# A oman's Depatrment.

#### POOR WIVES OF RICH MEN-

Poverty is a relative term. Its meaning changes with the changes of one's point of view. Those only are poor who feel poor, but whether one feels poor or not depends much upon one's situation.

You can never be sure that a woman is rich because she is the wife of a wealthy man; not even though the marriage ceremony has made the husband say: "With all my world-ly goods I thee endow." This ceremonious speech is hardly meant to be taken literally. but how worse than empty rhetoric it is when the wife of the rich man who utters it has never a cent that she can call her own!

It is seldom, probably, that a rich man's wife has not some small sum in her own little purse; but it is also seldom, if we may judge from appearances, that she has an income properly proportioned to her husband's. You cannot judge of this by her dress or the equipments of her house. The husband may gratify his own pride and his own taste by a lavish expenditure in ornamentation of his house and family. He may allow his wife to purchase freely from the stores of the city, having the bills sent to him for cheerful payment, yet possibly the wife sometimes finds herself literally penniless. I don't think the case is often so bad, but it is very evident that some wives of rich men are frequently put to shame for lack of ability to give in charity or in friendship a tithe of what their husbands spend upon their own personal whims and pleasures. School teachers and seamstresses may be able to surpass them in generosity and in freedom to indulge their

"Why should my wife want money?" the husband may ask, "if she has all of her wants supplied? What difference does it make whether the money that supplies them goes through her own purse?"

No one can tell the wants of another. It makes one difference between childhood and years of discretion. You cannot tell a person's taste unless that person has money and time to gratify her taste. A little of each will suffice to indicate the natural taste, but there are women who wear rich silks and jewels in positive discomfort, because the colors, styles and combinations are not to their taste. The one who buys them for her does not realize that he is seeking his own gratification more than his wife's.

Once it was believed that a married pair could not live happily together if the wife had a separate purse. That was in the day when the laws gave the husband absolute ownership of his wife. Her clothes, her wages, her inheritance, her body, and even her soul to the extent of controlling its outward forms of religion—were all legally in the husband's possession. Little by little these shameful laws have been modified, and pub-

she pleases. She may even carry on business hear! But when I gaze upon the present for herself, or have a business partnership state of Theosophical affairs and find you with her husband. Whether this is well or not depends upon circumstances chief among which are the claims of children; and the good sense of the parties must determine each

Marriage is far higher than a mere civil contract, and pecuniary considerations are the least that should influence one. But external conditions have such power to perplex and disturb that they cannot be safely ignored in making a promise for better or worse. It will never do to blame the husbands for all the niggardliness that appears among women. A selfish wife is sometimes a serious check upon the generosity and public spirit of her husband, begrudging every contribution to the public welfare. One can not help wondering where is the hitch when wealthy men's wives who approve a good cause, or who desire the reading of a particular paper or magazine, having nothing to give in aid of that cause, or go without the desired literature. An "allowance" does not always settle the difficulty, especially if the allowance includes the household expenses. Its smallness sometimes causes a meanness toward the kitchen maid, and such higgling with hucksters as creates a wide-spread contempt for the mistress of the mansion. Or, if the mistress is kind and generous, she may fail entirely of saving any thing from the bills she pays for her own "personal ex-

Why cannot a wife ask her husband for what she wants on each occasion? Put yourself in her place and realize the beggary this implies, unless she goes to him simply as a matter of convenience and with a perfect assurance of her recognized right to receive; the husband acting as the family cashier who can more conveniently receive

and pay out the common fund. A separate purse is not a necessity. A common fund is all right if it really is common; if each feels an equal right to its use with due regard to the preservation of the income. If the family is really prosperous financially, it ought to be the wife's privilege as well as the husband's to subscribe large sums to good

Woman's characteristic work in the world is yet undervalued. It never can have a money value. Woman can never be paid as wife and mother. But as manhood matures and rises to higher development, it inevitably accords a greater freedom to womanhood—F.
E. R. in Business Woman's Record.

The Woman's Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women will be held at Denver, Colorado, on October 8th, 9th and

10th. The constitution of North Dakota provides that the property of the wife, acquired be-fore or after marriage, cannot be taken for the debts of the husband.

It is proposed in Fremont, O., to establish a school in honor of the late Mrs. Hayes, wife of ex-President Hayes. The school is to be given the name "Lucy Webb Hayes Semin-

The W. C. T. U. parlor in the Anna M. Kellogg Memorial Hall, at Chautauqua, was informally dedicated August 15th. This building, with its furnishings and grounds, is to be us-d for women's classes, meetings and interests, and is the loving tribute of a philanthropic son to a noble mother.

Miss Nancy Brackett has given \$3,000 to the endowment fund for the new Quincy, Mass., City Hospital, and Jeffrey R. Brackett has given \$5,000 with which to establish the "Sarah C. Brackett Memorial Bed" in the

Among the resolutions adopted by the international Workers' Congress, at Paris, attended by over six hundred delegates from all parts of the world, was one favoring "equal pay and opportunities for women and men for equal work."

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

From a Student's Note-Book.

Wm. Q. Judge and his "Path." Madame Blavatsky and her simple Misstatements of Truth. "The Light of Egypt" and its Altruistic Critic.

ARNOLD ST. CLAIR.

Wm. Q. Judge, it seems, is a remarkable man when viewed from the plane of mental obliquity. One day during the course of a general conversation I asked a friend's opinion of him who happened to possess the dubious honor of his personal acquaintance. In answer to the inquiry my friend replied: "Mr. Judge of New York is a peculiar kind of a biped, and powerfully illustrates a bog-trotting parentage from the Emerald Isle,' by the possession of an abnormally developed imagination. His faculty for stating things which are not true, and of distorting facts until they become absolute fiction is almost unlimited. For instance, he informed me among others, that he had while in India been in the presence of the great mahatmas, spoken face to face with them, and had upon one occasion seen as many as thirty living adepts together in one room where he was present. And being, as you are aware, a natural sensitive, I felt that he was deliberately telling lies; in fact, I positively saw and felt his thoughts while he was hatching up the monstrous fable." "Yes," said my friend, after a few, moment's reflection, "I know Judge well; he is not only a big humbug engaged in fostering humbug, but he is as ignorant of real occultism as a western cow-boy, and certainly the most barefaced falsifier I ever met with in Theosophical cir-

A short time ago I was seized with a curiosity to hunt up the back numbers of the Path, which I am almost sorry to say had never been opened. I was (in view of the present crisis) much surprised, and be it admitted, instructed, with the result of my research. It made me blush for very shame at our boasted "American cuteness." Why the American fools who constitute the sucking dove fraternity can't see through the flimsy sham, is more than I can understand, as they have all the evidence they require in this wonderful Path. For instance, in many places in the earlier volumes, Mr. Judge speaks with no uncertain voice against authority. He asserts that it is this blindly trusting to authority that has wrought all the various theological evils of the past; and then asserts with great emphasis that in the Theosophical Society there is no absolute authority; neither do intelligent members recognize any such authority. Alas! Mr. Judge, this was when Madame B's power was on the wane in India, and very uncertain in America, and also when you were furiously jealous lic opinion now despises the man who does not deal fairly with his wife.

Yes, times have changed, and many a happy

The row helds recovery in her own name and wife now holds property in her own name and read." When you disclaimed so strongly saying that H. P. B. is the T. S.; that you who have so often preached and written against servility and authority in the past, now orenly declare that you implicitly obey tne Madame, "do all things by her authority without question;" or in full compliance with your sworn oath to the "esoteric document," 'without cavil or delay," I naturally conclude that my friend was right; that you are in very truth a bombastic pretending "humbug, engaged in fostering humbug," and it makes one wonder what kind of a twohanded game you are vainly trying to play in

this free country. When I first began to read Theosophical literature I naturally thought that whatever amount of mystical buncombe it might contain, it would certainly be pretty correct upon matters of public history, but so rotten is the heart and core of this Oriental movement, that even their statements regarding historical events cannot for one moment be trusted. Few people not initiated into the very arcanum of the T.S. hocus pocus could conceive of any author being somentally unbalanced as to seriously state things as actual matter of fact history which any child could disprove by searching the public records. As an instance, let us take the story of "Black Magic" and "Murder," as related by the redoubtable Madame in the January number of the Theosophist, in '83 or '84forget which year. Herein we are told that the Madame in one of her (mythical) travels across the deserts of the East came across a certain Madame Gospaja P., who, in her presence magnetized a sensitive and caused the ence magnetized a sensitive and caused the soul of the medium to go and avenge the murder of "Bichael Obrenovitch," reigning prince of Servia, by killing the murderers with a dagger. After piling up the agony by describing minutely the whole scene, the Madame thus concludes: "Three days after this occurrence I was at T., in a restaurant, and taking up a newspaper read the followand taking up a newspaper read the following: 'Vienna, 186—. Two mysterious deaths; last evening at 9:45 P. M., as P—— was about to retire two of the gentlemen in waiting exhibited great terror, as though they had seen a dreadful apparition. They screamed, staggered and ran about the room holding up their hands, as if to ward off the blows of some weapon." And after some more sickening details this remarkable liar adds: "The autopsy revealed the fact that beneath each of these mysterious discolorations there was a deposit of congulated blood. The greatest deposit of coagulated blood. The greatest excitement prevails and the medical faculty are unable to solve the mystery." I have related this from memory, and while I may not give the exact words in every instance, it is substantially correct, as a reference to the *Theosophist* will prove. It made a great impression on me at the time, and, taking advantage of a trip into East Europe, I determined to verify the matter, when, lo and behold it turned out to be a monstrous fable. The real facts of the case are: The real murderers of Prince Michael and his family were caught and executed very soon after the mur-der; not only so, but they confessed their guilt before execution, whereas Madame B. said that the authorities had never discovered them. Further, the strictest inquiries in

the truth. I have carefully read Mr. Judge's criticism of "The Light of Egypt," and it is very similar to his past truthful statements. He knows nothing whatever about the matter. I am personally acquainted with some of the author's pupils, and can speak with certain knowledge upon the matter. The book was published to expose Oriental delusion, and reveal Karma, mediumship and reincarnation in their true light. Mr. Judge will, perhaps, be surprised when he learns that it was in response to the actual demand of those who

Vienna, and a thorough search of the press files by an expert, failed to show any such mysterious deaths as quoted by the Madame; in fact the whole thing was simply the out-

come of Mme. Blavatsky's inability to speak

had paid their \$60 fee for the lessons, that the book was published. Not only so, Mr. Judge, but instead of it being "hard on these worthy people to see all this offering in the Chicago mart for one twentieth of what they cost when secret," it was these very "worthy people" who, in addition to the fee for the lessons, paid all the costs of printing and publishing the book. They donated "The Light of Egypt to the Occultists and Spiritualists of the West, and most especially to the American members of the "sucking dove" section of the T.S.

Mr. Judge further charges the author of the above work with plagiarisms, asserting that the astrological portion was taken from the works of Lilly, Raphael, etc., etc. For the life of me I cannot understand why Judge should be so anxious and eager to make such transparently false statements, easy of refutation. I have carefully examined the works referred to: not only them but the principle books from the Tetrobeblos of Claudius Ptolemy, down to the latest modern writer, and I challenge Judge or anyone else to point out an astrological work wherein can be proved that the author of the "Light of Egypt" has plagiarized further than the descriptions of persons upon the physical plane dominated by certain signs and planets. In this it is impossible to avoid a similarity of idea in expressing the truth, and I defy any mortal to give the same truth without such similarity of expression. Two and two make four, and no one, no not even the great Blavatsky herself could teach the fact to those who did not know that two and two made four without some critical ignoramus bringing in the charge of plagiarism. But apart from such trivial matters as these,things which could not be avoided, "The Light of Egypt," instead of being a plagiarism, is the only original work at present in existence upon the special subjects of which it treats; and I earnestly recommend the JOURNAL'S readers to procure this valuable work and judge for themselves; they will never regret the investment. It is a literary jewel and will prove a mental joy forever.

Poor Dr. Buck, I am so sorry for him. He used to be a fine, intellectual, warm hearted gentleman, one who would submit to no imposture; but, alas! "Muscovite Mesmerism" has converted his noble manhood into the serfdom of "a sucking dove with a collar on." Arouse yourself, doctor, tear the unlovely glamour from your American eyes and gaze upon the Russian impostor in all her glorious delusion. You say the Madame does not need defending; "she only requires to be understood." Exactly so, doctor. I fully agree with you, but Col. H. Olcott bimself admits that he is as far from understanding her to-day as he was when first they met. This is his own personal opinion expressed in my fake as the Madame.

Three cheers for Bundy! This was the unanimous vote of a circle of friends gathered together the other night, and I was delegated to inform the Journal's ironclad editor of the fact. Further, after the three hearty cheers we gave a "tiger" for the "King Cat." Yes, he is worthy of it, if he does belong to a mythical silver age, for it is evident that he has killed the Bengal tiger of the T. S., and its Hindoo faking mahat-

# BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered through, the office of the Belleio-Philo-

WHAT MOSES SAW AND HEARD; or The Idea of God in the Old Testament. By A. O. Butler. Chicago: R. B. Donnelly & Sons. 1889. 440 pages; price, \$1.50.

The Bible as it is: The Pentateuch, Patriarchs of Israel, Moses, Ezekiel, and the Spirit of Inspiration are titles of some leading chapters in a book which shows careful study and research as well as large thought. The author shows no wish or aim to detract from the real merits of the Bible, but rather seeks to make them more clear by frank critisismes well as by giving a higher spiritual signifirather seeks to make them more clear by frank criticism as well as by giving a higher spiritual significance to its nobler portions. While plainly showing the uncertainty of dates and authorship of the Pentateuch, he thinks its history of creation and intuitive report of the rise of order from chaos, of the refined from the crude and inorganic, quite in harmony with the statements of modern science,—the Hebrew mind being filled with the idea of the presence of God, the indwelling of a Supreme Mind in the process and method of world-making, giving a religious cast to the narration, an enthusiasm and the process and method of world-making, giving a religious cast to the narration, an enthusiasm and poetic imagery which did not, however, wander far from the truth. "The spirit of God does not fill the mind with a jugglery of words, but with reason and comprehension," is the author's fine suggestion, and an interior growth and experience by which truth is clearly seen and felt are needed to be filled with that divine spirit.

What was the ancient Hebrew religion seems to

What was the ancient Hebrew religion seems to him doubtful, while the monotheism of old Egypt is

clearly seen. Moses gained truth by the enlightenment of his mind while writing the law, and his "hearing the voice, in words, probably, meant that the voice always had a meaning for him." While not denying dreams and visions, to Moses and others the opening of the mind to see and know truth is indispensable to fit interpretation, the miraculous or wonderful is made inferior to the spiritual insight of the true man

inferior to the spiritual insight of the true man

David is finely sketched as follows: "David, like Saul, became inspired under the influence of Samuel. The great reputation he gained as an inspired man can hardly be based on his career as a successful adventurer, freebooter, and aspirant to power, but largely on his poetic power. Barbarian as he was, David seemed to have really loved the God that befriended him...he was apparently the first Hebrew to mingle love with fear of God. He was a man of deep feeling, but always the slave of the passion of the moment."

the moment."

Elijah "was regarded as the real author of the doctrine of spiritual possession and spiritual expression," and was, therefore, held in high esteem.

"When the mind is laid open to the inflow of universal being, thought becomes inspiration. This is the modern theory of inspiration." "We are all discerners of spirits." "Omniscience flows into the intellect and makes what we call genius." These sentences from "The Over-Soul" mark the beginning and the end of spiritual philosophy.

New Books Received.

To Bear Witness! A Metaphysical sketch. By Cecil St. Clair. Boston: H. H. Carter & Co. Jezebel's Friends, by Dora Russell, price 30 cents; The Luck of the House, by Adeline Sergeant, price 30 cents, and The Pennycomequicks, by S. Baring Gould, price 50 cents. Lovell's International series. New York: Frank F. Lovell & Co.

Magazines for September Received.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) La Nouvelle France shows how the French-Canadian party is steadily gaining Canada to itself. The Isthmus Canal and American Control, by Stuart F. Weld, is a consideration of the policy promulgated by the United States Government in its desire to control the Inter-Oceanic Canal. Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook has an article on James Wilson, a Scotchman who setled in Pennsylvania, and whose services in behalf of the Constitution are too little known. Still another sketch, of the Americans at the First Bastille Cele-bration, completes the more important articles. Miss Jewett is at her best in a sketch, The White Bose Boad, and two weird stories will be found in Voodooism in Tennessee and the Gold Heart.

The Forum. (New York.) The Forum for September opens the 8th volume of this sterling monthly. The leading article is An Appeal to the American People, by Thomas Hughes. Goldwin Smith discu sees the Civil Service Reform under the title, The Spoils of Office. There are two articles on Social Science tonics. A Remidd for Social Ills by The Spoils of Office. There are two articles on Social-Science topics—A Remddy for Social Ills, by Washington Gladden, and The Outlook for Industrial Peace, by Prof. A. T. Hadley, Yale University. Another article of this class by Charles F. Beach, Jr., is Facts about Trusts. The Rev. Dr. J. R. Kendrick writes of the conflict between Catholicism and our public schools. Mrs. Helen E. Starrett is a bold reformer in the field of domestic economy, and contributes The Housekeeping of the Future. tributes The Housekeeping of the Future.

The Eclectic. (New York.) The artist and writer, W. W. Story, under the title of Recent Conversations in a Studio, gives us a suggestive discussion of various topics in art, politics, and social life in this issue. Karl Blind has a word of importance to say on the New Italy. There is a most readable paper of a scientific turn on The Potato's Place in History. There is also a paper on Goethe and Carlyle. Professor Sayce's discussion of The Primitive Home of the Aryans is of superior interest, and Goldwin Smith's striking article on Progress and War is one of the best of recent papers by this able writer.

The Century (New York.) An unusually interesting and important paper on Napolean Bonaparte appears this month. It contains accounts of his exile by British officers, his voyage to and life at St. presence just previous to the publication of his last work by Redway. You see, doctor, he is just mesmerized; that is all, and is, consequently, as great an humbug and as big a Mr. Wores, the American artist, writes most pleasured to the publication of his career. The Lincoln installment is well filled with new material. An original study of animal and plant life is entitled Winged Botanists. Helena and conversations on some of the most promingly of Japanese life and customs. Mr. Paine presents an illustrated study of the identity of The Pharaoh of the Exodus and his Son, and the Kennan Se-

> Wide Awake. (Boston.) A Little Knight of Labor, by Susan Coolidge, is a story for wage-workers. The Peppers' Serial is full of good times. The last of Around the World Stories is as interesting as any of the series. The Story of the Magic Flute relates a romantic incident in the young life of Mozart. An Indian story is told; and an amusing account of a mother's experience with three boys and three birds will please the readers. There are many more incidents, sketches, poems and illustrations.

> The Freethinker's Magazine. (Buffalo, N. Y.) The September number of this monthly is a Bruno number. It contains a page illustration of the Bruno monument, George Jacob Holyoake furnishes an original article on The Murder of a Philosopher, T. B. Wakeman one on Giordano Bruno in the Past, Present and Future, there is an original poem on Bruno by Lydia B. Chase, a sketch of the life of Bruno by Prof. Thomas Davidson, also an article on Bruno by Karl Blind, from the Nineteenth Century, and much other valuable and interesting matter.

> St. Nicholas. (New Hork.) A full account of Helen Keller's life will be read with interest so soon after reading of Laura Bridgman, who was also deaf, dumb and blind. Mary Hallock Foote contributes a great but protty at a contribute of the contri sad but pretty story. A short illustrated sketch of Dante's Beatrice is accompanied by an engraving of the Florentine cortrait. There are also any amount of short stories and poems, and wherever a space is found some suggestive illustration fills it.

> The Homiletic Review. (New York.) The sermons for September are all from eminent divines, and the editorial department explains some of the great questions of the day. Lucifer. (London, Eng.) A varied table of corents appears for August.

Also: Our Little Ones and the Nursery, Boston. Christian Science, Chicago. The Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich. Phrenological Journal, New York.

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#### What is Truth?

Among the hundreds of letters referring to the exposition of Blavatskyan theosophy which has taken up so much space in the JOURNAL for several months, there have been something like fifteen or twenty embodying views similar to these from a valued correspondent: "I have been generally pleased with the paper, but must say that to wade through such long articles as Coleman's is wearing on one's patience. I prefer something on the positive side. Tell us what is true; not that which is not. The truth will

cast out error every time." We heartily sympathize with these excellent friends in their desire to get out of the Indo-Russian rubbish, to emerge from the fog of fakes, and once more view the clear sunlight of spiritual truth unclouded by the moral malaria of pseudo mystics and supposititious adepts. A moment's reflection ought to satisfy every reader that it can be neither pleasant nor pecuniarily profitable to us to root up such pests; yet it has to be done to clear the field, in order to insure a healthy growth and a bounteous moral and spiritual harvest.

Those whom the Journal antagonizes desire no other thing so much as to be let alone. If only this be done they ask no more; sure that aggressive charlatanism backed by audacity and a positive course will get the better of inactive, negative disciples of purity and truth. The Journal has been too long engaged in clearing away the rubbish, squaring the foundation stones, and inspecting the material for the grand Temple of Spiritual Truth which is to be reared, to allow rotten timber to pass unchallenged, or to permit incompetent workmen and designing knaves to weaken the structure, capture the site or disaffect the well disposed army of workers. When the JOURNAL discovers traitors to the work mingling with the throng of builders it prefers to suspend construction long enough to eject the dangerous element, rather than to trust to

luck that they can do no harm. It has been the settled policy of the Blavatsky-Olcott combine from the beginning to draw their support from Spiritualists and those interested in Spiritualism; and for the cogent reason that as recruiting sources these seemed likely to be the most promising. Having already become convinced of a Spirit-world or strongly inclined to that conviction, Spiritualists and sympathetic investigators do not present the obstacles to the. osophic propaganda that are as a matter of course to be met elsewhere. Circumstances favored the diabolical combine. Some wouldbe Spiritualists without the courage of their convictions and too selfish to pay the price required in acknowledging their belief, caught at the name of theosophy, thinking it freer from opprobrium and not as yet scandalized by exposed trickery and immorality: in better "form," so to speak. For the same reasons a considerable sprinkling of investigators im- | noon. With somewhat greater speed than heagined they could pursue their psychic studies with less likelihood of being laughed at by their friends. The JOURNAL has bided its | from the plow as the steers went through time to show these people their mistake and to expose to the world the true inwardness of one of the greatest shams of the age. This | motive power to take in fresh fuel, the farmtheosophic boil on the body spiritual could not be judiciously pricked until ripe. It has | follows: taken about fifteen years for the excrescence to mature; and the Journal's knife has now laid it open and removed the core. With proper constitutional treatment and a care for the little boils likely to spring up before the virus is all removed, the patient will recover and be in better condition than ever taken about fifteen years for the excrescence June 5th, 1889.

PHILLIP D. Armour, Chicago. Dear Phil: Texpression to understand any language I speak. If you love me as of yore, send by you can pick up at the stock-yards; otherwise I shall recalcitrate your Texas offering with even more vigor than I did Dr. Patton's.

P. S. Hav'nt any change to prepay message; will make it right with you when I market my corn crop.

June 5th, 1889.

PHILLIP D. Armour, Chicago. Dear Phil: Texprecious ore, of which the author is the privocal serious ore, of which the author i taken about fifteen years for the excrescence

Those of our readers who now object to being made witnesses to the surgical operation, necessary medication and subsequent sanitary the case, become not only reconciled to the trial of their patience, but enthusiastic supporters of the treatment.

"Tell us what truth is," implores our friend. That is exactly what we have been striving incessantly to do these many years. It has frequently been impossible to display truth except by contrasting and comparing it with error. Error and falsehood often wear the garb of truth with such grace as to deceive the keenest intellect, for the time; and sometimes the habiliments are so skillfully fashioned that only an expert can remove them.

"Truth will cast out error every time," exclaims our correspondent. This is an old saying, but as commonly understood nothing is falser. Truth has no more power outside cannot differentiate it from error. The inherent properties of truth are, indeed, all-potent; but they are nevertheless latent and cannot serve man until their energy is fertilized and stimulated by his own cerebration. Our correspondent no doubt comes in daily conlook upon him as a "child of sin" bound for "eternal perdition." How is the beautiful cheering truth which he treasures and nourishes ever going to "cast out error" from the minds of his acquaintances, unless he or some other devoted disciple acts as its expounder, interpreter and agent?

Because we are seeking truth, and because we have learned in some small degree to differentiate it from error and to co-ordinate it with methods which seem to us best adapted to ameliorate the mental, moral, material, and spiritual welfare of our fellows, because of all this, do we persist in conducting the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL notwithstanding the difficulties of the task, the antagonism of its opponents and the wellmeant criticisms of its friends. And we shall continue to re-enforce truth in the future as we have in the past with our whole heart, with the courage of our convictions. and with every available resource. In doing this we invite the co-operation of all good people: and we also invite their kindly criticism and advice as well as their substantial assistance, to the end that one and all may daily learn more of what is truth!

# David Swing-Preacher and Farmer.

Prof. Swing is noted for his literary versa tility, keen understanding, quick grasp of public sentiment, and practical common sense. He has not as yet got to be a Spiritualist but has spasmodic symptoms indicating there is a chance that we may yet count him in. In his mature years he has developed surprising genius for farming, showing how stern necessity will sometimes bring into play hitherto unsuspected resources. As his -meager salary of \$10,000 a year did not suffice to supply his frugal wants he was compelled to go farming, and purchased a modest little ranch up in Wisconsin. When the last Sunday of the preaching season is over he packs his valise, buys a pair of blue woollen shirts, stogy shoes, and denim overalls and hies away to Geneva Lake. Once there he loses no time, but at once proceeds to cook his bacon and eggs and fit himself for tack-

ling the task of raising a crop. This season he bought a new fangled mule of the Percheron breed,—warranted not to kick. A sympathetic friend who manufactures agricultural implements wholly for the benefit of farmers, at a profit of only 100 per cent. loaned him for trial—and certificate of character if approved—a newly invented Hambletonian corn planter. It was a little late in the season when Farmer Swing got down to planting, having been sorely perplexed, so to speak, by the eccentricities of the yoke of Texas steers presented to him by Phil Armour, guaranteed to drive double and not to gore ministers. This is how it was: Having coupled the steers to the sulky plow and mounted the seat, whip in hand, the guileless preacher-farmer seems to have expected that the ex-residents of Sam Houston's empire would jog around the land in not the case; there seemed to be a lack of rapport between pulpiteer and plow, between Swing and the steers. The more the good farmer in classical English plead with the cattle to change their oblique course and slacken their speed, the more they went on the bias, and the faster they hoofed it. However, as the field was level and free from stumps, the driver retained his seat and manfully held the lever which kept the plowshare in the ground, talking to his team in Greek, Latin. and Sanskrit betimes. The steers finally concluded to go home to lunch; and they went regardless of Brother Swing's expostulations and declarations that it was yet two hours to gets to the front of Central Music Hall platform on a Sunday, Farmer David alighted the barbed wire fence which supposititiously guarded the hay stack. Leaving his Texas er made haste to telegraph the beef baron as

June 5th, 1889.

The same night as the farmer was milking his favorite Alderney cow, a neighbor who had been to town for groceries brought him measures, will, when they fully comprehend | a dispatch. Carefully adjusting his onelegged milking-stool at a safe distance from the starboard heel of his Alderney friend, Bro. Swing read:

CHICAGO, June 5th. David Swing, Geneva Lake, Wis., farmer on the Oshkosh Road, near the Red School House. Operator please see delivered to-night.

Dear David: I've shipped a cowboy. He'll manage the steers, you bet! Don't monkey with him when he is on duty. Draw the cartridges from his gun when he is asleep, and stuff your ears with cotton in order that your soul may not be harrowed by his imprecatione. It's tough, I know, but Texas steers understand no other language. P.D. A.

As a result of this happy expedient only a few days passed before Farmer Swing was in a situation to invite the resignation of his cowboy, the ground having been properly prepared for the mule and check-rower. As it was getting late, he decided to plant early corn. Such was his industry and good luck of consciousness than has error. Until an | that he had green corn for the Chicago markindividual has imbibed truth, assimilated it | et early in August and made profit enough and come into a lucid understanding of it, he out of it to buy a minister's ticket to Chau-

tauqua. When he returned to Chicago from that literary and religious Mecca, other than a darker skin and more sturdy mien, he presented no evidences of his rural experiences: though his first sermon seemed to have a freshness tact with people whose minds are so full of | and flavor superior to those at the close of error, which to them seems truth, that they last year's pulpit work. One of those useful and everywhere present servants of the public, a newspaper reporter, caught him on the fly and insisted on an expression of opinion upon the question of Sunday newspapers, that perennial source of capital for small-brained ministers who despair of fame in their legitimate business and inveigh against the press in the hope of getting noticed in the papers they abuse. At first Prof. Swing mistook the reporter for the honest farmer who lived near his Wisconsin corn ranch and from whom he had received much solace. The reporter felt complimented but pressed his main question, whereupon the Music Hall preacher replied:

"Do I acquiesce in the outcry made by some ministers against the Sunday newspapers? No, I do not—most decidedly not. The trouble is with some of these would-be reformers that they are too radical to be reasonable. They will not be reasonable. I don't know that I have ever yet announced my opinion on this somewhat vexed question of the Sunday newspaper, but I can quite clearly see that it may be a positive blessing. If it were not for the Sunday newspaper there are thousands of people who would pass a posipaper Sunday afternoon rather than to haunt the saloons, drinking and card-playing, possibly gambling? I think so."

May the rest of Chicago's preachers go to farming like Swing; or talking to gatherings of farmers, like Thomas; or horse-backing it through the rural districts like Jones. When they emulate these splendid workers in the "Lord's Vineyard" they will have more influence with the world and a vastly larger credit in Zion's bank, as well as full houses on Sunday.

# The Chicago Atheneum.

The eighteenth annual report of the Chicago Atheneum is before us and we take pleasure in calling attention to this most worthy institution. Its eighteen years of efficient service in the interests of practical education entitle it to the confidence and patronage of the public. The character and scope of the various departments are such as to afford an opening for all whether young or | the researchers know that the old woman old who aspire to higher intellectual and physical culture. The institution is entirely unsectarian in its spirit and aims. Rev. E. J. Galvin, a Unitarian minister, is the Superintendent. His devotion and untiring enthusiasm seems to be contagious, and no one | ted sensibility? People who make 'Scientific can come in contact with him and his able | reports' should make themselves acquainted corps of assistants without growing equally enthusiastic and interested. The Atheneum is very properly called by its friends The People's College. It affords instruction in languages, book keeping, mathematics, the natural sciences, elocution and oratory, grammar and rhetoric, languages, music, etc., etc., at hardly more than nominal rates for tuition. A special feature is a fine gymnasium. Students can enter at any time, attend day or evening, and elect their own studies. There is a social atmosphere about the place calculated to make strangers feel good old New England style. But such was at home, and promotive of a fraternal feeling which is sure to endure. Space forbids us a dissertation on the merits of chemical further elaboration, but every individual in this city who has a few hours a week to spare, and ambition to improve, should call at the Atheneum building, 48 to 54 Dearborn street and talk with the genial superintendent, or write him for a Report and Announcement.

> Studies in Outlying Fields of Psychic Research.

What is thought of this latest contribution to spiritual literature may be learned from a criticism of Chevalier Sepastiano Fenzi, of Italy, which closes with the following strong

"I can only say that every word impresse me with the earnest, truth-seeking, tolerant and benevolent character of the author; with lofty ideas, inexhaustible knowledge and invincible logic, and the only criticism I can make is that it leaves one thirsty for more, as one is made to feel that they are only receiving specimens from an exhaustless mine of

vincingly answer the question, "What good does Spiritualism do?" We are greatly gratified at the rich mine we struck when we sought to stimulate the recording of such experiences. The answers to the questions formulated months ago and appearing weekly have been of great value to a host of readers. There are still hundreds of experiences equally interesting to be found among our readers. Let them be written up and sent in that all may share them and the doubting be filled with hope and joy.

#### Chautauqua Assembly and its Activities.

That the Chautauqua movement is a wise and beneficent one is beyond cavil. It is doing a service in an educational way which colleges cannot. Not that it fills their places by any manner of means; but it affords a medium through which busy men and women are stimulated and assisted to become fairly well-informed in nearly every department of literature and science. In the summer the assembly on the bank of delightful Chautauqua Lake offers students an opportunity to come together, get acquainted, and compare notes as to progress and future needs; and to receive oral instruction from experienced teachers in nearly everything calculated to benefit the moral, intellectual, and physical life. While we would like to see Chautauqua modified in some important particulars in order to have it more nearly conform to the liberal religious thought of the age, we have nothing to offer in disparagement. If liberal religionists of various shades of belief would only emulate the example of their evangelical brethren and unite heart and soul in a similar enterprise they would not only be doing their plain duty, but would thereby bring into action the most effective machinery possible for the spread of liberal religion and the unification of unevangelical bodies.

Prof. David Swing, whose fine culture no one questious, has lately been at Chautauqua where he addressed the graduating class and spoke before the assembly. The opinion of this scholarly preacher is a rebuke to those supercilious pedants who never lose a chance to give a fling at the superficality of Chautauqua's educational work. Prof. Swing is emphatic in his endorsement of the enterprise as good and wise. In an interview as to his visit he said:

"There must be fully 100,000 people reading the Chautauqua course in all parts of tively idle if not a harmful Sunday. Is it the world. Even in Japan and India there not better that many men should read their | are branch assemblies, and the Chautauque course of reading is appreciated and valued by thousands, who through its agency obtain a systematic outline of the very best English reading."

There is superfluous wealth enough among Spiritualists alone to establish a dozen institutions rivalling Chautauqua. Cannot at least one be founded that will rank along side of it?

Under the head of "Spiritualism and the Psychical Researchers." the Medium and Daybreak says: "The Psychical Researchers are gradually becoming spiritualistic. The researchers now acknowledge a series of facts indicating that the dead as well as the living can impress thoughts on suitable minds. But have the psychical researchers never heard of 'psychometry,' by the exercise of which the actions which have occurred in any locality can be read off, as if they were re-enacted again on the stage of life? How do seen on the bed in Glasgow was the spirit of the defunct old woman, or only a perception of the influence still remaining there as left by the acts of the past, and temporarily obtained by the seer in a passing state of exalwith what others have done possibly before they were breeched, and not run into print with an avowal much more characteristic of superstition than knowledge. Well, the psychical researchers have confessed to their belief in 'Spiritualism,' but on such a narrow and insufficient basis, as to damage the claims of spirit manifestation rather than assist them. No outside parties who do not personally exercise the spiritual faculties, can give a sufficient account of the nature and bearings of spiritual things. What would we think of a party of men, who never made chemical experiment in their lives, giving science, asking chemists to be regulated by their findings? All these things must be the work of experts, adepts, practical men and women, who have personal abilities for acquiring the experience necessary for fitting them to speak on the subject. As to what a spirit, or any human being, in essence is, the external manifestation but dimly indicates. To one individual, a 'spirit presence' may be realized in thought, while with another the result would be a picture seen, as it is said, 'clairvoyantly.' In the inner thought sphere there is neither time nor space, but simply state; and as to what spirits may be in respect to the effect they have on others, is governed by the quality of the percipient. At the same time it is well known that the thoughtinfluence of past experiences may be latent in a place or an object, and be read off or perceived by certain persons in peculiar states, and thus lead to an 'inspiration' or apparition' as the case may be, and yet no spirit' need have any active participation in the matter. It is amusing to see with what cool self-satisfaction the 'researchers' pose as pioneers, ignoring the better work of the millions of more specially accomplished The experience of Mr. J. D. Legg. so frankly | minds, who have preceded them in the investigation, without assuming the ridiculous

A dispatch comes from Findlay, OL.o, stating that six miles northwest of that city and two miles east of McComb, on the road leading from that village to Findlay, is a farmhouse from which the family was driven one Sunday night lately by a series of fires as strange as they were unaccountable. The house was occupied by Samuel Miller and family. The trouble began one afternoon when, without any apparent cause, a bed in one of the upper rooms caught fire, and in a few moments was completely consumed without the flames communicating with a single other object in the apartment. No one had been in the chamber since morning and there was no fire or light from which the bed could have caught. There was nothing left of the bed and its belongings but a little heap of ashes, but the floor where the piece of furniture stood was not even scorched. The next day, at about the same hour in the afternoon. a chest of clothing, in quite another part of the house from the bedroom where the first fire took place, was discovered to be in flames. and despite all efforts to extinguish the same was soon a pile of ashes. Yet not another thing in the room was injured in the slightest. Another afternoon at the usual hour the spirit of this same "fire flend" took possession of another bedroom and destroyed a bed and bedding as quickly and as completely as on the occasion of its first visit, and with as little damage to the surroundings. This was too much for the Miller family, and they began preparations to remove. There has been no recurrence of these mysterious fires since the house was abandoned, but whether this is because there is nothing left to burn but the walls, or the spirits have been satisfied. has not yet been discovered.

As was sure to be the case if she persisted in venturing away from her primitive home. Mrs. Cobb, the "renowned materializing medi\_ um." of Mantua Station, Ohio, has been caught. A press dispatch from Buffalo, N.Y., says that while giving an exhibit of the famous face-making spirit at the house of Mrs. L. A. Ladd in that city, Mrs. Cobb was selzed by a detective and found to be robed only in musquito netting. Cobb and his wife, so the dispatch says, signed a statement confessing themselves frauds, and then left for home Our readers will recall that we denounced as a fraud this lace-making manifestation some time ago. When we saw the poor old woman bunglingly perform the easy trick we could only wonder how any one could be deceived by it, even for a moment; yet hundreds of bright people have accepted the manifestation as a genuine spirit manifestation. It remains to be seen whether the Cobbs will follow the customary tactics, such as have been utilized by Mrs. Eugenia Beste, Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds and others, namely: cry persecution, assert innocence, declare they confessed under duress and when in mortal fear. We feel profound pity for Mrs. Cobb who is a hard-working old woman, put to her wits to keep a roof over her head and support a shiftless, good for nothing husband.

The fourth annual series of the Rev. Charles P. McCarthy's "Sabbath Evening Expositions," will commence at Columbus Hall. 878 Sixth Avenue, between 49th and 50th streets. New York, Sunday night, September 22d, at eight o'clock, when Judge A. H. Dailey of Brooklyn, will deliver the opening address. Subject: "Jesus as a Mediator and Medium." The musical department, including congregational hymns, duets, solos, etc., continue as heretofore under the direction of Mrs. and Miss McCarthy, and volunteer helpers. In his announcement Mr. McCarthy says: "These services are designed to enlighten the people on current practical questions in spiritual, moral, rational and politico-economic truth, by preaching the Cross of a New Crusade through which social injustice may be recognized, the wail of the oppressed understood, and the emancipation of productive industry from the curse of poverty accomplished. Thus purity and elevation of personal character so necessary to the improvement, and, if need be, the reconstruction of our social economy, will follow; and the community will be the better prepared to receive that higher spiritual evangel which is now degraded and crucified by a base traffic in demonology, through fraudulent mediumship, alike antagonistic to primitive Christianity, human progress, and the utterances of the Nazarene prophet."

President Harrison and Secretary Blaine. says a writer in the Washington Post. are strikingly alike in the matter of complexion, the peculiar pallor of which defies sunburn, tan or freckles, no matter how prolonged the exposure to the sun to which they may be subjected. During his stay at Deer Park, the President spent much time in the open air. and while at Bar Harbor, in company with the Secretary of State, led an outdoor life. Yet neither has a tinge of brown to show for his summer's outing.

"Spiritual Imagination is the theme of Reed Stuart in the fine discourse we publish this week. It will profit Spiritualists to read it, and it will profit the earnest preacher if he will but supplement the imagination for which he pleads with the satisfying knowledge of Spiritualism. The Spiritualist movement needs such men and they need Spiritualism. Let there be a "trust" the better to

Prof. Huxley remarks that "few people imagine when they are swallowing an oyster. that they are swallowing a piece of machinery more complicated than a watch."

#### A Tribut to the Memory of Mrs. J. H. Wade.

Just before leaving for our brief vacation the announcement came of the transition to higher life of one whose genial hospitality and beautiful, harmonious home we have repeatedly enjoyed. Mrs. J. H. Wade was a woman beloved by all acquaintances and by a host who never saw her, but had been frequently blest by her benevolence. We had a pleasant interview with Mrs. Wade in May last, when she appeared in better health than usual, and her fine flow of spirits was exhilarating. We cannot do better than to reproduce here the excellent tribute of the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

The highest possible tribute that can be paid to the memory of a deceased woman is to say of her that she lived a life of great usefulness and died lamented by all who knew her. Such are the facts with regard to the life and death of Mrs. Wade. She lived to do good. She sought out avenues in which the poor, the afflicted and the unfortunate were walking, that she might by word or by deed lighten their burdens, make their pathgave generously of her abundance whereby hundreds unostentatiously were made happy through her munificence. During her lifetime Mrs. Wade took to her own home, raised, educated and had the pleasure of seeing happily married several orphan girls, who looked upon her with as much affection and loved her as devotedly as if she had been their own a sorrow unspeakable.

#### "Her's was a noble, sympathetic spirit That never knew dismay; That loved to waken up disheartened merit

Trnly:

And cheer it on its way." Every person who was intimately acquainted with her loved her for the simplicity of her character, for the great and good heart which she possessed, as well as for the spirituality and nobility of her pure and unselfish life. It may be truly said of her that she had no enemies, while her friends were as numerous as the circle of her extensive acquaintance. No deserving person ever applied to her in vain, either for sympathy, advice or pecuniary assistance, and none ever left her presence but with a high opinion of her exalted character. God elevates such persons to places of influence, trust and wealth, that they may exercise their power for good upon the

deserving and less fortunate.

Mrs. Wade loved music and had a cultivated taste, which amounted to enthusiasm when listening to the vocal and instrumental efforts of meritorious performers. It was her delight to invite to her home celebrated amateurs and the musicales given at her instance were always attended by invited guests with both pleasure and profit. She also acquired a pure taste for rare works of art, the paintings of the old masters and the statues of the best sculptors. Her home was adorned with a wide variety of artistic paintings, drawings, etchings, etc., many of which she selected during her travels with her fam-

ily in the old world. Mrs. Wade was a thorough student of the Bible and devoted much of her time to the investigation of religious subjects. Her belief was in common with the doctrines of faith say that she had attained an eminence in spiritualistic investigation seldom reached by the living. She possessed a naturally religious mind, which was greatly strengthened by earnest study and constant research until she seemed to live in a religious atmosphere above and beyond that of most mortals. She believed that this life is but a preparatory state for a future and higher life; that at death she would be exalted to a more perfect existence, surrounded by departed friends with whom she had long held converse. To her death had no pangs-it would be but a transition from a happy earthly home to a blissful heavenly existence. Her remains were interred in Lakeview upon an eminence of unsurpassed beauty. Loving hands weaved fitting chaplets of such choice flowers as she most admired and covered her grave with these sacred emblems of undying love and unspeakable sorrow as the last tender tribute to the memory of the dead.

# A Green Mountain Spiritualist Convention.

In Unity Church, Stowe, Vermont, there will be a convention on the 27th, 28th and 29th of the current month. J. C. Wright, Dr. Storer, Mrs. Emma Paul and Mrs. A. N. Crossett are billed for lectures and the popular platform test medium, J. D. Stiles, will astonish the natives with his lightning tests. A double quartette under the able direction of Prof. Ober will furnish music. We have travelled some in our day and there is no place on this green earth to which we look with pleasanter memories than to the quiet little village of Stowe. It is the outfitting station for those visiting Mount Mansfield, and has a splendid hotel, beautiful drives, most hospitable people, and is altogether lovely. Stowe is ten miles from Waterbury on the Central Vermont and eight miles from Morrisville on the Portland railroad. Ample storage accommodations are always provided. We advise everybody in New England to attend this convention. If anybody comes away thinking he has not got his money's worth we will foot the bill. Full particulars as to transportation, hotel accommodations, etc., may be had by addressing Mrs. J. A. Stafford, Stowe, Vt.

The progressive men of Sturgis, Mich., have organized a club named "The Sturgis Club of Investigation." Its object is to co-operate with similar clubs in requiring Congress to appoint a committee to investigate the feasibility of the single tax theory of Henry George, and for the discussion of all subjects germain thereto. The officers are Rufus Spaulding, president; R. B. Thompson, vicepresident; Thomas Harding, secretary: Andrew Kelly, treasurer. Many of the Jourare long-time Spiritualists.

itualist society during the fall- and winter His address is P. O. box 1854, Montreal Canada.

#### GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. M. A. Ricker of Chelsea, Mass., is highly commended as a healer. She is said to have wrought cures when all hope had been given up by "regulars."

That popular lecturer and most excellent man, Lyman C. Howe has some unfilled dates for the fall and winter which should be quickly filled at good prices. Address him at Fredonia, N. Y.

Mrs. Ada Foye will lecture and hold test séances every Sunday evening during the month of October at 93 South Peoria street. under the auspices of the Chicago Harmonial

General E. F. Bullard of Saratoga spent last Sunday with his old friend, Judge Tiffany, at Hinsdale, Ill. General B. was on his way to Iowa to look after legal matters and inspect his prairie farm.

Signal Service Greely, Wiggins, De Vandoe. other weather prophets should be thankful that they live in a Christian land. The Emways smoother and their cares lighter. She | peror of China had a court astrologer beheaded for making a false prediction.—Tribune.

Rev. James De Buchananne, Ph.D., will conduct the services for the Chicago Harmonial Society, at their hall, 93 S. Peoria street, cor Monroe, at 3 and 7:45 P. M., each Sunday during the month of September. At the close of mother and who now mourn her death with each lecture other speakers and mediums will take part in the meeting.

We are requested to announce that Mrs. E. Cutler, test medium and psychometric reader of 1025 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, desires engagements with societies. She is willing to fill dates at reasonable prices and to especially consider weak organizations unable to pay. She is said to have been in the work for twenty years.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe once visited Edinburg, where she was invited to dinner by William Chambers, the dull but pompous publisher of Chambers' Journal, of which he was excessively vain. Mrs. Stowe accidentally mentioned that she believed he published a journal of some kind, but she really forgot its name. Mr. Chambers was speechless with astonishment.

The Rev. Dr. Cuyler, who has recently returned from Europe, says that Mr. Gladstone spoke to him enthusiastically of America and its institutions. The two great enemies of the United States, he said, were plutocracy and loose marriage and divorce laws. The increase of the money power and of monopolies was, in his opinion, one of the greatest enemies menacing the future of America.

Mrs. Sally B. Weeks Bucknam, then a blushing bride, went to housekeeping seventythree years ago in a snug farmhouse on the west slope of Mount Prospect, N. H. The other day in this same farmhouse, where she Spiritualism, and the most intelligent of that | had lived ever since, she celebrated her one hundredth birthday, and was strong enough to receive not only her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, but also a large number of her friends and acquaintances.

> The great Inter-State Exposition, which for years has attracted every fall hundreds of thousands of visitors to Chicago is now in full blast at the same old stand on the lake front. In every particular it surpasses any other local exhibition of its class in America or Europe. This season it is even more complete than usual. Secretary Reynolds has brought the exposition business as near to a state of perfection as can be hoped for in this age, and still he aspires to surpass himself.

> Miss Joanna Baker, who has been appointed to the chair of Greek, at Simpson College, Iowa, succeeds to the position once held by her father. At 4 years of age Miss Baker be gan the study of Greek and Latin, at 8 she could read Xenophon, and at 14 she compiled a lexicon of the Œdipus Tyrannus. At 16 she was a tutor of Greek in the college which has now made her a professor. She is a handsome woman, still young, and her robust health proves that the study of Greek when rightly followed is not pernicious.

> The latest thing in aerial navigation is to be tried at the county fair to be held at Piper City, Ill., Sept. 10 to 13. Augustus Allbright is to be taken up about 500 feet and then dropped. He claims that by a contrivance attached to his feet he can walk on air, ascend or descend, just as he pleases. He has been working on it about two years, and this is to be his first venture in public, having given several private exhibitions. Several scientific men are to be present to test the practicability of his invention.

# GENERAL NEWS.

C. E. Fitch and A. A. Pratt of Illinois have been admitted as cadets to the naval academy at Annapolis.—Charles and Lizzie Atkins have been arrested at San Francisco for manufacturing and passing counterfeit nickels. —Burglars entered the hardware store of W. C. McLeod at Woodstock. Ont., Sunday, and captured \$450 in cash and \$35,000 in notes.— John Doescher, aged 60, a retired manufacturer of St. Bernard, a suburb of Cincinnati, shot himself because of family troubles.—S. L. Ensley and S. T. Fowler, miners, were crushed to death by a fall of slate and coal in the Simmons Creek mine near Princeton, W. Va., Sunday.—It has been discovered that H. H. Dean, a minister who disappeared from Liberty, Mo., recently, negotiated forged paper to the amount of \$700 before he left.

T. L. Waller, a Sewell's Point (Va.) merchant, was murdered in his store early Sunday morning by six negroes bent on robbery. The murderers have been arrested.—The NAL'S readers know that three of these four Plant of the anarchist paper Die Parole, are long-time Spiritualists. the anarchist troubles in Chicago, was sold Mr. G. W Walrond, late of England, whence | last Monday at St. Louis for \$48.75.—Marshal he comes well recommended, has located at Hogan of Coshocton, O., was shot in the breast Montreal where he will lecture for the Spir- and Lee Ringer in the leg in a fight with tramps at Coshocton. One tramp was wounded and two arrested.—Sam Foster is dying near Hillsboro, Tex., from a gunshot wound

inflicted by his 7-year-old son. Foster.in a

drunken rage, had knocked his wife down, and the child, thinking he had killed his mother, shot him.—R. H. Hannah, a hitherto respected citizen of Denton, Tex., and his wife took poison with suicidal intent Sunday night. Hannah is dead, but the woman will recover. The husband had been charged with a shameful crime.

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, twelve weeks for

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year s drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in ad-

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the Journal, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands. Back numbers of any particular date over four weeks old, 10 cents each.

# Bassed to Spirit-Life.

Departed to a higher life. Minnie, daughter of Wm. and Fanny Mann, of Milan, O., September 2d. She was visiting firiends in Toledo and came to ber death by accidental drowning. In the opening bloom of her youth; beautiful, talented, and beloved by all who knew her, her sudden death caused a deep gloom to rest on the minds of the community. The Pr. sbyterian Chapel was tendered for the services, which were conducted by Hudson Tuttle, assisted by the Pastor. The family in all its connections are Spiritualists but Minnie was a member of the Sunday School, and her class of twenty accompanied her casket to the place of burial.

Under such sad circumstances, the wounded heart can find little consolation outside of Spiritualism, which yields a balm to heal its wounds and gives assurance that all is right, and for the best; that there is no mistake, for what is our loss is the gain of the departed.

# The Monon's Velvet Vestibuled

Trains. The Pullman Company has just equipped the Monon Route for its service between Chicago and Cincinnati with sleepers, that are, perhaps, the finest ever seen. Besides all the latest ideas in interior arrangement and decoration, these sleepers are equipped with Pullman's Perfected Safety Vestibule. This vestibule is a most remarkable invention. By means of vertical bumpers and other ingenious appliances all swaying motion is overcome and telescoping is made impossible. The acme of safety and elegance seems to have been reached in

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At the same time that it has introduced this elegant equipment, the Monon Route has also cut the rates so as to sell single tickes between Chicago and Cincinnati. Louisville or New Albany for \$4.00 or round trip tickets for \$7.00.

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#### A New Through Line to Denver and Chevenne.

A new through car route has been established via Chicago & Alton and Union Pacific Railways, between Chicago and Cheyenne, via Kansas City and

This through train will leave Chicago on Chicago & Alton "Kansas City Limited" train, 6:00 p. m. daily, arriving at Kansas City the following morning, Denver the second morning, connecting at Cheyenne with the "Overland Flyer" for Ogden, Salt Lake City, and all Pacific coast points.

For all further information, tickets, and reservation of berths in sleeping cars, please call at city ticket office of Chicago & Alton R. B., No 195 South

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On and after August 11, 1889, the C., B. & Q. R. B. will run in connection with the Missouri, Kansas R. will run in connection with the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry. from Hannibal, a sleeping car from Chicago to Galveston, Tex. without change, thus making a new short, daily line between Chicago and Sedalia, Ft. Scott, Parsons, Denison, Ft. Worth, Waco, Austin, Houston, Galveston and other points in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas. The sleeper will leave Chicago on the Burlington's feet train "Eli" et 5:45 n.m. daily connect with C The sleeper will leave Chicago on the Burlington's fast train "Eli" at 5:45 p. m. daily, connect with C., B.& Q. train leaving Peoria at 8:20 p. m. daily except Sunday, and reach Texas points many hours quicker than any other route. Through tickets can be obtained of Ticket Agents of the Burlington Route and connecting lines. P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

# California!

I want every one who is interested in California, whether expecting to remove there or not, to write to me. I will send something of interest to all, but especially so to farmers. John Brown, Elsinore, California.

G. P. Putman's Son will publish shortly "Great Words from Great Americans," a neatly gotten up little book giving the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Washington's and Lincoln's inaugural and farewell addresses, etc.

A new edition of Rules and Advice for those desiring to form circles, together with declaration of principles and belief, and hymns and songs for circles and social singing, compiled by James H. Young, is ready, revised and enlarged. Many copies of this pamphlet have been sold, and now another edition is out. Price 20 cents, postpaid.

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Heaven Revised is meeting with success. It is a 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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For the Religio Philosophical Journal, I Wouder. .

MRS. A. R. AMES.

I wonder why the tangled ends that lie So thickly fretted over all our ways, So smooth they ran at first, our dear hopes by, How could we dream that in these later days They'd be so changen? We meant the right and best But clumsy earth feet stumbled. Could we know The shining threads would dim in life's bright test, Or disappoint, or fail, or tangle so?

I wonder why we justle, just and jest! We know none but ourselves; we can not feel The workings, longings, of another's br. ast. We cannot with their court of conscience deal. We only know, or think we know, that when Our earthly mask is turning back to clay "We shall know each other better." And 'till then, We'll wait for all "the mists to roll away."

I wonder where and when! But hearken! hush! Sad heart, why throbs each rellow star Need not be known to you; the tender rash Of Heavenly streams that glitter, fair and far Will be seen sometime-somewhere. Then Wait patiently, and bind thine aching heart And go thy way. Somewhere beyond our ken Awaits a home where all shall have a part.

The Philosophy of Remembrance.

They say man forgets, while a woman will treas-The dreams given birth when love brightened her And still thrill her heart with a touch of the pleas-

The girl felt on seeing cloud shapes in her skies. But what would you say If I told of the vision I see in the azure That rises to-night from my witch-bowl of clay?

I own myself naught but a crusty old fellow. And there sits my wife, singing some one to sleep, While time bears me on to the sere and the yellow. But boyhood's fair memories ever will keep; And locked in my breast

Are some like old wine that the years have made Of which I partake with a connoiseour's zest.

Two loves has each man in the course of his drift-

The first like the breath of an exquisite rose; The second more hardy, beautiful, uplifting-A rose vin - that circles the heart as it grows; And one is so frail

That life's weary winds, in their merciless shifting, Blow on till the petals are lost in the gale. But, though it be fragile, the first is essential,

Since through it the maulier passion gains sway, Expands 'neath the light of remembrance poten And finds newer strength in the other's decay.

The first is soon dead; Yet had it not lived by decree providential. The passion now prized were a poor thing in-

And so, when I see, in the smoke drifting round The sweet, childish face of my "maid of the mist." Who came when the best years of life had not found

I'm grateful to her, since love's pleasures exist. For had she not flown Fo loosen the trammels in which childhood bound

The love I feel now I might never have known.

The wife understands if she pauses to reason The love of the boy for the girl in the past-The passion that came in youth's wonderful season, When love's rosy flame burned too fiercely to last; And she will confess,

With womanly trust, that she deems it not treason If one gives a thought to the old happiness. And I, while my heart feels the old thrill I treasure,

Look into the dark eyes that mirrored my love When she whom I see in the circles of azure Seemed one of the angels from regions above, And throw her a kiss, And thank her for sowing the seed of the pleasure

I reap in the Eden of marital bliss. -Franklyn W. Lee.

# Our Dead.

Sad and sacred are the memories clustered around them. We may have given them but a passing attention while living, but when prostrated before us in the icy fetters of death we bow in reverent awe, gently taking their names upon our lips as if it sa-vored of profanity to utter them lightly. We stand by the still, shrouded forms of loved ones, with grief-stricken hearts almost rebellious against the power that has smitten us. Filled with an unbounded affection, of which death renders us more deeply conscious, we glorify the character of the lost, and invest them with virtue, real and ideal. All that was good and pure in their natures now shines like a halo around the unconscious clay. Noble impulses, words and deeds, rise around them like monuments attesting their worth. All weaknesses and human imperfections that once appeared so glaring in our sight, are now tenderly wrapped in the mantle of charity, to be forever laid away in the oblivion of

Strange! but the mind possesses a wonderful faculty of retaining and magnifying the errors of the living, and the virtues of the dead. In the awful silence pervading the chamber of death, the same voice that pleads the merits of the departed, comes to us as an accusing judge. All unkindness in the past, all uncharitableness and neglect of duty, now smite the heart with an unspeakable anguish. It is ofttimes these that poison the arrow of affliction, and cause it to rankle in the soul long and painfully. It is the bitterest portion of grief to have occasion to mourn for our own delinquencies in the hour of

Reader, did you ever bend above a coffin bed to bathe the marble brow of the sleeper with unavailing tears? If so, did not your soul cry out in bitter agony for one forgiving word from those deathsealed lips, for some cruel neglect or unjust act of yours? What would you not have given then for one more levelit glance from eyes whose light had gone out forever? What treasure would you not have bartered for the thrilling clasp of the pale, waxen hand resting above the unthrobbing heart? "Too late," is the only reply that senseless clay can render to the pleadings of grief. It has no language to soothe the pauge that memory has power to inflict. Death leaves no altar for atcnement for the unjust words of censure and reproach. Tears of regret cannot blot them out from the page of remembrance, or from the soul that has passed into

On! could we but look upon our living in the same tender light that we regard our dead, how heavy a burden of grief we might escape. It matters not to our lost ones that we at last recognize their virtues, pity their errors, and have sympathy for the trials they have borne. They are resting now in the arms of unfinite love and mercy, and need us no longer. But the living are ours still; ours to bless and

make happy by our love and appreciation. They claim our pity, our tears and our prayers, while bearing the heat and the burden of the day, and not after they have laid down the cross at the portals of the grave, and joyfully await the coming of Him who is the resurrection and the life.

Who has passed out of life's happy prelude into its great arena of labor and conflict, can for a moment so far forget his own imperfectness and proneness to sin, as to censure and condemn his erring

There is no intelligent person who does not hunger and long for expressions of human love, sympathy and appreciation, and pleads, for charity at least, from those he calls friends.

Life to most has a greater portion of sadness than joy, and its burden at best is heavy and wearisome: but loving support and counsel render it lighter and

happier. Present tokens of kindness and good will are of infinitely more value to every heart than the knowledge that rivers of regretful tears shall be shed for us, when out of the conflict we have entered upon our eternal rest .-- A. L. K., in Commercial Adver-

#### Evolution of Selfishness.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. All through the ages we have unvarying history of one individual or class engaged in the work of robbing and oppressing another, and with few exceptions this has been largely accomplished by the claim that the robbery and oppression we e in obedi-ence to the law of God. Whether priest or mili-tary chieftain who has thus plundered his fellows. this has been the potent lever depended on to move the fears and superstitions of the great masses of ignorant people. In, however diverse form, it has ever been the old story of "thus saith the Lord." And to-lay, amid all the progress and enlightenment of the closing nineteenth century, it is still the same. If a despot resolves on the robbery of a neighboring nation, he has the church call on the God of battles to lead his hosts of armed cut-throats to vic-

tory.

The same old robber cry is conspicuous in the article on "Trusts, Evolution," etc., by Farmer Lee. He has it down as pat as did the ancient thieving. way of justifying the wholesale robberies of trusts. whose sole purpose is to enable a few controlling whole nation. Says Farmer Lee: "Trusts are legalized, God did it." Observe, this with all the unhesized, God did it." Observe, this with all the unhesized who ber of every class. We need, therefore, to raise an ber of every class. We need, therefore, to raise an spirits to gain greedy profits at the expense of the calmly consigns every soul not of his idea of God's chosen elect to suffer endless tortures among the home on torpid minds as vigorously as we should eternally damned. Let us see if God legalized the danger of going to sleep in a brick-kiln, if we

The great Standard Oil Trust will be a good specimen brick to test it by. This huge money cormorant built up by its powerful standing on the wholesale destruction of competitors by processes of peculiar rascality; such as conspiracy with similar monopelies in railway corporations, bribing courts and legislatures, lying, misrepresentation, and use of the whole enginery of wealth influence in the crushing out of whatever barred its way. To every opposing competitor it came as did Dick Turpin, the English highwayman, in his "stand and deliver or I'll blow out your brains!" with the simple formula, "Sell out and quit the business or we'll deliberately

ruin you." Queer sort of God he must be who could legalize this kind of trampling weaker trethren under the iron heel of selfish oppression! But Farmer Lee thinks the word trust a "bugaboo," that unnecessarily scares the repple, and desires to change it for the more euphonious title of "Co-operative Association." Cc-operative associations is good; but whether the doubling of the price of such a prime article of recessity as sugar by one of the latest of these beneficent associations will make it sound any better in the ears of a whole people plun lered to enrich a soulless corporation, is somewhat dubious. The best exemplification of these kinds of "God's Legalized" associations I know is seen in the case of a dozen or more rate penned up in a foodless trap. As soon as hunger begins to gnaw, a number of the strongest rodents get up a trust-I beg pardon-a co-operative association—for the purpose of pouncing onto a week brother and eating him for their sole use and profit. Hy and by, just as did the Standard chaps, when hunger again gets in his work, cc-:perative association wipes out a second competitor; and, as matters progress, new combinations of ever lessening numbers en'er into the trust, as the strongest and greediest members shake off the ones needed to furnish food to be gobbled, until finally only two rats are left. And now is seen the grand finale in shape of the natural inevitable result where this sort of co-operative association holds its "God-legalized" sway: the strongest brute conquers and devours his last opposing competitor. Simply this is the evolution of selfishness. If God did it, then He is the epitome of all that is dastardly and unjust. It is the weakest of quibbling to earthly career—that is not self-chosen. However, blur over the true merits of trust rascality by saying' recondite notions of this sort would be meaningless that "if a doz-n poor men are entitled to combine for the manufacture, purchase and sale of plows, a hundred rich men are equally entitled to form a combine for the purchase, storage and sale at will of all the corn or wheat that they are able to pay for." This is not the question at issue. It is whether any body of men, let them be rich or poor, has the right to combine to buy, store and control the use of a necessity of the people in a way that will compel the purchase at such exorbitant profits as is virtual robbery of consumers, and stifle legitimate competition by striking hauds with other corporations that will give exclusive privileges needed to crush out all opposition, and control legislation and courts into lives of corrupt enactments and interpretation of law as will make them sole arbiters in the business they control. It is the sheerest nonsense, admitting that "the toiling masses of men and women have reen shamefully wronged and oppressed in the past," to say that "the control of the world is soon to pass into their hands," on the heels of the assertion that "Trusts are legalized, God did it." In the light of all past experience, is it conceivable that the dozen or more men who carry on any one of the huge trusts and thereby easily accumulate millions of unearned profits, will ever say to

ets, to the end that we may all be prosperous and Such an expectation would be enough to make an organ-grinder's menkey laugh himself into convul-

the toiling masses from whose hardly gained wages these millions are wrung: "See here: God is in this

thing. He is a just being, full of fatherly mercy;

He would wish us to spread the immense benefits

of our co-operative association into all of your pock-

No, friend Lee; even as the small corporations are fast merging into huge wealthy trusts, the men at the head will gradually combine with similar bodies in every commercial nation, to the end that the whole world's business and money-making shall fall into the exclusive control of a few powerful asociations who will thus be as effectually able to rule the toiling masses as was accomplished in the past by feudal barons and crowned despots. How can it be otherwise, with the great bulk of all the land and money falling steadily into the ownership of a few, and legislation so directed to that special pur-

pose as to fully establish it forever? Trusts are the direct evolution of pitiless selfishness; nor will they ever be made of benefit to the great toiling body of the people unless they can be brought under the Christ law of universal brotherhood and love. W. WHITWORTH. North Dover. Ohio.

# A Good Man's Career.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal. Horace Seaver, of Boston, whose death occurred Aug. 21st, was in some respects a remarkable man. He was nearly eighty. For more than fifty years he was editor of the Boston Investigator, of which Abner Kneeland was the first editor, and during all this time not a number of the paper appeared without editorials from Mr. Seaver's pen. He was a printer by trade, and took great pride in his craft, and until the last few years he put most of his editorials in type without writing a word of them.

His style had a natural dignity and a Ben. Franklin sort of simplicity. He was an admirer of Shakespeare, and quoted often from him in writing and speaking. Mr. Seaver was an eloquent and effective speaker, and had he cultivated his oratorical and dramatic talente, and exercised them in some popular field, they would doubtless have gained for him a reputation. The most touching funeral address I ever heard was one in which Mr. Seaver, over the dead body of a friend, paid a tribute to his memory. He never tired of dwelling on the great efforts of Webster and Phillips. The latter he thought the most polished and perfect orator of modern times. Mr. Seaver was a man of simple habits and unostentatious life. His naturally generous and charitable disposition made him ever ready to overlook

the mistakes and infirmities of his fellow-men. Mr. Seaver's philosophy was that of "commonsense," and he cared little for idealistic theories or metaphysical speculations. "One world at a time," (an expression which Ingersoll and others have made familiar to the public the last few years), was Mr. Seaver's motto half a century ago, and he never changed it. During all these years the Investigator advocated unsectarian schools, the removal of disabilities on account of religious belief, the taxation of church property, and the complete secularization of the state. It spoke out boldly for many of the reforms that have triumphed, and for others that have quired rare moral courage to give them support. and misty "path." And now, in conclusion I will Even those who may think they have reason to resay, that I think the cause of a healthy and rational gret Mr. Seaver's opposition to Christian beliefs and authorities, cannot withhold admiration of his character, loyalty to his convictions, and brave defense of many a struggling reform. B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Portland, Ore., Aug. 22.

Suicide Increasing from Year to Year. | Professor Monier-Williams and Mad-

The number of suicides increases every year, every quarter of a year, judging by newspaper reports. What is being done to stay the awful madness which used to be called a sin, and as such covered by disgrace, and is now accounted for as the effect of mental disorder, and not unfrequently described as romantic—thus being invested with attractive naturals ess, and a claim made on our sympathiesas thoughtless and cruel a fashion as any of the ignorant barbarities of olden time? For any observer may see that whatever powerfully affects imagination tends to a reproduction of the word or act which impressed it. Reverterating sound, where conditions for echo exist, is not more certain than this law of human nature. But what is being done by those whose office is to guard unwary souls? What is being said by the hundreds of professional guides and teachers who occupy the pulpits of England? The horrors which have of late become a commonplace of newspapers, reports of suicides, even among boys, must torce them to think "How murdering Jews, that "God did it," "purpose of can this plague be stayed?" One asks with passion-God:" "birthrights received from God," etc., in the ate anxiety how are they striving to save fellowcreatures from the worst of all possible anguish, from loss beyond reach of our consolations? All old argument as to the sinfulness of self-mur-

> alarm as to the immediate consequences, to press it saw a sleepy person feady to sink down close to its softly smouldering heat. Everybody at the present day past childhood seems hable to be temporarily distracted-to be goaded into quick bounds towards desperation, so fierce is life's hurrying conflict, so intense its stimulating excitements; unless some vivid idea of what follows upon a violent break off from felt woe and perplexity, is fixed in the mind, the contrast death offers—on this side of it—will in all strong agitation allure unbalanced natures to fatal experiment, more and more irresistibly. [ Those who are at all acquainted with the history of places where suicidal death has happened will easily understand why: it is not only foxes in fables who, when they have cut off their own tails, advise their fellows to do the same.] Until our appointed preachers will accept the direct evidence of the dead, do not believe they have any adequate means for producing counteracting habits of thought. And as a rule it would not probably be valid with their hearers, who would begin with the vulgar cry, "Impossible! delusion. What can lying spirits tell worth hearing?" Very often their own experience, as those know who hold themselves ready for giving unseen men and women access to the conerent men tality of the living still strengthened by the flash bodies they no longer command. For that is the miserable fate of the people losing the corruptible body before the immortal new creature has come to organic life. "Now spirit can subsist in its perfection without the body, for as soon as it departeth from the body it loseth its government or dominion."\* "Life," as J. P. Greaves has told us, "is a contracting principle"; without an ext-rual body for a contractive restraint, a reacting passive for the spirit's activity, on this plane of being it becomes powerless. And habitual desires which cannot be concentrated to effective willing, to ultimate expression, must be torment, even if that was all. "If," St. Martin wrote, "the will of man attacks the basis of his vital existence, he can, it is true, end its apparent duration, but he can never annihilate either the particular principle which produced this existence, nor the innate law of that principle by which it must act for the time, apart from its original source." The suicide may not live out half his days in the flesh, but in some state, alien to his nature, he must exist during the term destined for his to most of the poor creatures who mistake the cold I venture to urge is that something that supplied outlines for imagination to work upon would effect more than all the wise or devout generalities can. For instance, such a narrative of post mortem experience as Fan Steen and Ruysdaal gave through Mr. Duguid, reported in *Hafed*; or Miss Shelhamer's account of the man who could not reparate himself from the body, in her Outside the Gates, which so singularly illustrates one of Gichtel's dark sayings more than two centuries ago: "Many a soul must remain with the corpse in the grave before a small branch can sprout out of the small fixed seed o faith" (a saying it is hardly possible Miss Shelhamer could ever see, as it is taken from an unpublished translation of an extremely rare German work). This is her account,—how far taken from a medium

> or her own mind, I know not:
> "The body had been interred, the carriages had dispersed, and the cemetery remained in bladow. The spirit turned as if to go, but something held him,—he could not move. That iron clamp-like grasp seemed to encircle his brain, and, passing through the mould and the coffin to bind him securely to the clay-cold corpse within. Still the clouds obscured the light, still the atmosphere seemed vile and stifling, for still the emanations from himself enveloped his spirit in darkness. What was this creature of brain and nerve? Not of the physical—yet of the earth, earthy. His selfish proponsities had forged a chain around his being that now held him below the spiritual—even in contact with the corruptible part of nature to which it seemed to belong. Time had no meaning for this struggling, impotent soul. Days passed, but each one to him stemed like an eternity. Bound to the perishable, he could not free himself from its confinement. He had known only the body, its passions and its gratifications, and now it seemed likely to hold him even in death .-- and all the while that everlasting parade of olden memories flashing its scenes into his brain.

> (p. 474.) Neither of the narratives here referred to belonged, so far as I remember, to men guilty of self-murder, only of neglected spiritual growth; and thought which had been at all arrested by vistas of their wretchedness, would surely perceive how far more terrible must be the state of those who struck themselves out of the light of life-even a life so often darkened with sorrow as this. Too late for them to remember that even at the worst of pain and grief, "truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun!" Too late for ability to fix on the changeful pictures of despair, the one unchangeable fact that God's mercy endures for ever. We remember this for our comfort regarding them now, though it may be long before that mercy can reach their conscioueness, and meanwhile—Oh! that preachers would enlarge less upon the hereafters of those who suddenly die, and more upon their now: on that of the self-murderer, at least, cut off in one moment from all possibilities on this side of death, unapproachable in seeming remoteness, while the busy stir of what was their world an hour before goes on as if nothing had been altered, and the poorest and weakest old creatures blowing up the evening fire has powers and comfort no longer remaining to them. Surely it is this now--nothing more future--that needs, during a temporary eclipse of faith, all the emphasis which reason and imagination can possibly put upon its terrific blank. The most disordered mind can be steadied by fears of what is immediately to happen: a vague future is nothing to it."—A. J. Penny, in Light, London.

agement of the JOURNAL, I have for sometime past thought you about right, and that your, at times, seeming harshness and severity, as a moral medicine is needed, and that an heroic treatment of some ills that inhere in the body spiritual, was and is still necessary. That we do not see things alike at all times, need excite no surprise. There are so many conditions and circumstances in mundane hu-In life to mould and influence us, that we may honestly differ, and yet not always be right. Our reasoning from our one side standpoint of mental vision may be good, yet our premises may be bad, and consequently our deductions from the same may be erroneous. Much of the word-war and controversy carried on by windy contestants, has its starting point in assumptions which either require proof or are at least doubtful. To this also may be added the often purposely or undesignedly different meanings attached to words. A notable instance of assumptions without the proof was exhibited in an article in a late number of the JOURNAL by Judge, who to me seems an uncertain guide in a cr Spiritualism entirely safe with you, and that until the Occultists and Blavatskyites produce and introduce "Koot Hoomi" to you, to convince you that not yours, but J's is the right path, you will not desert

J. R. Jewett writes: In regard to your man-

ame Blavatsky.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The eminent Sanskritist, Sir Monier Monier-Williams, late of Oxford University, has written to me thanking me "heartily" for answering in the Jour-NAL of July 13, Madame Blavatsky's recent attack on him. The Professor says: "It gratifies me to find that I have able defenders among American scholars who have a good opinion of me and my writings, and are ready to express that opinion when I am unjustly villied. In real fact, however, Madame Blavatsky's attack can only do me good. In-deed, if I had earned her praise by anything I have ever written, I should begin to think myself either a thorough sham or a writer of nonsense. Her censure of my literary labors is to me an excellent proof of their value. The reviews of my work, 'Buddhism,' that have been written by experts out of America (especially by an able scholar in Ceylon) are all that I can desire. Those persons who are afflicted with the Buddhist craze, or course, attack my book, and I am glad they do so. You will be glad to hear that a second edition is called for in this country. It will be ready about November next, and I hope to send you a copy as a slight token of my appreciation of your kindly feeling toward me and of my respect for and interest in your own writings."

The last remark of Professor Williams as above is the more gratifying to me as it was quite unexpected. In view of the theological differences existing between me and the Professor, which differences he informs me are fully recognized by him, I scarcely thought that he would be disposed to regard my

writings with much favor. I am familiar with nearly all the literature extant on the subject of Buddhism, and I know of no work comparable to that of Prof. Williams, especially as regards the extent and variety of the information contained in it. It is certainly the most comprehensive book yet published on the subject, and I most heartily commend it to all persons desirous of knowing what Buddhism is in its variant phases and the processes of its historical development and expansion. In these days, when we have so much nonsense in circulation about Christianity having been derived from Buddhism, Jesus having been a Buddhist, the great superiority of Buddhism to Christianity, and similar vagaries, it is well that so excellent a work on Buddhism and its contrast to Christianity as that of Prof. Williams has been published As before remarked, I dissent from much of Sir Monier's theology; but the wealth of fact on this much misunderstood subject, Buddhism, and its relations to Christianity, that is contained in his "Buddhiem," render it invaluable. A.work of this char-WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.
San Francisco, Cal. acter should have a large sale in America.

Parochial Versus Public Schools.

A Pitteburg dispatch says that the pastor of one of the Roman Catholic churches in that city/preached Sunday on the subject of parochial schools, and in the course of his remarks said he would not grant absolution to parents who let their children go to the public schools. He also said further that the council of bishops at Baltimore had ordered that the children of Catholic parents should not be permitted to attend the public schools unless they had special leave from the bishop of the diocese.

Either what the pastor said was wrongly reported or he overstepped the bounds of his authority and made threats which he cannot carry out. The Baltimore council directed that the priest of every parish establish for the education of Roman Catholic children a school which should be as good, so far as concerned the quality of instruction, as the public school. It also made it the duty of the priests to urge on their parishioners the propriety of sending their children to these parish schools, where they will receive the moral and religious teachings of which the church thinks they stand most in need. But it is not made their duty to utter threats or to refuse religious privileges to those who do not do what they ask them to. The bishops are too sensible and wise for that. They know that the word "must" does not go down with their flocks in this country as it does in Europe. If moral sussion will not do the work it must be left undone. There can be no force. They know that any menaces would make about as much disturbance inside the church as outside of it. This Pittsburg priest was too zealous, and will get a quiet word from his superiors to that effect.

It is natural that a parish priest should use all the means he can to get pupils for the school which he is required to open. Those whose parents are quite poor are taught free, but those whose parents can pay something, be it much or little, are expected to do so. The more scholars therefore the less of a burden the school is to the parish. But it is this demand, which is reasonable enough, that those who can pay something must do so which makes it impossible for the parish schools, even under the most favorable circumstances, to compete with the public ones. It is an imposition of an educational tax or those who are often ill able to stand it. The parents who send their children to the parochial schools have their pride. They do not want to be rated as paupers and they often pay therefore when they are not really able to afford it. By sending their children to the public schools where rich and poor stand on a common footing they save their money. The church must make its schools as good and as cheap as those of the state before it can compete with the

The priests in this city constantly advise their parishioners to send their children to the parochial schools. They sometimes preach pretty sharp sermons at them. They blow them up roundly at their homes. But they do not threaten to deprive them of churchly privileges, for it would be unauthorized and inexpedient.—Chicago Tribune.

# MAKES HIS OWN GODS.

A Pennsylvania Dutchman Who Wor ships Three Hundred Home-Made Idols.

A most remarkable character, William Christopher Clemmer, has just been unearthed at Reading Pa., says a letter to the Philadelphia Press. He is a thorough idolator and daily bows down to gods of his own manufacture, within sound of the churchgoing bells, as reverently and devoutly as the most pious Hindoo or Zulu. He has made a religion entirely his own, and has evolved out of it some 300 or more gods, who dwell in and speak through the same number of idols of clay, which form the chief furniture of his house. He is constantly making the acquaintance of new supernatural beings, and as soon as he does so he proceeds to make an image, which is supposed to represent the outward and physical habiliments of the new divinity. All of his gods are hollow and are from time to time filled with such food as he thinks their peculiar nature demands. Among others he has a god of medi-cine. This is filled with pills and odd prescriptions, and whenever he feels unwell he praye to this divinity, and always, he says with beneficial results. He has a god of sewing-machines, which is filled with blank contracts for the purchase of machines on the installment plan. He claims that the worship of this god will help any one to get a sewing-machine, though no instances of its successful use are given. He has one image which he calls the god of preachers, and says it has a congregation of 300 in its stomach. He has one god which he says is inhabited by his own celestial spirit, and another which contains the spirit of his mother.

The god of the Reading Railroad company occupies a prominent position among his collection. The interior of this god is filled with cabbage, and its particular mission is to keep the cows off the track and prevent accidents generally. There is a god of horses, filled with hay and oats; a god of fruit, filled with apples; a god of the weather, that regulates storms and floods; a god of watermelons, a god of truth, which is in the shape of a hand, and gods which represent almost everything imaginable. A great many of his gods are supposed to contain the spirits of his friends, living and dead, but he has gods also which represent those whom he considers his enemies. These he has set apart by themselves and they are treated with great deference and consideration, so as to placate them and ward off as much as possible any harm they may intend toward him. Clemmer's mania does not seem to interfere at all with his regular occupation, though the purchase of food for them cuts down somewhat the supply of his family. He is allowed to have his way in the matter. however, lest if he should be thwarted he might become violent. The images are very rude and inartistic, but there is considerable expression in the lake trout and sunfish were seen by the hundreds, faces of some of them, and in all cases the outward lineaments are supposed to be a reflection of the particular spirit within. He has been three years in making the collection and it is his ambi-

tion to build a ten pre on Mount Penn . . a permanent home for his deities, where they can be worshiped and consulted by everybody. He pretends that he has revelations every day from some of his gods and that they regulate every action of his life and tell him what to do in every emergency.

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Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The oldest public house in England is "The Seven Stars" at Manchester. It dates back to the time of Edward III.

One result of the Maybrick case reported by a contemporary is remarkable in its way. There has been a great falling off in the sale of fly papers. She off Tracy the runta, of Casey, Ind., raised this

year 1, 375 bushels of oats from twenty acres—an average of sixty-eight and three-fourths bushels per

In Iceland the good templars have begun an agitation for prohibition. The whole population of Iceland is but 70,000 to 80,000, and of these several thousand are good templars. The demand for its leather has brought the kangaroo into imminent danger of extinction, and the

Australians are contemplating measures restricting the slaughter of the animal. Mr. Finley, a farmer living in the vicinity of Marshall, Mo., fired at a crow that was stealing eggs

from his barn. He killed the bird, but the burning wad from his gun set the barn on fire, completely destroying it. Pensacola, Fla., has a magistrate with peculiar notions of judicial dignity. Mayor Chipley, in discharging a "gentleman" arrested for fighting, said to him: "If you hadn't hit him you ought to have

been hung." This decision has made him very pop-Mr. Coffman, of Phœnixville, Pa., who, while lending a hand to lift a bar of iron on a former occasion had an end nipped off a finger, which was sewed on again, has had the same end nipped off again by a similar mishap and hopes to save it, as

In Switzerland there are 1,000 hotels which have 58,000 beds and employ 16,000 servants, clerks, etc. Their expenses are \$5,600,000 and their receipts \$8,-400,000, leaving a profit of \$2,800,000 per annum. This is where some of our American gold is planted

each year. A San Diego grocer kept a fine maltese Thomas to kill off rats. Last Saturday night he was attacked by a giant tarantula and was found dead on Monday morning. The tarantula was subsequently cap-tured and is now on exhibition. It is four inches

According to an official Russian daily, the Russian government will furnish many of its regiments shortly with repeating rifles, which for many years it persistently refused to introduce in any part of its army. While in Russia the shah ordered 10,000 repeating rifles for his troops.

There is a woman in Milwaukee who is the mother of nine children. Not one of them was named until it was twelve years old. They were simply called by their nicknames and their numbers, "One, "Two," etc. As each one became twelve years old he chose his own name and was baptized. Mrs. J. W. Coughlin, of St. Paul, while walking on

the railroad track, was struck by a rapidly moving train, hurled into the air and over a barbed wire fence into a vacant lot. She was not seriously hurt, and after giving the engineer a piece of her mind she started out across the lot at a rapid gait. Willie Colbert, of Troy, Mo., had on exhibition

Wednesday afternoon three straight chunks of a jointed snake, which he and his uncle Jim had killed in the pasture. Two or three blows from a stick knocked the snake all to pieces, and only three through the grass. A novel service was held last Sunday by the con-

gregation Shearath-Teffilleh, of Orange, N. Y. It was the consecration of a scroll of the book of the law presented to the congregation. The scroll is written entirely by hand, in Hebrew, upon parchment, and is 18 inches in width and over 200 feet in length. It contains the entire Pentateuch. Two ancient aqueducts have just been discovered

at Athens—one large and fit for use, in the part called Goudi, toward Hymettus; the other, made of brick, in the city itself, beneath the royal stables. Near the latter have been found several tombs in marble, and in both places fragments of inscriptions, one of them bearing the name of Philagros.

A Buddhist temple has just been opened in Paris. The rites were performed by nine bonzes. The special branch of Buddhism represented by the new pagoda is that which prevails in Annam and Tonquin. There are now in Paris about 300 Buddhists, including the strong contingent at the exhi-

William Hood killed a large bear on the Upper Coquille River, Oregon, last week. It weighed dressed 640 pounds, and is known to have destroyed \$3,000 worth of stock. At one time he slaughtered 300 sheep that belonged to Mr. Hood. Since settling in that country that gentleman has killed forty-three bears and no end of wildcats and panthers.

Warren Humes, the oldest guide and the most experienced hunter in the Adirondacks, makes an estimate that will be interesting to all sportsmen. He claims that there are to-day no less than 50,000 deer and 5,000 bears in those regions. Mr. Humes has hunted there for the past forty-five years, and during that time has killed over 4,000 deer and more than 200 bears.

Just after the crowd had shaken hands with the President in the state house at Concord, N. H., two old ladies were overheard talking it over. Said one to the other: "What did you say to the President?" "I said bless the Lord for this opportunity," was the reply. "Well," said the first speaker, "I'm real glad for probably he will always remember that you said that to him."

At the international hygienic congress at the Paris exhibition a resolution was unanimously voted affirming the general principle that kitchen refuse should never be kept in the house over night, but should be placed outside in metallic boxes, and that it should be removed every twenty-four hours. This the regulation which is now rigorously enforced

An apple tree growing out from the solid rocks and bearing beautiful red-cheeked apples in abun dance can be seen at the ferebay in front of the im mense pumps and engines at Fairmonnt water works. Philadelphia, not far from the Callowhill street entrance. The roots run along the wall, nourished by the earth lodged in the crevice. On Sunday last it was seen in perfection.

A few days ago two Arabs were found at Castle Garden, one of them named Ben Josef and the other Mohammed Ben Abdel Hirmir, who had come here to seek employment as camel drivers. The penniless Arabs were in despair when told that there was no such industry as camel driving in New York, and that they were unwelcomed guests in the land of the star-spangled banner. The collector gave orders that they should be sent back.

What well directed training schools can accomlish is illustrated in the case of the dairy schools of Denmark. The government has for years spent over \$50,000 yearly for the maintenance of dairy schools. The result has been an immense improvement in dairy products, and a lively demand for Danish but-ter. Within twenty years Denmark's exports of butter have increased from \$2,100,000 to \$13,000,000 per

The idea of making Queen Victoria a colonel of German dragoons has struck a good many people as rather odd, but it is said female officers were quite common in the British army about a hundred and fifty years ago. At that time, it is said, persons who had a pull on the government were in the habit of christening their daughters by masculine names, getting them commissions in the army and drawing the pay for the service which the girls did not perform. Colonel Victoria, of course, does not draw pay but is content with the military glory that goes with it.

The water was let out from the dam at Oakes' Lake, near Bloomfield, N. J., in order to make some repairs. Hundreds of people and their summer boarders went to the dam to see the rush of water as the sluices were opened. As the tide went out the surface of the lake was covere