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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to end 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 votices of Meetings, information concerning the organ zation of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incitents of spirit communion, and well authenticated acsounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will a published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Meeting. One of Many. Miscellaneous Advertisements

H. B. Philbrook-Mediumship and Epilepsy Contrasted-Where is Dr. Hamilton? W. H. CHANEY.

Judging from the scores of letters which have received from entire strangers, since my communications in the Journal of April 4th and May 20th, there are at least a few persons who were interested in the subjects dozen persons, that I must petition for a of Crawfordsville, Indiana:

We who are living in the valley, look to you on the mountain for light. I want your opinion on the merits of H. B. Philbrook's revelations. Are the views advanced by him in harmony with the facts in astronomy, chemistry, physiology, etc.?"

My thought has been to answer "no," to each querist, and let the matter end there. but that would be dogmatizing, and Spiritualists are the last people in the world to respect a dogmatist. Therefore I will try to be logical and philosophical.

I know nothing of Mr. Philbrook's private history, but will venture to suggest that he has inherited epilepsy, a disease of the brain. This is one of the most deceptive and insidious of all cerebral diseases, seeming to be equally allied to sanity and insanity. No person can claim immunity from its attacks. have symptoms of it myself, but in a mildform, unaccompanied by the least physical pain. Excessive anxiety, nervous prostration, mental exhaustion etc., in my own case, are superinducing causes of the attacks. I am not in the least unconscious, yet what I see and hear seems perfectly real to me, while at the same time I am conscious of the halluci-

Emanuel Swedenborg inherited epilepsy of the brain from both father and grandfather. Edgar A. Poe was a victim of the same disease. Swedenborg, during his attacks, had visions of God, heaven, the devil, hell, spirits, etc., all of which were remembered after the attack had passed and seemed perfectly real to him. He fancied that God had called him to explain the meaning of the Scriptures, just as Esdras (see Apocrapha) fancied that God had called him to write up the Old Testament, which was lost, and he dictated it in forty days to five scribes, only a short time before Christ, and that is how we came by the old Bible. Swedenborg was just as much inspired as Esdras, and wrote in language far less filthy. The father and grandfather of Swedenborg were clergymen; how natural, then, that he should inherit a mania for expounding the Bible.

In Edgar A. Poe we look in vain for symptoms of a tendency to either pound or expound the imaginings of the epileptics which had preceded him. His mania was intensely dramatic and poetic. When the fit was on him his visions were most weird and startling. These were remembered in his normal state and afforded plots for his writing

doubt his privations and anxiety hastened the development of his cerebral ailment. Then came the vision of a great work which

he was called to perform. I have examined many cases of incipient insanity and in every instance found this unerring symptom—a great work to do! Furthermore, I have never yet found a case where the patient was not more or less a medium. Educated, but idiotic physicians, have read from books that one possessed of the idea of a mission to fulfill is on the verge of insanity; also, that epilepsy produces visions of airy nothingness, which to the victim seem a reality, and putting the two facts together proclaim that mediumship is nothing but a cerebral disease or derangement.

Mr. Philbrook's visions did not take the form of those of Swedenborg, or Poe, or Joan of Arc; nevertheless he felt sure that he had received a "call." Among his earlier writings are so many evidences of sanity, especially his "Cause and Cure of Disease," that on reading it, before I had seen him, I did | neither alcohol, mince pie, nor disease, posnot suspect the least cerebral derangement. This shows how insidious and deceiving are the workings of this mysterious disease.

The cause of an epileptic fit is the rapid and involuntary demission of nerve energy from the centers to the surface, producing a action is involuntary, the mind is uncontrolled by the will, and hence the strange in voluntary thoughts; the sounds which are heard; visions that are presented, etc. These phenomena are mere chimera of the brain. yet they seem as real as reality itself. In the case of spirit control a force is projected upon the brain by a spirit, producing an involuntary demission of nerve energy, when there will appear what is termed clairvoyance, clairaudience, and so forth. It is a contradiction of terms to talk about "independent clairvoyance." There can be no clear seeing, or hearing, unless some power outside of the individual's will acts upon the brain: a boat, when rowed, might as well boast of its independent power to move.

The reader may now conclude that the phenomena of epilepsy of the brain and spirit control, are so nearly the same that it is impossible to distinguish between them. This is the position of physicians who deny spirit which I discussed, and so many questions | manifestation, and the position seems so loghave been asked, one question by at least a | ical that the uneducated in nervous diseases accept of their ipsi dixits as unreservedly as brief space in which to reply. The prevail-ing query is thus stated by Fisher Doherty, all priestly assertions. But even if there is no difference, is it logical to accept of an assertion because Dr. Hamilton, Surgeon-General of the U.S. Army, and a specialist in all nervous diseases, has said so? I think not. I hate authorities for anything, and whenever one quotes the opinion of some great man in proof of an asserted fact, that circumstance alone excites my suspicion. Truth needs no support. It is capable of standing on its own

An epileptic vision may be compared to the normal, ordinary dream, when the action of the brain is not under the direction of the will, but "running wild," as a railroad man might say. The dream, with all its absurdi-ties, is remembered. But there is another sort of dream, of which I will speak hereafter, which takes rank with spirit manifestations. Poe's epileptic visions must have been of the very wildest, and yet in his written sketches. of which they constitute the plot, there is a vein of reason, logic and philosophy which continually surprises the reader. But his visions were not all epileptic, and herein Dr. Hamilton errs, because he prejudges the case, putting what he don't know with the vast amount of what he does know. Whoever studies "The Raven," free from all prejudice, will find many pointers showing its spiritual and intellectual origin, such as are never found in the visions of an epileptic. But it is time that I describe how to distinguish between an epileptic vision and a spiritual impression.

In the normal dream we fall over precipices uninjured, witness the metamorphosis of a goat into a wolf, a beautiful child into a lily, etc., etc., without experiencing any astonishment at the absurdities. This is because the engineer, Reason, and the conductor, Will, are not at their posts and the brain is "running wild." Thus it is with the vision epilepsy. Hence the absurd fancies which are conjured up. Of the same type are the fancies of the victim of the delirium tremens. Let us summarize:

1. The healthy dream which is pleasant and agreeable. 2. The unhealthy dream, engendered by illness, nervous exhaustion, overloading the

3. The epileptic vision. Delirium tremens.

stomach, etc.

These differ in degree rather than in quality, being nearly of the same type. They run the gamut something like hydrogen gas, vapor, water, ice. In all are found a lack of in-

the supposed dream was true. This happened in Gardiner, Maine, in 1859, and since then have had but one other dream of the kind. In these dreams was manifested a high degree of intelligence, not my own, for I never had such a thought, and on awakening after the first dream, laughed at its seeming absurdity and would not investigate until the dream was repeated. I will not presume upon the ignorance of the reader by attempting to point out the difference between these dreams and the normal dream.

Action of the brain produces consciousness or a manifestation of the five senses. But if alcohol, mince pie, or disease causes that action, there will be a lack of reason and intelligence in the manifestation. This may be laid down as a rule without any exceptions. The reader need not accept this on my assertion, and if he is in doubt I hope he will investigate for himself. It is an axiom that the effect cannot be greater than the cause sess intelligence; ergo, neither, nor all of the power of the visions increase in proporthem can cause intelligence.

I was once told by a medium that a friend, of whom she could not have had the slightest knowledge, had just passed to spirit-life. I did not believe it, for the last I knew of that wild action of the muscles, contortions, con- friend he was in perfect health and it was vulsions, etc. This action is general—the whole man being affected, and hence unconscious. Mind is an effect, the cause of which information was correct. My friend had pervades all space, at once the most subtle preposterous. miles away, not more than an hour before. I might cite scores of similar cases. in the past and present is filled with accounts of information being thus communicated and subsequently verified.

Dr. Hamilton! Come into court. Clerk,

wear the witness. "Now, doctor, tell us what you know about

spiritual impression.' "Nothing at all, simply because there can be no such thing. 'Then how do you account for the phenom-

enon of the alleged trance, when the medium communicates information unknown to all the parties and which is afterwards verified as correct?" "On the hypothesis that one-tenth of the

communication is coincidence and ninetenths deception. 'Mr. Clerk, read to the doctor a few well

authenticated cases where mediums have given intelligent communications under such circumstances that deception was impossi-

[Clerk reads.] 'What have you to say to these cases, doc-

"Simply this: That I have made nervous diseases a special study all my life; that I have examined more than one hundred alleged mediums and that in every instance I found either the symptoms of incipient insanity or epilepsy of the brain. Therefore I have concluded that so-called mediumship is nothing but a manifestation of a diseased condition of the brain, resulting in hallucination, optical illusion, etc."

"Doctor, what do you think of dreams?" "They are mere mental pictures, absurd chaotic and immature, produced by only a portion of the faculties, while the remainder are resting."

"Do you make no exceptions?" "None whatever."

"Do you consider the intelligence manifested in a dream, as superior to the intelligence when one is awake?"

"On the contrary it is vastly inferior, because only a portion of the mental faculties 'Doctor, the man who discovered the meth-

od of making shot had toiled at it for years, had beggared himself and wife, and was on the verge of committing suicide, when one night he awoke and remembered a dream wherein he saw just how the shot could be made. He awoke his wife, started the fire, melted the lead, tried the experiment, just as he had dreamed it was done, when, lo, each shot was found to be a perfect sphere. Now, doctor, I will thank you to explain how it was that when this man began his experiments, wide awake, in full strength and vigor, he was unable to discover the process yet when worn out and despairing, his reason and will fast asleep, his inferior mental faculties were able to work out the problem?"

"I deny that such was the case. Every scientist knows the folly of trusting to dreams. It is a relic of ignorance and superstition.' "I will call your attention to another case. Dr. W. W. Sanger was resident physician at Blackwell's Island for fourteen years; also author of "The History of Prostitution," for the publication of which the city of New York appropriated twenty thousand dollars. I knew him well for more than thirty years, and know that he was born when the sign Leo, the lion, was rising. He was intensely positive and all that the lion typifies. He had no belief in clairvoyance, mediumship, psychometry, etc., but looked upon them in the same light that you do. In the winter of mal state and afforded plots for his writing the most strange and thrilling prose sketches as well as poems.

I cannot truthfully rank H. B. Philbrook as the intellectual equal of either Poe or Swedenborg, yet he was naturally endowed which a fine quality of brain, and if not large, intensely active. In his youth he acquired a fair education and subsequently studied law. He possessed a brain power superior to the average of lawyers, but it was plant was power adapted to the practice of law. His clients daspted to the practice of law. His clients to gain a good practice, and hence his strug-1867-8 he had a severe attack of typhoid fever

we were liable, but the sequel proved that trated, physically and mentally, yet in the glory and strength of his magnificent manhood could do nothing of the kind?"

"I don't believe he ever manifested any such power as you have described, and consider it a waste of time to listen to the ravings of one who believes such nonsense."

Of course, the foregoing dialogue is purely imaginary, yet the facts set forth in my interrogatories are true in every particular, and it fairly illustrates the treatment we receive from the educated noodles who deny the manifestations of the sixth sense. Trusting that the readers will be able to clearly comprehend my comments concerning Mr. Philbrook, I will now return to that unfortunate gentleman.

That H. B. Philbrook is a medium, I feel well assured, not only from reading his works, but from personal acquaintance. In his early writings are numerous evidences of spirit control, sandwiched between the faint glimmerings of epileptic visions. As he proceeds the spirit power steadily weakens while and not one who had attained the age of

Coming to his work on "What and Where is God," the evidences of spirit control are exceedingly rare. He remembers his hallucinations as he would a dream, or a spirit communication, and sincerely believes that and most powerful of all things. This is fair description of electricity; ergo. God is electricity. He has a vision of crocodiles on way the crocodiles are metamorphosed into Chinamen, just as metamorphoses occur in our dreams. He remembers, after the fit has passed, and believes it a divine revelation just as much as the epileptic John, on the Isie of Patmos, believed that he saw a "beast with seven heads and ten horns," which is just as absurd as to suppose that man was made of dust, woman of a rib and a Chinaman of a crocodile.

As he progresses in his work, "What and Where is God," the epilepsy increases in its power. At last, from having been a chosen servant of God. he imagines that he is God. just as the epileptic Schweinfurth, of Rockford, Ill., imagines that he is Jesus Christ. Wonder if Philbrook would be willing to acknowledge this Dutchman as his illegiti-

mate and "only-begotten son?" As God, Philbrook left Chicago for the East, the whole continent shook beneath the weight of this God as he was borne along in the cars. There was a smoke in the air and the very elements held their breath to do him obeisance. Wherever he went there were following in his wake, cyclones and terrific clamor, the reaction of the awful silence which greeted his approach. All these things, and probably much more, were real to him. In like manner his interpretations of science, whether declaring that God was electricity, or that a stalk of the blackberry bush grew into a black snake, was real to him. But we must not accept them as true any more than if he declared that the moon

was made of green cheese. Yet men like Philbrook and the Dutch Jesus always find followers. The rods of Moses and Aaron were turned into serpents; so were the blackberry vines of Philbrook. The coincidence is very striking. How can we believe one and disbelieve the other? One is scientifically true as well as the other. But is either in accord with science? First, let us inquire the definition of that much abused word: Science is a collection of facts which have been systemized and verified. No one can complain of that definition, yet we are constantly hearing things called "science" which have never been verified any more than the scientific (?) facts that dust was turned into lice, or that Jonah lived three days in the stomach of a fish where he had

I think I must have made the matter plain to even children that the imaginings of Philbrook have no more relation to science than the tales of Munchausen have to standard history, or Ezekiel's cake, [See Ezekiel IV [2] to the best style of French cooking.

In conclusion, I desire to again call attention to the conditions of mediumship, as dif-

fering from epilepsy Individuals possess psychic powers as diversified as the mental powers. Manifestation of the sixth sense seems to be the normal condition of some, while it is only abnormal in others. I have always found the former able to become passive, while the latter are positive. My friend, Dr. Sanger, of whom I have made mention, was intensely positive. positive. When in health and strength it was simply impossible for spirit force to produce a motion of his brain so as to give him an idea outside of his will. But when worn to a skeleton, when reason had vacated her throne, when will lay dormant, spirits caused a motion of the brain, knew what was passing outside the house, and exercising his vocal organs, it seemed as though it was San-

gle along the ragged edge of poverty. No the time I had never had a doubt but what this intelligence when so completely prost individual. But this does not prove them identical any more than that bronchitis and diphtheria are identical because both attack the same person. The passivity of a healthy brain results in mediumship, the manifestations of which are characterized by intelligence. Epilepsy of course is a diseased condition, resulting in an involuntary demission of nerve energy, the manifestations of which are characterized by a lack of intelligence and an excess of absurdity. It seems to me that the difference between the two is far greater than the difference between bronchitis and diphtheria. But suppose some non-professional person should tell Dr. Hamilton that both diseases were the same, how disgusted he would be at the man's ignorance. Yet the great physician is as ignorant of science spiritual, as the man would be of science medical.

The old school doctors have dogmatized from time immemorial. Dr. Harvey discovered and demonstrated the circulation of the blood. The old doctors r diculed the idea. forty years ever acknowledged that Harvey was right. They had postulated that the function of an artery was to admit air through the system, and hence the name "artery," which means windpipe. They scoffed at the idea of blood circulating through these windpipes, for they had dissected many a subject and never found blood in the arteries. Therefore it was absurd and

In our enlightened age we laugh at the dogmatic old fogies, yet the position of Dr. Hamilton, when he declares that epilepsy of the banks of a river in China, and straight- the brain accounts for what we call "spirit impression," is just as ridiculous as was that of the opponents of Harvey, and the time is not distant when medical students will wonder at the dogmatic stupidity of Dr.

St. Louis, Mo.

LIGHT OF EGYPT.

Herewith are extracts from the "Light of Egypt." The reader will observe that only hints are given from chapters which are exhaustive on the subjects treated. No one-can fully appreciate this work without careful study. As stated in a late review the author discusses questions from a new standpoint. He will interest, if he does not convince, the most skeptical.

No allusion was made in the review, nor is there in these extracts, to the "second part" of this work, it being astrologic. As the gleaner knows but little in this direction he prefers that the reader may judge for himself as to the value of this section. Parkersburg, W. Va.

THE REALM OF SPIRIT.

'Being, Uncreated, Eternal, Alone," says Dr. John Young, when speaking of "the Creator and the creation," and certainly no inspired writer ever penned a more sublime truth than is contained in the above words.

Pure spirit, per se, is diffusive, non-atomic,

uncreated, formless, self-existent being. Silent, motionless, unconscious, Divinity; possessing in its sublime purity the one sole Deific attribute expressible in human language as absolute and unconditioned poten-CREATION BY INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION.

The processes of creation are dual, and consist of Involution and Evolution. The one is inseparable from the other. Paradoxical as it may appear to the uninitiated, it is, nevertheless, a divine truth that the Evolution and ultimation of spiritual life is accomplished by a strict process of Involution; from the without to the within, from the infinitely great to the infinitely small.

Matter per se is the polar opposite of manitested spirit. It is the reaction of spiritual action. It is energy in a state of rest. It is force and motion in an exact state of equilibrium: in short, matter sir oly means solidified spirit. When two impaderable forces equal each other, both powers become polarized, force is resolved into inertia, motion is transformed into rest; in other words, spirit becomes matter, its refinement or its density depending upon its degree of etherealiza-

Briefly stated enere is but one law, one principle, one agent and one word. This sacred law is SEX, a term wherein may be summed up the grand totalities of the Infinite-Universe. Sex is dual, and finds expression in the yohni and phallus of animated nature. This same sexual law operating throughout nature limits the sources from which our knowledge of nature can be obtained; in other words, there are but two sources from which knowledge of any kind is received: one is subjective, the other objective: the ger who spoke. But it was not. Apply the former gives us knowledge of the spiritual battery to a corpse; see the eyes open; see the or causal side of the cosmos, the latter the

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

How long have you been a Spiritualist? What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion be-

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

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 TO QUESTIONS SIX AND SEVEN BY S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.

6. The greatest need of Spiritualism to day is spirituality among its adherents. "A tree is known by its fruit." Spiritualists want a better understanding of their situation. They should ask themselves, "What am I?" "Where am I?" and "Why am I here?" All religions have taught that eternity for each soul begins at death. Spiritualism corrects this mistake of the ages, by teaching its followers that each soul is launched into eternity at its birth, and that what men call death is only the changing of the soul's

apparel and mode of expression. We are in

eternity now. It lies all about us with its

myriads of inhabitants. Spiritualism teaches that the home of the soul is not far away; that our dear ones have not gone to any "bourne from which no traveler returns," but are ever with us, can see or know all we do, say or think. Spiritualists must recognize this as a fact, not as a beautiful theory, as the Christians do. They must realize that they are never alone; that though spiritually blind, they are at all times and in all places surrounded by a "cloud of witnesses," to whom the night shireth as the day; that no act can be performed, good or bad, but is observed—not by the watchful eyes of an awful God, but by those of our own household: an indulgent father, a devoted mother, a loved brother, sister, wife or child, or an adored sweetheart

and mourning over the evil. Suppose that each Spiritualist, or all who claim to be such, for many, alas, are only such in name, could become perfectly clairvoyant for one hour, and could be shown the pictures of their own past lives in all their startling reality, what a change it would make in their future conduct. We will cite

who has passed from mortal ken, but who

knows all we do or say, rejoicing at the good

such an instance: A young man who had been well raised. living in one of the Eastern States (he shall be nameless here) had at the time we write a good old father and mother, a lovely sister, and a very near and dear friend-in fact an amanced wife in the spirit land. To this young lady, a lovely girl of seventeen, he had promised eternal fidelity, but two years after her death he fell into bad company, visited saloons and gambling houses, and eventually one time when among a lot of boon companions and under the influence of liquor, he was induced to still further overstep the bounds of decency and enter one of those gilded dens of vice and prostitution with which our great cities abound. In the dim light of the following morning he left the house of "her whose steps take hold on hell," and his conscience upbraiding him for his evil conduct (this being his first sin of that kind) he sought the saloon again, thinking to drown the "still,small voice" in drink. There, meeting his companions of the previous evening who had preceded him, the brandy and sugar soon put shame to flight, and he with the others were laughing and jesting over their "lark," as they lightly termed it, and planning for its repetition.

An hour later he was walking along the planked space beneath the shedding of the Union Depot, so close to the rail that the locomotive attached to a freight train coming up from behind, almost touched his elbow as it passed. "Look out! Look out!!" was dinned into his ears, but his brandy-muddled brain acted too slowly, and in a moment more the corner of the first freight car struck him, hurling him to the ground. Kind hands took him up and placing him tenderly on a mattress in an express wagon, he was borne to the hospital, where his wounds were dressed. His head was badly cut, but the skull was not fractured. His left arm and three ribs were

He lay for hours as if dead, and when at last consciousness returned, fever and delirium followed, and for days he raved almost incessantly. We were obliged to fasten him in such a manner that he could scarcely move on account of his broken bones. In all his ravings, the burden of his grief seemed to be a picture. "That picture!" he would cry. "Oh! that dreadful, dreadful picture!" Then he would struggle to tear some imaginary picture from the wall until he became exhausted; then he would lie and cry like a child until the opiate given at the commencement of the paroxysm caused him

Thus he continued for weeks. At last my morning round found him free of fever. He looked at me sadly and said in a faint voice,

"I've been pretty bad, haven't I?"
"Yes," I answered, "but you are better now. and will be about again soon. Be quiet now

When I made my evening call I found him sleeping nicely, and the nurse said he had slept most of the day. The next morning he was much better and talked quite freely. "To your skill and care," he said, "I owe my life. I knew you were with me every day, and I have something I want to tell you. It is about that dreadful picture.

I saw his rising agitation, and laying my hand gently on his shoulder I said: "Not now, not now. You are not strong enough yet." A week later he left the hospital. About a month after, as I was sitting alone one evening in my private office, my attendant ushered into my presence, a tall, pale young man with a very sad countenance; whom I immediately recognized as my former hospital patient. I placed a chair for him and he sat down. He then related to me the history of

his life up to the day of the accident that sent him to the hospital. Now comes the strangest part of this "o'er true tale." He drew his chair up close to me and spoke hurriedly and with considerable

emotion. He said: "When the car struck me down I seemed to jump up immediately, and entirely unhurt, but was surprised to see my body lying still knock at and bleeding on the ground. I went with it to the hospital and saw you and the other physicians dress my wounds, but was unable to make my presence outside of the body known. After the physicians were through with their work and my body seemed to be made comfortable, I heard you tell the nurse what to do when I 'came to.'

"Then a hand was laid on my shoulder and turned and beheld an uncle of mine, who had died when I was about ten or twelve years of age. I knew him at a glance, though he looked younger and better than I ever saw him in life. He said, 'Come with me and I will show you some pictures.

"We then seemed to pass rapidly through pace, and a moment after we were in a gallery filled with pictures. These pictures in some way seemed strangely familiar. Most of them were bright and beautiful, but now and then a dark, ugly one appeared. The room or gallery seemed to be a long hall, and we had entered at one end. The pictures began with my birth, and as we passed along began to recognize one occasionally, or rather, to remember the circumstance it represented.

"Every act, good or bad, was there portrayed: even my thoughts seemed to have a place. or to serve as a shading. I noticed, too, that there were hundreds, yes, thousands of people, looking at these pictures—some attentively scrutinizing them.

"I was represented as a babe, a child, a boy, just as my photographs represented me. Then manhood's picture came. Oh! how familiar the scenes were growing; the deathbeds of my parents, of a degr sister, interspersed with other incidents of a more cheerful character. Then came an impressive scene, the death of my dear Ellie. She was lying on the bed, and, oh! so pale. Her large blue eyes seemed to be searching my very soul as I stood by the bedside and held her frail hand in mine. Her every word seemed to be repeated to me. She was saying: 'Now, Herbert, I must leave you. Promise me you will always keep your life pure for my

"Oh! how hollow my own words sounded in my ears as I stood before that sad picture. Ellie, for your sake I will.

"Again we moved rapidly on. Scene after scene flashed upon my vision as we sped past: saloon bars with their drinking crowds, gambling tables with their eager excited occupants,-I being always the central figure —passed swiftly by. Oh! how those scenes pained and shamed me, yet my eyes were riveted to them with a strange fascination. I could not have turned away from them if I would—would not if I could.

"Finally we came to the last picture,—a large one. It at first seemed all dark, black as night, but gradually my eyes got used to the shadows. The faintest outline of a room appeared with its paraphernalia of dressingcase, wash stand, with bowl and pitcher, two | under this motto, and that every one ador three chairs and a bed. When my eyes grew stronger or became more used to the darkness I saw a group of sad faced figures, their attention, but could not. Soon I recognized my father and mother in the sad-faced group; then, my sister, and then my own dear lost love, Ellie. But what a world of an everlasting sham. These two principles, sorrow her beautiful countenance expressed, as she gazed intently at that bed,-just as one might suppose a fond mother might gaze at her infant child, were it burning to ashes before her eyes and she powerless to save it. Oh! the helpless, hopeless agony, of that look and attitude, can I ever forget?

"Again I tried to look, but a cloud intervened, and I could see nothing. I glanced around the room, and saw a vast throng all about me, among whom I recognized many of my friends who had passed the bourne; dear friends, ladies I had respected and relatives I had loved were in that throng.

"Once more I bent my eyes on the bed, the sight of which seemed to sadden the faces of all present. The cloud was gone. Now I could not help seeing. Oh! God of love and mercy blot it out! Blot it out!!

Seeing that he was becoming terribly agitated, I begged him to be calm and continue his story. Thinking this description he was trying to narrate, must be the death-bed scene of some very near friend, I was anxious for his sake to have it over.

By a great effort, he mastered his feelings, and with a deep groan he said: "Oh! that picture, that dreadful, dreadful picture, will it never be effaced from my memory?" Then he spoke hurridly: "I looked," he faltered, "and recognized on one pillow two passionbloated faces. One was that of the vile inmate of a brothel, and the other was-my own! and, oh! to realize that she, my Ellie,

was there, and saw it all!" He sprang up and with clinched hands, and streaming eyes turned heavenward, he cried: 'Oh, shame! Oh, degradation! Oh, misery! Oh, despair! The poor, blind children of earth, will never know what foul dregs their bitter cup contains, until they see their lifepictures on the walls of their eternal home."

Overcome with emotion, he sank to the floor insensible. I raised him gently, and placing him on a lounge, bathed his face and brought him a cordial, which when he revived, I induced him to drink. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, he staggered to his feet, grasped my hand and pressed it. Then without a word he passed out and was gone.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch; it is every word true—true, that, should you enter a saloon, a gambling house, or even a brothel, though in the dead of the darkest night, you are not alone. Your guardian spirits go with you. It is their "still small voice" that remonstrates with you all the way. It is their presence—although you see them not—that makes you feel so uncomfortable when doing wrong, and when they find they can not impress you to forsake it, even then they do not desert you, but stand aside and weep.

Oh! if every Spiritualist would realize this fact, what a reformation it would make in life and conduct. Spiritualism would not long be considered the unholy thing it is today accused of being. Men would approach it as the Pharisee approached the Christ and ask: "Good Master, what must I do to inherit eternal life?"

We as Spiritualists must cast the beam out of our own eye before we attempt to pluck the mote from the eyes of others. We must purify if we would proselyte. We need not an increase of Spiritualists so much as an increase of spirituality. Don't invite our friends to the feast while we ourselves are starving. Let us first partake so that all may see how full we are of the good things Spiritualism has brought us, and then we will not need to go into the highways and byways and force them to come in; they will smell our breath, as it were, and the savor of our viands will induce them to enter in of of the "sucking doves," with the "cellar their own accord and partake.

Spiritualists must make their own lives so exemplary, so pure, that none can find occasion to call our beautiful philosophy an unholy thing. Then the world will come and

Jefferson Davis received numerous telegrams of congratulation from European countries on the occasion of his birthday, all of which have been replied to by letter by Miss Winnie Davis.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "FATUOUS FAKES."

J. D. BUCK, M. D.

The motto that every week heads the RE-LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL deserves to be written in letters of gold, and set with jewels; and yet in its simple garb of German text, for him who looks and listens it would not so adorned be more expressive or more beautiful. "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing." That truth therein named is the same truth I referred to last week when in "Personalities" I said, "truth is truth in the same truth is great truth in the same in "Personalities". "truth is truth." I did not say "a truth" is "a truth," therefore my truth, your truth; and therefore in a personal sense, that one truth is as good as another. I referred to that Truth which no man comprehends save in part; to that sum of all perfection and all knowledge which for man, is, and ever will be, an Ideal. That ideal truth is not a "fatuous fake." It is not what Heine would call a "warmed-over joke of that ancient Aristophanes," the Jewish tribal deity, Jehovah; nor but simply explaining them in outline. do I believe for one moment, Mr. Editor, you so regard it, or intend to make it so. If any one were to speak of that motto in such terms, and declare that both it and your whole life work under that motto is a "fatuous fake," you—well, you would not like it, nor would I blame you for resenting it; and I suppose you would have to resent it in your own way in your own words. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I think you have made mistakes; since both in public and in private you have frankly admitted such a possibility; and I have a strong fellow feeling with you at that point; neither do I assume the prer gative of correcting your mistakes for two good reasons. First, I have quite enough of that sort of corrections to do for myself; and second, you have expressed a willingness to correct your own errors whenever they appear to you in that garb. Again we are in accord.

The motto of the present Theosophical Society reads thus: "There is no religion higher than Truth." The Truth here referred to is the same ideal truth referred to in your own motto. By any fair construction this motto means the same as that of the Religio-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and again I say it is not a "fatuous fake." Every one who reads the papers is aware, whether a member of the T. S. or not, that the society is organized mitted into the society is required to give his consent to the principle of the universal brotherhood of man, unqualified; and promise to exercise that principle to the best every member of the T. S. were straightway to repudiate truth and brotherhood, that would not make truth a lie, nor brotherhood Truth and Brotherhood, are not identical nave i ever known a single member of the T. S. to claim that they are. I never heard of any member in joining the society being required to declare his belief in Col. Olcott, Madame Blavatsky or in any Mahatma, or in the possible existence of such beings, for the simple reason, that freedom to think and act is considered both brotherly and essential to the individual in finding and serving the truth. The same may be said of the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation; they are not "dogmas" in the T. S. every one is free to accept or reject them as he pleases; and allow me to say in passing, that I have read a good deal on these doc-trines or theories during the past twelve years that I have been a member of the T. S., and I have never seen an attack upon them that was better than a caricature; not one of these attacks states or shows capability of stating, the theory that most Theosophists accept in lieu of actual knowledge or a better theory. These writers simply create a caricature of their own, and proceed to ridicule or denounce their own creation; and of course these caricatures are damned as they deserve

Now, Mr. Editor, I frankly admit that any outsider looking at the T. S. as above outlined, has as much right to ridicule it as anything else. He may be perfectly honest in so doing; he may even think in so doing "he doeth God service," and I have no more quarrel with him, than he has sympathy with the T. S. The whole thing to him may be a roaring farce, and I know several just such individuals. "There is no money in it," they say, "you are only ridiculed, and pelted with mud, what the d— is it good for?" I have neither answer nor contempt for such peo ple. I am sorry for them, that is all.

Again, one may join the T. S. and be final ly convinced that the leaders and a good many of the members are playing a big farce, a "fatuous fake," to use classical Sanskrit, I can conceive that possible. This would either locate the individual among the aforesaid utilitarians, or it would very seriously impeach the integrity of the leaders and members who thus played "fake," and in that case resignation from the T.S. would be in order for any honest individual. But suppose an individual joins the society, giving full assent to the obligations of loyalty to truth and universal brotherhood; pledges himself to refrain from everything that should bring discredit on himself or the so-ciety; professes himself a member and a leader of the society, and yet believes the whole thing a roaring farce, and does his best to make it a "fatuous fake." Truth a lie, brotherhood a sham, while loudly professing loyalty to both. Which would bring the T S. soonest into disgrace? and every member thereof into ridicule and contempt? the honest though undeserved ridicule of an outsider, or this obligated Theosophist masquerading under false colors?

Let us be just, truthful, exact and charitable. None of us are perfect. Some of us may not clearly see duty and propriety; let us dispassionately seek to know them.

I am not the authorized representative of Madame Blavatsky, nor do I think her conduct needs any defense, it needs to be understood; when that is done, those who have misrepresented her will doubtless change their minds and "rise to explain." For every honest man and woman among these, we can afford to wait. But, Mr. Editor, I am a member of the obnoxious "Esoteric Section." One around my neck." Had you, Mr. Editor, known the facts from the inside, instead of guessing at them, or judging merely from different picture. I believe we agree on many subjects even nearer than you suppose; and pardon me if I add, that I think I understand your position better than you do mine. Let us see. I know you do not question my right to take any obligation I choose, though you would bluntly add, "I would not be such a fool." Wait a little. When I joined the society twelve years ago I received a printed prospectus, setting forth the plans and objects of the society. The society consists of

three degrees, something like the "blue lodge" in ancient Free Masonry. The first, or lowest degree comprises students; those in sympathy with the general objects above described, and obligated in the way already indicated. The second degree was to be comprised of those who desired to pass from general students into more active work and more direct instruction. These were designated as "lay chelas" or "probationary chelas," chela meaning student, or candidate for initiation. The third degree comprised those who, satisfied as to progress, and loyal to teachers thus far, and free from other obligations, being also "accepted" as both competent to learn and loyal to serve-not Madame Blavatsky, but Truth and Brotherhoodwere ready to give up all else and devote themselves entirely to the service of humanity. So far from accepting anything on mere anthority, no matter whether of Blavatsky or Mahatma, every one is continually admonished to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." He who is willing to accept on hearsay is reminded that he can make no real progress in that way. Please bear in mind that I am not advocating these degrees, Those who foresee danger had better keep away. There is not a freer country on earth than the real realm of occultism, yet not solely to the latter; real knowledge and intelligence to the former. Now Mr. Editor, you are quite familiar with occult phenomena; amidst no end of frauds, like myself you have seen some that are genuine. Do you understand fully that power called "mediumistic? Can you, not only understand, but at will command all the forces and powers grouped under that name? Let us suppose that you could evoke these powers at will, in yourself or others through a complete understanding of the laws that govern them. Let us suppose that you know them to be immense powers for good in the hands of the good and true: of evil, in the hands of the evil and debased. Upon what terms would you impart that knowledge, with the distinct understanding,-also governed by no fear or favor, but by occult law, inflexible and just,-that if you imparted your knowledge to the ignorant and unworthy, you yourself would be deemed the guilty party, and suffer accordingly for all mischief following your indiscretion? If you question this danger, find a good medium for physical manifestations and when your séance is at its height place on a table in the center of your circle a saucer of freshly drawn human blood. Let me suppose you the proprietor of a dynamite or powder factory. Allow me to take your arm some fine day and with a lighted cigar with tear-stained cheeks, standing around the bed and gazing mournfully at it. I tried to look at the object which seemed to rivet point individual responsibility begins. If us walk through your factory. I am not unmindful that this dynamite idea is a nice chance for ridicule, but leave ridicule to those who say that every medium on earth is Tribune fanatic. But for any one to laugh at a fraud, and nothing exists beyond the plane of gross matter. You and I fly no such banwith, or the exclusive property of the T.S., | ner from our masthead. Both Spiritualism id Theosophy may count no end of "fakirs in their ranks. You have been trying to eliminate those from Spiritualism; you have found it difficult, often nasty work, and a thankless job. Yet, my brother, you must do this, or tear down that motto at your masthead. Did you but know it, every intelligent Theosophist in the land is your natural ally; and if you will give them a chance they will prove so. We know that Madame H. P. B. is loyal and true; we do not worship her, or follow her blindly, she would be the first to despise us if we did. We are loyal to her, because she is loyal to truth. A pauper, yet she neither begs nor accepts alms. A sick woman with an incurable disease, yet she works on and never complains. Insulted, reviled, and hated by priestcraft and oppression all over the world, she works on; protesting only when those who should be her friends and natural allies join the rabble to put her down. Can you, my friend, find a motive in all this as a "fatuous fake?" Can you not find a better and more rational motive in the motto of our society, and the love of humanity? If you can not, others can, and posterity will. How many martyrs has this idea led to the stake and the faggot in all ages? He who loves comfort and the applause of men will call martyrdom a "fake;" bnt you and I, my brother, can not afford to so designate the love of man and the forgetting of self. When our hands are tied and all our efforts annulled by misrepresentation, we wil be either less or more than human, if we do not protest in any way we can. Read the courteous appeal to your generosity and sense of justice in the May Lucifer. I do not ask you either to repent or to confess; I ask you to reconsider; weigh more carefully and if need be, wait; believing that you will, in the long run, be both just and generous. You have it in your power to lead that great movement called "Modern Spiritualism" to still higher ground. It is time to construct. With the veterans who have seen the crude beginnings, you can muster around you and under your banner such witnesses as will indeed give truth a hearing; and the world

> "They are slaves, who dare not speak For the fallen and the weak; They are slayes, who will not choose Hatred, scoffing, and abuse, Rather than in silence shrink From the truth they needs must think: They are slaves, who dare not be In the right with two or three."

will hear, in spite of its materialism, and all

the "fatuous fakes" of fignorance, and super-

HAS HE THE SIXTH SENSE?

John H. Royal's Strange Intuition About the Mill River Horror in 1874.

aster has set some of his acquaintances talking about it. But Mr. Royal is a modest man as well, and had it not been for the talk in connection with the Pennsylvania horror probably no one outside the immediate circle of his friends would ever have known what singular powers and faculties are his. The awful overthrow which in May of 1874 came upon the dwellings and the great factories in the Mill River Valley, and which lived in memory only to be eclipsed by this new horror. brought strange token of the powers of premonition or second sight which John Royal was born with. Some of the experiences of his life would be a valuable addition to the data which psychologists are gathering towards the solution of these, the mind's great problems. Mr. Royal is a widower, and with his surface indications, you would have seen a two daughters lives in peace and quiet in the different picture. I believe we agree on house in Bergen street, surrounded by books,

a great misfortune impending. What its nature was, of course, I did not know, but there was clearly impressed and defined in my mind the idea that the trouble, whatever it was, would affect me, not immediately, but ultimately. Such premonitory feelings were by no means a new experience to me. I have known them ever since my earliest boyhood, and could, were I not entirely averse to publicity in the matter rehearse a thousand instances to you. At that time I was still suffering under the shadow of bereavement. my wife having died only a year before, and when the sense of this impending trouble came I thought at first it was something appertaining to my children. Of course I felt very miserable about it, and went right home that night and told them. On the following night, Tuesday, they met me when I came home, and asked if my premonition had come true yet. I told them no. It was still weighing upon me. and I was miserably despondent. Again Wednesday and Thursday they inquired. Still there had nothing occurred to make good my fears, and I was still gloomy about it. Friday night we had some company and the girls forgot to mention the matter, but on Saurday night I brought home the miserable news to them. These facts my daughters would make affidavits to were it required. Well, the dam at Mill River had every one can distinguish between that realm | broken away, and in the general destruction and superstition. Blind obedience belongs the great mills of Haydon, Gere & Co. were wiped out of existence, as if they had been so much brown sugar. The strange part of my premonition—that the injury to me would be ultimate—was verified. They rebuilt the mill, but afterwards became involved in financial difficulties, of which that flood was the beginning, and eventually went to the wall."

> When asked how he accounted for his strange forewarning, Mr. Royal smiled and said: "It is something I do not try to account for. It is a power or a force, a quality, if you please, that I am in no way responsible for. I used, as a boy, to astonish my mother with instances of that delicacy of sense and intnition. If I should tell of them a great many people would pooh-pooh them, and I do not care to enter into any argument upon the matter. One man may appreciate Beethoven: another, equally intelligent in every other respect, will not be able to tell the "Dead March in Saul" from "Yankee Doodle." One man has artistic sense, the other is colorblind. I believe some minds have the faculty of reaching out of themselves, out of the mere concrete. Others have it not, but in evolution, which I believe in that sense will be recognized, and there is no limit to its development; but a man who propounds such a theory now is set down as a crank. Hamlet, when he said: 'There are things in heaven and earth, Horatio, that are not dreamed of in your philosophy,' was philosophy altogether. If I should write my experiences, I should be called, as I was in the abolition days, a my credence in the evolution and existence of this sense is as absurd to me as to laugh at Beethoven.

"What do you consider the origin of this sense in you?"

"Perhaps hereditary in a degree, But though my mother possessed it, it was in no such strong measure as in me. A single instance illustrates her possession of it. My father was long a member of the old Volunteer Fire Department in New York. One Fourth of July morning he went to a fire in Delancey street. While sitting at the table at home there flashed into my mother's mind the conviction that father had been hurt. He had been to a hundred fires before, and she never had thought of it. So firmly was it impressed on her mind that she put on her things and hurried to the fire. Passing her sister's house on the way, she told them father had been hurt. They laughed at her, but she went on.

"Drawing near the scene of the fire she met two firemen, one of whom said as he passed, 'They've got them all out.' The wall had fallen in, and when she reached the place they were taking my father into an adjoining yard. He was terribly bruised about the body and arms, and suffered from the effects for years."

"What are the physical sensations which accompany these phenomena of foresenses? How do you feel when your mind is reaching out into what is generally thought to be the unknown?" Mr. Royal did not seem to want to discuss that part of the subject. He moved in an embarrassed way, colored and, when the question was persisted in, said politely, "You will really have to excuse me. If I answer that question it will lead to matters that I do not wish to talk about."

"You are not a Spiritualist?"

"No, indeed. All the force of my nature is set against Spiritualism-or spiritism. I believe in Spirit-world, and spiritual communion, but not as the spiritists teach it. I was a member of Dr. Beecher's church-joined it thirty-six years ago. The New Church, I suppose, really embodies my views, though my father was a Restorationist and my mother a Baptist."

Mr. Royal who is a voracious reader, especially in the science of the mind, is very chary of telling the weird experiences he says he has known. In the eyes of the ordinary person, he says, they would be ridiculous. He has succeeded in bringing his daughters to see psychological questions in the same light he does, though it was with some difficulty. His most recent premonition was, when the news of the Johnstown disaster came, that he would be visited by a reporter. 'There was no reason to suppose it," he said. "What do you suppose caused it? In the same way, there flash into my mind arswers to questions which are agitated in public talk John H. Royal, of No. 544 Bergen Street, is and in the newspapers, and invariably those a remarkable man, and the Johnstown disanswers are right. I do not profess any sort of power in this. It is just the way I am constituted. No credit is due me for it. It is outside of me altogether.

Mr. Royal is fifty-seven years old, with a beneficent, calm, intellectual face, hair combed in scholarly fashion, and long sandy whiskers. He dresses in quiet black.-N. Y. World.

Ex-Surgeon-General Hammond declares that the opium habit has been largely increased in Maine and Massachusetts by reason of the unwise prohibition of the liquor

Peter Anderson of Rushford, Minn., is undoubtedly the typical "wild and wooliy Westerner" of whom we have heard so much and seen so little. He was born in Wisconsin, and

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

THE UNPAID LABORER.

For the benefit of the future historian of the woman's movement, I want to call attention to the Nancy Miller case. Sometime in the progress of public sentiment it may be thought best to raise some sort of monument to the brave women who struck the first blow for liberty in any department of that movement, and the free wives of a coming day ought to know the story of Nancy Miller, so that they may be sure to insist on her name being deeply engraved on such monument, as the woman who asserted her right as a working wife to wages for her work, and appealed to the law for protection of that right. That she appealed in vain, does not detract from the bravery of her appeal, nor lessen the justice of her demand. The case which was tried before or decided by the Supreme Court of Iowa, is thus stated by a Chicago daily paper: "The case was that of Nancy Miller versus her husband for breach of contract. The two had had quarrels, as husbands and wives often do. To prevent their recurrence, they agreed that if Mrs. Miller would look closely after all the wants of the family he would pay her \$200 yearly. Past rows were to be forgotten and peace and harmony were to prevail in the future—all for \$200 a year, payable monthly in advance. Mrs. Miller did her part, but her husband failed to pay, and she sued for the money. The court held that the contract was void, because against public policy, and that it imposed no duties not in the marriage contract."

If Mr. Miller had made this contract with a male business partner and had refused to fulfil his part, when his partner had faithfully complied with the terms of the compact, would there have been any hesitation in the mind of the judge who heard the case, as to Miller's obligation to pay? None at all.

One of the questions which must be faced

and solved in the interests of pure justice in the future, is that of the pecuniary independence of wives. Its solution involves the failure or success of the marriage relation. It sounds very sweet and sentimental and vicariously altruistic to declare that love is the coin woman likes best to be paid in, but though that is true, it is also true that when other human beings are pecuniarily benefited by her willing service, justice demands that she be paid a certain percentage of that benefit, so that selfishness and greed be not too much encouraged by her generosity.

There has yet to be a great revolution in public sentiment in regard to the duties, position and rights of wives. Civilization has been slowly righting wrongs, and step dependent inferior should not appear too glaringly anachronistic or recall too strongly the fact of sex-slavery. As in pro-slavery times in America, the negative virtues of a few too indulgent masters were often quoted and highly lauded as emblematic of the paternal spirit of slaveholders generally, so that awakened spirit of justice in mankind which makes so many American husbands and some of other countries magnanimously indulgent to their wives, is taken advantage of those less generously just to decry any at-tempt to legalize justice to wives in general. The Iowa Supreme Court decided in the case of Nancy Miller, whose conjugal quarrels were very evidently the result of her husband's mean parsimony, that the contract between them "was void because against public policy, and that it imposed no duties not in the marriage contract!" And what of the duties imposed by the marriage contract on the husband? We are not given the par ticulars of this case, but it can be fairly assumed that this was but one of thousands never brought before the courts, where the husband with plenty of money at command yet stinted the money allowance of his wife while demanding of her services which had she been his hired servant the two hundred dollars per year, promised but not paid her, would have been but a small part of the wage

legally her due. If marriage were in reality the equal partnership in money matters and in all else which it is sometimes represented to be, then the Iowa judge's decision would not be so unjust. But nowhere is it such equal partnership in law. While there are hundreds of husbands whose own natural sense of justice causes them to give their wives unquestioned disposal of the family funds, yet in these cases it is still a gift and not a legal right, while there are, on the contrary, thousands of husbands who, taking advantage of the sanction of law, and the laxity of public opinion on this subject, commit cruel injustice to their wives, such injustice that if they did it to any other than the woman they have sworn to "cherish and protect." their names would become a byword and a disgrace among their fellow men. And this injustice is not confined to the poor and degraded, it pervades all ranks of society and is practised by rich as well as by poor men. It is the embodied outward expression of the spirit of injustice in our laggardly progressive laws. There is no community which cannot produce shameful and widely known instances of this; there is no man or woman of sympathetic soul and wide acquaintance who has not been made the confident of secret sorrows, and the outpouring grief of women whose lives have been made bleak and bitter through slavish dependence on some thoughtless or mean-souled man for the money for their immediate needs. Worse still, this grasping spirit engendered in men by the unconscious conscionsness that their wives are their slaves to give to, or withhold from, without being called to account often allows them to take from those wives their personal earnings, their inheritance, or their gifts, for the husbands' own use. I recall in this connection the story told me by a woman who was once the wife of a well-to-do western farmer. but who was forced by his cruelty to get a divorce from him after years of suffering and after having borne him several children. She said she could never get a cent of money for her own use, even the "egg money" which she thought she had a right to, was rigorously demanded from her, and once when nearly in rags for want of proper clothing, her husband when on a visit to his father—another prosperous farmer—was given five dollars by him "to buy Mary a dress," but the husband never mentioned the matter to her until the him "to buy Mary a dress," but the husband never mentioned the matter to her until the father called, and asked her what sort of a dress she had bought with the money sent. Then after pleading with her husband that the money sent of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers. It is written in an analysis of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers. It is written in an analysis of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers. It is written in an analysis of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers. It is written in an analysis of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers. It is written in an analysis of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers. It is written in an analysis of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers. It is written in an analysis of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers. It is written in an analysis of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers. It is written in an analysis of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers. It is written in an analysis of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers. It is written in an analysis of the senses, "hath first the impulse to create in find many interested readers." the money was sent to her, and how much she needed it, the next time he went to town to sell the butter she had made, he brought draw near Heaven's perfectness, to lose the self in it her eight yards of cheap calico of a figure utterly repulsive to her tastes, "for a dress," and that was all he would give her of the five dollars. I know of a woman who in her youth was a capable, high-spirited, hand-

good practice, but he seemed to have no idea of a woman's need of money, and she having been accustomed to earn and handle her own funds, could not for a long time bring herself to ask him like a beggar for what she felt she had an equal right to, and when at last she humbled herself to do so, her requests were met so often with question, argument,. and cavil, that she at last gave up in despair, and is to day a spiritless dowdy woman, too proud to complain, and only looking forward heart-brokenly to relief in the grave. The wife of a very wealthy man whose rich and tasteful attire was the envy of many of her women friends, confided to one of these—a woman whose own husband's means were limited, but so far as they went were at her command—that in spite of her own fine array she envied such women as her confidant the free use of money which she was never allowed; that while bills run up at dressmakers, milliners, and drygoods stores were paid without a demur when sent in, yet paid without a demur when sent in, yet a queen. But Dilazar knows a singing girl with a every demand made by her for cash was met heart as large as Arjamand's. She and her company by her husband in a spirit of fault-finding, were journeying "two rains ago," and with them quibbling and questioning, so that it always resulted in a quarrel—"but," she laughed, "I just take it out of him in good clothes—I wouldn't be half so extravagant if he would give me a decent money allowance."
When justice prevails in our law-books, it

that a certain percentage of the husband's income will be held to be the wife's right; her girl with her trade: wages, if you choose, "to have and to hold" as her very own, and to use unquestioned for purposes of saving, or charity, or use. Outside of the law this is already very often done, and especially by those husbands whose inherent sense of justice make them believers in equal suffrage, but law is for the purpose of enforcing the sense of justice on those too ignorant, too densely stupid, or too wicked to otherwise understand or care for it, and so it should become one of the aims of reformers to make the marriage laws enforce the claims of the one unpaid laborer—the wife.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

WITH SA'DI IN THE GARDEN; OR THE BOOK of Love. Being the "Ishk," or Third Chapter of the "Bostan." of the Persian Poet Sa'di, Embodied in a Dialogue held in the Garden of the Taj Mahal at Agra. By Sir Edwin Arnold, M. A., K. C. I. E., C. S. I., author of "The Light of Asia," etc., etc. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.

We have before us a little volume which will be heartily welcome to all lovers of the mystic literature. The author was known to us already as one at home in the learning and metaphysics of the East, and who has made them attractive to the West by his exquisite verse and affectionate handling. We by step adjusting woman's position in socie- could wish, however, that he made less use and disty, so that her position originally that of a play of Oriental words. They may be charming and dependent inferior should not appear too greater company who do not. If this blemish were removed in some goodly degree, we would have little more to ask from a writer so worthy and excellent. He has succeeded in presenting to us the Sufi philosophy in a form as attractive and with a life as real as could be found in the verse of the enraptured Persian himself. The works of Sa'di are unrivalled as a text-book of the Mystic doctrine, and in Sir Edwin Arnold he has found an exponent of similar aims and inspiration. The earlier Semitic Muslims had neither poetry nor metaphysic, but upon that dry stock a graft has sprouted which abounds exuberantly with both. The Sufis are but modern as professors o fislam, but as religionists, philosophers and poets, they have existed for thousands of years in different world-religions. In the little epic under notice Sir Edwin Arnold has given a metrical translation of the "Ishk," the third chapter of Sa'di's great work, the Bostan—"teaching Love and Death"—interspersing the readings with songs and explanatory terspersing the readings with songs and explanatory dialogue. The scene is laid at Agra, in the Garden of the Taj-Mahal, by the Great Tomb erected by Shah Jahan for his much loved Mumtaz, Queen Arjamand.

The characters of the little drama are five in num-The characters of the little drama are five in number: Mirza Hussein, his friend, "the Saheb," whom it would be no great stretch of fancy to personate as the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin himself; two Nautchness or singing-girls, Gulbadan and Dilazar, and their attendant. The copper lamp is lighted, and while the Muushi finds his chapter, the singer murmurs a prayer to her guardian Pir, and chants a song. The prelude, or Gateway, is read first, ending with stanzas which seem to shut the heavenly path against all who follow not Mohammed. The Saheb gently chaffs the girls at his exclusion. In their replies Gulbadan will not leave him to Shaitan for company. "There will be kind souls in Jehannum." Presently she tells of going to Calcutta in the last Presently she tells of going to Calcutta in the last year's rains and falling sick of "country fever." An English Hakimi (or doctress) "wise as no Mollah is," came and cared tenderly for her, and with her was Lady Dufferin, "the Mighty Queen's Vice-Queen." "And then I said—I think she heard me say, My Hakimi- 'Ab, Mollah! if there be

No place in Paradise for Nautchnees We shall meet these, and that will not be Hell!" Dilazar reproves her for having been overheard by Kafirs when making such a sinful utterance. "You should have whispered it," she says. The Saheb here remarks that this is not reading Sa'di, but the Mirza dissents, showing that Lord Sa'di taught so, and then he sets forth the outline of the Sufic philosophy. Sharyat, "where forms and creeds are all;" Tarikat, "where forms and creeds recede"; Hakikat, "the Stage of Truth, past doctrines and past names;" Ma'arifat, "the stage divine, where the soul dwells in light unspeakable."

"Nor sees alone Jaial, the Glory of God, But Jamal—Beauty, Grace and Joy of God, For which dear splendors we desire Him most, Not for his Terrors nor his Majesties."

They had begun better than they knew, "speaking large charities and hopes for all." All are pictures from Allah's hand, cups filled with his wine, steps to bring to Him whispers of the wonders of his Love. With this preface he goes on with the Ishk, which gives the essence of the Mystic doctrine: Who scorns this for the next world, that man

tasteth True wine of Oneness—he of human kind!" In the talk which follows, accompanied, too, with song, the Mirza explains:

"Sa'di shows love of Heaven Linked with the Earthly love, fulfilling it." After further readings the Mirza sets forth as the chief wisdom:

"That Love is not Love Except it tear forth self-love from the breast, And so absorb the lover in that frame Of imaged fairness,"

that he shall quite forget what else was dear. now have what sounds and is of the flavor like the Alchemic jargon. The Nautchnees Dilazar asks: ... "But in what market does one buy such love?" "MIRZA.—in all the markets, daughter, where they

Black snow, cold fire, dry water, and such goods; For this thing cometh not of golden gifts, Nor marriage-brokers, nor with bartered hearts; But is by Kismat and the grace of God, And bringeth where he will."

and live for it.

"Sa'di means—that, lost in leve, The heart's-foot walketh yet a rightful path, And all is wasted for sovereign Love." DILAZAR.—"Will men waste much for Love?" some girl, earning a good salary as a teacher. Gulbadan replies to this with the tale of Hatim who married for love, a young lawyer with a land his priceless steed. The King of Boum (Ikon-

ium) testing his reputed liberality, sent a message asking for the animal. It was a night of tempest when the party arrived, the herds were distant, and Hatim's stores were exhausted. Yet he failed not to entertain them with true Oriental hospitality. Next morning the envoy told his errand. "Hatim sat mute, gnawing the hand of thought with the teeth of lamentation." He had killed the horse for

their repast!
In this way the readings and the interludes continue through the book. Mirza tells the story of Shah Jahan's perfect love

for his Queen, so that a Rajpootni infinitely beautiful falled to divert it, and of Arjamand's rare clemency because the girl's rash attempt had revealed to herself her lord's devotion. The gentle Gulbadan marvels and praises them, but mourns plaintively because all such goodness and deserving are withheld from her class.

"The Mohsinat, the women who are wed,
The proud and happy ones with faces veiled,—
For them, born on the lap of Bectitude,
Is comfort here, and after—Paradise;
The face recontinually and after—Hall." But for us contumely, and after-Hell." One, she feels, might do queenly deeds, if nurtured

their chiefest singer,

"A Bird of Women—pleasant, patient, bright, With eyes our hard lives never once made bold." The party rested near a forest pool, a group of Brahmans, rich folk and proud, hard by. A little two-year old maid crept over, found the singing-girl, will be made part of the marriage contract, and nestled in her arms. The angry mother can up that a certain percentage of the husband's "Which hath no good, nor grace of children's love!"

"We were wroth," says Dilazar, "and would have fallen on them," but she meekly laughed, and said: "Let be!

The Brahman mother hath much right to scorn!" Both parties had set out on their way when, later in the afternoon, the father of the babe ran to the other party with alarm. His wife had laid the child to sleep by the tank in the temple-yard, while the rest were bathing, when a great, gaunt tigress came from the wood, sniffing the steps, and had crouched down, wat hing the infant. "SAHEB.-Note, Gulbadan! how well this tale is told

Why should you draw your sari o'er your face? Are you not trembling for the pretty maid? Would God I had been there rifle in hand!" "That had been death to the sleeping child, replies

Dilazar. There was one hope. The singing-girl.

She murmure: 'The bady is my baby of the morn Who wound its arms about my neck, and kissed My mouth with innocent lips! See! I will go And take my friend from the tiger's mouth, 1f God shall please! And if He shall not please,

Wby, 'tis a singing-girl the brute will eat,'
And not that tender one born to live pure!" Walking straight to the spot, eyeing the fierce beast all the time, herself afraid, she gathered up the child and brought it to the porch. That instant the tigress with a roar sprang at her, passing over, but wounding her with a claw, and then fied to the jungle. That Brahman mother had recovered her babe, a gift from the Bazaar-girl!

The Saheb remarks that Gulbadan shows by her averted head, her disbelief of the tale. In answer Dilazar removing her garment off her shoulder, cries:"There's the seal,
The Tigress stamped upon it—for—'t was she!"

Both the men rise and make salutation to Gul-

MIRZA.—Afrin! O Girl! an old man honors thee! While I have thought to play the teacher here, Beciting Ishk, and all our sufic lore, And how men pass from low to high, and learn From Love to conquer love of self, and come Nearer to Him, the Friend, who is Love's self,— Here is a singing-girl turns my last page And teacheth Sa'di! Gulbadan, Salaam!"

Nor is the Saheb less demonstrative. He salutes her as "Dear Gulbadan, brave, loving, Gulbadan;" promises a golden armlet for that arm "which bears its red wound like a rose of God;" and asks the Munshi, whether what she "did and forgot," "Is not this also Love, As true as Majnun's?"

With such gems the poem goes on to its ending. There are those who will not be content till they read it all; and the half has not been told them. Nor are foibles overlooked; this brave Gulbadan screams at a moth flying in her neck. But none the less. Mirza makes this, too, the text of a wise lesson, and even the admiring Saheb chaffs her a little, and then follows the discourses of the moth and the lamp.

Finally the morning dawns and the reading is at an end. The English Saheb eloquently acknowledges the service of Mirza, and then addresses the two girls:

."But now dance One little measure more, and sing that song The Nautchness use at parting, Gulbadan! Then will I tell you what our Hindoos say-The pundits of the Poorans and the Ved---Touching this Love in Life, and all it means."

It is a curious dance to Occidental taste, -- to lay off the chuddur and veil, glide to the host and "gaze eyes into eyes," put on the garments, steal away and hiding the face as the music softly dies down. The song is like it, fascinating, plaintive, subduing. Then the Saheb compares Nature to a dancing girl in this year, song, concluding. very song, concluding

"And then an end for him since, soul is taught." But Gulbadan will not leave the matter here. "Ah, English Lord," she cries:—
"But those that teach the Soul,

Obeying Nature, or hard need, or fate; Or set to this by what-so force or fault; Have you no happy wisdom, too, for us?"

In this appeal we may read the prayer of the wretched of many creeds and faiths—Brahman, Buddhist, Muslim, Jewish, Parsi, Occidental—a di-vine mercy for the unfriended outcast. Nor does he repel her. Certainly she loved much and with self-abnegation; her sins, however many, were no more. He assures her hopefully:--

.... "Heaven hath its sch me for you, Its pity, and its pardon, and its love.

Even as for queens....Inshallah! be well-pleased!

Would I had such good hope as Gulbadan!"

Then to a question of the bright Dilazar, he gleans for themselves "three witless ones," the summary of the whole—Beauty and Love, their offices in life, from charm of man for woman and woman for the man, through all the links of human relationship, the marvels of the universe, to "that last large joy of

"Trust in the goodness and the love of Him Who, making so much well, will end all well." "And those who study deepest learn the most That Love hates naught except self-love,—will have Self-Love uptorn, disdained, slain, cast away; Will have us learn in Life's great book to be Patient and reasonable, kindly and mild, Led always by the hand of what we love Nearer and nearer to the Loveliest, The Largest, Highest, Fullest, Happiest, Best."

Mirza signifies his approval: "Well hast thou gathered, sir, and truly heard the Sama, that deep murmur of the truth." And then, in true Oriental style, with suitable words and other accompaniments, the poem of the walkers "with Sa'di in the garden," is brought, as if reluctantly, to an end.

THE STALWARTS; Or, Who Were to Blame?

A Novel, Portraying Fifty Years of American History, showing those political complications which have, in the United States culminated in Civil War, and even in the Assassination of two good Presidents. By Frances Marie Norton, the only sister of Charles J. Guiteau. Chicago: Frances Marie Norton, 1888. Price, \$2.00; post-

easy, pleasant style. The author has wound some romance into the tragic lines of this family. She seeks to prove what almost no one doubts, the insanity of this brother. She traces his life from birth to the scaffold, and points out the prenatal causes for his abnormal religious frenzy, and—gives many strong pictures of the politics of that time. That Guiteau should have been confined in an Insane Asylum rather than hanged, few people will question. Mrs. Norton has made out a strong case. The book has 310 closely filled pages; it also contains

a likeness of the author. The author says: "During a likeness of the author. The author says: "During an extremely trying sojourn in Washington in the winter of 1881-2 I received impressions, which growing into a conviction, impelled me to this work, which I now present to a magnanimous public. I was persuaded that in many political movements, instigated by unscrupulous men aspiring to leadership, who, by trickery, are able to deceive the people, there was dapper to the Republic. Notably was this true as to our civil war, ending in the assassination of Lincoln, and of the intrigues which led to the assassination of Garfield.... In order to portray in its true light unwritten, yes, suppressed, history its true light unwritten, yes, suppressed, history with which myself and those dear to me are inseparably connected, I was obliged to go into the past for the causes which led to the final disaster, both as to actors and events.... With painful diffidence I approached the historic eliment as mind to actors and events.... I approached the historic climax coming so near my own heart-history, bloody with tragedy, bitter with prejudice, black with wrong; history which must ever have a world-wide interest-must ever arouse a world-wide regret. And I now ask considerate attention, because never before has it been truthfully depicted, neither can it be except by the un willing author of this work."

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 29, 1889.

The New Socialism.

Every cycle of intellectual and social thought crystallizes itself into some dream which sums itself up into the reality of some world representative man's forecasting. Plato's Republic was ancient experience filtered through Grecian culture. St. Augustine's Celestial City was the focus of Christian asspiration. Moore's Utopia was the fulfillment o Dante's De Monarchia, and the forecasting of modern fact. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" epitomizes the social longing of today. It has created such an impression as to make enthusiasts and highly sensitive natures commence the work in full expectation of the millenium in the "Twentieth Century." About fifty years ago Fourier announced the social and industrial reform of the world. Several kind hearted men attempted to realize his dream. Brook Farm was the outcome of this ferment. Father Dana, of the New York Sun, spent the exuberance of his young life and manhood at that social retreat. He had the Channings, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Ripley and other New England reformers as his associates. It was a noble inspiration, but a terrible fallacy, that bewildered these generous hearted devotees. The new movement, called the "Nationalist." reminds us of these early efforts. Mr. Bellamy has found hearty supporters among such men as Col. T. W. Higginson, Rev. E. E. Hale, Howells the novelist, and others.

daily paper speaks thus of the movement: "This socialistic movement is the latest Boston 'fad.' It has attained to such proportions in and around that city that two monthly organs have been established to promote its principles. Mr. Bellamy gave an abstract of what those principles are at the reception given to the Free Religious Association of America by the social reformers at Boston a few days ago. Mr. Bellamy declared that the scheme of nationalism was the only method of social salvation. The trusts, he thought, had brought on a welcome crisis such as a dozen presidential elections rolled into one could not have precipitated. In fifteen years the business of the country would be consolidated into a few trusts, and the social system would then consist of a few families of enormous wealth, a middle class of lackeys and a great lower class of degraded laboring people. To prevent the creation of such on oligarchy the government must step in and assume charge of all business it

"According to the abstract of his address. as given in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican and as explanatory of the scheme as amplified in his book, 'he would have the government not only assume control of all industry, but organize the population into an industrial army graded according to the kind of labor to be performed and the capacity or tastes of the workers. All under 21 years of age to be kept in the schools of the State, receiving a thorough industrial and educational training. From 21 to 45 the man or woman works for the State, not for money or wages. but labor tickets of equal value, entitling the holder to a certain share in the combined product of industry. No man is to be better than his neighbor. All who are able to work

re to have suitable work provided for them. nd the profits arising from the products of his combined labor are to be so divided that The sick, the halt, the blind, he aged and in-firm are to be cared for by the government. All competition, as we understand it, is to be abolished; individualism is to be discountenanced and put down, and every man, whatever his talents, his energy, his ambition, his aspirations, is to be reduced to the dead level of the common place. Whether Mr. Bellany and his followers really mean this or not, such would be the inevitable result of the assumption by the government of all the industries and the drilling of men into a vast army of workers 'graded according to the

Such manifestations of sentiment are creditable to human nature. Those, however, who life is continuous. One can almost hear the have worked in the every-day world of hard | whisper of angel voices; feel the clasp of an- | wholesale dealers have been assured of fixed | on the east shore of Long Island."

granite fact from forty years ago, with the | gel hands. Life, universal life! one and same young dream in their hearts,—costing | all may share its fruitions. cash, hand and brain work-in shadow and in sunshine; in poverty and riches, have no such dream now. At least if they have the dream, they have learned that its realization must come through other means than that proposed by these sincere Socialists. Let us of of a younger generation learn by their experience! We have no faith in any movement, though sweetened to the taste by rose-water that does not naturally evolve out of the forces of the hour.

The trouble with all such men as Bellamy is that they work outside of the present and hypothecate a future whose roots are not in the now. They fail because out of connection with the law of causation which operates effects in the present moment. The "Twentieth Century," where Bellamy's optimistic plans find fruition, may, for aught we know, be a hell and not the heaven of these world-savers. It certainly will find no improvement from such theorizers. If Bellamy and his followers would go into Wall Street instead of to the historic play-ground—Boston Common—they would see the forces and actors who rule the world. Our hope is in the practical hard-headed business men who are managing the great manufacturing activities: conducting the huge commercial enterprises; developing new industries; stimulating invention; annihilating distance; and, day by day, bringing the world into more intimate and inter-dependent conditions, lessening the cost of production and bringing within reach of the poor, innumerable accessories of health and comfort which hardly more than a generation ago were not even procurable by the wealthy. These pivotal, representative, business men hold in their coffers the cash and in their heads the solid sense which is now relieving and providing for the great industrial armies of the nation. They are educating the masses by practical methods, in those departments of skill which Bellamy, in the "twentieth century," will find useful in his "New Heaven" on earth. All reform, to be successful, must come from above. Labor is learning this after many sad lessons. Hence the laborer laughs at all such foolish freaks as the Nationalists' postulate.

The Nationalists do harm. They excite hopes which will never be realized. They prevent the true heads of industry from gradually the toiling masses who have fallen to their charge. The trouble in all this matter is not with the brainy capitalists, but it is with the laborer himself. He has one common human nature and its weaknesses. He is by nature a spendthrift. Give him a chance and he is the worst of tyrants. He has all the pride, ambition and lust of the favored capitalist but without his ability to guard and govern the destiny of others. Many laboring men begin to see this; hence they are looking to the moneyed men who rule the world for their advance, rather than to the sentimental sermonizers who play at reform in gilded halls of fashion-found on Beacon street and the Back Bay, if no where else.

Spiritism, Spiritualism.

After all there are some sensible people in this world. Hear what the editor of the New York Herala has to say in summing up the claims of "Spiritism," "Spiritualism," "Theosophy," "Christian Science," and the ethical trend of things generally. "Stick to common sense, don't go up in a balloon, avoid being a crank, and within these limits entertain what opinions you please." In other words, the Journal would say: Exercise your reason and be a man. That it has been saying for the last twenty years, and at the risk of repetition it desires to call the attention of the editor of the *Herald* to some results which have been attained by "Spiritism" as well as "Spiritualism," a distinction which the JOUR-NAL always makes in its discussion of psychic questions.

To one who had the pleasure of rubbing his

eyes and beholding the day-break of Spiritualiem, and who has watched its rising sun on toward meridian,—forty years have made a wondrous change. When the "raps" first announced an unknown force, having intelligence, through the Fox girls, the world was buried in the deep sleep of materialism; orthodoxy ruled with an iron rod of despotism the consciences of men,—calling on a God to enforce His decrees with the club of hell and damnation; slavery was His fetter—so announced from the pulpits of the land-for four millions of human beings. In this more than midnight darkness, the feeble voice of a Channing, Phillips, Garrison, Ferguson in the South, and a few others kept the altar fires burning until the demonstrated fact of the phenomena of "Spiritism" was heralded throughout the earth-proclaiming a new day for all of God's children, on earth and in the Spirit-world. For fifteen centuries no such important event had touched the pulse of the race. Here and there, along the ages of Catholic Church hishere shall practically be equality of income. tory a few devout devotees had evidence of the continuity of life, but to the mass of mankind the other life was a myth-a mirage. All were bound "to that bourne from whence no traveler returns." God had no reality to nine-tenths of men and women steeped in sensuality, sin or superstition. No kind of labor to be performed and their ca. hope or welcome came. Such, in brief, was pacity and tastes." changed. Millions now living know that

This wondrous change has come through this condemned, insignificant something called "Spiritism." Its cumulative facts have met the most skeptical. Can we have the good without the evil? Certainly not. After the world had received enough evidence to show the truth of its facts, then came the abuse of heaven's law. "Like seeks like." Man was turned inside out; and he was found to be the same wherever he exists, in heaven, hell or on earth. Both worlds were revealed in hideousness and barmony, lust and love, evil and good. Hell and heaven, sadness and sorrow, darkness and light, reign everywhere; and will only be banished as man rises above his animal instincts into a higher life.

"Spiritism" is of little value, often wicked, unless followed by a higher Spiritualism. "Spiritism," by its scientific demonstrations, places beyond doubt the fact of the continuity of life; and this is a great gain to the skeptical mind. But to rest here and go no further is folly. Better remain in skepticism, than to trifle with the unknown. This has been the warning from the beginning. The abuse of a great principle is bringing its consequences. The Herald says, "Spiritism," except for scientific purposes, is passing away. In less than "twenty years it will be no more." That is to say: Commercial "Spiritism" such as is now sold in dark rooms and back streets at prices varying from 25 cents to five dollars a dose, and either wholly counterfeit or so badly adulterated as to often render it more dangerous than its bogus rival, will not be in demand. Disreputable characters will not be feted, flattered, fattened and enriched by promoters of local societies and camp-meetings desiring to draw a crowd. Good morals will be a sine qua non. Rapport with the Spirit-world will be immensely augmented, but the materialistic phases and grosser forms of manifestation will have ceased. Science and religion will crowd out the wonder-mongers, fakirs, and psycho-maniacs.

This, all true Spiritualists are praying for everywhere; and none more fervently than the supporters of the JOURNAL. It and its readers are advancing to a higher Spiritualism. Among these supporters may be classed Spiritualists proper; Theosophists, at least those who are free; Liberal Christians; men and women of no faith, but who love God by and systematically relieving and educating loving man; in a word the "come outers" all over this broad land and other civilized portions of the earth. Ours is a vast constituency. The fatherhood of God and the broth erhood of man and the immanence of the Divine Spirit in humanity as the universal teacher is the common bond of union on this higher plane of Spiritualism. Here all are free to open their natures heavenward; here all can feel the glow of God's heart in their hearts, making them one in Him.

The "Devil's" Outing.

As the devil of the Journal office was averse to giving his master a further hearing until he could verify the claims of his rival, we had to call a halt, as we stated at the time, until the differences could be recon ciled. We are happy to announce that all difficulties have been adjusted and the work commenced by the "Devil" will proceed without interruption. In the meantime his majesty has been enjoying an outing. He has finds it difficult to control—so full are they of unsubdued pride; not yet having the experiwith his erring associates. Experience is a smaller devils-especially the politicianslearn wisdom. He smiles at their childish ways. He hopes soon to able to give through the Journal substantial facts and instructon for the guidance of his precocious children. In the meantime he sends us the following as summing up his view of the situation, and hints some of the results which are likely to follow the recent action of the Missouri Legislature. Here is what the "Devil" has to say:

"Apropos of the subject of trusts and combinations, some late legislation by the State of Missouri is pertinent, as illustrating the wild attacks of lawmakers on existing commercial conditions in response to apparent popular clamor. Briefly, the Missouri law provides that any corporation, partnership or individual combining with another for the purpose of regulating or fixing the price of any commodity shall be adjudged guilty of a

conspiracy to defraud. "Other sections impose penalties, including fines and imprisonment, and stimulate prosecutors to activity by awarding them percentages of fines, ranging from one-fourth to onefifth. St. Louis is the center of a very considerable plug-tobacco manufacturing industry. Whether the different firms and corporations engaged in this business have an association, is not stated; but their business methods have been substantially the same. Their practice has been to enter into separate contracts with each of the wholesale dealers to whom they sell in all parts of the country, fixing the price at which purchases could be made by the wholesale dealers from the manufacturers, and dictating the prices joy came to the human heart from loved ones | at which such purchases should be sold by the beyond; the spiritual skies were as brazen as | wholesale dealer to the retailer. The wholebrass, and hot with the fumes arising from a sale dealer could not charge more; he must sulphurous pit from whose eternal fires no | not sell for less. The margin preserved was about 15 per cent.

"Under these conditions the trade has been conserved, manufacturers have sought to stimulate consumption by improved goods,

prices common to all, and the retailer has known that he was buying as low as his neighbor. Following swiftly on the passage of this law, all is changed. The manufacturers have issued circulars announcing the abrogation of all contracts, the local associations of dealers all over the country are concocting for the vain purpose of devising some scheme whereby 50,000 active competitors with 250,000 salesmen chasing each other for trade, can mutually agree to do what it has taken a hide-bound contract to accomplish. What must follow? The wholesale dealers will commence to cut each other's throats. The manufacturers will degrade their output, and reduce the price of labor; the consumer will accept necessarily a less desirable and pure article, and pay just the same price. Who finally pays the fiddler? The poor laborer who does the work and the poor consumer who takes at the same price an inferior product.

"Who reaps the advantage? Most of it is dissipated in the increased cost of reaching the consumer by unorganized methods, and the moiety left goes to the retailer who fears all the time that his neighbor has bought more advantageously. The whole tendency is toward commercial anarchy."

The above from his Satanic majesty should have appeared several weeks ago, but he called it in for the purpose of seeing if he could not make some suggestions by which the mistakes of his underlings could be remedied; and also to see if he could defeat the legislation proposed in the Illinois Legislature. The latter he accomplished by tabling the bill and getting an adjournment until his adjutants could be better drilled and dis ciplined. To prevent disaster to the tobacco trade, he has suggested a temporary makeshift: That the tobacco people "consolidate" and put their stock into one company, so as to come under the control of corporate law; this is embraced within the law of evolution. It is infinitely better than the so-called "Trusts," and its success will result in placing all the "Trusts" of the country under the same form. It will not work permanently, but it will arrest improper legislation, and will give the "Devil" time to educate the masses, and the holders of Trusts, into a prop er appreciation of the great principle evolved by the Standard Oil Company.

The "Devil" advises the people to be patient. He wants no revolution. He has had enough of that in his past experience in the world. He has learned to go slow, and to trust to the evolutionary forces to bring about proper results.

The Phonograph.

"I say, Mr. Editor, you wanted to know what I was buying that lot of phonographs for when we were in New York, and I would not tell you-but now I'll explain." exclaimed Curtis one morning last week, as he broke into our sanctum, having eluded the faithful guard at the door. Throwing a roll of manuscript upon our desk and himself upon the lounge the irrepressible continued: "You see I thought I could cheapen, improve and increase your facilities for gathering esoteric knowledge. With prophetic vision I beheld the Indian cataclysm gathering over your devoted head. Realizing that you would require unusually effective accessories in fighting Russian craft, invisible hoodlums, elementaries, etc., I secured those phonobeen to Missouri looking at the strange an graphs, covered them with occult paint to tics of some of his smaller satellites whom he | render them invisible, and then with the assistance of a few astral auxiliaries I planted these reliable detectives where they would do ence requisite to bring about proper results. the most good. For prudential reasons I The "Devil" now asks the public to bear | shall not disclose even to you the exact locations of these instruments. You must be satdear teacher, but in no other way can the isfied if you get their reports. The one before you ought to satisfy you of the effectiveness of the scheme." Having thus delivered himself, Curtis turned his face to the wall and slept. Whereupon, we turned the manuscript and found the following:

AN EXPERIMENT IN PSYCHOPHONY. "Hello, central!"

"Hello!" "Give me the Religio-Philosophical office

"0. K."

"Is that you, King Cat?"

"Meow-you bet!" "Can you hook on to the Himalayas by psychophone and give me Koot Hoomi?" "Aum!"

[Connection made in 10 seconds as shown by the phono-chronometer.]

"Is that you, Koot?" "O, orientalphos!-what's the row over there in the American Esoteric Section?"

"O, nothing-but I want a list of the names of every member of the Esoteric T. S., without distinction of race, sex, creed, or color." "Um-er-what for?"

"To form a nucleus of Universal Brother-"All right—look in the hole in the wall in

"Yes-is there anybody over here that bewildering consideration."

knows too much about that shrine business for H. P. B. to be able to throw him over if she wanted to?" "Give it up! Leastwise I won't tell yet."

"Any Mahatmic documents lying around loose over here?" "Can't say-Try 1726 N. street, W. D. C."

"0. K."

D. B. Elwards of Orient, N.Y., writes: "Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham has been our guest and gave an excellent lecture on Thursday evening, June 13th. She is doing a grand work Another Rotten Hulk Sinking.

In the current history of Spiritualism noth-

ing is so common as the announcement that another piratical craft which has been bowling along with full sail and fair wind has unexpectedly struck the critical torpedoes planted by the JOURNAL, and is rapidly sinking. The Minnie E. Williams of New York is the last one to get her deserts. Chartered by Henry J. Newton to help tow his barnacle eaten and moribund First Society out of the mud, she made a fine show-for herself, but didn't budge the Newton craft an inch. Indeed, the more sail she put on, the more paint she used in renovating her bows, the more rope she paid out, the deeper settled the Newton hulk. Captain Newton sailed her "for all she was w rth;" he stood at the helm, and as the storm increased to a gale ordered every stitch of sail set, and to encourage the squad on his own foundering craft. every rag of bunting flung to the winds. He doggedly stood watch after watch while Jayne and Powell and Merritt and Borschneck and the rest of the crew relieved one another by turns. But all to no purpose. He might have cut the tow-line and let her go but he isn't that kind of a captain; once he has made fast, he'd rather sink than let go the hawser. At last, in tacking ship, the Minnie E. Williams ran afoul of a torpedo filled with Journal dynamite; The World was on watch with finger on the electric button. Bang! Boom! Away into the air flieshuge chunks of the worm-eaten old hulk. Down come the sails by the run, flying jib, foretop sail, foresky sail, main-topsail, mainroyal studding sail, mizzen sky-sail, mizzenspanker and all. She still floats, but will soon sink. Captain Newton's patent maintop-gallant-stay sail, main-stay, and mizzenstay, can't float her.... The Beacon Light has expired! Captain Newton paces the deck of his foundered craft, peering now and then into his "fraud-proof" cabinet for relief and refreshment.

Dr. Dight gives an account in the Journal of the American Medical Association of his examination of a collection of human skulls. which are stored away in an old monastery in the Kedron Valley, midway between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. The doctor, who is a professor of anatomy in the American College of Beirut, Syria, has made a careful comparison of these skulls with those of the same ace at the present day. The measurements show some significant differences. The caucasian skull has, during the last thirteen centuries, increased in circumference nearly two inches, and has gained in cranial capacity three and a half cubic inches. There has been no increase in width. The brain has gained in hight and length—that is to say, there has been a development of the upper and anterior parts of the brain, the parts which we should expect to increase by education and civilization, as they preside over the moral and intellectual functions. The lower portions of the brain, in which the lower or more selfish propensities are centred, and which give breadth to the head. have, in the march of the centuries, failed to grow as rapidly as the higher brain centres, hence the non-increase in the width of our skulis.

In Pittsburg, Pa., St. Anthony's day was celebrated at the church of Father Mollinger. the faith cure priest, June 13th. Thousands of cripples and diseased persons were present from all parts of the county. At six o'clock in the morning the church was crowded with the lame, the halt, and the blind, and by noon it was almost impossible to pass along the street in front of the church. The results attained by Father Mollinger in several cases were said to be almost miraculous. His method is different with the various cases Sometimes he uses no medicine, but rubs the deformed limb; in other cases he uses medicine alone, and in some cases both. He pretends to do no miracles; he simply finds out the malady and, having wonderful knowledge of medicine and human ills, prescribes and invokes God's and the Saint's all healing power to aid him. He will treat none who have not faith and does not pretend to make a complete curé without a reasonable time; in some cases months must elapse and in. others the cures are almost instantaneous.

Light of London says: "And are not cases of catalepsy, suspended animation, and trance very decidedly on the increase? Is the psychical development of the race so increasing that our friends do not even know when our bodies are dead? Irving Bishop's case has brought out a whole crop of cases in America averaging, it is said in the newspapers, one a week. Several of these are very gruesome reading; some have a comic side; all suggest that we are undergoing a very remarkable psychical development without being aware of it. Our children will be so the shrine at Adyar that Hodgson found. But I hypersensitive that it is a tangled problem don't give it to that Chicago editor. Any what they will do with their offspring, and what in turn a third generation will be is a

Dr. Coues has a notice of a new book which ought to be good reading from his account of it. Heaven Revised: A Narrative of Personal Experiences after the Change called Death (by Mrs. Duffey) is apparently on the lines of the cates Ajar, Old Lady Mary, and other little narratives that have done a good deal to revise the popular conception of Heaven, and, we may add, of hell too. Both sadlyneeded revision, and Dr. Coues thinks well of the revised version. The book is written under "guidance," "inspiration," or by what ever name we may choose to call the influence which moulds our best thoughts.—Light,... London.

Moses Hull-The Free-Love Tramp.

The Journal has of late received a number of inquiries concerning an ex-preacher who has cursed Spiritualism for some twenty years and is still dragging out a miserable and precarious existence. Moses flull is the name of this moral leper, who has in years past been repeatedly shown up and driven into temporary obscurity by the JOURNAL and who persists in crawling out of his hole evely now and then to beslime the community with his virus. His salacious record was familiar to the public some fifteen years ago, when he was a devoted follower of Victoria Woodhull, but many now there are who seem never to have known of his infamy, or, knowing it, suppose he has repented and grown a better man. The JOURNAL does not hesitate to declare him unfit to be recognized or associated with by people claiming to be decent. The JOURNAL further asserts that any individual, or society, or campmeeting, who or which associates with or employes him, knowing of his doctrines and practices is either openly or secretly in sympathy with his immoral teachings and practices and justly entitled to be looked upon as disreputable and to be shunned by all good people. The Jour-NAL shrinks from soiling its pages with the name and mention of this libidinous old wreck, and does so now only because impelled by stern sense of duty.

As is well known, this man Moses Hull,

seemingly thinking to divert from her to himself some of the shameful notoriety Victoria Woodhull was gathering, and, apparently, by advertising himself as an advocate and practicer of sexual promiscuity to widen the field and lesson the difficulty of his search for prey, published his views and a confession of his practices in Woodhull and Classin's Weekly, of August 23, 1873. The villain mistook public sentiment and found when too late that this open boast of his criminality, and his clearly expressed defiance of and contempt for the moral sentiment of the world and the laws of the land, had shocked and alarmed that public from which he hoped to draw his subsistence, and caused it to throw him over. For years he strove like a mad bull, or an obstinate donkey, or an enraged goat to ride down public sentiment and overslaugh the opposition. With his consort in infamy, one Mattie Sawyer, he made a stiff fight, but had at last to succumb to the inevitable. Mattie dropped the name of Sawyer and, legally or otherwise, assumed that of Hull. Later on when Victoria Woodhull had by shrewd manipulations got rid of her husband Col. Blood and ensconsed herself in England as the wife of some English idiot with money, and wanted to whitewash her American record, she came out with a statement repudiating her old freelove doctrine. She had the audacity to declare she had never advocated such a doctrine, but had been cruelly slandered by Col. Blood and Stephen Pearl Andrews, who in her absence on lecture tours had filled her Weekly with editorials and statements purporting to be hers, but which were not, nor did they expound her beliefs. Steeped in salacity the old Vineland goat's intellect would never have evolved this plan of restoring lost caste: but once his old rival in the business had shown him how, Moses Hull made haste to declare that the letter published over his name in Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly did him gross injustice, that it had been garbled and twisted by the editors did not advocate and never held such sentiments as the letter proclaimed. He actually made some people believe he was telling the truth, and that he had suffered monstrously from the libels heaped upon him by the JOURNAL and from the false views entertained of him by the public.

But he found little profit in this subterfuge and continued to be a wanderer, ostracized and held at a distance by all except those whose morbid sentimentality or affinity with freeloveism made them take kindly to the bipedal goat. The late freelove performance of Mrs. Plunkett, and the notoriety she has acquired thereby seems to have fired ex-Adventist Moses with the old thirst and new courage. If only he can have a woman in the advance he seems to be temporarily inspired with a substitute for courage. He publishes—when he can raise the money to get out an edition, an alleged weekly newspaper. In the issue of his "New Thought," (?) dated June 10, 1889, Hull exhibits his Woodhullian-Plunkettian audacity in an editorial paragraph which reads thus:

"Victoria C. Woodhull did happen to "come to the front with certain truths we "had believed and preached as occasion re-"quired, for ten years before we knew that " such a person as Victoria C. Woodhull existed. "Circumstances placed her, for a time, in "the front of that battle, and we, well, we "did our duty, we followed and did our part " of the work just as we should again un-" der similar circumstances. We still hold "the same opinions."

It would be hard to convince those familiar with the record of Moses that this is anything else than notice to Plunkett-Worthington that he holds the age, by priority of practice and preachment, in the freelove game; that "circumstances" gave Victoria Woodhull "for a time" the notoriety which justly belonged to him, and that he is now ready to form an alliance with the Woodhull & Claffin's Weekly to those who may, in the interests of good morals and society, desire to know what the opinions are which Hull "still holds."

Chicago Institute for Instruction in Let ters, Morals and Religion.

The meeting of the Directors of the Chicago Institute for Instruction in Letters, Morals and Religion, held at the residence of Mrs H. M. Wilmarth, Thursday evening, June 13, closed the first year's work. The following is a summary of the season's work, and plans for next year.

There were nineteen lectures given, and ten lessons on the Book of Job, by Messrs. Hirsch, Johnson and Fiske.

The expenses were \$487.86 including rent of halls, printing, advertising, etc. These were met by the door receipts with the exception of \$7.36 which was donated from the Board. The names of Prof. and Mrs. Bastion were added to the Board and to the Pro gramme Committee at this meeting.

It was resolved to re-lease the C. A. S. Club Room, in the Art Institute Building, on the same terms as before. It is hoped to arrange in the fall, for a second series of lectures by Rabbi Hirsch on "Islam and the Koran." and possibly to organize a class on German Philosophy, to be led by him. Prof. Bastin was instructed to conduct a preliminary correspondence, with a view of arranging for a popular course of lectures on "The Testimony of the Sciences to Evolution" to be given by eminent specialists, such as Prof. Cope of the Pennsylvania University; Prof. Goodale of Harvard, Prof. Marsh of

If these are to be procured the members of the Board will be asked early in September to co-operate in securing a list of patrons to the lectures sufficient to guarantee against loss. This course is to be preparatory to a Herbert Spencer school of one or two weeks duration, to be conducted in the spring of 1891 by John Fiske, he himself to be the leading lecturer. Mr. Fiske has already consented to take such a part.

During next year such classes will be formed for the study of morals and religion. and the practical advancement of the same. as may be called for.

At the first meeting in the autumn such vacancies as occur in the Board will be filled, and such other names be added as may prove to be desirable workers.

The Tempest.

The Tempest has reached town. Not the Blavatskite tempest — that is confined to New York, London, Omaha, Cincinnati and other tributaries of Chicago-not the Dakota brand, nor yet that of the Presbyterian convention, but Shakespeare's weird and fascinating materialization. After many months of laborious preparation and lavish expenditure, the bard of Avon's enchanting play has been put upon the boards at McVicker's Theatre, for the first time in the west That it will have a long and successful run is certain. By the way, Mr. McVicker was the first theatrical manager to respond to the cry for help from Johnstown. With the cooperation of Mrs. Langtry he gave the gross receipts of an evening to the relief fund, amounting to nearly one thousand dollars.

The Sigh of a "Sucking Dove."

On another page we make an exception to our lately established rule of declining space to any one sworn to obey Blavatsky "without cavil or delay," when such an one desires room to defend his mistress. Dr. Buck in his of the paper before publication. That he | "Fatuous Fakes" sighs with all the softness to be expected from a "sucking dove." His words come to us like the solemn sough of a south wind when coying a Russian ruin. We gladly credit Dr. Buck with honesty and good intentions, but regret that he allows sentimentalism to blind his eyes to facts and becloud his judgment. The time will come when he will no longer take pride in calling himself a "sucking dove."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Dr. U. D. Thomas of Milwaukee, Wis., has arranged to have a volume of poems by himself published in this city.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York City, who has driven a successful trade in commercial spiritism and pseudo-spirit phenomena for some years, and who is an officer of Mr. H. J. Newton's "First Society," has at last come to grief; and it seems likely that, like Ann Eliza Wells, she will be obliged hereafter to garner her fool crop in rural districts.

Hon. R. A. Dague, for many years editor of influential papers in Iowa and a member of the State Senate, and latterly editor of the Phillipsburg, Kansas, Herald, has just purchased an interest in a weekly and a monthly paper at Denver, Colorado. He will remove at once to Denver and assume editorial charge. We have known Mr. Dague for years and take pleasure in commending him as an able editor and a gentleman; he will prove an acquisition to the editorial profession in Denver. His unblemished character both private and public and his progressive ideas will enable him to make his mark in his new field.

Incidents of a Collector's Rambles in Australia. New Zealand and New Guinea, by Sherman F. Denton, artist of the U.S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C., and son of William Denton, the well known geologist and naturalist, has lately come from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston. The book is a large 12mo., cloth, of 272 pages, with illuspseudo Christian scientist for an aggressive | trations by the author, and will interest the freelove campaign. The Journal can supply | naturalist and the general reader by its vacopies of Moses Hull's letter as published in riety of research, and Spiritualists will be doubly drawn to it by the pleasant acquaintance with Prof. Denton either personally or through his writings. The Rambles were

countries with Prof. Denton. The work is for sale by Mrs. E. M. F. Denton, Wellesley, Mass., price \$2.50, where orders should be sent direct. We trust there will be a large

Rev. E. P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity from God," will bring out a new work in the fall from the enterprising publishing house of Chas. H. Kerr & Co. The work is made up of discourses on Life and Liberty, and it is fair to assume it will be received with eclat by the reading public in general.

Robins and worms are seldom to be observed for any length of time in close croximity; very soon only the robins are visible to the eye. In Chicago the harmonial state has reached such perfection that Robins & Worms form a business partnership for conducting a livery and boarding stable, at 66 Wendel St., over on the north side. This is an improvement on that promised state when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, for Robins & Worms together lie that they may wax rich as well as peaceful.

The editor of the JOURNAL is again obliged to ask those awaiting his personal replies to letters to have patience. He is not opposed to doing the work of three men the year round. but confesses to limitations of strength to compass the work constantly crowding upon him. Five thousand dollars a year would not pay for the labor of himself, stenographers and typewriters, which is given to work in no way beneficial to the Journal or within his duty as a journalist. He does not any of the great powers contemplated the complain, but does desire his constituents to realize somewhat the burdens he bears.

The third thousand of Ursula N. Gestefeld's Statement of Christian Science has been sold since first publication, less than a year ago. This for a three-dollar text-book is remarkable, showing both a wide interest in the subject and, seemingly, much merit in Mrs. Gestefeld's treatment of it. In the early fall Mrs. G. will publish a supplementary volume, in which she undertakes to more clearly demonstrate that "Christian Science" is in fact a science and entitled to be recognized as such. Already much interest in this later effort is manifested among the disciples of the cult.

"Tony" Higgins still lives, it seems, a striking example of the vast amount of licentionsness and whiskey it takes to kill some people. Anthony is part of the wreckage which Victoria Woodhull deserted for her English as the subscription of the Belgian State toprize. He turns up now and then to give the | ward the construction of the Conge Railway. public an awful warning of the degradation to which a man of brilliant intellect can sink himself if he only persists in it for a score or two of years. Just now he is posing as an ardent Theosophist, and the other evening assisted Messrs. Judge and Keightly in a raid on Washington for the purpose of disfiguring Prof. Coues. It is dollars to cents that Judge had to take Anthony to a Turkish bath and boil the poison out of him and then buy him clean linen before the eventful meeting. Query: Was it all done at the expense of the 'Esoteric Section?"

The jesting suggestion that telephones might be used for churches and the people stay at home, or for concerts, and only the singers be actually in the building, is coming true. In a Congregational church in Tunbridge Wells, England, wires have been placed connecting it with sick people and the aged, and with doctor's shop and clerks' offices whose engagements will not permit them to be at the church. Wires are even being stretched to neighboring towns, and, of course, subscriptions are taken in place of pew rentals. There are many advantages in this plan. If the sermon is dull the subscriber can doze off without offense to the proprieties. He can sit down when he pleases or stand up, and otherwise be at liberty. Besides, he can read or write during the preliminaries that are generally so tedious. Bellamy in "Looking Backward" fixed the date for this improvement in the twentieth century; but, behold! before the book is two years old the thing is of the now.

Mrs. C. E. Eddy, the well known medium of 666 Fulton St., will take a much needed rest in Lake Mills, Wis., from July 3rd to

Spiritist and Spiritualist International Congress of 1889, at Paris.

On the 24th of April, 1889, eighty delegates, representing over thirty-four groups or societies, (Spiritist, Theosophist, Kabbalist, Philosophic, Swedenborgian, Theophilanthropist Magnetist, Spiritualist) met together to constitute an Executive Commission to organize the Spiritist and Spiritualist Congress, which will take place in Paris the 9th of September. 1889, and end on the 15th.

Fourteen Spiritist and Spiritualist reviews and papers have already lent their adhesion to the Executive Commission. The Congress will affirm the two following

fundamental points: 1st. The persistency of the conscient individual after death, or the immortality of

the soul. 2nd. The rapports between the living and the dead. All questions that divide us will be set

We wish to prove in the said Congress that we are progressive, friends of truth, of free research, who recognize in man an immortal element, absolutely contrary to the annihila-

That element is the fundamental basis on which to establish the union of all Spiritualists, Philosophers, Theosophists, Spiritists, Swedenborgians, Theophilanthropists, etc.
We make an urgent call to all Spiritists

and Spiritualists, to all organizations, groups or societies, papers, reviews, devoted to our cause, to give the greatest publicity to this address, asking them to send us as soon as possible their adhesion, addressed to the office of the Commission, No. 1 Rue Chabanais, Paris, France.

We pray them also to transmit to the Executive Commission all documents and remarks mostly gathered while on a trip through these | relative to the questions which may interest

the Congress, at a date prior to the 15th August next, the final date for receiving. All managers and editors of papers, Spirit-

ist or Spiritualist, belong to the Executive Commission by right; also delegates from all groups who will have given their names prior to 15th of August.

The Board named by the Commission: Doctor Chazarin, president; Messrs. P.-G. Leymarie and Arnould, vice presidents: Messrs. Delanne, Papus and Caminade, secre taries; M. Mongin, recording secretary: M. C. Chaigneau, treasurer; Messrs. Baissac, Warschawsky. J. Smyth and Henry Lacroix, translators and interpreters.

The above is published at the request of Vice-President Leymarie. The promoters of this congress are to be commended for their motives, and we sincerely hope some good may come of the effort. We must confess however, that from a Cnicago point of view it were easier to mix oil and water, or to find an honest alderman, than to "set aside all questions that divide us."

GENERAL NEWS.

Minister Lincoln attended service in Dr. Newman Hall's church, last Sunday, in London. Dr. Hall, however, did not preach, Dr. Theodore Cuyler of Brooklyn occupying the pulpit. A number of American friends greeted Mr. Lincoln and his daughter and showed them over the building.—The marriage of Prince Frederick Leopold and Princess Louise of Schleswig was solemnized at Berlin, last Monday. The Emperor and Empress and many royalties were present at both the civil and religious ceremonies.—In the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury denied that annexation of the Island of Crete.—Russia proposes to raise a new loan, the money to be used in the building of strategic railways and fortresses. The semi-official press daily attacts Italy, while the Czar snubs Baron de Marochetti, the Italian Ambassador.—The speech made by Emperor Francis Joseph on the occasion of his receiving the delegations had a depressing influence on the Vienna and Berlin boerses.—The Very Rev. A. van de Vyver, administrator of the Diocese of Richmond, Va., has been nominated Bishop of the see in succession to Bishop Keane, now rec tor of the American Catholic University.— Princess Augusta of Hesse, sister of the Queen of Denmark, is dying.—It is reported in London that the North German Lloyd steamers will not call at Southampton in future. -The railway employes charged with causing the recent disaster at Armagh, Ireland, have been committed for trial.—The Senate at Paris adopted the bill for the improvement of the harbors of Cherbourg, Brest, and Toulon. The Chamber of Deputies passed the war budget, -The Belgium ministry is about to present to the Chambers a vote of 10,000,000 franks

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John William Fletcher lectures in Saratoga, N. Y. in August; in Brooklyn, N. Y., September, October and November; in Philadelphia in December, in Brooklyn, N. Y., the first two Sundays in January, 1890; in Bridgeport, Conn., last two Sundays of January; in Springfield, Mass., April. Address 6 Beacon Street, Boston

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 soners. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

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good missionary pamphlet and can be had at this office for 25 cents. Now is the time to order. A new edition of Dr. J. H. Dewey's, The Way The Truth and Life is out. This work has had a large sale and is still meeting with great success For sale at this office, price, \$2.00.

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The Religio-Philosophical Journal will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, twelve weeks for fifty cents.

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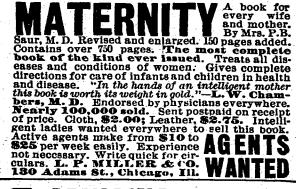
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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, THE SECRET WORD.

D. M.

Ev'rything that God has given To his children here on earth, Has a meaning closely hidden Till the spirit's "second birth."

When the inner eyes are opened And we gaze upon the scene, Then our being feels the forces Held the surface ones between

Then the language of the cosmes Richer grows, and forms are set, From ideas flowing over, Which we once as strangers met;

Forms to which our souls give answer, Forms that others cannot see,-Just a little bit of Godhead Manifested unto me.

We are as reflecting mirrors Catching somewhat the Divine; But the size and shape and finish Molds the image, I opine.

Until all our powers of being Move in perfect rhythmic time To the pulsing of Jehovab, We should pray, "Thy will be mine."

The New Departure in Christian Science.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I humbly crave permission in your columns to ask Mrs. Mary H. Plunkett, or Mrs. A. B. Worthington, what change is necessary to be made in the theory of Christian Science to make it agree with the practice of one of its most honored exponents. When I was her pupil I hung enraptured upon her words, and was fascinated with the purity and loftiness of the doctrine which commanded all to lay aside the natural and the physical if they would attain unto the spirit and lay hold of life everlasting. Mrs. Plunkett often tolaus that though married to Mr. P. their relations were only spiritual and their love Platonic. This lady also often remonstrated with me for going on the carnal way of death, and told me I must conquer myself, and leave all to follow her. I was so fired with enthusiasm in my desire to live the spiritual life and know the spiritual doctrine, that alas! it nearly wrecked a happy home, for my dear husband was not a Christian Scientist, but just a tender, loving, sensible man. What can I say to him, or how can I look him in the face, when my spiritual guide and teacher is doing what all the world calls living in open adultery? I know the world is cruel and censorious, especially to women who take their souls into their hands and follow their affinities, and I do not condemn her because I call to mind the words

of him who said, "Go, and sin no more."
But what I would wish to know is whether others of us Christian Scientists may also follow the example of our leader, or whether the doctrines are to be changed now to suit this case, or whether, perhaps, when one has advanced far enough in spiritual unfoldment and soulful illumination, she then becomes exempted from the law which undeveloped spiritual entities must obey. If it is possible by denying the sex for some time to become sinless by overcoming sin so completely that we cannot then sin any more, whatever we may do, it would be a great triumph for Christian Science, and every one would wish to study to be perfect in such an admirable system of resisting not evil, as Count Tolstoi says. But it would be dangerous for many who might not be sure that the proper time had come in their purification for them to be able to follow their natural propensities without really backsliding or falling from the grace of the holy spirit. I think that much as I shrink from public notice I could face a frowning world if it was clear to my poor understanding that Mrs. Plunkett or Mrs. Worthington was living up to her lights in seeking the peace that passeth all understanding in these new paths; and it would put to the blush the wicked poet who

> "Platonic love, a pretty name, For that romantic fire. When souls confess a mutual flame Devoid of loose desire."

I hope this new departure will be explained to the relief of many poor, heart-broken, struggling wo-men like her ex-pupil, who signs herself, Yours respectfully, VIVIAN GRAY. East 42d St., New York.

"Perpetual Motion."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: In the JOURNAL of June 8, 1889, is an account of the discovery of perpetual motion by a Georgia man. Now it is time that all old errors be exploded. According to the definitions of mechanical and scientific papers, and the dictionaries, the phrase is understood to mean a machine so constructed that it will run without anything to drive it; that it will run of itself until it is worn out, or until some part breaks. Webster defines it: "Motion that generates a power of continuing itself indefinitely, by means not yet discovered, and probably impossible."

The term is a misnomer, like the word miracle, as any scientist, philosopher or engineer ought to be able to understand, especially any psychic philosopher. There is no effect without a cause; nothing can ever be made to go without something to drive it and thus the name becomes changed, for it is a motive power. The steam engine, windmill, gas engine and waterwheel are examples of this; it is impossible according to the laws of nature for a machine to run without something to drive it. Everything moves, that does move, according to the law FRANK CHASE. of cause and effect. South Sutton, N. H.

The story which our correspondent refers to as republished by us crept into the paper unnoticed by and thoroughly eliminated from the Wisdom Rethe editor. Of course it is only another of the old and silly stories which go to show the gullibility of the public. The item has been traveling the rounds of the press, and in itself comes nearer perpetual motion than the machine it tells of ever will.

Advice to a Young Man.

So you were a little too pert and spoke without thinking, did you, my son? And you got picked up right suddenly on your statement, eh? O. well. that's all right; that happens to older men than you every day. I notice that you have a positive way of filing a decision where other men state an opinion, and you frequently make a positive assertion where older men merely express a belief. But never mind: you are young. You will know less as you grow older. "Don't I mean you will know more?" Heaven forbid, my boy. No, indeed, I mean that you will know less. You will never know more than you do now: never, if you live to be 10,000 years old, you will never again know so much as you do now. No hoaryheaded sage whose long and studious feirs were spent in reading men and books ever knew a much as a boy of your age. A girl of fifteen knows about as much, but she gets over it sooner and more easily. Does it cause a pang, then, to get rid of early knowledge?" Ab, my boy, it does. Pulling eye truth and molars will seem like pleasant recreation alongside of shedding off great scabs and layers of wisdom and knowledge that now press upon you like geological strata. "But now are you to get rid of all this superincumbent wisdom?" O, easily enough. my boy; just keep on airing it; that's the best way. It won't stand constant use, and it disintegrates rapidly on exposure to air.—Burdette.

Mrs. Edwin McFarlin writes: Euclosed you will find money order in payment for your most valuable paper, and as long as it remains as interesting to me as it now is, I feel that I would scarcely and dig up by the roots the Blavatskarian reincarnaknow how to do without it. I must say I am s much in love with the Journal, that I feel as though I would as willingly be denied my physical food as the beautiful mental truths I derive from its columns. I am a Spiritualist, from the fact of baving been convinced beyond a doubt (through my own medial powers, and those of other mediums) of the continuity of our friends' existence beyond the veil which we call death. But seeking to establish

The Psychograph and Horse Shoe.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philoso Some time ago I bought of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House one of Hudson futtle's Psychographs. When it arrived safely and war unpacked I tried it, but it was all Greek to me, it was an a novice in the spiritualistic line, as I had never been to a séance, or even seen a Planchette, so my Psychograph was a "white elephant" on my hands; still I never give up the ship," and I tried and tried till the disk would turn; but then it didn't go to suit me, and here comes in the horse shoe, a sketch of which may interest your readers:

Some months ago my husband bought and cut up a number of trees. In one of them, a regular old monarch of the forest, was imbedded securely this old rusty horseshoe, that must have been hung on there when the tree was a sapling, and then the tree enfolding it with its growth it disappeared, and when found it was in the very heart of the trunk, that measured 2½ feet in diameter. Some of the nails are still in the horse shoe, but it is old and bent, and looks like some scarred veteran of many battles. I saw this shoe when the axe struck it in splitting the trunk open, so I can swear to the truth of my asser-

Since I have found that I possess some Psychometric talent, I have tried this horse-shoe by holding it in my hand, but I see clearer views by holding it to my forehead. The first thing that rises to my inner vision is the shoe, which remains all the time, but the scenery rolls on behind it like the gliding views of the kaleidoscope. I see a large man on a fine dark bay however, At first the size of the same appropriate the same resident to the same resident. the animal seems wearied by a long journey, while the rider seems looking around for something or somebody. Then the scene glide: away, and I again see the horse and rider. The noble animal is rearing up as if trying to unhorse his rider, or as if suddenly shot by some unseen hand; then again the scene changes, and I see into an elegantly furnished parlor, whose light seems to come through stained glass. Reclining in an easy chair, with his feet on another, is the very rider of this horse. He sits as if moodily thinking, with his hands crossed in his lap. Presently a lovely, dark-haired girl, about eighteen, rushes into the room, and throws herself on his breast with an abandon of love and caresses, that would make a stone image dance; but the man replies not at all, but a bored, tired feeling comes over his face, while the girl falls on her knees beside him, still clinging to his neck. The scene again changes at this point, and I observe the soft light in some old cathedral hall, and see the people, and the carpet in the aisle of the church. There is a solemn chant, as if for the dead, borne to my ear, and I seem to hear the whisper, "She was so young to meet such a fate,"—found drowned after parting

from her lover. Then again the scene changes and I see this man, bent and broken, in a prison cell. Ever and anon he looks up at his grated window, as if in fear, and exclaims, "Will she come again to night?" There seems to be a rustling, and there stands his victim with disheveled hair and dripping garments. While he cowers in a corner in abject fear, he exclaims: "Forgive me, Juanita, I did not mean it," but with one long, sorrowful look she glides away and my vision ends.

All this may be a chimera of the brain; but that is what I see when I hold the horse shoe. The tree that held it stood for years outside one of the most noted mansions in this city, and I think in years gone by this girl was pleading with her lover to restore her good name and clear her in the eyes of so-

I often wish that Prof. Buchanan, or some other good Psychometrist, had this old horse shoe to see what it would reveal.

But now to return to my Psychograph. It occurred to me to try it with this horse shoe. On do ing so, the disk spun round like one possessed, but being a novice in such matters, I don't know how to manage to take a message from the alphabet. Now, will our Solons tell me what makes this old, Now, will our Solons tell me what makes this old, rusty shoe affect the Psychograph? Is it the animal magnetism that still adheres to it, or what do they think it is? I wrote to one of Chicago's slate-writing mediums about messages to be taken from the Psychograph. I sent her a self-directed, stamped envelope, and also enclosed stamps for reply, but she hasn't noticed me, even by a postal card. If that is a sample of the spirit of Chicago mediums, no wonder Spiritualism languishes. If she wanted money der Spiritualism languishes. If she wanted money

for the information, why not say so?

I want to say that no other horse shoe, new or old, affects my Psychograph, except this old historic one. I do hope some of the Solons will unrayed this mystery, which is not quite so old or deep as Mme. Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine," and perhaps not so hard to elucidate. It may be I have an "occult telegraph," and don't know it. Time will tell. San Antonio, Tex. MRS. M. J. GALPIN.

Running Comments of a Kansas Editor.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journat:

I have been a constant reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL ever since it began its life, and I always liked it pretty well. During late years, notably the past one or two, I have prized it very highly. Without any disposition to flatter, I will say, Colonel, "your head, as an editor, is nearly always level."

Lately the JOURNAL has especially pleased me. The work you did in exposing Rowley and his bogus telegraph machine, the papers of Buchanan, Tuttle and others, with your own able editorials, laying bare the schemes of Blavatsky and showing clearly that "reincarnation," "adept-ship," "Karma," and some other dogmas put forward as a part of the "Wisdom Religion," were unphilosophical, and unfounded superstitions, were solid, needed work, and will bear good fruit. Many of the teachings of Theosophy are uplifting and grand, but this, like all other systems of faith, is not perfect. The time was propitious for Buchanan, Bundy, Tuttle, Coleman, Stebbins, and the author of the "Light of Egypt," to go into the Theosophical orchard and do some vigorous pruning. They have performed good service so far, but they should keep their pruning hooks sharp and in good order, for their labors are not yet ended. The dogma of "re-incarnation," the most illogical of the whole cluster of vagaries, should be especially

I have been told that I was not far enough advanced to understand re-incarnation, and I am willing to admit it. I can see no wisdom nor religion nor philosophy in a system which teaches that a soul can acquire no wisdom except when inhabiting a mortal body; and that every man either has been or will in the future be a woman, and every soul must have in the mortal body the experience of every other soul; that he must have been a slave and master, a murderer and murdered, a thief and an honest man, a drunkard and an abstainer, a wife and a husband a mother and a father; that he began this experience an eternity ago, and has got thus far on his journey to Nirvana, where he will be swallowed up, lose forever his personality, and finally end just where he

If this be the order of nature; if every person must sometime and somewhere be enslaved, starved and murdered, is not the philanthropist and kindhearted doing wrong in putting forth his hand to stay the tyrant or murderer from the commission of a contemplated crime? The victim must have all this experience; he has been remearnated that he might get this very exteriouce, and if you prevent it do you not delay him on his journey toward Nirvana. and perusps cause him to be re-boin again on earth? Therefore, let the hungry go unfed, the naked unclothed, the innocent unprotected, the wrongs of the outraged ones unredressed, for they are getting 'ne ded experiences,"-experiences they must have before they can gain eternal rest and personal nonentity in Nirvana.

This, Mr. Editor, is no misrepresentation of the dogma of re-incarnation—a doctrine of the dark ages sought now to be engrafted on to the universal church of the future. It is a rehash of the old mysticisms and superstitions of the past, is unphilosophical, and in its very essence is antagonistic and contrary to the principles of justice and equity.

Let those robust writers and sound thinkers above alluded to, continue their needed and good work, "The Fatherhood of God and the Brothe hood of Man," the 'superiority of mind over matter," the "elemal progress and advancement of the soul as a conscious entity," let these be taught from the house-tops and to all the people everywhere, but le: the pagen supe stitions be eliminated. Phillip sburg, Kan. R. A. DAGUE.

a way of communicating with our friends, we find they live in a world with broader capacity and adthey live in a world with broader capacity and added advantage our continued progress.

Lyons, Neb., claims the champion wolf hunter in the person of L. D. Higley, who in the past three weeks has killed sixty-six of the "varmints."

THE LIGHT OF EGYPT. *

A Great Newspaper Recommends the Book to the American Theosophical Society, and Calls the Work a Bold Attempt to Establish a New and Western Form of Theosophy.

The St. Louis Republic, June 15th.]

Orthodox Theosophy, or the doctrine of the "Higher Carelessne s," as the Saturday Review contemptuously styles it, has of late made remarkable incursions into literature. The English reviewers, it is said, are really mystified by Mme. Blavatsky's new book, "The Secret Doctrine," and, with them, at least, "The Whenceness of the Who" has become a subject for serious discussion. Among books which rely for their interest upon magic and mysticism, mesmerism and Theosophy, may be cited Marie Cor-elli's "Romance of Two Worlde," Mr. Sinnett's, "Oc cult World" and "Karma;" Marion Crawford's "Mr Isaacs" and "Zoroaster," Rider Haggard's famous "She" and "King Solomon's Mines," Arnold's "The Light of Asia," F. Austey's "A Fallen Idol," etc., etc. Occultism has proved a veritable happy hunting ground for ideas new and startling to the Western mind, which enterprising authors are taking advantage of to such an extent that hardly a month passes without one or more works of fiction appearing, whose subject-matter is more or less mystical Besides fiction, strictly so-called, a great number of works on Buddhism and kindred subjects have been published, and the doctrines of Karma, Re-incarna-

tion, the Astral Light, etc., may be said to have come

into our Western philosophy to stay. And when it is remembered that Buddhism numbers 340,000,000 followers, against 338,000,000 devotees of Christiani-

ty, the fact, of a gain by the former faith among enlightened minds in the practical West is highly significant. This inroad made by the dreamy and ancient Orient into the thought of the vigorous and selfsatisfied Occident has met with no antagonist so bitterly opposed to it as modern Spiritualism. If Theosophy be true, Spiritualism receives its death-blow, and vice versa. Hence the two phases of mysticism are perpetually battling for the mastery, and the latest outcome of the struggle is this book "The Light of Egypt," which is a bold attempt to establish a new and Western form of Theosophy, and to prove that Oriental Theosophy, with Re-incarnation and its other leading doctrines is the cunning invention of a degraded priesthood. Buddhism, through its modern advocate, the Theosophist, says to Spiritualism: "The forms your mediums claim to see and be controlled by are nothing but the astral or magnetic shells of disembodied, departed spirits. They are perfectly lifeless, hovering about in the astral light (an imponderable fluid corresponding to the "ether" of modern science), and the mortals." To which the Spiritualist indignantly re-

real spirit cannot and does not communicate with torts that it is absurd to claim powers such as thought transference, projection of the "astral body" into other localities, and other marvels usually termed spiritual, for the adepts and "Mahatmas" of Theosophy, and at the same time to deny that spirits unencumbered by mortal clay have any power upon the human mind or will. And as for the doctrine of Karma or Retribution.

which takes so fair an aspect in Arnold's beautiful poem "The Light of Asia," where It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved

Except unto the working out doom; Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain

The shuttles of its loom,"in Oriental Theosophy and Buddhism that doctrine is so intimately connected with the repulsive dogma of Re-incarnation that the Spiritualist says of both (quoting from the book before us:) "In their outof souls upon the earth are perpetually ignorant of what they are suffering for. They are ushered into the world for the purpose of undergoing the fiery torments of their old fossilized karma, and are completely ignorant of the fact. How can the average mortal work off his bad karma when he does not know that he has any, nor what he is working and suffering for?....No punishment is just, when the one punished is ignorant of the cause." This doctrine-Re-incarnation for purposes of retribution or karmic purgation---was taught to the suffering masses groaning beneath despotic rule. It was exceedingly potent as a means of making the people submit quietly to the authority of the church and the tyranny of the King, who always went hand-in-glove with the priest. The masses were taught to believe that by submitting to the yoke they were

venient doctrine we must all admit." This book is respectfully commended to the American Theosophical Society. While containing much that is to us mere chaff, it has some things more wholesome than the doctrines of progress through self-abasement and exclusive self-study, adeptship, unconscious karma, Re-incarnation, and the final death of the individual soul in Nirvana or absorption

thus working off previous bad karma—a very con-

* "The Light of Egypt; or, The Science of the Soul and the Stare." In two parts. By X. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Price, \$3.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF HEADACHE. A Physician Discourses on Causes and

Remedies for Head Troubles. "There are many kinds of headaches," said a doctor recently. "In these days the nervous headache is a distinct variety. It is generally located in front of the head, across the forehead over the eyes. It may be in other parts, though—at the top of the head, at one or both sides, at the back, or all over. It is painful, depressing, disabling. A man feels at the hight of one of the paroxysms like a nunter who has galoped his legs clean off, and who could not leap a three-foot ditch to save his life. The spur is of no use, neither is the whip. The pain in the head is worse to bear than either, and the patient will rather endure both whip and spur than make any kind of an effort which will make the head pain worse. Physic by itself is of no use. There is not a single drug known to medical science which will of itself at once and permanently cure a nervous headache On the other hand drugs are not always needed. A complete change of air and circumstances will usually take away the pain in ten or twelve hours. Perfect rest of a duration proportioned to the severity and long continuance of the symptoms will make the cure permanent. There are, of course, methods of relieving and diminishing the pain until such time as it may be possible to obtain the complete rest. But the rest is the thing to be secured at all costs. If not, the pain goes from bad to worse and the risk from less to greater. The final consequences it is impossible to predict, except that a breakdown sooner or later is inevitable, and the breakdown may be for a year or for lifetime. A nervous headache is a danger signal; if it be frequent the danger is increased; and, if continuous a catastrophe is imminent. The driver must put on his brakes at all hazards, or he will probably soon have a leap for his life. There are few sets of circumstances in which it is a man's duty to go on with his work when he is in this condition, at all risks. Even a threatened bankruptcy had better be risked than a threatened life. Perides, a man who is in the unyielding grip of a permanent headache is not really the best judge of his own circumstances. He magnifies and distorts things amazingly. He takes counsel of his fears and abandons his hope and courage altogether. Rest immediate and sufficient is the sove eign remedy. Two weeks at once may be better than a year later on."—New York Mail.

"Heaven Revised."

This neat and well-written little volume is written from a spiritualistic standpoint and is, we imagine, throughout, consistent with spiritualistic belief. It seems to us that the orthodox believer could read this book with both pleasure and profit, since the author is a profound student of the Bible, and has interspersed her work with many beautiful quotadeed, should they fail to admire the candor and honesty of the author, which is beautifully set forth in her work: "It is the mission of Spiritualism, with its direct communication with the inhabitants of both the higher and lower spheres, to revise the conceptions of the future, and bring them more in harmony with reason and common sense, justice and mercy; to recognize the law of progress as the law of the spiritual as well as of the material universe, and to set the star of hope in the zenith of even the deepest hell; and this is what is meant by the title which the star of hope in the zenith of the star of hope in the zenith of even the deepest hell; and this is what is meant by the title which this story takes."—The Protectionist.

DEPENDS ON THE EYE.

Sometimes a Witness Thinks He Sees a Certain Man but Is Very Much Mistaken.

"It would never do to put me on a jury where the only evidence against an accused was 'yes, that is the man,'" said Lawyer W. S. Forrest to a number of newspaper reporters who were discussing the possible identification of the assassins of Dr. Cronin by the persons who are supposed to have seen them, such as the furniture salesman, the real estate clerk, and the Carlsons.

"I've seen so many cases," continued Mr. Forrest, "where the identification of persons was emphatically asserted and where a turn in the circumstances showed that the supposed identification was only a fancied resemblance or, often, pure imagination.

"I remember one case where a man named James O'Brien was to be tried for a burglary committed on the West Side. He was defended by the late W. W. King. When the case was called on the day of trial the bailiff brought into court the man who had answered to the call for James O'Brien,' at the jail cage. When King looked at the prisoner as he was brought in he saw at once the mistake that had been made and he determined to see how far the blunder would be carried. There was another James O'Brien, also charge 1 with burglary, but this crime had been committed on the South Side, and this case was also on that month's calendar, and this was the man who had been brought in. The facts explained the blunder of the bailiff in bringing the wrong James O'Brien into court, but was no excuse for what followed.

"The prisoner looked a little bewildered, but King told him to sit down and keep still, and the trial went on. The woman, whose house had been burglarized, identified the prisoner in court as the man whom she had seen leave the house, the pawn-broker in whose shop the goods were found positively identified him as the person who had pawned the stolen property; the policeman swore that this was the man whom he had arrested for the crime. "'How do you identify this prisoner as the mar

you arrested? asked King.
"'By that scar across his forehead,' said the policeman, leaning forward with an air of absolute certainty, and with an evident feeling of having made an unimpeachable point he indicated a small scar

over the accured's eye. ' 'You're sure about the scar?'

"There was no doubt about it. "'Then,' said King, 'if your honor please I would like a prisoner in the jail named James O'Brien to be brought into court to testify in this case.'

"This was granted, and while the bailiff had gone for James O'Brien No. 2, Mr. King put James O'Brien No. 1 on the witness stand. "'What is your name?"

"'James O'Brien.' "'For what were you arrested?"

"'For a burglary.' "'Where?' "'On the South Side.'

"The prosecuting attorney looked at the policeman and the policeman looked at the bailiff and the court smiled. Then the other James O'Brien was brought in and swore that he was the one arrested for burglary on the West Side, and there was no scar on his forehead. Yet all the witnesses positively identified, under oath, a man whom they had never seen. Of course the O'Briens were acquitted.

"I've had similar cases in my own practice. I was once defending a man charged with highway robtery down on Halsted Street. The fellow was a rough sort of chap, but he had one good suit of clothes, and the day of the trial he had it on, was clean shaven, and looked something like a priest, or

might have passed for a lawyer. that the jury sat with their backs to the judge and facing the lawyers and prisoner. My client sat between another lawyer and myself, and just before the case opened I heard the detective say to the prosecuting witness, 'See now if you can recognize him; that's he, the smooth-faced man sitting at the middle of the table.' 'I'll fool you, Mr. Detective,' said I to myself, and I whispered to my client to quietly exchange places with me and to pretend to be writing. The prosecuting witness took the stand and George Ingham, who was prosecuting, questioned him. He told that he had come to town with a lot of hogs and sold them and had been held up and

"'Do you see the man who robbed you in the court-room?' asked Ingham. The witness looked quickly at the middle of the table, but he saw me with my full beard instead of the smooth-faced man the detective had pointed out to him. He did not know what to make of it. He looked all over the court-room and up in the gallery and finally said

"'Point him out.'

"Again the fellow looked at me in a puzzled, helpless sort of way and after a long survery of everybody in the room he pointed out squarely at one of the jurors and said: 'That is the man.' Quicker than any cat ever jumped on a mouse I was on my feet and eaid; 'You're sure that's the man?' Yes, he was, 'No mistake about that?' 'No.'

"The judge laughed and everybody laughed, and Ingham said: 'I guess that ends my case, your

"The witness simply did not remember what sort of a man had robbed him, and pointed the only smooth-faced man near the place, occupied by the man the detective had indicated, and who happened to be one of the jurors.

"Another time I was defending one of the Devine boys for taking a fellow out some place and robbing him. The point of the man's identification of Devine was the color of his eyes, to which the complaining witness swore positively.

"I stood out where the sunlight fell full on me and asked him: 'What is the color of my beard?' He waited a long time, screwed his eyes up, and looked at me and then said: 'Gray.' 'What time is it by that clock?' I asked, pointing to the clock on the wall. He made a number of guesses, but never came within an hour of the correct time. What kind of a watch is this? He guessed gold, and it was silver. He was clearly very near-sighted, and never in the world could have noticed the color of a

man's eyes. "It was a funny way I found out about him too. He used to go into Casey's saloon, and when he'd throw down a piece of money he would put his eyes close to it, and then he would have to ask how much it was. Casey told me about him."--Chicago Times.

Spiritualism and Psychical Society.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

A correspondent of the Washington Star, "H. H. S," in a recent letter to that paper declares that Spiritualism is "booming" just now in New York; that doctors are receiving diagnoses, remedies and success, through spirit-mediums; that Wall St. speculators get their tip-top "tips" from similar sources; that a "very wise" Psychical Society is established here; that although it is natural for the imbecile to

adopt the faith, it is a remarkable fact that many of the most intellectual, and those among the upper classes, are among the believers, all which is more or less true. The subject of Spiritualism, however, is not unusually booming just now, although it seemed so to the mind of this casual observer, but is leavening human thought quietly like a summer breeze, until

some stormy wind of a legal prosecution arouses un-

common attention. The N. Y. Psychical Society, to which the correspondent probably referred, even with some intelligent and upper class members and visitors, does not assume the air of the "very wise," who know all that is worth knowing, like many newspaper skeptics. Tuesday evening, June 11th, the Society was highly entertained by an address, or several addresses, from the well-known George Francis Train. On that occasion he boiled over with "psychic force," after a 55 days' fast; was full of wit, and kept a full

house happy for nearly two hours. He is a remarkable man, a great traveler, a wellread historian, a fine specimen of a hardy body, and tions from the sacred record. Any one who may a versatile mind, independent in thought and action. read this little book would be narrow-minded in- seeking public notice, yet disregarding public custom; extremely original, always forcible, yet concessive to justice and innocency; often unreasonable yet ready to hear an opponent and down him, very much like the new bible which the Western editor described as "very interesting, but rather disconnected;" a curious study for the physiologist, phrenologist, and Spiritualist, with his wonderful nerve-force, radical courage, fertile ideality, and restless approbativeness, and keenly alive to the inspirations of the day, whether political integrity, financial honor, private virtue, Woman's Rights, Man's Wrongs, gross materialism, or the "judgments of the Lord" at Johnstown. J. F. SNIPES. New York City.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A Vienna lad of six attempted suicide to escape a strapping.

It cost \$5,000 to cable a speech by the President of Chili to Europe.

There is a company organized in England which insures you against burglary. There are no fewer than 28,729 known thieves over sixteen years of age in England.

Statistics just published show that there are 2,272 soldiers six feet or over in height in the British army. Under the laws of China the adult who loses his

temper in a discussion is sent to jail for five days to cuol off. The income of the Free Church of Scotland this year is £638,939, being an increase of £46,000 as

compared with last year. The flood dumped fully \$200,000 worth of lumber which cannot be identified on a farm near Milton. Pa. Many poor men have been thus enriched.

It is said that 60,000 rifles purchased in America for the Corean army are stored at Nagasaki. Corea's treasury being empty they have not been delivered. Among the curious things exhibited at the Royal Society's conversazione in London the other evening was a tail of a Japanese barndoor cock eleven feet

The Union Pacific Road offers \$2,000 cash to any passenger on any train that will shoot a train robber, and several parties are making frequent trips in hopes to get a shot.

The annexation of western Florida to Alabama is being seriously agitated in the former state. A convention is to be held at Chipley on the Fourth of July to consider the matter.

"Linotypes" are photographic prints mounted on linen. Washes of color are applied to the back of the prints, so that they can be used as colored transparencies with excellent effect.

Frank Morse, of Bathe, Me., died recently of catarrhal pneumonia, induced by excessive cigarette smoking, after a short illness, aged nineteen. This

is another warning to cigarette smokers. A gorilla in the Bombay zoological gardens takes a bar of iron two inches thick and bends it double in his hand, and with one bite of his teeth he shivers

a mahogany knot into match wood. The number of books belonging to the late M. Chevreul, which his heirs have donated to the Museum of Natural History, is estimated at 8,000 to 10,-000. Nearly every branch of science is there repre-

A painting of the Madonna, dated 1384, has been discovered in the village of Messembria, an old Greek colony, near Bourgas. It has been removed to Sophia, where it will be placed in the Natural Mueeum.

Thirty thousand letters written to General Boulanger from sympathizers have been se zed by the French government. Among them were offers of service from government officials, both civil and military.

The Cherokee Indians support over one hundred common schools, with an aggregate of 4,059 pupils, and a high school for boys with 211 students. They are just completing a seminary that will accommodate 65 students.

The largest ferryboat in the world is the Solano, used in carrying trains across the straits of Corquinez, between Belnicia and Porta Costa. It is 460 feet long, and has a capacity of forty-eight freight cars and two locomotives.

Dr. J. Taft, dean of the dental school at Ann Arbor, Mich., is the proud and happy possessor of a jaw taken from a 2,500-year-old tomb at Rome on which "bridgework" was done, similar in character to that

done by the dentists of the present day. A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed at Cardiff lately. After a fall of rain it was noticed that the pools of water in the thoroughfares were tinged with red. The phenomenon is what is known as "bloody rain," and was in ancient times regarded as

a sure precursor of plague. A Newfoundland dog in California which lost its master was found no less than three times trying to dig open his grave. After the last visit the body, for some reason or other, was disinterred, and the dog upon sniffing the coffin took to the woods and thereafter refused all food.

A curious discovery has just been made in Eng land, in the neighborhood of one of the Spithead forts. While at a gunnery practice, some man-ofwar's men engaged in grappling for shot found a 12-pounder gun, which turns out to be at least 100 years old. How the gun got where it was found is a mystery.

Captain Witthause, who so unaccountably made away with himself in New York a few days ago, was not only one of the founders of the Thirteen Club of that city but he was No. 13 on the sheriff's jury, the number of his special deputy sheriff's badge was 13, he had been in the military life thirteen years, and his wife has been dead almost thirteen years.

The city of Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine Republic, has expended during the last six years \$10,-000,000 in constructing sixty magnificent school buildings for 600 pupils each. These school houses are the finest buildings in the city, and a collective exhibit of them has made a sensation at the Paris Exposition. The Argentine Republic is now, after the United States, the country which spends most, in proportion to population, for education.

Morgan county boasts of the largest beech tree in Georgia. It is situated on W. J. Van Winkle's place, four miles below Madison, on the right side of the Georgia Railroad, and is plainly visible from the train, but attracts little attention from travelers from the fact that, owing to the immense size, persons take it for granted that it is an entire grove. So large, in fact, is the tree that its dimensions sound almost incredible. It is 21 feet in circumference, and at 12 o'clock in the day it casts a shadow 114 feet in diameter.

A gentleman last week spent three days in northeast Putnam and Clay counties, Georgia, and while in the latter county observed in the flat woods a novel spectacle. One day about noon he rode past a five-acre field and saw the entire family working it. In the middle of the field was a plow, to which was hitched the old man, assisted by the son and daughter, the old woman doing the plowing. The field was almost plowed, and how long they had been thus engaged the gentleman did not learn.

One day last week Dave Fletcher, of Sumter County, Georgia, was passing through his field, when the strange noise made by a mocking bird attracted his attention. He walked over where it was and found that it was being attacked by a large hawk. He stooped down and picked up a piece of fence rail about three feet in length, and started to slip up on the hawk for the purpose of killing it. He got over a fence cautiously and approached the bird, when to his surprise the hawk showed fight. Mr. Fletcher walked up to him, and a small fight ensued, but the hawk was soon overpowered and killed. It measured four feet and a half from tip to

A strange freak of nature in the form of a dog with a fully formed head, and, grown out from one side of the neck, a completely formed half head, with the mouth and eyes closed, can be seen at the Voeburg House in Wanpaca, Wis. His dogship is a black and tan terrier. To look at the animal from the left side, only the jaws are visible in a sort of a protuberance. On the right side the shape is complete, but the closed eye and mouth, with but a slight connection with the vertebra, render the "additional" head of not much value except as a freak. He is regarded as one of the best watch dogs in

If the toiling population of Europe don't get meat enough to eat within the next few years it will be their own fault. Not only is the meat supply of the United States to European countries growing larger in volume and cheaper annually, but now the Argentine Republic proposes to enter into beef exportation on a gigantic scale, forced to it by the appeals once to stimulate their industry. The stock of cattle in the states of the Argentine confederation has increased within the last few years from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000, and the dressed carcasses of horned cattle bring only \$3. Besides, there are 80,000,000 of sheep from which the country wishes to derive some profit. A consular report to our State Department indicates that stall-fed cattle are unknown in the country, and that consequently the Argentine beef is not likely to compete successfully with that from North America in the European markets.

A Phantom Photograph.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. R. Cash, master of the Shirehall Board School, Ipswich, and Mr. E. R. Shirehall Board School, Ipewich, and Mr. E. R. Pringle, solicitor, were taking photographs of the Gipping at the spot where the Oil Mils once stood, and still known by that name. In the evening, however, while developing this particular plate in the dark room at his own house—Mr. Pringle being still in his company—he was perfectly astounded by an appearance which he had never seen when taking the photograph, and for which he could in no way account. On completing the development there was plainly revealed, in the foreground of the picture, the figure of a woman, apparently floating upright the figure of a woman, apparently floating upright in the water, as it is declared that drowned bodies sometimes will appear after immersion for a length of time. "I cannot in the least explain how it got there," said Mr. Cash, when interviewed on Monday, "but here is the negative, and you can see for your-self." And it can only be said that the woman is unmistakably shown. It is no shadowy likeness, difficult to detect, nor does it require pointing out be-fore the lines can be traced, as with the puzzle pictures so commonly seen. The face and head are clearly outlined; the arms are hanging straight by the side of the body, which is clad in ordinary female attire and is visible to the waist; and the portrait generally appears to be that of a tall and comely young woman. There is nothing repulsive in the photograph, although it looks weird and ghost-like. The first idea naturally suggested was that the photographic plate had really detected a body which was invisible to the naked eye. Unable to account for the apparition, Mr. Cash communicated with the borough police one of whom was so struck with the reality of the picture that he at first imagined it to resemble some woman in the town, and inquired whether she had lately been heard of. Next morning, and very properly so, the river was dragged at this particular spot, but no body was found, and so far, therefore, the climax of the narrative is happily left wanting. It is a perplexing mystery.—The Two

Collins vs. Blavatsky.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal In the interest of truth permit me to call attention to some error of statement in the controversy that has arisen concerning the Theosophical Society, "Light on the Path," its author, etc. Dr. Coues made a mistake in saying that it was four years ago that he wrote to inquire about the authorship of "Light on the Path." The unsigned response from Matel Collins which he subsequently rinted in your columns showed that the book called "Through the Gates of Gold" was what he primarily inquired about. That was published a little over two years ago, so that his letter of inquiry must have been written then, and not four years ago. At that time Madame Blavatsky was in England, therefore the statement that she was not there four years ago and so could not have dictated that letter, is not admis-TRUTH-LOVER. sible as evidence in her tavor. Boston, June 12.

Planetary Evolution or a New Cosmogony, being an explanation of Flanetary Growth and life Energy, upon the basis of Chemical and Electrical relations of the elements of nature. There is a great demand to illustrate the process of Evolution and this work may assist the reader to a better knowledge of Natural Laws. Price, cloth, \$1.00, paper 50 cents. For sale here.

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What I saw at Cassadaga Lake in 1888 by A. B. Richmond is an Addendum to a Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioner's Report. Since the author visited Cassadaga Lake in 1887 his convictions of the truth of spirit phenomena have become stronger and stronger, and this Addendum is the result of his visit. Many will no doubt want this as they now have the Seybert Report and the Review of the Seybert Report. Price 75 cents. For sale

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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."

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, fifteen cents extra. This edition is a facsimilie of the one which costs \$4.00. For sale at this

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ern Spiritualism, price 25 cents, are in great demand. Prof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is rrof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is necessary to account for man, and any thing from his pen on this subject is always interesting.

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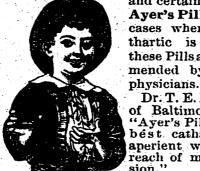
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Protection or free trade? One of the ablest arguments yet offered is G les B. Stebbins's American Protectionist, price, cloth, 75 cents, paper cover, 25 cents. A most appropriate work to read in connection with the above is Mr. Stebbins's Progress from Poverty, an answer to Henry George's Progress and Poverty. This work has run through several editions and is in great demand, price, cloth, 50 cents; paper 25 cents.

Some months ago the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals proceeded rgainet a Norfolk farmer for dishorning cattle, a custom that is coming into considerable vogue. The Norfolk magistrates dismissed the charge, but stated a case for the fore the lord chief justice and Justice Hawkins on appeal. The chief justice said the details of the evidence given in the case were "utterly disgusting," and showed that the operation of dishorning was "detestably brutal." It was not beneficial to the animal, although it enabled one or two pounds more to be realized on a sale, the coarseness of the cattle which was shown by the horns being concealed. It was declared to be a most cruel practice, causing fearful pain, and absolutely unnecessary, and the care should be remitted back to the magistrates to deal with. Justice Hawkins concurred.

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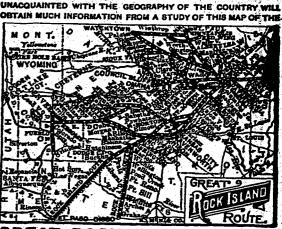
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PREFACE. The reasons which have induced the writer to undertake the responsibility of presenting a purely occult treatiset o the world, are briefly as follows:

For nearly twenty years the writer has been deeply engaged in investigating the hidden realms of occult force, and, the results of these mystical labors were considered to be great value and real worth by a few personal acquaintances who were also seeking light, he was finally induced to condense, as far as practicable, the general results of these researches into a series of lessons for private occult study. This idea was ultimately carried out and put into external form; the whole, when completed, presenting the dual aspects of occult lore as seen and realized in the soul and the stars, corresponding to the microcosm and the macrocosm of ancient Egypt and Chaidea, and thus giving a brief epitome of

Hermetic philosophy. (The term Hermetic is here used in its true sense of sealed or secret.) Having served their original purpose, external circum stances have compelled their preparation for a much wider circle of minds. The chief reason urging to this step was the strenuous efforts now being systematically put forth to poison the budding spirituality of the western mind, and to fasten upon its mediumistic mentality, the subtle, delusive dogmas of Karma and Re-incarnation, as taught by the

sacerdotalisms of the decaying Orient From the foregoing statement it will be seen that this work is issued with a definite purpose, namely, to explain the true spiritual connection between God and man, the soul and the stars, and to reveal the real ruths of both Karma and Re-incarnation as they actually exist in nature, stripped of all priestly interpretation. The definite statements made in regard to these subjects are absolute facts. in so far as embodied man can understand them through the symbolism of human language, and the writer defies contradiction by any living authority who possesses the spiritual

right to say, "I know," During these twenty years of personal intercourse with the exalted minds of those who constitute the brethren of light, the fact was revealed that long ages ago the Orient had lost the use of the true spiritual compass of the soul as well as the real secrets of its own theosophy. As a race, they have been, and still are, travelling the descending are of their racial cycle, whereas the western race have been slowly working their way upward through matter upon the ascending arc. Already it has reached the equator of its nental and spiritual development. Therefore the writer does not fear the ultimate results of the occult knowledge put forth in the present work, during this, the great mental crisis of the race. Having explained the actual causes which impelled the

writer to undertake this responsibility, it is also necessary to state most emphatically that does he not wish to convey the impression to the reader's mind that the Orient is destitute of spiritual truth. On the contrary, every genuine student of occult lore is justly proud of the snow white locks of old Hindustan, and thoroughly appreciates the wondrous stores of mystical knowledge concealed within the astral vortices of the Hindu branch of the Aryan race. In India, probably more than in any other country, are the latent forces and mysteries of nature the subject of thought and study. But alas! it is not a progressive study. The descending arc of their spiritual force keeps them bound to the dogmas, traditions and externalisms of the decaying past, whose real secrets they can not now penetrate. The ever living truths concealed beneath the symbols in the astral light are hidden from their view by the setting sun of their spiritual cycle. Therefore, the writer only desires to impress upon the reader's candid mind, the fact that his earnest effort is to expose that particular section of Buddhistic Theosophy (esoteric so called, that would fasten the cramping shackles of theological dogma upon the rising genius of the western race. It is the celusive Oriental sys tems against which his efforts are directed, and not the race nor the mediumistic individuals who uphold and support them; for "omnia vincit veritae" is the life motto of THE AUTHOR.

This remarkable work is sure to create A PROFOUND SENSITION and be productive of lasting results, IT WILL INTEREST THEOSOPHISTS, SPIRITUALISTS and all STUDENTS OF THE OCCULT under whatever name they may be pursuing their researches

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THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,

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Light of Egypt. (Continued from First Page.)

expression not only of man's physical organism, but of the planet which gave it birth. We see, therefore, how beautifully harmonious mother nature is, even in her most se cret parts. She has made every known "thing"dependent upon a something else, and all things, therefore, are mutually dependent upon each other. Evolution is dependent upon involution; the objective upon the subjective, and man dependent upon the planet. All contain the same eternal seven principles; the subjective, in its imponderable essences; the objective, in its solids, fluids and gases; and man, as the spirito-natural medium and meeting point between the two great worlds, treasures up the seven mineral qualities in his body and their magnetic counterparts in the odylic sphere of his soul. In this recondite sense alone can we fully understand the occult axiom of the ancients: "Man is a microcosm—a universe within himself.'

INCARNATION AND RE-INCARNATION.

Probably no truth has been more completely inverted by the ignorant and concealed by the learned than that of re-incarnation. In every age it has been thought necessary by the priesthood to over-awe the uneducated masses by some species of pious jugglery, and the popular theory of re incarnation, as understood and taught at the present day, is a typical example of truth thus perverted.

By re incarnation we mean, as now currently understood, the doctrine of the re-birth of the human soul in various human forms and personalities, in different ages, upon the

In every bundle of theological chaff* there is, undoubtedly, concealed a grain of genuine truth. This is particularly the case with this doctrine. Up to a given point its teachings are those of truth itself, but beyond this point the doctrine of re-birth into physical conditions becomes one of the greatest delusions with which the mystical student has to

We repeat what we have so often said to those who have studied under our care, that re-incarnation, as taught by modern writers, is nothing but a theory of the physical intellect. In other words, it is the metaphysical outcome of intellectual force destitute of spiritual intuition. It is an attempt of the external mind to harmonize good and evil, and nothing more. It contains nothing approaching to the pure intuitions of the spirit in its composition. It was formulated to decaive, by conning priestly minds, in the first instance, and afterwards accepted as a divine truth by those who possess nothing but their intellectuality to guide them in their gropings for truth. And knowing as we do the Why and Wherefore of its present rapid diffusion, we challenge these esoteric Buddhists to produce one single individual who is not an irresponsible medium, and who possesses the ability to consciously penetrate the realms of spirit for himself, who can that the theory agrees with the actual results of his own personal investigations. From the beginning to the end this re-incarnation and Karma doctrine of Buddhism is a purely external theory which tries to explain the apparent contradictions of physical nature—hence it is destitute of spiritual proof, or of the possibilty of spiritual proof, and it is palmed off upon the mental currents of western thought as emanating from supposed holy (?) mahatmas. But we deny in toto that such a theory is taught or ever has been taught by any real adept, as a true theory, apart from the magical hierophants of the Inversive Magi, and these beings we do not consider worthy of the name of Adept, seeing that they are the legionaries of the Dark Satellite, and as such are only adepts so far as the mysteries of practical magic are concerned. They cannot penetrate beyond the astral zones of the cosmic and magnetic elementals, hence they

know absolutely nothing of the higher states

of the soul world, or of the mysteries of

angelic life. They deny their very exist-

ence, and substitute a delusive Devachan,

and dreamy Nirvana of nothingness in their

"If we are ever to know anything clearly we must be released from the body, that the soul by itself may see things by themselves as they really are."

We need scarc ly say that we fully agree with the above remarks of Plato's teacher. While in the body we are completely fenced in by delusive appearances, and had the Greek sage been alive to-day those prominent individuals who so loudly and glibly speak and write upon the subject of Karma would have been very greatly inconvenienced by the Athenian's terrible logic.

"Karma is the law of consequences-of merit and demerit," say the Buddhists. "It is that force which moulds our physical destiny in this world, and regulates our period of misery or happiness in the world to come.' We are also further imformed that "Karma is the cold, inflexible justice which metes out to each individual the exact same measure of good and evil at his next physical rebirth that he measured to his fellow men in

MEDIUMSHIP-ITS NATURE AND MYSTERIES. "All are but parts of one stupenduous whole Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

"What is mediumship, and who are the mediums?" was the question we once asked of the initiated masters of Occult science. The answer received was as broad in its application as the universe itself. "Everything is answer received, but have established in the mind of the writer the certainty that every word is an absolute fact.

I. That the universe is one mighty, inconceivable medium, and Deity the controlling and omnipotent spirit.

II. That Love becomes the medium of Wisdom, or, in other words, the passive becomes the medium of the active state: consequently matter is and must be the absolute

III. That the passive nature of the divine soul is the only means whereby the active spirit of Divinity can manifest itself, and upon this basis rests all the mysteries of the

IV. In view of these facts we find that the universal will, utilized by the imperial soul of man, is alone the true center of all magical and spiritual power manifested upon earth. Man is the great pivot around which and mental phenomena embraced within the realms of mundane psychology.

ADEPTSHIP. The adept is born a king of his kind. He

*The reader must bear in mind that the doctrine of human re-incarnation is not, strictly speaking, a doctrine of Occultism. It is a theological doctrine of oriental sacerdotal systems, formulated by the priesthood either to conceal the real truth, or to account for what mselves ruld not comprehend.

is a spiritual and mental giant of his race, and can not be made without possessing these royal qualities in a very highly developed state from his birth. External life is too short and antagonistic forces to be overcome too great, during the present cycle, for the adept to be manufactured out of the rudimentary forces and embryonic soul qualities of the average mortal. It has been asserted by one who claims the honor of adeptship, that "the adept is the rare effloresence of an age." This is, however, only figuratively correct, as in real truth there are several such flowers in each race during the course of a single generation. Each family plant of mankind ultimately produces the rare flower of its line, and then becomes exhausted for that cycle. "It has run to seed."

Not all of these rare flowers of the royal

line may attain adeptship, since they often exhaust their forces in other directions for the good of humanity, but such souls alone possess the possibilities, or, in other words, the primary conditions.

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].

The following is sent by Prof. Elliott Coues who says: "You may like to use this for your 'Coincidences,'—only suppress the lady's name. I have no idea who she is, but she tells a straight and evidently honest story."

Somnambulism was the bane of my childhood. As I grew into womanhood, I ceased wandering in my sleep, but became clairvoyant in my dreams; as the cares of life with their attendant duties increased, these dreams discontinued, and I became subject to an entirely new experience. This was a peculiar sensation which I am not able to intelligently describe, as I know of nothing to which l can compare it. I called it a sick feeling, and yet it was not attended with any physil cal symptoms; but was a mental or psychicacondition. I soon found that the sensation came as a premonition or warning of some impending danger, misfortunes or disappointment. Sometimes with the sensation comes the consciousness of what it por: tends, but not often, and so frequent is this condition, that if I knew each time to what the warning related I could, perhaps, avoid all the ills to which we are subject.

A few years ago, while spending a summer with my sister, I arranged to spend a few weeks with some relatives at a distance. My sister accompanied me to the landing where I was to take the steamer, and then returned home. She had scarcely gone from sight when I was seized with a sensation that seemed to impel me to go back. I could of-fer no reason or excuse for giving up my journey and going back to my sister's, and the fear of being ridiculed if I should do so, decided me to go on my journey, which I did without any accident or unpleasantness, and led me to conclude that my fear or premonition was groundless, but in a week came the news of a disaster to my sister and family, the results of which were most terrible to them, and which might have been avoided had I returned, and my return would certainly have relieved me of much regret and selfreproach.

A Chicago gentleman sends the following: Sometime during the fifties my brother engaged himself to a young lady who was born on the 17th day of March, 1840. This engagement was broken off, and in a few years he became engaged to another lady, an entire stranger to the first one, and who was also born on the 17th of March 1840. This match was also broken off. Afterward, each of these ladies married widowers by the name of Todd: each of the widowers having a grown son named Henry. Neither of the ladies, nor their husbands are acquainted, or related in any way, or have ever even seen each other. -100-

Joseph Cook of Boston reports the follow-

Two students attending a prayer meeting sat with their heads near each other. One of them arranged a course of thought, and purposed to himself to deliver it to the gathering. Just as he was about to rise, the other student rose and delivered the same course of thought, with illustrations and certain terms of phraseology such as had occurred to the first student. It turned out that the one mediumistic, and every atom is a medium student had arranged and prepared his refor the expression of spiritual force. God marks before the meeting. To the other the alone is the great central controlling spirit," train of thought was entirely new, but came said the master. Long years of spiritual re-search have not only verified the truth of the pressed him so forcibly that he felt impelled to deliver it, although he had not previously intended to speak at the meeting.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

Lie Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The opening days at Onset, Mass., for the season of 1889, were duly observed on the 15th, 16th and 17th days of June. Special railway rates were made from Boston allowing persons to remain at the Grove over Sunday. Dame nature seemed to especially favor the occasion, Sunday being one of the most delightful days the heart could desire. The air was clear and inspiring, being stirred by a beautiful breeze from off the waters of mother ocean, also furnishing one of the prerequisites for the sailing and fishing parties, that are so richly enjoyed in the bay.

stand at 10: 30 A.M., and 2: 30 P.M., President ducing anything. Thus we can see that any W. D. Crockett presiding. The morning service opened with singing. Remarks were made by A. H. Richardson, H. B. Storer, Mrs. others would have to come to its terms or Ida P. Whitlock and Frank T. Ripley, Mr. Riplay closing with a few platform descriptive communications.

In the afternoon Mrs. Shelhamer-Longley was introduced by President Crockett, taking as her subject, "Signs of Growth in Liberal Thought." At the conclusion of the lecture, Clurg & Co. Price, \$1.75.

remarks were made apropos to the occasion by Mr. Moore, Miss Emma J. Nickerson, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. S. R. Stevens, Mrs. Katie R. Stiles and Frank T. Ripley, with platform test. The afternoon service closed at 5:30 P. M.

The day has been grand and beautiful and all have seemed to fully appreciate the opportunity afforded for the happy greetings and reunions of friends of former years. If this day is a precursor of the coming season, pleasant hours will be enjoyed at Onset this

Among the mediums present were: Mrs. S. R. Stevens, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. Thomas Dean, Mrs. Keyes, A.S. Hayward, A. H. Richardson, Dr. Pratt, David Brown and Longley, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock and H. G. Storer.

The season is nearly a month earlier than last year. The cottagers are here in force and the demand for rentable cottages never was better. The lovers of the finny tribe are having fine sport in taking blue fish, rock cod, bottom fish, while sailing and yachting are highly enjoyed.

The hotels are open and ready to cater for the comfort of their patrons. The camp meeting will open on the 14th of

ens back to Onset, from her winter sojourn at Topeka, Kan. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is read at Onset by the friends of truth and justice. W. W. CURRIER. justice.

We were all pleased to see Mrs. S. R. Stev-

A Few Thoughts Suggested by an Examination of N. P. Gilman's Work on "Profit Sharing." *

To obtain any adequate idea of the "Industrial Problem" of to-day by a perusal of this book is as impossible as it would be to judge of the architectural proportions of a magnificent building by a minute inspection of one of its rooms. Its chief value lies in its being a painstaking collection of facts relative to a rather unimportant phase of industrial development. Facts are always of value, but reasoning based upon a particular set of facts without, seemingly, any perception of their relation to other facts of far greater importance, must necessarily be misleading. It may be seen at a glance that while profit sharing—if universal and perfect in its operation-would eliminate competition between individual workingmen, yet it would leave the competitive principle in full sway as between the profit sharing establishments. As the employers have exclusive control of affairs, this would simply mean the survival of those employers who could obtain the best results with the least expense. The ultimate development of profit sharing—if such development were possible—would be the socialism of slavery for the workers—there would no longer be any "problems" for them to Belle Hamilton and Mrs. Reed interested the solve. They would be housed, fed, and main-audience by their tests, and the eight sestained in the most effective working condi-sions were well filled. Mrs. Fox from Cali-MOH DOSSIDIE, DY rnerr embrosers, cheapest manner that could be devised. While their conditions as animals might be better under such a system than under the The officers and members of the society here present, their development as intellectual beings would be permanently arrested. This

surely is not the pathway of social progress!

The facts collated by Mr. Gilman in this volume show exclusively that profit sharing has, in all cases where maintained for any time, proved beneficial to employers and employed. From this, doubtless, he argues that its universal application would be beneficial to all. But little thought is needed to show the fallacy of the assumption. The profit ers working the same number of hours—thus | guised blackmail and boycott of editors. giving them an advantage over establishments pursuing inferior methods. Make the system universal, and what becomes of the advantage? Each establishment would be forced to still farther increase the efficiency of its labor or decrease labor's share of the product. Wages would fall or the share of

the profits going to labor would diminish.

Mr. Gilman says: "The 'wages question,'
however, is a central point in the labor controversy, and in treating this by itself we are discussing a vital and essential matter. If the way can be found by which the laborer and his employer shall easily agree on the 'fair share' of the products of industry that shall go to each, then other phases of the 'labor question' will lose much of their difficul-This is undoubtedly true, and if there be a "way" to accomplish this result, he who points it out will do no small service to humanity. But what reliance can be placed in a "solution" of any problem that is reached without taking into consideration at all the main factor in the problem to be solved? How is capital and labor to come to any agreement as to what portion of the products of their mutual industry will be the "fair share" of each until they first know what part of these products is to be the fair share of the landowner,—who, as landowner, is neither capitalist nor laborer? Mr. Gilman reasons apon the assumption that whatever wealth is at present produced by labor and capital is divided between these two factors in production according to the terms of "free contract," and that any increased efficiency in methods of production will accrue to the advantage of both. His error lies in utterly ignoring the land as an element in production separate and distinct from either capital or labor. In the last analysis there is to be found only two primary factors in the production of wealth—land the passive, and la-bor the active. Labor exerting itself upon land is the only source of all wealth, of all capital. Without land, labor is helpless; without labor, land is useless for the production of wealth; it can only sustain life by its spontaneous products. Together, these two factors can produce capital without limit, and do not require any capital to begin the

production of wealth. Let us, in imagination, consider the world to be controlled by three great syndicates: the land syndicate controlling all the land; the capital syndicate controlling all the capital; the labor syndicate controlling all the labor. Which of these three will be in a position to dictate terms to the others? The labor syndicate could not maintain its labor if not permitted to use the land; the capital syndicate could not preserve its capital from decay except by inducing labor to use it; and both together would be helpless to produce a blade of grass without access to land. The land syndicate could sustain life upon the Sunday services were held at the grand spontaneous products of the soil without properish, while it alone could continue to independently exist. How could there be any

* Profit Sharing; between Employer and Employe. A Study in the Evolution of the Wage System. By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Chicago: A. C. Mc-

'free contract" between labor and capital as to what part of the "products of industry" should go to each until first ascertained what part of such products would have to be paid for permission to use land? Destroy the land syndicate and the "wages question" will solve itself. Labor, free to maintain itself and produce its own wages, will only pay to capital an equitable part of the increased production consequent upon its use. Capital, dependent upon labor, will have no power to extort more. Land in this country is not yet entirely monopolized; but it is the progress of land monopoly that is the funda-mental cause of all our labor troubles. It has been estimated that the rent paid to land Frank T. Ripley. Lecturers: Mrs. Shelhamer owners in the United States on bare land, leaving out all improvements, amounts in round numbers to \$1,800,000,000 annually. This is the amount now subtracted from the annual earnings of labor and capital before they are permitted to make a division between themselves. While interest, profit and wages stand still or decline, the rent of land steadily increases; and to the owners of land accrue all the benefits of material progress. Labor saving machinery, inventions of all kinds, increased efficiency in methods of production, profit sharing or co-operation,none of these can ever permanently benefit labor or capital so long as the owners of land are permitted to absorb all their results.] do not regard the abolition of private ownership of land as the ultimate of social prog-ress. On the contrary I consider it only the beginning. Destroy this barrier that has ever turned back the civilizations of the past. and the path lies open to a social condition that has hitherto only been dreamed of by poets and enthusiasts. To me it seems clear that there lies before us only two alternatives: the adoption of what is now known as the Single Tax, or an armed conflict between the classes and the masses. The "profit sharing" of Mr. Gilman is as adequate to meet the emergency as would be the poulticing of a finger to cure a constitutional disease. Parkersburg, W. Va. C. G. ABRAMSON.

Sturgis, Mich., Yearly Meeting.

fo the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The thirty-first yearly meeting of the Sturgis Harmonial Society closed its three days' sessions Sunday evening, June 16th, and proved, like all preceding meetings, to be of value and weight as well as of marked interest. The overwhelming numbers who came in past years, when this was the only Mecca for such truth-seeking pilgrims, have many other places to visit in these days of grove and camp meetings so that fewer come here, yet before the close the pleasant Free Church was well filled with thoughtful people. Mrs. Lillie and Mr. Moulton spoke well. Dr. Spinney being present, he was called out for a good horus. I had my word to say. Mrs. spoke with marked effect in the conferences and met cordial greetings from her friends. are satisfied that another meeting must be held-many more, they trust.

G. B. STEBBINS.

One of Many.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Although out of place in a business letter, cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of the handsome manner in which you sharing establishments prospered by reason showed up the sham and pretence of the of the greater efficiency the system gave to "heads" of the T.S., who, under cover of some the labor employed by them—more wealth very beautiful truths and precepts were seekwas produced by the same number of labor- ing personal preferment through thinly dis-Brooklyn, N. Y. N. A. CONKLIN.

Keep Your Blood Pure.

There can be no healthy condition of the body uness the blood is rich in the materials necessary to repair the waste of the system. When the blood is pure, and circulation good, all the functions are equipped to do their allotted duties; but when the blood is thin or impure, some corresponding weakness will surely result, and in this low state the eystem becomes more susceptible to disease.

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This is the best season to take a good blood purifier and tonic like Hood's Sarsaparilla, for at this season the body is especially susceptible to benefit from me licine. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

A Beautiful Picture.

We have received from Mr. O. W. Buggles, General Passenger Agent of the Michigan Central R. R. a very beautiful picture, entitled "A Michigan Central train passing Niagara Falls." It is a remarkably fine reproduction of an original water color by that famous artist Mr. Chas. Graham, New York

City.

The tones, effects and coloring of the original are faithfully retained. The publishing of so superior a work of art is a striking proof of Mr. Ruggles' genius and energy and of the enterprise of the Michigan Central Company, which does not cease short of the utmost care for the safety and comfort of every passenger. Owing to the limited issue and considerable cost Mr. Ruggles will not attempt a wideerable cost Mr. Ruggles will not attempt a wide-spread gratuitous distribution, but will be happy to supply the public, with copies of the picture, for the nominal supply the properties of the picture. ed. But no more than two copies can be spared for one address. Those ordering should address O. W. Ruggles, G. P. A. Michigan Central Railroad Co., Chicago, Ill.

National Educational Association Meeting

will be held at Nashville, July 16th to 19th. Go via the Evansville Route. It is fifty mi'es the shortest, eight hours the quickest, and is the only line running through cars between Chicago and Nashville.

Its facilities are unequaled, and the finest and most luxurious Pullman Palace Buffet Sleeping Cars and elegant Day Coaches run through without change. For this occasion a very low excursion rate will be made, which includes a side trip to Mammoth Cave, either going or returning. Also, those who desire to vary their trip by going or returning via Louisville will have the opportunity given them of doing so. Tickets will be on sale from all points July 1st to 15th, good until Sept. 5th returning.

The Chicago and Nashville Fast Train leaves Chi-

cago (Dearborn Station) at 3:50 p. m., daily, and arrives at Nashville the following morning for break-fast at 7:10 o'clock, a run of only 15 hours and 20 minutes. Night Express leaves at 11:20 p. m. No extra fare is charged on Fast Train, and the sleeping car rate from Chicago to Nashville is less by this route than by any other being only \$250 for one double bertb.

Reservations for sleeping cars can be made ten days in advance by addressing Ticket Agent Evansville Route, 64 Clark St. For further particulars address William Hill Gen'l Pass. Ag't., Chicago and Eastern Illinois R.R., Chicago.

A French paper states that at Cherbourg a shor time ago two sailors were from 9 in the morning till 5 in the evening under water at the depth of ten meters, in a submarine torpedo boat, without experiencing the least inconvenience. They were constantly in communication by telephone with a com-



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