

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

NOTED BY ALL PHILOSOPHERS

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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Literary Department

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A PROPHECY.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

There's a battle yet unthought,
With its trophies all unwon,
There's a destiny enwrought
With a life not yet begun.
And an angel who will bring
On its wing
For the fading brow of autumn, all the rosy hues
Of spring.

There's an army yet to spread
Through the golden future time,
By whose bounty will be fed
All the poor of every clime.
Undivided it will stand
Great and grand
'Neath the bright and starry banner that'll float
O'er all the land.

There's a blessing yet unknown,
And riches yet unthought,
That will compass every zone
With abounding treasures fraught.
Revolutions great and free
Yet must be
Ere the land will teem in plenty 'neath the banners
Of the free.

There's a glory yet untold,
And a beauty yet unseen,
In this future age of gold,
With its summer fields of green.
Where united we will be,
Great and free,
And our ships will bear the message to our
Brothers o'er the sea.

Oh, this golden future time,
It is coming by and by,
It will cheer every clime,
In its mission great and high!
It is coming, let us wait
Near the rocky gate
That will open at the bidding of a better beam-
ing fate!

Like a summer vision bright,
In its glory it doth rise,
And it beaeth with a light
Intertwined with the skies.
Like an angel it will bring
On its wing
For the fading brow of autumn all the rosy hues
Of spring!

PENNSYLVANIA.

Wonderful Spiritual Manifestations in Harrisburg.

BY W. BARR.

At the earnest request of a number of your readers, I will now endeavor to give an account of a few of the wonderful spiritual manifestations and unexplained facts that have been given to us within the few weeks past, which have caused so much excitement and wonder in the minds of unbelievers. I suppose in publishing this, I will be denounced by many learned and professedly good men, as wicked and insane, but, as I said in a former communication, what care I, if men shall revile and say all manner of evil? We know in whom we trust. During the past winter at our regular circle, which has been kept up over twenty years, many, very many, spirits have manifested their presence. On one occasion, I do not remember the evening, but there were a number of ladies and gentlemen present, a strange spirit manifested a great anxiety to communicate. He spoke to us through a young gentleman (the medium). His manner and expression was anything but pleasant or acceptable. He used very profane language, and I took occasion to reprove him. I spoke kindly, and said I did not like to hear any person swear or use bad words, and that he would be pleased to have his name come often if he would try to be good and give us good news from the Spirit Land. Since that evening he has met with us regularly, and is one of the most reliable test spirits that communicates with us, although there are many others. We asked his name, when he said it was Patrick Ocer, and that he had come from Ireland not two years ago. He came over on a whale ship, and landed at a place called the Battery, at New York, and that a band of music was playing there. He left New York in two days afterward, got on a coal train, rode and walked to Philadelphia and had no money. Drank a great amount of whiskey, worked about, got a little money and bought a basket of oranges and commenced peddling. He then left Philadelphia, walked and sold oranges on his way to York, York county, made a good bit of money, but still drank whiskey. After leaving York, started on the railroad towards Harrisburg selling oranges and candies; being intoxicated he passed up near a little town called Fairview. There were men working on the road with picks who gave him liquor. He got very drunk, and gave a little girl (a farmer's daughter), two oranges to mark his name on his handkerchief. He then sat down under a shade tree; while there Mr. Jones came along, and spoke to him, and said "Patrick, is this you?" He said yes, what is left of me, yer Holiness. Said Mr. Jones, come across with him, and had not seen him since they landed in New York. Mr. Jones said "Patrick, you are in a bad way, you will lose all your money." I was very drunk. Mr. Jones took my stocking off, says he cut it into three pieces. He took all my money but a twenty-five cent and ten cent bill I took from him. He says he buried it away intending to get it again for me when he returned from York; but on his return, before he got to Harrisburg,

he fell asleep in the cars, and never got awake until he was past on his way to Pittsburgh, where he remained a few days, took small-boys and died,—as ye call it, but we are not dead—we are with you. You know I was drunk. I walked on the railroad two days after. Those things that pull the cars run over me and killed my body, but my spirit is still alive and I have a nicer body now than I had when I was on your carth.

We have received over one hundred written communications from different spirits, not written through or by mediums, but direct by spirits in their own hand *fac similes* of their writing when in the earth form; also, likenesses of departed friends have been brought by spirits and presented to us.

On the evening of the 27th of March, in circle, I asked the question—Will we get a written communication this evening? A spirit answered—Yes; sing. We all joined in singing the beautiful hymn—

"We will join with the saints at the beautiful river."

I was standing with my hands closed, resting on two chairs, on which were seated a lady and gentleman, when all of a sudden my hands were both involuntarily opened and closed with a tight pressed paper in each. I remarked to those present that there was something placed in each of my hands and then closed; again my left hand was opened, and another, apparently heavier and stiffer paper, was put in that hand and closed. I kept my hands closed until the circle was regularly closed. As this morning a spirit spoke and said: "Good evening, Doctor. I am so happy to meet you; can't you know me?" I said "No." The spirit replied: "I am Patrick; you know I used to swear and say bad words; but you did me such great kindness, I never said a bad word or swore since. Of the communications you have received, one is for you and the other is for Dr. Shew, and the third is Patrick's picture. I thought I would save ye the trouble to frame it. I have framed it myself." (There was the appearance of a frame on it.) "Tell Dr. Shew his is for his patient. You must not let any person read your communication, Doctor, until after you read it, and don't tell my boy (the medium) what is in it." Before giving you the contents of his communication I would here remark that he has frequently said in the circle, that he had money buried and other articles—even had named the amount to a cent; also, his handkerchief with his name on, his father's spectacles that he brought from home as a keepsake, comb and a fancy glass that Mr. Jones got out of a church in Ireland, a few leaves of the Bible that Mr. Jones used to read to him, and his pocket Bible. He wanted us to go and get the money, and give it to Mrs. Hopkins. I must acknowledge and confess that my faith was now a little shaken I never did believe in this hunting money. I doubt very much the truth of the communication, but Patrick said he wanted to give us a test, and said the communication was from Mr. Jones. Here it is: "The best way to conduct this little test is as directed, if it is correct. Doctor, you and little Anna Hopkins go along with my fish boy; either ride or walk. The walk will be too much for Anna. The only way I can direct you to the place is Anna to take hold of his left hand thumb, and you, Doctor, his right, she being the negative, and you the positive, then I can impress him to the spot. You need not hold his hand, only when he is loosening. I have tried my utmost to have it described to you, but seems cannot. The sooner you go the more likely you will find it. I was with him and put it away. He was drunk; I was afraid some one would steal it. Two days after he was run over by the cars. I left the earth-sphere soon after; I came over the sea with Patrick; it will take all of Patrick's and my influence to enable you to succeed in obtaining the hidden treasure. I know the directions, and I think I can remember the spot. If we can get our good boy (the medium), then it will not take more than two or three hours to go and return. The notes are most likely destroyed, but still I think he had some specie. If you will be so kind as to give it to Molly Hopkins, for her kindness towards me, spirit friends, will be a satisfaction to us all, and please keep these things a little to yourselves, for the reason people do not understand these things. Please start from our circle room, my boy to be there; rest a little before starting; then don't talk too much to him on the road; steer for the bridge, and after you cross the bridge, if you are wrong, hold his hands and he will tell you. To keep up the influence take with you a little garden hoe; give it to my boy. When you stop he will soon find it, that is, if he can keep up the influence. Don't make a mistake and have hold of his hands, (my medium's hands)."

THOMAS JONES.

As I before said, I hesitated about going after money. The spirits knowing that I doubted their kind instructions, on the Thursday evening following they asked Mr. Hughton whether he would go. He answered "yes." According to directions, on the morning of the 3rd of April, Mr. Hughton, his daughter, Mr. Stephenson and others followed the medium to the place where the spirit said his money was buried, but the river was very high and the place overflowed. It would not do for the medium to put his hands in water. He said he saw the money but we could not get it now, but would take us to the tree where Patrick was sitting, when he pulled his stocking-off, and took his money from him. We had to go back without finding it. On Thursday evening following, April 7th, sitting in circle at Mr. Hughton's, a number being present, Patrick's spirit said "I better open a test" said we should sing a hymn very low. The window was opened, when in the presence of all, without hands, in came the foot part of

Patrick's stocking. Enclosed in it was a five dollar U. S. note, a one dollar, fifty cent, twenty-five cent, a ten cent note and four pennies. The twenty-five and ten cent notes were torn as F. T. rick said—in all there was \$6.89. The paper money was wrapped in several leaves of the Bible from Joshua fifth to the eleventh chapters. The pennies, comb and all were wrapped up in the handkerchief which had Patrick's name worked with red thread, all of which was very wet, saturated with dirty water, and river sand, and from appearance had evidently been lying in the sand and water for a long time. It came in through the open window and fell on Mr. Peter Snyder's hand. He kept it until the close of the circle. I have the paper money and pennies in my possession now. On the Saturday evening following, the 9th inst., sitting in circle at Mrs. Hopkins, we were told to open the window and sing a hymn low. The window was opened. The spirit then said Mr. Jones would give a test, when I through the window came the two other parts of a stocking wet and dirty with river sand, and fell on the table before all; the other fell on the floor; both tied tight at both ends; one piece contained twenty-five pennies and the other twenty six. The spirit spoke out that all present heard, and said, the balance of the money you will get to-morrow. We would have brought all, but the others are lying loose in the ground, and it will be more satisfactory if you bring it yourselves. Said the amount of coin we would get including that received, would be \$4.25. We promised to go with Lim. The next morning, April 10th, the medium was awakened about four o'clock and directed to Mr. Hughton's, and aroused him, and said that Hughton and his daughter must go with him. They started and went over to the bridge, holding the medium's hands according to spirit directions. They went direct to the house of Mr. Stephenson and awoke him. The medium being under influence all the while, was not conscious where he was or what he was doing. They then started up the river, and the little girl had him by the left hand and Mr. Hughton by the right. The other witnesses followed until they reached the form of H. N. Richard J. Haldeman. When within a few hundred yards of Mr. Red bridge near Fairview, he suddenly turned down through the bushes, to the water's edge and commenced digging the sand and gravel away, when to our utter astonishment he commenced picking up the pennies, the spectacles, razor and a one dollar note. After a few moments all left and returned to the circle room, of Mrs. Hopkins, where I was directed to count the money and examine whether all the articles were found. The young man who was under spirit control, the spirit conversing with us and the others all the while, giving us a very accurate history of his life as well as his death on the railroad, all of which, as far as we could ascertain, his being run over with the cars is as strictly true as that we found his effects through his and Mr. Jones spirit directions. On carefully counting the money he said we did not get all. We asked him if he would go along if we went over again, and he answered "yes." After taking dinner, about two o'clock, we all started, crossed the bridge again; called on Mr. Stephenson, who again accompanied us to the place where the other coin was found, and commenced turning the wet sand and gravel over that had been dug out in the morning, and found eight pennies, which I was permitted by our spirit friend to retain in my possession. Patrick was delighted and said I should take them to Philadelphia and show them to Dr. Childs.

Again, an Indian spirit, giving his name *Issa Catawasa*, came with the spaw, talking Indian. It being interpreted by another spirit—said he wanted to give us a test. Dr. Barr should go with the medium and Miss Lucinda. The doctor to walk on his right, Lucinda on his left, holding medium occasionally by the hand to keep up the magnetic influence, and take as many along as wished to go with them. He would lead them on a trail to the place where his tomahawk, beads and other articles were buried. We asked him when his spirit passed from the body? He said he was killed, or shot dead as we call it, in the year 1702, and his things were buried then, and remain undisturbed to the present time; that they lay alongside of a flat rock; said we would have to go over a bridge that had been swept away by the high water. On the next Sunday morning, April 24th, according to instructions, we met at the residence of Mr. Potts, on Broad street, opposite the market house. The old gentleman went with us to Lucinda to get ready to take a walk—said he wanted to give us a test. Several gentlemen accompanied us—amongst them, Mr. Henry Breneman, of Mechanicsburg; John Hopkins, Peter Snyder, John Hughton, engineer, Wm. Potts, Miss Lucinda Potts, medium, Andrew Potts, medium, and myself, eight in all. Seven undoubted witnesses, as the medium was under control and knew nothing that transpired. I said we would take a walk towards Camp Curtin. Neither the lady or Andrew had any knowledge of what we were after, as it had been kept from them. They both appeared to have an interesting conversation, talking Indian all the time. I walked by his right side, the lady by his left. The others kept a reasonable distance in the rear. They led us up the ridge to the commons (an open lot), drove to Pennsylvania avenue, then down to the dove yard and canal, up the canal about two and a-half miles to the third bridge. There he stopped, looked around, then came to a *big or small bridge* that had been carried away by the high water, but that Sunday morning there was a farmer there repairing it, who we noticed before we entered the swamp. We passed over through the bushes and briars. The Indians

(mediums) did not appear to mind it, although hard, wet, muddy traveling for me, but I determined to see it through. After crossing the swamp we came to an old fence and open lot near the hill. The Indians jumped the fence like a deer, while I found it hard to get over. They then went several hundred yards down towards a wood, stopped, looked all around, talking Indian all the while, when he, apparently by her direction, seated himself on a flat rock and commenced pulling up the grass and sod, picking out the gravel. He then took hold of my cane, and I was afraid he would break it, and went and got a sharp fence rail and commenced digging the gravel and ground, which was very hard, and evidently could not have been removed from the time the articles were buried, it being close to the rock. After digging awhile he picked up a small black bead and handed it to me. Then we all commenced picking out a number of large and small beads. Then the Indian dug out the handsome and most perfect stone tomahawk I ever saw. Afterwards we returned to town, so far successful; the Indian and squaw appeared delighted, talking, laughing and jumping until we got out to the road. In the evening, in circle meeting, the Indian's spirit said his pipe, bow and arrows were of wood, and were with his body, returned to dust, but the bear's claws and teeth, we did not get then.

At the next meeting, on Saturday, April 30th, another strange spirit said if we would go along with the medium—not far—he would take us to the place where we would find his pistol, and an iron wedge, which he had used to split logs to build his house that the Indians burned for him, over 150 years ago, when there were but three houses about here. We agreed to go, and the father of the medium, Mr. Potts, was informed of the promise, and cautioned to say nothing to his son. The next morning, May 1st, at 10 o'clock, Andrew, the medium, tested his father whether he would take us to the cemetery. His father said, "Very well," and they started, in company with the other son, William. Instead of going directly out to the cemetery, he went down Third street, and to the river. His father said nothing, but followed down Front to Market, down Market to Mrs. Hopkins; stopped there, and found she had gone, with others, according to the spirit's directions, out to the cemetery. They then started direct for the cemetery, where they found the others waiting. The medium, being under the control of the spirit, left them, and walked fast for the road. He went up the Johnson road until above Healin's, when he jumped over the fence and dug up the sod and gravel, and six inches underground, he dug out the old half eaten, rusty double barreled pistol. He then jumped over the fence again, and ran down, perhaps, sixty feet, and commenced digging in the hard, hollow gutter along the road, and there, behold! he dug up the old rusty iron wedge. All of the above articles are open for inspection. On the evening of the 20th of April, at the circle, a very singular and, to some, astonishing manifestation was given, which, I have no doubt, will be pronounced by some as not worthy of belief, but there are numbers, with myself, can affirm to the truth here, as well as others I intend to publish. Our custom is to conduct our meetings with singing hymns. We were all engaged singing, when, suddenly, something was brought through the window, shattering the pane of glass, the pieces falling on the floor. On picking it up, we found it was about the size of a pocket bible. The spirit of Mr. Jones said he thought it, and broke the window for a test. He said it was Patrick's; that he had put it away when with Patrick living on the earth. As we did not get it with his other things, (it was in the water,) he thought he would bring it. He said he brought it right over the water. It being all wet, part of it stuck on a bush, near the bridge, and if we would go with care, as the river was very high, we might get it. Several of the brethren went down to the river, above the bridge, and actually found the other part, on a tree or bush near the water. Both parts of the book were wet and dirty. Now, here is the strangest of all. The spirit said he broke the glass to convince us of their presence and power to communicate, and, through proper conditions, perform miracles, as we call them. Before leaving, that evening, money was contributed to put in the glass, lying on the case down stairs, and we could have that, only it had a mark of white paint on it. Several of the brethren proposed putting it in for her, in the morning. The glass was lying on her case when she locked up and retired. In the evening, Mr. Hughton came down, to put it in, and when the old lady went for the glass, it was gone. She smiled, and Mrs. Bigler said perhaps the spirits had taken it, as they had both *broadsides* and *taken articles from her* on former occasions. On going up stairs, into the front room, where the window was broken, they found the same identical pane of glass, with the white paint mark on it, put in the window from which the glass had been broken, as smoothly and prettily as a glazier could have done it.

Now, as strange as this may appear to many, it is nevertheless true, and the spirits tell us they put it in for her. If any person desires to see the curiosities, money, &c., with the bear's teeth and claws, that the Indian spirit brought us since, in the presence of, at least, twenty-five or thirty ladies and gentlemen, they can at any time.

I have now at length given a few facts. If it is the desire of your reader, I can from time to time report other interesting facts. We are now living in an age of wonderful progression. It would be well if all would seriously consider, reflect and inquire into these glorious and heavenly truths. To my mind there is nothing more exalting than to know to a certainty that

we shall not only meet our friends again, but that we have the privilege—the unspeakable pleasure—of seeing and conversing with them. Yes, often have I conversed with my dear angel wife and children, with tears of joy, since they passed into the heavenly spirit land, and in the presence of many of my spirit friends. I have given this lengthy account of these manifestations in a plain, simple way, that the unlearned as well as the learned may read and understand. We are not in the dark, as some, who have never given it a thought, would suppose or think. Our circles are in the light, open and free for all honest investigators.

"Now let the world despise and leave us,
They have left our Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive us,
God is not, like them untrue.
O, while thou dost snuggle upon us,
God of our love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends deceive us—
Show Thy face, and all is bright."

I am a friend of Universal Progression. W. BARR.

MISSOURI.

Letter from Mrs. Addie L. Hallon.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The closing engagement, for the present in this far West, finds me here at Clarence. Looking back over the past three months of hard active soul-work and physical fatigue, I still find the memory of hospitable homes, smiling faces and kind words, mirroring pleasant and never to be forgotten pictures on my grateful heart.

Everywhere have I been greeted with a warm welcome, and fine appreciative audiences, till now as I turn my face Eastward, it is half reluctantly, and with a lingering feeling of regret at the good-by that must be said, only that other hands may be grasped, other people that may listen, and to rest a brief moment in the sunlight of love and caresses, longing to be bestowed by my own sweet pet Evangeline.

Since writing you from Fort Scott, where I gave eight lectures to large audiences, I have been to Springfield, Kansas, giving three lectures, stopping off at Olathe to give them one more, thence on to Weston giving four, while stopping here at the home of Dr. L. Grauman, a very good worker in the cause, and well deserving the testimonial he has received from the powers he has so nobly assisted, my hand was made the instrument through which the baby face of their little ange (as they called it) was so accurately ressemblance as to be at once recognized by all who had known him.

From Weston I went to Kansas City, giving lectures two Sundays, to a fine, intelligent interested audience. Here a small society is making an effort to establish a free and liberal basis, and need only perseverance and encouragement to become successful.

[Here follows resolutions and character of discussion, which appeared two weeks ago in a communication from Holden.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Thence I made my way to this, my last stopping place. Here I found that J. H. Powell had preceded me a day, and had advertised to lecture on Saturday eve, on "Electro-Biology, Psychology, etc.," with "experiments," at twenty-five cents admission. Putting out bills to that effect, a very good audience gathered to hear him, and when he had presented the merits of his case for the space of half an hour, the rude hand of the city officials seized him by the arm and arrested him as having violated a city ordinance in taking pay for a lecture, without a license. The professor excused himself from the audience till he could give bail for his appearance for trial on Monday morning, when he returned and finished his discourse. Yesterday was mostly consumed in the trial. The jury found him guilty, and fined him ten dollars and costs, closing his lecture among theatricals, shows, jugglers, sleight-of-hand performances, etc., etc.

I gave a lecture here on Sunday, and one last night, and as describing spirits is generally a part of the programme, I did not know but I should be liable to arrest. Expected to leave here to-day, but as there is so strong a desire amongst us to keep me for a lecture to-night, I have consented. The arrest of Mr. Powell has caused much excitement all through the town.

When next my pen may speak to you, I cannot say, and it matters as little, so that I am able to look for the great needs of the hungry souls that are pressing on the workers, who, with the promptings of the angel hosts, may scatter a few crumbs of the bread of life.

Clarence, Mo., May 10th.

To the German Spiritualists of the United States.

The subscriber is desirous of obtaining the names of all German adherents of modern Spiritualism throughout the land, partly for the purpose of preparing a roll of honor of the strong minded men and women, who, in spite of violent prejudices and a strong aversion of the mass of Germans to their doctrine, have shown sufficient courage to embrace the great truth of the nineteenth century, and partly to transmit to them interesting documents, and to form an organization calculated to spread spiritual ideas, and to be of service in the decisive contest—of all appearances not far off between the hosts of darkness and the sons of light.

The names also, of free-thinkers, who are opposed to dogmatic atheism and shallow rationalism, and who have shown more or less interest in the investigation of spiritual phenomena, will be welcome. The name and place of residence, (state and county not to be omitted), are sufficient, though any statements as to the progress of the cause in the writer's section of the country, will be thankfully received.

Other spiritual papers will oblige the subscriber by copying this card. Address, Dr. P. L. Schreckling, Washington, D. C.

General Walker decides that women are not competent to take the census. The Detroit Tribune says this is a non-sensical declaration, for a woman could ask more questions in five minutes than a man could put in all day.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to J. S. JONES, 189 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

"SILENT WHISPERS."

Who are the Stewards of Society—Ellen Gray and Eva—The Owl-dog God too busy in "numbering" our hairs and noticing the sparrows, to assist her and her child—Wonderful visitation of Providence—Mary Gladstone—"It is almost morning now."

She is crying; the tears glisten in her eyes, moisten her cheeks, and they reflect the untold agony of the heart. She feels lonely, sad and disconsolate. The white-winged messenger, Death, she would welcome to her side, but he comes not. She yearns to die; to leave the scenes and sufferings of earth, believing that a better life awaits her.

cel of bread to appease her hunger, felt keenly her situation, and she could not stop praying. She prayed to God, to Jesus Christ, to her spirit father and mother, to the pure and good of heaven, to glance at her little Eva, and send her manna, quails, a crust of bread,—anything to last over the morrow.

can just breathe, the pulse is very weak; and soon the child is dead. But the mother still hugs it to her bosom, still presses it to her heart, and in her loneliness, she sheds no tears. She lays her child on the pallet of straw, and lying down by its side, she clasps it to her bosom, and falls into a gentle slumber, and dreams that she sees her Eva in the arms of an angel surrounded by a bevy of little children, and as she gazes on the scene in dream-land, she presses still closer to her bosom the lifeless form.

even in her prostitution,—pure when she clasped to her bosom the debauchee, that she might gain the crust of bread that had been refused her by society,—pure when she administered the fatal dose to her child,—pure when she committed suicide. Society is the criminal. Those women who refused her their love and sympathy are the prostitutes. Thus we find that one half of all the criminals in the land are innocent, while society, opulent society, bloated aristocracy, the "upper ten," are the guilty party.

I've been called and I must go. My strength is ebbing away fast, and by this day week I shall be dead. I'm not sorry," she continued slowly, as if talking to herself; "my life has been a bitter struggle, and I want rest. But, oh God!" she cried, starting to her feet and walking up and down the room, wringing her hands, "why should he be the one to call me? He ruined me; he stole me away from happy Stamford, and made a wretched strumpet of me. He left me all alone with my dead child in the big city, and laughed at my prayers and tears. I heard he was dead long ago—shot himself down South—and I felt God had avenged me. But no, no! he has haunted me when dead as when alive. Curse him! curse him! my evil star. And now he takes my life. Curse him! curse him in hell forever!"

THE HEALING ART.

Wonderful Cures by the POSITIVE and NEGATIVE Forces in Nature.—Distance Annihilated.—Mrs. A. H. Robinson as a Healer.

No phase of the manifestation of spirit power, either in ancient or modern times, has attracted more attention, or been more beneficial in its results, than that of the healing of the sick. Among the most remarkable of the so-called miracles performed by the Nazarene, was the causing the blind to see, the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, and those suffering from all types of diseases to be restored to health.

The positive and negative forces in nature seem to be the great restoratives, and are imparted from spirit-life, through healing mediums, in a most astonishing manner. Cures are often instantaneous,—at other times gradual, but sure,—both from the touch of the medium, when convenient, or from the application to the invalid of a positive or negative element, as the case requires, imparted through proper methods, though thousands of miles from the medium whose body and mind are used by the controlling spirit prescribing.

This phase of mediumship may be rare at this time, but will soon be as common as other phases with which Spiritualists are now familiar. We have already entered upon a new and glorious dispensation. One of this class of mediums has been recently developed, and most surprising cures are daily being performed through her mediumship. Her psychometrical powers are so acute as to be able to diagnose diseases most accurately on sight of the patient; and she can, generally, do the same thing by the simple touch of a lock of the sick person's hair, sent by letter.

Mistakes will be cheerfully corrected, and any one discovering any mistake, will confer a favor by advising us of it without delay. Always give post office address, including the state. Scarcely a day passes that we do not receive letters with the omission of the state.

Mrs. Mary Walker. She is decidedly sharp. It would be well for precocious youth to let her alone, for she is as quick at repartee as the lightning is to flash. It is said that during a lecture delivered by her in Kansas, a precocious youth in her audience cried out: "Are you the Mary that had a little lamb?" "No," was the ready reply, "but your mother had a little jackass."

N. W. Bruce, of Lockport, N. J. A healing medium of good powers, called upon while en route for Naperville and other towns in this state. To our knowledge, Dr. Bruce has performed many extraordinary cures through his magnetic powers. We recommend him to the sick, wherever he may go, as one who will be likely to give them relief.

The McFarland-Richardson Case. The New York Independent has spoken forth boldly in regard to this case which has attracted so much attention throughout the country.

PERSONAL. E. S. T. Harrison and E. W. Tullidge, of Salt Lake, Utah—editors of the Mormon Tribune, gave us a call last week. They are opposed to Brigham Young and his policy, and their efforts against him will have a telling effect.

THE SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

During the past week, the "Women's Suffrage Convention of the Northwestern Franchise Association" has been in session in this city in Farwell Hall. Among the distinguished ladies present, were Susan B. Anthony, Phoebe Cozzan, of St. Louis, Mrs. Lily Peckam, Addie L. Ballou, Nettie M. Pease, Lizzie Boynton, and about twenty-five other lights of various magnitudes.

MORMONISM—A REVIVAL. "A Mormon revival is, at present, in progress, about fifteen miles from New Albany, Indiana, in the church of the Christian denomination, which the trustees have given the latter-day saints the privilege of using.

Parities making remittances to this office, should be very careful to state explicitly what is wanted, and when the remittance is for the JOURNAL, whether it be for a renewal or for a new subscription, otherwise the paper may be duplicated to the same party, when it was intended for a renewal.

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Philadelphia Department.

ST..... H. T. CHILD, M. D. Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 324 Race street, Philadelphia.

HEAVEN.

It has been said that there is no myth, tradition or superstition that has not in it some foundation of truth. Like the trunks of old trees, the stumps and gnarly roots, they may be weather-beaten and scarred, and burned by fire so as to be very unsightly, still they have been beautiful trees with green foliage and glowing life beneath whose shade man has found shelter and protection.

The philosopher will have a cold intellectual heaven, without emotion, where all can be squared and measured by science and mathematics. The rude savage sees a heaven in a happy hunting ground, where with his faithful dog and his canoe, he shall realize an advance upon the highest pleasures of his earthly existence.

Indeed, this is the key to heaven, an advance on your present happiness, in whatever condition you may be. The most absurd idea of heaven, is that presented by certain theologians in which we are to experience a total change, to lose all our friends and associations, and be made eternally happy by being made over into some body else.

First, then, heaven is a place of rest,—not of absolute idleness, but of appropriate labor, properly distributed and performed so as to produce happiness by the tuition of its accomplishments. In this manner, labor unfolds the soul and becomes true worship.

Second,—those who fancy heaven to be a place in which service is rendered to God, have forgotten that important declaration of Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Third,—the gorgeous beauty and splendor of the orientalist can only be realized in heaven, when the true love of the beautiful, implanted by the All-Father in the human soul, is unfolded, and reflects its pictures as living panoramas, over and around the soul.

So of poetry, music and philosophy,—they are to be subjective realities, reflected from soul to soul. The Indians happy hunting ground is but a reflex of his mind, more natural than most of the ideas of heaven, and especially does it illustrate the idea of an advance upon the pleasures of earth.

The theological idea of a total change never had any life in it, and we can find no analogy for it. It is a rotten fungus, growing from a corrupt human soil, and, like a cancerous tumor, has no life of its own, and only tends to embitter that upon which it grows.

The idea of a locality for heaven, also springs from human ignorance and corruption, which naturally seeks to get away from itself. It has no foundation in truth,—never had and never can have. Heaven is a state or condition, and not a locality. It flows as naturally out of individual harmony in a human being as light flows from the sun, or love from God.

This world with all its pomp and glory, can neither give it nor take it away. One of the most stupendous follies of theology, is the idea that we may hope to find a hereafter, the foundations of which we have not laid in this life. Every good act, every pure thought and aspiration, lays a stone in the foundation of our heaven.

Statistical Department.

In this department we purpose to publish all reports that shall be forwarded to us by individuals or committees of local societies in reply to questions herewith appended, and our readers are requested to aid in furnishing reports, not only in regard to their own towns, but in regard to adjacent towns or localities, where our paper may not be circulated. This is intended to remain a permanent department, and will be of inestimable value for future reference.

1. How many avowed Spiritualists are there in the town of..... and state of..... and what are their names? 2. How many lectures have you had within the last year? 3. How many mediums, what phase of mediumship do they use, and what are their names? 4. What churches are the most prosperous in numbers and ability of presbytery, and what are their names? 5. What is the present status of the old, theological churches, and the more liberal in the estimation of the cause of minds in your town?

REPORTS. St. Francisville, Clark Co., Mo. Reported by B. S. Wells. Number of Spiritualists—Eleven. Names—John Mitchell and wife, H. M. Guire and wife, A. H. Duns and wife, V. T. Hill, Mrs. M. Anyard, Mrs. Nancy Starbuck, Mrs. M. A. Ostrander, B. S. Wells.

Lectures—Two, by Prof. Williams. Mediums—Two,—A. H. Medus, clairvoyant trance speaker; and V. T. Hill, healing and impressionist. Churches—Two, Presbyterian and Baptist. Methodists use the Baptist Church.

Christiania, Lancaster Co., Pa. Reported by Simmons Michener. Number of Spiritualists—Six. Names—Elizabeth Garrettson, Michael Mercer, John Mercer, Mary Ann Cain, Abby Michener, and Simmons Michener. Mediums—Three,—M. A. Cain, and self and wife, seeing and writing. Churches—Presbyterian and Methodist; about equal in numbers, but latter very weak.

Leesville, Ind. Reported by T. Woodruff. Number of Spiritualists—Two. Names—Elizabeth Woodruff, and T. Woodruff. Sparksville, Jackson Co., Ind. Reported by T. Woodruff. Number of Spiritualists—Two. Names—Nelson and wife.

Salom, Washington Co., Ind. Reported by J. Woodruff. Number of Spiritualists—Six. Names—Ms. Teubold, with and mother, G. B. Guily, son-in-law and wife.

Bedford, Lawrence Co., Ind. Reported by J. Woodruff. Number of Spiritualists—Three. Names—Thomson and wife, and Dr. Newlin. Churches—Four in number,—Methodist, true Philosophy of immortality. The churches have bare ground sliding. Rutland, Dane Co., Wis. Reported by C. Martin. Number of Spiritualists—Seven. Names—E. Shumard and wife, J. and L. Heman, Stephen Little, Mrs. Hoyt and Mrs. O. M. Martin. Lectures—Five in 1869, four by Mrs. Hayes, and one by Miss Ratta. Mediums—Two; Mrs. Hoyt and Mrs. O. M. Martin, impressions, healing and physical. Churches—One United Brethren, very weak, and one Baptist, most numerous.

Saugatuck, Ill. Reported by M. E. Morrison. Number of Spiritualists—Twelve. Names—Mr. J. F. Dickey, Mr. Jay Cook, Mr. W. Cook, Mr. T. O. Oment, Mrs. M. Goodrich, Mrs. J. E. Francis, Mr. L. Harrington, Mr. L. A. Sient, M. T. F. Clement, Mrs. Jane Fuller, Mrs. Susan White, Mrs. M. E. Morrison. Lectures—One by D. Clark, one by Mrs. Horton, one by Dr. Doctor Slade, two by Prof. Whipple, and one by E. V. Wilson. Mediums—Mrs. S. White, writing and seeing. Several others partially developed of different phases. Churches—Four in number,—Methodist, Congregational, Catholic and Episcopal. Methodist and Episcopal most numerous. But their basis trembles and begins to totter, by the light of the truths of Spiritualism present to their darkened understanding. Great will be the fall there of.

Obituary.

Passed over, from Weston, Missouri, of scarlet fever, on the 18th of February, 1870, little Charlie, aged 23 months; also, on Feb. 18th, 1870, infant Louis aged 3 days; only sons of our brother and sister Dr. L. and Mary Grammuck. May the light you have tried to cast over the pathway of others, brother and sister, be reflected upon your own, in sweet communion with your own little angel Charlie. BANNER OF LIGHT please copy. A. L. Ballou.

Passed to the ethereal fields of the beautiful Summer Land, May 29th, Chas. H. Dolph, aged 26 years. Lingered between hope and fear for six months, with consumption, by came home to die with mother, sister and brother. The angels heard his prayer, and at the going down of the sun, in accordance with his desire, his spirit took its flight to its new home, fully conscious of the change, and happy with the thought that he should be free from suffering. Thus another bright star has left the terrestrial and joined the celestial band in their home of love and joy. Dr. W. D. Blair.

Married.

In accordance with the rites of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, in Chicago, May 29th, by Dr. W. D. Blair, JAMES M. GRANT, M. D., of Sacramento, California, to Mrs. MARY L. CURTIS, M. D., of Chicago.

In this city, by H. F. Gardner, Esq., Mr. DANIEL W. BRIDGES to Mrs. ANANDA F. MERRILL, both of Boston.

On May-day, at the Pavilion, by H. F. Gardner, Esq., Solomon W. JEWETT, of California, to MARY L. ALLEN, of Boston.

Mediums in Chicago.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON AS A HEALING MEDIUM. Mrs. Robinson prescribes, while under spirit-control, for all phases of disease.

REMEDIES. The POSITIVE and NEGATIVE Forces in Nature, applied by the simple touch of the person, or by magnetic applications, sent by mail, on receipt of a lock of the sick person's hair, and a statement of the sex and age of the patient, together with the leading symptoms of the disease, and its duration.

TEST AND PHYSICAL MEDIUM. Mrs. S. M. Sawyer. [Late of New York] is now stopping at the Reception Rooms of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, No. 137 & 139 So. Clark Street, Room 23, Upper Floor, near the Post Office; where she will hold seances with all who sincerely desire communion with spirit friends, between the hours of 9 o'clock, a. m., and 12 a. m., and from 2 to 6 p. m. She will also make arrangements for public seances at private houses, and at her rooms, day and evening, during the week.

Mrs. Sawyer is one of the most remarkable mediums of the present age. Her phase of physical manifestations includes the simple rap, loud and distinct, the iron ring feat, the playing on stringed instruments, toned bells, the piano, (closed,) all keeping excellent tune. Also the shaking of hands by spirits with friends, and holding on to the same until the spirit's hand entirely dissolves and disappears; and speaking, singing and laughing by spirits, in audible voices, without the aid of the medium's lips. Tying and untying of the medium, moving of tangible objects, etc.

As a trance, test, and business medium, Mrs. Sawyer is not excelled, if equaled. Spirits also answer sealed letters with great accuracy, through her mediumship. TERMS—Single person, \$2.00; gentleman and lady, \$3.00; public seances, each person 50 cents; answering sealed letters, \$2.00.

PLANCHETTE—THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.

The above named work is one of the very best books ever published. Every Spiritualist throughout the country should read it at once. It abounds in facts demonstrating Spiritualism beyond all doubt. The secular press everywhere speak in the highest terms of it. The work has passed to the third edition in about a month or two. For sale at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1.50 and 16 cents for postage. Andrew B. Jones, 192 South Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

Florence Sewing Machines.

W. M. H. SHARP & CO. General Agents, 100 Washington St., Chicago. This machine is recommended to any who desire a first-class Family Sewing Machine; and is noted for its quiet, regular motion, regularity of tension, ease of management. Different stitches and reversible feed-motion. Features superior to the Florence claimed by no other in the world. Sent to the Trade to Agents furnished an application.

HELEN HARLOW'S VOW BY LOIS WAISBROOKER. All who take an interest in the subject treated of in this well written story, should buy the book at once, read it and lend it to their neighbors if they cannot get them to buy a copy. Although written in the form of a novel it is replete with sound philosophy, and is by far the ablest work on the subject yet before the public. It has been favorably received by the press of the country, and is cordially endorsed by many of the most gifted men and women in the progressive ranks.

THE CAREER OF THE CHRIST-IDEA IN HISTORY. A COMPANION VOLUME TO "THE CAREER OF THE GOD-IDEA." BY HUDSON TUTTLE. CONTENTS. I Introductory; II Career of the Christ-Idea in Hindostan and among other Races; III Prophecies of the Advent of Jesus; IV Conception and Genealogy; V Birth of Jesus; VI John the Baptist—his relation to Jesus; VII The sermon on the Mount; VIII Miracles; IX sending forth the Apostles; X The fatal Journey; XI Burial and Resurrection; XII The Descent into Hell; XIII The Gospels; XIV Resumé of the Life and Character of Jesus; XV Career of the Extension of Christianity; XVI The Ultimate of the Christ-Idea. Price \$1.25. Postage 10 cents.

THE WOMAN WHO DARED. BY EPES SARGENT. AUTHOR OF "Planchette, or the Despair of Science." "Honest Liberty is the greatest foe to dishonesty." 12 mo. Cloth; 270 pages, fine tinted paper, gilt top, extra heavy binding, with bevelled edges. A very interesting and cheap book. Price \$1.50. Postage 20 cents. For sale at the Religio-Philosophical Journal Office. Vol. 2 No. 4.

NERVE FOOD A SPIRITUAL GIFT. TO ALL SUFFERING FROM NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, BRONCHITIS, DEBILITY OF THE STOMACH OR NERVOUS DEBILITY OF ANY KIND, DISEASES OF THE LIVER OR KIDNEYS, AND ALL CONDITIONS OF UTERINE DEBILITY. This combination was never before used as a medicine on earth. Each element composing it is food for the nerve. It gives quickness to the nervous system, rest to the sleeping, tone to the stomach, and general activity to the circulation. Dose:—From an ordinary teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, usually three times a day, half an hour before meals. Price, \$1 per bottle. It may be ordered through any respectable druggist, or by direct remittance to either E. R. STILLE, 351 Washington Street, Boston, or office of "Universe," New York City. The public are cautioned against spurious imitations, see each bottle has the signature of E. R. STILLE, Boston, Mass.

To Advertisers. The best advertising medium in the Missouri Valley, is the KANSAS CITY JOURNAL OF COMMERCE, DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY. Having the largest combined circulation west of the Mississippi River. Established in 1834, the JOURNAL has long enjoyed the reputation of being the leading political newspaper in the valley of the Missouri. The great number of advertisements in its columns from the large cities of the Union, is a sufficient indication of the estimate placed upon it as an advertising medium by the leading advertisers of the country.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED TO SELL Ten Years in Wall Street. Written by an old operator. The fast selling most attractive and fascinating book out. Profusely illustrated. Immense sales. Includes experience of the author and all that is great, powerful, splendid, mysterious, interesting, wicked, amazing, wretched, etc., in the focus of speculation. No competition. \$50 IN GOLD. to the person selling the largest number of books before September first, and Three \$40 Prizes to the next highest; besides the LARGEST COMMISSIONS ever paid in the world. Prospectus free. Send for Circulars. STODDARD & PARKHURST, Chicago.

PRICE-LIST OF BOOKS.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Table listing various books for sale with prices, including titles like 'Artificial Somnambulism', 'The Cause of Exhausted Vitality', and 'Strange Visitors'.

Table listing books for sale with prices, including titles like 'Sensual Physiology', 'Spiritual Hierarchy', and 'The Cause of Exhausted Vitality'.

DR. E. P. MILLER'S WORKS.

The Cause of Exhausted Vitality, or Abuses of the Sexual Function. Cloth \$1.00, Postage, 12cts. Every Young Man and every Young Woman, every Marrier Man and every Married Woman, should read it.

Vital Force, How wasted and How Preserved. Cloth \$1.00, Postage 12cts; Paper Cover, 50cts, Postage, 4cts. How to Bathe, a Family Guide for the Use of Water in Preserving Health and Treating Disease. Paper Cover, Price 40cts. Postage, 4cts.

A WONDERFUL NEW BOOK.

STRANGE VISITORS!

A REMARKABLE volume, containing thirty-six original contributions by the spirits of such well known names as FREDERICK BRONTE, CHARLOTTE BRONTE, BYRON, HAWTHORNE, WILLIS, HUMPHREYS, and others now dwelling in the spirit-world.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Table of contents for 'Strange Visitors' listing authors and subjects such as 'To the New York Public', 'Literature in Spirit-Life', 'Apparitions', etc.

For sale at THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL OFFICE, 187 & 189, South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

PAINTS FOR FARMERS and others. The Grafton Mineral Paint Co. are now manufacturing the Best, Cheapest and most Durable Paint in securing the Best, Cheapest and most Durable Paint in securing the Best, Cheapest and most Durable Paint...

RAIL-ROADS.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Table of railroads and train schedules, including Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, Rock Island Railroad, and others.

CHICAGO, DANVILLE AND VINCENNES RAILROAD.

Table of train schedules for Chicago, Danville and Vincennes Railroad.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Table of train schedules for Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS RAILROAD.

Table of train schedules for Chicago and St. Louis Railroad.

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Our friends are seeking as the names of spiritualists who are not subscribers for the JOURNAL, requesting us to send the paper to them for three months on trial, with the assurance that such persons will be required to pay for the paper for a three months trial.

NEW BOOKS.

ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM.

ORTON'S PREPARATION.

THE APPETITE FOR TOBACCO DESTROYED. LEAVE OFF CHEWING AND SMOKING THE POISONOUS WEEB TOBACCO.

One of the greatest discoveries of the age! No humbug! A Cure warranted if used according to directions, or the money refunded. Read the Evidence.

CERTIFICATES.

The following are a few selected from the multitude of certificates in our possession. [Our certificates of cure are not like many certificates of the day, manufactured to suit, bearing false and fictitious names for the purpose of deceiving the people, but from living witnesses, men of good standing, who can be found at their places as named by the certificates, men who will bear witness to the truth and nothing but the truth.]

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