate unbelief. Then self of disease of the heart, which on the deathly feelings and pallid face. 1 did not know what the matter was until after the consent. What is the sense or excuse for palcure, nor did I have the least idea of what was to happen when the trying moment come. I was seized with a burning sensation at the heart which gradually spread to my very extremities. I grew faint and had to lie down. In a few minutes my clothes were drenched with perspiration, and my skin felt as if it were parboiled. The shock to my nervous system was so great that I had to drop brain work for several months and go into the country, where I was able to perform all kinds of the hardest physical work and keep up my end with the common day laborer. The only immediate witness of this cure, by the laying-on of hands, was my wife. The medium was Dr. Fellows, of Albion, whose controls, he said, sent him to New York City, telling him his mission would be disclosed when he got there. In some way, which I do not recollect, he fell in with a friend of mine, who brought him to the office of the New York Dispatch, on which was an editorial writer, and introduced him to me. He was around for several days, when I became so interested in him that I invited him to my house to make it his home. One evening, during his short stay with me, he was controlled, and leading first my wife and then me into the middle of the floor, placed our hands together, and went through with what appeared to be a marriage ceremony, using what we took for the Hebrew language. It was then that the burning and fainting sensation came over me, and he soon announced my cure of a fatal heart disease. I had sub sequent evidence that such was the case. I never again had a fainting turn. He remained under influence for most of the evening, singing and rejoicing, and introducing to me invisible personages who congratulat which, they said, might at any moment have proved fatal. In a day or two, he said his mission was fulfilled, and without receiving pecuniary reward of any kind, he left for home and I have not heard from him since. During my stay in the country, nearly eighteen months, my wife became, for about six months of the latter portion of the time, the best clairvoyant and clairaudient medium I have ever seen. This was in 1858, and to us was given a panorama of the war of the rebellion, which the spirits said would surely come, although nobody then believed a war possible; and many were the evenings which we spent conversing with the, to me, invisibles, though to her perfectly visible while apparently in her normal state, which she never seemed to lose, and sometimes while she was going around the house attending to her domestic duties. We were told that her medinmship would be but temporary; and on our return to New York the manifestations almost ceased. We soon lost two little girls, one with consumption of the bowels, and one with scarlet fever, both of whom were shown to her in the spirit life, and with the appearance of the last one her mediamship, or that peculiar phase of it, ceased altogether. I had while in the country labored under the impression that my earthly life was near its close. But through her I was assured that this was not true, that I would go out into the world and take a more active and prominent part than ever before, although "I would be in it rather than of it,"all of which has proved true.

4. The answer to this, as far as I can give one, is contained in the answer to question No. 3. I may add, that my stay and work in the country, in 1857 8 can be verified by many citizens of Earlville and Smyrna, N.Y., and that for many years after I paid comparatively little attention to Spiritualism, in accordance with instructions received during my wife's clairaudience and clairvoyance; but on her death in 1883, I again began investigation. Through many mediums, to whom her name could not possibly have been known, and some of whom at the time did not even know,mine, as I had good reason to believe, her name, an unusual one, has been repeatedly given to me, and a pretty clear and consistent history of her condition and progress in spirit life has been

5. By no means do I consider Spiritualism religion, for religion, as I understand it requires submission on faith, without evilence, to the dicta of a priesthood; while Spiritualism, like every other science, demands and challenges investigation. When did any religion ever do this? It does not even permit you to doubt or question; it says, "beieve or be damned," as if belief or disbelief were subject to human will, without evidence, or a virtue or vice to be set to your credit or discredit. Spiritualism calls for and demands the freest and fullest investigation that candor and fairness can give it. Its philosophy is as well established as that of the wave theory of light, the atomic theory of chemistry, or even the theory of gravitation. There is not a scintilla of evidence of the truthfullness of any religion. It demands belief without evidence, and is forced upon the human mind through ignorance, superstitious fear, and the warping of the infant intellect. Nothing of this kind pertains to Spiritualism, which has its innumerable facts and tests, and appeals to the reason and understanding. It teaches progress here and hereafter, while religion has put shackles on the human intellect, worried, tortured and murdered the messengers of new facts and truths in science, and bitterly opposed every good thing that tends to the progress and enlightenment of mankind. The

men and women by the millions, from and inquisition, down to its milder but no less vicious opposition to the revelations of geolfestations given us from the Spirit-world. Religion is the most stupendous humbug and curse of the ages, and has done more to retard human progress and tax the purses of nant class of spirits that ever trod the earth. wisdom and love. All history attests the

truthfulness of what I say. 6. The greatest need of the day is the virtue pays to vice, because of its age, that followed an almost miraculous cure of my- the brave." Mankind have been made cowards of by priestly cunning and imposition, tering in these days of light and progress? Let the truth be spoken about the church and nothing can be more absurd and demoralizing. Cease putting your children under expand in the air of freedom, guided only by and wrong. Teach the beauty of free thought, free speech, and free action, in accordance with nature's laws and the principles of divine love and wisdom. No creed is required. That which can be cramped into a creed has of the world can not be far off.

7. This question may be better answered by asking another: In what way would it not help us in all the affairs of life? The knowledge of any natural or moral law can that as the natural laws govern the matter. so the moral laws govern just as inexorably enable men and women to act like rational beings, instead of like so many priest-led idiots.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. FINAL REVIEW OF HINDUISM.

And Response to My Four Critics.

PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

In my last I referred to doctrines presented by the Theosophists of New York The c. mpo-itor made it the *Theosophist*. There is no such publication. I referred also to "the dry rot of indolent credulity" which was changed into the

The necessity of my vindication of Theosophy to prevent that noble word from being monopolized by the Hindu movement and made to represent an ancient superstition instead of a grand science, has been made more apparent by the replies that have appeared. which, instead of refuting, have confirmed my statements. In these replies which are not answers, and which have occupied six columns, an attempt was made to escape from the word Hinduism, and represent the socalled Theosophical Society as a body of scientific inquirers devoted to liberal religion. untrammeled by any ancient theory. It is by means of this false view that the society has gained much of its standing in this country, and it was necessary to correct that erroneous view, that I should quote the assertion of its founder-president, that its Theosophy was but the "uncolored recapitulation" of the ancient theories of India. This, none of its advocates have been able to deny, and Mr. Judge maintains that they have not attempted to deny it. but that "its members have, from the very first day of the society's organization," insisted upon it that they were directing "the minds of the present age toward all the old philosophies and religions," which by the way, he thinks that modern research can not improve.

I have not presented this as a new discovery, but as a truth which was continually, not denied, but disguised, by the pretension that the society was simply a creedless religio philosophical association. This cloak being now entirely removed, the public may distinctly understand that this society is simply a Hindu propaganda and does not represent what all philosophic thinkers not converted to Hinduism regard as Theosophy.

I can excuse Mr. Judge's little personali-

as this are necessary expedients when arguments are entirely lacking. There is certainly a good mass of American Theosophy aside from my own discoveries,—one of which sophic Society "among the noblest and greatest of this great epoch of human thought," and is, therefore, entitled to a little more respect from Mr. Judge than he shows. As to the remainder of my discoveries, constituting the science of Anthropology, it is because he knows so little of it that he is not a disciple. It is never rejected by its students. My criticisms must have disturbed Mr. J.'s serenity, or he would not have misrepresented me so far as to say that I maintain that whatever is old "is necessarily untrue and valueless." I maintain that antiquated science and philosophy are of little value to those who have advanced beyond them. Of what value to us is the geography, the astronomy and physical science of ancient Greece. Almost as unimportant is the psychic science of ancient India. The fact that this ancient psychology is rejected by the materialistic stupidity of modern scientists, does not give it any more value to more advanced students of nature, who understand

its truths and reject its speculative errors. Mr. Judge maintains that these andients, before the dawn of modern sciences, had completely conquered and occupied all psychic communications were of a very general character, and not very satisfactory as tests. But
they contained enough to induce me to pursue the investigations, as they opened a new
field of absorbing interest to me. I cultifield of absorbing interest to me. I cultito claim it as the fruit of religion! Let no
Conklin, and was with him almost daily for
Conklin is and science, leaving nothing for modern discovabout two years, often sitting with him at no immorality, no atrocity, that has not been the request of his control. George Fox, for the purpose of answering sealed letters while the for the glory of God! It has ostracized, put modern geologists to discover. While these two fanaticisms are at war, modern science cares little for either. Whether Hindu Theopurpose of answering sealed letters while the

under ban, tortured murdered and butchered; ence, as Mr. J. claims, is sufficiently show in my last essay, and is illustrated in ever before the days of Galileo, and the Spanish number of The Path and the Theosophist. I might fill many columns with quotations from the empty and delusive speculations of ogy, the doctrine of evolution, and the mani- the unscientific in those magazines, but the columns of this Journal would not welcome matter so dry and uninteresting.

It is this delusive and inaccurate way of thinking which makes my critics unable to the toiling multitude than any other one understand my position and criticisms. The thing that can be named. The church is the rubbish that I have condemned is not the instronghold of the subtlest and most malig- teresting writings of Olcott or Blavatsky, and my attitude is not at all like that of Spiritualism comes with light and power, | bigots who oppose Spiritualism because they appealing to human reason and affection, to refuse to investigate it, but is the attitude of exterminate this engine of darkness, set an experimental scientist who demands mankind free, and introduce the reign of proof, and objects to the visionary theories which demand our blind faith, as do all the champions of a remote antiquity. So much for Mr. Noyes's misconceptions of the discussion.

As for Prof. Coues' suggestion that the fourth-rate fanaticism referred to meant any enables the church to maintain a footing in of his writings, such playful jokes are allowthis so-called "land of the free and home of able, perhaps, as no one could take them seriously; but in speaking of his "too hasty assumption that all the persons in the Theosoph least violent exertion would compel me to and lack the courage to bravely, at once and lical Society" size up "alike," he is speaking lie down flat on my back, with the most forever cast off the shackles which the church seriously, and perhaps may mean it. Therefore I must say, that I think the society extends in its membership from the Zenith to the Nadir of human intelligence, and that a society which offers as its head and front such its abominable doctrines of vicarious atone- a constellation as Coues, Olcott and Blavatment and priestly absolution, than which sky, stars of the first magnitude, may be forgiven for having an immense amount of shapeless nebulous matter in its train. And priestly influence, and allow their minds to | if in that nebulous region I shall find a "monstrum horrendum! informe et ingens, their spiritual intuitions and the discipline cui lumen ademptum," he will excuse my of good morals. Work night and day for the open expressions, if he has some secret noradical destruction of all acknowledged error | tions of the same kind himself, for it is impossible that so enlightened a gentleman should accept the rubbish that is published in the name of Theosophy. Yet, bright and ingenious as Prof. C. un-

doubtedly is, he has undertaken an imposceased to be of use, and becomes evil and sible task in endeavoring to show more non-progressive in its influence. Open the than three constituent elements in man. He doors of knowledge, give all the fullest attempts it by the perilous method which chance to think and act for themselves, on has ever misled speculative minds---by contheir own responsibility, and the redemption | founding the subjective and the objective. In the Spirit world subjective and objective come very near together, and almost blend, but in this world they are antipodally distinct. Too many spiritual thinkers fail to realize this absolute distinction; and thus not be otherwise than useful. A knowledge | Prof. C. attempts to analyze man by analyze of psychie laws would cause us to keep our | ing his idea of man, and finding in addichildren away from all priestly and other tion to body, spirit and soul--vitality, which evil influences. It would show the absurdity is a quality merely, and not a being. He of all religious creeds and teachings, and | might just as well go on with other additions and and to the physical body, caloric, which is a necessary presence, making not the spirit. It would banish the church and seven but eight elements. Or he might all kindred institutions, and in a short time | analyze an egg and find not only its three parts, the shell, the white albumen and the vitellus or yolk, but a fourth element, the water, which is certainly present but is an essential constituent of the other elements. quality of the spiritual being, and has no

Equally erroneous do I conceive it to call any presentations which may come from the soul and the spirit body, a distinct element or astral body, for they are but a manifestation of those two elements in various degrees of perfection, according to their psychic energy and independence of the body. A manifestation is not a distinct being, any more than a man's voice could be called a distinct part of his constitution. When to these he adds animal magnetism as another entity, it begins to look jocose. He might as well enumerate caloric or electricity. What is called animal magnetism is but the aura

that emanates from the nervous system. In adding to these, intuition and reason, he but illustrates the utter failure of the sevenfold doctrine, for these are but faculties of the soul, no more distinct entities than music or love. If this style of subdivision be allowed, I could easily bring in a hundred sub divisions of man, by naming qualities or faculties, and calling them entities. Hence the Professor must excuse my calling them "quiddities." They are mere concepts of phenomena.

And finally Dr. C. gives up the task too readily. He might easily have found the whole forty-nine, but he gives it up and introduces God as one of the parts of man!!! though certainly when we speak of man, we mean something distinct from God. Now, let the professor put on his thinking cap and try to realize the difference of entities or organized beings, and their attributes, qualities or manifestations.

I suppose it must; be owing to excessive sensitive modesty that Prof. C. should think my remarks on the folly of the Hindoo writers aimed at the gradeful writers in English who have tried to make Hinduism plausible. My language does not warrant this construction, and, therefore, I have no unkindness or discourtesy to apologize for. I must add that I have a sincere respect for the American members of the society, and feel very sorry that the vagaries of antiquity should have enlisted in their defence gentlemen whose bright talents ought to have been given exties, representing the American conception | clusively to scientific and ethical progress; of Theosophy outside of Hinduism as "the and though they may be somewhat misguidwisdom given out to this age by the excellent ed in science. I trust the ethical spirit of gentleman, J. Rodes Buchanan." Such jokes their movement will continue to be as admirable as it has been expressed by Col. Olcott This ethical impulse may, I hope, ultimately lead them into clearer views of truth.

As to soul and spirit, which is the higher was pronounced by the founder of the Theo- and which the lower element, popular literary usage is inextricably confused. I have recognized the word soul as signifying the higher interior principle, and spirit that which is nearer the body—others reverse the order. If some college or congress of spirit ual psychologists would settle this matter, it would relieve us from much confusion.

A WORD TO GEN. DOUBLEDAY. After a thorough exposition of the falsehood of Hinduism and the unlimited credulity upon which it is based, it might be sup posed that if it were in the least defensible, some serious attempt would be made to answer and refute, or at least to parry the criticisms. The signal failure to meet these criticisms is apparent in all the six responses that have been called out. Instead of argument we have irrelevant remarks and sneers at Dr. Buchanan, which are quite irrelevant in discussing such a question. Prof. Coues alone has spoken to the point and he has been fully answered.

But I did not expect any such childish gossip as is introduced by Gen. Doubleday, though I know that very silly stories are accepted by the credulous. As I have never seen any materialization of Jesus and have expressed my opinion very freely and em-

I fear that Gen. D. is himself too loose and inaccurate a thinker to make him a reliable ed may be seen. He says: "It is sown a

sations with him on any subject; but as to African slavery my sentiments are recorded and published, and I could not, in contradiction to them, have advocated as he says, "the atrocious system of African slavery in the United States." What I think on such subjects does not interest the public and I have not egotism enough to ask half a column of the Journal to illustrate my private opinions, nor do I see any relevancy in this to the question of Hinduism, except that it shows the utter helplessness of its advocates who resort to personalities to avoid argument.

As to communications from spiritual sources published in the Banner of Light and appreciated by its readers, it is true that I regard them as simple, honest, spiritual facts correctly reported, which though not of a high order are characteristic of the communicating spirits, could not have been fabricated by the medium, and have often been corroborated by parties at a distance. The gentlemen who treat such simple facts with supercilious contempt without investigation, because Madame Blavatsky assures them that the spirits are mere shells, are equally credulous toward all her theories, and when her grand mahatma, Koot Hoomi, gives out a piece of the ancient wisdom-religion, they accept it, of course, with profound reverence until it is proved to be an impudent plagiarism from Professor Kiddle!

But whether Gen. Doubleday or Dr. Buchanan has any erroneous opinions is entirely foreign to the question of Hinduism; yet if the founders and oracles of the Hindu Theosophical Society are proved to be as I have shown them, persons of unlimited credulity and incredible assertions, it certainly destroys their value as oracles, and the reliability of their huge fabric of assertion and opinion unsupported by reason and science. Gen. D. endeavors to evade the point by saying that these marvelous stories are merely illustrations of a psychological illusion. There is not a word of truth in this. The Olcutt and Blavatsky stories are published as matters of fact, and as such imposed on the credulous. The warriors fighting in the clouds are stated as facts, and the magicians who could destroy invading armies are described as historical verities, and, indeed, I might mention many other wild stories which are current in the sphere of Hinduism, but I forbear. Let societies of unlimited faith be established to gratify the love of the marvelous. There is nothing dangerous in such a. movement.

Boston, Mass.

THE ETERNAL HOPE.

Portions of an Easter Sermon Delivered at Petersham, Mass., April 21st, by Rev. H. H. Brown.

....Thus far we have followed Passion Week as we find it in gospels, and as it comes in the line of probability we can accept it. But Passion week is followed by Easter. within the egg as life is a constituent Palm Sunday yields supremacy in Christian observance to the resurrection morn. "Jesus ose from the dead," so we read. Friday evening before sunset he was placed dead in the tomb; before sunrise Sunday morning he left it alive again. Can we believe it? Did Jesus rise from the dead, that first Easter, 1895 years ago? To doubt this, was, fifty years ago, rank heresy even among Unitarians. To-

day to believe it is the exception. God works no miracles. If Jesus died, he did not rise. If he rose, he did not die on the cross. That he lived and died it is rational to believe; that he lived, was thought dead and recovered consciousness we can believe; that he lived, died and lived again on earth is beyond belief. Thus the resurrection as held in Christian dogma has to-day for rational minds no value. It is not true.

But the fact of the belief in the resurrection has an immense inportance to all. Hundreds of millions have believed it. Millions to-day sincerely believe it. In the Episcopal creed we read: "Christ did truly rise from the dead, took again his body with flesh, bones and all things appertaining to the per-

fection of man's nature.' In the Apostle's creed, used by so many churches, we read: "He was dead and buried. He descended into hell. The third day he rose again." And among those who believe this are many of the learned, the exalted and the good of earth. What can we do? We can be honest! We can be conscientious truth seekers. We can rely on what God has given us of conscience and reason, and study the ques-, tion; and conscientiously we must say: We have no evidence that any person ever came to life from the dead. Many thought to be dead have been restored to consciousness, but such a restoration was not an evidence that they had been dead, but that they were still alive. The resurrection of the dead would be the most extraordinary event possible. Extraordinary events demand extraordinary evidence. To attest this most wonderful of all we have only tradition, legend and a few books of doubtful date and authorship. These are not evidence to us of the fact, but are evidence that this belief of a resurrection existed among the early Christians; that they believed with Paul that because Jesus rose from the dead all men would rise and that ultimately death itself, the last enemy would be destroyed.

No candid, impartial reader of Paul's epistle can come to any other conclusion than that the "kingdom of God" Paul expected was an earthly kingdom; it was the reign of the Redeemer of Israel from the bondage of a foreign yoke. In his later years Paul expected his idea to include the redemption from an evil life, but to the last be retained his belief in an earthly kingdom of resurrected beings in spiritual bodies. He at first expected to live to see it, but later in life expected to "fall asleep" and to be resurrected "to meet the Lord in the skies at his coming."

....Whence came this belief? It either was born of facts or of imagination. But if an imagination still it must have been born in some natural phenomena, some thing or things must have started it.

We know how Paul got his faith. He had evidence of things unseen," on his way to Damascus. There, he says, he "saw the Lord Jesus," But he did not see him physically for none of those with him saw him. Now, however, this event may be explained as imagination, delusion, halucination, insanity, self-mesmerism, as a miracle or as a spiritual presentation of Jesus himself. Paul believed it as a fact, and the result is the same in any case upon Christian history. Something occurred to change Paul's life and convinced him that the crucified was alive. I have no difficulty myself in believing that Paul had a vision of Jesus as a spiritual being. I believe this, because I believe such ruings possible and decause this is the only interpretation that enables me to understand Paul and his work; and as Paul believed in and interpreted a resurrection, not withstanding he expected an earthly kingdom, so do I accept and believe in a resurrection, and it may also be here on earth that the resurrectwitness. I have no recollection of the conver- instural, and it is raised a spiritual, body."

The resurrection Paul believed in was such an one as he had seen—a psychical one.

But are we thus to interpret the gospel stories? I believe we are. There are only three ways of disposing of them: First, to entirely ignore them as of no historical value, pure myths, or to say they have a basis of fact in phenomena. The women saw Jesus in the garden, the disciples really saw him in the road to Emmaus and in that upper room; Jesus, who had not died, or they had some spiritual experiences out of which came the stories. Which shall we choose? He had either awakened from his swoon, borrowed clothes from the gardner and escaped from Jerusalem where he was a criminal, showing himself accidentally on his way to his quiet Galilean home, for he said to the woman, "Go and tell his disciples and Peter He goeth before you unto Galilee;" and there he disappeared from history; or he died and his spiritual presence was seen by some of them. One of these three interpretations we must accept. Which shall it be? I confess I am not satisfied with the thought of his restoration to consciousness and disappearance, though good men and good scholars hold it.

I prefer to regard the stories of the resurrection and subsequent appearances of Jesus as a record of exaggerated and misunderstood spiritual phenomena. As Paul saw what none others did, so among the followers of Jesus at his crucifixion there must have been many as sensitive as Paul to spiritual presences, and their experiences are the basis of the gospel narratives.

The discrepancies, the impossibilities and the contradictions we find therein forbid us to believe we have in them a correct narrative, but still we must believe that underneath these interpretations and reports lies a basis of fact.

I am not disposed to throw away such a valuable "find" as worthless, but to extract from the rock of legend the pure gold of fact, and from a careful analysis I am sure that no physical man was seen, but that Jesus was was seen or sensed as a spiritual being. Prof. Cary, at Meadville, used continually to say to us: "Each one must interpret the gospel narratives from his own experiences.

I believe that the presence of spiritual beings has been sufficiently attested in all climes and ages for us to believe in their occasional appearance. Clairvoyance I believe to be an established fact; not that we are to believe every ghost story that is told us, nor are we at once to resort to spiritual agency to account for all wonderful things. No! God is spirit, and hence as spirit he is the source of all things, but everything is orderly, and this order we call law. Everything that accrues outside the range of known law. is in the range of that law we sometime shall know. These appearances of Jesus were as walk, our streets to-day. Spiritual appearances are ture, occasional, and not under-

The Bible is largely a record of such appearances; and as such a record it is growpreserve it as a spiritual book, as a spiritual | dwelling houses, where the washing would guide for future generations, to preserve the otherwise be done. The steady, industrious pect and reverence of numanity for it, we should give to it that rational interpretation | long stay, but when it gets to the end of the that will preserve, as far as possible, its records as facis. We are also to find behind those hour and rush off again, well pleased with facts the spiritual origin and significance. As a record, then, of spiritual phenomena not | may be three or four hundred women in a yet understood do I accept the stories of the day, and one wonders what they would do if resurrection. I do not know them to be true, but I believe them to be true. From the | tion has four such places in the city.... There vision of wary at the grave, to that visit in | are some deep questions of political economy that upper chamber and the ascension from involved in the construction of these places the mount, I believe them all. Ido not be at the expense of the community; but if they lieve them as miracles. I do not believe are self-supporting, and do not burden the them as interpreted by Bible writers, nor by city, even the most rigid economist would theologians, but I believe them as I interpret | admit the benefit of this building to the poor them by my own life and knowledge. I ac ones who would fain be clean. cept the resurrection of Jesus as a psychical appearance, and place it in the line of evolution as natural to the spirit of man as is | They are, perhaps, more in the line of Edward birth; it is, in fact, the second birth.

This story, then, of that first Easter, is to us full of the eternal hope. Paul's thought is our thought. "Since Christ is raised, we all shall be!" If Jesus by a na ural law lives as a spiritual being we all, like him, shall live as spiritual beings. Demonstrate the existence of one person after death and gling wives of struggling men in moderate you demonstrate the possibility of all to live. or poverty-stricken circumstances may be

have been, you and I shall never know just | selves, and the humblest of homes sweeter what they were) that gave rise to those stories | and more charming than ever before. in the Gospels and the Acts have been af untold value to generations, for they have kept alive this eternal hope. They have been rocks of rest in hours of doubt. They still are needed by millions. Millions to-day find their hope and trust of immortality in the truth of | in their households, will look back with surthese Easter stories.

You and I would believe still in immortality did we know them all to be pure myths; and we are glad that we can thus far believe them, and thus join our voice in that anthem that to day rises from all Christendom: "He burst the bars of death and triumphed o'er the grave."

Easter comes to Christendom full of the promise of immortality, but Easter never comes to a soul till it knows itself immortal. When from any cause the conviction is borne in upon any person that he is a spiritual be- implements, and doing all their own "chores," ing; when he knows he is indestructable; were also their own and their families' shoethat death is powerless to touch him, then has Easter come to him, and he is resurrected. He has risen above the fetters of materiality. The soul has burst the grave of earth and has come to its inheritance. The reveual soul when it is ripe for that revelation. It may come before death. It will come at reach and reorganize woman's work as it death. When that revelation does come, death is destroyed; for to know yourselves immortal is to know that you cannot die. Death only lives in ignorance and fear. When knowledge and trust comes, he dies. When into life, eternal life.

"O Life, beautiful Life, Thy glories unveiled I see.

er friends, friends long loved, he waits the coming of the Death Angel.

Not till our Easter dawns either by development of our souls this side the grave, or by life in whose name is kept this Easter day. in the various professions now open and

opinion the vitality and endurance which he system of co-operative house work that will state (trance) the body appears almost lifeless, or as has taken of his health. He never used tobac-co nor drank ardent spirits in any form, and all, besides helping to solve the tiresome changes, there being an immediate action of forces from boyhood has not permitted a day to pass problem of the "servant girl" question since upon forces, and not, as the common view takes without indulging in some form of exercise. large public institutions where departments for granted, of mind upon matter."

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

THE HOUSEKEEPING OF THE FUTURE. I have been reading a description in a Liv erpool (Eng.) paper of recent date, of one of the public institutions of that city which interested me greatly. It is that of a washhouse or laundry. Let me quote part of that description. "To look into the washhouse on a drizzly day, is a sight never to be forgotten. The building itself is a smart brick edifice. with terra cotta facings, standing opposite to St. Alban's church. An open door and a long passage lead into the washhouse, but a dense fog files the air, and nothing can be seen in it except at intervals, when one catches a glimpse of rows of curious looking stalls, with the bare heads of women showing above them. Walking through the steam-laden air between two rows of these stalls, it is seen that in each one is a woman busy washing, and piles of garments, washed and unwashed, are strewn all over the place.... A woman can come in here at any time from eight in the morning till six at night and wash one hour for a penny. That charge was settled by act of parliament, but if for two hours, then the charge is threepence, for the penny charge does not pay. That is, one hour is a penny, but two hours cost threepence and four hours sixpence. For this sum a woman is provided with a stall in which to do her washing, a wringing machine and a drying room. The temperature of the latter ranges from 150 deg. to 175 deg. Fahr. and the clothes dry in two hours. Everything works according to rule, and when the two hours of drying have expired, a bell rings, the doors are opened and the steaming, chattering, ragged crowd rush in to get their clothes, and a new crowd go in to hang up.

"In the stalls the arrangements are very simple and exceedingly compact. Each washer is provided with a footboard, a "dollytub," a small pail, a pot-stick, and hot and cold water. A large trough is divided into two compartments, the front one the largest. In the bottom of each is a wooden plug, which the washer carries with her from the office when she has paid a deposit of sixpence on entering. In the smaller trough is a very simple arrangement for boiling the clothes. A stream of cold water is turned on first, and as soon as that has reached a certain depth, a steam pipe is turned on, and the water is raised to a boiling point in a very few minutes. The woman puts her clothes into the smaller trough with some required soap or soda or parafin oil, and allows them to boil away merrily while she washes some others in the front trough. In one stall are the natural as are those of men and women that | white shirts and dainty belongings of some well-to-do family. In the next are the striped shirts, the blankets and ragged stockings of some poor man's home.

"Many of these women do not only their own but their richer neighbor's washing. ing every day more valuable. I hold that to and it is a better place than in the crowded week the "fliers" come, who only stay an their own smartness. In such a place there there was no such washhouse. Our corpora-

Now these Liverpool "washhouses" are not what could be called co-operative affairs. Bellamy's socialistic dream portrayed in "Looking Backward," but it struck me as a possible example of what might be accomplished in some sort of co-operative housekeeping experiment in the future, through which the thousands of overburdened housekeepers of this and other lands, the strug-Those occurrences (whatever they may | helped to make life more desirable to them-

> Probably I shall not live to see it, but I confidently hope that the time is not far off when housekeepers, especially those who are wives of men in moderate circumstances, those who cannot afford to hire regular help prise to these days of individual "Jack-of-alltrades"housekeeping, look back with feelings akin to those with which we women of to day read of the mothers of large families in the long age doing house work which included, besides the rearing of their families and the cooking and caring for them, the spinning, weaving, cutting and making of all the garments worn by the household; and as the 'man of the house" to-day looks back to the manifold labors of those early pioneers who, in addition to farming with rude, insufficient

makers and carpenters. As civilization advances and population 'everywhere increases, man's inventive facul-I ty will correspondingly respond to the demands made upon it by humanity's needs, lation of immortality comes to each individ- and the already strong tendency shown toward specialization in labor will at last already in large measure has done that of man. If men had been heretofore the house keepers of the world as well as the purse holders, that work would not now be the intricate many-sided slavery which, in spite of Easter comes to any soul death is transferred | improvements, it still is. Long before this they would, by co-operation or legislation, have organized special public departments to which should have been relegated the O Life, beautiful Life,
That the Angel of Death brought me."
All fear of the change is gone, and like one awaiting the boat that is to take him to fair
or friends, friends, lang layed he maid the control of the change is gone, and like one awaiting the boat that is to take him to fair
or friends, friends, lang layed he maid the certainty of home laundry work, the botching effect of unskilled mending and making, and the upsetting worry of annual or semi annual house cleaning. One main reason why women the touching of the hand of death upon our have made so little effort in this direction, pulse and eyes, shall we comprehend the has been because of their accepted position beauty and holiness of those who have of unpaid kitchen drudges. No progressive climbed the Mount of Transfiguration and movement can be made without some capital thus kept alive the faith of earth. Not till to push it forward, and this, women generally Easter dawns for us shall we fully appreci- | have not hitherto been able to become the ate, comprehend and love that beautiful, holy | possessors of. But to the wage-earning women

opening to the sex, women who have the home instinct still strong within them The Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, who in his and who are making homes for themselves. and an independent action of the psychic forces The Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, who in his and who are making nomes for themselves. and an independent action of the payonic local solution of the payonic local solutions. Some local solutions of the payonic local solutions and the solution of the payonic local solutions. I look to include the solutions of the payonic local solutions and the solutions of the payonic local solutions. possesses are due entirely to the care which he render housekeeping comparatively easy, and if in deep sleep; and on the other hand, why this

of house work presided over by persons skill ed in each specialty, could give regular employment during a certain number of hours per day to many of those now unsatisfactorily employed as house servants, their services pledged for every hour of the twenty-

Even in small village communities it will sometime dawn on the village housewife's mind, or perhaps in that of her spouse, that it is cheaper in the end, and far more comfortable to contribute so much per year for the support of a public laundry, and to have the steaming, worry, and hard work incident to the weekly washing and ironing of the family transferred to a distant building or at least to one entirely apart from the home from whence clothes could be brought in good condition every week, with no household trouble or turmoil; or on extra and flavored soup, a nice roast with aromatic a number, or one dollar a year. Address: The Writestuffing," a "boiled dinner," of vegeta-er, Box 1,905, Boston, Mass. bles, or any other odorus dish, prepared to order in public cook-houses by accomplished cooks, and thus keep the home free from the permeating smell which accompanies such dishes; or to dispatch torn garments to some place where skilled workwomen whose sole business should be just that department of woman's labor, would promptly repair them, and where needed garments of any kind could be quickly furnished on sending material and measurement at little more expense than attends home manufacture, and with far less worry; and when in those days the "spring time comes," the "gentle Annies" of the household and their happy husbands need notfear possible marital disagree ments in consequence of household upheaval during cleaning time, when experienced help may be hired to come at stated and prepared for times, to swiftly and deftly take up, renovate, and put down carpets, etc., and do other necessary work of that kind, from establishments devoted to furnishing such help for that work, as now plumbers, carpenters and stove dealers keep men ready to send out on job work in their special departments, and all this made possible of attainment for the poorest homes through some mode or system of equitable co-operation.

I have the more hope to day of women recognizing, inaugurating, and insisting upon some co-operative schemes in this direction. with the view of making homes more than ever places of sweet and sacred happiness. because they are already finding out the good possible to them to be won by organized labor in different directions through their club, society, and other combined public interest and work.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of the BELIGIO-PHILO-OPBICAL JOURNAL.

PSYCHOLOGY AS AI NATURAL SCIENCE APplied to the Solution of Occult Psychic Phenomena. By C. G. Raue, M. D. Pp. 541. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1889.

Two notable works have been lately issued, both which will be read with great interest; the first, "A Study of Man" by Dr. J. D. Buck, and the other by Dr. C. G. Raue. It is rarely that physicians treat profound subjects with such grace and consummate skill as distinguish both of these authors. "Psychology as a Natural Science applied to the Solution of Occult Psychic Phenomena," is a work that bears upon itself painstaking care, and which will deeply impress the reader, the author's candor and sincerity being a marked feature of the ideas presented, his soul seeming to penetrate every page and animate every idea. The author admits that "The once cherished conjecture that mental activity is based upon the consumption of phosphorus in the brain, because phosphates appear in the urine in consequence of a retrograde metamorphosis of nerve-substance, must also be consigned to the 'dreams of cience,' as Virchow says. (Cellular Pathology, 1871, p. 278.) Maudsley at last recognizes the mind to be not the material products of cerebral activity, but the marvelous energy which cannot be grasped or handled.' A marvelous energy of what? Of the brain. As the working of a steam-engine represents its 'manifested energy,' so 'thought represents the energy of nerve-cell.' At first sight this reasoning appears very plausible indeed, to some minds even convincing. Its only fault is, that it confounds condition with cause. The working, that is, functional manifestations, of an engine is not at all its manifest energy; it is the energy of a something altogether different from the engine, namely, the energy of steam, which, however, must find an appropriate mechanism to manifest itself its energy. The engine is, therefore, not the cause, but the condition of its so-called 'manifested energy or function.' The brain of the problematic virtue of the nerve-cells is the only condition of ment al phenomena, or its marvelous energy, by and through which a something altogether different from the brain, namely the soul, manifests itself as the cause

of all this marvelous energy."

The author treats of the "Intellectual Sphere of the Mind," "The Sphere of Conation," "The Emotional Sphere," "Psychological Psychology," "Occult Pnenomena," etc., presenting under each head a large amount of highly interesting and valuable data. While he is not a Spiritualist, all of his teachings bear in the direction of the great truths promulgated in the harmonial philosophy. He says: "We are forced to the conclusion that back of the protoplasts exists a complete, organized system of immaterial forces, which is the exact prototype of the material human body. We may call it an immaterial body, if that expression is rightly understood; or, according to Paul, a spiritual body. It is the human soul-that being of which most men have but a shadowy idea, because they have never been accustomed to self-observation. The soul consists, on he one hand, of that organized system of immaterial forces, the vital senses, by which it projects itself into the material world. It is composed, therefore, of an immaterial nervous, respiratory, circulatory, generative, muscular, bony and cutaneous system; has eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and all the organs in every particular as expressed materially in the human body. On the other hand, by its higher immaterial forces, the higher senses, it develops into all those conscious modifications of which we have been treating in this work as cognitions, conations, and feelings and all their wonderful combinations. "It is this nature of the human soul that unconsciously has given rise to the assumption of an astral body,' 'perisprit,' or 'meta-organism,' of which the last undoubtedly best designates our subject; for the soul is an organism of psychic forces, externalizing itself in the organism of material forces which constitute the body. They both stand in the same relation to each other as thought and the expression of thought. Now, if we apply this psychological view to cur present subject, we may reason thus: The psychic forces are spaceless, and therefore entirely independent of external extension. They act where they are, and yet apparently on objects far away in space, because for them there exists no space. Theirs is an immediate action upon forces, no matter where these forces are stationed in material space; for even material forces should be considered in the light of psychic forces (which underlie and regulate all forces of the universe), so that the entire visible universe is but the expression of a psychic universe; which may, therefore, be alike co-ordinated in its single parts as the several psychic forces and their modifica. as are related and connected among themselves. When, now, by strong desires and deep emotions the soul, id est, the entire psychic organism, becomes so intensely agitated, that the ordinary way of perceiving through

Aspiring authors, and all who are interested in literary work, should make the acquaintance of Th Writer and The Author, two bright Boston maga zines designed to interest and belp all literary work ers. The Writer is now in its third year. It is the only magazine in the world devoted solely to explaining the practical details of literary work, and its success from the beginning has been phenomenal. Its companion magazine, The Author, of which only three numbers have been publi-hed, has met with similar success, and has already reached a circulation of 2,500 copies monthly. The Writer is published the first, and The Author the fifteenth day of each month. The scope of The Writer is illustrated by the contents of the April number, which includes articles entitled "Newspaper Almanacs," "Every Writer His Own Stationer," "Mysterious Dispensations Regarding MSS.," "A Night at the News Desk," "The Returned MS.," "Shorthand in Newspaper Work," and many others equally helpful, interesting, and instructive. Both The Writer and The Author are edited and published by William H. Hills, a Boston newspaper man of long and vaeven common occasions to enjoy a finely ried experience, and the price of either is ten cents

May Magazines Received.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York city.) Dr. Andrew D. White writes upon Diabolism and Hysteria, and after giving accounts of European epdemics of St. Vitus's dance and other manias, which were attributed to the agency of witches, he tells how superstition ran riot during the witchcraft delusion in Massachusetts. A very attractive article is The History of a Picture-Window; A reply to Professor Huxley's article in the last number, by Rev. Dr. Henry Wace and the Bishop of Peterborough, is published under the same title, Agnosticism; The Strange Markings on Mars are described; Beginnings in Science at Mugby School, shows how much there is to instruct in such a simple thing as fishscales; Interesting facts about Eggs in Chemistry and commerce is given.

The Century Magazine. (New York.) With the May number the Century begins a new volume. A most timely series of papers on Samoa, profusely illustrated, are given by Dr. H W. Whitaker of the United States Navy, Mr. G. orge H. Pates who was Commissioner of the United States in 1886, and Captain Erben of the United States Navy. The Lincoln History is especially interesting. The Monasteries of Ireland, and Jeru alem and its Environments are described. Mr. Kennan continues his thrilling Siberian Exile System. A curiously illustrated article on Jean Francois Millet is by Wyatt Eaton, who gives his personal recollections of the famo s artist, with some account of his drawings.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane come to a close this month, and Sybil Fair's Fairness is a new story by Chas. R. Talbot. Mrs. General Fremont has a long story in this number, entitled Besieged, a tale of the Wild Mining days of 1840 in California. Teddy is a story about two well known Boston doze. The Chapter of the Children of the White House serie is devoted to the Household of Andrew Jackson. Mary other articles, stories and poems add in making this a most attractive number

St. Nicholas. (New York.) Helen Thayer Hutcheson contributes poems which appropriately open the number. Daddy Jake the Rubaway, The Bells of Ste. Aune, and A Bit of Color continue to interest all readers. A Lost Opportunity is well illustrated; a Dancing Lesson one hundred years ago is dainty and sweet. The Frightened Fisherman is one of J. G. Francis' most amusing verse illumination; The Land of Nod on a Plautation, is a story of Southern life; Dogs of noted Americans give us a bit of the history of Roger, Sarah Orne Jewett's Irish Setter, and the Brownies in their garden are as absurd and ludi-

crous as they have been in their various exploits. The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) The Begum's Daughter is begun in this issue; Temperance Legislation: Uses and limits is timely and suggestive; Brandywine, Germantown and Saratoga, by John Fiske is good reading while celebrating the Certennial. The Philosophy and Poetry of Tears is somewhat given to the classics. Josiah Royce gives the R flections after a Wandering life in Austra-lia; Elizabeth Stuart, Phelps contributes The Belis of Saint! Basil's; The Tragic Muse, continues to interest the reader; A Pars exposition in Dishabille gives an account of the exposition to be held this

The Forum. (New York.) The political articles in The Forum, for May, are The Republican Party and the Negro, by Mr. E. L. Golkin, who shows the impracticability of all plans to give special protection to the Negro vote in the South. The Saloon as a Political Power, by Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, and Professor Emile de Laveleye, of the University of Liege, writes on the Perils of Democracy. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps shows the gulf between conventional Christianity and the teachings of Christ. Another article having a religious and scientific bearing is Professor St. George Mivart's second essay on Where Darwinism Fails. Mrs. Oliphant analyzes the elements of success in novelwriting, and Prof. James M. Hoppin, of Yale, shows the value of art in popular education.

The Eclectic. (New York.) The May Eclectic presents many interesting features. Mr. Edward Whymper has an exposition of the Panama Canal Mme. Blaye de Bury gives us a study of French literature; The Imperial Succession of Austria, is the subject of an able paper by J. D. Bouchier, and Professor Goldwin Smith has a very interesting article on prohibitionism, a brilliant and scathing paper is that by Robert Buchanan on The Modern Young Man as Critic, and Dr. Ware replies to Prof. Huxley in this number.

The Chatauquan. (Meadville, Penn.) In the May issue of this widely read Monthly, Professor J. A. Harrison, of Washington and Lee University, discusses Physical Culture in Ancient Greece. De mosthenes is the eighth in the series of Greek biographical Sketches. Helen Campbell discusses The Child and the Community. There are many sketches, papers an i notes which added to the above make up a most entertaining number.

The Statesman. (Chicago.) The Statesman begins its Fifth Volume with the April number. The topics of the leading articles are: Woman Suffrage; The Tyranny of Trades Unions; Relations of Public Schools to the State; Protection or Free Trade-Which? German in the Public Schools, etc. Lucifer. (London, England.) Thoughts on Karma and Re-incarnation open the pages of this monthly for April and is followed by Varieties of

Magic; The Struggle for Existence; The Elixir of the Devil; The Ancient Empire of China, etc. Our Little Ones and the Nursery, Boston. Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.

Light, New York. The Esoteric, Boston. The Manifesto, Canterbury, N. H. St. Louis Magazine, St. Louis, Mo. Annali Dello Spiritismo, Torino, Italy. Le Lotus, Paris, France. Sphynx, Germany. La Revue Spirite, Paris. Psychische Studien, Leipzig.

Phrenological Magazine, London. New Books Received.

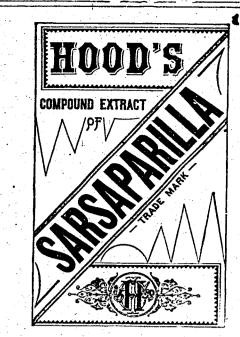
Un Caractere. By Leon Hennique. Paris: Tresse & Stock. The Fath of Fame. By Edward Ruben. New York: O. Lauckner. Price, 16 mo, cloth, \$1.00. Ethical Religion. By William M. Salter. Boston:

Roberts Bros. Price, \$1,50. The Law of Municipal Bonds, including a Digest of Statutory Lawe Relating to their Issue. By J. A. Burhans, of the Chicago Bar. Chicago: S. A.

Stories of the Seen and the Unseen. By Margaret O. W. Oliphant. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1,25.

The Little Pilgrim. Further Experiences. By Margaret O. W. Oliphant. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 60 cents. Dr. George F. Foote On Mental Healing with a History of the Mode of Treatment. Chicago: Purdy

Publication Co. Price, 25 cents. Evolution of Vegetab'e Life. By William Potts: Evolution of Animal Life. By Bossiter W. Baymond, Ph. D. Modern Science Essayist. Boston: New Ideal Publishing Co. Price, 10 cents each.



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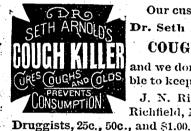


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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 11, 1889.

The Psychology of Spiritualism. The Popular Science Monthly has been from the beginning consistent in its intense prejudice against Spiritualism. It is an adthat magazine, for he comes with an article | estly! treating of Spiritualism in a manner congenial to the mind of the management. He is one of the governing council of the American Society for Psychical Research, and as such, it would be supposed his inclinations would be in the line of investigation of that society, and that he would manifest a fair and honest purpose. He vauntingly claims to be a scientist, yet he is a mere echo of the methods and conclusions of others, without even a pretense to original investigation. Quite unknown beyond the classes he instructs in college, he imagines he is a David able to go forth with a single pebble and slay the Goliath of Spiritualism which is invading the realm of materialism. It has been considered essential for a scientific man to know something about the subject of which he attempts to treat. Even writers of magazine articles are expected to inform themselves thoroughly before attempting to write for public instruction. Not so, Prof. Jastrow. Millions of

people have investigated Spiritualism and

been convinced of its truthfulness. Men of

science having world-wide fame for original

investigations, like Hare, Varley, Wallace,

Butlerof, DeMorgan and Crookes, have given

careful attention, patient research and hon-

est consideration, and found that the more

thorough they were, the more convincing the

results. Prof. Jastrow has not given a mo-

ment's time to investigation, so far as can be

learned from his paper. He has never held a

séance with a medium, at least he does not

mention the fact if he has done so. He

knows nothing of psychic phenomena except

what he has learned from the reports of the

Seybert Commission and the published pro-

ceedings of the English Society; and yet he

assails Spiritualism as a scientist! What

would he say of the man who should attempt

to write the natural history of a bird or beast

he had never seen? The report of the Seyber!

Commission he receives as a finality; it is all

the authority he asks for, and its conclusions

are welcomed because like his own. Henry Seybert, when he endowed a college professorship, that Spiritualism, in which he ardently believed, might be investigated, undoubtedly thought he was acting for the good of that cause, but as events have proved he could have done nothing more detrimental As one of the members wisely inferred, it was a Gooseberry Fool committee, going through a farce of investigation. Prof. Jastrow quotes from that report the following remarkable sentence: "With every possible desire on the part of Spiritualists to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth concerning marvelous phenomena, it is extremely difficult to do so." If the millions of Spiritualists are a race of liars and incompetents, Prof. Jastrow ought to be a shining example of truth and competency. Let us

"Add to this the confession of the exposed my small mustache with a piece of fleshcolored cloth and reduced the size of my face | tolerated, but ignorance, arrogant, blatant back of the cabinet."

There was never anything put in print more slanderously false than this statement. D. D. Home never was "exposed," and never "confessed." While he was the most wonderful of mediums, giving manifestations of spirit-power and presence in all forms, he never received a fee of any kind. His seances were held among the most noble of Europe. His warmest friends were nearest the thrones of France and Russia. Who has Prof. Jastrow in mind? He, too, appears to consider himself a "Gooseberry Fool"! He gives no authority, and hence is responsible for the wicked libel he so flippantly states. For once he departs from his rehash of the Seybert commission, and introduces Eglinton (as a specimen of his "scientific accuracy." he spells the name Englington), the English Society for Psychical Research and the conclusions of Mrs. Sedgwick. The honesty of the latter cannot be doubted. She is, however, so completely under the influence of materialism that she is not willing to investigate spiritual phenomena by spiritual conditions, and refuses to accept them unless under the physical tests she imposes.

As a member of the American Society for Psychical Research, Professor Jastrow says: With a revival of interest fostered by that society, the investigation of spiritualistic man ifestations has been undertaken with more of a scientific appreciation of the problems therein involved; and within the last few years have appeared the results of several inquiries that deserve to register a turning point in the career of this mischievous superstition, and to hasten its abandonment by all sensible men." But it is not anything the Psychic Society has done, or intends to do; it is the work of the Seybert commission that has given the quietus to this "mischievous superstition!" It is a lucky event that Prof. Jastrow introduces himself as an example o a "scientific man," and his stale paper of hash as the altimate of "scientific investigation." He further says that "there is a broad notion that anybody can go to a spiritual seance and give a reliable opinion as to whether what he or she has seen is conjuring or not.....The fact probably is, that most such claimants are about as competent to form a trustworthy opinion on such a subject as they are to pronounce upon the genu- ance, or appreciative listeners. How a law ineness of a Syriac manuscript. The matter | yer with a large, exacting and rapidly inis as much a technical acquisition as is the vocate of the philosophy of muck, and has no | diagnosticating of a disease." Plainly, acgood word nor a line of space for anything | cording to Joseph Jastrow, with the excepbeyond the pale of physical science. Prof. | tion of a very few "trained scientists" nobody Jastrow is welcomed to the April number of | is able to observe accurately, or report hon-

Hence the observations of the millions of common people who have been convinced of the truthfulness of the manifestations, goes for nothing against the "trained powers of intellect" of one Jastrow! And yet, when we see the bigotry and unblushing ignorance this one "observer" manifests; the utter negation of original observation, and acceptance as authority of what in any other depart ment of science would be received with at most a tolerant smile; the rehash and jum ble of such questionable matter, with the assurance of its finality, we are prone to conclude that if this is the outcome of science deliver us from it!

Ah, no! Science is knowledge, not blatant ignorance. Science is humble, painstaking, willing to be taught, free from prejudice Prof. Jastrow knows little of the true scientific spirit, and is as unqualified to judge of psychic phenomena as are the common people to "pronounce on the genuineness of a Syriac manuscript."

He is, indeed, dimly conscious of his absurd position. After denouncing everything connected with mediumship as fraud and deception, he adds in a foot note: "It is often claimed that, while mercenary purposes can explain the existence of professional mediums, the manifestations of private mediums remain as the bulwark of faith. It is doubtless true that the method of investigating private manifestations must be a different one, and this yet remains to be done in a careful and scientific manner." If it is all frand, what is the necessity of investigating the claims of private mediums? True, there every one publicly known. There is a task for the Jastrows more severe than exposing a few tricksters already denounced by Spiritualists. Beyond these manifestations of physical character, are those of the mental phase, which are of vastly greater value, and have never been disposed of. All the spiritual phenomena within the lines of clairvoyance, or mental illumination, receive not one word from the Seybert Commission or from any would-be exposer; not even from Jastrow. who as completely ignores this most important side of the great subject as though it did

Finally, in concluding these comments. which are already longer than the subject warrants, the query arises: Why does Prof. Jastrow belong to the Psychical Society? Why do honest, fair-minded men like Secretary Hodgson, Prof. James and M. J. Savage tolerate one who so misrepresents the objects of that society, and, above all, why is such a bigot on the Board of Management? Perhaps the Society thinks that with the greater purposes of arriving at the truth, and correlating the facts in the mysterious domain outlying the borders of materiality, there is medium, D. D. Home (as follows): 'The first | necessity for such as Jastrow. We venture gentleman from Chicago recognized his body with such membership. Bigotry, pre-

Popular Science Monthly, you may find an echoing constituency for such articles, and the constantly repeated sneer at psychic phenomena, but you mistake the set of the undercurrent, which before you are aware will prove that what you now ignore are the vital facts of science. Be advised by men like Heber Newton, M. J. Savage, Sidney Dean and Prof. James and Dr. Coues.

The Editor's Outing,

CONTINUED.

The Brooklyn home of Judge and Mrs.

Dailey has been for years a sort of spiritualistic headquarters, a local bureau of information, a rallying center both for Spiritualists and those just beginning to be interested in Spiritualism; here ministers, lawyers and politicians, the rich and the poor, people from every station in life, have been attracted, either through personal acquaintance with the affable and active heads of the establishment, or by their wide-spread reputation for hospitality, philanthropy, and interest in the spiritualistic propaganda. As a matter of course, people with the reputation of the Daileys are shining marks for the lame and the lazy to lean upon: cranks, adventurers, promoters of wild-cat enterprises, solicitors for public and private charities, applicants for offices requiring either political, mercantile, social or professional influence, all these recognize in the Daileys their legitimate prey, and swoop down upon them singly, in couples, and in droves. Yet no one ever hears any complaint from either Mr. or Mrs. Dailey; the gross ingratitude of some does not make them cynical, neither does the greed and incompetency of others discourage them in their efforts to help. The history of their experiences for the past ten years would make a big volume, full of the pathos and humor that goes to make up this curious, struggling world. One with talent for novel writing could find rich material always within reach by securing permanent lodgment in the Dailey household, and listening to the tales of woe, of hope, and of varied experiences therein unfolded by those seeking sympathy, assistcreasing clientele can find so much time and energy to devote to gratuitous work is a mystery. But the task is telling upon him and if he don't restrict his efforts and conserve | exclaimed, "Girls let us kneel down and ask his vital forces he will some day find he has not only exhausted his reserves, but drawn so largely upon his capital of brawn and brain as to bring on a crisis, endangering his health and usefulness.

It is not always that a prophet is without honor in his own community, although it sometimes does not flower and he is not fully appreciated until after he has passed to spirit life. A majority of the Journal's readers will remember Mr. S. B. Nichols who closed his career on earth in the early fall of 1886. An indefatigable worker in Spiritualism, his zeal knowing no fluctuation nor discouragement, with abnormally keen perceptions, a highly nervous temperament, excellent excutive ability, impulsive, generous to a fault, a ready talker and writer, his greatness was never fully appreciated until his personality became a memory, instead of a present, ever active stimulus to those within the radius of his labors. In visiting Brooklyn since his departure I have frequently been deeply touched by the glowing words of appreciation and tender expressions of regard for Mr. Nichols, not only from those who were closely united with him in public work, but from many who differed with him and freely criticised his methods when he was here. During this last stay I found the memory of the good man still green as ever, and even a more exalted position given him by old acquaintances than ever before. In the distance his brusqueness, impetuosity, and aggressiveness are softened in memory, and his noble traits and splendid work grow brighter. Other than wife and children, no one can miss this man more than I; he was a tower of strength to the JOURNAL; and I feel are a hundred quietly doing their work, for | he is still its faithful friend, doing what he can for it and the cause of rational Spiritualism. The influence of such men never dies

MEMORY OF S. B. NICHOLS.

out of the world. Long Island may claim to be the stamping ground of the Beecher family. At East Hampton, near the eastern extremity of the island, Lyman Beecher, the great orator, profound scholar, and decidedly original character, began his career as a preacher at the age of twenty-three, and on a salary of \$300 a year. He lived to be the father of thirteen children, and three times married, and closed his mortal eves in Brookivn in 1863. Of his son Henry Ward, and his daughter Harriet, it were superfluous to speak here, all the world knows their history. Of the other children, scarcely less able, it may be said to after Bro. F. left this world. Jones's figure have been their misfortune that so much ge- is also familiar to frequenters of Central nius belonged to one family as to lessen the Park drives, where he may be seen nearly brilliancy of those who otherwise would have shone as stars of first magnitude.

EDWARD BEECHER, D. D., nine years the senior of his brother Henry Ward, was born at East Hampton in 1804, and after an active life of more than four score years, some of them spent in Illinois, he is now living in Brooklyn with the wife of his youth whom he married sixty years ago next Octo-

We would say to such magazines as the of the city. Up to the very hour of my meeting the family at Judge Dailey's, Dr. Beecher had been a marvel of health and activity, frequently walking to and from his parishon the same day; his mental faculties acute and his interest in humanity and the work of the world unabated. The interest of the Beechers generally in Spiritualism is widely known, and on this evening Mrs. Edward Beecher conversed with me at length upon the subject. She is a thorough believer. During the evening she took on a somewhat saddened or anxious look; and speakthey lived until next October they should points. pass the sixtieth anniversary of their married life. After an interesting evening Mrs. Beecher took her leave, regretting that her husband had not been able to be present owing to his pastoral engagements, and expressing a great desire to have him meet me.

DR. BEECHER UNDER THE WHEELS. What was our sorrow and astonishment next morning to read in the city papers that the venerable Dr. Beecher, in getting off the car on his return home the evening before, had fallen under the wheels, had his leg crushed, been removed to the hospital and had an amputation performed. At the very time his wife was talking to me at Judge Dailey's and expressing her forebodings, her husband, not a mile distant, was passing through this shocking ordeal. But the old veteran was true grit; his wonderful vitality and splendid self-discipline were equal to the emergency. He did not become unconscious, told who he was; and was then taken to the hospital. Before his daughter could get to him, he had been rut under the influence of an anesthetic and the crushed limb removed; but when she reached him he was himself again, declaring he felt very comfortable and would soon be ready to go home-he did not then know his limb had been amputated. Just before the dawn of day the daughter, weary and worn, reached home and mother again. The old lady had borne these hours of agonizing suspense with the fortitude characteristic of her strong nature. When she heard the report of her husband's condition, it seemed impossible to her that he could recover, and, forgetful of self, her first thought was of the suffering her dear companion might have to endure before the end should come; and turning to her daughter and a young friend, a member of the family, she wife-mother as she poured out her supplications that her husband might be speedily endure the suffering she felt might precede the near and unavoidable end. But Dr. Beecher's time hadn't come, and he knew it. Never did he lose heart or cheer; and the last news I have—though not late—he was getting on finely, and nature was dealing with him almost as kindly as if he were a boy in his teens, instead of a man who had seen generations come and go, empires rise and fall, the map of the world change, steam and electricity harnessed to the chariot of Progress, and still felt his mission on earth not quite complete.

I spent an evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse and daughter, through the courtesy of Mrs. Dailey who invited them to dine, and ments with Rowley had been far more extenbeautiful silk flag which was presented to being a medium for independent telegraphy. him. At the rate Mr. Morse is receiving keepsakes he will be able to set up quite a museum of American productions when he again settles down in England; and it would not be a bad idea for societies to be thus represented in a collection open to English Spiritualists.

Among the Chicago people I met in New York was Mrs. A. V. H. Wakeman, a brilliant and hardworking journalist, who though only a few months in Gotham has already made her dent and established a footing. Walking down Sixth Avenue late one afternoon, thinking that I would greatly like to see my old friend M. L. Van Horn, and wondering if I would find this artist and origi nal thinker in his den at so unseasonable ar hour, I heard a familiar voice call my name looking up I saw the very man I was thinking of. I told him so—and hope he believed I was telling the truth. He is looking well after his long European, trip which seems to have been what he needed. Stopping for lunch one day at Nash's restaurant, on Park Place, I was astonished to be hailed before I got out of the room by more than a half dozen acquaintances; among others Geo. H. Jones, an original character, whose voice was for years a familiar sound in the old New York Conference which, under P. E. Farnsworth's fostering care, lived for a quarter of a century, and ended its existence soon every fine afternoon holding the ribbons over a team of "flyers." That is the way he keeps his head level and his health perfect.

There are others I would like to gossing about, and many, many more I wanted to call upon, but to one from Chicago's broad streets and lesser mental strain, New York is a fatiguing, bewildering place, with its "L" roads which one must climb from two to seance I held after it became known to to gently hint to the Psychic Society that it ber. One evening during my visit, Mrs. Ed- five stories to utilize, and with the energy of en by Telegraph" serial was running in the Rochester people that I was a medium, a cannot preserve its dignity as a scientific ward Beecher, her daughter and a friend, hundreds of thousands confined in limited Journal we received a letter of caution from dined with me at Judge Dailey's and spent | space, all keyed up to the highest tension | our old and tried friend Dr. Eugene Crowell daughter Lizzie in me after I had covered | judice, unfairness, downright dishonesty of | the evening. I was greatly interested in the | and bending to the work of money-getting | of New York, in which he said in substance statement and travesty of argument may be sprightly and clear-headed little old lady. and bread-winning as though desperation that his spirit friends declared to him through Dr. Beecher though 85 years old, is still active) was the normal condition of its inhabitants, his medium. Dr. Kenney. that they had rewith a shawl I had purposely hung up in the | ignorance, carries with it its own condemna- | in the ministry, pastor of a congregation in | regardless of age, sex or condition. So I did | peatedly visited Mr. Rowley's place and were a suburb of Brooklyn some seven miles out not cover the ground I had hoped, nor quite of the opinion that the claim of independent

get the rest from the alternation which I needed. I am sure no friend will feel I intentionally neglected him, or her, and that all will agree that an editor has his limitations, both physical and psychical. Indeed, I realize those limitations sharply this Saturday morning, the fourth of May, in producing this manuscript for the printer immediately after two nearly sleepless nights on the cars and a day of hard work between, some account of which will appear synchronously with these notes. Next week, if nothing interferes to prevent. I will tell something ing of herself and husband, said that if of my visit in Philadelphia and at other

"OCCULT TELEGRAPHY."

Rowley's Claim Still Doubtful-The Editor of the Journal Obliged to Modify His Previously Expressed Opinion.

Such has been our caution, patience and diligence in investigating the claims of mediums and persons claiming mediumistic and psychic power, that up to this time we have never been obliged to modify an editorial statement regarding either. Now, we have a most painful and humiliating duty to perform in publicly stating that in one instance there is overwhelming evidence going to show that we were most egregiously mistaken, and while laboring under that mistake misled our readers and a large number outside of the Spiritualist movement who had come to place great reliance on our decisions. After more than twenty years spent in study of psychic phenomena and manifestations claiming to be of spirit origin we have at last, to use a homely expression, put our foot in it all over, both feet, for the matter of

that. Leastwise that is the way it looks now. Our readers will recall that in December. 1887, we published an account of a visit to W. S. Rowley, the medium for "occult telegraphy" in Cleveland. For several years we had been hearing of this man and his steadily increasing development. We did not relax our usual caution, and were slow to accept the claim made of independent telegraphy,—in other words: the fact that a spirit could, independent of physical force or contact on the part of the medium, work a telegraphic instrument and send messages through it by the Morse alphabet or any other code of signals struck on the "sounder." We took pains to study the reputation of Mr. Rowley in his own community, for, while we God to take father home!" and on their knees | hold, and always have, that the physical, obthese young women listened to the venerable | jective phenomena of Spiritualism must verify themselves, yet the moral backing of a good character on the part of the medium taken to the Spirit-world without having to | has been considered as relieving the investitor of superfluous caution. We found this man stood well; had been connected with an evangelical society; had none of the common vices, and was generally respected. We therefore began our personal investigations of his claims, thoroughly impressed in his favor and believing him an honest man. He possessed none of the usual ear-marks of a trickster. We observed as closely as a novice in the mechanical application of electricity could reasonably be expected to observe. But not content with our own judgment, we asked the assistance and advice of those whom we supposed were competent as electricians and telegraphers, and whose experimeet me. Mr. Morse had just closed his sive than it were possible for up to make our Cleveland engagement and felt in "fine own. We are obliged to confess that in givfeather" over his success there, and the ing our endorsement to Rowley's claim of we banked too much on his reputation and on the expertness of our advisers, as will be seen before the exposition of the matter is closed; at least, so we now fear.

> Having for the time become fully satisfied with the validity of Mr. Rowley's claim, we suggested to him and his then newly acquired partner in business, Dr. Whitney, that Prof. H. D. G., prepare a series of articles giving a purely scientific exposition of the stupendous phenomenon, as studied by him in a long series of experiments. Accordingly this was done; and the half dozen articles of two or three columns each which were expected, strung out into a dozen, more or less, containing a dreary surplusage of inconsequential matter on metaphysics, theology and philosophy. Reading them from week to week, we began to feel disturbed. The answers of "Dr. Wells" were usually so puerile, so devoid of those evidences of intellectual strength and training which would naturally belong to one who had been a skillful physician on earth; the paucity of thought, the inability to grasp what Prof. G. was saying, all this was truly painful. We began to feel that in many instances the replies were characteristic of Rowley's mind and method of expression, as observed by us. Yet we found a plausible way to account for this-well known to psychical students—without impeaching the claim for independent telegraphy; and we still held to our expressed opinion. And from that time up to the thirteenth of last month we have adhered to our previously published convictions; and we have defended Mr. Rowley in various quarters and been ready to back up his honesty. Though we must admit that various circumstances, trifling when taken singly, had led us to fear there might be a sad mistake somewhere, yet we could not think him guilty of

intentional fraud. While Prof. H. D. G.'s "From Here to Heav-

caying that unless Dr. C.'s spirit friends could point out the fraud or give some clew leading to its discovery we could not act on their assertion, nor even credit it. Some months ago Dr. Crowell again wrote us of the matter: and when in New York in March last we had a long talk with him on the subject, Dr. Crowell that what both wanted was the cold facts in the case. He remarked during the conversation that his spirit friends believed there was a secret wire somewhere, and that owing to the imperfect vision of spirits when not in the presence of a medium adapted to their particular use they had to work at a disadvantage in this case: but that if I)r. Kenney could be brought into Rowley's presence during an experiment they would be able to definitely and clearly decide. As will be seen in next week's Journal, Dr. Crowell's spirit friends were practically correct as to one method of simulation that may be practiced with Rowley's machine. There is no secret wire, as we stoutly affirmed; but a secret manipulation of one of the legitimate, visible wires, is possible, and credible witnesses testify that they have seen Rowley thus work it.

In December, 1887, after our experiments with Rowley and Dr. Sapp-in which we easily detected the fraudulent practices of the latter, he being as yet a bungler—we stopped off on our way home to spend a day with Hudson Tuttle. To him we recounted our experiences with the two alleged mediums for spirit telegraphers. We told him of our experiments with the dial scale. Continuous readers may recall this account. With the instrument on the scale at Rowley's it weighed between one and two ounces less when a message was being ticked off than when silent, Rowley having his thumb and two fingers on a corner of the box. At Sapp's it weighed over two pounds more when operating than when the "sounder" was silent, and Sapp could only work it by pressing heavily upon the slate top. When Mr. Tuttle heard this he exclaimed: "That proves too much." From that day forward, Mr. Tuttle strove assiduously to fathom the occult problem; desirous, indeed, most anxious, that Rowley's claim might be verified, yet intuitively skeptical of its reality. We have said to him repeatedly that his intuition might answer as a working hypothesis, but did not amount to a demonstration, and that until it was clearly proven to us to be incorrect we must maintain the opinion that Rowley was a medium for independent telegraphy.

Putting Dr. Crowell's statements with Tuttle's intuitions, and adding some data which seemed to have significance, the product wrought an increasing doubt in our mind as to the claim of Rowley; and this, too, without harboring the thought that the man had intentionally and deliberately set about swindling the public. Therefore, after the last interview with Dr. Crowell, we determined to on the part of Mr. Rowley? stop off at Cleveland on the way home and inaugurate an investigation more critical than any previous effort.

We knew Rowley's instrument could be used in an illegitimate way by pushing up a spring attached to the key until it would touch the top of the box. Rowley had explained this to us, when spoken to about it, saying that at first the "spirits" could not work unless it was there, but that as they acquired more power and dexterity he had been able to lower the spring something like half an inch, but that even now, Dec. 1887, he had to watch them, the "spirits," for sometimes when their "power" was weak they would push the spring up against the slate top without his knowing it. But we did not feel satisfied as to our proof that the aforesaid spring,—which has no reason for existing and no use, so far as known to electrical science,—could not be manipulated without attracting our attention; and furthermore that there might not also be other ways of working the machine. Arriving in Cleveland we sought out the manager of the W. U. Telegraph Company at that point and requested him to recommend a competent electrician and telegrapher who would make an investigation in a strictly scientific spirit, and give a truthful report of the results. The manager had as keen a personal interest in seeing the matter finally settled as we, and was actuated by as friendly motives to the medium, whom he has known for years. In response to our request he selected his chief operator, Mr. O. A. Gurley, as being in every way qualified to fill the requirements. After some conversation with Mr. Gurley, and finding him to be a "square" man and fully meeting our requisition we arranged to take him to see Rowley. We had previously had an interview with Rowley, early in the morning, and had told him frankly that in view of various statements coming to our notice we felt it necessary to again witness the phenomenon of independent telegraphy, for the purpose of fortifying if possible the opinion we had already expressed in the JOURNAL. With some little reluctance he consented to an appointment and was told we should bring some one with us. His appearance and demeanor struck us for the first time as not quite what it should be. He had a sort of hunted look, a wary air, a manner indicating dread of some expected

At the appointed hour on April 13th we repaired to Rowley's office accompanied by Mr. Gurley, whom we introduced as an acquaintance familiar with telegraphy. Rowlev appeared greatly nettled and annoyed 80.". that further tests should be required; and it seemed to us as though he felt like perempto- ed for seventeen days.

time.

graphy was fraudalent. We replied by rily declining, and that he would have done so had there been the least ground for refusal. After a short session which he seemed anxious to abridge as sharply as could be done with decency, we left in company with Mr. Gurley. Dr. Whitney, Mr. Rowley's partner, had taken down the messages in writing as had been his custom before. We secured each adhering to his position. We said to permission for Mr. Gurley to go again, before leaving. We left for Chicago that evening, stopping over a day at Hudson Tuttle's. After reaching home we received a letter from Mr. Gurley, saying he was making headway. Replying to him on April 16th, we closed with the following paragraph: "To settle the point at issue (as to independent telegraphy) will require the most delicate handling and discrimination, and needs to be followed by the investigator in a spirit of the utmost fairness, indeed in a truly scientific and judicial way. I hope you will follow the matter up as it is of great importance to the world." That Mr. Gurley acted strictly within the line of his instructions we fully believe. On Thursday afternoon of last week, after holding an extended conversation with Mr. Gurley over the wires, we promised to be in Cleveland the next morning. The result of that day's work was quite fully and very fairly and temperately reported in the Cleveland Leader, of Saturday last. The result with us has been to oblige us to recall our former endorsement of Mr. Rowley as a medium for independent spirit telegraphy. And we do this without denying that he is a medium. The Leader's reports will be published in next week's JOURNAL, and we think a careful perusal of them will satisfy our readers that Mr. Rowley must verify his claim by new and rigid tests in the presence of experts, or stand convicted of all that is charged by those who pronounce his claim of independent telegraphy unfounded.

We close with the following significant testimony. Dr. G. F. Whitney, Rowley's late partner, who was with him about a year and a half, knew nothing of what was on foot until after the fact. When seen by a Leader reporter on Saturday last he said: "Rowley is a medium, but the application of his power to that instrument is a deception. There is no such thing as independent telegraphy..... I wish to say that I went into this thing honestly, but recently my suspicions were aroused, and then I discovered Rowley's se-

Mr. Rowley has been fairly and kindly treated, and if as honest as he says he is, and as wise as he should be, he will refrain from any manifestations of vindictiveness, and meet the issue in a frank and manly way. Extraordinary claims like his must be substantiated by repeated and extraordinary proofs. The only question at issue is: Can a spirit, or some force directed by intelligence, operate a telegraphic instrument independent of physical contact and muscular action

"Conspiracy."

We regret exceedingly to see by the Cleveland Leader of Sunday last that Mr. Rowley resorts to that stale old cry, mouthed by every spiritualistic fraud, "conspiracy." In an interview with a representative of the Leader Mr. Rowley is reported as positively declaring that, "this whole thing is a conspiracy," and that his late partner, Dr. Whitney, "put Col. Bundy and Hudson Tuttle up to the idea of instituting an investigation.' And furthermore "The whole scheme is prompted by spite and petty jealousy"

We can forgive Mr. Rowley for uttering these wild and utterly foundationless assertions; but we fear it will be a long time before he can forgive himself, and that he is only deepening the darkness and tightening the chains that make his life burdensome. As a matter of fact, up to last week, Friday, we had no knowledge of the dissolution of partnership between Dr. Whitney and Mr. Rowley; and the first intimation of it came from Mr. and Mrs. Rowley. We have never had one word, either oral or written, from Dr. Whitney in any way reflecting on Mr. Rowley. With the exception of the few minutes, on April 13th when Dr. Whitney was taking down Rowley's "spirit" message, we have not seen or heard from him in a year. Mr. Tuttle had no previous intimation that we were conducting an investigation; and he did not even know what we wanted of him last week until, in response to a telegram, he met us on May 3rd in Cleveland, when he was informed of what we were doing, and invited to lend us his assistance, in the interests of Spiritualism and of the public.

General Items.

Under the auspices of the Progressive Circle, Lyman C. Howe will lecture next Sunday evening at the Y. P. P. A. Hall, 104 22nd Street. Subject: "Practical Christianity."

The notorious rascal James A. Bliss. is now operating in Detroit. People who have any regard for their reputations and the sanctity of their homes will avoid him as they would the most loathsome disease.

Warren Hutchins writes as follows from Detroit, Mich.: "Mr. G. B. Stebbins gave us a beautiful discourse in the Unitarian church or possible disaster. We could not help no- on Easter Sunday. The pulpit was beautifulticing this, but thought little of it at the ly decorated with flowers. He referred to Christ's appearance after death, and near the close of his discourse, he said these things happened more frequently since 1849; that he had seen his departed friends, and that strangers to him saw and described them al-

It is said that George Francis Train fast-

On May first, Lyman C. Howe officiated at the funeral of Henry Brown, 156 Fremont st., this city. The remains were taken to Boston

We have received from Collins & Powell, real estate brokers, a pretty lithograph of the town of Whatcom, Washington Ter., a flourishing town on Bellingham Bay, Puget Sound. This country is attracting a great deal of attention at present, and now that Washing. ton is a State, the interest will be greatly

Mrs. Zerelda McCoy, the vice-president of the Woman's Suffrage Association, has engaged the Opera House in Tacoma, Wash. T., for ten successive Sunday afternoon meetings in the interest of enfranchisement of women. Mrs. Clara B. Colby and Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, have gone on to aid the cause by voice and pen.

The annual picnic and Sunday assembly of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, will be held at Cassadaga camp grounds, Chautauqua county, N. Y., June 8th and 9th. Speak. ers: Mrs. R. S. Lillie of Boston, and Dr. F. L H. Willis of Rochester, N. Y. The Northwestern Band of Meadville, Penn., will furnish music.

The Religio-Philosophical Society of Grand Rapids, Mich., which has been organized for a year, held its first meeting in a public way last month, and was addressed by L. V. Moulton and Mary C. Lawson. The society has printed its constitution and by-laws, and the prospects for its future prosperity seem fair Its place of meeting is at No. 44 Canal st.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer has returned to Ravenna O., after passing a pleasant winter in different points in Michigan. She will make en gagements for the coming year, east and west. Mrs. Hyzer's frail health will not permit continuous speaking through the year but she should be kept employed all that her strength will permit.

The Equal Suffrage Association of Englewood, Ill., will hold a convention at that place May, 28th. This is to be an anniversary meeting of this society, which has done effective work in the cause of Woman Suffrage. Rev. Anna Shaw, Rev. H. S. Taylor, C. S. Darrow and other able speakers are en-

Mr. Silas Bigelow writes from Florida com-As Mr. B. is an old schoolmaster, and well up in the spiritual philosophy his endorsement has value. His views are refreshing after reading the opinion of the ignorant but apparently honest book reviewer of the Boston Herald

The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Co. announce the following appointments, taking effect Wednesday, May 1st: Geo. H. Smith, Assistant General Ticket Agent, headquarters, Chicago; Geo. L. Rhodes Assistant General Passenger Agent, headquarters, Chicago; Sam. F. Boyd, Assistant General Ticket and Passenger Agent, headquarters, Topeka, Kansas.

The Woman's Tribune, published at Beatrice, Neb., by Clara B. Colby, is a bright,newsy paper, and is well worthy of a generous support. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the able and venerable woman suffragist, is writing a series of reminiscences; the one in the pressent number is entitled "Church and Parsonage." Mrs. Colby herself is writing some interesting letters from Washington Territory, whither she has gone to lecture on woman suffrage. Other contributors are well known, among whom we find Laura DeForce Gordon, who will be remembered as a spiritual lecturer, now practicing law and working for woman · uffrage. Mrs. Colby is sending the paper five weeks for ten cents, in order to get it before the people. ->

ATTENTION, THEOSOPHISTS!

A Little More "Light on the Path" for Your Benefit.

we Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

SIR:-In 1885 appeared a strange little book entitled: "Light on the Path: A treat ise written for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern Wisdom and who desire to enter within its influence. Written down by M. C. Fellow of the Theo-sophical Society." The author is Mabel Collins, until lately one of the editors of Lu cifer. The book is a gem of pure spirituality, and appears to me, as to many others to symbolize much mystic truth. It has gone through numberless editions, and is used by faithful Theosophists much as orthodox sinners use their prayer-book. This happened mainly because "Light on the Path' was supposed to have been dictated to Mrs Collins by "Koot Hoomi," or some other Hindu adept who held the Theosophical Society in the hollow of his masterly hand. I liked the little book so much that I wrote

Mrs. Collins a letter, praising it and asking her about its real source. She promptly replied, in her own handwriting, to the effect that "Light on the Path" was inspired or dictated from the source above indicated. This was about four years ago; since which time nothing passed between Mrs. Collins and myself until yesterday, when I unexpectedly received the following letter. I was not surprised at the new light it threw on the pathway of the Theosophical Society, for late developments respecting that singular result of Madame Blavatsky's now famous hoax left me nothing to wonder at. I cabled Mrs. Collins yesterday for permission to use her letter at my discretion. Her cablegram from London reached me this morning, saying, "Use my letter as you please. Mabel Collins." So nere is the letter.

34 CLARENDON ROAD, HOLLAND PARK [LONDON]W.,

April 18, 1889. "DEAR SIR:-I feel I have a duty to write to you on a difficult and (to me) painful subject, and that I must not delay it any longer You will remember writing to me to ask me who was the inspirer of "Light on the Path." If you had not yourself been ac-quainted with Madame Blavatsky I should despair of making you elen understand my

conduct. Of course I ought to have answer ed the letter without showing it to any one else; but at that time I was both studying Madame Blavatsky and studying under her. I knew nothing then of the mysteries of the Theosophical Society, and I was puzzled why you should write to me in such a way. I took the letter to her; the result was that I wrote the answer at her dictation. I did not do this by her orders; I have never been under her orders. But I have done one or two things because she begged and implored me to; and this I did for that reason. So far as I can remember I wrote you that I had received 'Light on the Path' from one of the Masters who guide Madame Blavatsky. I wish to ease my conscience now by saying that I wrote this from no knowledge of my own, and merely to please her; and that I now see I was very wrong in doing so. I ought further to state that 'Light on the Path' was not to my knowledge inspired by any one; but that I saw it written on the walls of a place I visit spiritually, (which is described in the Blossom and the Fruit')—there I read it and I wrote it down. I have myself never received proof of the existence of any Master; though I believe (as always) that the mahatmic force must exist.

"Yours faithfully, MABEL COLLINS." Yes. Mabel, the "mahatmic force" does exist. It exists in every great soul like yours! There is no need of a word of mine further. It is Helen P. Blavatsky's turn to speak next.

ELLIOTT COITES. 1726 N st., Washington, D. C., May 3, 1889.

Lassed to Spirit-Life.

Departed to a higher life, from Birmingham, Odio, April 18th, 1889. Mrs. Florence Heald. She was born in Napanock, N. Y., and nine years ago married Charles Heald and came to Birmingham where she has since resided, making friends of all with whom she became acquainted. She was friends of all with whom she became acquainted. She was of fine and delicate organization, and by naturel a Spiritualist. By her request the funeral services were held in the lawn fronting the house, and Hudson Tuttle addressed the large assembly of friends and neighbors. She also selected the songs which Mrs. Emma Tuttle sang. Her family has lost a tender mother, a true wife, and loving friend; the angels have gained one who is fully prepared to enter into the lovs of their life.

Passed to higher life from Westford, Mass., April 30th, Mrs. Helen Tower Fletcher, wife of Frank L. Fletcher, Esq., aged 44 years. "Not dead but gone before." Many Lake Pleasant people will bear Mrs. F. in kind remembrance. *

THE HUMAN BREATH.

Professor Brown-Sequard has recently been making experiments to determine whether the human preath was capable of producing any poisonous effects. From the condensed watery vapor of the expired air he obtained a poisonous liquid, which when ejected under the skin of rabbits, produced almost immediate death. He ascertained that this poison was an alkaloid, and not a microbe. The abbits thus injected died without convulsions, the heart and large blood vessels being engorged with blood. Brown-Sequard considers it fully proved that the expired air, both of man and animals, contains a volatile poisonous principle which is much more deleterious than carbonic acid. One of the marked characteristics of this age is the concentration of humanity in large towns and larger cities, where they cluster in small rooms, and poorly constructed flats—developing unsanitary conditions, which insure a death rate far in excess of that experienced where people breathe fresh air. Pure air cannot be obtained in city dwellings, but the air can be purified and rendered wholesome. The most effective device that has thus far been perfected for disinfecting and purifying the air of city homes is "The Sherman Vaporizer." This persistent little worker is charged with a "carbol cressol" acid, the most wholesome, effective and pleasant germicide that has been discovered, which soon changes the poison infected air of room or dwelling, and renders it wholesome and invigorating. The vaporizer has been thoroughly tested for over two years in the East, and is now being introduced into western homes, lodge-rooms, factories, and school-rooms, by J. E. Woodhead, well known to the readers of the JOURNAL. We have tried it in the JOURNAL office and believe it to be all that is claimed for it. It is inexpensive, cannot get out of order, and cannot but benefit every home into which it is introduced. Mr Woodhead wishes to engage agents for the cities and towns of the West. Any of our readers desiring a profitable and philanthropic occupation can address Mr. Woodhead at 468 West Randolph St.,

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It is un-American in the highest sense for our people to prate about Europe so glibly when so many of them are profoundly ignorant of the wondrous beauties of their native land. As a matter of fact there are hundreds of thousands of American citizens who are thoroughly familiar with Switzerland; who have idled away weeks at Lucerne, done Chamouni, and attempted the Matterhorn, and yet have never feasted on the lovely beauty, the wild weird majesty of any one of the Colorado Peaks. "More than Alpine glory" rewards visitors along the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado. There is no scenery like it in the new world.

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Well, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Benewer to restore the color of

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Dr. D. P. Kayner can be addressed until further notice in care of this office for medical consultation and lectures in the vicinity of Chicago.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

MRS. F. O. HYZER.

Tis grand to soar to stellar heights And march upon the solar way. Through the calm splendors of the nights And the rare glories of the day; But grander is the power far To read the inmost of the soul And hold the helm of self-control,

'I is worthy of the noblest mind To trace the records of the sod, And in the stone and fossil find The foot-prints of the living God; But greater still the privilege
To search the inner planes of life And find the founts of pain and strife On self-hood's kingdoms age on age.

Than measuring a sun or star.

To bid the eilent marble speak, Or bring with color's rarest art The glow of life to lip and cheek, Upon the canvas, but above The brush or chisel's magic power To bring a thought to bud and flower And fruitage by the touch of love.

'Tis honor to the head and heart

Magnetic aura to command Upon the culm or stormy sea.-Holding the compass in the band That guides with law's fidelity The undiscovered paths to find To unknown continents and isles Where winter frowns or summer smiles, Is a proud triumph of the mind;

But more divinely, truly great The soul perceptive power to win, Of finding our vast life-estate Of God's eternal truth within, And its commissions to fulfill In flesh and blood, in heart and mind As causes and effects we find By reason's art and logic's skill.

'Tis a rich boon for all who wear The throbbing substances of earth, To search and find with skillful care The protoplasmic cells of birth, And trace through muscle, nerve and bone Our heritage of joy and pain, What force to woo and what restrain, To make immortal health our own.

But 'tis an added gift of grace, To science and unfolding art, The subtle laws of love to trace Through all the pulsings of the heart Until we strike the magic key Of nature's unitary plan Of "peace on earth, good will to man" Through truth's eternal harmony.

To tone the tension of the brain, To calm serenity and peace, Remove the burthen and the pain And bid its wailing discords cease, Till like a sea without a shore A sweet, unceasing victor song From soul to soul shall sweep along,

Richer and clearer evermore.

The Strange Story of a Milwaukee Man.

About a fortnight ago, H. Anderson, a young man of good appearance, dropped into the city ticket office of the Wisconsin Central road, at the corner of Wisconsin street and Broadway, and asked for information concerning the steamship Danmark. He wore a troubled look and questioned for news of the vessel with such evident anxiety that the railroad and steamship agents became interested and sought to draw from him some reason for his undisguised uneasiness. This occurred before any tidings had been received of the disaster to the Danmark. Young Anderson, after some hesitation, told his story. A night or so previous, he had dreamed of the Danmark. In his dream he saw the doomed ship tossed about on the high-rolling waves of midocean. She was beaten here and there by raging winds and occasionally was hid from view as a mountainous wave swept over her hulk. After a little she commenced to fill, and as the water rushed in settled down rapidly, apparently sinking almost to her gunwales. For a moment he lost sight of the steamship and his attention was next attracted by her little boats which, loaded with men and women, were being dashed about by the angry waves and seemingly on the point of sinking.

A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE. At this point he awoke. He was not accustomed to having such dreams and this vision of his sleep so worked upon him that he became satisfied that he had, through some mysterious agency, seen an actual and real occurrence. Then he set about making inquiries for the Danmark. A day or so after he first inquired at the ticket office news was received of the loss of the steamer. There are half-adozen witnesses of reliability to prove that young Anderson reported his strangely-true dream before any intelligence of the Danmark's fate was received. When Anderson saw the Danmark go down he realized at the same time that a woman who some day would probably have become his wife had perished. The young woman was Annie Grynildson, to whom Anderson has been engaged and whom he would have married had the ship in which she was coming from Norway arrived safely at her destination.

ANDERSON'S PROMISED BRIDE. The young woman was one of two daughters, whose parents, both dead, had lived in Christiansen. About two and a half years ago she came to Milwankee to live with her uncle, Lorenz Caspersen, who is a ship carpenter in the employ of Wolf & Davidson. She left behind her in Norway a younger sister, Louisa. Louisa, who would now be about 18 years of age, was from her earliest years a pet of her el ler sister, who was almost heartbroken at the thought of leaving her when she started out from Christiansen to come to America. It was then arranged between them that Louisa should join her uncle and sister in Milwaukee as soon as circumstances would permit. Annie arrived at Milwaukee and found a home in her uncle's family. As time wore on she made many acquaintances in the circle within which her sphere of life brought her. Among them was Anderson, who is also a native of Norway. A friendship sprung up between them. ripened into love and he became her accepted suitor.

WENT TO HER OLD HOME. During all this time one thing weighed heavily upon Annie's heart; she could not become reconciled to being separated so widely from her sister and finally she determined to visit her old home at Christiansen and bring Louisa to Milwaukee before changing her condition in life. With this end in view she took passage on a Thingvalla line steamer last fall for Christainsen, using a return ticket good for passage back over the same line. She arrived at her destination safely and after spending a few months with relatives and friends she and her sister made preparations to come to Milwaukee. During her stay in Norway she wrote frequently to the family of her uncle and to Auderson. On March 15 she wrote to Anderson and told him that they would come on the Danmark, which was to leave Christiansen about the 24th of the same month. Last Friday three letters were received by Caspersen from relatives in Christiansen, saying the girls had started back on their way to America. That they were among the passengers of the Danmark there is

Anderson who has spent several years in sailing the seas, is thoroughly familiar with the Thingvalla line boat and does not hesitate to say that criminal to carry all the people that were crowded upon her. He says that she was about the size of the steamer W. H. Wolf and was provided with only six small boats, four of which were life boats. At the utmost she could not safely carry more than 300 passengers.—Milwaukee Sentinel, April 20, 1889.

Ice still lingers in the Rangeley Lakes, Maine, and s expected to do so until the last of May.

NEW YORK HEMS.

The New York Psychical Society--Easter - Diss DeBar - Reception - C. F.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The New York Psychical Society continues its public meetings, with large attendance, every Tuesday evening, at 510 Sixth Avenue, between 30th and 31st Sts. The mediums' circle engages the first hour or more, and experiences, philosophy, music, and sociability, the rest of the time. At a recent meeting its president, among other appropriate comments. said:

"It is difficult to serve and conserve the feelings and interests of Spiritualists. Yet, after a three months' experiment, we enter another term with much encouragement. While a few visitors have preferred to sit in the counsel wigwam, to watch and remark, others have been actively useful, cultivating good wishes and sociability, enjoying the music, speeches and circles, and advancing the rent for another quarter. It has been my aim to commend the commendable, and to overlook a few slight signs of sins against the spirit of surest success. Not that we need reprehension now, but as a safeguard against a possibility, let us be careful. A perfect man is no longer perfect when he stoops to sedition. Heaven is no longer beaven when it has a Milton angel, who would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven. It is better to bury a busybody than to stir up the stifling. In no society, scientific, political or religious, is any one prescient enough to anticipate an effectual remedy for all individual faults, since nobody has yet obtained letters-patent from the only infallible. There is too much uncharitableness among the professors of right-living. "With some the main object of association is di

version, with others perversion, criticism, and the assumption of superior sense. A good disposition, at home or abroad, is just as catching as a bad disease. Infection and affection are both discernible on the face of the owner. As no one, not even a materialized angel from the higher heavens, is kaleidescopic enough in talent and tact to satisfy selections. fish souls, it is our constant duty to promote general good feeling, to pluck out any thorn in the flesh, heal the wound, and avoid its repetition, remembering that he is the best man, society, companion, and Spiritualist, who is spiritual in his nature, and knows

how to control himself." Easter was an inspiring day, with its happy conjunction of smiling skies, news of the salvation of the Danmark passengers, the lavish display of gorgeous flowers, and brilliant mass music, and even the professional preachers for the time forgot their doctri-nal threats, and opened the windows of their solemn souls to the sunshine of universal hope, indulging encouraging arguments in favor of eternal comfort

and recognition in a better life. The notorious Madame Diss DeBar recently appeared at the Grand Opera House, in one act, and a very bad act. The canvas was handed about and placed on a chair at the rear of the stage, in subdued light, mostly bidden by her capacious clothing, and while pretending to invoke the higher powers, we plainly saw her remove the canvas, conceal it in her dress, and substitute another instead. She said not a word, but very carefully retired, amid hisses. The thinness of the trick was only equaled by the thickness of her person and the toughness of her con-

A fashionable reception was given by Judge and Mrs. Higley, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Cowdery, 160 West 46th St., Monday afternoon, April 22nd, to Dr. Elliott Coues and wife, of Washington. Invited guests flocked hither on foot and in carriages from 3 until 7 o'clock, spending the time in acquaintance, sociability, and at supper.

Among the callers were: General Stewart Van Vleit, U. S. Navy, Mr. and Mrs. Moncure D. Conway, lev. Dr. Deems, Doctors Walker Curry and wife, W. Stimson, St. Clair Smith and wife, John Ladd, G. M. Crosby, E. Densmore, Charles G. Currier, Medical Director Charles Martin, Col. J. H. Ammon, Hon. James Bookwater, William Winter and wife, Eugene Clark, M. T. Bolmer, wife and daughter, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lovell, Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, Mrs. Ravenhill, Helen M. Cooke, Miss Lawson (sculptor) and mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Demorest, W. C. Demorest and wife, Miss Charlotte Leonard, of Washington, Mrs. Jennie E. Hick (Journalist), Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bourgoin, Mr. and Mrs. John Townsend, Mrs. Mary Perry Bigelow, Mrs. M. F. Ormsby, Alfred Trumbull, Mr. and Mrs. William Q. Judge, Miss Charlotte Thomas, of Portland, Me., Miss C. S. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. John O. Stevens, Major and Mrs. W. B. Bergholz, Miss Mary F. Seymour, C. C. Shayne and wife, Mrs. M. A. Kidder, Edward E. Kidder, Wm. O. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Gibon, Dr. Albert L. Gibon, Mrs. A. V. Wakeman, Mrs. Harriet Webb, and her daughter Florence, Mrs. Charles Heber, of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Ingersol Lockwood, Mrs. Arthur Tenney, Mrs. Henry Allen Tenney, Mrs. E. P. Tenney, Mr. and Mrs. Errani, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wells Champney, Mr. Hilliary Bell, (artist) and wife, Mrs. Hester M. Poole, and many others, too numerous to mention, distinguished in society, medicine, literature, science and art.

Mr. Coues and lady have cause to be gratified a the warm reception given them by the New York people and press, in honor of his public recognition as a distinguished scientist, Spiritualist and Theo-

sophist. The recent death, of Mr. Charles F. Livermore, the eminent Wall St. banker, recalls his past experience in Spiritualism. For a full statement of his character as a man, financier, and practical investigator, the reader is referred to "Debatable Land," by Hon. Robert Dale Owen, and to the records of the U.S. Government during the war. Like many other prominent men, he commenced with doubts, and ended in conviction. With Mr. Owen, Dr. J. F. Grey, Mr. Groute, and their medium, he began his sittings January 23rd, 1861, continued them for over six years, holding in all three hundred and eighty-eight recorded séances, with astonishing

results, as detailed in the above-named work. In conversation with Mr. Livermore recently, at his palatial home on Madison Avenue, only a few days before his death, he assured me that, although he desired no further publicity, he was as strongly grounded in the entire certainty of his facts as ever. that his former experience and evidence were impossible of invalidation, but he was now devoting the rest of his days to his family, his books, and foreign travel. He had already been to Europe forty times, and expected to go again in about a week but within a few days thereafter he entered the realm about which and from which he had heard so much, the ultimate port of eternal progress for all human-154 West 20th St.

Lyman C. Howe on the "Uses and Abuses of Mediumship."

On the last Sunday of Mr. Howe's engagement at Kimball Hall in this city he spoke as follows on the 'Uses and Abuses of Mediumship:" Mediumship is not limited to Spiritualism. It is

an indispensable factor in all business and all scientific experiments. You never write a letter, read a book or listen to an oration or a song without exercising the function of mediumship. The spiritual medium may be a child, a woman or an inanimate object; but usually the human organism is directly or indirectly employed. Inanimate objects must be charged with psychic aura before they can be used as the agents for spiritual phenomena. This may be done in many ways and different degrees; and often without the knowledge of persons in the flesh. The human sensitive, however, is the most perfect agent, and capable of the widest range and highest development. In the primitive stages mediumship is subject to many dangers and perversions; and the higher the capacity for unfoldment and ultimate uses and perfection, the wider the range of possible perversions, abuses and dangers. This law is not confined to mediumship, but applies to all life and every sphere. Where there is no capacity there can be no sin. If there were no mind to pervert, there could be no moral perversion. If there were no passions, impulses or affections in human nature, there could be no debauchery. No brute can descend so low in vice, degradation and crime as manthe "image of God." The capacity for sin measures our responsibility. All mediums are sensitives, triumphant scorn were heard in the room. The world's history have poured torth over the western but all sensitives are not necessarily mediums in the lights burned blue and flickered so low that we could world. What more reasonable than to suppose that special sense here employed. Susceptibility not only makes possible the influx of truth from heaven; but it also opens the mind to the influx of error and earthly impressions, and the sphere of psychic impulses under which our lives are constantly moulded. The uses of mediumship may be summed up in one word,—education; and the abuses answer to the same. We often learn more wisdom from the study of folly than in the select pursuit of truth alone. By

our imperfections we are most revealed; for they make up the major expression of human life. The imperfections of mediums and mediumship are an index of the limitless possibilities awaiting develop-ment. The extended sphere of relations and spiritual contact opened to mediumistic sensitives multiplies opportunities and exalts the capacity for receiving truth and realizing happiness at the same time that it increases responsibility and the demand for moral vigilance. The uses of mediumship are limitless; the demonstration of continued life and spirit return being one. If this were all, it would be a barren field to engage our study; because, important as this demonstration may be, it loses its

significance if we stop there. We need to study life in all its phases and by knowledge of our capabilities and the bearings of the now upon the future, and the ends to be attained by the use we make of ourselves, we may utilize present opportunities and get the most out of life. Mediumship is the most fertile field for this study, for it opens to us the whole psychic realm and presents an infinite array of facts and fancies and far-reaching suggestions, of which the world has but just begun to dream. We cannot isolate mediums and make them alone responsible for all the mistakes of life. If they are true to their calling they are at the mercy of their spiritual environments, and mediumship is as much (or more) abused by the selfish demands, morbid desires, sensational ambitions, speculative mobs, sensual gluttons, sleek hypocrites and pious deceivers who besiege the circle-room and poison the air at the private séance, as by any voluntary indulgence or moral obliquity of the medium. Ninety-nine per cent. of all who seek the sacred altar of mediumship in its present commercial aspect, are moved by selfish moives. They want to find gold, oil, or other treasures to pamper diseased ambition; or some personal favor, flattery or gratification, instead of seeking truth to bless and spiritualize the world; and then if the medium echoes their desires, as is most likely, and they are deceived, they charge their own folly upon the cause. Cultivate mediumship with pure mo-tives and worthy desires and it will yield the sweetest fruits of love, truth and blessedness. In its Edens of life, eternal promise and springs of perpetual joy

Story Told by a Haunted Teapot.

A story, so remarkable as to be scarcely worthy of credence had not the narrator been a lady of unimpeachable veracity, was related to your correspondent a few days ago. The lady, who is a member of an old, aristocratic family, told me the story in the following terms:

When the founder of the American branch of our family came over from England, he brought a large quantity of silverware, already very old. Among the various articles was a teapot of curious workmanship and shape. In fact, the odd vessel may no have been a teapot, but it was called so. All of this silver was stolen during the Revolutionary War, the teapot included; but the morning after the theft, to the great surprise of the family, this particular piece was found in its accustomed place. No one could even surmise how it came there. Through all the changes of circumstances and residence that teapot has remained with us. I would only weary you were I to recite the numerous times it has been lost. stolen and even sold, and yet, through some mysterious intervention, it has always made its way back to the possession of the family. But the most won-derful thing in connection with this singular vessel is that never, since we possess any record of it, has it been put to its ostensible use. The first I knew of this was when I was a girl of 16. My mother was giving a large tea party and while she was arranging her table she placed upon it the teapot we ordi-

narily used.
"Mother," I exclaimed, "why don't you use that lovely old teapot which came from England?" She answered, gravely: "Alice, you are old enough now to hear the story of that teapot and I will tell it to you, for the thing will eventually become yours The history of the vessel no one knows, but it has been remarked by its possessors for generations that no one has ever been able to use it. Place it on the table and, watch it as you will, it is invariably removed and returned to its case, by what or whom

"Well, I'll engage to find out," I said, "if you'll let

She gave her consent and I put the teapot on the table, taking my seat within reach of it. My moth er went on with her work, passing in and out of the room, while I was sat intently regarding the beautiful old piece of silver. About five minutes passed when I received a violent blow on the cheek, which caused me to turn indignantly to see my assailant There was no one in the room! Hurt and bewildered, I looked back at the table, but the teapot was gone. I ran to the closet, on the shelf of which the thing was kept, and there I saw it in its place. I called my mother and told her what had happened. "You see," she said, "it does not intend to be used."

After some years the teapot became my property out, I had such a horror of the diabolical thing that kept it under lock and key for some time. At last one of my neighbors sent to borrow a teapot of me on the occasion of a high tea. Thinking to find out whether its peculiarities were only exercised for the family's benefit or not. I sent her my strange heirloom. In an hour or two my friend camerunning in. "My dear friend," she cried, "have you heard anything of your teapot? I fear it has been stolen. I had filled it and left it on the table, when I left the the room for a moment. On my return I found the tea spilt and running from the cloth and the pot

We went to my closet together, and, though the door had been locked and the key in my pocket. there sat the teapot in its place. There was nothing for it but to make a clear breast of it to her. but I could see that she was incredulous and very much offended. I resolved now to have the thing melted down, but the fact of its being an heirloom caused me to reconsider my resolution. My husband, too, persuaded me to try and solve the mystery before destroying so remarkable an object. Overcoming the horror, and even terror, with which I regarded the thing, I brought it out one evening and my husband and I sat down to watch it. As we fixed out eyes on it we saw distinctly a delicate feminine hand close its shadowy fingers about the handle and carry the teapot through the air to the closet. Once at rest on the shelf the hand relinquished its hold and vanished, and we brought the teapot back to the table, resuming our watch. Again the phantom hand seized the handle, but Mr. -- caught the spout and clung to it. Then ensued a struggle between my husband and the invisible power that sought to remove the teapot from the room. For mankind the existence of a post-mortem state, and several moments, during which, my husband says, he seemed turning slowly to ice, the struggle went on, when suddenly the uncanny thing was enatched from the living hand that held it, and, to our surprise, replaced on the table. We ran to it and saw a clear, colorless liquid gradually rise from some invisible spring and fill the teapot. We bent our heads over it and saw, instead of the bottom, a of Aryan views on this subject, the correctness of spacious room, that is, we seemed to be looking as through a window into such an apartment. There were three persons in the room, a man and two

My knowledge of by-gone fashions was not sufficient for me to accurately determine the nationality and period of their dress, but from what I did know I judged it belonged to England, of perhaps the middle of the Eighteenth Century. Both women were beautiful, one in a dark, vivacious style, the other in a blonde English way. The man seemed to divide equally between the two his attentions, which were courtly and what would now seem exaggerated and affected. The fair woman went to a of some liquid (whether it was tea or not I can not tell), and handed it to the dark woman, who, in turn, presented it to the man. He appeared to progesture as if to prevent it, but was too late. She again filled the cup and gave it to the other woman, who drank it. As she did so, the man fell to the floor, evidently dying, the dark woman falling also on her knees beside him. She arose soon and turning to the murderess cursed her (I judged so by her silent gesture and the teapot to which she pointed). life.—Houston (Tex.) Correspondence Globe-Dem

BEADING.

Public Schools.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

An experience embracing a period of forty-six years as a teacher in eastern, middle and western states has enabled the writer to witness many changes in the relative value attached to the different branches of an English education. Sixty years ago in many places geographies had

no maps to illustrate, a subject rendered dry and uninteresting by this unphilosophical method. The book said Massachusetts was bounded north by Vermont and New Hampshire, east by the Atlantic Ocean, etc. It would have been about as intelligent to the pupil if it had been an imaginary country in Jupiter.

About 1845 this branch took the lead in a common school education. Quarto geographies soon came into use; outline maps were published, and in ten years the walls of country school houses were lined with these large outline maps and pupils were required to describe states and countries by their forms as presented to the eye. The past twenty

years has marked another great change.

Now arithmetic takes the lead of all common studies. If a pupil is good in this branch his deficiencies in other studies are condoned. The great amount of time devoted to this branch, with the multiplicity of other studies, has crowded out reading, which is the most important branch of all as much of our knowledge comes through this channel. A person can not read well unless he understands the subject, Charles Dickens, in his last visit to America, secluded himself from company in Boston for two weeks in order to study and practice his own composition before he felt prepared to give his first reading before a Boston audience. His great success in this country showed the wisdom of this course. Mr. Dickens knew the value of good read-

About 1855 grammer came to the front. Works on this subject became numerous. Parents in rural districts were put to the expense of getting a new kied of grammar every time the district changed its teacher. It is now found out that some of our best writers never studied about nouns and adjectives much. They read books whose grammar and rhetoric were faultless, and they had the society of those who spoke pure English.

It seemed to be time that this "lost art," the art of reading, had its turn in the evolution of study. Good readers will recite all their lessons in a clear, listinct manner, so that spectators are not compelled to listen to hear what they say. The public press has become a great educator in the land to those who are trained to understand what they read. Two years ago I met a lad of 14 years of age who was returning quite a thick book to the library of Grand Rapids. I asked him how long it took him to read it through. He replied three days. I questioned him about the contents of the volume. He knew almost nothing about it.

In 1843 it was my good for une to listen to Daniel Webster's famous speech on Bunker Hill, after the monument was completed. He spoke from a platform in the open air to 150,000 people, including a number of the old revolutionary soldiers. Standing at a great distance from the speaker, I heard every sentence distinctly. He did not scream, but the papers said every word weighed ten pounds. Ionce called on Prof. Bronson, in Boston, and requested him to give me the elementary sounds of the language. In giving the vowel sounds he requested me to place my hand on his abdominal muscles to see how elastic they were. I have visited schools in several cities and have noticed that when teachers were short of time they often heard the reading lesson the last hour of the day, when vitality was the

them read and then urge the pupils to read louder. Pupils should read when their vital organs are in the best condition. They should take a systematic breathing exercise, and a drill in pronouncing difficult combinations distinctly before beginning to read a chapter. The class should be placed as far from the teacher as the room will admit, and no lesson shou'd be considered finished till read distinctly and intelligently. Dr. Sears when he was secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education once showed how a teacher of a primary class could profitably spend the time of two lessons on the words 'good morning" to illustrate how a little girl would greet a sick mother whom she had disobeyed a day before, and who was sarry for her conduct, etc., etc. The doctor was a life-long teacher. His last work was as president of Brown University.

The Rhode Island Schoolmaster once gave 100 nteresting questions on the first verse in Gray's Elegy. The art of reading in the hands of skillful instructors can be made the most interesting and attractive in the whole course. Castellar, the Spanish patriot and statesman, pays this glowing tribute to anguage:

"Never can human language, that gift of gifts, be so gloriously employed as when consecrated to the cause of justice. There is no music in nature to be compared to that of speech, each of whose phrases is an idea and each of whose ideas may be the seed of a new world. Eloquence is the angel's trumpet which calls down the judgment of Gcd upon tyrants and unfolds the infinite joys of a new existence." These suggestions on readings are made with a hope that others better qualified will give this subject the attention which its importance demands, and awaken in parents and teachers a deeper interest in the art of reading. Detroit, April 13th, 1889. WARREN HUTCHINS.

On Prof. Buchanan's Views.

I'u the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Professor Buchanan cannot see anything in the esoteric teachings coming from the brotherhood of adepts, but vagaries of a past age, exploded super-stitions, and drivelling imbecility. He says: "The powers of the buman spirit, in and out of the body, the double, and other marvels magnified by Hinduism are better understood in America than in India." This, as scientific and careful investigators of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, we most emphatically deny. Why is it that in all these years, spiritualism has failed to offer to the public a logical system of philosophy? Why is it that the communications are so repeatedly contradictory? What criterion of truth have Spiritualists as to the nature of their communications? Theosophists do not disparage the importance of Spiritualistic phenomena, but believe that they have assisted in proving to the survival of consciousness after the dissolution of the physical body. A wealth of phenomena; a dearth of philosophical explanations; so stands modern Spiritualism. We hold that it is the province of Theosophy to offer rational and correct explanations of these phenomena, and with whatever horror Professor Buchanan may regard the influx

these views will inevitably be established in the course of time. That the "astounding cosmogany" advanced by Madam Blavatsky in her latest work, The Secret Doctrine," should have fascinated some intelligent readers is nothing to excite wonder. The grandeur and sublimity of the system taught therein, should be sufficient to recommend it at least to the careful perusal of every man whose soul craves truth.

Professor Buchanan asserts that the esoteric doctrines are "antagonistic to the whole spirit of modern science." This is erroneous. In the "Secret Doctrine" it is clearly shown that the more advanced men of science have arrived at conclusions on table and took up my teapot! She poured out a cup | many points, identical with views long held by the eastern occultists. Moderm science and esotericismclash only with reference to materialistic hypotheses of the former. We can claim a goodly array of brainy test, but finally drank it. The fair woman made a men in the theosophic ranks; hard headed men, accustomed to exact thought and trained in the school of modern science. It is incomprehensible to us how Professor Buchanan could have written: "The noble word Theosophy has been degraded to a su-perstitious meaning." The careful student of our philosophy will render a juster verdict; we protest emphatically against such sweeping dismissal of the This done, she fell besides the man, and the next moment the liquid turned blood red, while a low, long drawn moan and a ringing, cruel laugh of Myriads of her children at various epochs of the scarcely see the face of the other. A chill wind | the ancient Aryans did and should possess some swept over us, and after it everything resumed its knowledge of the great truths of nature? Theosophy usual aspect, but the teapot once more empty and | has no dogmas; a member's religious belief or lack quite dry, sat in its accustomed place on the closet shelf. We sent it next day to have it melted down, but it wasn't forty-eight hours before my horror was back again. Yes, if you call I'll show it to you, for I have given up. I know I'm saddled with it for properly have been spelt "Buddhism," Buddhism, " Freeten (Text) (with two d'e, is the religion promulgated by Gauta-

ma Buddha. It is entirely different from , and, from the root budh—to know, which is Its Importance and Culture in Our eric term. This has led to a very general mis as to the origin of our philosophy. We repeat the thousandth time that Esoteric Budhism, the Archaic Wisdom Religion, antedates all present known religions. The virtue of Buddhism is that it contains a greater number of the truths taught in the esoteric system than any extant religion, though their true interpretation (to the western mind), may be veiled by the corruptions of sacerdotalism as has invariably been the case in all religions.

Professor Buchanan insists that our system is but

the "resurrection of intellectual semi-barbarism." We believe in reincarnation, which is one of the main points of our philosophy. Professor Buchanan would have his readers imply that this is a tenet of "Hinduism." par excellence. We say it was universally held by the ancients, and what will surprise most people, we assert that it was most underiably believed in by the early Christian Church. Many of the prominent fathers of the Church advocated the doctrine during the first five centuries. Origen com-mented favorably upon it. Synesius, Homesius, and Hilarius defended it valiantly. Seven adherents of Priscilla were killed in the fourth century for a belief in reincarnation. The Council of Constantinople held 551 A. D. took steps to suppress the doctrine. In the New Testament, to the question of his Disciples concerning the man who was born blind, "Master, did this man sin or his parent"? Jesus answers. "Neither." This, on reflection. plainly shows that the theory of reincarnation was in vogue at that time. The Chaldeans, Persians and Egyptians expected it. The Kabala refers to it; the Jews held the same belief. Pythagoras, Plato, and the Neo. Platonists taught the pre-existence of the soul, and reincarnation. The great Italian philosopher, Giordano Bruno, supports the idea. Are these philosophers types of "intellectual semi-barbarism"? If Professor Buchapan answers in the affirmative, he will of necessity stand isolated in his opinions. Truth is One, and some of the great thinkers of the world have reached identical conclusions, it would seem, though separated both by time and space. We have shown, we think, that reincarnation at least cannot be classed as a solely "Hinduistic" idea; but that it has been held by all peoples in all time. Karma is the Nemesis of the Greeks, and a just mind should not rebel against such an ideal law. We would like to say much more if space permitted. As members of the regular medical profession and scientific men we take this opportunity to publicly profess our unreserved acceptance of the esoteric philosophy of the eastern sages, our full sympathy with the ethical aims of the movement, and our reverence for those lofty intellects, those giants of spiritual wisdom, whose treasured lore of ages has so lately been given to the Western world. to effect, as we hope. the spiritual regeneration of ROBERT FUNKHOUSER, M. D. the race. H. F. JAMES, M. D.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaueous Subjects.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Syracuse ice dealers have started an ice exchange A London paper thinks that telephones are more generally used in Sweden than anywhere else in the

It is estimated that 100,000,000 copies of the constitution of Japan have already been sold in that country.

Of the "400 cream of society" of New York probaoly not twenty characters would stand a strict ancestral investigation.

W. E. Mangham, of Zebulon, Ga., is eighty-five years old, and never fired a pistol or carried one. He is considered a wonder in his native state. Levi Johnson, an eighty-four-year-old resident of Boston, Ga., who has been blind for fifteen years,

suddenly received his sight the other day. In Japan no man lends money to a friend without taking his I O U for it, and thus he never loses a friend and makes au enemy over a verbal financial

A dog that was sent out to find a child that had wandered from its home near Reno, Nev., discovered the little one s-veral miles away in a dense thicket of sage brush.

An expedition has started from Evansville, Ind., to explore Central America. The party is equipped with photographers and naturalists' supplies and take along several newspaper men to write up the country.

America publishes more newspapers than all the rest of the world combined. Last year its 17,107 printed the enormous number of 2,959,556,500 enough to supply every soul on earth with two

Edgar Engleson, an expressman, shot Alexander Swanson, another expressman, in Oakland, California. The bullet struck the man just over the eye, but instead of penetrating the skull flattened out and fell to the ground.

A phantom team is said to haunt the house which marks the scene of a terrible tragedy in Washington County, Maine. People in the vicinity say that they hear it drive up about once in two weeks. The men in the lumber camps near by also declare that the ghosts disturb their dreams.

M. H. Kulp, of Shamokin, was one of a party of fishermen who went up into Center County, Pennsylvania, for trout. They had good luck and got over 400 fish. While on the mountain they were chased by a bear and compelled to take to the trees. The bear followed Kulp up a tree, but he is a good shot and put several balls from a revolver through the animal and killed it. The hear weighed 200 pounds. A young cub was captured alive.

A. W. Miller, of Uniontown, is the envied possessor of an object of considerable curiosity and veneration, viz.: a Hebrew shekel, said to be between 4.000 and 5,000 years old. It is a rare thing to see one of those ancient coins, or pieces of money, of the kind for which Joseph was sold into Egypt. This rare old coin, an heirloom, has been in Mr. Miller's family for several generations. It was brought from Jerusalem by one Herr Isaac Abrams away back in the distant past. Mr. Miller values this little shekel at \$500.

A remarkable case of a dog's fidelity is reported from Jefferson, Florida. The animal, called "Zolla," belonged to a physician, who died lately. He accompanied the funeral party to the cemetery, and ver since, twice a day-morning and night—he has visited the grave, and several times has been seen sitting upon it, as though expecting the deceased to appear. A man, who resembled the doctor, reports that more than once "Zolla" has met him on the street, followed him home and sat for hours in front of his door.

A queer bird was on exhibition recently at Quitman, Georgia. It was about the size and shape of a goose, web-footed and legs considerably longer, which enabled it to stand straight up. Its body feathers were speckled much like a guinea's, only they were much more glossy and beautiful. Its bill was long and sharp like a crane's, and it had a vicious look out of its little red eyes. A beautiful ring of black and white polka dot feathers made a charming color for its graceful neck and a nice set-off for its glossy, blue-black head.

An old negro by the name of Lindsey, who was separated from his family during slavery times, has been traveling over the country for twenty-three years, searching for them. A few weeks ago he met his son Allen at Paris, Texas, and an affecting reunion resulted. Through Allen he found Jim, a porter on the Missouri and Kansas Railway. He then set out on foot to see his daughter Amanda, who is living at Denison. He is now spending a few days with her. The old man says he will devote the rest of his life to finding his wife.

There resides in South Addison, Maine, a singular character, whose strange conduct for the past year s beginning to create a stir in the outside world. He is a man about thirty years old, of respectable connections. When young it is said he became a victim of religious excitement. Later on he became a reader of the Koran, and finally embraced the Mohammedan religion. Within the past year he has taken to a hermit life, and lives in a storehouse in a neighboring wood. In the center of his domicile, serves as a bed. He is strict in his devotional exerciees, praying three times each day. When at prayer he assumes a prostrate attitude, resting his head upon a stone. At sunrise, after rising from his bed. he washes his feet and hands and bows to the east, which custom is repeated at noon and sunset. He takes but two meals during the secular days, and from Saturday night until the following Monday he entirely abetains from food.

mp, of Burnt Cabin, York County, Ps., can arge goose egg in his mouth and close his without crushing the shell.

A sparrow is making itself at home in a cage of flying equirrels at the Fallon House, Lock Haven, Pa., and no jars have resulted so far. A young lady of East Nottingham, Pa., in stroll-

ing in a field the other day found thirty-six fourleaf clovers and some with five leaves. New York has an organization known as the Handsome Club, made up of 184 women, who are

distinguished for beauty of face and form. Stephen Richardson, of Harvey County, Kansas has planted three miles of peach trees on the public highway for the benefit of travelers.

Rabbits are as popularly represented at the Easter season as eggs are. The trait of rabbits which causes them to be known as egg thieves is the reason for this array of sugar and paper animals.

A woman in Findlay, Onio, and a friend of hers in Utica, New York, both dreamed the same identical dream on the same night, although hundreds of miles apart.

The original Boulanger hat was very large, with a curve of brim like the three-cornered riding hate of the last century. It is now much modified oth in size and shape. It is hardly more than half the

Some Windsor Locks (Conn.) people who forwarded \$1 each for "music box capable of playing twenty-three tunes" received a large package on which sixty cents express was charged containing three five-cent harmonicons.

A school teacher near Allentown, Pennsylvania, having lost ten days by sickness, made it up" at the end of the term, after all the children had left school, by daily going through all the forms as if they were present, thus drawing her salary.

California boasts of the extent and splendor of her flora, but a statement in a local paper that "a Martinez woman killed seven big tarantulas in ber flower garden last Wednesday" shows that the love of the beautiful has some serious drawbacks there. In the future every great iron-clad will have its suite, composed of a small fleet. This will consist of two first-class torpedo boats, a fast gunboat ram, generally towed, and a very fast 200 ton "turn-ab ut torpedo catcher," fitted with the latest improvements

for destroying torpedoes. Mayor Star enumerates the number of languages spoken on Main street, Deadwood, as follows: Eoglish, German, French, Italian, Chinese, Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish, Scandinavian, Russian, Itish, Spanish, Hebrew, Sclavonian—fourteen, with possibly a few overlooked.

THE VALUE OF LONGEVITY.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in writing of the value of

longevity, says: 'Can there be a doubt that Burns and Keats fore-aw the issue of their struggle against bigotry, or that Cervantes, in the gloom of his misery could read the signs of the dawn presaging a sunburst of posthu-

"Spinoza and Schiller died at the threshold of their goal; Pascal, Harvey, Macauley, Buckle and Bichat left their inimitable works half finished; Raphael, Mozart and Bryon died at the verge of a summit which perhaps no other foot shall ever ap-

"Who knows how often, since the dawn of modern science, the chill of death has paleied a hand that had all but lifted the veil of Isis' temple? Or in how many thousand lives time alone would have solved all discords into harmonies? An increase of longevity would indeed, solve the vexing riddles of would furnish the peculial endor ment of Mr. Mallock's conclusion. It would give the viciesitudes of fortunes a chance to assist their equalizing tendencies, it would supply a missing link in the arguments of that natural religion that trusts the equipose of justice in the apparent caprices of

"The piles of longevity would redeem the mort-gage of our earthly paradise"—and it can be prolonged and should be, with care and the use of proper medicine at the right time.

Owing to the stress, the worry, and the annoyance of every day life, there is no doubt but that tens of thousands of men and women yearly fill premature

Especially after middle life should a careful watch be kept over one's physical condition. The symptoms of kidney disease, such as becoming easily tired, headache, neuralgia, feeble heart action, fickle appetite, a splendid feeling one day and an allgone one the next, persistent cough, trouble in urinating, etc., should be diligently looked into and at once stopped through a faithful use of Warner's Safe Cure, which has cured tens of thousands of such troubles and will cure yours.

Experiencing no pain in the region of the kidneys is no evidence that they are not diseased, as those great purifying organs have very few nerves of sensation, and oftentimes the kidneys are positive rotting and being passed away through the urine before the victim is aware he is suffering from advarced kidney disease, which is only another name for Bright's Disease.

To preserve life and to be well while you live are two cardinal virtues, and it is time well spent to give this vital subject earnest and careful attention, and to use the knowledge acquired in a judicious and intelligent manner.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having bad placed in his hands by an East India mission ary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by his motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-ad-dressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Our Heredity from God, by E. P. Powell, shows the latest bearings of science on such questions as God and Immortality. Mr. Powell believes that science is at last affording us a demonstration of our existence beyond death. The book is also a careful epitome of the whole argument for evolution. Dr. Stockwell, author of "The Evolution of Im-

mortality," writes: "I am thrilled, uplifted and almost entranced by it. It is just such a book as I felt was coming, must come."

Science devotes over a column to it, and says: "One does not always open a book treating on the

moral aspects of evolution with an anticipation of pleasure or instruction." Statuvolism, or Artificial Somnambulism, hitherto

called Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism by Wm. Baker Fahnestock, M. D. Contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French comm is oners. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

D. D. Home's Life and Mission is as popular as when first from the press and it is well worthy the praise it has received. The career of a remarkable medium like D. D. Home should be familiar to all students of the spiritual philosophy and occult students generally. Cloth, plain \$2.00; gilt, \$2.25. For sale at this office.

The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ is the significant title of a most valuable work by Dr. Anna B. Kingsford and Edward Maitland. It is a fitting and lasting monument to the memory of Dr. Kingsford, so lately passed to a higher life. The work is adapted to all creeds, as the Theosophists claim it as theirs; the Christian scientists admit their reading is not complete without it, as they find many truths in its pages, and Spiritualists and Liberalists have discovered much that is convincing and corroborating in the facts and statements. Price, \$2.00; postage, Efteen cents extra. This edition is a facsimilie of the one which costs \$4.00. For sale at this

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"For a long time I was afflicted with a limest beyond endurance."

All magic.—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

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"For a long time I was afflicted with salt-rheum, and could find nothing to relieve me. A friend recommended I began to take Ayer's Sar-

saparilla, and after taking four bottles I one bottle of which medicine restored was cured."—Edwin R. Tombs, Ogemaw me to health."—S. Carter, Nashville,

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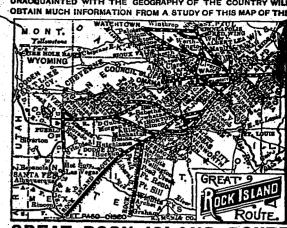
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Don't be afraid to place your advertisements in any paper because there are "so many school advertisements there." Remember that we always lock in the biggest stores for the best goods.



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—Mrs. Dr. Winslow, Editor of the Alpha. "It is well and carefully and conscientiously written, and will "e of service to a great many people."—Dr. Holbrook, Editor of Health.

Price, paper, 25 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago.

WEST KEARNEY,

28, 1889, a cornfield; to day a growing city.

which I will sell at one half regular prices for a limited time. At the figures I have placed upon them they can not fail to be attractive to anyone who desires to buy for loca-

TALLAPOOSA 18 growing very fast. Its, natural advantages and diversified industries have brought it into prominence. The lots and the prices at which I offer them are as

Lot 5, Blk 9, and lot 158, \$150.00, ½ reg. comp'y rate
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These are part of the lands of the TALLAPOOSA LAND, MININFO & MG. COMP'Y. For further information address

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CHICAGO. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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OVER \$250,000

worth of lots sold the first day they were offered.

THE ONLY CITY IN AMERICA where the first house built connected with sewer, city water works, electric light system, and telephone. WEST KEARNEY

miles from P. O and center, and lies directly under the

adjoines the limits of the City of Kearney on the west, two

100,000 HORSE POWER brought into the city from a canal sixteen miles long. THE MOST PERFECTLY DRAINED CITY

IN AMERICA: West Kearney has elegant streets: arc and incandescen electric lights; telephone service; complete sewer system; soft water: electric railway to be built connecting with Kearney: the finest pressed brick and brown stone depot be tween Omaha and Denver, and has a paper mill, woollen mill, and scores of business houses and residences nov building

OVER \$50,000 will be expended by this company in improvements in the

LOTS IN WEST KEARNEY have advanced over 100 percent, in the last thirty days, and will double again before July.

TAXES

in West Kearney are only one fifth of city taxes, yet its residents can enjoy all the advantages of the city of Kearney, and the two cities are within ten minutes' drive of each other, or five minutes by el ctric road.

OVER THREE MILLION DOLLARS of Eastern capital has been invested in Kearney since September, and its growth is the wonder of the Western

Tru'y a Magic City! The wonder of the West!! January, country. It has the finest water power in America, andis surrounded by the richest country on the face of the earth.

A 100 PER CENT. INVESTMENT, No mistake was ever made by purchasing property in a growing Western city on the ground floor Wes. Kearney lots will surely pay 100 per cent. profit on the investment this year, if purchased at present prices.



OVERFLOW OF CANAL-60 ft. FALL.

IN THE CENTER: Of the United States

Of the State of Nebraska.

Of the grain belt.

Of the hog raising belt. Of the great corn belt.

Of the cattle-raising section.

Of manufacturing west of the Missouri river. Of the valley of the Platte.

KEARNEY AND WEST KEARNEY HAV 10 churches; 10 hotels; 3 daily newspapers; 3 weekly news. papers; 21 secret and benevolent societies; 2 hose companies; 1 hook and ladder company; 2 building and loan associations; chamber of commerce, 150 members; largest tele-

phone service in proportion to population in the world; 4 national and 2 private banks, with a combined capital of \$700,000; the State Industrial School; the most complete sistem of public schools in the State; finest hotel between Omaha and Denver; City Hall costing \$25,000, and Court-House costing \$65,000, now building; 150 miles of graded streets; 25 miles of sidewalk; 30,000 growing shade trees; wide streets and boulevards; beautiful parks; romantic lakes; enterprising and well-to-do people; refined society, and

GREAT R. R. SYSTEMS IN THE CITY, OR COMING.

B. & M. R. R., C. M. & St. P., C. R. I. & P., Union Pacific. Missouri Pacific

tasty homes.

Ill. Central. A.T. & Santa Fe, St. Joe & Western. O. & Rep. Valley.

TWO LEADING CROPS raised in Buffalo county in 1888, 10,368,000 bushelsfor corn, valued at \$2,592,000; 3,000,000 bushels of oats. val ued at \$600,000. Over \$5,000,000 added to the wealth of Kearney and Buffalo county in one year from two cereals

TO EMPLOY LABOR. Paper Mill, with a capacity of 12 tons per day. Starch Factory, with a capacity of 600 bu. per day. Woollen Mill, for fiannels and cassimers. Flouring Mill, with a capacity of 200 bbls, per day. Cracker Factory, with a capacity of 50 bbls. per day. Cotton Mill, with a capacity of 10,000 lbs. per day. Canning Factory, with a capacity of 50,000 cans per day. Pressed Brick and Terra Cotta Works, with a capacity of

100,000 brick per day. Packing House, with a capacity of 1,060 hogs and 200 peeves per day. 1.000 new buildings to be built this season, besides many new manufacturing establis

For further particulars, prospectus, and plat, prices of business and residence-property, call on or address THE WEST KEARNEY IMPROVEMENT CO., KEARNEY, NEB.

(Continued from First Page.) most wonderful of all the structures I had yet seen: Fancy an immense floor for dancing, hundreds of paces in length and of proportionate width, and the whole surmounted by a lofty, dome-like roof, supported by four great columns, one at each corner.

I know nothing of architecture, so I can not tell you how this tremendous dome was made to rest so securely upon those four Corinthian pillars; but there it was, seemingly almost ready to float away, yet firm as the everlasting hills; built, apparently, of iron, with statues of surpassing beauty at the corners, and on the center of the dome, a grand figure of Terpsichore, heroic in size.

A raised platform, one step high, extended, with short intervals, around the entire floor, furnished with the usual complement of invitingly easy seats, and at the upper end of | near the upper portion of Congress Street at the floor, a grand stand for the musicians. the time I, a small girl, first heard the story. Two hundred sets could find ample room at once on this celestial floor.

What glory it would be, I thought, to take my place on that heavenly floor, with myown true love by my side, and waltz, waltz away to such divine strains of music as would thrill the life out of a mortal frame with the very rapture of it.

Again divining my thoughts, my guide smiled and said:

"My little one, the happiness you wish for will most certainly be yours in the fullness of time. You have only to do your duty to the best of your ability. Live up to your very highest standard of purity and nobility. Let nothing come between you and the fulfillment of your sacred obligations. The end of your earthly activity will come soon away mostly from memory, as dreams ever enough, and your higher work and enjoyment | do. will begin. You are now at the termination of your visit. I trust that my efforts to entertain and intruct you have been successful, and I hope that in the coming future, I, with my beloved mate, shall have the honor to entertain you and yours, in somewhat bet-

and I gazed for a moment longingly upon the scenes, knowing all the time that she had the glorious scene, that marvelous creation, a heavenly floor for dancing; the encircling glory of trees, flowers, fountains, arbors and the purling musical streamlet; and the great | that path before? The lovely grove? The mansion itself towering up against the eastern horizon, like a mountain of architect- | face? That hill covered with verdure across ure, its multitudinous towers and statues the river? She could only puzzle her brain standing out in bold relief against the blue

sky beyond. I now followed my guide, and after a short walk through new scenes of absorbing beauty and interest, I found myself before a lofty, massive gateway constructed of the purest | that moment it all came back to her-the rewhite marble, and of such beauty and grandeur of design and execution as defies description. Here my guide halted, and said, "God be with you. little one." Even as he spoke, the scene grew indistinct. His hand- on the summer morning in that little garsome form was lost, while yet he smiled upon | den on Walker Street, when I, a child, stood me. The deep gloom swallowed me up, and beside her among her beds of sweet pinks I awoke in the blackness of night upon my | and "lady's delights."

COINCIDENCES.

The series of coincidents being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 468 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names witnesses of or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincident may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead-not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp or reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain the same. -- EDITOR JOURNAL].

in the Portland, Me., Transcript of April 3rd,

The last lecture in the Mechanics' Course, was delivered last Thursday evening by Mr. S. T. Pickard, his subject being "Dreams and Phantasms." It was a review of the volumes entitled "Phantasms of the Living," published by the English Society for Psychical Research, and it set forth the claims of the new science of Telepathy, which was defined as the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind, otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense. Several thoroughly authenticated instances were given in which the deaths of friends, and intelligence of other events, were conveyed across seas and wide continents without the help of any ordinary means of communication. Usually, but not in all cases, the resixth sense was suggested,—a sense that may belong to all humanity, but is in most persons latent, or called into exercise very rarely. Two anecdotes, contributed by Caroline Dana Howe, of this city, were read. The first one bears directly upon the argument for the sixth sense. The other has no such bearing, and was cited only as a strange coincidence.

"When I was but a child, a very singular thing occurred in our family, which in re-calling, seems as vivid to me as if it happened but yesterday. One-half of the house in which we lived, not far from the Boston and Maine depot, being left vacant, was immediately engaged by a man named Horace Skillings, one of the employes of the road, who was to move in the next day. Before daylight, on the morning he was to move in, my mother was awakened by my father's rising from bed. He seemed unwilling to say much when asked if he was sick, but my mother insisted upon knowing why he rose at that unusual hour. 'I have had a fearful dream.' he it has made. I dreamt that I went down to the depot, and saw Horace Skillings literally crushed to pieces. I never had so terrible a dream in all my life, and I wish I could drive away the vision of that mangled, bleeding body. It is as real as if I saw him there are the more trequent appearances. The dwere the more trequent appearances. The dwere the more requent appearances. The dwere the more requent appearances. The series in the dwere startled been more shocked. He then proceeded to astral forms were perceived by our astral begind to take advantage of the Chicago stores, for flashed upon the astral eye, our astral bodies were startled into action; our hair stood an indistinct form which in solemn words are not ready and at the case of the chicago stores, for flashed upon the astral eye, our astral bodies were startled into action; our hair stood an indistinct form which in solemn words are not ready and at the case of the chicago stores, for flashed upon the astral eye, our astral bodies were startled into action; our hair stood an indistinct form which in solemn words are not ready and at the case of the chicago stores, for instance, if they knew how? It came to our knowledge the chicago who are not ready and at the case of the chicago stores, for instance, if they knew how? It came to our knowledge the chicago who are not ready and at the case of the chicago stores, for instance, if they knew how? It came to our knowledge the chicago who are not ready and at the case of the chicago stores, for instance, if they knew how? It came to our knowledge the chicago who are not ready and at the case of the chicago stores, for instance, if they knew how? It came to our knowledge the chicago who are not ready and at the case of the chicago stores, for instance, if they knew how? It came to our knowledge the chicago who are not at the case of the chicago who instance, if they knew how? It came to our knowledge the chicago who are not at the case of the chicago who are not at the case of the chicago who are not at th said, 'and can not shake off the impression body. It is as real as if I saw him there with my waking senses.' So he went to his store on York St., near State, and opposite the hill oughly alarmed I interested his physician looking down to the depot named. As he was and other friends in his case. We exhaust-negligible to distract his mind from the looking the interested his physician and other friends in his case. We exhaust-negligible to the successunlocking the store door he involuntarily ed every effort to distract his mind from the turned and looked down the hill.

usual crowd gathered there. He went down trembling, and there lay Mr. Skillings exactly as he had seen him in his dream, mangled, bleeding, dead. Child as I was, this impressed me fearfully from the first, and in later years scarcely less, as I heard it repeated by them often. I never ceased, or can cease, to wonder over the fulfilment of that morning's fearful dream. By what sense did that awful calamity reach him, my father, in his sleep? But there are those still living who can bear testimony to its occurrence.

I am glad I can supplement this with another record, mysterious and sweet, of a dream I heard twice over from the lips of a saintly lady whom many would remember among us, and whose son is being honored by us in our city. The lady, Mrs. W ____ lived She dreamed that she was walking along somewhere on an unfamiliar road, with many people around her. They turned into a field on which was a path leading down to

a river. On one side she saw a huge rock with isinglass flashing out in the sun—on the other a fine grove of trees. In front of her the river, and across the river a high hill crowned with verdure. A man came out of the grove singing, and with him a flock of snow-white lambs. He went down the bank they followed, went into the river, and he washed them. The lovliness of the scenery, the freshness of the morning, and the exquisite whiteness of the lambs while being washed in the river, impressed her vividly for many days. But by and by this passed

Some three years after Mr. W—and she were driving toward home from a visit to friends in the country, and concluded to take a new route, and call on friends in a certain village they had never seen. They were persuaded to stay over night there—the next ter style. Allow me to conduct you to the day being Sunday, and attend church and boundaries of my estate, where your home- afterward a baptism. Proceeding with the ward journey will begin."

Again the feeling of sadness came over me, suddenly impressed with the familiarity of never been in that village before.

· When they shortly turned into the field her surprise deepened. Where had she seen rock with the mica flashing out upon its sur-

without answer. Then from the grove came forward a man, robes following. They were singing. He led them down the bank to the river, and membrance of her dream. Here was the path, the grove, the rock, the hill, the river and here the white lambs being washed.

And this was what the saintly lady told us

the late Judge Goddard, of this city. The Judge had an older brother, the late Col. John Goddard, whose active life was full of adventure, and who occasionally found himself in perilous situations. Mrs. Goddard, his mother, in each crisis of his life, had a dream in which his danger was revealed to her, though she was not in the habit of dreaming about any other member of the family. On eight occasions she had such dreams in regard to her older son, said the Judge, and in each case, the event verified the vision. One morning, at the breakfast table, she told of a singular dream, in which she saw John struggling in the water, while horses, also in the water, were striking at him with their fore feet, and preventing him from getting out. As John was in northern New Brunswick, and it was in midwinter, the family thought that for once Mrs. Goddard's dreaming was at fault. But, after many days waiting a letter came from him, which told of a remarkable escape from imminent death. He was driving a pair of spirited horses across a frozen lake or river, as it proved, on the very night of the dream. The horses broke through the ice, and Mr. Goddard left the sleigh and went to their heads to assist them in recovering their footing upon the ice that remained Nos. 78, 79 and 80 following were reported solid. In their struggle they enlarged the hole in which they floundered, and finally he was precipitated into the water in front of them. For some time his efforts to get out of the water were frustrated by the strokes of the frantic fore feet of the frightened horses. Here was the very scene of the dream, as related, hundreds of miles away. at a Portland breakfast table, on the morning of the occurrence. Judge Goddard was then a young man, and the was personally cognizant of the fact that the dream was told days before the news of the event ar-

-81—
A Chicago broker tells the following: "I am a business man, and have no time for anything outside of dollars, and cents, figures and real estate. I don't know what I believe outside of these things, but I will tell you what I know, and you may draw your own conclusions. Fifteen years ago I cipient of the intelligence is asleep, and the was living in Philadelphia. Among my news comes to him in a dream. Occasional-friends was a young man of thirty-two years ly, to waking eyes a vision comes, bringing of age, who conducted a successful mercanintelligence or warning that is sent from tile business. I knew him at his home, and distant friends in some crisis of their lives. A | of all my acquaintances he was most to be envied. He had a lovely wife and three interesting children. Theirs was a home of continuous, unalloyed happiness. He come of a healthy, vigorous, long-lived stock, his paternal grand-parents, nearly ninety, being then alive, while his maternal grandfather had died but a year or two before at the age of ninety six, leaving a wife who at this time was ninety-four years of age.

"He himself was the picture of perfect health, and he was one of the most sunny natures I ever saw. One day he called at my office and told me he wished to speak to metin private. I was thunderstruck at the change which had come over him. Three days before I had seen him as I have described him. Now his face was haggard and he appeared to be absorbed by an overpowering care. When we had entered my inner office and the door was closed, he regarded me earnestly a moment or two and then said.

abruptly: "I shall die next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.'
Had a bullet struck me I could not have
He then proceeded to A train had just come in. He saw an un- pall of literal death.

hours found him worse instead of better. He was not ill, but attended, or seemed to do so, to his usual business. Thursday evening he went home earlier than usual, and kissed his wife and children tenderly, passed up to his room, where he laid down, telling his wife he was tired.

"I should have said that she had been at his piteous entreaty kept in ignorance of the dream and its serious effect upon him. Hence, when a little later she bade him come to dinner he declined, alleging lack of appetite, she did not think strangely of it. When the meal was over and the wife had given her personal attention to the putting to bed of the children, she returned to her husband's bedroom, where she found him dead. It was ten minutes after 8, and the body was still warm."

"I am not a pious man, Indeed I rather incline to agnosticism," said a well known La-Salle Street business man. I say this by way of preface to the following: One day, when I was young, and short of funds, a friend of mine in the same condition of body and finances came to me in great distress, saying he had been in decidedly hard luck of late. and that if he did not get hold of \$300 that very day a mortgage upon his household effects would be foreclosed, and he and his family thrown out upon the street. He was

well-nigh distracted. "He was honest as the day is long, and my heart was touched at his affliction. He was a praying man and deeply spiritual. Upon my telling him regretfully that I had not the money, and did not know where to get it, he bade me be seated. He remained quiet for a few moments, whether praying or communing with himself I know not, when all of a sudden his face became radiant.

will be forthcoming.' He spoke with absolute confidence. An hour later a man owning an express wagon, who, as I thought, had all he could do to make a living, approached me on Clark Street over there, saying:

"'A man in the suburbs owes me \$300. The money is not due for several months, but he has the money and wishes to stop interest. It struck me you might know some one who wishes to borrow the amount. If you do, I will take the money and accommodate

"Just think of it! the precise amount, and from a man who was the last of all my acquaintances whom I should have approached expecting to find the sum. Indeed, I did with several young people in their white feel I knew one from whom I could borrow to save my friend from rain. I named my friend, saying he wished precisely the amount named. The expressman started quickly, as soon as the name was called, as though he expected it, and said quickly:

"Why, he's the very man of all men, I'd like to have it. Thus was my friend helped out of the slough of despond. What was it whispered absolute confidence to my friend in my office? What led the borrower to wish to pay on that day, months ahead of time? And what induced the expressman to seek Another anecdote, having a local flavor, was | me out of all others when I was not a borquoted as having been told the lecturer by rower of money? And what, finally, led him so readily to accommodate my friend, who was not possessor of adequate security for the loan?"

For the Religio Philosophical Journal, A Fugacious Philosopher.

He defines Miracles, and Discusses Ghosts, ### Hints at Mysteries, and discourses upon Psychic Science.—A Picturesque Philosopher, who Amiably Analyzes Current Wonders, and Talks Spiritualism, but Calls it Theosophy, and Interests some Three Hundred New Yorkers.

J. J. MORSE.

Dr. Elliot Coues is the personification of amiability. The homorist and the cynic Pantheon, or be "quietly inurned" in the blend in the well trained man of the world, sepulchre of oblivion, where rest the remains blend in the well trained man of the world, and the result is a species of philosophic of the fugacious philosophers of the past. Figare, who, one feels, makes haste to smile, lest he be compelled to weep. In full evening dress he looks as if he properly belonged to an English drawing-room; his manner of speech is much like that of a cultured English gentleman; the construction of what he says is the most American about him. As a talker he is quizzical without impertinence; satirical without being ungenerous; as-sertive without being dogmatic; an unprag-matical pragmatist! Such at least are the impressions left upon the writer after hearing the great apostle of Theosophy for the first time at Cartier's Hall, New York City, on the 24th day of April, in this year of Republican simplicity, and Harrisonial Chief

The occasion was the delivery by the Doctor of an address upon "Modern Miracles," at the above named place, on the evening of the date stated. Cartier's Hall is an L shaped room, reached by a miraculously steep flight of stairs, which would be a splendid death trap in case of fire or panic. The hall is poorly adapted for public meetings, its low ceiling and cramped facilities making it almost a penance chamber. It should comfortably seat three hundred, and it was choke full. Ladies' fans supplied the air that was denied the perspiring throng by the construction of the place. The fair sex made about seventy per cent. of the auditory. The listeners were evidently interested, quite sympathetic, but at no time enthusiastic. The Doctor has a charming delivery, reads with the ease and skill of a well-trained elocutionist, makes his points like a master, and evokes a smile as much by the manner of telling his jeu d'esprit, as by the wit of

Our mentor assured us that the miraculous and the supernatural were unintelligable terms to him, meaning nothing. Nature was the greatest, and perpetual, miracle of all. Things were only miraculous to those upon the plane of activity beneath. Natural law in the Spirit-world was an axiom. Law ruled everywhere; our ignorance of its methods was no evidence it did not. "I do not believe in miracles but I do believe in ghosts,' said the doctor, and, added he, "many here this evening do also," at which a responsive shudder rippled over his listeners. Ghosts were projections of the astral bodies of the living, or the appearance of the astral shell after death. The astral bodies of living people were the more frequent appearances. The

"Day by day passed, and each twenty-four | ism were a fraud. The "astral forms of the astral world never wore the tawdry tinsel of the medium's cabinet," a statement that fell in a vacuum of undiluted silence.

Psychic science was that branch of knowledge that Theosophy was glad to welcome. Its students and professors needed, however, to be awakened to a knowledge of their own astral nature and its power, otherwise their attempts would be but incomplete in results. Theosophical "initiates and adepts who were present could appreciate the tremendous dangers, difficulties and secrets surrounding the matter. But the fullness of all these things could only be found in the true Wisdom-Religion." Clairvoyance, clairaudience. psychometry, astral projections, and prophecy, were among the facts of our genial mentor's psychic science. His explanations were, however, in each case, but a recapitulation of what the thinking Spiritualist has been aware of for many years. Clairaudience, termed the use of "the psychophone"-was the projection of a "magnetic line" from the "astral brain," which, "ever found its destined terminus, and impinging upon the astral brain of the percipient produced its result, in imparting the thought with which it was charged;" clairvoyance was images im-printed upon the astral brain of the percipient, by spirits, who in the cases of prophetic vision could thus antedate occurrences because they, standing upon a higher plane of view, could see approaching events before us. Instead of the after state being either unnatural or supernatural—so very different to this—it was we that were different then. "Everything depends upon the point of view." Therefore the psychic scientist must come into a knowledge of the astral man if he desire to understand the facts of that man's nature. Theosophy had no quarsudden his face became radiant.

"'It's all right,' he declared. 'The money guarded itself. No religion had a monopoly of truth, each had a monopoly of errors-its own. In the inner ranks of Theosophy these secrets could best be studied; and in a pretty peroration Theosophy was made the center piece of some graceful periods of poetical pyrotechnics.

Had we listened to a disciple of Theosophy, and an honored one? Was all this in accord with Theosophy and working occultism, as has been insisted? or was the amiable Doctor slyly dosing his Theosophic admirers with Spiritualism a la homeopathy, quietly smiling to himself the while? Blavatsky, Olcott, Sinnett, Mabel Collins (Mrs. Cooke), Coues, why needest to spell Spiritualism-Theosophy, and steep us all in a fugacious philosophy, that will emulate the gourd grown in a night, dying in the noon heat that followed? As you say, Doctor, "all depends upon the point of view," but a little, too, depends upon what determines the point of view. This constant iteration of mysticism, secrecy and danger, is unworthy of the times. God and nature have no secrets that honest, open effort cannot, or may not, bring to light. The valuable part of spiritual literature contains all our amiable professor exhibited to his hearers. Spiritualism has now ceased to be attractive to the fugaphilosophers of society, and the theo sophic sun is above the sky line. The moderns and the ancients are at least in touch on one point—they are ever seeking the new. Do they always find the new is true? Spiritualists, however, set an example to the Theosophists, for they were the first, making the road over which these Hindoo American parlor ascetics now take their satin slippered. evening dress-coated way. Honor to whom honor is due. On one point the writer is a Psychic-Science Theosophist, and that is in regard to the absolute necessity of differentiating the ante mortem phenomena of the embodied spirit from the post mortem phenomena of the disembodied spirit.

If the disciples of Theosophy would be content to let their expositions take on the amiableness, frankuess, intelligence and practicality of their distinguished mentor, Elliott Coues, it would be well. It is an open question though, whether or not, despite his genial earnestness, the Doctor will, twenty years hence, find a place in Philosophy's Brooklyn, N. Y.

Need of a Spring Medicine. With a large majority of people some kind of a spring medicine is absolutely necessary, because when the season begins to change and the warmer days come on, the body feels the effect of the relaxation and cannot keep up even the appearance of health which the bracing air of winter aided it to maintain? The impurities in the blood are so powerful that slumbering disease is awakened to action. and suddenly appears in some part of the body. Scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, or some other blood disease manifests itself, or, the blood becoming thin and impoverished, fails to supply the organs with needed strength, and a dangerous state of debility comes on; "that tired feeling" is experienced in its indescribable prostrating power.

In this condition thousands of people naturally turn to Hood's Sarsaparilla. By its use the blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, all impurities are expelled, and the vital fluid carries life and health to every organ. By the peculiar restoring and ton-ing qualities of the medicine the tired feeling is overcome and the whole body given strength and vigor. The appetite is rectored and charpened, the digestive organs are toned, and the kidneys and

liver invigorated. Those who have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla should do so this spring. It is a thoroughly honest and reliable preparation, purely vegetable, and contains no injurious ingredient whatever.

In this age of the world, there is hardly any one that does not appreciate the advantages offered by the Metropolitan Markets, that is, the larger assortment, the better quality, and the lower prices offered by the dealers in the great centers of trade.

The changed condition in the tastes of mankind on this subject has been brought about by various causes. Probably the chief being the Government, through the post-office, offering advantages for sending merchandise by mail. The second, the Express Companies offering advantages of low rates, and quick transit to any outlying district for pack-

ages of all kinds. There is probably not a family among our many country readers who at one time or another have not felt the great need of taking advantage of the Metropolitan Marke:s; but with this desire immediately follows the knowledge of their inability to do so, because of their not having anyone to whom they can send to perform the commission for them, or, if they have such friends, they dislike to trouble them with the mission.

Again, how often has arisen the desire to have something different than the home market offere; something every one in town has not looked over and priced and become familiar with? How com-fortable the feeling to know that in buying something new, everyone of your friends, and acquaint-ances do not know the cost of it, and just where it

was purchased.

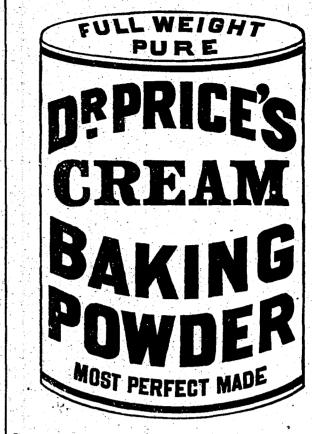
and other friends in his case. We exhausted ed every effort to distract his mind from the presentiment that overhung him as the very pall of literal death.

It is our good fortune to be able to say that it possesses the three important requisites to the successthe ful conducting of such a business: First, cononly be prosecuted under adept case. The fidence that the would-be purchases when the pall of literal death.

made will be satisfactory, and that good will be used in making them, and last, but 1. promptness in fulfilling the commissions. The Favorite Co-operative Association, loca. 45 Randolph Street, Chicago, postess all these qu. fications, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that we recommend them to our readers. Their standing, as to reliability and responsibility is attested by a remarkable line of references which they offer and we honestly believe that any commission entrusted to the mixel be transacted to the entire

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