

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE DEVOTED TO ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

D. D. HOME'S "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPIRITUALISM."

M. C. SEECY.

Here is a work which every true Spiritualist should read. It stands out like the life of its author, unique and alone. It is a summing up of all that is true in Spiritualism, from the dawn of history to the memory of those now living. As one reads its wondrous presentation of facts the mind is astonished at the uniform and almost unbroken continuity of angelic and demoniacal visitation which it reports. All ages have had the blessing as well as curse of open intercourse with the unseen. That which men have regarded as peculiar to this age is the constant factor of all history. In this work the reader will find what is not generally known, that almost every century since Christ has evidence going to show that spirits have held intercourse with the race and that the last forty years is no exceptional experience. This book is a dissolvent; it scatters to the winds our modern claims for exclusive spirit visitation. The Church, both Catholic and Protestant, especially Catholic has held these experiences aloof from the crowd as being too sacred for vulgar eyes and ears to look upon and hear.

But the facts and the truth came at last, showing our pretensions and self-conceit. The "lights" and "shadows" are both here. What glorious pictures, radiant in the light, and what deep diabolism in the shadow. Surely no one can read Mr. Home's exposure without realizing what he lived to demonstrate that hell is around us as well as heaven, and that man knows but little of his environment when "cribbled, cabined and confined" in this mortal clay. It is an awful revelation—truthfully told and with no desire to conceal where concealment might possibly have earned the author an advantage. One feels, in reading the book, that the man who wrote it had but one purpose, and that purpose was to tell the truth—no matter who it hurt or what the consequences were to himself. As his vast learning rolls out before the astonished vision, now with the sarcasm of a Swift, now with the sustained finish of a Gibbon, now with the magnificent periods of a Macaulay, the attention is fixed from preface to finish with awe and admiration. One asks himself: is this the man we read of in the papers visiting the palaces of Kings and Emperors as the purveyor of spiritual wares for the astonishment and amusement of the credulous; a veritable Count Cagliostro or a Beau Brummel in court attire—"levitating" the shakels out of the pockets of his admirers—the dispenser of illumination at so much per square yard? The writer regrets that he was one with many thousands who so regarded this man. He regards Mr. Home thus no more. He is glad to do this act of repentance through the columns of a paper which moves on the same lines of truth, courage and fair play. I can now see the meaning of your words that this book was published twelve years too soon. That may be for the success of the book as a business venture, but would its readers have known the man who wrote it as they know and love and reverence him now? To go over the past twelve years and see what fraud, duplicity, fakir cabinets, and the thousand other shams which you have had to encounter and overthrow, is enough. A man whose body was almost ethereal—plastic to the touch of

a power which he himself was as much astonished at as the beholder, with a nature as refined as a woman's and with culture as versatile as a Landon, he stood solitary and almost alone in his noble purpose to serve his kind, without pay or "professional" pretense. Mr. Home is one of the rare characters of this age. Like all the noble Christ men of history he stood by the truth and let slander, persecution and all the rampant diabolism, within and without the spiritualistic ranks, pour upon him its venom unshaken. He was a martyr to his faith. We reap, however, where he has sown and this book is the ripe fruit of the harvest. Mr. Home, while enjoying privileges in phenomenal mediumship shared by none, never prostituted his gifts. He was through life, probably not an avowed, but truly a Christian. No ribald jests mar the pages of his book; no scoffing at sacred things, whether real or traditional; no want of reverence for the sacred claims of the Master. What he did, endured or solemnly averred was for what he believed to be the truth—whether that truth be called Christ or Krishna.

Mr. Home for twenty-five years gave the facts of spirit phenomena without concealment and glowing in preference skepticism and the glare of daylight in all he did. This is what the world needs to-day—a mediumship without blemish, without fraud, without the darkness often covering darker deeds, so that psychic phenomena can be reduced to scientific tests and the world advanced instead of cursed as now, in too many instances.

If the JOURNAL, with all the other good it is doing can bring about this result, God speed the day when its efforts may be seconded and its coffers filled by the true and good with cash to carry out its heaven-appointed purpose. Until this is done we wait in vain and in weary wonder for heaven's blessed ministers to do more. They will not throw pearls before swine. One life like Home's will do more to bring the everlasting truth to mortals than any other one thing. Men must start with the most external fact—the most ultimate truth—before they can expect to climb the stairways of the immortal gods. First the fact—then the principle underlying the fact. The history of the fact is in this book; its verity as a principle is in Mr. Home's unselfish life; so may it be with us who live and who soon will share with him the rewards which come from work done here and now.

I did not intend to burden you with so long a communication; but the interest excited in reading Mr. Home's book has so filled me with enthusiasm that I could not resist saying large extracts from its pages, but find I shall have to conclude as he concluded with only one incident. The reader will thank me for giving this glimpse of a seance given at the home of Madame L. Comtesse Caterina Lungano di Panigai, Florence, Italy. It is the Countess herself who writes as follows: "The evening of July 7, 1874, I had the good fortune to be present at a seance given by Mr. D. D. Home. His celebrity is so extended, and his position and high moral worth are so thoroughly recognized by a very large circle of friends, whose standing in society renders it impossible for even a breath of suspicion to rest upon their testimony, that any attempt to portray him here would be superfluous.

"We seated ourselves, towards 8 p. m., around a large table belonging to the hotel where Mr. Home was staying. The persons present were the Marchioness Bartolomei Passerini, Mrs. Webster, the Chevalier Soffietti, Mr. Monnier, Mrs. and Mr. D. D. Home, and myself.

"The table about which we grouped ourselves stood in the center of the drawing-room. In a corner of the apartment, and quite away from the company, was a second table, small, and square in shape. Two wax candles stood on the table where we were seated; and on the other and smaller one was placed a petroleum lamp. The lamp and candles together rendered the room perfectly light.

"Madame Passerini and myself were on either side of Mr. Home; she to the right, I to the left. Whilst seating ourselves, and before Mr. Home had done so, a singular tremulous motion of the table became perceptible, to which I, who had placed my hand on the surface, called attention. The motion continued to increase until it was distinctly felt by all present. Then the table rose; first one side lifting itself from the ground, and then another, until this had been done in every direction. Rappings commenced, and were in some instances very loud. They sounded, not alone on the table, but in various parts of the room; on the floor, and even on our chairs. At last five distinct but tiny raps were heard directly under my hands. Mr. Home said that this was an indication of the alphabet being required, and commenced to repeat it, whilst another of the party wrote down the letters at which the rappings came. My astonishment may be conceived, when I found the name of Stella given in this manner. I was an utter stranger to Mr. and Mrs. Home. They had been but a few days in Florence, and had heard my name for the first time when an hour or two before a friend asked permission for me to be present at the seance. And now was given, in this strange manner, a name most precious to me—that of a dearly-loved child who, at the tender age of five years and ten months, had been torn from me after a few days of cruel suffering. Time had elapsed since her passing from earth, and in my dress there was nothing to indicate the mourning of my be-

reaved heart. I spoke, asking whether it could be that God in His mercy allowed the angel once so entirely and fondly mine, but now forever freed from earth and its sorrows, to be near me. A perfect shower of gladsome little raps was the instant response. I then begged that, if it were indeed my child, her age at death might be given. It was at once rapped out correctly.

"My strained attention bent itself with all the eagerness of maternal love on those sounds—sounds which brought as it were faint echoes of the music of heaven to cheer my sad heart. Tears, that even the presence of strangers could not restrain, coursed plentifully down my cheeks. I thought myself in a dream, and feared every instant that I would awaken, and the celestial vision vanish, leaving only an aching void.

"The rappings continued, and the alphabet was again made use of. The message this time was 'You must not weep, dear mamma!' At the same time the handkerchief that I had taken forth to dry my tears, and which now lay before me on the table, moved slowly to the table edge, and was then drawn underneath. Whilst this was passing, the form of my darling seemed to stand beside me. I could distinctly feel as it were the pressure of her body, and the folds of my silk dress were disturbed, and rustled so as to be heard by all present.

"But a few seconds had elapsed from the disappearance of the handkerchief when I felt what seemed the touch of a baby hand, on my right knee. Almost instantly I placed my own hand there, to my surprise, the handkerchief was at once laid flat; and a little hand grasped mine, so perfectly corresponding to the hand of the tiny form which the grave had hidden from me that I felt my precious one and no other was beside me. Would the heart of every sorrow-stricken mother could be gladdened with a ray of the deeper joy mine experienced then!

"I had not expected such a touch; I had not been told that I might experience it; and, therefore, it could be no possibility be the phantom of an overwrought imagination.

"Mr. Home's name was, of course, one that I had heard before. I had heard of him; but had never read any details of his seances. On coming, therefore, to the one in question, my supposition was that we would be enshrouded in that utter darkness which I knew to be frequently demanded by those termed themselves mediums. Had I sat under such conditions the most palpable touch would have left no other impression on my mind than the suspicion of trickery. My disappointment was pleasant. I sat in a well-lighted room, and could make full use of my eyes. Already within the short space of half an hour, I had heard sounds which could not have been imitated by a number of electric batteries combined. I had seen movements of the table which even the confederacy of half the persons present could not under the circumstances have accomplished; and now came this thrilling touch. I may state that when the table's movements were most active, Mr. Home, placing a light on the floor, not only invited, but urgently desired us to look under. So marked was the request that even had curiosity not prompted us, good breeding would have necessitated compliance with the evident wish of our host. One and all obeyed, and saw the table lift from the floor, but nothing which could solve the mystery.

"There came another token of my darling's presence. On my left wrist—the one furthest from Mr. Home, whose hands, as the hands of all present, rested on the table, I felt the touch of tiny fingers. I looked, but saw nothing; although my eyes were strained on the spot where the pressure still continued. One of my lace sleeves was next gently grasped. All present saw this; and one of the party exclaimed, 'The countess's sleeve is being pulled.'

"Our attention would seem to have been over-concentrated. For the space of several minutes manifestations ceased, and all was as void of a spiritual presence as our ordinary every-day prosaic life. We were roused by sounds proceeding from the smaller table which I have mentioned as standing in the corner of the room. All present saw it move slowly from its place, and approach the table at which we sat.

"Again rappings made themselves heard, and a second name, also that of one very near and dear to me, was spelt out by means of the alphabet. An accordion lay on the table. It did not belong to Mr. Home, but had been brought by one of the guests present. Mr. Home now desired me to take this instrument in one hand, that it might be seen whether the spirits could play upon it. Hardly had I touched the accordion when it began to move; then sweet, long-drawn sounds issued from it; and finally a military air was played, while I held the instrument and could see that no other person touched it.

"The alphabet was here called for. This time, instead of the usual rappings on the table, the message was communicated through distinct movements of my dress. The words were words of consolation and love, and their reference was to an incident known only to the nearest of my relatives, and which none of my fellow guests at the seance in question could by any possibility have been acquainted with.

"Just after this communication had been made my eyes rested for a moment on a most beautiful rose worn by Madame Passerini. I said mentally, 'If you are in reality the spirit you claim to be, I ask you to take that rose from Henrietta, and bring it to me.' The thought had hardly taken shape in my mind, when a hand, visible to every one present, the large, nervous hand of a man, grasped the

rose, and disengaging it, brought it to me, and placed it in my fingers. This was not done in darkness, or in a dim light. The room was well lit, the hands of every person present rested on the table, and there hovered in the air before us a hand as perfect in form as human hand can be. Not only was it perfect in form, but it had shown its capability for physical action by the unfastening of the rose from the lace to which that rose was securely attached, and the carrying it a distance of two or three feet. And further, that action indicated the presence of an intelligence able to comprehend a mental request, for I had not uttered a word. We were in presence of beings who could even read our thoughts. The names of those long since summoned from earth were given; and the most hidden things connected with their earthly lives recapitulated. Not to me alone did these things happen, but to every one. In some instances there had even been forgetfulness on the part of the person addressed, and attendant circumstances were given that the incident might be recalled. Thus Mr. Home, passing into a trance, said to the Chevalier Soffietti, 'There is an old nurse of yours standing beside you—a negro woman.' The Chevalier could recall no such person. 'She says you ought not to forget her,' continued Mr. Home, 'for she saved your life when you were but three and a half years of age. You fell into a stream of water near a mill, and were just about to be drawn into a water-wheel when she rescued you.' Chevalier Soffietti now recalled the whole, and acknowledged the communication to be perfectly correct. He had been wholly unknown to Mr. Home till within three hours of the message being given, and not one of the remaining guests knew of the incident in question. I narrate this to show that others were, like myself, made happy by proofs of the continued existence of those dead to us. If indeed, all these things be explainable by some hidden force or forces of nature, then God have pity on the shipwreck of our hopes of immortality. If they be dreams, then must our present also be a dream, and our future but that dream's continuation. Am I to believe that they were so many *ignes fatui*, leading only to destruction? Prove to me, or to any other present at that most memorable seance, that we were deluded, and I will prove to you that I have not written these words, and that you are not reading them.

"As I have said, Mr. Home passed into a trance. After the communication to Chevalier Soffietti he addressed himself to me, and gave facts which not only could be by no possibility have previously known, but which were in some instances unknown to any person in the world save myself. He told me he saw various members of my family. That he did in reality see them I am unable to affirm; but that he gave me their names, and most accurately described them, I do affirm. 'Stella is present,' he said, 'and she says—' The words given need not be placed on record. To me they were most touching and precious—to the world they would be unmeaning. I understood them, and greatly do I thank God that in His mercy He permitted them to be given me; for they have made the burden of life seem lighter, and I can await now more patiently the joy of endless reunion with those I love.

"I will, however, give the conclusion of the message. My darling thus finished what she had to say: 'And I love, mamma, that you took the last pair of boots I wore, and hid them away with my little white dress in a box that you had ordered for the purpose. You locked them in that box, and when you are quite alone you take them out, and shed such sad, sad tears over them. This must not be, for Stella is not dead. I am living, and I love you. I am to tell you that you will have a very distinct proof of my presence, and that it will be given you to-morrow. You must not again open the drawer where the box is placed, which contains what you call your treasures, until you hear distinct raps on the bureau.'

"Not even my family knew anything of this box. I had kept the contents as to me most sacred relics; showing them to no one, and never by any chance alluding to their existence. Mothers who have been afflicted like me will alone be able to appreciate the sentiment by which I was guided.

"The seance ended. I naturally wished to thank Mr. Home for having been the means of giving me so great a joy. He refused to accept my thanks, and said that he was simply an investigator like others, and just as deeply interested in the thorough examination of the subject as I or my friends could be. The phenomena we had witnessed purported to be due to his presence; but he was, as we could all well testify, simply a passive agent; deep interest, or a strong desire for phenomena on his part, rather tending to prevent than to bring about manifestations.

"Everything had been foreign to my preconceived ideas. I had expected darkness, or, at the least, very little light; and some kind of dictatorial arrangement called conditions. I was most agreeably disappointed. Mr. Home showed himself even more anxious for thorough investigation than were his guests. He was a confirmed invalid, and had just undergone a course of severe treatment. He suffered from a nervous paralysis which rendered his limbs almost powerless. I think it well to mention these facts; having of late read and heard of some of the extraordinary theories whereby persons ignorant of the subject seek to show the world how the won-

derful things occurring in Mr. Home's presence are accomplished. Mr. Home could not have moved a down pillow with his feet, and the large table at which we sat—and which, I may add, rose entirely from the ground more than once in the course of the evening—was an exceedingly heavy one. We all looked under the table when it became suspended in the air, and nothing whatever earthly was in contact with it. As to the hand all present saw being a stuffed glove, I shall believe that when I have become convinced that the hand I now write with is a stuffed glove also.

"I went home a happy woman. My prayers that night were the overflowings of a heart filled with gratitude to Heaven, and the intensest joy. Sleep was banished from my eyelids, and the hours passed in a waking dream of delight. Ever and again my thoughts turned to the new proof of her presence that my darling had promised, and I busied myself with wondering speculations as to what that proof would be. I asked nothing more, for already my soul was satisfied beyond the possibility of a doubt; but I felt, and rejoiced to feel, that some fresh token would be granted me; and so I tried to conquer my impatience, and to await the revelation with the calmness of assured hope.

"In the early morning I wrote a few words to a dearly-valued friend, asking her to come to me at once. She arrived, and as soon as we were together I began a recital of the marvels I had seen and heard. The half was not told when my friend pointed to the bureau, and said, 'Did you not hear rappings on that piece of furniture?' Instantly they were repeated. 'It is the signal!' I exclaimed, 'and it is there the box is hidden.' The key of that drawer of the bureau which contained my treasures was in my dressing-room. I ran to get it, and, unlocking the drawer, took out the box, which also was locked. With trembling fingers I turned the second key, and lifted the lid. The little boots they are light summer ones—lay there, with the white silk elastic uppermost. On the elastic of one boot was imprinted a perfect star, and in the centre of the star an eye. The substance with which it is drawn is black. It has since faded slightly, but remains still thoroughly distinct. So mathematically perfect is the drawing, that great skill and precision are necessary for an accurate copy to be taken. I have had an engraving made of it, which Mr. Home will give [in his book.] It is an exact fac-simile of that cherished token. At each of the six points there is, as will be seen, a letter. United, they form the name of my darling.

"I ordered my carriage at once, and drove to the hotel where Mr. Home was staying. Let me here state that not only had he never been within my house, but that up to the time of compiling this account—more than two years later—from my memoranda taken at the time, he has not even seen the house, to my knowledge or his own. While I was showing him my little treasure—now doubly dear—manifestations again took place. Naturally, I hoped and expected that they would proceed from the one whose life and love had now become so glorious a certainty to me. Instead, a singular medical receipt was given, and I was told to use it for my eyes. I had been long a sufferer through inflammation of the eyelids, and was at that very time under medical treatment. I made use of the remedy thus strangely provided, and with most beneficial results, inasmuch as I experienced, within only a few days, a relief which celebrated oculists had failed to procure for me during a long course of advice. Thus, apart from that inestimable and never-to-be-forgotten consolation which God in His mercy granted to my soul, I was physically benefited.

"I have decided to give these facts to the world from a deep sense of duty, and from that alone. They will answer, I hope, the 'Gut Bono?' I have heard of. My darling's visit has come to me as a ray of glory from that kingdom where there is neither parting nor sorrow; where all tears are wiped away, and God alone gives light. I have not belief, but certitude. The shadows of earth may gather darkly, but through them all pierces the clear splendor of that star which gleams where He who doeth all things well has in His love placed it; and lifting my eyes to the bright messenger, I can say with a rejoicing heart: 'I THANK THEE, O LORD.'

A Psychological Marvel.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I take the liberty of outlining an incident which came under my own observation, and can be attested by others, that will no doubt attract the attention of those who are interested investigators of psychical phenomena. Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter of Boston, a well known and reliable medium with whom you are personally acquainted, is now stopping at my home in this city, her husband, Prof. A. E. Carpenter, being at present engaged in giving experiments in hypnotism at Willard Hall. She arrived here on the morning of December 25, 1889. The next evening she accompanied us on a visit to a friend. Upon returning home she proceeded to her room feeling quite sick. Prof. C. assisted her in removing her tight-fitting jacket when a bracelet was heard to be unclasped, and apparently it dropped to the floor. Upon stooping to pick it up it was not to be seen anywhere. The search was renewed the next morning but was unsuccessful. Mrs. B. was informed of the mysterious disappearance and joined in the search, looking even behind the pic-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Woman's Department.

TO SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

On Her Seventieth Birthday.

With noble soul and brave and tender heart And will-power strong in efforts to do good...

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

The seventieth birthday of Miss Susan B. Anthony was celebrated the evening of February 15th, by a banquet at the Riggs House, Washington, D. C.

The guests represented almost every State in the Union, Canada and England. The feast was opened by a song, "Blossoms," followed by a poem, "Three Score and Ten," by Elizabeth Boynton Harbert.

The change in public sentiment of late is well defined by the change in the popular estimate of Miss Anthony. Where once it was the fashion of the press to ridicule and jeer, now the best reporters are sent to interview and to put her sentiments before the world.

The guest of the evening then responded to a unanimous call in a brief speech.

Letters written by John G. Whittier, William Lloyd Garrison, Senators Hoar, Sherman and Manderson, Speaker Reed, M. Louise Thomas, Lucy Stone, Frances E. Willard, the Rev. Rush Shippen, and Mrs. Henderson, were read as samples of hundreds.

Mrs. Colby makes an Anthony number of the Woman's Tribune of February 8th, which contains many interesting reminiscences of Miss Anthony.

If locality and religious heritage have influence in determining fate, what could not be predicted for Susan B. Anthony. Born in Massachusetts, brought up in New York, of Quaker father and Baptist mother, she is by heritage of strongly marked individuality and native strength.

Although her father was at one time one of the wealthiest men in Washington county, Susan was fitted for the profession of teaching, which equipment proved very serviceable when in the great financial panic Mr. Anthony failed in his business.

Mrs. Stanton tells us graphically in what way Susan's thoughts were first directed to the injustice of unequal wages. In her twentieth year, a male teacher was engaged at three times her salary to take charge of the school she was leaving.

teaching, during ten of which she was a member of the New York Teachers' Association, striving always to secure recognition both in better wages and official honor for the teachers of her own sex.

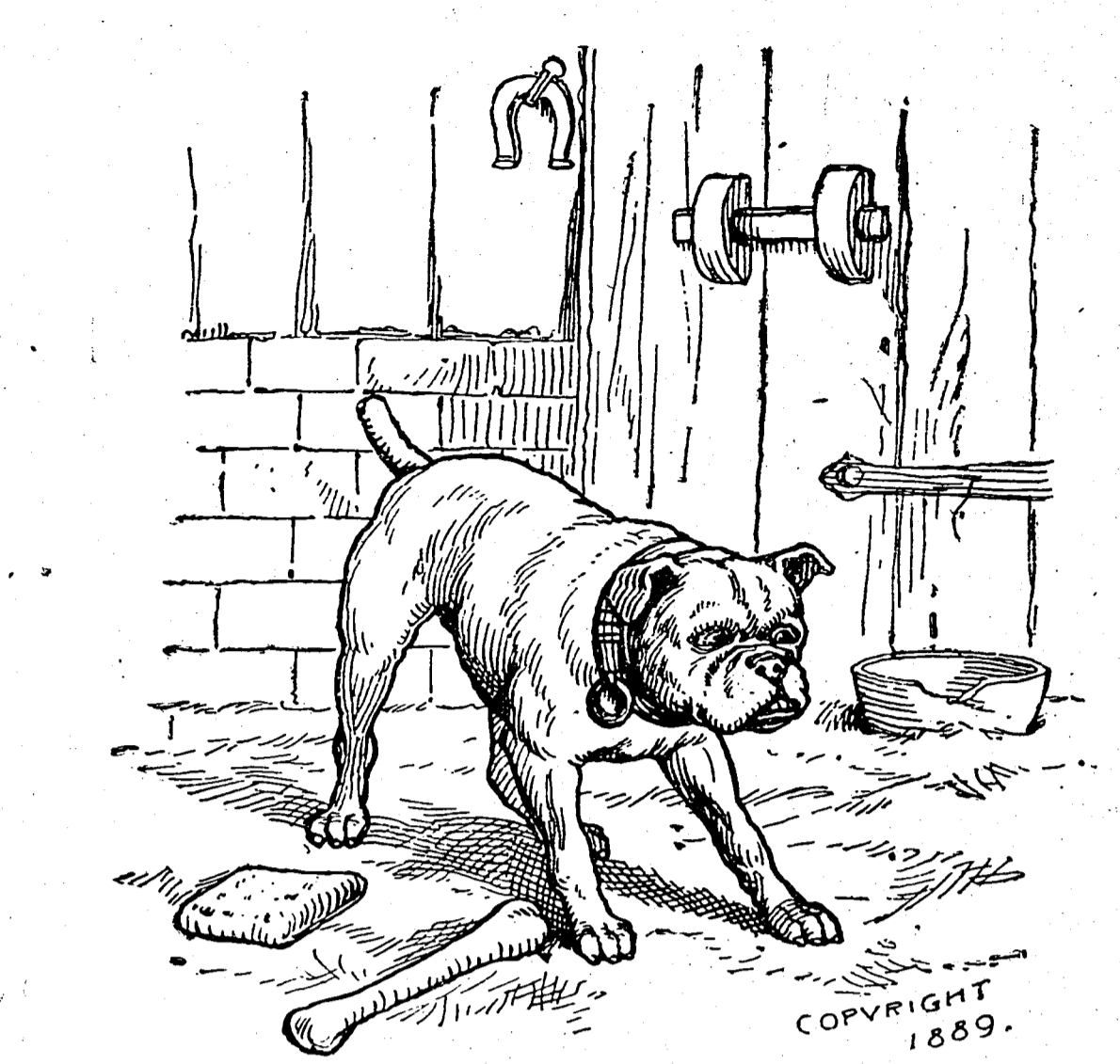
The most dramatic event of Miss Anthony's life is her arrest and conviction, at the presidential election of 1872. Owing to the mistaken kindness of her counsel, who was unwilling that she should be imprisoned, she gave bonds, which prevented her taking her case to the Supreme Court of the United States, a fact she always regretted.

Miss Anthony has been a devoted sister, and one of the tenderest pages of her life-record inscribes the story of her care for her brother, who had been wounded, it was supposed, into death.

New Books Received.

- His Honor; or Fate's Mysteries. By Cynthia E. Cleveland. New York: American News Co. Price 50 cents.
The Bondman. By Hall Caine; A Match in the Banks. By Jessie Fothergill. International Series, New York: F. F. Lovell & Co. Price, each, 30 cents.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Figs, Juniper, Berberis, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies...



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It is claimed that this book is not a mere compilation, but a thoroughly original work.

It is believed to contain information upon the most vital points of Occultism and Theosophy that cannot be obtained elsewhere.

It claims to fully reveal the most recondite mysteries of man upon every plane of his existence, both here and hereafter, in such plain, simple language that a child can almost understand it.

The occultist will supply the mystic key for which he has been so long earnestly seeking.

To all these persons "The Light of Egypt" is the most important work of the present century.

OPINIONS OF PRESS AND PEOPLE. "A noble, philosophical and instructive work." - Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.

"A careful reading of 'THE LIGHT OF EGYPT' discloses the beginning of a new sect in Occultism, which will oppose the grafting on Western Occultists the subtle, delusive dogmas of Karma and Reincarnation." - New York Times.

"It is a volume likely to attract wide attention from that class of scholars interested in mystical science and occult forces. But it is written in such plain, simple and simple style as to be within the grasp of comprehension of any intelligent and scholarly reader." - The Chicago Ocean.

"However recondite his book the author certainly presents a theory of first causes which is well fitted to challenge the thoughtful reader's attention and to excite much reflection." - Hartford Daily Times.

"The book is respectfully recommended to the American Theosophical Society." - St. Louis Republic.

"Considered as an exposition of Occultism, or the philosophy of the Orient from a Western standpoint, this is a remarkable production. The philosophy of the Orient is, perhaps, as profound as any yet attempted, and so far reaching in its scope as to take account of that which is the divine egoism in its manifold relations to humanity - the past, present and future." - The Daily Tribune, (St. Louis City).

"This work, the result of years of research and study, will undoubtedly create a profound sensation throughout the philosophical world." - The Detroit Commercial Advertiser.

"It is an occult work not in the sense of being occult, but a book entirely new in its scope, and most exciting wide attraction." - The Kansas City Journal.

"The book is highly interesting and very ably written, and it is an opportune time to see it in print, as it will give the 'Light of Egypt' its true position and clear to any one a special student, and that it lays bare the frauds of the Hivastay school." - San Francisco Chronicle.

A "NOBLE, PHILOSOPHICAL AND INSTRUCTIVE WORK." Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten in the Two Worlds makes brief editorial reference to "The Light of Egypt." Here is what she says:

"We deeply regret that other matters of pressing moment have of late, occupied our columns to the exclusion of those notices of books, pamphlets, and tracts, which we have received in great numbers, and which we desire to call attention to. This apology relates especially to the noble, philosophical, and instructive work, published by George Hedway, 'The Light of Egypt.' In our next we will give this our attention, and we have abundant quotations from this admirable treatise, one which supplies not only the suggestive ideas of many a contemporary, but also furnishes a series of preliminary notices that we have been favored with a copy of 'The Light of Egypt,' we could call the author's attention to the fact that a certain American editor of a Theosophical Magazine, entitled The Path, after venturing on this fine work all the abuse, scorn and display of ignorance and in science that his matter could devise, ends by saying that this book is 'by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.' We trust it needs no open disclaimer on our part to assure the gifted author of the 'Light of Egypt' that this rude and uncalled for piece of mendacity could only have been designed by the writer to injure by insult, to compel the author to defend his name, and to expose her retreats that she has not the smallest claim to stand in a position implying ability far beyond her capacity to attain to."

"It is hoped that this public disclaimer will be sufficient to atone for the intended injury to the esteemed author of 'The Light of Egypt,' and explain to him the highest in which his comments on the fantastic theories of the day are received by a prominent theosophical journal."

"LIGHT ON THE WAY" OR "THE LIGHT OF EGYPT." In the August issue of his bright little paper, Light on the Way, Dr. Geo. R. Fisher, medium and lecturer, refers to "The Light of Egypt" in the following terms:

"We feel as though we must give this remarkable book a brief notice in this number of Light on the Way, and in future numbers a more extended notice will appear. We shall not attempt a criticism of the learned author, for in so doing we would simply show our ignorance. The work is absorbingly interesting and throws much needed light upon subjects of vital importance. It is not written like many theosophical works, for the purpose of exciting curiosity in the ignorant, but instead appeals to the highest in man and carries us into a spiritual and exalting world. Instead of a review we intend to allow the book to speak for itself and will now present a few selections, which in our next we will follow 'The Light of Egypt' still further. In the meantime we would advise all our readers to get this work at once, as it would prove a source of constant delight and instruction."

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Voices from the People.

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

FOR THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. MY SHIPS OF YORE.

MRS. A. M. MUNGER.

The sea! the sea! the grand old sea! That in my dreams came home to me; What shall thy depths reveal?

From out this boundless ocean main, Sail my lost ship, a gallant train, Their canvas all unrolled.

And now within this placid bay My anchor'd ships in quiet lay, While peace her wings outspread;

Friendships are all unbroken now, Caring hands are on my brow— I feel sweet love's embrace.

From out this fairy haunt, I view My ships, my sea, my friendships true, And feel my heart arise.

But soon a mist comes o'er the main, My ships are sailing back again, Into the unknown sea—

The sea goes shadowy—the tide Goss out—the bay is black and wide— The dream is vanishing.

O sea! bright sea! thou grand old sea! That in my dreams came home to me! What thought so wide thou be!

OUR POLYCLOT EXCHANGES.

Spirit-alistic Blaetter of Berlin says: The following is reported of a death prophecy once made by a gypsy to the present czar of Russia, Alexander III.

Le Messenger makes the following extract from a contemporary which speaks of an unusual noise that has been heard in the neighborhood: "The Longdoz quarter is in a flutter of excitement."

Spiritualism a Perfect System.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

keep it. I can only give an outline in this article. First, then, what is health? In this life we have a triune existence, physical, mental, spiritual. Health consists in a harmony between these three.

Spirit power, then, is and must be our ultimate dependence in this perfect system of health and its maintenance and for the removal or cure of disease. Let us see how this is and whether it will stand the test of reason and human experience.

Every human being who lives on this earth has about him guardian spirits who watch over and care for them in every possible way. These guardian spirits are ever ready when we are sick to aid us to get well and will do all in their power to that end.

But this action on the part of those still in the form must be in as perfect harmony as possible with those in spirit life. Not only so, but they must have a trusting confidence (commonly called faith) that all will be well.

This power once given me in a most wonderful manner and then suspended for personal reasons is again restored, and I shall relieve the suffering wherever I can.

Let It Be Natural.

Your call is timely; keep the thought before the people; I desire to add my vote for organization, and let it be natural at the start. Souls do not organize to believe, but believe to organize.

Unjust Conditions.

Setting aside discussion as to whether the "rich are growing richer" while the "poor become poorer," granting the oft-claimed statement that there is always "room on top," with the road wide open for any workman with sufficient ability and perseverance.

If a manufacturer, employing large numbers of men, succeeds within the short space of a decade in accumulating from one to two or three millions, while his employees at best cannot more than secure a small, honest, and moderate living.

vision a large portion of these surplus millions would have been added to the scant earnings of his employees?

A man invests a few thousands in a bank, and begins to do business on the debt of his fellow citizens. He advances money and secures his business paper, seeing well to it that the risk shall be reduced to a minimum.

Here is a corporation lawyer whose accumulations have also run into millions. His salary is fifty thousand dollars a year. Is he worth so much, while the wages of skilled mechanics are two dollars a day?

When a workman, seeking the humblest shelter above the heads of his family—a place he can call his own and feel the manly pride and patriotism of all will be well.

So long as the present system of land and money monopoly obtains, it would be useless for workmen to make the faintest protest against the conditions.

W. WHITWORTH.

"I Have Got My Heaven Right Here?"

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: A friend of mine was told by another friend this story: Mrs. A. is a washerwoman who earns her own and her children's subsistence.

Psychometric Wonders in N. Y. City.

Mrs. Tingley's very remarkable psychometric reading for the Committee on Sixth Avenue, near Fifth street on Thursday evenings, have been drawing audiences of a high class order.

Coalition not Desirable.

I have read with much interest the proposition advanced by the Hon. R. A. Dague in your issue of Jan. 11th in regard to the united efforts of Unitarians and Spiritualists, also your editorial as to its feasibility.

who had fallen by the wayside. Of course, there are the good Samaritans, in all positions of life, many of them I am glad to say, in the churches.

A Critic Criticized.

In No. 20, Vol. xvii of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, page eight, I find some short remarks by J. C. Wright of St. Louis, in regard to the impressions that the careful study of the philosophy of mysticism by Dr. Carl du Prel made upon him.

Transition of Dr. Clark.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Dr. Clark of Marble Rock, Ia., was a subscriber to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for many years.

Another Anxious Inquirer.

I wish to thank "Kiowa" for starting an inquiry in the right direction. I am, as is Kiowa, only one among the many who have been led, misled, and misled by mischievous demons from goodness-knowledge.

Clairvoyance an Aid to the Physician.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. I wish to thank "Kiowa" for starting an inquiry in the right direction. I am, as is Kiowa, only one among the many who have been led, misled, and misled by mischievous demons from goodness-knowledge.

Obsession.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. I am only awaiting a convenient season to ask the magnetic healers of Chicago to take up the question of obsession as a humanitarian one, and do what they can to "write out money" without price?

Right Again!

Your remark that I "would gladly welcome an organization on the basis advocated by the JOURNAL," etc., has my assent and approval.

Springfield, Mass.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Mr. Baxter gave two addresses before our society February 16. He had the largest audiences of the season, taxing the seating capacity of the hall.

first two Sundays, and Hon. Sidney Dean the latter three. Mr. Dean is also engaged for our anniversary, March 31.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing has spoken here two Sundays of this month and given great satisfaction. She has held two public seances, both of which have been largely attended.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

In 1888 there were 12,332 miles of railway in Canada.

In 1888 there were 152,726 miles in the United States.

Finland has 1,062. - France has 21,210. Germany has 25,074.

Mexico has 4,650 miles. Newfoundland has 90. Barbadoes has 24.

Luxemburg has 249. The Netherlands has 1,520. Norway has 972.

Mauritius has 92. Namaqualand has 95. Natal has 217. Tunis has 258.

Jamaica has 67. Nicaragua has 99. Salvador has 28. Trinidad has 54.

Costa Rica 175. Cuba has 930. Guatemala has 132. Honduras has 69.

Great Britain and Ireland have 19,578. Greece has 375. Italy has 7,316.

Portugal has 1,178. Rumania has 1,525. Russia has 16,729. Servia has 920.

Spain has 5,777. Sweden has 4,580. Switzerland has 1,879. Turkey has 488.

Ceylon has 181. China has 47. India has 15,159. Japan has 579. Java has 637.

The Argentine Republic has 4,150. Bolivia has 81. Brazil has 5,281. Chili has 1,670.

Tasmania has 318. Victoria has 1,949. Western Australia has 242. Hawaii has 32.

Columbia has 178. Guiana has 21. Paraguay has 45. Peru has 1,612. Uruguay has 343.

Austria Hungary has 15,050. Belgium has 2,766. Bulgaria has 428. Denmark has 1,504.

New South Wales has 2,081. New Zealand has 1,340. Queensland has 1,768. South Australia has 1,142.

The Philippines have 11,554. Turkey in Asia has 409. Algeria (French) has 1,105. Cape Colony has 1,766. Egypt has 1,276.

A proud mother in Merced, Cal., owns a four-month-old baby that weighs twenty-five pounds and has cut four teeth.

The Mexican government has lately ordered 1,000,000 grape cuttings from California, and will distribute them free to all who wish to plant them in Mexico.

A man came into Bradford, Pa., the other day and paid a bill of \$18 in old-fashioned paper currency—5, 10, 25 and 50-cent ship-plasters, which he had kept since 1864.

A Chambersburg, Pa., youth thought he ought to try some of his girl's cooking before marriage. He ate a dinner which she prepared with her own hands and hasn't been to see her since.

During the last century the extension of the Protestant church has more than doubled the increase of the Roman Catholic and almost quadrupled the territorial advance of the Greek church.

A porcupine invaded the home of a Bedford county, Pennsylvania, farmer and discovered sound asleep in the kitchen. It was killed without a scratch, but not until a foolish dog had got his mouth full of quills.

The French chamber is considering a new law for entirely suppressing public executions. The only spectators would be those designated by the law, and few whom the authorities might invite at their discretion.

Henry George is a heavily built, short and bald headed man, with an air of great independence and an abundant beard. He is a good orator, and always keeps his right hand securely buttoned up in the breast of his frock coat.

An aged woman in Elmwood, near Cincinnati, Pa., took a ride in a street car, and requested her driver to take her to the office of an undertaker whom she knew well. He did so, and she died a few minutes after her arrival.

To clean broodcloths from spots, grind one ounce of pipe clay, and mix it with a few drops of alcohol, and the same quantity of spirits of turpentine; rub the mixture on the spots, let it remain until dry, and rub off with a woolen cloth.

Physicians have come to the conclusion that head aches are very frequently caused from overstraining of the eyes; that defective vision is more often the source of head troubles than most persons thus affected are aware of themselves.

A wicked Frenchman says that women have such an innate vanity for dress that if you were to tell one that her dress was to be hanged in the presence of 20,000 persons she would at once exclaim: "Great heavens! I've got nothing to wear!"

Cuyet, Ohio, has an oil well that has periodic fits of flowing at intervals of about three months. What is particularly strange about its workings is the fact that it performs its freaks always on a Sunday, and never misses the hour 11 a. m. every beginning.

A sensible suggestion is made that the movement to restore the monument to the memory of Mary Washington, the mother of the first President, shall include the purchase of the old house in which she lived and died. It is a small house at Frederickburg.

An association in London, called the Sunday School Society, is itself with arranging the giving of private collections to the public on the Sabbath. For two Sundays, recently, the Duke of Wellington has opened Apsley House to those who wished to see its treasures.

A new sort of boot sole has been introduced in Nuremberg, consisting of a sort of trellis of spiral metal wires, which are twisted together and run in parallel and resin. They can be fitted with nails like ordinary soles, are 50 per cent. cheaper than leather, and last very much longer.

The late Thomas Parker of Washington, became so attached to a case which he had carried for years that he kept it in bed with him all during his illness, and when he died it was found with him, and he was buried with it. His wish was carried out, the case being put in the coffin.

Count Herbert Bismarck, during his sojourn in the Orient, learned a new proverb which he repeated in a recent speech: "There are three things which no man should do: to fight, to fire, because it can burn him; to viper, because it can sting him; a woman, because she can love him."

It is a pity that so many people suffer from insomnia when such a simple preventive is in reach. I have a relief which never fails. When I find myself tossing I get up, walk across the floor once or twice, and then get an apple, a bit of bread, anything to arouse my stomach and set it working, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The moment it commences it attracts the attention of the nerves, so to speak; the nerves forget they are "on edge" and are soon soothed in slumber. Commence on the inside to cure sleeplessness, not externally, nor with drugs, for they are base deceivers.

The most extensive cavern is the Mammoth Cave, in Edmonson County, Ky. It is near Green River, six miles from Cave City, and twenty-eight miles from Bowling Green. The largest trees are the mammoth trees of California. One of a grove in Tulare county, according to a measurement made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 276 feet high, 105 feet in circumference at the base and seventy-six feet at a point twelve feet above the ground. Some of the trees are 376 feet high and thirty-four feet in diameter. Some of the trees get that have been felled indicate an age from 2,000 to 2,500 years.

Travelers in India sometimes have strange bedfellows. A first-class passenger, by a slow passenger train running between Howrah and Assensole, was recently disagreeably surprised to find, on waking from a sound sleep, that something cold had come in contact with his hand. On looking at his hand, what was his horror to find that underneath it was a cobra. As the snake was asleep and had not coiled itself around the hand, the gentleman sprang up and managed to evade its bite. How it got into the carriage is one of those mysterious and unexplained things. It may have effected an entrance while the carriage was in the siding at Howrah, and quietly ensconced itself behind the cushions of the carriage seat.

For March we are to have Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock the

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE LEADETH ME.

MARY E. VAN HORN.

Let me, I pray, be cleansed from all impurity, Thou great First Cause, endless infinity...

For thou art all supreme; I would that thou wouldst guide My steps; the path has grown so dark and I have tried To walk alone...

Withhold it not, I pray, but give me clearer sight. We know these hills are blessings in disguise...

Commentary.

Col. Bundy, the able and fearless editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, and his associates...

Not Altogether True.

The Independent: "Dr. Addison P. Foster says in the Advance, that what is called Liberal thought is no longer in the ascendency in Boston..."

It Makes a Difference.

Richard Barker of Warren, R. I., wanted a servant girl and he secured the services of Belle McGregor at an intelligence office...

In France there are no public funds for the relief of the poor, and private charity is almost wholly relied upon.

It affords instant relief and speedy cure to all sufferers from rheumatism. Salvation Oil.

All citizens troubled with coughs or colds should at once use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Protection or free trade? One of the ablest arguments yet offered is G. L. Stebbins's American Protectionist, price, cloth, 75 cents...

Look Here, Friend, Are You Sick? Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feelings...

Heaven Revised is a narrative of personal experiences after the change called death. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey.

Consumption Surely Cured. TO THE EDITOR: Dear readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease.

The Light of Egypt is creating much interest and is a work well worth a careful perusal.

"Mrs. Winslow's" Soothing Syrup for Children Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL Tracts, embracing the following important subjects: The Summerland; The True Spiritualist; The Responsibility of Mediums; Denton and Darwinism; What is Magnetism and Electricity?

Baroness von Glumer, who was in her youth Miss Frances Bartlett, daughter of United States Naval Commander Bartlett, and married a wealthy Cuban planter who died years ago, now lives with her second husband near the City of Mexico...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HYMN.

Far away, beyond the river, In the boundless realms of God, Free from earthly ills forever, Souls shall find a blessed abode.

The above was written on the fly-leaf of a hymn book by Geo. W. Snow, Esq., of Bangor, Me., (now in his 81st year), while listening to an old-fashioned orthodox sermon a short time ago.

David Bugbee writes: "The Journal grows better and better. Long may it live to gladden the hearts of its many readers who love truth."

Louis Blasi says: I enclose renewal of my subscription for your most excellent publication, adding my best wishes, sympathy and sincerest good wishes for the publisher and his noble work."

John Bower of Rochester, N. Y., in renewing his subscription, says: Of course, "renewal" means partly general approval, but this only emphasizes in part the pleasure I have in commending your efforts to promote the advancement of Spiritualism in its higher aspects.

S. F. Deane, M. D., of Carleton, Neb., writes: I can but bid you God-speed in the work in which you are so earnestly engaged—that of advancing Spiritualism to its proper position before the world as a combined whole...

J. K. Jones in renewing his subscription writes: As an old patron of the JOURNAL I cannot better express my approval of the positive stand taken in defense of Spiritualism, its purity and purpose, than by renewal of subscription.

John C. Wyman of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: I need write no words of commendation for the editorial course you are pursuing, nor speak the appreciative thanks that are your due for the glorious feast of good things you furnish every week to your patrons...

Never join the ends of three in knitting by tying a knot. Lap the ends three inches or more together, and knit the distance with double thread, leaving both ends on the wrong side.

Two brothers down in Tulare County, California, engaged in a quarrel while at play, for which their mother corrected them. The elder of the two at once left the house and was found several hours later dead, hanging to a tree.

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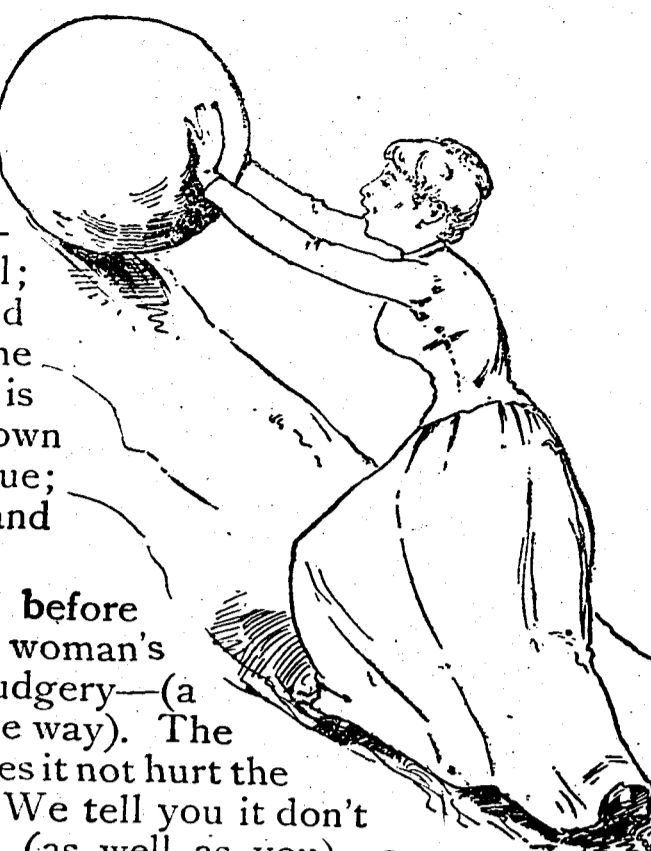
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Imported Edition. Lights and Shadows OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY D. D. HOME. TABLE OF CONTENTS: PART FIRST. SPIRITUALISM IN THE JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN ERAS.

CHAPTER I. THE FAITHS OF ANCIENT PEOPLES. Spiritualism as it is our planet. Lights and shadows of Pagan times.

CHAPTER II. DELUSIONS AMERICAN false prophets. Two ex-reverends claim to be the witnesses foretold by St. John. CHAPTER III. DELUSIONS (continued). The revival of Pythagorean dreams.

CHAPTER IV. MENTAL DISEASES little understood. CHAPTER V. THE SPIRIT OF THE "OTHER WORLD." A pseudo investigator. Groupings in the dark.

CHAPTER VI. SKEPTICISM AND CECILIA. Mistaken Spiritualists. Labels on the spirit world. The whitewashing of Ethiopians. CHAPTER VII. ASSURITIES "When Greek meets Greek."

CHAPTER VIII. TRICKERY AND ITS EXPOSURE. Dark scenes. A letter from Sergeant Cox. The concealment of "spirit-drapery."

APPENDIX. This covers eight pages and was not included in the American edition. It is devoted to a brief account of a young medium who under spirit influence wrote poetry of a high order.

Spirits! What They are and What They do.

Rev. I. C. Knowlton, D. D. lately published in The Gospel Banner a discourse, upon the above theme. The major part of his paper covers ground already trite to Spiritualists and therefore need not be here reproduced.

The latter part which sums up his views of Spiritualism is given as follows: Spiritualists can be Universalists, and Universalists can be Spiritualists, without any change of name, faith or attitude.

We all may not be on the same road, but we are all facing in the same way, and going in the same direction. But in several respects it is an immense benefit to us and to all Christians who honestly meditate on this interesting subject:

1. It reconstructs our conceptions of the immortal world, and presents us a realm beautiful, attractive and glorious. The adamant walls of Hades, with all they enclose of pit, lake and fire, melt away to nothingness and frighten us no more.

2. It lifts our thoughts out of the dry and dreary realm of speculation, and rescues it from all danger of failure. The skeptic, first doubting and then denying the ancient records of miracles, of inspiration, of divine Providence, and of the immortality of the soul, and ignoring all testimony in favor of spiritual manifestations, from his cold and airy height, looks down with contempt on those who feel and talk about the "realities of religion."

3. It opens to us a new world, a new realm of life, a new world of hope, a new world of joy, a new world of peace, a new world of love, a new world of light. It opens to us a new world, a new realm of life, a new world of hope, a new world of joy, a new world of peace, a new world of love, a new world of light.

4. It opens to us a new world, a new realm of life, a new world of hope, a new world of joy, a new world of peace, a new world of love, a new world of light. It opens to us a new world, a new realm of life, a new world of hope, a new world of joy, a new world of peace, a new world of love, a new world of light.

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7. It opens to us a new world, a new realm of life, a new world of hope, a new world of joy, a new world of peace, a new world of love, a new world of light. It opens to us a new world, a new realm of life, a new world of hope, a new world of joy, a new world of peace, a new world of love, a new world of light.

8. It opens to us a new world, a new realm of life, a new world of hope, a new world of joy, a new world of peace, a new world of love, a new world of light. It opens to us a new world, a new realm of life, a new world of hope, a new world of joy, a new world of peace, a new world of love, a new world of light.

at once converted; and when conviction comes we are not the men to refuse acknowledging it. In the evolution of the human race under divine Providence, Spiritualism is playing an important part. Let it alone. All its imperfections will vanish and all its good will help on humanity.

IS IT AN APPARITION?

Mrs. Edom Seems to See and Talk with the Late Henry Shaw.

Mrs. Rebecca Edom is wondering whether her old friend and benefactor is lying at peace in the magnificent mausoleum in Shaw's Garden, or whether the troubled spirit of Henry Shaw revisits the earth to give directions about the management of his estate. Mrs. Edom has had several communications from him, and has seen and talked with him often since his death about those things which were nearest to his heart, and she says the old man is sad and ill pleased with the way things go on.

The last one occurred week before last and of that she told first. "It seemed," she said, "that I was in Tower Grove Park and I heard some one call me. I turned and saw Mr. Shaw sitting on a bench on a high place, and he beckoned to me and called out to me to come over and sit by him; he wanted to talk to me. I looked at him and saw that he was sad and depressed. It seemed as if something troubled him. I asked him what he wanted to talk to me about, and he said that the trustees were not acting in a way to please him. They are not treating you right," he said. "They are not liberal enough with you. You were my old friend. You saved my life several times and they ought to treat you well; they ought to give you everything you want."

"How did he look, Mrs. Edom?" "Just as he died when he died. He seemed well. "He was dressed in black but one peculiar thing was that he had held his hat in his hand, and before he died he seldom took off his hat because he was afraid of catching cold. But except that he looked just as he did in life and I seemed to see him as plainly, and to talk to him just as I always did."

"What occurred at other times when he appeared to you?" "Once he came at night, when I was in bed. He came into my room and stood by the bedside, and that surprised me, for that was something he had never done. He called out to me and said: "Mrs. Edom, get up." I asked him what he wanted and he said: "Why don't you see that my wishes are carried out? They are not doing what I wanted them to do. Why don't you look after my bequests and see that things are done as I wanted them?"

"I said, 'Mr. Shaw, I am doing all I can do. I am doing the best I can.' " "But you don't go to the garden enough," he said. "Why don't you go over there more. They are cutting down my trees."

"I said, 'Mr. Shaw, I haven't been able to go to the garden lately because Grand avenue is torn up, and the other road is too muddy, but I will go over there and look after things,' and then he walked away, looking very angry and sad. This time he seemed much younger than when he died. He looked as young as he did when I first knew him, and wore his black velvet vest."

"Did you go to the garden after that?" "Yes, I went over and saw Mr. Gunney and told him about it, but he said they were not cutting down the trees; they were only taking out some dead ones and replacing them with live trees. Once Mr. Shaw came to me and he asked about his biography. He said Mr. McAdam had the papers and he did not understand why Mr. McAdam did not complete the book and publish it. He said Mr. McAdam ought to have \$1,000 for the work, and if that was not enough to give him \$2,000. At another time he told me to go to Mr. Kaime and tell him to give me \$3,000 to repair my house, but I said that Mr. Kaime would not do it, and Mr. Shaw said he ought to. I have told some of the trustees about these things, but they generally laugh at them and say they are dreams. I call them dreams myself. I don't know what they are. I see and talk to Mr. Shaw just as plainly as ever, and he tells me things about his estate, and what he wants done. I see at the garden that the trustees are doing what he wanted done, but it seems as if Mr. Shaw is not satisfied because they don't do what he intended putting in the codicil to his will. I told him that as he had forgotten to put them in the will the law would not let the trustees do them. Once he said, 'I meant that you should have every thing that you wanted,' but I said to him, 'Mr. Shaw you did not put that down in black and white and the consequence is that I don't have every thing I want.'

"Do you think, Mrs. Edom, that these visits of Mr. Shaw are simply your dreams or that his spirit does come and talk to you?" "I don't know. I just call them dreams. Mr. McAdam says they are, but I don't know."

"Do you believe in Spiritualism?" "I don't know much about it. I used to hear Mr. Shaw and his friends talk about it; tables rapping and tables dancing, and all that, and one said he believed in it, but I never saw it and I don't know what to believe about it."

The dreams or apparitions seem real to Mrs. Edom and certainly exercise an influence over her. She has not followed literally the directions given her by Mr. Shaw, but she always bears in mind what his apparition says to her. [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

ner time arriving, he changed his clothes and threw his waistcoat aside. Six weeks later a message came that the queen desired the diamond to be sent home at once. The matter had entirely escaped the memory of the absent minded lord, and he at first avowed that he had forwarded it long before. When the fact came back to him he was badly frightened, but allowed no misgivings to appear, and took the first opportunity to slip away to his private room. Once there, with his heart in his mouth, he sent for his native servant and said to him: "Have you got a small box which was in my waistcoat pocket some time ago?" "Yes, sahib," the man replied. "I found it and put it in one of your boxes." "Bring it here," said the sahib. Upon this the servant went to a broken-down tin box and produced the little one from it. "Open it," said Lord Lawrence, "and see what is inside." He watched the man anxiously as he folded a piece of cloth was taken off, and great was his relief when the brilliant gem appeared. The servant seemed perfectly unconscious of the immense treasure he had had in his keeping. "There is nothing here, sahib," he said, "but a bit of glass." Thus, through the indifference of a native servant, what might have been a serious loss was turned into a happy recovery.

Under Mesmeric Trance.

The famous experiments performed many years ago by Dr. Esdaile, in which that well-known surgeon operated on Hindus during what was called mesmeric sleep, are now being repeated, and with it, it is said, a successful result. The latest news we have of an operation under the mesmeric trance, says the London Lancet, is from Paris, where, in the Hotel Dieu, a young woman is stated to have been subjected by Dr. Mesnet to a painful cutting operation of the class called dangerous and requiring great delicacy of manipulation, she being at the time "wholly insensible to pain, showing no signs of suffering, and awakening, not from an anæsthetic of the ordinary kind, but from a mesmeric sleep, wholly oblivious to what had taken place." We want the full particulars of this operation before any satisfactory expression can be offered in respect to it, but we may say at once that similar results have often been reported with little after effect in the advancement of the supposed practice of anæsthesia by mesmerism. The phenomena are exceptional. They are usually observed in persons of hysterical type, and offering for the moment the greatest hopes are quashed quickly by the miserable failures with which they are attended so soon as the mesmeric plan is applied to patients at large. The fact is that anæsthesia differs according to constitution not largely, but in some instances exceptionally, to a degree little understood by the public generally. There is a form of hysterical anæsthesia just as there is of hysterical hyperæsthesia, and when the representatives of the first class come under the hands of the mesmerist they are such perfect specimens, for his season that they give him the most triumphant returns. These cases call for a special study in regard to anæsthesia since until they are elucidated there can be no sound progress. We would give an earnest warning on this matter of mesmeric hypnotism, assuring our readers that they must not expect more from it than exceptional results, and these do not to true anæsthesia, but to individual peculiarity.

A Psychological Marvel.

tures upon the walls and everywhere where could have possibly fallen. Verdict, "not found guilty." Mrs. C. passed through a very severe illness, having the grippe with pneumonia attached. Upon convalescing, Mrs. C. was entranced by Lillian who informed us upon questioning her as to the missing bracelet that it was safe, and had we one hundred eyes we could not find it. No explanation could or would she advance as to the disappearance. On Thursday evening, Feb. 6, 1890, Mrs. C. accompanied us on an evening call upon Mr. and Mrs. C. Sailer of West Washington. Mr. Sailer is the Superintendent of the W. & G. R. Co. Mrs. Emery of New York, was visiting with her parents and expected to return to her home the next day. After spending some time in conversation, Mrs. E. said she would like to see Mrs. C. under "influence," hoping to receive something therefrom. In a few minutes "Lillian" came and began to carry on a conversation with all of us through the organism of Mrs. C. Observing the bracelets upon the wrists of Mrs. E. she asked for them to hold in her hands. Upon the stand were two pots containing some fragrant hyacinths. "Lillian" gave a beautiful poem, and Mrs. S. remarked that she wished Lillian would bring the missing bracelet so we could all see it, or drop it from the ceiling. At this Mrs. C. became very strongly influenced, tossing from side to side in her chair, rubbing her hands together with Mrs. E.'s bracelets in them. Soon Mrs. C. reached out and put Mrs. E.'s bracelets in the hands of Mrs. S. and gave to Mrs. B. the missing ornament. The lost article had been restored during this commotion, having been brought a distance of more than two miles from my house where last seen, Dec. 26, 1889, there being a lapse of six weeks between disappearance and reappearance. There was no condition of darkness in this case for the lights were burning in the parlor and hall. We did not see the bracelet come, but it came "all the same" and Mrs. C. did not have it in her possession from Dec. 26, 1889, to Feb. 6, 1890. These experiences are not unusual in the life work of Mrs. C., as a medium, and many cases, similar in kind, have been related by her and others who were witnesses thereto. How are these things done? What explanation can be given that will make clear the modus operandi? This incident can be attested to by five witnesses. Washington, D. C. D. L. BURNETT.

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