

# THE SUNFLOWER

AN EXPONENT OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY; ITS SCIENCE, AND ALLIED SUBJECTS.

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## SUBCONSCIOUS SELF AND TELEPATHY.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

We all know that manhood is a mystery, and none the less so when scientists begin to add a subliminal and a subconscious self to the everyday mortal of yesterday, to day and tomorrow. Of course all life, in every form, from unit to man, is a mystery, but we know more about that mystery than was known by our grandfathers. We know, for instance, that every unit is a blending of intelligence, energy and substance, and we cannot conceive of any form that does not combine the eternal three in one.

We have advanced into the knowledge of the perpetual manifestation of energy by motion, affecting both intelligence and substance, which motion we now a days speak of as vibration. We know at least so much of man as to perceive he is intelligence manifesting through brain substance by this vibration. This brain manifestation we call mind, which is rigidly limited or affected by the rate of vibration. For instance, a certain rate of movement penetrates from his eardrum to his brain and is interpreted as sound. His brain receptivity then ceases, and there is for him a huge gap of silence. But at last the vibrations once again compel his brain to a movement which he calls sight. Once again the limit is reached just as was the case with sound, and the poor mortal finds himself once more in what is for him the eternal silence. We are speaking of course, of the mind with a brain in perpetual motion, which combination we call mortal man. So far all is plain sailing, not a rock in the way, we do not need even a chart.

We next note that if energy be eternal and infinite it is man's brain that is limited, for the vibrations are as busy as ever—outside his limit. Many an animal senses vibrations that cannot catch, and even the insect world has eyes that behold wonders to which man is blind. So much is again an everyday truth. Our object is to try and learn the lesson of these truths that so limit and otherwise affect mortal man.

We first recognise that the limit is in the brain and not in the intelligence. But there are certain mortals who sense these vibrations beyond the average limit. They are often marked as more intellectual than their fellows. But whether that be so they are to just that extent abnormal. But without much imagination we can easily conceive the effect of such an outreach of vibratory sensation beyond the normal.

Here is a man whose natural sight, beginning with red and ending with violet—with just a perception of ultra red and ultra violet—finds himself as it were, moved forward a few octaves. Much that he used to see would be left behind but who can conceive the glories in form and color that would open before him, glories to which we are blind. Let us remember that when he is so advanced he carries his intelligence with him, outside into that region whose vibration knows no limit. The trouble with that man is that though he now sees and hears amid new vibrations and experiences his mortal brain has its own rigid limits which it is very dangerous to attempt to pass, and in most cases even impossible. So that man may have a hold upon earth while experiencing this expanded life, but since than expansion is impossible to mortal brain he cannot connect his dual experiences. In other words, he has experiences which he cannot tell to us because our brains cannot receive them.

In process of time that man goes on advancing, and reaches still higher vibrations, necessarily at the

same time letting go at the other end, when suddenly, or gradually we recognise that the brain man cannot get back at all, or at least so imperfectly it is with the greatest difficulty we can force ourselves to remember it is really the man we knew. In other words, he has left the old vibrations behind, so entirely behind we call him dead, for his old body misses the old presiding will and goes to pieces. He has now moved forward into the gap between sound and sight, and out beyond our present limit of vision. His intelligence is now working so entirely beyond our limit that so far as he impresses himself at all on those he has left behind it is by stimulating mortal imagination.

So far that is simply Spiritualism, with perhaps a flavoring of theosophy.

Now let us go back for a while and study the position of this mind, man while in earth life. Nature has no rigid dividing line in any direction, and no rule or law that we can discover prepared for the special welfare of man, either as a race or an individual. Man is man, but he is not run in a mold, and turned out by the million exact to pattern. No two are exactly alike, and once in a while appears one of these humans who outreaches the mortal brain boundary and thus leaves reason behind. But there is fierce attempt by himself or others to make the connection, or at least to find out what has happened to him. The fact that such a sensitive does overstep the boundary has been demonstrated a thousand times by hypnotism, and there has been a sort of fashionable man hunt recently where the fun consists in chasing that part of a man which is just outside the control of mortal brain. The scientists have given the chase a name. It is an effort to catch what they call subconscious man, and there is no doubt they now and then catch up to him.

Here is where the trouble begins. The man outside the line and the man inside are not chums. They cannot or won't do much talking to each other. As we have said the line which separates them is not a rigid boundary, with a fixed fence to climb over. So sometimes a common mortal, like the writer and reader, gets outside for a while. While thus outside he discovers he cannot use the mortal brain in the old manner, but there are some things he can do which are impossible to the brain man. He cannot reason inductively, but give him an asserted fact and he will follow it up into heaven, or down the other way without grumbling. He is as self-conscious as you are, but too near the line to be independent, yet, being across he can't work in the old way. He has really become what we have long called a psychometrical sensitive but it is now fashionable among scientists and the S. P. R. to call him the subconscious self. We remember he is what he is because he is amid different vibrations to those of the brain man who is the eminently respectable and normal citizen. We herein discover an interesting fact. We remember the brain man is as rigidly limited by vibration on his side of the line as is the subconscious self on the other. So we perceive that nearly every organ in the body vibrates outside the limit of brain man, and so near to the fence, that the outside self has more control over it than the inside self we call mortal. And the inside or brain man has a very imperfect hold on that portion of his brain which records memory. He often forgets, or even fails to remember at all. But the outside man is so near those vibrations that he could not forget if he wanted to. With him memory is perfect.

We now notice that—in spite of the proclaimed discovery of the S. P. R. and kindred scientists—there are not two men, but just one, living astride a fence. One side of him in the sunshine, the other in the shade. And all that we have so far learned of him is that at some

unknown point of vibration he loses control, or at least use of his mortal brain, and has to get along without it. We know the scientists and our friends of the S. P. R. are moving heaven and earth to get both sides of him into such impossible harmony that the brain will tell the whole story for both.

We have so far dealt only with an acknowledged fact. We believe absolutely in an outside self, but we object to the term "subconscious," for we find it is actually and precisely the same self as the everyday one, only working for the time amid different vibrations. But in consequence of that very difference it has some powers that might be very useful to the mortal. The trouble is that the vibrations outside are not adapted to the brain of the self inside. All the same our excursions outside the limit bring back a lot of very interesting facts which are, and must remain for the most part without rhyme or reason.

We have seen that man under certain conditions is privileged to reach out beyond his mortal sense limit into regions where telepathy and wireless telegraphy are of little value because there is no brain at this end able to play the receiver to more than a few flashes of such intelligence. And the further the outreach the greater the difficulty. For this reason the real service possible from the outside self will always be one sided. Sometimes when it is for the moment at the very dividing line, perhaps at the exciting incident of accident or death, a message is received which is truthfully and even clearly transmitted to the brain.

So far we have not been discussing "telepathy," by which learned word its authors mean the outreach of the brain man to another brain man, and the reception and exchange of brain thought. Personally, I am not quite prepared to deny "telepathy," but I do know it is very rare, if it occurs. I have made at least fifty attempts to demonstrate it through different sensitives by thinking clearly and distinctly of the name of a friend, without one success. I know there are cases said to be satisfactorily demonstrated but I claim that every such case is much more satisfactorily explained by assuming the message to have been carried by a spirit messenger. Let me illustrate this.

The recent experiment by Prof. Hyslop is the case in point. It was designed to send a telepathic message from America to England. The arrangements were carefully made, and the English sensitive was waiting the message at the time appointed, and with a committee to oversee. The message was received—the very message as telepathically dispatched from America. So far it might be called a triumphant success, but alas! and alas! The message was dispatched in good honest English, and arrived in classical Latin. Neither sensitive is a Latin scholar, so there was really nothing telepathic in that experiment. Some outside intelligence, one with a classical frame of mind, just transposed the message into good Latin. We can imagine how the peace of heaven (or...) was disturbed by uproarious laughter over the joke, which was evidently intended, and actually did give the doctrine of "telepathy" a very black eye. In fact, I repeat, every asserted proof of telepathy might be more rationally explained by assuming that an outside intelligence bore the message. The very word was coined to smooth the feathers of those who have declared they would accept any explanation rather than acknowledge immortality and spirit return.

We must remember that such an intelligence must be right at the dividing line, with one foot across, or he could not reach the mind of the brain man. He therefore belongs to what the S. P. R. would teach us to call "subconscious intelligence."

Continued on Page 8.

## DOCTOR HODGSON PSYCHIC PHENOMENA AND TELEPATHY.

### Can He Prove His Post-Mortem Existence.

The fundamental and radical difference between "Spiritism" and "Spiritualism" is not generally understood by the public. The two are often identified as one and the same. Nor is the difference understood between an occultist or occult science and a medium and the science of mediumship. Spiritism has to do with the manifestations or phenomena of exanimate spirits through the function called mediumship. Broadly speaking, it is necromancy. Spiritualists claim that without Spiritism they would have no revelation, no knowledge of immortality, no demonstration of a supernatural life or a life beyond the grave. Indeed, they establish a religion, philosophy and science upon Spiritism or phenomena, alleged to be produced by spirits, the deceased of earth. But Spiritualism, broadly speaking, is fundamentally any religion or philosophy which, from an a priori or a posteriori standpoint of evidence, affirms a spiritual basis of life and the spiritual (divine) not Spiritistic, hypothesis as the only working or workable one, occult science, corroborating the latter view, exploits phenomena as independent powers or functions of the soul, potential and undeveloped in each one, but susceptible to expression, independent of spirits; so that what spirits exanimate are alleged to do through mediums and by mediumship, an occultist by understanding his science can perform without their aid. A medium must be obsessed to produce psychical phenomena, but an occultist is merely possessed, that is, he is an adept in no sense controlled by a force outside himself, nor is he entranced, nor is he unconscious. This is the radical difference between an occultist, and a medium. Not a single Spiritistic phenomena can be produced through a medium, (granted of course that phenomena are produced) unless he is obsessed partially or fully; that is, unless he yielded as a subject his will, mind and body to the hypnotist or operating, controlling spirit intelligence. An occultist does the same thing independently, whether immortality is a factor or not, whether Spiritism is a fact at all. This is what I have been trying for fifteen years to hammer into the heads of Spiritualists and Spiritists, and not a few are awakening to the importance of the distinction.

Now as to doctor Hodgson and his particular test; any student with but a smattering of occult science knows that any specified code of signs or procedure by which Dr. Hodgson's spirit is to be identified, can be gotten at by an occultist who knows his business, in a perfectly natural way, as by telepathy for instance, or by psychometry (feeling it through super-normal sensitiveness) or by clairvoyance. This could have been done by the late Bishop or anyone skilled in legitimate mind reading.

All this sounds like romance to the Spiritualist who is credulous and who has been ignorantly made to believe that mediumship is the only gateway into the mysteries of necromantic and occult phenomena, is the only function by which man can know or do anything occult or supernatural. It is a common fact of ordinary human experience to get another's thought, either by choice or unconsciously. That law which makes thoughts so easily transferable from mind to mind is the same law which governs more complex telepathic phenomena. The fact that Dr. Funk knows the cipher code and the verbatim message which Dr. Hodgson is to use is a

natural, psychological basis for mind reading. Now it would not be a very clever trick of a superstitious person, certainly not an extraordinary feat of a mind reader, nor a unique stunt of an ordinary Indian medicine-man, or Tremont St., clairvoyant, to get that test message, spirits or no spirits, which of course does not prove Spiritism! It is not because I am a disbeliever in mediumistic phenomena nor an agnostic concerning Spiritism that I smile whenever I read of alleged messages purporting to come from Dr. Hodgson, now a citizen of the spirit world, but because while such messages may be sent and may be gotten, who can prove that they are his and genuine? He is an alibi and his proxy can never be him. It reminds me of a case before the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the lawyer for the defense, "the argument of the prosecution is one of futility." "What is that," asked the foreman. "Take a sheet of paper and add up these figures," and he gave him a string of numbers which filled half the paper. "What is the sum?" "One thousand." "Good!" Now add them up backwards and subtract the amount from the previous sum and what have you?" "Why—nothing!" "That's what I mean, gentlemen, by an argument of futility. You cover a whole sheet of paper with figures which amount to nothing. All these words, this lengthy harangue amounts to nothing." So it is with most of these spirit messages. They purport to be personal yet they tell nothing in particular. You cannot make them strike the bull's-eye of a particular fact. They run off on a bias or tangent, and go crooked when you expect a straight line. Spiritism cannot be made an exact science. I am perfectly satisfied that spirits can communicate, that we really are immortal, that Spiritualism is the basis of universal religion, but while I admit this, I also must add that it is better to develop one's own powers, so as to realize one's own supernatural self, to see clairvoyantly, hear clairaudiently, enter the spirit world as Swedenborg did consciously, and with the full possession of his faculties, than to become a tool of spirits, to be obsessed by outside intelligences by abrogating your freedom and abdicating your sovereignty. It's easy to be a tool but it's godlike to be a Buddha or a Christ.

I challenge any medium, whatever his phase of mediumship, to prove that any test he may purport to get from Dr. Hodgson is from him. To get the test is one thing; to prove that it is from Dr. Hodgson in the spirit world is quite another.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE,  
Specialist in Occult Science, and  
lecturer for the First Society of Universal Religion.

### A Society to Prevent Premature Burial or Cremation.

We are glad to know that such a society has been formed, whose president is Prof. Alexander Wilder, M. D., of Newark, N. J.; vice-president, Dr. John Dixwell of Boston; secretary and treasurer, George W. Allen, East Bridgewater, Mass., and that the society had already over four hundred members, including many prominent physicians and others.

The report of the meeting, held December 30th, states that many cases of premature burial are known, and the only sure proof of death is the setting in of decomposition. Its object is to secure and record facts and secure a statute law, and otherwise such safeguards as will prevent premature burial or cremation.

As our readers know, we have long agitated this subject. Our own father came very near being buried alive, his physician having pronounced him dead, and we wish great success to this new society.—Geo. T. ANGELL.

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W. H. BACH, - - - - - Managing Editor.

## VEGETARIANISM.

We have had our turn at Vegetarianism. It has been presented in very good style, and while the opponents of the ism have not had much to say, they have presented its advocates with some good questions that we would like to have answered.

Are vegetables free from disease? or do they have diseases and decay, and such things as would tend to induce disease in humanity? Is the fungus growth that commences on them perfectly healthy? Do they not begin to wither and decay as soon as they are taken out of the ground? Do we not cut all around a rotten spot in a potato, carrot, cabbage, or any other vegetable, and use it?

Again, what are we to use to take the place of some of the things we get from animals? Will we wear wooden shoes? What will we use in place of gloves made of leather? What can we find to take the place of leather for belts and other things used in mechanics and the arts? Cotton will not do it, as we have some of that class of belting in THE SUNFLOWER office, and a four inch leather belt does not slip as much as a six inch cotton belt, yet that is covered with a coating that is supposed to add to its adhesive qualities. Cotton and rubber have also proved unsuitable as they are so dirty; the coating of rubber pulling off in a fine dust that settles over everything.

What are you going to do with the superfluity of animals? In all animal life the birth of the sexes is about equal. The female alone produces that which our Vegetarian friends wish us to eat. Butter, milk, eggs, are all the product of the female and for purposes of propagation but one male in fifty is required by the breeder. What are you going to do with the other forty-nine? The problem will become greater as time progresses and more Vegetarians are developed, as they will require more of these commodities. At present the supply of butter, eggs, milk and cream is one of the greatest conundrums of a city, while if flesh-eating was discontinued entirely it would be far greater. Even right here at Lily Dale it has been almost impossible to get good butter part of the time this winter, with a farming country all around us, and butter seems to be absolutely essential to most vegetarian dishes.

You will have to breed animals to furnish eggs and dairy products, and you must provide for a supply and dispose of the undesired portion.

What are you going to do with the wild animals that will prey on the vegetables? Nothing keeps them down except the hunger of man. In Dakota the gopher is a terrible pest. They multiply like rats and mice, yet are not considered good to eat, and are overrunning the country. If they were good to eat, there would not be a baker's dozen of them left in five years.

A few people eat woodchucks, but the majority do not, and in this section there is scarcely a field that is not marked with their holes. Skunks are a terrible pest, but their

hides are good and they are watched and kept within bounds. The fact of the matter is that man's stomach is all that keeps animals down to a point where we can live.

But says one, How about the wild animals that man does not eat, such as wolves, panthers, etc.? Easy enough. They live on other animals. We also live on them and we object to a wolf taking a meal off from a sheep we are fattening for ourselves. We clear the land, dispossess them of their lairs fix it so they can not get a living and they die off rapidly without our aid in other ways. But one of the objects of Vegetarianism is to do away with killing animals.

All things right themselves in time. This will, and the agitation of the question is good. One of the composers in the THE SUNFLOWER Office says she does not relish beefsteak as well as she did before she set up this vegetarian matter. That is a step towards conversion, and one of the cats at our house that was ravenous for meat only a short time ago now approaches it carelessly and a few days ago actually turned away from a nice piece of liver and ate some vegetable hash without a particle of meat in it. Is it the vibrations of the non-meat-eating element that affected him? We believe this discussion has and will result in good. We will have more of it.

## SERIES OF LETTERS FROM SPIRITLAND.

Written automatically thru the hand of his wife by Judge Ransom M. Payne.

The belief that man was created perfect and fell will not stand the test of reason. I believe from all that nature reveals to humanity that man is a monad, or in other words, a distinct entity, and the highest type of the God-head, that deific oneness from which all forms arise, that potent force in nature which begets life, call it by whatever name you may, and that thru generation, man has evolved the effect of that great cause, and that cause must be natural law. That law is universal, and everything animate or inanimate is governed and circumscribed by that law.

A personal deity, if there is one, is circumscribed by law. Two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time. He could not place another earth in the same space this one occupies without first removing this one. We know this to be a fact that two things can not occupy the same space at the same time, from actual demonstration.

We can comprehend or understand the law only thru experience, which teaches us that physical pain is a penalty purchased by some violation of nature's law, intentional or otherwise, but the penalty is sure. Ignorance affords no apology, transmission of disease no excuse, the law is inevitable for "when the parents eat sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge."

I understood the laws of life fairly well, and but for hereditary causes, might still have been in the flesh, a dweller among mortals. I am satisfied with my condition and station in spirit life. I stood on the border line of the two worlds for weeks and noted the changes of letting down the physical, slowly merging into the spiritual. There was no dark valley to pass, thru—the shadows fell on the pathway of the dear ones left behind. I did not have to pass thru the murky phases of the first sphere, as you do not have to pass thru the slums of a great city—they have no attractions for you—when traveling therein. The inroads and by-ways are innumerable. "As a man soweth, so shall he reap" and thither will he come to know his destiny."

R. M. PAYNE.

It is an absolutely incontestable fact, demonstrated by history and science, that in all ages, among all peoples and under religious forms the most diverse, the idea of immortality remains fixed imperishably in the human conscience. Education has given it a thousand different forms, but it has not invented it. The ineradicable idea is self-existent. Every human being, on coming into the world, brings with him under a form more or less vague this inward sentiment, this desire, this hope.—Camille Flammarion.

Live and help live. Seek the truth and shine it out.—J. D. Mc Fedan.

## CAMERA GETS SPIRITS.

William H. Andrews Sits for Photograph and Prints are Delivered Containing Portraits of Father, Brother, and Wife, who had Passed away—Sends Affidavits to Washington, D. C., Post, Attesting the Truth.

Spirits gather before the camera of a Washington photographer and smile that their living relatives might see how they look in the mystery world. William H. Andrews and Joseph L. Williams, his cousin, have made affidavits to this effect.

Taking a solemn oath before a notary public, Andrews avowed his confidence in the camera of W. M. Keeler, of 1343 Euclid street.

"I never saw the photographer until a few months ago, and he never asked me to make this affidavit, but he has certainly taken the picture of my dead father and brother and other relatives. My brother had never had a picture taken, and I know he could not have copied the pictures. My father had none taken since 1881. The one of my father was just as he looked in 1901, when I saw him in Kansas just before he died. The pictures of other relatives were different from any they had taken during their lives, and for this reason I am convinced that they gathered and posed at the command of the photographer, and am sure they knew just what they were doing, and that they were eager that the pictures should be good."

Andrews lives at 40 Q street, northeast, Williams, his cousin, lives at Attica, Ohio. After seeing the group picture of his dead relatives, he sent it to Williams, and other relatives, and depositions were given by them to the effect that the resemblance were indisputable. The affidavits of the two men follow:

### MR. ANDREWS' STATEMENT.

"District of Columbia. On this 16th day of February, A. D. 1906, personally appeared before me, a notary public in and for the District aforesaid, William H. Andrews, aged fifty-three years, whose post-office address is 40 Q street northeast, Washington D. C., who, being by me first duly sworn, deposes and says as follows.

"November 12, 1905, I went to W. M. Keeler, 1343 Euclid street, Washington, D. C., and had a sitting for alleged spirit pictures, having a little faith in the truth of the phenomena. In a few days two pictures of myself, with groups of faces thereon, arrived by mail, on one of which I instantly recognized an accurate picture of my father, Charles Andrews, as he appeared at eighty-five years of age, when I last saw him, the spring of 1901, at Con-

cordia, Kans. He died at Leavenworth, Kans., November 4th, 1901, and had no pictures taken prior to about 1881.

"I was quite confident I recognized the faces of two uncles, William and Hermon Andrews, whom I had seen many years before, and I guessed one to be that of my brother Marvin, because of his resemblance to mother.

"He was accidentally killed when I was four and a-half years old, and my parents informed me that he never had his picture taken.

"I had several pictures taken from the one above described and sent them to persons whom I thought might identify them. Of the seven persons who recognized father's picture I submit statements from two, Joseph L. Williams and H. H. Andrews. I showed father's picture that was taken about 1891, to twenty persons, and eighteen of whom, unaided, selected at once his spirit picture.

"In one of the pictures I recognized my first wife, unlike any picture she ever had taken.

"I had never seen said photographer prior to November 12, 1905."

"WILLIAM H. ANDREWS.  
"Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of February, 1906, and I certify that the affiant is well known to me as a respectable and creditable person.

"(SEAL.)" EDWIN D. TRACY.  
"Notary Public."

### "H. H. ANDREWS' LETTER.

"W. H. Andrews, Washington.  
"Dear Cousin: This photo of yours, with the spirit faces (I don't know any other name to call them,) grouped about, and some of which I certainly recognize, is a poser. Among the faces I recognize are Uncle Charles Andrews, your brother, Marvin—just as I last saw him; Uncle Josiah Andrews, Uncle William Andrews, and I think, Uncle Hermon Andrews.

H. H. ANDREWS.  
"Wichita, Kans."

### AFFIDAVIT OF J. L. WILLIAMS.

"State of Ohio, Huron County, ss.:  
"On this 13th day of February, A. D. 1906, personally appeared before me, a notary public, within and for said county and state, Joseph L. Williams, aged sixty-three years, a resident of Reed Township, Seneca county, Ohio, and his post-office address is Attica, Ohio, whom I certify to be respectable and entitled to credit, and who, being by me first duly sworn, deposes and says as follows:

"I received a picture, recently, from Washington, D. C., believed to be from my cousin, W. H. Andrews,

wherein I recognized the face of Charles Andrews and his son Marvin Andrews, unlike any picture I ever saw, and I never before saw a picture of Marvin Andrews."

"And further deponent sayeth not.

JOSEPH L. WILLIAMS.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of February.

"(SEAL.) C. A. WILT,  
Notary Public."

The noblest workers of this world bequeath us nothing so great as the image of themselves. Their task, be it ever so glorious, is historical and transient; but the majesty of their spirit is essential and eternal.—George Brown.

Difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage.—Channing.

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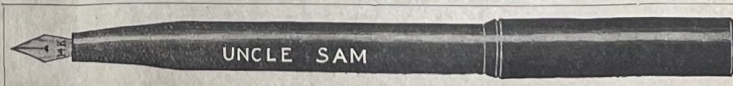
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## PALMISTRY.

## How to take Impressions of the Hand.

HARRIET H. DANFORTH.

As there are several methods in taking hand prints, I will give a very simple one as the material is usually within the reach of all.

Take camphor-gum, size of a small walnut, break into a few pieces on tin plate, take bond, or any kind of writing paper. I like best such as typewriters' use. After lighting the camphor-gum, hold the paper near enough to the flame so that the smoke will leave a fine, black deposit without burning the paper. When the paper is evenly smoked, lay it smoked side up on the table, then place the right hand, with the fingers spread, gently and firmly down on the blackened paper, first putting a small kerchief under the paper where the hollow of the hand rests.

Without moving the hand take a pencil or sharp pointer and trace the outline of the hand and fingers, then gently raise the hand from the paper. Hold the paper by the edge, with the left hand, turn from a bottle of turpentine or alcohol evenly on the back of the paper, letting it drop into a shallow baking pan—thus using the same several times.

A little practice will soon enable you to take a perfect and indelible print that cannot be erased.

## ANOTHER WAY

Is to place a small bit of printers' ink on a glass (should ink be too thick, it can be thinned with a drop of turpentine) and with a roller such as printers use, roll it on the glass until the roller is well covered with ink; then evenly cover the palm of the hand with ink by passing the roller over the palm of the hand several times. Place palm of hand with fingers spread, firmly down on the paper, first putting a small kerchief under the paper where the hollow of the hand rests—outline hand and fingers as previously directed with sharp pointer. Gently raise the hand and your print should be perfect.

## Mrs. Klein In Ohio—Gives Some Potent Thots.

In perusing your excellent issue of February 24th, I noticed your request for short articles on timely topics. J. P. Cooke's explanation on the Enfolded Life, greatly interested me. It is certainly one of the timely topics inasmuch as deep and correct breathing is now variously taught. I view this as going back to the first principles of life, to learn more correctly the great value, and whatever light can be thrown upon the subject is certainly of great interest to the people.

Your limit of space forbids that I quote from Mr. Cooke's article as I should like to do, but I will note this: "If true, as mystics claim, that God may be known, why may he not also be described? I for one will not parry this fair question, but will answer it," etc. The explanation afforded by Mr. Cooke corresponds in the main, with what has been taught me by the angels. The wording is different, as he views these things from a different standpoint from what I do. Then too, his is mortal conception, purely. I see it clairvoyantly and it has been orally explained to me by the angels.

At one time two very bright angels took me in spirit up, up, up in the higher realms until we came to a place where heaven's brightness and grandeur are beyond power to describe. We stopped a moment before a magnificent structure, that I might be strengthened for what I was to see. Then we entered thru an arch of such wonderful construction it dazzled and undone me, it seemed, but I was strengthened again. This great place surely had transparent machinery all around its sides, but my whole attention was drawn to a form upon an elevation at the seeming center of the great space. It was the perfect form of a man, but transparent. All around, from every side, poured streams of light, of life, of force, of pure spirit and power. It came from what the angels called the Fountain of All Life, Love, Wisdom, Power, and which Fountain no being can approach. It is the spirit, the essence, the life, the intelligence, the all-good or God, which no man hath seen or can see, except in this manifestation from that source. All the light and force passed thru the form above described which the angels called the Supreme Model

after which man and nature are fashioned.

Out in space, all was opened up to my view. I beheld the vibratory or fibrous warp in space and that of form life as contained therein and supported virtually thru it. Then as I turned and saw that as this life and light was conveyed at this form, it constituted the form, for which it flowed out into all worlds to vivify all life, the form dissolved and again reformed by incoming life and power. It was a wonderful process of respiratory and vibratory interactivity.

I saw much more, but space forbids, only to add that the angels then told me that I was permitted to see all this so I could attest its truth when the time came, which seems to have come, and I therefore affirm that God is Spirit, the Spirit and Over-Soul of the Universe. He is. His life and breath issue forth as said. Only as the spirit is breathed into souls is life started and form-building begun. The processes of unfolding the enfolded powers and possibilities, when once begun, continue and change in accordance with nature's laws and evolutionary processes.

We see that breath is the motive power of life, but we also see that high angels under God, govern all creative processes in accordance with the issued decrees and wisdom and nature's immutable laws.

MRS. M. KLEIN.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

Vegetarianism has had its paper—a good issue spoiled—for what logical aim?

I eat vegetables, but am not a Vegetarian. I eat meat, but am not a belly-god. A vegetarian in the accepted term is an epicure—one who enjoys the material of things above all else—one who lives to eat.

I eat comparatively little, but I eat what my taste calls for; and perhaps do so until my body changes its teeth and digestive apparatus. So far there are no signs of man having changed his animal nature to any marked extent from what it was thousands of years ago, and probably never will as long as he needs a material body to come into planetary life.

Eating, per se, will not evolve a change, however, scientifically man conducts his kitchen arrangements. Logic never spoils a good appetite. Aestheticism sometimes becomes necessary, but is never adopted by those in good health or those who have to work hard for a living. The stomach always remains a dunning creditor.

A hard worker must eat well; and such does not make a philosophy of his diet. An impecunious laborer must eat what he can get at his price. A strictly Vegetarian menu is too costly for the 90 per cent of humanity, and is therefore not a proposition for the greatest good. Its study makes of man a materialist in the end, for the greatest good. Its study makes of man a materialist in the end, for it needs all his wit to take care of his bowels.

But, I do not oppose it. Let those who can, and those who prefer it, adopt the plan. I would, if I could afford it and found that it agreed with me as well as the old method—which I unfortunately inherited from Adam. But as there are two sides to every question and a minority report being justifiable (in this instance) I felt myself justified in "hitting back," though I be converted into mince-meat by the Vegetarian knights.

ARTHUR F. MILTON.

As regards vivisection, whatever dispute may arise as to the physical utility of this horrible practice, there may be none as to the moral injury inflicted on the conscience of mankind by those who indulge in it. Even admitting (which I do not for one minute admit) that benefits have been derived from it, they cost too much. Individual pain is transitory and personal, but individual moral deterioration is an infection, and cumulative in its effect upon the race. The responsibility for the folly and wickedness which are the cause of most human disease is our own, and it is a shameful moral wrong to visit it upon the innocent.

There are many dangers which might be escaped by sacrificing others to what we consider our necessities. But this is the spirit of true progress—the mental attitude to be fostered—The Vegetarian Messenger.

## Notes from San Jose, Calif.

The first Spiritualist Union and the Liberals, held a memorial service in memory of the birth of Thomas Paine, there being an instructive literary and musical program rendered thruout the day, making it a day long to be remembered.

February 11th we had the pleasure of having with us, Rev. Moses and Mattie Hull, our distinguished, veteran workers.

At 10 a. m., the Sunset Lyceum, of which we are still proud, gave recitations and memory gems, taken from Moses and Mattie Hull's writings. The conference followed at 11 a. m., short talks were made by many present, some referring to their meeting with Rev. Hull and wife years ago, and of the good work he and she were doing at that time.

The banquet hall was beautifully decorated, and at 12:30 over one hundred were marched into the dining room and seated at well laden tables. The afternoon program was opened by music, after which Rev. Moses and Mattie Hull sang a song entitled "There are no times like the Old Times." There were many numbers following. Then came the discourse by Rev. Hull, for which the audience was waiting. Mr. Hull speaks fast and so many good things were said that the time passed away all too quickly.

In the evening at 7:30 was the treat of the day. Rev. Mr. Hull, president of the Morris Pratt Institute, addressed the audience, his subject being Materialism and Spiritualism. Mrs. Hull followed and altho the hour was late, all were attentive until the last word was said. The "Hull" day will be a pleasant memory in the minds of many.

At the Unitarian parlors, Monday evening, Rev. Hull delivered a lecture, the subject, "The Birth of the Spirit, Death and its Tomorrow." After which he spoke in the interest of the Morris Pratt Institute, awakening a great interest, and a goodly collection was given for the school.

The two departed from our city, Wednesday, on their way to Portland, Oregon. Our union is looking forward to another treat, February 18th, which will have taken place within this reaches your good paper, and that is the coming of Mrs. R. S. Cowell, of Oakland, who is famous from north to south in California as a message bearer from the departed.

## PERFUMES OF THE EAST.

The Grander Brought Them From the Holy Land to Europe.

During the dark ages and in early medieval times perfumes, with the exception of incense for ecclesiastical use, were almost unknown, and the rude Saxon thanes and Norman barons and their spouses were quite content with the smell of wood fires and huge masses of roast or seethed meat and were not at all solicitous to enjoy the pleasure of sweet odors. It seems to have been the crusaders who brought from the Holy Land into western Europe the perfumes for which the east has from time immemorial been renowned. The original home of perfumes was either China or Egypt. In the last named country the priests of the temple of Helopolis used to offer every day to their deity three kinds of perfumes, one in the morning, one at noon and the third at night, the last being a scent composed of sixteen ingredients, forming an ensemble called kaphi. The universality of perfumes in ancient Greece is known to every one who remembers the delightful descriptions of the perfumed baths of Roman ladies in Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," and from Hellenas the use of perfumery spread to Rome, where, under the empire, almost every object was scented.

Even the standards of the legions were perfumed, and the velarium of the Coliseum when the emperor was present was dusted with aromatic powders. The successive incursions of the barbarians led to the shutting up of the perfumers' shops with which the Eternal City had abounded, and until the time of the Renaissance perfumery in Italy was only vended by a few apothecaries. Its use, however, had not died out in Constantinople, and at the fall of the Greek empire the Byzantine Greeks found that their Turkish conquerors were as passionately fond of perfumery as they themselves were.

Sweet essences for secular use were first made an article of trade in France by one Rene or Rinaldo, a Florentine, who came to Paris in the suit of Catherine de Medicis, to whom the French people likewise owe the introduction of confectionery and if malevolent rumor is to be credited the concoction of at least half a dozen subtle poisons.

An ad in THE SUNFLOWER bring good returns.

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## GOTTLIEB, HIS LIFE; OR LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

BY S. P. PUTNAM.

His wife wanted him to join the church. She begged him sometimes with tears in her eyes to do so. But Gottlieb would not do it; he would not be a hypocrite to please anybody. He would not do anything in outward act that was not true to his inward thought. He could keep ideas to himself, but he would not be false to them. He believed in the divinity of silence, but not of lying. He could act the owl, but not the fox. Nothing could bribe him to profess what he did not believe. He had no faith in a "shoddy" religion, whose virtue was simply in sleek appearance. If he wore "clothes" he meant to wear the honest "homespun," and not imported tawdriness. The church might be of service to others, but to him it was a humbug, and he might consent to deal tenderly with it and help "paint it," yet he would not himself become a part of the "foundation stones." He might be a sleeper in it, but not a prop under it. He was willing to go to church and nod while the minister was prosily discoursing, but he would not go and be baptized. He was willing to "confess his sins" to himself, but not to the "brethren," especially when they did not ask him to repent of real sins, but only of artificial ones. Who ever heard of a "saint" becoming a real delinquent? admitting that he stole or lied or cheated? No; he always invents some nice comfortable "sins," that no one is ashamed of doing, like going to the opera, or playing cards, or kissing his wife on Sunday. He accuses himself of doing such as these, and asks forgiveness, and so gets rid of the trouble of repenting and asking forgiveness for real offences, which he has no notion of giving up, and which he would not confess to the "brethren" for all the world. The "saint" is ready enough to admit that he is a "sinner," but never that he is a rascal, tho he too often is one. The "sinner" is generally superior in all manly qualities to the "saint," and the "saint" is perfectly willing to put himself in the "sinner's" company. In his own heart he feels it an honor to be there, and hence the volubility with which he shouts, "I'm a sinner!" It is a round-about way of complimenting himself. It is simply saying, "Well, I'm a man after all and have a little good natured depravity and unholy common-sense; I'm not such a fool and nonentity as I profess to be. I have some heart and brain, and can't help committing a few amiable and righteous sins." But catch a saint confessing to a states-prison crime! Never! In such cases it is his business to cheat even the Almighty if he can.

Whatever else he might be, Gottlieb would not be a humbug. He would not call black white. He would not be a wax doll even one day in seven. He would not be a saint on Sunday for the sake of being a bigger devil on week days. He was the same on Sundays as on week days, except that he was more sleepy. He was always mighty glad and spry when Monday morning came.

So his wife ceased to ask him to join the church, and consoled herself by praying for him and trying to be so good that her goodness should save him as well as herself. In fact, she became so good that she was a bore to the ministers, who only want a certain amount and kind of goodness, a sort of manufactured article. Too much sincerity troubles them. It is with only a few stereotyped "cases of conscience" that they can deal. Outside of these they have no panacea. They throw light only upon a routine of their own making. For the innumerable daily paths of human life, in and out of the mazes of this manifold universe, they have no guide and do not wish to be troubled by any questions about them. They are perfectly posted up in the Book of Chronicles and the genealogy of Jesus, but what one's duty is at this or that parting of the ways is utterly beyond their insight. They have never thought of it; no text applies to it; it does not come into the redemption scheme. It is an outside affair, and tho a mistake may make one miserable for a lifetime they

have not a word to say. They are at home with dogmas, but are almost strangers in the realm of duty; they have no idea of its boundlessness and intricacy. When, therefore, one gets beyond dogma into life they are "blind leaders."

Gottlieb's wife was so anxious to do right every day that she really vexed these learned ignoramuses; and they would actually have turned her out of church if it had not been for her husband's money. Her husband's money, in their eyes, was a great deal more orthodox than her conscientious scruples. Who ever knew of the "almighty dollar" being excommunicated, tho it is the greatest of all devils? It pays for the minister's gown, and the bread, and wine, and rents the best pews, and puts a golden clasp upon the Bible. It would not do to put Mammon out of church, for how could the saints serve God to any advantage without his aid? How could they "show off" their self-sacrifice? how display their humility? Mammon might be a devil; but a devil of a saint one would be without a bank account. So while Gottlieb and his pious wife were looked upon with contempt by the priests, his money was cherished as a valuable aid to help decorate their "filthy rags" of righteousness. Gottlieb loved his wife the more for her sweet devotion, and was infinitely tender to her somewhat foolish piety. He revered it. Foolish tho it was, it had something in it of the divine wisdom; its form was emptiness, but its heart was truth. The blinded priesthood saw not that viewless jewel.

### II.

So Gottlieb died full of years. He shuffled off this mortal coil with very little effort. His identity was somewhat disturbed at first, but it came back to him by degrees; and, without terror, he knew that he was in the spirit-land. His wife had died before him, and one dear little girl whose name was Gertrude. He was anxious to see them, and pressed on with bright anticipations to the gateways of heaven. On his ears burst wondrous melodies. He began to realize the magnificence of the new sphere he was entering. The infinite loveliness flashed more and more upon his disembodied faculties.

He neared the far-flaming gateways. He was dazzled by the innumerable and awful glory that stretched before him—the diamond walls, the golden roofs and towers, the glitterings of millions of spirits, the white immensity of the throne. He was filled with unutterable rapture. The grandeur of heaven seemed to reflect the sweetness of earth. He passed into the intense pearly radiance. He was stopped by St. Peter. St. Peter wanted his passport. He had none—no certificate of baptism or church-membership. St. Peter couldn't let him in.

"What," said Gottlieb, "can't I see my wife and child?"

"No," said the saint, gruffly. "Can't I have one look at them?"

"No," said Peter. "No one can enter here who has not joined the church."

"But," said Gottlieb, "I tried to do right." He hated to say this. It was the first time he had made any profession. But his desire to see his wife and child overcame his modesty. He was desperate.

"That makes no difference," St. Peter instantly retorted. "You must have faith."

"I did have faith," said Gottlieb. "I believed the truth as I understood it."

"That's not enough," said the rampant door-keeper. "You must believe the catechism and join the church."

"But I couldn't do that," said Gottlieb. "The catechism didn't seem to be reasonable, and I saw so much hypocrisy and nonsense in the church that I couldn't make up my mind to join it. I should have wronged my reason by so doing."

"No matter about that," said St. Peter. "You shouldn't put your reason against God. The church is his appointed way. You must take that or go to hell."

St. Peter uttered this last word with unctious. He rolled it as a sweet morsel under his tongue.

"I thought heaven was free," said Gottlieb.

"It is free," said St. Peter. "All this might have been yours without money and without price if you had only joined the church. What more freedom could you ask?"

"But I couldn't join the church," said Gottlieb. "It was against my nature to do it. It would have made me a slave; I might as well have gone to prison."

"That's your fault," said St. Peter. "You shouldn't have such a nature."

"But didn't God make it?" persisted Gottlieb. "I thought I could please him no better than by obeying his law."

"Blasphemer," said the saint. "God did not make your nature. It's not a divine thing. It's the church that's divine. If your nature revolted against the church it was because the devil prompted it to."

"Well, its no use talking," said Gottlieb. "I can't help it. You have power to open and shut and common sense is out of the question. Can't my wife and child just come to the gate a minute and see me?"

"No," said Peter. "We don't allow such scenes here. It disturbs the harmony of heaven. They are perfectly happy."

"Have they forgotten me?" asked Gottlieb.

"Why, yes. They have so many other things to think about why should they remember a heretic?"

"Would it make them sad, to see me?" inquired the "heretic."

"O, no; for they are perfectly subdued to God's will," replied the heavenly expounder. "Still, it might trouble them a bit to know that you are going to be damned."

"You wouldn't want to give them any pain, would you?" asked Peter.

"O, no," cried the wicked sinner. "I would not disturb them. God bless them and keep them in his sweet light for ever."

To Be Continued.

### Awakening.

Ere the dawn of peace, that shall encompass the world a great work must be done by those whose vibrations are in tune with the invisible hosts of heaven. Men must learn to know that to live aright is the mission of the human family and he who fails to live up to his own standard of right or of righteousness has failed miserably to fulfill his mission in the mortal experience of life. These lessons must be learned ere men cease to wrangle and war with each other.

Fling wide the portals of your soul and learn to know of thine own true worth then will the effort to grow in grace and righteousness seem a task worthy of your time and attention. Lift thyself daily by prayer or bright ideals of spiritual attainment until it becomes natural to walk in the silence of inner meditation. To do this properly does not entail any great sacrifice of time or attainment. Just a little study of self daily and a heart-felt desire to know the truth and live aright. The hand may be busy about the task necessary for the material existence while the mind views the inner consciousness and communes with the divine.

When all shall learn to take this spiritual uplift then will conditions be developed that shall enable all to more clearly discern the path of duty and the road to heaven. Then will communication with the loved ones gone before be universal and doubting cease to be. From the land of light and love, From our homes so far above The earthly realm in which you live, Come we a message now to give. Come to cheer and to uphold All the truths which make us bold To herald wide so all may know, And doubting cease while here below. Fling wide the portals of your soul; Let the glad tidings to you roll; Lift the erring, cheer the blind, Give blessings and help to all mankind.

Thus make conditions all aright, So we may bring you added light. So knowledge of our presence near May bring to you an added cheer; And let us teach to you the way To bring to earth a brighter day.

MRS. F. A. PROSSER.

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## SPIRITUAL HEALING.

Experiences With Dr. A. B. Dobson and Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker and Mrs. Cora Ringlep.

The true worth of a person's character should be estimated by the amount of good they do in the world—the amount of pain and anguish (both physical and mental) they relieve—in fact the amount of blessings they bestow upon mankind. It is an admitted fact by a large majority of the civilized world that mind controls matter—yet it must be also admitted that in a sickly or diseased body matter more or less affects the spirit (mind) in its various manifestations, and whoever relieves pain or makes a cure of an ailing or diseased body should be termed both a mental and physical healer or doctor. With this short preamble I will briefly state my purpose in writing at this time.

Somewhere about 18 years ago my companion, Florence N. Jones, who had been ailing for a number of years with stomach troubles and general debility—after trying several noted and much-advertized "cure-all doctors" sent a lock of hair, full name and a leading symptom of her case to Dr. A. B. Dobson at that time located at Maquoketa, Iowa, and in a few days she received a letter in which her case was diagnosed as correctly as tho the Doctor had known her all of her life. The necessary money was sent—medicine promptly received, and after one month's trial she was greatly improved in health.

We had read in the different papers sent us by friends, of the many cures made by Dr. Dobson's remedies and treatments, and after his transition to spirit life, October, 1895, of the continued successful cures effected by Mrs. Dr. Dobson and her daughter, Mrs. Cora D. Ringlep. After Mrs. Dr. Dobson united her destiny to Dr. H. M. Barker, (also a person of grand healing powers) the good work continued. Dr. Barker passed to spirit life in the spring of 1905, and the mantle of healing of the too translated doctors combined with their former spirit advisors now rests on the mother and daughter, and the good work continues to be successfully carried on in every state in the Union and in many parts of the civilized world, as is attested by the large number of letters received by them daily.

For over a year it has been my good fortune to be quite closely connected with them both socially and in business transactions, therefore have had many opportunities of seeing, hearing and judging for myself. The ladies have always been forward in every liberal movement—are strong advocates of sexual equality—opposed to that curse vaccination—have always given freely of their means to the deserving poor—and so far as I have been able to learn, they have moulded their lives to conform to the Golden Rule.

That some persons are endowed by nature with great vitality and magnetic force which can be imparted to others by contact and thru the agency of medicines they make, is a fact acknowledged by scientists everywhere. The use of the power in the cure of disease has gradually been taking the place of old meth-

ods. Old theories of medicines, especially drugs, have been set aside by the success of modern systems of treatment.

The really marvelous cures made by Dr. Dobson and by those on whom his mantle rests, have removed from the minds of the most skeptical all doubts as to the efficiency of their system of treatment and the accuracy of their diagnosis.

Rheumatism, nervous diseases, female complaints, kidney and liver troubles, catarrh, and most, if not all the ailments that human nature is heir to yields to their treatment. Thousands of former sufferers are today living witnesses of the grand results of their treatments. Perfect health is the greatest blessing enjoyed by mankind, and when disease takes possession of the body it is worth something to have it removed.

Dr. Dobson resided in Maquoketa, Iowa, for sixteen years and in 1891 removed to San Jose, California, and had a very extensive practice, his patients residing in Hawaii and all parts of both hemispheres. He built a fine mansion at 230 North Sixth Street, San Jose, in which his wife and daughter now reside and prepare (under spirit directions) their wonderful magnetized herb remedies.

These ladies are engaged in an honest and a glorious work—and they deserve unlimited success. Thousands of testimonials now in their possession from former grateful patients attest to all that has been written of these ladies and their work.

SAMUEL M. JONES.

San Jose, Cal.

### PREMIUM BOOKS? YES.

We still have a few. They are well bound, most of them have gilt tops, and they are something everyone wants to read. They are yours for 25 cents each, one or all of them, when the order is sent with a year's subscription to THE SUNFLOWER.

**HEROES AND HERO WORKSHIP.** A series of lectures by Carlyle on this interesting topic, given in the inimitable style of the author, and it makes an interesting book; one that is calculated to throw light upon the myths of the present and past. No verbiage is necessary regarding any of Carlyle's works.

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### The Fountain of Love.

'Tis better to sit at the water's birth Than a sea of waves to win; To live in the love that floweth forth Than the love that floweth in.

Be thy heart a fountain of love, my child,

Flowing and free and sure; For a cistern of love, though undrained,

Keeps not the spirit pure.

—Geo. MacDonald.

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Life Readings by mail, \$1.00 and upwards. Trial readings, 25 cents and 2 two-cent stamps. Send sex, time, place, and if possible hour of birth. These readings are of great benefit to business men, and to parents in dealing with their children. Many mistakes are avoided by having a horoscope of a child, showing its natural tendencies.

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**Astrology in a Nut Shell.** A book of 150 pages, filled to overflowing with plain, logical, instructions in Astrology. Tells how to read your own horoscope, and how to tell the favorable times in each year. 27 pages questions and answers. Price, postpaid, \$1.50.



## LIGHT FROM EVERYWHERE

EAST  
WESTNORTH  
SOUTH

This department is conducted to enable Spiritualists and Public Workers to keep in touch with each other and with the work. Send us notices of your engagements or any other items of interest. Officers of societies, send us reports of your meetings, entertainments, what speakers you have, your elections, reports of any and all your business meetings, in fact, everything you would like to know about other societies.

Write reports with typewriter or plainly with pen and ink. Never use a pencil or write on both sides of the paper.

Make items short and to the point. We will adjust them to suit the space we have to use. A weekly notice of your meetings written on a postal card would look well in this column.

Always sign your full name and address to every communication; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. "Correspondent" or "subscriber" gives no clue to the author. The printed article can be signed that way if you wish it but we must have your name for our own information.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps are enclosed for return postage. If not used they will be retained thirty days and then destroyed. Refuse copies of penons as we do not return them if we can not use them.

Suggestions for the improvement of the paper are invited.

THE SUNFLOWER PUBL. CO., LILY DALE, N. Y.

Oscar Edgerly has begun a two months engagement with the First Spiritual church of Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Mary A. Keeler has been very sick at her home in Washington, D. C., for the past two months.

Jessie S. Pettit Flint writes: Thanks for the generous number of the Vegetarian extra. Have placed nearly half already—where they will do good and the rest will be held and used as opportunity presents. There is about as much strong reading in the issue as the average mind can digest. May success be in the venture. With best wishes to all.

Mother Virtuzia, of the Circle of Light, writes: Your issue of the 3d, inst, just received is full of valuable information, and must needs be an instrument for great good to all who read it. I am happy to have been received into your midst, and trust that the few thoughts expressed may prove helpful to some. Whenever I can contribute to your columns I shall be very happy to do so. The Circle of Light is extending the world over—and the world needs it.

Miss B. E. R. Thompson writes: Your issue, devoted to Vegetarianism is very good indeed. It should convince anyone that it is barbarous to eat the flesh of animals or anything that has lived. For years, when a young girl, I did not—could not—eat anything of the kind, but after breaking down from overwork, physicians insisted meat was necessary to give me strength, so I forced myself to eat it. It did seem to supply something I lacked before, but what I consume at a meal, most persons would take at two mouthfuls, and I do not like to eat it. Think I shall try to do without it entirely. Am certain that animals have souls—or something that survives earthly dissolution.

Mrs. H. Boyer writes: "I sent a pledge for two copies of Vol. 2, of Big Bible Stories, but I will increase it to five. I have the first volume and the Ten Commandments Analyzed, and I want some more. Don't give up too soon, for later money will be coming in more plentiful and you will get the orders."

[I thank the lady for her kind words, but if I am to get out this book it must be done before the summer work commences as then I will not have time to attend to it. If I receive pledges for 200 more copies within two weeks it will be published, otherwise it will be dropped, as I have neither time nor money to publish the book unless it is really wanted. W. H. BACH.]

L. A. Mundy writes from Rochester, N. Y.: The last meeting of the Progressive Pedro party, consisting of the First Spiritual church, and friends, was held at Mrs. Joslyn's, 55 Comfort street. A very enjoyable time was had by all, and two of those present have reason to remember the occasion with more than ordinary pleasure. After the prizes were distributed, Mrs. Greenamy, on behalf of the members of the society, presented Mrs. Addie Frick, who has so long and faithfully assisted with the singing, and Miss Mundy, the pianist, with two beautiful solid silver spoons, a dessert spoon and an individual teaspoon. The recipients were entirely unprepared for this very unexpected and delightful surprise, and were deeply appreciative of the kindly feeling that prompted it. The Pedro parties have proved to be a very pleasant and profitable part of the work of the society this winter.

The Sunflower Publishing Co., has in press a little book that should be in every neighborhood. It is written by that veteran lecturer and healer, D. W. Hull and is "A Manual of Magnetic healing." It gives directions for the development of the psychometric power in those who have that gift undeveloped, which will enable them to correctly diagnose disease and wisely apply magnetism in treatments. Then it gives general directions in the application of magnetism, so that any person who is blessed with the healing power (and they are to be found in every neighborhood and plenty among Spiritualists) may be able to assist the afflicted in his or her neighborhood. It will save many suffering people from the operating table, and you will find yourselves or your neighbors able to cure hundreds of diseases which have defied the skill of all classes of physicians and healers hitherto. The price of this work is 15c, for sale by the author at Olympia, or by The Sunflower Publishing Company, Lily Dale, N. Y. It will be ready for delivery about April 1st.

The annual convention of the Ohio State Spiritualist Association will be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 25th, 26th and 27th; 1906, at the First Spiritualists Temple, Fullerton St., Cleveland, Ohio.

We urge that every Spiritualist in the state be represented at this convention, either in person or by delegates. A most cordial invitation is extended to the Spiritualists from other states, as well as from our own, to be with us. The list of Speakers will be made known later.

C. A. SOLLINGER,  
Secy. O. S. A., 1305 Clark Ave., Cleveland, O.

## TRANSITION.

Mrs. Amy Sherman Stanton of Friendship, N. Y. Passed to spirit life on March 2, after an operation for the removal of a tumor weighing 75 pounds. Her years of patient and hopeful suffering bound her very closely to a large circle of devoted and valued friends who united in striving to make her terrible affliction more endurable. She had a passionate love for the beautiful and was always looking for the good; thus teaching many lessons of great worth. Her knowledge of and belief in Spiritualism has been a great comfort to her, sustaining her in the darkest hours. Truly "none knew her but to love her," and surely "the world is better for her having lived."

MRS. L. L. HURMAN.

Andrew S. Clackner passed to the higher life after a brief illness, from his late home, 26 Smith St., Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday, February 20th, Andrew S. Clackner in the 83rd year of his age. A private funeral was held Thursday evening at the home conducted by Mrs. E. H. Messersmith, and the remains were taken to Buffalo Friday morning for cremation.

Mr. Clackner was one of the veteran Spiritualists who investigated with the little Fox Sisters at the time of the Rochester raps, accepted the truth, as it appealed to him, and lived its higher teachings. A man of clear judgment, a student, and thinker, his pleasant appearance, genial smile, and kind words gained for him many friends. We shall miss him in our circles, but know he has earned his higher promotion by earnest efforts. He leaves in the home one son with wife, who have been his companions for years, and cared for and comforted him in his last illness, as only children can, and will receive blessings from the arisen father not forgotten.

H. M.

## A Much Needed Reform.

What a mighty reformation we would witness through the land if the masses and the classes could be made to understand

That he wins at least one sinner from dishonesty and self

Who will let alone his neighbor and just practice on himself.—Four-Track News.

"Men expand. The man of business grows to the line of his projected enterprise, he greates with his thot sending his life and interests far and wide, a certain grandeur is communicated to his moral nature.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

## MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES.

BY EVA CASSELL.

## NUMBER VIII.

(Continued)

Finally the day of my departure arrived. It was with misgivings that Mr. C. accompanied me to the depot. That day I had cast away the last crutch, although I limped painfully, yet the command had been given to me to drop it and I had. "You will be afflicted but a short time now," said the "powers," so I left the crutch behind me. Arrived at the depot Mr. C. placed me in care of the chaperson of the party. But said he to me tearfully, as he gave the parting word, "You are not fit physically to go on this journey and should have taken the May 20th one. You will never get there alive; you will lose your baggage—something awful will happen—I know it!" Everybody around us was saying good bye and crying before the friends who had come to see us off, but somehow I could not shed a tear, although I had left my little boy behind me. Yet, a feeling of exultation came over me and when I felt the train in motion I said, "Thank God! I am going a long journey and may never see my relatives again, yet I cannot feel bad—I do feel joyous." And I did.

You see, my higher self was cognizant of the good before me and rejoiced. The passengers were still weeping around me over the farewells of the friends they had left in Boston, but something began to rise within me, like a mighty tide of joy and the shackles which had held me so long, snapped—I rose free as a bird into my spiritual centre and began to look around me in delight. Of course the passengers soon knew that I was a cripple and they vied with each other in showing me attention. Oh the beautiful days spent in crossing the continent—days that were full of delight in contemplating the glories of nature! Every moment was a joy and a delight after all I had suffered. To see the grandeur of the mountains and canyons, miles across the Colorado plains where the cowboys rode jauntily up to the train on their broncho ponies. All day through the villages of the little prairie dogs who sat up on their haunches and blinked at the cars as they sped by. Miles of beautiful green verdure as we crossed the western states—miles of grain country with wheat nodding in the wind. At last we drew near Albuquerque, Mexico, and on to the Needles, on the border of lower California where the train is surrounded by Indians and we halt for an hour during which we inspect the natives and trade with them. During these six days I have been so happy! At last we come up through California and stop at Los Angeles half an hour and some ladies enter the car bearing immense bouquets of every variety of roses. How hungry I am for a single rose! As if in answer to my thought, some one tells these ladies of my crippled condition and coming to my compartment they fill the empty seat beside me, and then toss the remainder of the roses into my lap until I am nearly covered from view, saying, "Here, lady—these are for you—we are tired of carrying them farther." I gaze in astonishment and then bury my nose in the roses, and I never shall forget the ecstatic emotion I felt over those lovely blossoms. After all the black despair of months—after grovelling in the valleys, to rise to supreme heights of happiness, and to be showered with roses! It was wonderful! I can not begin to tell how those flowers affected me—it is something that words cannot portray.

We rode for another day and a night and then I reached Monterey and was transferred to Pacific Grove, on the seacoast, where a friend had secured quarters for me. Oh the beauty of the Pacific ocean! I stood entranced on the shore and gazed far off over the waters, dreaming of things I had never before felt or realized. All day long I walked along the beaches, my crutch discarded, gaining strength every day. One day I sat down and began to pick up little pieces of decayed bone. The shores were covered with the vertebra of whales—and there were

bones of all descriptions and size lying around. Before I knew what I was doing I had put pieces of bone in my mouth, masticated them and swallowed them. I seemed to have a perfect craving for bones and everyday I ate these decayed, crumbly bones, taking delight in eating them. But one day I pulled myself together, resolved that I would eat no more, when suddenly the following words were flashed across my consciousness, "Your system craves the lime in order to help unite the broken bones of your ankle" breathlessly I took in the sense of the statement and then I ate all the bones I could relish and in three weeks after I landed at Monterey I had ceased to limp and in five weeks I walked two miles and from that day to this I do not know which ankle was broken, unless I stop to recall it. But I must now state the wonderul part of this story, the warning given me from the higher powers—not to take that May 20th train for California, because it would never reach there, came true; that train was wrecked at North Adams—the dead and dying removed—the wounded taken to the hospital and, as predicted, the train never reached its destination.

I remained all summer at Pacific Grove and then I went to San Francisco. But first I must mention a little incident. Now, I had several cousins and other relatives scattered through California but I had never seen them. My parents had been among the pioneers of California, for even in the "sixties" the country was in an uproar and no railroads had been built, consequently, pioneers had to go by vessel from Frisco down to the Isthmus of Panama—cross through the Chagres forest on donkeys and re-embark again on a vessel for Boston. I began my embryonic life in California but I was born in Boston, my mother returning across the ocean on a common sailing vessel, to her mother's home in Boston. My father then came on to Boston to return to the Golden Gate with my mother. The vessel was crowded with gold-seekers and in my fathers party was Collis P. Huntington (the recently deceased railroad magnate) and his wife; they were going to seek their fortunes in the West. My father, Charles Morrill and his sister Kate, myself, a babe of 8 months and my mother. The vessel was crowded. My father forbade any of his party to eat fruit, as he feared cholera might break out, but other emigrants ate gluttonously and cholera soon broke out. It raged fiercely and emigrants died in scores and were cast overboard, sewn in sacking. Strange to say, none of my father's party took the disease but myself. I had it bad; my parents were full of grief, for I died. Yes, I died! My family will testify that I actually died. The ship's surgeons pronounced me dead also. Now, Mrs. Huntington and the other ladies loved me exceedingly and I have been told that I

was a pretty, lovable babe, and having great sympathy for my grief-stricken mother, these ladies went to the ship's carpenter, saying, "We can not bear to think of putting that dear little baby in the coarse sacking to throw overboard, now will you make a nice little coffin of wood for her and I will line it with some satin I have in my trunk, and it will please the sad mother to know that her babe will not have to be sown up in sacking." The carpenter acquiesced and soon my coffin was all ready to receive my body and the kind ladies gathered around my mother, who was loth to part with me. With a heart rending scream she seized my body, hugged it closely to her breast and stood at bay to ward off those who attempted to take it from her. For several moments she stood thus, while my father tried to take the little body away; he reasoned long and tenderly and at last he succeeded; but as he was about to place the little form in the coffin, a presentiment of something wrong swept over him, and obeying the supernatural warning he slipped out on deck with the body and scanned the little face; immediately the babe showed a faint tremor of the eyelids, and father, amazed called to the family and soon the little limbs were being rubbed, and by and by the spirit had re-entered its earthly tenement. I was born again. In looking back on this episode in my life, I can but connect it with my present life and firmly believe that I was resurrected at that time purposely to consummate the destiny for which I had been born. There was a remarkable revelation to be made to womankind and I had been born purposely to make it. I had to make it and the powers which held me in their keeping must see to it that I was held to earth life until I had performed my duty. This revelation concerns posterity and I have only just begun to make it—because it has taken twenty years for the higher powers to sufficiently unfold me for it. Twenty years of development! How many mediums are there who would have patience to wait so long a time? After 20—only this! Just a positive statement from the spirit world concerning the betterment of posterity! After I had looked for, and expected the wonderful phenomena which various mediums had promised me! After I had dragged along in the valley of mediumistic hardships for 20 long years.

Now, reader, why could not some of the fine mediums I had come in contact with, have been controlled by the higher powers and given me this important revelation, instead of my having to wait 20 years for it to be given to me personally? I believe that there had never yet been born a person to whom it could be given, and that I had to be born and especially developed to receive it.

Train your memory.

## Some Plain Facts Regarding the Gold Eagle Mining Company of the Black Hills, So. Dakota.

THERE can be no uncertainty in buying treasury stock from a company for the purpose of installing a reduction plant on a body of free milling gold ore, which is almost limitless and in the middle of the greatest ledges of gold ore in the world. Such are the conditions under which we now offer at 20c a share for a short time, some treasury stock, to raise funds quickly to build our mill and add a cyanide plant to it and put our mine on a paying basis. The Gold Eagle Mine adjoins the Homestake, and THE GREAT LEDGES OF GOLD ORE that make the Homestake the most reliable mine in the world, RUN THROUGH THE GOLD EAGLE FROM THE HOMESTAKE. The Gold Eagle property has water, timber, railroad and the inestimable advantage of showing how to proceed without making any mistake, that is, to follow the methods of the greatest gold mine in the world, namely the Homestake. The mine adjoining the Gold Eagle on the east, is known as the Penobscot and is owned by Lieutenant Gov. Maitland of Michigan. The net profit of the Penobscot for the year 1905 will exceed \$500,000. No stock has a better future than the Gold Eagle and none is so free from uncertainty. It is not a case of making a thousand or losing one hundred. It is a case of having the one hundred safe and the one thousand sure, with dividends certain. Every essential of a great permanent gold mine exists, lacking now but some machinery. Stock sold upon the installment plan, but in no case less than 100 shares. Maps and expert's report on application.

Address all communications to the

## GOLD EAGLE MINING COMPANY,

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129 South 11th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.



## SUBCONSCIOUS SELF AND TELEPATHY.

(Continued from Page 1.)

gences." And just as soon as he vibrates a little further away from the mortal "his subconsciousness ceases so far as we are concerned. It was, at the best, very imperfect, easily suggested into absurdities, and accepting as truth any thought that reached it. In fact it was a very weak self-hood, save in its giant memory.

I want just here to once again repeat and emphasize that this precious subconscious self, of which the S. P. R. and Hudson are so proud, is only the everyday self at the boundary where mortal vibrations are commencing to grow feeble. A few steps further and this so-called subconscious self has crossed the line too far to even make himself an exhibit for the scientist. In other words, the subconscious self of the mortal has become a conscious self, with independent selfhood—living amidst vibrations that sense beauties and unfold powers of which the brain man knows nothing. If he has a thought, or even an expression of love he wishes to send back, he must, when the gap is once fully entered—employ some intelligence yet sitting on the fence with a vibration that can possibly reach a mortal brain. Your subconscious man, then dead, and by way of an epitaph I would say, "He did not amount to much practical to the mortal while he was alive."

It is claimed that he is today lord and master of so much of the mortal organism as the brain man cannot directly control. I do not recognize that claim, for I see the aggregated intelligences of every organ doing their work in their own way. And we all know how the white corpuscles (phagocytes) are perpetually on guard, and attacking every invader. So far as I can see, this wonderful subconscious self doesn't trouble himself about the home worries and domestic duties, but if his attention can be called to necessity for action he can usually add vibratory energy to one organ, and perhaps reduce that of another. When he does that it is proclaimed to be an exhibition of "mind power," "mental healing" or "divine influx." Such healings are often turned into religious capital and, with many a prayer, carefully stored in celestial "safe deposits"—away from worms. But these venerated souls as we now see, are just worshipping the powers that inhere to so much of their own selfhood as can cross the line, and which has now been proclaimed, with scientific plaudits, "the independent subconscious self."

After death we discover this "subconscious self" has attained a full independent selfhood, which, like John Brown's body goes marching on. It had been the mind involvement of the mortal man, that is to say, it was an intelligence manifesting thru mental substance. There was the mortal brain at one end of the brain man's selfhood, and this evolved mental brain at the other. You may call it, if you will, a mere difference of vibration of substance, and so it is, but the outwrought senses of one body have a limit they cannot pass. And this limit means, sooner or later, a certain disintegration to mortal brain, with the result we call death. It will equally mean disintegration to that mental brain when in its advance it has reached vibrations beyond its sense limit. But it will, in its turn, have evolved a selfconscious selfhood, all ready for the next step in eternal progress.

No law of nature, now known to us, will be violated. Selfhood will, and must continue to have its fullness and its limits. But this means woe to what we call "spirit return." If the subconscious self of today is erratic and limited in its relation to the brain of mortal man, the outstretched senses of mental man, will in their turn, merge into a spirit selfhood yet more refined, further away from earth, and always limited to its lower self and at every step getting further away from the mortal self and its coarse material brain.

Our relation with the invisible must be first through our own outer selfhood at the divide, which self can still touch our mortal brain, though imperfectly. Through that self, all imperfect as it is, other selves a step further advanced, must tell the tale of their experiences, so

far as they can find echo in mortal life. Surely we can now see that there can be no possible harmony between the vibrations of their brain and ours by which thought could pass direct from one to the other. Hence, it is natural that when a selfhood has been severed by death, it may, for a brief space, give possible proof that it is alive, and that it is carrying with it memories that were encysted in the subliminal self. But those very memories must soon lose the possibility of repetition amidst the higher vibration of that self's present life. That growing self will soon be too far away, and leave little but mystery surrounding its old identity. The dweller at the threshold, who keeps close as possible to the divide, may message and test to his heart's content through your subconscious self. He will tell some truthful stories, and many a fiction. He may catch the echo of your loved one's thought, and even picture the form that is bereaved to you. But it will only here and there be more than a simulation of the glorious truth of human immortality.

The law of vibrations, as we have seen, is death to the old brain selfhood, but eternal life to the spirit self, born anew out of the subjective self which we all evolve, and sometimes contact in earth life.

Such seems to me the history of every subconscious or subliminal self, or whatever other name it is supposed to wear. It is the extreme vibratory output of a self whose brain head quarters are occupied by a few senses that cannot travel far. We discover through hypnotism suggestion, genius, and sometimes accident, that the extreme vibratory output of mortal man is really a self, but with very different powers to those of the mortal. We presently discover the limit of its power to send back its own experiences. We also learn that occasionally it can be of real service to the mortal. We see, yet further, that when entirely freed from the mortal, it will have a selfhood with powers that are but dreams to poor mortals, like the reader and writer. And we can discern that under the law of vibratory energy such embodied intelligences will ever be advancing into higher and more powerful selfhoods, with the gap ever growing wider between the mortal and such advancing spirits.

San Leandro, Cal.

### VEGETARIANISM.

#### A Druggist's Comments.

THE SUNFLOWER has certainly presented the diet question to the satisfaction of all.

No matter how fastidious one may be about their eating, they can find among the plans presented one to their liking.

My experience and observation has shown me a point I was in hopes some one would mention. It is this that different temperaments tolerate different aliments, or what is food for one is poison for another. My disquietude for the night would be no greater if I would partake of a hearty, late, pork, supper than if I had eaten a banana.

The effect that will be produced on the human organism of different habits and environments by the administration of anything internally is more or less experimental, thus some persons are pointed out as subjects of great longevity that do this thing or use the other things.

No one can say whether one-fourth grain of morphine when taken will effect a person who has never before taken such, by giving them several hours peaceful slumber or great quietude without sleep or produce within them fright and alarming nervous conditions.

We can learn from observation and experience a lesson in individualism that we can consult ourselves and always rely upon our own experience and note the effects upon our bodies of this or that and absolutely know what is proper and for us to use and do.

No certain prescribed mode of living as some are wont to have, or that so and such is good for me and by analogy, ought to be good for another is poor logic because there are no two persons or any other two objects built up by nature just alike.

Diversity everywhere is the rule with nature and her beings and she extends this rule, to the ailments she has given us.

T. P. BRUMFIELD.

Now is the time to subscribe.

## THE AMERICAN VOICE.

By Kate Alexander.

Did you ever listen to the composite American voice, produced by a street car full of people? It is wonderfully harmonious, soft in its cadences, pleasant in its intonations. It is vastly to be preferred to the average individual voice, which is harsh, unsympathetic and unnatural.

Voice is no respecter of persons. The most melodious voice I ever heard was possessed by a colored wash woman. I was always glad it was hers, for it was her only accomplishment, and while she had, no doubt, never had her attention called to the fact that she was possessed of a treasure which the richest woman in the world might envy, she gave pleasure to all who heard her speak. She sang like a wild bird secure in the leafy fastnesses of some virgin forest. Abandon, freedom, joy, hope, sweetness and real music—all blended to make up a wonderful voice of exquisite charm and beauty.

Unfortunately the negro woman's voice has not many duplicates, and Americans, realizing their deficiency in this respect, have assumed a voice which is, above all things, unloving and unnatural, an injustice to the refined nature against which is a conspicuous prevaricator.

Only a few days ago a man with a voice like a rusty saw called forth silent execrations from his fellow passengers on a street car. The dreadful sound made the people forget the noise of the car, the rattle of wagons on the street, the hideous honk of automobiles and the screech of the crane that lifted steel beams into a skyscraper; indeed, all these things seemed sweet music compared with the saw-toothed voice that never faltered in its purpose to unfold some money-making scheme dear to its owner's heart.

"Maybe he's used to it himself," said the droll man who sat nearly the full length of the car distant, and every one but the man himself seemed to appreciate the remark, and the woman with the lifted eyebrows, who sat opposite the man, contrived to lift them still higher, to purse up her mouth still more and to add several new wrinkles to her already creased visage.

We left the voice while it still had possession of the car, but it lingers in our memory yet as one of the things to avoid. However, the experience served to accentuate the fact that the American man, and woman also give too little heed to one of their not valuable possessions.

The use of the telephone makes the changing and unstable quality of the voice most conspicuous. Call up a half dozen of your acquaintances, one after the other and you will find all kinds of affection represented in their voices. Not one but might belong to a woman of insincerity, and yet you yourself have certain knowledge that in most of the cases, at least, the women have earnest honest purposeful characters. Some of them will pitch the voice low in a vain endeavor to give it the quality of dignity. This person is almost certain to be, naturally, the loudest one of the entire half dozen, and also the most unstable. Another will scream until the vibration renders the instrument unable to transmit a distinct sound, this woman is the most nervous of the sex. Another, and she is the quietest and most thoughtful of the half dozen, is apt to get a little touch of affection in her voice—this because of her precise method of thinking. Still another will strike the note of stubbornness by her formidable "hullo." This will doubtless be your most amiable friend—and so on, all showing some affection in the voice, which is not found in the character.

Men use the telephone much better than women—they are seldom affected, not often nervous, and almost invariably speak in a natural business-like way that is a delight to the person at the other end of the line.

A man once misjudged a woman of high intelligence and charm of manner, refusing to visit her, carelessly excusing himself on the ground that his conversations with her over the telephone had convinced him that she was absolutely affected and unnatural. He said he was looking for the genuine woman, not the counterfeit. Had this woman known the impression which she

was creating of herself among those who did not know her well, she would have been not only astonished but humiliated.

One does not need to scream with laughter to express mirth nor key one's voice to the highest pitch to show surprise, nor drop all the r's in the language to express culture, nor burr the "r" in order to defy culture.

The American woman has many accomplishments which are the envy of the women of other nationalities, but the one thing she lacks, and a most conspicuous and unfortunate want it is—a low, sweet voice. The American woman realizes her deficiency, she has successively blamed her parents, the climate, the weather—everything, in fact, but herself, but if she would find a sure remedy she must realize that she is herself the physician which must effect the cure.

#### He Broke up the Meeting.

A temperance lecturer, speaking in Keene, N. H., reminded his hearers of the story of Dives and Lazarus. He pointed out how, when Dives was in Hades, he did not ask for beer or wine or whisky, but for one drop of water. "Now my friends," said the lecturer, "what does that show us?" A voice from the back of the house instantly replied: "It shows us where you temperance people go to."

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