

THE LIFE OF A SPIRITUALIST MEDIUM

Written by Herself

A most interesting Autobiography abounding with strange and marvelous Psychic Phenomena illustrating Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Clairsentience, Healing by Spirit Power, Prophecy and the Rescue of Spirits in Darkness, etc., etc.

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Mrs. H. H. Higbee
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FOREWORD

I greet you, dear reader, with a heart full of love for all that breathes and moves and has a being.

1-27-54 MFR
The following pages, I ask you to read with an open mind. The first and second sections give a correct history of my parents, describing hereditary and prenatal tendencies and early environments, all of which led to the development of noble characters.

I have gone into the privacy of their home life, shown the dissensions their opposite viewpoints made unavoidable, overcome at last and always by the parental instinct.

My object in doing this, is to give the people who read about the demonstrations given through mediumship and find some other cause than spirit power to account for the phenomena, (which all people today admit does occur), an easy way of studying my progenitors, prenatal tendencies and early environments.

It was a family trait to keep a daily diary. Three times during my recollections these family histories were rewritten, as ink faded, so you see I have not had to tax my memory or imagination, and if a link was missing I only had to trust, wait, and be still until some of my loved family swung in the door and gave it to me in the same dear voice time and eternity cannot change.

The third and last section gives the life history of one of the pioneer spiritualist mediums, born about the time when this great revelation was destined to come to the people of this earth.

There are few of us active in our physical bodies today. Our mission robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory. "Hark from the tomb the doleful sound," the black crepe on the door, have all given way to the white casket, beautiful flowers and words of comfort to the loved ones left in the home for a time, and the assurance that they shall see them face to face and be with them forevermore.

CHAPTER I

Family History

My father was born December 30th, two months after his parents landed in America.

My paternal grandfather, the only son of rich parents, was educated for the ministry against his will and absolutely refused to follow the calling; after months of contention he was taken into his father's business as junior member. At the age of twenty-five he married a girl of eighteen, the only child of literary parents.

At the death of her parents, my grandmother inherited a large fortune; a loving grandmother raised her and gave her a musical education, as she possessed a rare contralto voice; she was an artist and many of her poems were published before she was sixteen years of age.

The purest blood of Holland ran through the veins of these two young people.

The second year after their marriage my grandfather decided to come to America, his young wife was equally enthusiastic, and after an uneventful voyage they landed safely in New York with youth, health, and plenty of money. Grandfather rented a cozy house and decided to spend one year getting acquainted with this new country, its people and business methods, before locating permanently, they were also waiting in happy anticipation for their first baby which both hoped would be a son.

On December 30th a fine boy was born; he was named Jacob, after his two grandfathers.

As the girl mother grew strong enough to give attention to life outside of the nursery, she saw with alarm what the past few weeks of idleness had done for her husband. His natural appetite for strong drink, which he had not abused in his own country, led him to saloons, where the treating custom of that day introduced him to sporting men and their vices.

The passing months showed the unhappy woman that wife and baby, both of whom she knew her husband loved

dearly, were losing their influence over him. She could not persuade him to return to Holland, nor would he leave the city where he began to invest his money, an easy bait for the sharks lying in wait for just such men as he.

Investment after investment failed, bank accounts grew less. The husband grew morose and reckless, drinking heavily after each failure.

Twin boys were born, the mother recovered slowly, but the helpless babies appealed to her and she bravely took up her burdens.

But there came a time when this selfish, drink-crazed man sobered up, faced facts, and owned himself a failure, as he thought of the once beautiful girl who had left loving friends and a life of luxury to help him, her hero, build a name and fortune in this new country. She was now aged and heartbroken, six helpless children clinging to her in their fear of the father who had grown brutish through drink.

Only a few hundred dollars stood between his family and want. In his despair he turned to his wife for help and found it.

A small farm with livable house, stables, necessary implements, team of horses, a few head of stock, and plenty of uncut wood, was brought to his notice by the old minister of the little church around the corner, where his wife had found strength and comfort all these weary years, and had raised her children in the fear of the Lord. Grandfather bought the farm.

In the fall of 1827 this once proud, educated couple moved into the simple home in the western part of Pennsylvania with six children and a few hundred dollars in pocket.

Grandfather proved his reformation was complete, but his years of dissipation had made an old man of him. He could not come back.

The country doctor was called soon after the family moved to the farm to attend to my grandmother, when for the second time during her married life her physical debility failed to clothe with mortal body the spirit children, who, though never cradled in mother's loving arms, will be the first to welcome her when she crosses the great divide.

The good old doctor, after getting grandfather's history, advised him to take "Rock and Rye," saying it would

put him in condition to get a living for his family out of the soil. Grandfather did try the "Rock and Rye;" it worked like magic, his old vim and strength came back, he could follow the plow or swing the axe all day and come home whistling with a big appetite for supper. He slept well, grew kind and loving to wife and children.

I doubt if a more thankful family gathered around a Christmas feast than bowed their heads in that low ceiled kitchen, while the mother in trembling voice thanked God for all His mercies and for the simple food in such abundance before them.

When the crops were taken care of the next fall, grandfather signed a contract to haul one hundred cords of four-foot wood to a factory five miles from home. True to his determination to use the "Rock and Rye" only for medicine, grandfather insisted that his wife keep the bottle under lock and key and administer the dose to him twice a day. This she did.

December 30th, my father's fourteenth birthday, grandfather kissed the sleeping children, embraced his wife, and said to Jacob, his oldest and best loved child, "Be father's helper just this winter, take care of mother and the children while I must be away, and next spring you shall have a chance to go away to school and make us all glad by becoming a minister of the gospel." Then he climbed onto the load, took up the lines and waved good-bye. The mother and son stood, hands clasped, watching him go out of sight around the bend of the road, listening to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" as they floated back to them on the frosty air, accompanied by the song of the sleigh runners and the creak of the frost coated wood.

That birthday was one my father never forgot. He stood silently by his mother's side some time for he knew she was giving praise to God. At last the cold wind warned him to take her into the house where they were greeted by the waking children. A merry hour was spent in washing little faces, curling golden locks, and braiding dark tresses. At last all were seated at the table, heads were bowed and grandmother once again gave her children into the Lord's keeping.

As the children ate, mother molded the bread dough into loaves and Jacob took the milk pails and went to the stable.

Would I could insert here a picture of this young hero. Jacob was a typical Holland Dutch boy, large for his age, a strong, squarely built frame, big head, mass of light colored hair, large ears ornamented with gold hoop rings. Measles had left his eyes weak and his mother knew of but one remedy: pierce the ears and wear gold rings. (My father wore those rings until I was twelve years old.)

Jacob was slow of speech and movement and while he never shirked a duty, and no task was too menial for him to do or labor too hard if necessary for those he loved, he disliked work. He had a high sense of honor, was very truthful, analytical, a natural doubter of anything he could not prove, good to weak creatures and passionately fond of children.

To an ordinary observer, Jacob, as he leaned over the bars, watching the cows eat their warm bran mash, would have been called a commonplace boy, but, as he raised his head and looked out over the landscape with those big blue eyes that so easily expressed love and hope, scorn or anger, and began the labor of another day, more fitted to the strength of a man than a boy of fourteen, a reader of character would have said: the making of a real man lies in that youth.

A heavy shadow had hung over this loving mother for months. She knew her son Jacob would never consent to becoming a minister of the Gospel. He had not pained her by open rebellion, but she knew it was his love for her that made him go to church, learn long Bible lessons, bow his head when she thanked God for the salt they ate on their potatoes—not his submission to the heavy cross laid upon her family. Added to this grief, she knew her husband had fallen from Grace. She felt she must reconcile these two loved ones to God before it was too late, or they would be lost.

My Grandmother lived over eighty years in her earthly body but never changed her belief.

Jacob knew the day was soon coming when he must assert himself, and for the first time, refuse to be guided by the wishes of his parents.

As the day drew to a close he swung the axe to his shoulder, took his tin dinner pail and started for home. Looking about him at the little farm so in need of thorough tilling, the house with its leaking roof; the children who

must be fed, clothed and educated; his dear mother so broken in health and spirits, imploring God on her knees to keep His smile turned towards her loved ones when she should be sleeping; his father, whom he worshipped, who had gone astray and nearly wrecked his once happy home, because the same God had allowed conditions to exist that were stronger than his father, and by his boyish reasoning, must have been stronger than God, for at the time when his father began his downward course he was a member of the church and a child of God; Jacob reasoned out in his own way that, it was not Godly ministers to preach on Sundays that the world needed, but good men and women to work seven days in the week to make the world a safe place for weak mortals to live in. Jacob never got beyond this point in studying over the problem.

Jacob's fourteenth birthday drew to a close, dusk settled down over the low gabels, the Bible lesson was read, the evening hymn sung and children put to bed with a "Now I lay me" on their lips, but father had not come.

Mother's hands trembled as she took up the darning basket and drew the tallow candle closer. She was not surprised when she saw Jacob open the kitchen door, the lighted tin lantern in his hand; she hastened to him, he kissed her forehead and said "Don't worry Mother, I am going to find Father."

Less than a mile from the house Jacob found his father's lifeless form on the frozen ground as it had fallen from the wood rack. A broken whisky bottle in his hand told the story. He unhitched Old Poll and rode her at top speed three miles to the nearest neighbor. Warm hearts and willing hands responded at once.

Jacob stood by, speechless with grief, while friends and neighbors, from near and far, came to help the frail widow and her fatherless children. Death was not a daily visitor in that rural district; this sad case appealed to the hearts of all within a day's ride of the little farm. Sympathy and service were offered by all and as freely accepted.

The sad rites were over. Quiet prevailed after the excitement of the past five days. The widow seemed little changed, a shade paler, more tender to the children. Jacob knew his mother was constantly seeking help from her Lord to reconcile her to the fact that her first love, father of her children, had not died and gone from her for a

season, some glad day to be reunited, to dwell forever more in the Paradise of God, but that he was dead in his sins, gone to everlasting punishment.

The next Monday morning Jacob and Sally, the oldest daughter, did not go to school, nor did either of them ever go to school again.

Sally tied an apron over her woolen dress, confined her curls under a cap and proclaimed herself mother's house-keeper. As such, she remained for years.

Sally was a cheery, loving girl, beautiful, a born leader. She developed a big frame, tender, warm bosom that mothered friend or foe, broad back that bowed to share the load of any one who needed their load lightened, but intolerant of fraud or deception.

Sally and her brother Jacob agreed, before they were out of their teens that the only things they believed were death and the multiplication table.

Jacob naturally became the head of the family.

That evening when his mother took up the Bible, Jacob left the room. From the window his mother watched him pass through the orchard, climb the fence to the rise of ground beyond, where he knelt beside his father's grave. It was past midnight when she heard him come in, climb the ladder to the loft where he and little brothers slept. When Jacob turned down the patchwork quilt on his humble cot, he found his father's Bible under the pillow.

From that time Jacob and his mother never discussed religion. He never took part in the family devotions, went to church or Sabbath School, but spent every moment studying the Bible, which he came in time to know almost by heart from cover to cover.

The district school teacher, called Brother John by all, was a man of great learning, who lived the Christ life among the simple farmer people of the community. He was a bachelor with misshapen body, caused by injury sustained in a fire when the tenement where he and his sister Lucy lived burned to the ground.

Lucy's charred body was taken from the ruins in the morning. John was taken to the Hospital badly burned and many bones broken. After months of suffering he was able to leave the Hospital. Where should he go? He knew that, with his misshapen body, he must give up all hope of ever being called to fill a Pulpit. He had no money, it

had taken all he could earn to care for his sister and educate himself, his parents having died when he was a lad, leaving their two children to the mercy of a cold world.

As John left the Hospital on two crutches, his belongings tied in a handkerchief and in his pocket, a dollar given him by a fellow sufferer, he felt how much better it would have been if he had shared his sister's fate.

A cheery good morning caused John to look up as the kind old woman-of-all-work, who used to serve him and his sister when they used to play at housekeeping in the old tenement, laid her toil worn hand on his arm and said "You are coming home with me."

John walked the long distance to the clean but humble home on an alley by the side of this "Prince of Peace," in her faded gingham sunbonnet, praising God every step, that He had laid an affliction upon him that sealed his kinship with his Lord and Savior, thereby showing a greater work lay before him in service to the poor and humble than he could have found in the Pulpit of the richest church in the land—which had once been his dream.

John decided to teach school, and fortunately for all, secured the one in the district where my grandmother lived. The children loved him, and he went to board with the widow, knowing that the little he could pay would help her, and that the children needed a strong hand and loving friend to guide them. He was especially drawn to the big, silent boy who never neglected a duty or showed anger or resentment, just worked on, patient and kind.

Gradually John won Jacob's confidence and a friendship grew up between the man and the boy. Under John's urge, Jacob took up his school books, studying evenings by the firelight.

A very profitable winter passed. In the spring the stork left twin baby girls in my grandmother's arms, three days later, after they had been baptized, the same stork took in his strong beak the four corners of the linen square in which nestled the twin sisters, flapped his powerful wings and sailed away to find the spirit children and loving father who eagerly welcomed the baby girls.

Months passed before Jacob's mother was able to take up the care of the home, relieving him and Sally of the heavy responsibility they had borne so uncomplainingly.

Neighbors donated work to help Jacob put in the crops.

Old men showed him how to replenish and make the worn out soil productive. His stock multiplied, the mother grew strong, children kept well.

Brother John was a fixture by now, all looked to him for help and counsel.

When he was sixteen, Jacob learned the stone mason's trade, and soon began to bring home wages. On his seventeenth birthday he began the study of law, Brother John encouraging him and helping him to get books. John also did much of the light work about the place in order to give Jacob more time to study.

Jacob was admitted to the Bar the spring he was twenty-one and wore Brother John's boots as he did not own a pair of his own.

The next summer after he was admitted to the Bar, oil was discovered on the farm and it was soon sold for a big price to oil speculators. The family moved to Boston, his mother bought a home, put the young children in school, the older ones in trades or professions, and Jacob was given his freedom and one thousand dollars in cash.

At this time all knew Brother John was failing, and all grieved sorely. Some weeks later he responded to the call "Come up higher, my beloved son, thou has found favor in my sight." And in the twinkling of an eye Brother John arose out of his misshapen body and walked forth in all the beauty of his young manhood to greet the parents and sister Lucy, as the angel choir sang out in glad refrain, "Glory to God in the highest, peace, good will on earth to men."

Jacob tried to enter college, for he knew his lack of education would make it hard for him in the profession he had chosen, but he could not pass the examinations. The same reason kept him from going to a law school. True to his leading characteristic every new obstacle made him the more determined, he opened an office, sat himself down to wait for his first client, not with folded hands, however, but bent over a volume of common law, which he drank in ravenously.

Jacob haunted the Court Rooms, studying Judge, Jury and criminals. That unexplainable something about the big, boyish man made every one his friend. He visited men in jail, won their confidence, broke down their pride and anger, until he saw a glimpse of their mother's sin in them

and helped them to help themselves. He fought all vice openly, especially strong drink.

Business soon came to him, at the end of two years he was well established, making money enough to marry. Then he returned to the old Pennsylvania home, not doubting for a minute that Francis, the girl he had loved since she was in pinafores, was waiting for him; he could not believe it when her father told him she was married and gone, a very queen in the elegant home of her rich husband.

Jacob returned to his office a changed man. He learned to play cards. Billiards fascinated him. He bought good horses, and took chances on the race course. Women were always drawn to him.

Jacob's practise grew, he was a shrewd investor, a safe speculator, he was rich while yet a young man, but this life did not satisfy him. He was heart hungry. After a few months he closed his office, converted everything into cash, made sure his mother was comfortable and happy, said good-bye to yesterday and started out to find his tomorrow.

My mother was born March 17th, 1828. My maternal grandfather never failed to remind his friends, or to tell new acquaintances that his ancestors came over in the Mayflower.

My grandfather was a born doctor, he made mud pills, filled empty bottles with odd mixtures when he was a small boy, administering the dope to children, dogs or cats, much to the consternation of mothers or the owners of pedigreed pets. His father encouraged the boy to bind splints on the legs of lame animals, and never refused to pay damages when young Hiram used paint, whitewash or sticking plaster on them. Once Hiram bled a young calf and it died, his father paid the bill without a murmur.

Hiram was a studious boy who excelled in all manly sports of his day, a clean boy with high ideals, his father's pal.

At the close of his college course, where his sheepskin had been honestly earned, he went abroad and spent three years in hospitals and medical clinics, giving special attention to surgery.

Hiram came home at the age of thirty, settled down in the home left him by his father, the only parent Hiram had ever known, as his mother gave up her life when he, her only child, was born.

This home consisted of many broad acres of fertile soil, orchards, extensive grain fields, pastures where blooded stock ran free, acres of undisturbed forest, a massive stone house with furnishing of rare wood and expensive upholstery, fine paintings and statuary, library shelves weighted with the best books scholars with money could buy.

Children of the servants, who had kept this fine old home, the show place of New York State, lived in the servants' quarters and loved and served my grandfather as their fathers had served his father before him.

The ivy grown lodge at the entrance of these beautiful grounds was turned into a doctor's office, and a swinging sign on the door read "Physician and Surgeon, The Honest Poor Treated Free. Your Friend, Hiram."

The following year Hiram married the youngest daughter of a retired Army officer, whose three daughters were famous for their beauty and womanly graces.

The complete happiness of the young couple did not blind their eyes to the sick and suffering about them.

The girl wife entered into her husband's work of love and healing among the poor, and with her basket of dainties, cheery smile and encouraging words, she was ever at his side. If needed she spent hours with the sufferer in hut or cottage, carrying out directions, or bringing back to life, from the very entrance to the spirit world, old and young, by her healthy magnetism and loving care, where medicine alone would have failed.

The second year taxed these young people heavily. Children's diseases sprang up everywhere. Dr. Hiram was in the saddle or gig fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, the remaining hours he spent over the sick bed or in his office.

The large country and city practice, the hours he spent in consultation with brother physicians, proved too much for him, and a general breakdown followed.

Dr. Hiram was shut in with a racking cough and consequent weakness the next winter, which gave his wife and friends much anxiety, but the spring weather acted like a tonic and Dr. Hiram opened his office again. The fall winds, however, brought back the cough and Hiram and his wife went South for the winter, returning home in time for the birth of their first child, a seven pound baby girl, born March 17th, 1828. She was named Sylvia Olivia; this girl was my mother.

Years passed, Dr. Hiram continued to suffer occasional breakdowns. After trying every remedy known to the profession, different climates, Germany, France, Sunny Italy, which also gave the ocean voyage a chance to work its magic cure, Hiram was brought home to die.

My maternal grandparents were Universalists; they believed in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. The words of Jesus, their Elder Brother, in John, Chapter XIV, took away all fear of death, but it did not lessen the grief of a separation. They bravely said "Thy will be done" and happy in their faith, clung to each other never doubting that God was at the helm.

Dr. Hiram began dreaming night after night that he was in a dense forest; each morning he awoke smelling pine pitch. One day he told his wife about it, and said, "I am sure I would get well, if we could go to the woods to live, away from people, back to the simple life."

This reminded grandmother of an article she had read some weeks before, of a great scholar who had lost his health, then his mind. He one day escaped from his watchful nurse, dropped as it were out of existence; months after his family thought him dead, he walked in, restored to perfect health.

Grandmother found the article, wrote to the man stating her reason and asked him to write her a letter she could show to her sick husband, now bedfast, given up to die by the most renowned doctors that money could bring to his bedside.

Not knowing she was a pioneer in new thought suggestion, grandmother began talking with Hiram about the family moving West; she always ended these talks by saying, "When you get stronger, Hiram, we will go." She soon saw with joy that her husband began to cling to life, each week he grew stronger. Soon an answer came to grandmother's letter.

The writer advised grandmother to take the invalid to Northern Michigan into the pine woods, explaining that he was compelled to follow a wraith hand into a Tamarac swamp, at a time when alienists pronounced him incurable, his mental trouble following an operation on a stiff knee.

Dr. Hiram found hope, love and health between the lines of this letter, which he read and reread, sleeping with it under his pillow at night.

By the merest accident, or the will of God, as my grandparents always believed, grandmother heard of four families living in the adjoining county, who were making plans to move West the coming spring. She at once sent a trusty man to investigate the report. He came back with first-hand information. Five well-to-do farmers, each with wife, a flock of healthy children, from babes in arms to boys and girls in their teens, were going to Michigan and they would be glad to add another family to their caravan.

A correspondence was opened up between grandmother and these people; when she had decided to go, she told Hiram of her plans, he said he knew he could stand the journey.

William, their trusty foreman and general manager, was told of the plan, and that they should leave him in charge of the home. They did not want to sell it, for if the change did not benefit Hiram they would come back.

William said "No, if you people go, we will go with you, I was born and raised on this farm, I love Hiram like a brother. No one can care for him as I can. You and the children need Sarah, she loves you all. You can't go without us."

Nothing could have pleased my grandparents more than such a plan, but they were loth to ask these good servants to undertake such a hard journey, just to serve them.

Before any definite plans were made, Loretta, grandmother's oldest sister and her husband, unexpectedly arrived on a two years' leave of absence from a diplomatic mission in England and they needed no urging to consent to enjoy the comforts of this elegant home during the absence of its owners.

Now came the last week of hurry and bustle. Spring was in the air. A date had been decided upon to start.

The first week in May, 1836, my grandparents left their beautiful home, among the hills of New York State, journeyed westward over the wagon road through Canada, reaching Ann Arbor, Michigan, after twenty-one days travel.

The heavy lumber wagons of that day were made comfortable by putting huge springs under the boxes. In one wagon a bed was built for Hiram, his wife and two little boys rode with him, William driving the team. The second wagon held Olivia aged ten, her sister, aged eight,

Sarah, William's wife, and their son, Bob, aged nineteen drove the team. Two wagons followed, loaded with provisions, household necessities, feed for stock, the hundred and one things a thrifty housewife knew she would need when beyond the reach of stores and shops. Five trusty men had charge of the four extra horses, two milk cows, five sheep, six hogs, a crate of fowls and four pedigreed dogs.

I have often heard my grandmother say that the hardships of this journey were lost sight of in the joy all felt at the change in Hiram. He began to eat, enjoy his pipe, waked refreshed from sleep, and was soon able to sit up all day. The last four days of the journey he made on horseback.

A close friendship, which lasted a lifetime, sprang up between these families, who were in a way dependent upon each other during this trip.

The journey was made without accident, Hiram looked eagerly forward to the new life, that he felt a merciful God had saved him for.

The five families bade "Good-bye" to Dr. Hiram's party a half day's journey from Ann Arbor, they were going to the southwestern part of the State to locate.

Grandmother and the children remained in Ann Arbor until fall, Hiram and William's family going into the pine woods, where they put up a comfortable log house and stables, making ready for wife and children, who joined them before the first snowstorm.

My grandmother often said that was the happiest year she ever knew. Hiram grew well and young, the children never had a sick day, the log house was warm, wood plenty, Williams' family lived under the same roof with them, love beamed from every eye. Grandmother learned to use a rifle, and shot many deer. She could bring a bear to the ground from window or door, before he could drag a hog from the pen.

She covered many miles on snowshoes, made friends with the Indians and learned to speak their language.

The next spring the ague broke out among the Indians in a violent form. It threatened to exterminate the band. Dr. Hiram and wife went to the rescue of these Red brothers and sisters, with calomel and senna. This service won for them a life-time devotion of this untaught people. The following July Dr. Hiram and his wife were invited to an

Indian feast or powwow and told to bring their little girl Olivia.

On arriving at the grounds on the river bank where the affair was to come off, the Chief told Hiram that he was going to adopt Olivia into the Tribe; this disturbed my grandparents but they thought best not to refuse.

The ceremony proceeded, a big feast was spread, consisting of roasted white dog flanked on all sides with wild game and the fruits that grew in abundance. Many sacred rites were performed. At last Olivia was taken to a tent where squaws dressed her in a fringed buckskin suit, of wide loose pants and short jacket; beaded moccasins were on her feet and beaded band with upsticking feathers on her head. She was given an Indian pony covered with a gay blanket.

The Chief sat the child on the back of the pony, took the bridle in his hand and led the march ten miles back to Dr. Hiram's home, the doctor and wife following on horseback, behind them, twenty young braves in war paint and feathers, each carrying a present for the little paleface sister.

At the end of the march the Chief lifted the child from the pony and gave her back to her father. A dance was then given by the braves, and they departed under command of their Chief.

This affair caused Hiram and his wife much anxiety, but not for long, as the Red people proved in every possible way their love for the great paleface Medicine Man and his family.

With the return of health Dr. Hiram decided to resume the practice of medicine. A family council was held. Grandmother admitted that the call from civilization had wooed her for weeks. Where should they go? Back to the old home and friends? No, they all said. They loved the new life, the pioneer spirit had gripped them. Even William and family wanted to remain in the West.

Grief was expressed by all when they said good-bye to the log house that had sheltered them, the tall trees that had sung them both major and minor strains as the wind through their branches came from the south or north land.

The Indians grieved to see the White Brother and his family leave the forest. They brought each one a gift and marched the trail with them to the edge of the forest, giving what assistance they could, standing with bowed heads while

the Chief asked the Great Spirit to care for their little pale face sister, as the loaded wagons filed into the road.

After housing wife and children comfortably, Dr. Hiram began looking about for a home. He met Captain L, a rich land owner, from him Dr. Hiram bought a hundred acres of land in Clinton County, on the south bank of the Looking Glass River.

The lay of the land; the "A Number One" timber; the stream of water full of trout, so near; and best of all a small village only three miles away, in which there was a school-house, where nine children were learning their three R's, convinced Hiram that he had made a wise choice.

And so it proved, Hiram having money to pay men to clear his land, the vision of home and plenty always before him, he made quick work of establishing a roof tree under which wife and children were soon snugly settled.

My grandfather spent the rest of his earth life on that farm, practiced medicine up to a few weeks before he passed on to his reward.

The farm under William's management became productive. Prosperity was general among the pioneers, Clinton County proved to be a garden spot of plenty. Strong, brainy men with visions and with cash to lay a foundation for their realization, settled in the county.

Hotel, town hall, postoffice, flouring and saw mills were built in the village on the Looking Glass River where the County Seat was located, only three miles from Hiram's home, later a large schoolhouse, in which religious services were held, gave quite a city air to the village through which the river ran without a ripple to disturb its surface, beneath which one could see fish sporting among the many colored pebbles on its floor ten feet below.

The spring Olivia was sixteen, her father took her east to finish her education, under the watchful eye of Aunt Loriett, who also introduced her into society.

The three years that followed were profitable and very happy indeed. Dr. Hiram sold the eastern home, and the price received made possible many improvements on his new home. His name was first on all petitions for law and order. He signed subscriptions, followed by no niggardly sum, to build churches and any needed improvements.

Each day held two great events for the citizens living in the village; the first was at seven a.m. sharp, when the big four-horse coach, gorgeous with paint and varnish. out-

hanging boot with dangling straps and buckles, waited at the door of the hotel for passengers. Sam, called the safe teamster, in whose hands the lines from the four horses never became entangled, sat on the high seat, by his side, Jim, the simple, Sam's grandson; on top of the coach was the U. S. leather mail bag, guarded by an iron railing and a crouching bull dog.

When the passengers were seated and the door closed, Sam pulled the lines, Jim blew three blasts on the coach horn, each horse straightened to his task, the harness tightened and the coach was off.

The second great event was at six p.m. when an anxious crowd waited to hear the three blasts from the horn, which all knew would be followed by the coach rushing down the hill across the bridge and up the incline, the horses, under Sam's skilled hands, encircling the flagpole on the public square, stopping with champing bits and tossing manes, as Jim blew the final blast to let all know that Uncle Sam had trusted his service to efficient hands.

On September 3rd, 1847, the usual six p.m. crowd waited to hear the coach horn. Three gentlemen, a little removed from the crowd seemed expectant.

The horn blast was on time, the flagpole was circled, the coach stopped, the big door opened and one gentleman stepped to the ground. The crowd gave way as the red-faced landlord greeted the new arrival.

Dr. Hiram, chairman of the committee, waiting to receive a noted Republican politician, billed to address a meeting that night in the town hall, approached the traveler, shook hands with him calling him Colonel B.

The traveler said, "You are mistaken, that is not my name," and followed the landlord into the hotel. He engaged a room, his trunk and bag followed him to it. Later he ate supper, lit his pipe and went for a walk. He was attracted to the town hall, decorated with flags, where a brass band was playing National airs, he followed the crowd going in and took a seat near the door.

The chairman arose and said, "Our speaker has disappointed us tonight, but as there are so many present, I think it best for our home talent to fill the time with short talks. I ask Dr. Hiram to open the meeting."

Dr. Hiram was greeted with cheers, when he could be heard he said, "Friends, we have a stranger with us tonight, he came on the evening coach. I do not know who he is,

nor what his politics are, I do know he is a good man and a gifted one. I extend to him, as a welcome from the people of our beautiful village, an invitation to come upon our platform and talk to us, as long or short a speech as he chooses to make."

Dr. Hiram walked down the aisle to the stranger, who arose, shook hands with him, then walked by his side to the platform, laid his hat and pipe on the table, and turned to face the audience.

In a clear speaking voice he told his name and profession, said he was looking for a place to locate permanently. In the happy vein with which he never failed to hold an audience, he spoke of their beautiful village, the outstretching farms, framed like a picture by the belt of timber beyond; the wonder of the rapid growth the once little hamlet had made, to present so quickly a center of thrift, education and prosperity as he saw all about him.

After a silence which riveted every eye upon him, he said in the sympathetic tone of voice he used when deeply moved, "I also see you have established a bar where whisky is sold, whisky, the proven destroyer of thrift, prosperity and education. The evil that destroys manhood, virtue, and individual effort. I have dedicated my life to the service of the weak and helpless. To reach results, I must be untiring in my efforts to crush out and destroy every craft that assails or tempts the weak and helpless."

"From my understanding of the results sought for, I vote the Democratic ticket, but I am not a politician. I hope to see the day when the right man will be elected to office, irrespective of party. I am not a church member. I never talk or discuss religion."

"As there is no effect without a cause, the existence of man, beast, and growing vegetation proves a Creator. Life, here and now, interests me. It is all I know anything about. If men would stand shoulder to shoulder to improve living conditions, as you brave men have in clearing up this country, transforming the wild forest into peaceful homes, I fancy Our Creator would be proud of his handiwork. I thank you for this opportunity to place myself fairly before you. If I settle here among you I ask every man to appoint himself my judge, whether I live up to the standard I have established for myself."

He left the platform amid a storm of cheers.

Dr. Hiram arose, asked all who wanted the young barrister to locate among them to stand, the audience arose as one man. The brass band led the way back to the hotel, where the stranger was given three cheers and a tiger.

A committee of leading citizens called upon the barrister the next day and presented him a deed to a lot on which stood a small brick office, built and at one time occupied by Dr. Hiram, the following day a modest tin sign adorned the door that opened onto the plank sidewalk, and Jacob felt that he had found his Today, that it depended upon his own acts, whether his Tomorrow would follow.

Jacob was content with this new life. He fitted in and soon became a strength to the law and order element.

Even the church people, while deploring the fact that he was not one of them, soon learned Jacob fought the Devil fearlessly in his vilest retreats, and helped boost with voice and cash, schools, hospitals and clean amusements.

Jacob was a welcome visitor at Dr. Hiram's home, where he learned about the young daughter attending school in the East, and that she was expected home about May 10th.

Every one Jacob talked with was a friend and admirer of the Doctor's young daughter, who had just passed her nineteenth birthday.

5:30 p.m. May 10th an expectant crowd filled every available space near the hotel.

Jacob, looking from his open door, was surprised to see six Indians, in paint and feathers, mounted on gaily caparisoned ponies, standing in a circle around the flag-pole, but he soon forgot the Indians in his welcome to Dr. Hiram and family, who drove to his door to hitch their team, while waiting for the coach that was to bring Olivia and her brother who had gone East to fetch her home.

Just on time, as always, the three horn blasts told the waiting crowd that the coach was descending the hill.

The six Indians, with wild shouts of joy, sped across the bridge, stationed themselves, three on a side, until the coach passed through, then with a wild gallop they led the coach to the hotel steps, where the old Chief forestalled all in reaching the coach door which he opened, lifting Olivia to the ground, where she was embraced by him and his five companions, who reluctantly surrendered the young lady to her family.

Some minutes passed before Dr. Hiram had his family seated in the carriage, as there were many friends to greet his daughter who had been away three years.

The Doctor turned to say good-bye to Jacob, looking for this opportunity to introduce him to his daughter; to his surprise the man was gone.

Jacob had gone into his office, shut the door, elevated his feet on the desk, lit his pipe and half closed his eyes, as was his habit when thinking hard.

Soon, in the cloud of tobacco smoke before his face, he saw a dainty girl, clear olive complexion, a wealth of blue black hair coiled low on her head, big blue eyes, regular features, and over all the blood of her father and his ancestors who came over in the Mayflower, cast their shadow; that seemed to remove her from his vision.

Jacob arose, walked about his office, asking himself if he, who had loved the little maid in the old Pennsylvania home so dearly that though forced to give her up, he could not forget, had he another love to give a wife and her children?

Jacob was a lonely man. He wanted a home, some one to love and care for. He had money, a growing practice, there was no reason why he should not live as other men live.

At the close of each day, the girl's face always looked at him from the tobacco smoke.

Soon Jacob resumed his visits to Dr. Hiram's home.

He found Olivia interesting, womanly for her age. She sensed the tender heart and loneliness of the big, boyish man. As weeks passed the friendship grew.

On August 1st, Jacob, aged thirty-three, and Olivia, aged nineteen, were married.

Jacob bought fifteen acres of land in what, five years later, proved to be the choice residence section, on the south bank of the Looking Glass River. A new house was completed in time for Jacob and wife to eat Christmas turkey under their own roof.

The next few months were a night-mare to the young couple.

The young wife had a calm, undemonstrative, nature weighed every one on her scales, was a born aristocrat, kind and just to all who served her and devoted to her friends. She was shocked at her husband's lack of polish and edu-

cation, amazed as each day's intimacy brought out traits and peculiarities so foreign to her ideals.

When she found out that she had married an infidel, her cup of sorrow ran over.

It took many earnest talks with her father, to whom she went with all of her troubles, to reconcile her to the life she had brought upon herself, by insisting upon marrying a man she had known so short a time.

Olivia acknowledged that no one could be kinder, or more thoughtful of her needs and comfort than her husband. The beautiful home was in her name. She had her own bank book, horse and carriage, and efficient help in the house.

Bravely Olivia determined to overcome her growing dislike for the man she had promised to love and obey. She did so in a measure by forgetting self, and entering more into his life and pursuits.

When Jacob sensed the situation, he faced the facts alone in his office, jaw set, eyes closed, pipe in his mouth. He remembered how, at the close of each day during the short engagement, the face of the girl in the tobacco smoke was always receding from him. Had it been a warning, he asked himself.

Jacob did not blame Olivia; he knew he had not given her his first love; knew how coarse and crude he must appear to this refined gentlewoman so recently from eastern schools and cultured people.

As Jacob had met every crisis, he met this, and rose up stronger for this self analysis, faced his duty, made no complaints.

There followed no family rupture. The wife had her family and circle of friends, Jacob his large practice, and the overseeing of improvements on the new home.

Jacob fought intemperance openly, took a pronounced stand against the teachings of orthodox religion; stood ready for debate or argument with the clergy at all times.

CHAPTER II

Jacob Investigates Spiritualism

In 1848, when modern Spiritualism rapped for admittance through the hands of the Fox Sisters, Jacob arose in his wrath, expressed himself freely with voice and pen, declared something must be done to stop charlatans from pursuing their nefarious practices.

Jacob closed his office, went to Hydesville, determined to put his foot upon the viper. He stayed three weeks, much of the time in the humble Fox home, where he was given every opportunity to investigate the phenomena. He came home convinced that there was a power outside of the little girls, that he could not explain, in the demonstration that he had seen.

When Jacob told his wife where he had been and what he had seen, her indifference and unbelief sent him from her determined to find out the truth. He joined a circle of five people, they began sitting, hoping for some demonstration, but he did not tell his wife.

Jacob was in the habit of spending his evenings from home; he was a genial host at smokers, played cards and billiards. No gathering of leading citizens was complete without Jacob. He was chairman at all public gatherings.

At last Jacob's wife heard that he was seen going to the home of Madam K., a dashing widow, who owned the leading millinery store, two evenings a week. She went to her father, he called upon his son-in-law.

These good men were glad of an opportunity to talk the matter over; Jacob told of his trip to Hydesville, what he saw and heard, how it had unsettled his old belief, leaving him at sea. Told how his wife had received his confidence, and of the breach that was growing between them.

Dr. Hiram referred Jacob to Scripture passages that he should read with an open mind. Said that he believed the time would come when communication would be established between the two worlds. Dr. Hiram told Jacob how unhappy his daughter was, and showed him his duty to his young wife, who before many moths would give birth to a

child, said that she must have tender care and have all worry and anxiety removed from her.

This interview saved the day, the young people had a heart-to-heart talk, each decided to forgive and forget, for the sake of the promised child that both longed for.

July 21st a baby girl was born, her mother named her Veroqua, after the wife of the Indian Chief who had adopted her into the tribe when she was eleven years old.

The new baby was a delicate child, tenderly loved by her parents. Her birth had brought her girl mother very near to the grave. Many months passed before she was able to assume the care of Veroqua.

The baby was a continual joy to the few Indians scattered through the country, remnants of the tribe that had adopted her mother when she was a little girl.

They came each loaded with presents for the mother and child—venison, fish, berries, feathers, choice skins lined with gay blankets.

All was harmony in the little home, Jacob was making money, he held responsible county offices and young students came to him for coaching.

Mother and child grew strong and Jacob's brothers and sisters came to Michigan to live.

Sally, with whom the old mother had lived for years, now a well-to-do widow with one daughter, located near her brother Jacob.

Jacob's wife and baby were loved by his family as Jacob was by Dr. Hiram's family.

True to his nature, Jacob continued to investigate Spiritualism. He knew many good people who had accepted the faith. He visited mediums, sat in circles, and read everything for and against Spiritualism that he could find. He read his Bible in leisure moments and continued to discuss the subject with his father-in-law. Each discussion left him wiser and more comforted.

After one of these visits Jacob sat smoking. Suddenly the cloud of tobacco smoke began to form into letters, and he read, "Your quest is nearly at an end, a child will lift the veil and reveal the truth to you. Wait and trust."

The clock was striking twelve as Jacob staggered to his feet drunk with joy that had entered into his soul. He was to know at last, and through a child. What child?

not his little Veroqua; he could not believe it, and Dr. Hiram had told him there must be no more babies, as his wife could not survive another labor.

By now Jacob was fully himself and began a severe self analysis. Had he slept and dreamed? Was he losing his mind, studying so constantly to find the truth, among so much sham and error that he could not deny was ever present, where he went to investigate?

Jacob unburdened himself to his sister Sally, where he always found sympathy.

Jacob began to long for another child as he had never longed for his first born. A baby hand always nestled in his; a baby face lay on his pillow at night; a child sat at his elbow on the desk as he wrote or talked with clients.

Veroqua loved her father and he was fond of her, but she was her mother's child in looks, temperament, and that aristocratic exclusiveness that always had held Jacob aloof.

Words fail to express the conflicting emotions Jacob experienced when he was told that another child was promised him. Fear lest the wife he had grown so fond of, who now showed him the love his heart had so hungered for, would not be able to live through the labor, but stronger than all else was the hope that the promise he had read in the tobacco smoke might be coming true.

As his wife continued in good health, weighing more than ever before, ninety-eight pounds, Jacob took heart, and tried to wait patiently.

Jacob's mother went to live with a favorite son, a Methodist minister living in an adjoining county.

Sally, whose daughter had just married, came to live with her brother to take care of the wife and babies.

An ideal summer passed. Love and harmony reigned in the home on the hill that sloped to the bank of the Looking Glass River.

September 3rd, 1851, a twelve pound baby girl was born to the happy mother, after less than thirty minutes' labor. Never a complication or an hour's sickness followed.

The baby was named Francis. She was a typical Dutch baby.

For the first time in his life Jacob weakened; he felt the responsibility resting upon him.

If this baby should prove to be the child who was to reveal the truth to him, was he good enough to receive and make proper use of such knowledge?

What of the life of the child sent to him in his great need? Would he prove true to the trust? Shield and guard the messenger, who from his limited study of mediumship, he knew to be a sensitive plate upon whose surface one and all entities could throw their imprint.

Jacob went to his father-in-law with this new trouble. That talk bound the two men together as nothing else could have done. They decided to wait and trust, also to take Sally into their confidence, and be guided by future developments.

Each man felt fatherhood to be a sacred trust. To be the father of an especially gifted child was a privilege indeed.

Veroqua, always a delicate child, went into a decline and clung to her mother, this proved such a tax upon the mother that she weaned Francis and turned her over to the care of father, Sally and grandparents.

Francis fitted in any place, was never sick, or showed temper, grew fast, sat alone, walked and talked very young.

Hiram and Jacob continued to investigate Spiritualism. When Francis was two years old her mother discovered that her father and husband were sitting in a circle with twenty-five people in a room of the hotel; she asked Sally what she had better do about it.

Sally said "Ask Jacob to hold the circles in his own home." Olivia did this, Jacob was much pleased.

The next Wednesday evening was set for the first gathering.

That Wednesday was one the family never forgot. Court was in session. Jacob had an important case he was to submit to the jury that afternoon. Dr. Hiram was to consult with a brother physician twenty-five miles away. Mother spent the morning caring for Veroqua, who was feverish and fretful.

Francis rolled about on her cushions, as usual in no one's way.

Sally helped Spinster Harriet put the house in order. They decided to hold the circle in the dining room, a long low ceiled room, furnished in black walnut, furniture fashionable at that time. No two men could lift the dining table clear from the floor. A brass chandelier holding many wax candles hung over the table, six brackets each holding six candles adorned the walls.

Before noon Jacob came home with the sick headache. Dr. Hiram failed to keep his appointment at the bedside of the patient and spent the day in his daughter's home caring for the sufferers.

As the sun set, at the close of a gorgeous day, a cool breeze sprang up and brought the breath of clover blossoms through the open window, dispelling the something that had hung over the inmates of the pretty home all day.

Evening came, the twenty-five people arrived promptly. Sally took Veroqua to the nursery. Mother greeted the guests kindly. As Jacob opened the door into the dining room for the guests to enter he turned to his wife and said "Will you come?" That something in his voice that few people could resist, caused her to follow him. As she did so, Jacob leaned over the cradle and lifted up his "Little Dutch Girl," as he always called Francis, and placed her in her mother's lap.

As she took her place at the foot of the table the baby laughed and clapped her hands at the bright lights.

Dr. Hiram's sitting by the side of his daughter did not dispel her horror at the position she found herself in when she saw all hands placed on the table, fingers touching, and heard a voice say "Put out the lights."

She breathed freer when she heard Jacob's calm voice say, "No, I can't put out the lights. I may demand too much, but nothing will satisfy me that is not proved to my five senses. Those of you who wish to retire, can do so now."

All remained seated. "Nearer My God" was sung. Soon baby was asleep, her hand holding Grandpa's thumb, whose hand was resting on the table, mother breaking the circle by keeping her arms around the sleeping child.

Soon a tremor passed through the table, followed by faint raps; the tremor and raps were repeated.

Jacob arose and said, "Let us one by one leave the table, until we find who is the medium being used."

This analytical man could do no other way.

The raps continued, each time stronger. One after the other left his seat at the table.

Baby slept on, forgotten by her excited mother who was leaning forward trying to detect the fraud she felt was being perpetrated before her very eyes.

Suddenly she found herself alone at the table. She sat the baby on the table and threw herself into her father's arms.

A miniature hail storm hit the table, which started down the room unaided by visible power, the baby had wakened, crowing with delight over the joy ride.

The table hit the wall ten feet from where it started with such force that it made a deep dent in the plaster.

Jacob clasped the child to his breast and left the room. Hours later Sally found her brother on his knees by the bed where the child lay sleeping.

Dr. Hiram dismissed the company with his usual dignity and the request that the evening's demonstration should not be talked about town. As most of the people were his patients and friends, the others honest investigators, they all agreed with him.

Dr. Hiram spent hours going over the matter with his daughter, but he failed to reconcile her to the awful thing that had come upon her.

Thursday morning ushered in a regular tempest, rain and sleet flooded the streets, trees and all frail obstructions were leveled to the ground, but the storm was not noticed by the family on the hill. The elements at work there among the inmates blinded them to all else.

Veroqua developed diphtheria. Mother was prostrated, needing almost constant care. Jacob moved among his loved ones in a daze. Sally held the craft steady to the wind. The grandparents took care of the sufferers.

The Dutch Baby spent the day hugging her bottle, nestling in her father's arms or sleeping in her cradle, rocked now and then by unseen power.

Weeks passed. Before Veroqua rallied from one ailment she contracted another, at last the whooping cough reduced her almost to a skeleton, for weeks she knew no one, took no nourishment, just breathed; the family waiting for Dr. Hiram who sat by her bed day and night, to say she was gone.

The Dutch Baby, immune to all diseases, took a sudden fancy to her sister, insisted on staying on the bed, would hug and kiss her. When put out of the room, she watched her chance to slip in.

Dr. Hiram was moved to humor Francis, she was allowed to have her way. In forty-eight hours Veroqua

showed a remarkable improvement. Soon she noticed her little sister and clung to her. Francis lived on the bed. Before many weeks Veroqua was able to play out of doors.

Although she was two years older than Francis, Veroqua always seemed younger, she always depended on her sister who assumed leadership.

A close friendship bound these two sisters together—a friendship that lasted until the blue black and reddish yellow locks were frosted with silver.

Veroqua was always her mother's favorite, as Francis was her father's, but both parents tried not to show partiality, they were devoted to their children.

CHAPTER III

Child Mediumship

Mother never knew what Francis would do next, she climbed every possible place, got into the most dangerous places. If left alone she would extricate herself, but it was nerve racking to stand idly by and see her do it, she never had a broken bone, cut finger or burn.

Francis hated starched frills and adornments that most little girls love. She bobbed her hair because it took too long to comb it. She loved to look at picture books but would not learn her letters or numbers, never ran away or failed to come in when told to do so, never cried or showed temper, made extra work or needed special care.

Little Francis was loved by all; she admired her beautiful mother, was devoted to her sister, but worshiped her father and Aunt Sally. She slept with her father and was always near him when he was home.

Francis had a habit of falling into a sound sleep, perhaps at breakfast after a long night's rest, or at play. She would drop to the floor, or lean against the nearest support and sleep for hours. Then again she would not sleep for a day and a night. Was always normal, no fever or nervous disorder.

After these sleeping spells, she would wake, finish her meal or go on with her play as if she had not been disturbed.

During such a sleep, nothing could rouse Francis, a plunge into cold water or a hard spanking had no effect upon her. She spent much of her time with her grandparents who loved her dearly.

Dr. Hiram studied the child in all her moods, kept a diary of her health, development and peculiarities, up to the time he left his physical body.

Francis would not sleep in a dark room. The dusk of evening always sent her to some one to beg for a light.

While the Dutch Girl was growing up her way, Verouqua became the model child, she showed great ability, rare musical talent, most refined manners, hair and clothes were never soiled or tousled.

Veroqua loved beautiful clothes and elegant surroundings, in fact she was sick and unhappy without them, was the constant companion of her mother who began her education at an early age.

Veroqua loved her father, and he was very fond of her and loved to show her off to his friends, but it was his Dutch Girl that he tucked in the seat beside him when he had an all day's ride to some client whose neighbor had trespassed upon his rights. Or when he took pole and line for a few hours' needed rest, to the race above the mill, it was the Dutch Girl's fat hand that nestled in father's warm palm.

When Francis was five years old a son was born, the sweetest baby, he proved to be the element the family needed to complete its happiness. He was named Jacob.

A month later Dr. Hiram passed from his earth body. He was sitting on his porch watching the sun go down, Francis asleep in his arms. He turned to the wife sitting beside him and asked her if she heard voices. She said "No" as she laid her cheek against his.

After a long silence he said, "Be good to this poor child," smiled and was gone.

The family was prepared, as was Dr. Hiram. They had known for some time that his earth work was almost finished. Their faith made it easy for them to say "Thy will be done." They knew that husband and father had only gone ahead to prepare a home, where some day his loved family would join him.

Dr. Hiram was greatly mourned and missed in the County where he had lived an exemplary life.

The following spring Grandmother was stricken with erysipelas in her head; she grew rapidly worse, her head swollen to an enormous size. Her children gathered about the bed, as the doctors said she could not live through the night.

Jacob went home at sundown to see if his children were safe and comfortable, leaving his wife at her mother's bedside. He found Sally trying to get Francis ready for bed, but she kept saying "Grandpa says grandma wants me;" she did not cry or rage, just said "I won't go to bed, grandma wants me." Her father had no more influence over her; soon she fell into a calm sleep.

Sally looked at her brother; they understood.

The horse stood hitched at the gate, as Jacob intended to return to the Farm for the night. After knowing all

was well at home he wrapped Francis in warm blankets, held her on his lap while he drove the three miles to the Farm as quickly as possible.

Jacob rushed to the room, where the big four post bed stood in the centre surrounded by sorrowing children, waiting in the hope that their dear mother would speak a word to them before she went to join their father. The bundle of blankets which he carried was placed on the foot of the bed, and out of it rolled Francis, wide awake, and asked for an apple, which was given her and she nestled down and began to eat it.

Jacob knowing all were waiting for him to explain his strange actions, did so by simply explaining the facts.

I have heard my mother say that the looks of anger and consternation on the faces of those sorrowing children haunted her for months. They all loved and respected Jacob, loved Francis and knew of her strange gift, pitied her mother, but felt that for once Jacob had gone too far.

Jacob felt the storm about to break, raised his hand and said, "No human hand can raise up our beloved mother, let us wait and see what a child can do."

One by one they left the room, leaving Jacob and his wife standing alone by the bed looking down upon the sick mother and their little girl, who was in a calm sleep.

The patient watchers sat by the bedside until midnight when Grandmother said "Olivia, Hiram says give me all the sweet cream I want, and for you not to move Francis."

The children were told that mother was conscious and wanted to speak to them, which she did, a word to each. She drank cream often until daylight, when it was found that the swelling had gone from her head, she had no fever, was strong and hungry.

In a week grandmother went about her duties as usual.

Francis slept two days and nights, opened her eyes and began to eat her apple, which she had held in her hand during her long sleep, Jacob sitting by her side almost constantly until she awoke. Francis was in no way injured, took up her play and leadership at home as usual.

Are you wondering, my dear reader, if the village busybodies, the pious sisters of the church societies, the political opponents of Jacob, the whiskey element Jacob fought so fearlessly in the open as he did all vice, did they never hear of Jacob's little girl's familiars, persecute him and endanger the child's life.

No, for Jacob's position was secure, he had money, the leading men of the county were his friends, he was feared by the lawless element, highly respected by those who did not believe as he did.

Jacob never attended circles after the demonstration in his own home. He was satisfied.

The Spiritualistic excitement died down in the village after a few frauds were exposed and driven from the County, Jacob being at the head of the movement.

The believers of Spiritualism were happy in their knowledge, the curiosity seekers looking for new excitement.

Francis was to all appearances a normal child, but never alone outside her father's gate. Dr. Hiram during his earth life had been respected by all. Olivia's aristocratic exclusiveness forbade people breaking into the privacy of her home.

Sally had only to stand on the porch, to impress churchgoers on Sunday and school children week days, of her goodness if left alone. She was an imposing figure as she stood, knitting in hand, white cap borders falling around her sweet face, black silk cape over her shoulders, a black silk apron tied around her uncorseted waist, one pocket holding scissors, bobbins, needle case, and simple remedies that little children might need in a hurry, the other pocket always held sweets in some form or other where little hands could help themselves.

Yes, Jacob knew tongues wagged behind his back, but he was a happy man; he had a charming wife, a peer among women; children any man could be proud of; the confidence of his neighbors; all evil disposed people feared him, and so he was content.

The next year Francis developed a fearful temper, would bite brother and sister and draw blood on her own hand while she screamed with pain. Jacob had no control over her, and no punishment could subdue her.

The family guarded this new phase jealously, would not call in the local doctors, but submitted patiently to the great trial, hoping each day would restore to them the little girl, her own sweet self again.

The tension proved too great, Jacob wrote to the leading nerve specialist in New York City offering him his price if he would come at once.

Dr. K. arrived. After Jacob had given him a history of the case, he took him to the room where Francis was kept tied in a padded chair.

The doctor looked with pity at the child's tear stained face, matted hair, and disordered clothes. The profane language the girl uttered made him shudder.

After a few days close study of the case, the doctor owned that he could not account for the frenzy the child kept up hour after hour.

The third day drew to a close, all dreaded the long night of agony before them; when suddenly their attention was riveted upon Francis, who at once stopped screaming, arose from her chair where she had been securely bound, the straps still intact, climbed into her old cradle, snuggled down, began to sing, and soon slept. The cradle rocked all night, independent of visible aid.

The child awoke in the morning her own sweet self.

Dr. K. remained with the family a week, studying the case. Without warning, doll or puppy in her arms, Francis would come to attention, as it were, and begin a lecture on anatomy, botany, or history, lasting from ten to forty minutes, correct in every particular. Dr. K. could not believe his own ears. If any one moved or spoke, her voice stopped until quiet was restored; no lecture or discourse was ever brought to a finish, and lo, her eyes opened, doll or puppy held the child's attention and the play was resumed, just where it stopped, even to the finishing of a word begun.

Dr. K. insisted on taking Francis home with him, but Jacob would not consent, but promised, if she had a return of the phase, to take the child to Dr. K., who would accept no fee for his services, saying he was going home more than paid for his time and trouble. He did allow Jacob to pay the expenses for the trip when he saw Jacob would not consent to being under such a heavy obligation.

Dr. K. agreed with Jacob that outside entities controlled Francis. He sympathized with the sorrowing mother, and told Jacob to watch Francis carefully and never to oppose her in any mood; if the frenzy returned, to put her in a room alone with her cradle and he felt sure a higher force would care for her.

Francis never had a return of the trouble.

Next year Dr. K. visited Jacob's family twice, each time begging to take Francis home with him.

The doctor's third visit was at a time when Francis' hand was used for automatic writing, lights appeared in the daytime, independent voices spoke a greeting to different members of the family, chairs moved, remarkable things were written.

Jacob located a murderer who had been in hiding nine years, by his victim's writing automatically the murderer's place of concealment; he was brought to justice, acknowledged his crime and was sent to prison.

Paper and pencils lay all about the house handy; if any one saw Francis close her eyes, they put writing material before her at once.

At dinner the day Dr. K. arrived, raps came on the table. The doctor said, "I wonder who is knocking."

Jacob was watching Francis who always sat at his right hand, saw her eyes close and laid paper and pencil before her; her hand wrote in big letters:

Knocking, knocking, who is there?

Loved ones from above,
Come to give you messages
From the land of love.

Knocking, knocking, who is there?

Loved ones from on high,
Words of wisdom on their lips,
Love light in their eye.

Knocking, knocking, who is there?

Loved ones long thought lost,
Come to give you courage,
To bear life's heavy cross.

At the last word Francis opened her eyes and continued to eat her pie.

Dr. K. returned home convinced that those thought dead were very much alive.

About this time a noted mesmerist held a series of meetings in Lansing.

Jacob being in the Capitol City on business attended one of them. He heard Professor S. say that he had power to remove drink, drug, and vicious habits from people; could overcome manias, and develop latent gifts, all with no ill effects to the subject.

Jacob called upon Professor S. told him as little as possible of his daughter's affliction and frankly said he believed departed spirits controlled her.

Professor S. laughed, and said he had made a thorough study of Spiritualism, and there was nothing in it. However, he was anxious to see Francis, and said he would go home with Jacob for one night, for the sum of fifty dollars, the door receipts for one night which he would have to cancel, as his three months' program was advertised ahead.

Jacob was willing to pay the price to hear this man's opinion. He introduced Professor S. to his family in time for a late dinner.

Francis did not see the professor until late evening when grandmother brought her home. She was a very obedient child, did not like strangers, and never made friends with people.

Jacob explained to her that there was a gentleman in the parlor who had a new game to teach them, asking her if she wanted to go in and learn it. Child like she said "Yes." She was introduced, told to sit very still and watch what the man did.

Father, mother, Sally and grandmother were in the room, all quietly watching the little girl's interest grow as the Professor approached her, making passes, strange noises, facial contortions, and at last snapping his fingers and stamping his feet. Then he was still. All looked at the Professor who stood rivetted to the floor, arms extended, eyes bulging from the sockets and face like death.

The child laughed and said, "Funny man."

This aroused them from their fright, and they rushed to the Professor's assistance. A doctor was called and had to bleed the man before he came to.

The Professor was prostrated three days before he was able to return to Lansing. He refused to see Francis while he was a guest in the home. He told Jacob that just as he felt he was getting the girl under his power, he saw a dark circle form over her head from which a star blazed forth and he lost consciousness.

Professor S. gave up his public exhibitions and retired to his farm. After two years he developed independent slate writing and passed from his earth body ten years later a believer in the return of spirits.

The county seat was moved from the village on the bank of the Looking Glass River to a thriving town fourteen

miles north, connected with the outside world by a new railroad being built through its center.

Jacob rented his home and moved his family to the new county seat, he being the first lawyer located there, and began the erection of a fine house in a choice part of the town, meanwhile the family boarded at the hotel.

Francis was left with grandmother on the farm, as Jacob felt it would be unwise to subject the child to the environments of such a public place and knew that it would be impossible to keep the truth about Francis' gift from the curious eyes about the hotel.

Francis was happy on the farm. She never tired of the great attic, full of heirlooms and drying herbs; the big red barn with its fragrant hayloft, where she slept away the summer afternoons; the sunken stone milk house through which ran ice cold water from the spring on the hill above, where she worked golden butter in her little wooden bowl at grandmother's elbow, as she shaped and patted the contents of her larger bowl into golden balls and then flattened and stamped them with rose or lily; she fed the chickens and brought in the eggs, and divided her best tidbit with old Bera, the lame dog, who had the warmest place by the chimney.

Grandpa's big chair in the porch corner was her play house, it held her family of dolls.

Jacob's children had been carefully reared; had never been to school or church, had never played with other children. They were not taught to say a prayer, had never heard the Bible read or discussed. They did not know the meaning of the word gossip, profanity or obscenity.

The bedtime hour was spent brushing hair and teeth, washing faces and hands, then a good romp with father who always spent his evenings at home if possible, then a little visit with mother followed: she would ask if their tongues and hearts were as clean as the little hands she held so lovingly, saying she could see the dirt on hands and faces and wash it off, but he could not know if they had said unkind words, or hurt any helpless thing unless they told her, so together they could wash the stain away.

These little talks which always brought results and confessions, laid the foundations for good, clean lives.

These children were free from superstition and false standards that later they would have had to renounce or outgrow.

The girls learned to dance while small, and went with their parents to the club dances held once a month in the hotel ball room.

Always some time before the twelve o'clock supper was served, after which Jacob and his family went home, the floor was cleared and Jacob's little girls stepped off the minuet as only their graceful mother could teach them to do, or a Highland fling, taught them by their father, who danced as naturally as he breathed.

Jacob and the family spent the Sunday at the farm.

Francis grew more normal. The quiet farm life and grandmother's care, gave, as all believed, grandfather a chance to get control over her. He proved he was there, through Francis' hand he wrote directing grandmother about farm work, business, private matters and always signed his name the same way.

Jacob decided to prove to his entire satisfaction that Dr. Hiram was the one writing the messages, so, during one of the Sunday visits, he asked if Dr. Hiram was present, saying, "If so, rap three times." The raps followed. Jacob said, "Father, will you write a letter upon some disease and give a prescription, using medical terms, that I can send to Dr. K. the New York nerve specialist, that will prove that you are Dr. Hiram, with the same knowledge that you possessed when you were here in your physical body? If you will, rap three times." No raps came. Jacob was disappointed.

The following Tuesday Jacob received a letter from Grandmother saying, "Hiram wrote the enclosed letter Sunday evening after you went home." There was a sealed envelope directed to Dr. K. which Jacob forwarded to him, unopened, enclosing a letter of explanation.

A letter came back in due time assuring Jacob that Dr. Hiram had made good, giving to the medical profession the knowledge sought for to combat an epidemic then sweeping the country.

The two letters were framed under glass and highly prized.

The Dutch Girl began to change, lost in weight, developed a perfect figure. The rare complexion never tanned. Her eyes grew azure, lost the squint, so like her father, except under strong feeling. Perfect teeth, mouth showed character. Two mammoth braids of reddish yellow hair

hung to her knees. She became a great worker, assumed the care of all helpless things, talked little, was never familiar or confidential with any one, and liked best to be alone, unless she could serve some one.

Are you wondering, my dear reader, what the girl thought of the strange things that happened to her?

Remember, that when she waked from the sleep or trance, she knew nothing of what had taken place. The raps, lights, voices, and moving of furniture which took place when she was conscious, had come upon her so gradually, that she did not separate them from other facts, that no normal child ever questions. She saw and talked with grandfather at times. When she wanted him and he did not respond, she went to her mother and asked why?

You must understand that the wonder of Francis' gift was never discussed before her. She was kept ignorant of any mystery. Grew up just a child, naturally, in the proper environment of home, love and freedom.

The new house was finished and the family moved home.

Spinster Harriet who had served Jacob's family since the young bride began housekeeping, was there to serve the first dinner. She was a loved and trusted member of Jacob's family for many years.

Sally was second mother to the children and the close confidant of her sister-in-law.

A large room was furnished and the door shut, only to be opened when the children's grandmother came to visit.

Old Frank, the drunken servant of the whiskey element in the little village where Jacob began his fight in the open against whiskey, who was hired to make way with Jacob, missed his mark. Jacob's hat caught the bullet; Jacob caught Frank, took him home; sobered him up and helped him to become a useful citizen. Frank had a warm place in Jacob's heart, Jacob's wife and the children loved him, and he served the family until a younger man came to take orders from Frank, while he smoked his pipe at rest in the shade.

Grandmother brought Francis home in time for the housewarming.

A family council decided that the girls must go to school. The principal, Madam Y., a woman with thirty

years' experience in the school room, had met Jacob and wife.

The first day of the fall term Jacob went to the school with his little girls, introduced them by saying, "Veroqua is very studious, advanced for her age, her mother has taught her, you will have no trouble grading her. Francis will be a problem, she dislikes books, we have never forced her; she is an obedient child, you are sure to love her; if she proves too great a responsibility, let me know."

At this time Veroqua was ten years old, Francis eight and little Brother three.

The Principal did not know what to do, she could not send Francis to the A B C room so gave her a seat by her sister. The morning was spent grading pupils giving each child a list of books. Songs were sung, a game played, and school dismissed until Tuesday at nine A. M.

The wonder of it all sent Jacob's girls home on the run, each to tell in her own way what the first day of school meant to her.

Tuesday when the fourth reader class was called to the floor, (in those days pupils stood, heels together, toes on a line to recite all lessons.) Francis followed her sister, stood quietly by her, after Veroqua read her stanza, Francis took the book and with her eyes on the teacher who stood in front of the reading class, read the next stanza correctly, then handed the book to her sister without having looked at it. Instead of going to her seat with the dismissed class Francis went home. At one o'clock she was back in her seat. She spent the afternoon in making pictures on her slate.

One week passed, Francis always went to the reading class, read her stanza then went home.

Dear reader, please remember that the public school system sixty years ago, in town and village, was as different from the one in vogue today as is the water and lighting system.

Jacob was a prominent man in that district, a high degree Mason, assistant attorney of the new railroad, had brains and money, knew personally the leading men of that day, never abused his privileges nor assumed airs. His little girl had in no way trespassed upon any rules of the school room, but I quite agree with you, such a lax system could not be tolerated in the crowded schools of our cities today.

Saturday Madam Y. called on Jacob's family and asked them if they would not take her into their confidence.

"I know about the gift your youngest daughter has. I have long known that spirits freed from their physical bodies can and do control spirits still living in their physical bodies. I have never seen so perfect a demonstration before as I have in your little girl. My dear friend, I wish you would take her out of school; it is no place for her. Now at least, give her freedom. Let her develop a strong body. Keep her from excitement. Let her romp and play, don't force books upon her. She has a great gift and a mission to perform. Time will right everything. She is God's child, no harm can come to her."

The children's mother and Madam Y. became very dear friends.

Francis was glad to stay home from school; she began to study in an intermittent way with her mother as teacher.

Saturday forenoons Francis spent at Madam Y.'s cottage, where the lady lived alone. She loved the child, helped her with her music lessons, the one study Francis never tired of, and began cultivating her voice, which was a rare one for her age.

Francis was a natural worker, she learned to sew, make lace and to embroider. She loved to sweep and dust and became Aunt Sally's helper in keeping the beautiful rooms in order, and there were days when she loafed as industriously; at such times she was allowed to have her way.

One day her father discovered her trying to walk on the top rail of the fence that surrounded the acre field where the horses were kept. He encouraged her, saying when she could go clear around without a balancing pole he would give her a gold piece. She did the task although the fence was ten rails high. She got the money.

Francis began keeping the household up nights again. Lectures, blank verse, orthodox sermons, full of hell fire and brimstone were given. The child sang arias from cantatas, old hymns, negro melodies. She prophesied correctly, many months ahead, important movements, political defeats, heavy storms and the like.

Faces, hands, flowers, strange vegetation materialized in bright light.

Jacob invited scholars, doctors, newspaper men, authors, actors, all whom he thought were serious, progressive people, to see the strange phenomena.

During the few weeks these night demonstrations lasted the child slept most of the next day. She grew thin, restless, lost her appetite, and had nose bleed often.

One day Little Brother could not be found. He had been playing in the barn with Frank as Mother and Sally were taking a nap while Francis slept.

Frank, who could not find the boy, gave the alarm, sent for Jacob and the search began in earnest.

The news spread, men, women, every one responded to the cry "A child lost!"

Dusk began to fall before the stricken father thought to go to Francis for help. She had slept through the long afternoon, Sally staying with her to see no harm came to her.

Jacob went to the bed, took her hand, hoping to rouse her, when Dr. Hiram's voice said "Francis will wake in a moment, she will lead you to Little Brother; I have found him, he is safe. Tell my daughter not to worry."

Francis stretched and yawned as she opened her eyes and said "Do you want me?" "Yes," Father said, "Come for a walk." She sprang up and began to dress herself. Sally, who had been listening at the door, went to help her while Jacob went to assure his wife her baby was safe.

Soon Francis was skipping along the frozen ground faster than her father usually walked; she led him nine blocks northwest to a big wheat elevator.

The day watchman was just leaving, and the night watchman in the act of shutting the big outside gate as Jacob arrived. They both knew Jacob, but said when asked, that there was no child about the place. Jacob urged them to let him look through the office and engine room; they said "You are welcome to look, come and we will show you."

The little boy was found asleep under a great coat on a bench, in the corner. It was never known how the small child reached the wheat elevator.

From this time until spring Francis taxed the strength and patience of her devoted family to the limit.

Dr. K. was sent for and remained one week with the family.

At last the skeleton was out, tongues wagged. Committees to sympathize, censure, or offer advice called upon Jacob, who kept his temper and dismissed them with thanks.

The female element never got farther than the front door, where Sally kept watch to see that no one annoyed her sister-in-law.

Francis was taken back to the farm to grandmother. Veroqua, who had become sensitive over the things said about her sister, was glad to leave school and go with Francis, who became more normal, regained her weight, ate, slept and played like a normal child. At times she had a relapse, but not for long.

One day a strange voice called grandmother to the play corner on the porch.

Francis with closed eyes greeted her and said, "Francis will love a good man, he will die. She will marry a good old man who will take good care of her; he will die. She will take care of all her family in their last sickness; they will die. She will live alone many years in a far western city before she dies. She will never be a mother, never live a happy life like other women. She was born to serve and teach people how to live on the earth to be ready for the life after the change called death. Called death, but—

There is no death,
There is life for all
The rich, the poor,
The great and small.

And the one with crimson gown
Shall change it for a harp and crown.

Sweet spirit land, blest spirit land
Where each shall clasp a brother's hand,
And as we help him to arise,
From out the depths of sin and vice,
We then shall know that we are free
To enter into Paradise.

There is a life beyond the grave,
A life for free man and for slave,
A life where each must do his part
To heal earth's wounded, broken hearts.

Sweet spirit land, blest spirit land,
Where each shall clasp a brother's hand,
And as we help him to arise,
From out the depths of sin and vice,
We then shall know that we are free,
To enter into Paradise."

Time passed, Veroqua returned to school. Francis lived free and happy on the farm, Dr. Hiram kept close watch over her. Grandma loved the child dearly, she went home for occasional visits, but her wise parents had learned that the child must be kept in a quiet, harmonious atmosphere.

Jacob sorely missed his Little Dutch Girl, and his wife's poor health gave him much anxiety, but Sally was his comfort, she mothered all.

On one of Francis' visits Jacob took the family, which always included Aunt Sally and Grandmother, to Milwaukee for a week.

While there he learned that the largest steamer on Lake Michigan was to leave for Chicago the next Sunday at an early hour, carrying an excursion party. Jacob secured reservations for the family. As they were about to leave their rooms to enter the hotel omnibus waiting to carry passengers to the dock Francis was discovered to be asleep.

The family resigned themselves to the disappointment, for by now they knew that there was a power controlling her.

After the steamer was gone she awoke, and a pleasant day was passed sight seeing.

When it was learned that the steamer had gone to the bottom of Lake Michigan with only a few sailors left to tell the awful tale Jacob's family wondered why they were saved and hundreds lost. But they were thankful. That was a very trying summer; Francis developed great cunning. She knew everything that happened in the neighborhood.

One night, Francis wakened her father at midnight and said "A man is hanging on a tree, come quick!"

They were out of doors as soon as possible, followed by Frank, who had been called. Francis led them straight to the deep cut through which the railroad ran; there on the limb of a tree hung the lifeless form of a man.

One look and Jacob's caution warned him to return home at once. The poor man was beyond help, and Jacob knew if detected, he could not account for his presence there at that time of night without exposing his little girl to more criticism.

As Frank turned to follow Jacob, his foot struck a hard substance; he stooped and picked up a leather wallet from the ground and put it in his pocket.

On reaching home Jacob told his wife and sister what he had seen and they agreed that he had done the wise thing to come home without giving the alarm.

After a cup of hot coffee, all started for bed. As Sally was leaving the room a look from Frank told her he wanted to speak to her. She gave him an opportunity and he showed her the wallet and asked her what he should do with it. At once she said, "Go let down the bars to the pasture where the milk cow is kept, let her out. As soon as safe in the morning go looking for her over the ground you have been over tonight. If the crime has not been discovered give the alarm, and say you found the wallet near the tree, bring it back to Jacob, when you find the cow."

Frank let down the bars, started the cow in the right direction; then waited with what patience he could until daybreak, when he started after her.

Before he reached the place where the body hung, he met two laborers hurrying to town to give the alarm. They told Frank what they had seen. He hastened to the spot where a crowd was gathering; it was easy to drop the wallet, unseen in all the excitement, stumble over it, call out, which attracted the attention of those near him as he stooped and picked it up. He put it in his pocket and said, "I'll give it to Jacob, he will know what to do with it."

Frank took the names of several men who saw him pick up the wallet, then went on to find the cow, returned her to the pasture, went into the house where the family were discussing the affair with a neighbor who had just run in to tell the news.

Frank gave the wallet to Jacob, and told him where he had found it. Jacob did not open the wallet until he reached the office, where, in the presence of witnesses, the wallet was opened, contents examined, and the whole locked in the safe to await developments.

Bear with me, dear reader, while I repeat once again, that always when Francis awoke from such a sleep, she remembered nothing of what had taken place. When the unexplained things were done during her waking hours they were always followed by hours of calm sleep, when she awoke remembering nothing of what had taken place.

When Francis joined the family at her noon meal she knew nothing of her night walk and took up her piano practice and play as usual.

The girl had no curiosity, never listened, asked questions or cared what went on about her.

May I briefly say, the murder case came to trial, a half crazed jealous husband was proved to be the hangman, by the contents of the wallet Frank found. Frank swore he picked it up from the ground near the tree where the body hung, reliable witnesses swore they saw Frank do so. The murderer was found insane and sent to an asylum.

Jacob never knew that Frank picked up the same wallet twice from about the same place.

Sally could be depended upon to do just the right thing.

Madam Y. called at Jacob's office one day and asked him to draw up a new will for her, saying she had suffered from an internal cancer for years, and knew the end of her earth work was drawing near, and wanted to be ready.

Madam Y. had never spoken of her family; she told Jacob she was alone except for two cousins. She wished to give each one hundred dollars; after funeral expenses, and all debts were paid, her cottage was to go to Professor H., a blind musician and his wife, who lived on a small pension, and the little he could earn tuning pianos; her personal treasures and eight thousand dollars in the bank she gave to Francis, and wanted Jacob to act as administrator.

"This is a surprise to me and most kind of you," said Jacob. "I do not refuse to let my little girl accept the gift, which I am sure she will make wise use of should she grow to womanhood. But I cannot draw up your will. You understand me I am sure. I will gladly act as administrator."

One month later the school children followed the black, velvet covered coffin, in which lay the earthly body of the teacher all loved so dearly to the cemetery, where each child left their flowers and tears on the grave. Every Saturday the grave was visited by groups of grieving children, until the winter's snows covered it.

Up to this time Francis knew nothing about death. When grandfather passed she was told he had gone on a journey, he would come back some time.

These conscientious parents had never deceived their children. If they said a thing was so, there were no questions asked. Veroqua once made a statement that a little girl said was a lie. Veroqua looked straight at her and said, "Even if it is a lie, I believe it, for mother says it's so."

Veroqua had a clear, reasoning mind, she talked over everything with her mother or Sally. Sister's gift was understood by her, and she was devoted to her, never tiring of guarding her.

When it was known that Madam Y. had left her earthly body, Jacob took Francis to the farm, where she stayed for a visit.

Mother knew that when Francis came back she must be told about the great mystery, death, and sought Sally's advice, as usual. Sally said "We must wait and trust, we will be led."

When Francis came back from the farm she brought a small box lined with cotton wool in which rested three cocoons. The child was so mysterious as she let each member of the family peep in the box at her treasures and said, "Grandpa told me where they were hidden in the barn; how to get them loose; to put them in this box, and if I watch closely, some day the cocoons will open up and beautiful butterflies will come out; that after I look at and learn to love them, then I must open the box and let them fly away.

"Grandpa says that is what he did when Grandma opened the door for him, and that some time every one leaves their earthly body and goes away to a better home.

"Now I know that the people I see and talk with, are free like the butterflies some little girl has let out of her box."

Mother and Sally, both calm, unemotional women, wept in each other's arms over the happy solution of their problem.

The next Saturday when Francis wanted to go to see Madam Y. mother said "Oh, I forgot to tell you, while you were visiting grandma, Madam Y. went out of her home one night, just as your grandfather did; some day she will come back and tell you all about it."

"Oh, I am so glad, she will see my butterflies when they fly away."

Many times a day the box lid was carefully lifted, to be as carefully closed again.

For once Francis' dolls were only given necessary attention, then told to be good and lie still, the box holding her undivided attention.

The happy day came when the lifted lid revealed a sight that made the child run with glad shouts to the breakfast table to show her loving family the butterflies.

Faithful to her promise to grandpa, the next day as mother opened wide the window, Francis lifted the lid of the box and watched the butterflies try their wings several times, before they arose in all their gorgeous coloring and flew away to the east.

Francis watched them out of sight, looked at the box in her hand, went to the stove and threw the box in, saying, "Weren't they beautiful, mother?"

Death never had any sting, or the grave any victory for the girl; she believed in the resurrection.

Now followed weeks of automatic writing on all subjects.

The following, written in the year 1859, was sent to Abraham Lincoln, who acknowledged its receipt by such a letter as only he was capable of writing:

"There stands a colored cherub,
Brother Abraham set her free,
And from all her chosen treasures
She loves best, as you will see,
The stars and stripes of freedom
The flag that set her free.
The hand of honest Abraham
Stretched out o'er land and sea
And crushed the chains
That held the race,
And gave them liberty."

The little daughter of mother's dressmaker gave a birthday party, and invited Veroqua and Francis. Francis did not want to go, but joined Veroqua in buying presents consisting of a little table, a chair and dishes, from money in their own banks.

Just before Veroqua and Frank left the house, he carrying the gift, Francis' hand wrote:

“Chair, table and dishes all new
Now we will see what our Julia will do,
She will handle them gentle,
Neither soil, mar nor break;
All this she will do for the dear giver’s sake.”

One day as some children were rolling hoops on the sidewalk followed by a curly dog, Francis was watching them from the window and her hand wrote :

“Run, run, isn’t this fun?
Doesn’t our hoop go ‘Zum, zum, zum?’
Tap it lightly and keep it straight
Then it will go through dear mother’s gate.

Fido comes barking, he too loves the fun,
‘Come little playmate, let’s have a run.’
Round, and round, laughing with glee,
So jolly and happy, you, Fido and me.”

One of the students who had been in Jacob’s family and office for a year went to New York to begin his practice. The day he said “good-bye” to the family. Francis’ hand wrote :—

“I wish I had the power
To so guide your steps in life
That your feet would miss the stones and thorns,
With which this life’s walk is rife.”

Lectures and sermons continued to disturb the family’s sleep. Tests great and small were given.

When Francis first saw Madam Y. and told her mother how sad and unhappy she looked, the girl could not be comforted.

Soon after this Madam Y. wrote through Francis’ hand to Jacob, confessing that her twin sister married, when quite young, a man below her in social position whom she would never recognize. The sisters became estranged for the young wife clung to her husband.

Madam Y. left England and came to America, and for thirty years she never heard from her sister.

Since passing to the spirit life she realized the mistake she had made. She had seen her sister, now a widow, earning her living with her needle.

Madam Y. asked Jacob to give half of the eight thousand dollars to her sister and explain all to her. She gave name and address.

Jacob opened a correspondence with the Widow H., found all as Madam Y. had stated, and sent the eight thousand dollars, and the personal effects, which he was sure the sister would prize, to the Widow H., who was very grateful.

Madam Y.'s box was open at last, she was free and happy to take up any work that appealed to her. She always responded to Francis' call. She taught Francis that each person's box has two lids: the first lifts to let the spirit free itself from its physical form, the second lifts only when one truly repents and tries to repair the wrongs done while in the earth body.

Jacob and his wife enjoyed their morning canter on their thoroughbred black beauties; one morning mother rode off alone as Jacob was away on business.

Breakfast hour came, mother had not returned. Sally served breakfast without alarming the children, but she was anxious, as were Frank and Harriet.

At the close of the meal Frank rushed in to say that mother's horse had come in riderless, the saddle turned.

Instantly Francis' hand wrote "She's all right, coming home in a wagon."

Every one drew a long breath. In less than an hour mother climbed down from a farmer's wagon and explained to the family that she went into a farm house to drink a glass of milk when a dog frightened Beauty and she broke loose and of course came home.

Stephen A. Douglas and Jacob were very dear friends and he was a frequent visitor at Jacob's home. On one of these visits he was told through Francis' hand that he would never be elected President of the United States, and that he would not live long.

The Little Giant, as he was called, was the leading democrat in the northwest, and could not believe a defeat was possible, nor could Jacob, even with the faith he had in the wise force controlling his girl's hand, he felt a mistake had been made for once. History proved the prophecy was correct.

When Jacob was elected Prosecuting Attorney in 1860, Lawyer B. took over his office practice.

At this time lawless bands of Gypsies overran the state, they stole, burned grain, hay and isolated dwellings, ran off stock and threatened life. Towns and villages were overrun with the begging, stealing, fortune tellers.

At last the law took a hand, the Gypsies were given so many days to cross the state line or stand prosecution.

Business called Jacob to the northern part of the County at this time. He went on horseback as the roads were bad at this time. He said he would be home in three days. The fourth and fifth passed but Jacob had not come.

It was known that the Gypsies were breaking camp very peaceably, and no one connected Jacob's absence from home with them.

Late afternoon on the fifth day Francis' hand wrote, "The Gypsies have got Jacob, get men and guns and follow Francis' lead."

Lawyer B. was consulted, he had proven the girl's writing too often to doubt it.

Soon a big wagon loaded with men and guns followed Jacob's family carriage in which Lawyer B., Sally, Francis and Frank were. Francis directed the way.

A hot argument took place when she insisted on going north for it was known that the Gypsies had gone southeast; a compromise was made by sending six armed men southeast on horse back.

Can you believe, dear reader, that the girl sat by Frank on the front seat of the carriage asleep, her hand guiding the horses by a pull on the lines, Frank of course seconding her motion?

Before midnight a smoke indicated a camp not far away. The teams were stopped, a reconnoitering party located the camp, covered the four Gypsies, who lay by the fire, before they could recover from their surprise.

Jacob, securely tied to a tree, was comfortably smoking his pipe, Black Beauty tethered not far away.

Jacob said he knew someone would come after him. The Gypsies said they were going to ford the river at daylight, join the band in a few days and take Jacob to their queen in New Jersey and hold him for ransom. Jacob was home for breakfast.

Francis slept all day, she never knew she had been on the trail.

An indignation meeting was held at noon in the town hall, excitement ran high but Jacob put his veto on prosecution. He said he was not injured or mistreated in any way, simply told to get off his horse, hold up his hands, and be good, as he entered a dense belt of timber on his way home. Jacob said the county was in no condition to be held up by such unnecessary expense.

After a war of words, Jacob had his way, the Gypsies were escorted to the state line and told not to come back. They never troubled any more.

Ten days later as Jacob's family were eating their breakfast an outside door that opened from the dining room onto a porch was gently pushed open, an old Gypsy woman, holding her hands up, entered and approached the table.

Sally rose and helped her into a chair, she was given hot coffee and food. Later she told how she had been beaten and left tied without food or water, because she tried to get news to Jacob's family, of the plot to kidnap him.

The old woman was tenderly cared for until she was able to start for New Jersey. Later she told Francis' fortune, saying in substance:

"The little girl was born to serve, she will never be happy, like other women, with loving husband and children; the man she loves will die. She will care for all her family in their last sickness. She will marry a good man but be left a widow, living alone in a far western city many years. She will always make money but she is too generous to keep it; she will always have a comfortable living. She was born with a message; she will do good wherever she goes."

CHAPTER IV

Healing, Prophecy, Clairvoyance Demonstrated

IN THE year 1861 a wireless station was established in Jacob's house, quite equal to those used during the World's War just closed, from which messages, directions, and warnings were carried to headquarters by trusty messengers, all received through automatic writing, Francis' hand the instrument used.

Jacob was a Douglas Democrat and stumped for him during the campaign; his high sense of justice, his hatred of slavery in any form, made him sympathize with President Lincoln's principles and many of his own party charged Jacob with being on the fence.

Francis' hand was used so constantly at this time that she began to lose strength, Jacob was alarmed and took her to the farm where she soon became normal.

Francis did not go home until her tenth birthday, September 3rd, 1861, that evening a message was written saying:

"Francis will wake tomorrow morning perfectly normal, will so remain until she has passed the bridge between childhood and womanhood, from three to four years. After this rest period she will take up her mediumship and carry it through life. Do not recount to her things she has done. Begin her education at once."

The message proved to be true. This partly reconciled Francis' parents to their child's gift of mediumship; for it proved there was wisdom back of the power that had been in control for ten years.

Francis was sent to a private school a few blocks from home. The Teacher Mrs. B. was a friend of the family, and knew about her gift.

For three years Francis did not miss one day at school; she was not studious, could not memorize. If left to answer in her own way she proved she understood her lesson, but she never learned to spell and numbers gave her a headache, she was perfect in deportment and loved by all.

Veroqua continued at the public school, both girls studied music and dancing, and their wise mother trained them in needle craft, housework, and domestic economy, without which she felt no woman was educated for her mission in life.

At the age of fourteen Francis possessed a perfect physical body, but large for her age. Was a quiet, bashful girl, devoted to her family, and a great worker; she now gave up her dolls and began piecing quilts.

Francis' parents watched her closely, they did not doubt the time was near for the gift, withheld four years, to return to her, as the rest of the prophecy had been fulfilled to the letter.

No sacrifice would have been too great for these loving parents to make, could they have known it would free their dear child from the power the invisibles held over her.

Weeks passed, Francis would go to sit down, hesitate, say "Excuse me," take another chair, stare at the one she had just left and say "I thought a man was in that chair."

Gradually clairvoyance and clairaudience came back to her. Francis was told by her wise parents not to fear those she saw or heard.

Grandpa and Madam Y. soon gained her confidence and she at last recognized the power over her, with the same patient courage her father had met all trials in his life. She submitted.

Francis never went to school again.

The social position of Jacob and his wife, she prominent in Eastern Star and Temperance work, brought many guests to their home. Veroqua and Little Brother mingled freely among them, but Francis never was seen.

Francis did not like to meet people, and her fear of doing something to cause them to stare at her, or ask embarrassing questions, made her avoid people when possible.

During her sixteenth year she was free from trance condition. Francis was a good looking girl, quiet, refined and a good talker when necessary, sang and played the piano well.

Francis awoke to the fact that she loved Lewis, son of her father's dearest friend, a boy she had always known. His family loved her, knew of her gift and were glad when they saw she returned the love Lewis had all his life felt for her.

The children were encouraged in their innocent love, but were told they must wait until Lewis returned from West Point, which he was to enter the next fall, before any vows were exchanged.

Lewis passed from his earth body his second year at West Point. This was Francis' first grief.

Lewis is still her first and only love, every morning when the veil of night lifts Francis looks into his face, which hangs upon the wall by her bed, where it has hung fifty years, and she believes when she leaves her physical body and goes to the spirit world, his face will be the first she will see.

Francis developed great healing power that year, pain and inflammation were both relieved by the touch of her hands.

The family doctor took her to the bedside of his most afflicted patients, putting her power to severe tests; the result was always satisfactory. Francis was in a trance when the power worked through her hands.

During this year she went to several houses where she did not know the people, rang the bell, and when the door was opened, she would say, "I came to see the sick lady, or child," as the case might be, walk right in, go to the patient's room, remove her wraps, put up her sleeves and begin treating.

Dear reader, I know you will doubt this, remember Francis was a lady, well dressed and that something about her, so like her father, won people's confidence at once, and as she showed results, bringing ease from pain, reducing fever, even restoring consciousness after days of delirium, the watchers looked on, wondered and waited.

When she was through, her eyes opened, she thanked the people, always kissed the patient, gave her name and went home.

Once she went to a large boarding house early in the morning, the door was open and a man was sweeping the hall. Francis went in and up the stairs as if she belonged there, rapped on the door of Number twenty-four, at the end of a long hall, went in, soon came out and called to the man she had just passed in the lower hall to go at once for Dr. W., who lived only two blocks away, dropped her card for the man to give the doctor, returned to room twenty-four, went in and locked the door.

Dr. W. recognized the card and was soon at the boarding house in breakfast jacket and slippers.

By this time the boarders were coming up from breakfast and standing around in anxious groups, while the landlady tried to open the door of room twenty-four, occupied by the Principal of the public school, known to have been feeling ill when she retired the night before. Her vacant chair at the breakfast table caused anxiety, and when her door was found locked and no response came to repeated calls, all feared the worst.

Dr. W. came up the stairs, he was well known and was taken at once to room twenty-four, the door was opened, he entered the room and turned the key. After a short silence, his voice said, as he slipped a paper under the door, "Deliver this paper to my partner, everyone go to their rooms, lock the outside doors, Miss D. has small pox."

In less than an hour Francis was on her way to the pest house with the doctor and Miss D.

The boarding house was under strict quarantine.

Miss D. proved to be the only case. She passed from her earth body after ten days' sickness. Dr. W. had a slight attack.

Francis came home no worse for her experience, her reports of dilapidated buildings, unsanitary conditions, and unfitness of the people paid a good salary to care for small pox patients, roused public opinion to such an extent, that, when two years later a small pox epidemic broke out, the pest house was a safe place to send patients; only one case proved fatal of the thirty-four cared for.

This circumstance frightened Jacob. Francis was taken back to the farm. She would not stay.

I skip the next year. To recount the criminals run down, innocence proven, secrets revealed, valuables found, would require a large book, and the reading public would not be convinced of their truth. To give dates and names would reopen wounds, reveal chapters in the lives of people whose memory is loved and revered, and to no purpose.

The experiences Francis passed through gave her a broad charity, a love for the human family, and a deep pity for all, the persecuted and persecutor. Francis is the big sister to either sex that needs her, no matter how down they may be, she knows they are not out, and gives a helping hand.

About this time Francis began acting strangely, would not bathe, grew untidy, her hair down her back and would not sleep in her bed, she followed her mother constantly; at last she began muttering to herself.

Mother caught now and then a word of the Indian language. After many days mother was able to recall the language she had learned to speak when she was eleven years old.

The big chief made mother understand that Dr. Hiram had brought the band to care for Francis. She went barefooted, wore a blanket, slept on the floor wrapped in the bear skin rugs, head to the fire, would not eat at the table, sat on the floor and with fingers ate the food put on a plate for her.

Mother had a red cotton tablecloth that she used to wrap around the loaves of bread as she took them from the oven. In those days the best cooks took the bread from the oven, sprinkled it with cold water, wrapped it in a cloth and put it in a stone crock to steam. You modern cooks will hardly believe me, ask your grandmothers.

The old Chief appropriated the red table cloth, in which he kept cold potatoes, chunks of bread, and meat bones, which he ate in preference to the choicest food offered him.

All this distressed Francis' family, but they felt she was safe, gradually she came back to herself, until about half under the Chief's power, then she lived a safe happy life, free from outside controls and did not see or hear people who had passed from their earthly bodies.

Francis traveled with her father, went into society, was mother's housekeeper; to an ordinary observer, she was rather queer but not unlike other young ladies of her age.

In 1870 Veroqua married, mother's health began to fail, she was never strong, her child's misfortune, as the family had come to consider Francis' gift, had much to do with mother's breakdown. The Chief left, saying "Squaw heap safe." She was perfectly normal until past twenty-one.

That year she first saw a spiritualist medium and sat in her first circle, which she left in fright and disgust.

When all fresh air and light was excluded from the room and she was seated between two strange men and told to hold their hands she arose and said "I want to go home."

By this time mediumship was recognized as something criticism or persecution could not down.

Spiritual societies sprang up everywhere. Mediums traveled over the country preaching the philosophy, giving tests. Healers met the M. D.'s with a fair percent of cures to their credit.

Jacob began to wonder if it was the fear the family held for Francis' safety that was keeping her from the credit and fame, he felt her gift merited.

From all he could learn at the circles and lectures and from the best mediums he visited, he saw nothing to compare with the wonderful things being done constantly through Francis' mediumship which he knew she was born with.

Jacob reasoned it out with mother and Sally. The girl had the gift, it had never harmed her, had never misled or failed to benefit those it came in contact with. She was not deficient in any womanly trait, was a loving daughter, absolutely honest, and a great worker. She could harness the team or play the piano, milk the cow or do the daintiest needle work, hold the plow or climb the flagstaff and adjust the pulley that would not work, and with the same hands relieve pain or hold the hands of those about to go out of their earthly bodies, while she showed them loved ones waiting to help them across the Great Divide.

Once when visiting her sister, a neighbor in a panic of fear saw the awful moment approaching when her first child would be born, without the help of doctor or nurse, who had been unavoidably detained. Francis went to the frightened woman's relief, kept fear down, the body relaxed while nature was given a chance to perform her ever old, ever new miracle, Life.

With Jacob to believe was to act, he began taking Francis to Spiritualist mediums. They all had advice for her development, prophesied the great work she was to do. Flattering offers were made her to travel with public mediums. They told Jacob the girl must get out from under home environments.

That was a trying year for all. Unreliable spirits gathered about her. She was made to do unwise things that would have brought ruin had not grandfather come to the rescue, freeing her from the clutch of the vampires, both in and out of the body.

Jacob saw the mistake he had made in following the advice he had paid so much money for, the man did not know what to do.

Grandmother had been in spirit life a year, the home farm was in strange hands.

Jacob went to New York and consulted with Dr. K. who urged him to send the girl to him, saying he would return with Jacob to fetch her, only that his wife was an invalid, confined to her chair with a badly twisted ankle, she would never walk again.

Jacob went home and the next week Sally went with Francis to Dr. K's to stay while he studied the girl's case.

They reached New York at sundown, Dr. K. met them. After dinner they were introduced to Sweetheart, as Dr. K. always called his wife, only staying with her a very short time as it was one of her very sick days.

Dr. K. introduced Sally and Francis to his household by saying, "These ladies are very dear friends, give them every attention and the freedom of the house."

Jane, a tidy colored girl, daughter of Aunt Dinah, the cook and Dan, Dr. K's personal servant, slept in the servants' quarters, connected with the suite consisting of parlor, bedrooms, bath and dressing rooms where Sally and Francis were told to feel perfectly at home to ring for anything they wanted.

Sally was tired, and they went to bed early. Sally locked the door leading from her room to the parlor, put the key into the chamois bag where she kept her money; that was attached to the chain she wore around her neck. Feeling sure Francis could not be taken out of the room, Sally was soon asleep, but awoke at midnight, to find the key in the lock, door open, chamois bag on the floor, empty—Francis gone.

Sally hastened down stairs to the front hall where she could see by the night lamp that the front door had not been opened, as the night chains were still in place. She heard a sound from the dining room and looked in to find she was not the only witness to the strange scene before her.

Dr. K. holding a candle and the old butler with candle and revolver stood staring at Francis as she tied the corners of a sheet lying on the floor, in which she had put the costly silver and gold plate from the sideboard. When the knots were secure, she stood up, gave a groan and fell to

the floor in a faint. She was carried to her room, laid on the bed, where she slept like a child until noon the next day.

Dr. K. told this chapter from his family history, as he and Sally watched Francis sleep:—

Dr. K. said he raised his brother's only son, an orphan, from the age of ten years, the boy was a natural thief. He stole for the love of stealing, his every need was supplied, he had tender loving care, and aside from the one fault, was a dear boy.

Only Dr. K's money and social standing kept the boy from prison. At last Dr. K. felt the boy must be confined for his own good, and he told his nephew that the next time he got into trouble he would not help him. The boy said, "I can't help it, give me a hundred dollars and I will leave the country." Dr. K. refused to do so.

That same night at twelve o'clock, the butler heard a noise and rushed to the dining room to see a burglar lifting a pack of gold and silver plate from the floor. He fired his revolver. When he reached the man, who was dead, a bullet hole in his temple, he found he had killed his young master whom he had always loved. The butler was crazed over the awful thing he had done, Dr. K. and wife heartbroken. Money and social influence, made it possible, under the existing circumstances, to bury the young suicide without public investigation.

The sad case had been forgotten, outside of Dr. K's family, for many years.

Dr. K. and Sally shuddered as they realized the girl's helplessness under the power of this spirit, who had not advanced one step from the moment when the butler's bullet put him out of his physical body.

Sally had studied Francis and the different entities that had controlled her for years, and knew she could do nothing but wait and trust. She was like her brother, she met each trial with faith that she would find a way to win out. She took the butler into her confidence, and arose after a few hours sleep, strong to meet what she must meet.

Francis joined the family at the one o'clock dinner, her own sweet self, unconscious of the scene she had so recently passed through.

The first week passed pleasantly, Francis was normal, saw Broadway, the parks and places of interest from Dr. K's open carriage, he and Sally always with her.

Dr. K's sister, a charming woman, took Francis into her heart at once. Dr. K. had always discussed the girl's strange gift with his sister and she was glad to know her, but displeased that Sally would not let her visit at her home.

Francis wanted to do some shopping and it was thought safe to allow her to go with the doctor's sister one morning; she promised to bring her back to Sally at noon, which she did.

When Francis removed her wraps, yards of expensive lace and a beautiful fan, the value of the articles running into hundreds of dollars, were discovered safely hidden away.

Again money and social position won out, the doctor's sister was too good a customer to question when she returned the goods to the manager of New York City's leading fashion emporium, and explained that her young guest was a kleptomaniac, but the dearest girl, her father influential and rich.

Francis knew of this affair and begged to go home. Dr. K. urged her to stay, he had grown fond of the girl and felt he must have more time to work a system that would help her.

Sally did not write home accounts of their new trouble, as she did not want to alarm her brother and sister.

The events of the last week could not be kept from Sweetheart. They proved too much for her frail strength, she grew weaker, the end seemed near, she had bidden all good-bye, when Francis burst into the room, unconscious, eyes shut, she threw herself on the bed begging Aunt Molly (the doctor's wife's name) to forgive him.

All understood this was the spirit of the nephew speaking through Francis.

The aunt roused up, recognized her nephew, whom she called by name, took him in her arms and told him she loved him just the same.

Francis and the doctor's wife slept for hours, when the invalid awoke much better, and Francis perfectly normal, she had entirely forgotten the trying experiences of the past week.

The old Indian Chief appeared on the following day and began to treat Sweetheart's ankle; in two weeks she could bear her weight on it. She went home with Sally and Francis at the end of three months, walking with a cane and

slight limp—she always used her cane from habit—her ankle was cured.

While in Dr. K's home Francis was put under the most rigid tests. Many believers in spirit return and many honest doubters investigated the phenomena presented through her mediumship.

Alienists declared her sane and perfectly normal except during the demonstrations.

Francis was pitied and shielded by those who loved her, others criticised and wondered.

When Francis' mother suffered a relapse, Francis was nurse and doctor. Once sitting by her mother's bed while she slept Francis saw a very tall Indian standing by the other side of the bed.

This Indian wore short fringed leather breeches, beaded moccasins, anklets, bracelets, ear and finger rings of rare stones and workmanship. A gorgeous blanket sweeping the floor as it hung from his shoulders, revealed a belt around his waist from which hung the scalps of old men and women, boys, girls and little children, all blood stained.

Francis grew cold with fear as she looked on that stern hard face.

Soon she saw him stoop and clasp in his arms a little boy papoose, also gaily decorated with beads, feathers and bands of white fur.

A beautiful young squaw approached the Indian. She was short enough to stand under his arm, nude but for a short skirt of grass and beads woven in strange designs. Bracelets, anklets and ropes of white beads, and gay feathers were on her head, from which her beautiful hair hung like a black satin mantle below her knees.

She led a small pony by his flowing mane, close to the Indian's side, he sat the child on the back of the pony, lifted the squaw up behind him, embraced them both, pointed east and stood with hand raised, a smile on his rugged face that transformed it, as the pony and loved ones faded from sight, followed by a black and white dog.

It seemed ages before the Indian moved, gradually the smile faded from his face, a sadness settled over it, tears ran from his eyes over his big cheek bones, he sank to his knees, head and arms on the bed.

Sally, who had been watching Francis' face, knew by its changing expressions that she was seeing something un-

usual. She began to move nearer and was just in time to catch Francis as she sank to the floor, not unconscious, just drunk with an ecstasy, a new sensation to her.

For three days the bowed form never rose from the bed. Many times Francis saw the wife, boy, pony and dog draw near, look with love and longing on the silent man, then go away without disturbing him.

The crisis was past, mother rallied, she asked Sally what the new power was that she felt. Sally explained it all to her.

The fifth day the Indian used Francis' hands to treat mother, talking to himself the while in a low calm voice. Mother understood some of the Indian words. He was emphatic if opposed or denied anything.

After the treatments he stretched out on the floor (using Francis' physical body, of course) where he slept and snored for hours, waking to eat ravenously; this never disturbed Francis, who had a good appetite for her meal, no matter how soon it followed the Indian's big feed.

Grandfather wrote through Francis' hand for the family to treat the Indian kindly, saying he would be a good and safe control for Francis to have.

Veroqua was home on a visit and the Indian was fond of her. She taught him to talk, she would touch her hand and name it, and he would imitate her. He learned very fast, not to speak the words plainly, but so that those used to him could understand. He could get the meaning of what others said when he could not understand the words.

In a short time mother was able to understand enough of what he said, so that the family learned how he happened to come to them.

When he passed out of his earth body, he found he could not go to the Happy Hunting Ground where he was told his wife and boy were. He was not good enough, scalping pale faces was a sin he must repent of, or he could not see his loved ones.

This made him very angry and he came back to earth to mingle with his people, but no one saw or heard him.

Near the earth plane he found wicked, unhappy people, saw awful murders, people burned alive in big fires, ships full of people sunk during storms. Oh, it was awful to see so much suffering and not be able to help!

At last he learned that if he found an instrument at-

teuned to his vibration he could redeem himself by influencing her to good acts.

After a time he found such a person, and was able to make her do what he knew to be right but bad spirits could make her do wrong things just as easily, he would not stay with her.

Then he found a girl he could heal the sick through, but he had not learned how to control wisely, overworked her and she went out of her body.

The Guardian Angels had watched him gain this victory over self and his old habits and knew he was trying to redeem himself, and they brought his wife and son down to his plane for a visit, this was to test his worthiness.

He learned from the Old Chief, who had been with Francis so much, how he could find her, which he did, his family staying with him until he was willing to see them go while he bowed his head to the will of the Great Spirit, who told him when his belt was free from scalps, he would be fit to join his wife and boy. He told the family to call him "Brave," he was not a chief, just a warrior.

Time passed, Francis grew fond of Brave, who became a member of Jacob's family. He had his corner in the big hall, curtained off with Indian blankets, his chair covered with a bear skin, shelves put up for his "things," as he called the gifts he begged, Indian like, from every one he saw.

Brave ate three or more meals a day. He never left Francis whose mediumship increased. She at different times demonstrated every phase known, except independent slate writing.

The family knew by now that she would never be a public platform medium, she was too timid. She was controlled so easily by spirits, that a struggle often ensued between two or more entities trying to demonstrate, which not only failed to be interesting to the spectators but left her worn and nervous, and days and weeks would often pass before she would be free from the combatants.

Francis would not consent to try her gift out before the public even under the guardianship of trusted mediums, who told her she would soon get used to conditions, and either draw to her a strong band as soon as her mediumship was recognized by the spirit world, or gain control over herself so she could dictate.

She could not be flattered or influenced in the least. Her parents were glad she did not want such a public life, but they would have helped her with influence and money if she had.

Brave told Jacob, Francis must get a brave to take care of her. "You go some day Happy Hunting Ground, she can no go lone, too much bad people, plenty bad spirits, girl squaw no good for fight."

This same thought had occurred to her parents, they knew how helpless Francis would be deprived of a quiet home and loving friends to shield her.

Brave said, "I fix, I find good man like father, you make wait."

After a few weeks a beautiful spirit lady came to Francis and said, "My husband is coming to see you, he wants to talk to me. He is a good man." She gave the name of Lucy R. told when and where she passed from her earth body.

Francis told her family of this interview.

A month later a stranger called at Jacob's office and introduced himself as Mr. R., said he was in Toledo, Ohio, last month and attended an independent slate writing seance where he received a message from his wife who had been in spirit life some time.

She gave him the name and address of a young medium, she believed she could speak to him through; and urged him to locate her as soon as possible.

"I am here" Mr. R. said, "I will pay any price if you will give me the opportunity to prove the truth of the message."

Jacob was equally anxious to know if it would bear the test and invited the stranger to his home that evening.

Wife and Sally were glad he had done so and Francis was anxious to see the man. When he arrived they all liked him at once.

Mr. R. was a handsome man, an old style gentleman, very like Dr. Hiram. He brought the slate with the message written on it from his wife for the family to see, also a letter written by his wife when in her physical body. The hand writing was identical.

After looking at the slate Francis left the room. Sally soon followed her, she was in bed asleep.

Sally reported the fact to Jacob who was annoyed, but Mr. R. said there was some reason why he could not meet his wife, he would wait.

He spent the evening with the family and told about the seance where he received the slate writing.

Sally asked him how long he had been a Spiritualist and what converted him to the faith.

Mr. R. said when he was a young man he lost a valuable colt. As a section of the fence was broken down one morning and she gone, he supposed she had jumped over. He looked about the neighborhood but no one had seen her.

A chum of his asked him why he did not go to the medium in the next town, she might tell him where the colt was.

“As a lark next day we boys visited the medium.

“She said to me ‘You have lost a colt, you go ten miles south, cross a long bridge, the first house on the right is painted red, your colt is in the barn yard. If you hurry you will get her before she is sold with a dozen other horses.’

“I paid the medium fifty cents, her price for what she called a reading, as we went out of the door she said to me :

“ ‘You don’t believe you will find your colt, you will. Some day you are going to have a heel shot from your boot, an epaulet shot from your shoulder, you will not be injured. Before you reach middle life you will have a rope tied around your neck the other end of the rope thrown over the limb of a tree. You will be released before harm comes to you.’

“We mounted our horses, set spurs and soon reached the red farm house, we knew the place and the man who lived there, an itinerant Methodist exhorter called Deacon Samuels, who was just taking a roll of bills from a man and said as we boys rode up: ‘They are a good bunch of horse flesh, come around in a few weeks and I will have more to sell you.’

“I sprang from my horse, freed my colt from the rope to which the twelve halter straps were tied and said, ‘This is my colt, where did you get her?’ showed the brand on her,—my chum swore he knew the colt was mine. The two men stood silent while we rode away, leading the colt. Soon the man we left with Deacon Samuels overtook us, showed the roll of bills he had forced Deacon Samuels to return to

him, and claimed he believed Samuels owned the horses he was buying from him, gave his name and address and said 'Call me for a witness if you prosecute the scamp.'

"We hurried home, I told father all that had happened. He consulted with his Brother Deacons of the Methodist church, a committee called at the red farm house next day, to find it vacant, Deacon Samuels was never seen in that community again..

"I enlisted with the first Michigan regiment, was in active service until the close of the Civil War, 1865, I did have the heel shot from my boot, and an epaulet from my shoulder. Once I was detailed to enter the enemy's camp as a spy, I was caught and strung up, a Brother Mason in the grey uniform recognized my sign, and lowered me to the ground as a scouting party in blue came to my assistance."

Sally asked him who the wonderful medium was that had prophesied so correctly. "At that time she was known by the name of Mary Baker," he answered.

Mr. R. showed no disappointment that his wife did not speak to him, said he had made quite a study of mediumship and had learned to wait, never questioning.

Jacob invited him to come again, at any time. He thanked the family, said he would do so, bade them good night.

Jacob, wife and Sally were favorably impressed with the gentleman so strangely brought into their home, where he always found a warm welcome.

The third visit Mr. R. made, he had a long talk with his spirit wife, who spoke, using Francis' voice. Jacob, mother and Sally were present.

After a tender greeting she told how happy she was, how beautiful their two little boys, who passed away when they were babies, had grown to be. She said to Mr. R., "I have something I want you to reconsider, you know I made you promise before I left my earth body, that you would not marry again. You were only too willing to do so. It was selfish and wrong, I see it now. You are unhappy without a home, and some one to love and care for. You are very young and healthy for your age, you have many years of earth work before you. You can't give the same love to another woman that you gave me, but there are many kinds of love. This girl I am speaking through will soon need just such love and care as her father has given her. He

will not stay in his earth body many more years. If she was not so pronounced a medium, she could pick and choose as all gifted beautiful girls can. But her case is different. She will never love any man.

"You have a father's heart to give her and she a daughter's love for you, but the earth people could not understand such an arrangement, trouble would follow for her if you were to adopt her and she keep up the home you have the means to maintain, especially as she is a Spiritualist medium, just now confounded with free love advocates.

"I want you to marry her if she is not opposed to the plan, you have a few years in which to gain her respect and confidence, and when the time of her great need comes to her, she will turn to you. You will never regret the step, your old age will be one of peace and comfort, and your reward over here beyond words of mine to express not only for the protection you will give her, but the opportunities you will have to help earth bound spirits to find themselves, and begin to reach after light and knowledge, the two things that lead toward God or good, and the Life Everlasting."

It was five years before Francis knew what took place at this meeting between the man in his earth body and the wife in the spirit form.

Mr. R. lived in the far west, his business often took him to the Atlantic Coast and he never failed to spend a few days with Jacob's family on these trips, when he always talked with his wife.

She often wrote him long letters which he prized highly.

By now there was a fine Universalist Church in the small city where Jacob and his family located when it had less than three hundred houses.

Jacob started the movement by giving the ground, putting in at his own expense the foundation of the church, saying, "Plenty of people will put up the steeple when they have a sure thing to build on." And so it proved; the church was dedicated the next fall, free from debt.

This was Francis' first religious experience, she sang in the choir, and taught in the Sabbath school, and was happy until the orthodox ministers began the persecution they honestly felt was their duty, to combat the teachings. The gifted Dr. S. preached to the largest congregation of any church in the city.

His theme was always love, unselfishness, charity, and the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, that to be efficacious must be lived every day as well as preached on Sunday.

Francis realized that people she knew who were educated, sane, great readers, believed that no one could be saved unless they accepted Jesus, and it burst upon her that the spirits who controlled her might be the devils sent to earth to lead weak people to hell.

Her sufferings were witnessed by the members of her loving family, who saw they could not help her in her present agony.

Sally said, "Wait and trust, she will come through this stronger for the experience."

Cataracts had been growing over Jacob's mother's eyes for years, at last she was blind. Jacob and Sally went to see her, and she wanted to go home with them, which she did.

She had always been heartbroken over Francis' misfortune, she felt it was a just punishment from God upon her son Jacob because he refused to worship God according to the Methodist teachings.

Francis loved her grandmother and pitied her as she did all helpless people, and appointed herself nurse and guide.

The first Sunday grandma asked her son to take her to the Methodist church and he did so.

The minister felt that the Lord had given him the opportunity of his life. He knew Jacob's liberal views and had wished for an opportunity to open the blind eyes of the man who would be lost if not snatched from the burning before it was too late.

This chosen son of God, as he felt himself to be, took this opportunity to deliver himself of all he had been stroing up for years, that only the lack of money for traveling expenses and the heavy burden of a faded wife and large family had kept him from giving to the heathen in foreign lands, lo, these many years.

Jacob listened unmoved. When the offering was taken up he dropped into the basket his business card, directed to the minister, and on which he had written, "Brother, come to my office tomorrow and help me burn the mortgage

I hold on this church property, long overdue, interest in arrears. Your loving brother, Jacob."

Jacob reported what he could of the sermon to wife and Sally and what he had put in the basket, both thought he had shown the right spirit.

All saw how hard it was going to be to take grandmother to church, entertain the minister and women of the aid society, (who would take this opportunity to invade their home), treat them well, and make poor grandmother happy.

Sally arose to the occasion, and said their family needed a closer acquaintance with God's Chosen People to fully appreciate their own blessings.

The minister was prompt to the minute, the two men burned the mortgage, which Jacob had taken over once from the man who closed its doors, saying, "They stay closed until I get my pay for putting up the church."

Jacob got no thanks. No mention was made of the affair next Sunday. The minister told the deacons that Jacob was only melted a little, not converted, but he was sure his sermons would bear fruit later.

The minister grew more civil to Jacob, went to the house twice a week to see his blind mother, praying loud and long, telling her God had blessed her in laying the affliction upon her, that had opened the way for a minister of the gospel to enter the home of her ungodly son in time to save him from damnation.

The earnest man opened the door of grandma's room before he began to pray, so the whole family would be benefited.

Francis read the Bible morning and evening to grandma, who chose the Scripture lesson she hoped would rouse the girl from her sinful delusion.

The family watched the effect of all this on Francis with anxiety. Grandpa wrote through her hand that all was well, trust and wait.

Brave never left her. Days at a time, while apparently normal, the family knew by her walk, voice and the victuals she ate that Brave was about half in control.

Spinster Harriet was growing feeble but would not give up her leadership in the kitchen. Francis supplied hands and feet for the good woman all loved so dearly.

Jacob took his mother to church the first three Sundays.

The sermons grew hotter and more personal. Jacob remained indifferent.

The third week of grandmother's stay was a trial to all. Francis of all the family remained serene.

Grandfather wrote a letter of love and strength to the family, saying the trial would soon pass.

The fourth Sunday Francis went to church with grandmother.

Soon quiet reigned once more, grandma was too ill to see any one but the family. A good woman was found to help take care of her until the end came.

Francis' brother married and went into a far eastern city where the young wife's family lived.

Jacob gave up his large practice and he and wife traveled two years, Sally and Francis keeping house together.

Spinster Harriet and faithful old Frank passed on to the reward their lives of devotion to principle and duty entitled them to.

In 1885, Jacob and Sally, after short illnesses, went to the life they had both tried to prepare for, Sally a few days ahead as she said at parting was her wish, so she would be there to meet her brother.

Jacob arranged his earthly affairs some weeks before the end, as he knew he might go any time.

He told Francis of the plan he had talked over with Mr. R. and his spirit wife five years before, told her to think the matter over carefully and not to be influenced by any one.

"There is money for all your wants, but there will be no one when Sally and I are gone to help you when you need care as you have so many times in the past. Your mother is failing fast, if she does not go out of the body, she will be too ill to bear the strain of a season of trying controls."

One week after those dear ones left, Mr. R. came to the house. Francis knew her mother wanted her to marry him, knowing she would be safe and well cared for.

Mr. R. went east, returning one month later. During his absence the home was sold and mother settled with her favorite child Veroqua.

Mr. R. and Francis were married and went to a far western city where he had prepared a fine home for her in which to begin her new life, and it was a new life.

You, dear reader, who have come so far down the trail with me, know that this is the first time since the old willow cradle sheltered me, that I have not been guarded night and day by a devoted family.

I had known my husband five years, he was twenty years older than I, one of nature's noblemen. He was devoted to my mediumship, gave me the luxuries I had been used to and I enjoyed my new home.

The deaths and sorrow I had recently passed through, affected me little, not because I am hard-hearted, or did not love my father and Aunt Sally, the old home associations, and naturally mourned at leaving mother and sister, both very dear to me, but just because I am different from other women whom I have known.

If a trouble comes that I cannot remedy, I bear it, put it behind me and don't let it spoil my life.

I try to live one day at a time, knowing each new one brings its duties and obligations.

My husband loved his home and spent much of his time among his flowers, garden and chickens. We kept a carriage horse, Jersey cow and watch dog. I did my own work. I am a born housekeeper and my husband enjoyed home cooked food after so many years spent in hotels and boarding houses.

We both loved music and Mr. R. possessed a rare bass voice. We owned a beautiful home. A small upstairs room was done in yellow and Brave's valuables, which we had moved from the old home place, were arranged to his liking in his "Wigwam" as the room was always called. There we established our family altar, sacred to the loved ones gone from earth life, but always ready to give us messages and counsel when we made the right conditions.

I received few calls, returned none of them. We unfortunately lived in an orthodox neighborhood where we knew we would not find people who would understand us.

My husband cared as little for society as I did. We spent our Sundays either riding, roaming through the woods or parks, or in Brave's Wigwam, visiting with our loved ones over there.

The city where we lived supported several Spiritualist societies, orthodox opposition being just pronounced enough to make the public anxious to know what it was all about, consequently standing room was at a premium when noted

mediums were advertised to preach the philosophy or demonstrate the phenomena.

My husband reluctantly yielded to me, I would not attend the meetings or sit in circles. He dreaded to leave me at home alone days fearing some unwise spirits might trouble me. He had faith in Brave, my father and Aunt Sally who were with me most of the time, but would they be able to care for me if a crisis should arise? He came home several times a day the first two months to see that I was safe.

The third month my sister telegraphed me to come home at once as mother was very low and wished to see me.

My husband could not go home with me, important business that he alone could attend to made it impossible.

A council was held in the Wigwam and through automatic writing my husband was told to send me alone. The loved ones promised to go with me and felt sure that I would be safe and instructed my husband how to proceed.

A through ticket was bought, the bridal suite reserved and the Pulman conductor told I was under a severe nervous strain fearing I would not get home in time to see my mother before she passed on; he was instructed to put me in the care of ex-Judge Black, an old friend of my father's then living in Chicago, to whom my husband telegraphed asking him to meet me, then see me safely aboard the through train to the city where my sister lived.

The colored porter was given five dollars and told to call at my husband's office on his return trip for another five if he had done his best to make my trip safe and comfortable.

I think if I should find myself alone in an airplane between the earth and Mars, the sensation would be similar to the one I felt when my husband waved good bye as the train began to pull out.

Imagine me, thirty-five years old, five feet six inches tall, weight one hundred and seventy pounds; traveling suit, bag and accessories of the latest make and fashion. I would have passed the hundred per cent test under the inspection of trained eyes, I had traveled thousands of miles, had mingled with people of the best class, was a good reader of faces, a woman no one could flatter or urge to do what I did not want to, in robust health, not morbid or fanciful, did not know fear, but somewhere there was a weak link

that made me helpless to protect myself from spirits, as is the mammoth chain to keep the big log raft from going over the falls, if one link proves defective.

The loving spirits drew near me and I soon pulled myself together, for I knew I had only them to help me.

The porter brought me a dainty lunch at noon. I was too unhappy and frightened to eat, the afternoon dragged away at last, I did not want dinner, retired early and slept well, awaking refreshed quite my normal self, enjoyed breakfast, received telegram from my husband asking how I was, answered saying "all right" also telling him that Aunt Sally had come saying mother was much better.

I spent the morning reading "David Copperfield," a book I love. At noon the conductor insisted that I go with him for a ten-minute promenade and some fresh air, while the engine took water and the train was inspected. I then took lunch with him in the diner. He told me two years later that he never ate a meal in such terror in his life, for every time he looked up he saw me against a back ground of gay blankets and waving feathers. He was so sure his eyes were defective that he laid over one trip in Chicago and consulted an eye specialist, who pronounced his eyes perfect. Before the end of that year the good man developed clairvoyance, then he knew it was Brave he saw behind me during the meal.

I was hungry at six o'clock and went in the diner on the first call for dinner. I was the first to leave the diner and as I passed through the day coach a voice said to me "Take down that name." I was passing a seat at the time where lay a gentleman's traveling bag, the name "Van Horn" was stamped across the side. I wrote it down on the pad in my hand bag and rushed to my compartment, followed by the most wicked looking spirit I had ever seen.

He was about ten years of age, emaciated to skin and bones, little, ugly, freckled face, teeth gone or broken off, shock of red hair full of straw and dirt, a deformity that must have been brought about recently, for the torn flesh and blood clots showed plainly, bare feet, torn linen trousers, ragged, checkered shirt open at the throat, showing scars on the thin chest.

The boy was cursing and repeating "I'll get him yet, he murdered me."

Such eyes as the boy had! He pulled my dress, clutched at my hands until I thought I would have to run from him.

Brave threw his blanket over him and he fell to the floor where Brave guarded the poor boy for hours.

I heard Aunt Sally say "Don't be afraid, the poor child can't hurt you."

The rest of the journey the lad slept covered by Brave's blanket.

I could not sleep that night and when the porter came for my breakfast order, he looked at me sharply and said "Are you sick?" "No," I said "I could not sleep." I ordered a light breakfast. (May I say I never drank tea or coffee until after I was fifty years old?) As the porter was leaving, Brave spoke, using my voice, in his low guttural tone, "me croppery" as he called coffee, a drink he had enjoyed at my father's table; my husband had kept up the habit; the porter jumped, looked at me and said "Did you say you wanted coffee?"

I knew at once what had happened, and said "Yes, please, a pot of hot coffee."

Before he served my breakfast the conductor came to enquire how I was, saying the porter thought I looked strange. I explained I had not slept well, the conductor insisted on sending the railroad physician who happened to be aboard, to see me, but I thanked him and said I was not ill.

Our train was due in Chicago at 10:30 a. m. Shortly before that time my father told me not to be afraid, and to go quietly the length of the day coach, look at the man, "Van Horn," not speak, and come right back.

My father took my hand in the same warm palm the Dutch baby hand had grown too large to nestle in and went with me.

The day porter was taking a tip from an elegantly dressed Englishman, monocle in place, who stood by the seat where the same bag lay marked "Van Horn". The man did not look at me. I returned to my car.

Soon the train stopped and the conductor saw me safe into Judge Black's arms, just as two policemen crowded past us, I looked around in time to see them put hand cuffs on the Englishman.

Judge Black hurried me to my train, just in time. I had an uneventful trip; the boy still wrapped in Brave's blanket sat by my side all the way, sleeping.

My brother-in-law met me, I was soon safe with my mother and sister.

I had only time to greet my family when the boy controlled me swearing and crying "He murdered me, I'll get him yet," using my hands and strength of course. The boy threw a chair through the window and tried to climb out. My brother could not hold me; soon the Indian wrapped me in his blanket and I slept until morning.

During my sleep my father wrote, using my hand, explaining how the poor boy came to me, and told my sister, who had a rare gift of handling insubordinate spirits how to proceed; when I awake I was normal, later in the day the boy again controlled me.

Sister won his confidence and he told her his troubles. His story follows, but not in his language.

"The first I remember was being cold and hungry, I was a little fellow, and lived in a shack on a dirty alley way. An ugly old woman came there every night; she beat me. Every day she made me go with her to fruit stands and places where she showed me how to tackle, as she called it, things to chew. I got bigger, then we went out nights, tackled wood, coal, everything we saw; I could tackle more than she could.

She took me to a hanging one day. We walked until I was so tired; a big man opened a gate, we went in with the fellers and saw the show, a hanging is a show you know. When the feller was cut down, the old woman went off her head, said he was her boy, while she was screaming and fighting the cops, I run out; hid in a coal cart. Before dark I was safe under the warm end of London Bridge.

Say, you know what I tackled out of that cart? a sheep's pelt, gee, but the woolly side was warm.

I kept on tackling; if no tackle, no chew. I got on fine; no more straps across my poor legs. I knew everybody, I saw every other boy had a name; I made me one. When the big red berries come along that summer, my, but they was good.

I was a good tackler by now, no skinny in the street could beat me. No cop could catch me. I was the bird all right.

I got a skinny I knew to put my name on a box cover I found with a piece of soft coal, gee, it looked swell. Timothy Tackleberry, Timothy, 'cause it was the longest name I knew, Tackleberry 'cause that was my job.

Them was flush days, I tackled, I chewed, and kept the woolly side of the sheep skin next to me.

One day a bloke came along and asked me if I wanted a job. "Will I chew?" I asked him. "Yes, and swaller too" he said. That got me. I went along with him, I got the job, I laid around all day and chewed, my job was after dark.

I was just the feller the bloke wanted. They put me through holes in the walls, through transoms after the glass was cut out. I rode up and down in dumb waiters, getting off to unlock doors for my bosses that some gent had shut agin um. Say I just saw society, you bet. The feller cut down my chew, said I was gettin too fat to be useful.

I got stuck in a coal hole once; an old woman pulled me through into the coal bin, she cried over me, washed me, put her dead kid's clothes on me, grease on my sore toe, a big chew, a little Bible, and sent me home to my ma.

I give the Bible to a feller for a chew of terbacco; then went back to the basement where the fine man lived I was working for. They was glad to see me; they had a big job on that night and wanted me bad.

You see a bunch of swell gents had got hold of everybody's cash they could, had it in a joint they called a bank, cops watching it night and day. You bet my bosses said that was a sin, they was going to get it, give it to the poor hungry folks. They told me I was the only key they had that would open the joint. You bet I felt big.

The thing came off all right. Ten cops got their finish; the other cop got me, I tripped him up, then beat it. I got back to the basement about chewing time; then I seed my real boss for the first time, a bloomin Englishman, swell you bet.

He said I queered the job, that I was too fat, made a noise and to get out or he would kill me.

"I got, I see a cop up the alley, I told him I knew where there was a bad man, did he want him?" "Sure" he said "lead me to him".

"I took him to the boss, he was lying on a bunk, smoking, waiting to see if any of the fellers would come back. Cop got him all right, locked him up. Say, it want

no time fore he was out. Then he laid for me. He got me. I been after him ever since, found him heap of times, but he always got away. I seen the cop get him this time, he got another name, but I'll get him and cut him up, same as he did me. I'll put a mark on his swell face, don't you forget it."

Dear reader it took hours for Timothy to tell the story of his sad life. My sister was patient, made him feel he was among friends.

Timothy used the Billingsgate language, the only one he knew, and all this was spoken through my lips.

At the end of the story sister gave him food which he ate through my mouth, then he lay down on the couch and slept. Later when I returned to consciousness I saw him sleeping under Brave's gay blanket.

We had a trial with the boy, he seemed utterly depraved. Soon he began to stand by my mother's bed, when we carried the tray to her he would slip up and put a finger in the broth or coffee, then put the finger in his mouth.

He showed he was very hungry. My sister really began his reformation by giving him all he wanted to eat; she began bringing two trays to the bed and while my mother ate, the other tray sat on my lap and Timothy controlled me and ate his fill, I chewing and swallowing the food under his control.

This statement, like many others that appear in this book will be doubted by all who have not had the opportunity to study trance mediumship.

One day Timothy noticed that he wore a silk dress, had rings on his fingers and long hair in heavy braids, now my sister's real work began, but she was equal to it.

At last Timothy realized that he used my five senses, but only when my eyes were shut, then he saw the difference between the living spirits in the earth body going about their tasks and the spirit people who mingled freely among them.

No, he could not understand, but he accepted what my sister told him.

Timothy quietly took his place in the family, waiting for me to return to Chicago, where he last saw the Englishman he claimed killed him years ago in London, believing he could use my hand as easily to kill the man he hated as he could use it to put food into his mouth.

After a time Tim showed signs of awakening, he did not swear or use bad language, but sat on my mother's bed hour after hour, made friends with Brave and the beautiful spirits always in my sister's home.

Timothy was a jolly, loveable boy except at times when he remembered the old wrongs he had suffered, then he would go away for days and when he returned we knew by his speech and manners that he had been with a coarse element some place.

I did not dare to take the trip home alone so at the end of two months my husband came for me. My mother was quite well and we had all enjoyed the reunion but I was glad to be once more under my husband's kind, protecting care.

My husband made friends with "Tim" who went home with us. We stopped over two days in Chicago where we learned through Judge Black that "Van Horn" was really an Englishman of noble birth, disowned by his family; he had evaded the law for months but was in jail awaiting trial, his record so black nothing could save him from the penitentiary, but the law must take its course.

All this, my husband explained to Tim, who from the first showed faith in and liking for him.

Timothy fitted into our home life and was very happy. My husband was kind to him, just as he would have been to a lone, untaught boy in the physical body who had come to us for help; he corrected his faults and aroused his pride. Tim left off coarse language, wore better clothes, had his hair cut and brushed as my husband wore his.

Yes, dear reader, the two worlds are much alike, except that on this earth plane after one's pride and ambition are aroused and they want to be better and live in a respectable manner, they must find employment, and earn the money to pay the price.

Over there on the spirit plane, when one realizes his debased condition, he does not have to earn the price, only repent of his past mistakes, begin serving others and honestly want to be good, and he is good.

Nothing is, but thinking makes it so, applies particularly to life in the spirit realm. Spirit teachers have taught me this.

After reaching our home we found that many spirits like Timothy gathered about me, each craving what was his

ruling passion or desire at the time he left the earth body. My husband never lost patience with them or refused to serve them when possible, night or day.

Don't be shocked, dear reader, when I tell you that my husband, a strictly temperance man who drank nothing stronger than cider, never used tobacco or played cards, bought a case of beer, smoking tobacco, pipes and playing cards to be ready for any chance guest who might feel the grip of an old habit on coming to his first consciousness; he had learned by experience that the quickest way to gain influence over an undeveloped, habit-ridden spirit, was first to fully gratify his craving.

My husband once arose from his bed at night, made hot coffee and cooked beefsteak for a spirit who had starved to death in Alaska.

Weeks after when the spirit grew strong, he gave his name and we communicated with his family. Two years later two men who were of the party of prospectors and had survived the cold and hardships of the trip sat by our fireplace and talked with their old friend who controlled me while in trance condition.

I have eaten food, drank beer, smoked tobacco to gratify a spirit's strong craving, and when I came to myself never knew I had done either, just as I have spent hours seated at the piano, controlled by real artists, who played in a finished manner, before good critics, the works of great masters, far beyond my ability to perform.

I am not claiming our method was the best one to pursue, but it was the method we proved brought the best and quickest results and released me from an obsessing spirit who seemed to feel grateful for what had been done for him, and with few lapses, if any, such spirits became useful members of my band, sought their own loved ones on earth, or went higher to perfect themselves in their chosen work.

Soon after we returned home I finished six fine shirts for my husband after the pattern his spirit wife gave me, such shirts as she used to make for him, open in front, collar and cuffs attached to the shirt. When I had them ready for the tub, I went to the laundry in our basement to wash them. As I went in I saw a spirit girl about sixteen years of age, a typical Irish emigrant. She was counting clothes pins that were in a basket on a table. She did not look up or seem to know I was there. I made ready and began

washing the shirts. I came to myself two hours later to find the tucked linen bosoms, I had taken such pains with, all rubbed full of little holes. I have long since forgiven "Biddy" whom I have come to love dearly; her grief was genuine when she came to know how she had ruined the shirt bosoms, but she was not to blame, as she had never used a wash board before.

Her story which she told me, proved that she, like thousands of her class, who came to America to better their condition, fell into the hands of a human vulture lying in wait for such girls in New York City.

Biddy went out of her earth body in less than a year, a deeply wronged, heartbroken girl. We took her to our hearts and she has stayed with me all these years. She has a little brown teapot and I see that her tea caddy is never empty. Lady callers of our faith are much flattered when Biddy treats them to a "Cup of tay."

At this time my husband was obliged to put a man in his office so he could stay home and care for me as I was controlled so many hours out of the twenty-four. The constant strain began to tell on my health; we became anxious for we knew by past experience that no doctor could help me.

We called the loved ones together in Brave's wigwam and all agreed we must find an advanced spirit teacher who would come to take charge of our work, which we knew we could not lay down, but we knew that until a manager was found who could systematize the work, arrange seasons of rest for me, and release my husband from his constant vigil, the good work I seemed especially adapted to do could not be satisfactorily done.

In a few days my hand, controlled by Dr. Hiram, my maternal grandfather, wrote saying—"A man named "Manning," who passed to spirit life over a hundred years ago, has heard our call for help and will be with you in a few days."

He kept his word for the next Sunday morning when we went into Brave's wigwam, we both sensed such a peaceful atmosphere.

I lay down on Brave's couch, was soon asleep and did not wake until evening.

I slept most of the time for five days, waking only to eat, bathe, exercise a little, then to sleep again.

I arose from that rest period, normal, strong and happy.

I first saw Manning in Brave's wigwam, holding Brave's hand, an arm around Timothy. I cannot describe him other than to say he is the handsomest man I ever saw; six feet tall, fair complexion, dark hair and beard, which he wears long, with flowing mustache parted in the center exposing a sensitive mouth with dazzlingly white teeth; eyes blue, liquid with love and sympathy, or steady and controlling as his mood changes.

He dresses immaculately, changing from morning tweed to full dinner and evening dress, fur-trimmed overcoat or satin lined serge overcoat, according to season. Kid gloves, high hat and gold headed cane always in evidence, also diamond ring and shirt studs.

Manning soon turned to look at me as I stood in the open door. His voice was low and sweet as he said.

"Thank you, my dear, for this beautiful room you have dedicated to your spirit friends. I have come to help you carry on this spirit work your blessed gift of mediumship fits you for and which I feel sure you will yield yourself to more willingly as the years pass on. I only ask one promise from you, that you will trust me. I would not free you from your gift if I could, but I will protect you from harm and danger while you use it as I shall deem wise for all spirits in or out of the physical body, needing your help."

Thirty-three years this great soul has been faithful to his trust. There are many days I do not see him, or hear his voice, but if I need his help or counsel I have only to be still, wait, and trust and he always appears before me, ready to serve.

Manning has demanded great sacrifices from me, my time, service and money, and I have always responded willingly, knowing I could trust him.

My husband returned to his office feeling I was safe from all harm.

At first Brave rebelled, he had been boss over me for so many years that it was hard for him to give up.

Manning was kind but firm and soon peace was restored.

No spirit could control me without his consent, nor do so longer than he thought wise.

Manning established a system, during the day I was normal. One evening each week was set aside for family reunion, one evening for advanced spirits to talk to my husband, answer questions or explain life beyond; one evening was ours to use as we pleased; two evenings we gave to spirits, all classes, colors, nationalities or grades of development were welcome; Manning insisted that each spirit give his name, tell where he passed out of his physical body or give the address of some one he knew who could; and one evening Manning took me on a tour of investigation, lasting from twenty to seventy minutes, never longer.

At the hour set I would lie down on Brave's couch, wearing a loose robe, feet bare, hair unconfined, a warm blanket over me.

My husband sat by me holding my hand, Brave knelt by me, one hand at the base of my brain and the other on my solar plexus.

Manning who stood by during these preparations would then smile and say "Come."

Up to the time I heard him say "Come" I was normal, then I would find I was standing by Manning, he holding my hand. I could see myself on the couch, the dear watchers by me even as we seemed to move away, then suddenly we were moving through space, I was conscious all the time, even after we came back into Brave's wigwam, (where we held all the evening seances) and where my body still lay guarded by the two faithful watchers.

The instant when I left my body or returned to it, was always a blank, try as I would, I could not tell just when or how the change took place.

Some ten minutes always passed after I woke in my physical body, before I was able to talk or move. I wanted water first, then felt hungry; after I had eaten I went to bed and usually slept a few hours, waked normal and remembered all that I had seen or heard while I was out of my body.

My husband wrote down my experiences as I recounted them to him.

Manning insisted that I yield to my husband's desire to attend Spiritualist meetings, showing me how selfish I had been. I did so and enjoyed going as soon as Manning proved to me his power to protect me from spirit control.

I could see and talk with spirits, as I always had. Manning was wise in letting spirits demonstrate occasionally through me.

He gave a few talks on subjects chosen by the audience. Brave could not be kept in the background, and Tim soon proved to be the life of small gatherings where my husband and I went.

We held a circle once a month in Brave's wigwam but never had more than fourteen invited guests.

That year I gave readings one day in the week, healed the sick, and never denied myself to any who came, no matter what their need, all free.

We had most gratifying results from the evening circles for undeveloped spirits. Of the many who came to us forty gave their names, and the post office address of their families, to whom my husband wrote letters, explaining how he had received their names. He enclosed a directed stamped envelope and requested an answer.

Thirty-eight of his letters were answered in from one to four months; only ten of the letters expressed a doubt that we had been in communication with the spirit we named.

It would take a large volume to tell all the complications that arose from those ten letters.

Timothy, who had proved an apt pupil, soon became Manning's First Lieutenant.

He won the appendix he added to his name that year by helping all who needed him. Since that time, his admirers and those he has faithfully served have called him "Timothy Tackleberry, Number One, with no duplicate."

Timothy went out into the highways and byways and brought in all who needed help, and when the poor, sick, habit-ridden souls could not come to us, we went to them, even into hell holes in cities where it was safe only to go under police protection, which was never refused my husband when he explained our mission.; for Tim, as he preferred to be called, not only rounded up, as he said, undeveloped, habit-ridden spirits who needed help from us, but he was untiring in his search for such homeless, cold, hungry spirits in the body as he once was.

The underworld was an open book to him, after a week spent among such unfortunates as inhabited it, he endured tortures the next Sunday when church bells rang, and the

great throngs of well dressed, prosperous looking, people went to their chosen places of worship.

Tim declared repeatedly that poverty, crime and war would continue until the churches began living up to the teachings of Jesus, cut out million dollar temples, creed and dogma, and high priced pastors, and began going out among the needy, sin-sick inhabitants of the earth, in the spirit of the Good Samaritan.

Tim wanted me to join the Salvation Army, said it was trying to save men and women, that their method showed they knew their success depended upon first cleaning, clothing, and feeding the body and housing it comfortably with safe environments, before the Ego, present but sleeping in the most depraved of earth's mortals, could assume control and begin to grow Godward.

I attended the Salvation Church several months, and made many warm friends among its consecrated workers.

Every poor wreck of humanity that Tim found in his night walks about town was reported to the army next day and before night the poor needy one was safe in the barracks.

A telegram was brought to us Monday morning while we were at breakfast saying "Come home at once, mother needs you as sister goes to the hospital tomorrow for an operation."

My husband answered "Francis will start east on noon train, don't go to hospital until she arrives."

Never will I forget the agony of that moment when I knew I must take the five days' journey alone, then a wave of peace enveloped me, as I looked from my husband's sympathetic face to Manning, who stood before me; he smiled and said "Hurry."

At noon I was seated in the Pullman where we had reserved a section, saying good-bye to my husband. I was anxious but calm and unafraid. Manning, Brave, Timothy, and Bidly, reinforced by my dear father and Aunt Sally made up the party. The Pullman conductor and porter with whom I had made my last trip were in charge of the train.

I had a safe, uneventful journey, each morning a telegram came from my husband and many times a day spirit messengers came to tell me all was well at my sister's.

My brother did not meet me when the train pulled into the station and the neighbor he had sent to fetch me explained that my sister had grown worse the last hour and he dare not leave her; our cabby broke the speed limit and I reached my sister's home as the doctor's carriage and an ambulance drove up.

As I looked at that dear sister I felt that we were too late.

"No," a voice said. "She will live."

I assumed command at once, asked her if she would trust us, she could not speak, but she nodded her head.

Without removing traveling dress or greeting my mother I knelt by the bed and Brave began treating my sister.

My brother dismissed the doctor, who said to him, "Your wife can't live if the tumor breaks, which I am sure it will do in a few hours. If she dies, her death will be on your head."

The good man left the house to come back five days later to see my sister propped up with pillows eating broth.

Let me briefly say I remained with my sister's family three months and left her well and happy, my hands controlled only by Brave's magic power had restored her to health. Brave claimed he absorbed the tumor; be that as it may; the tumor did disappear without the use of the knife.

May I say here, that I have believed for many years that one does not leave their physical body until their time comes to go. The fact that so many times I, with the power that I know works through my hands when I am in a trance, and at no other time, have cured sick people given up to die by reputable physicians, and the same patient apparently no worse, later has failed to respond to Brave's treatment, and gone out of the body, proves to me, as does the would-be-suicide who takes too much and defeats his object, also the mutilated body from which the spirit cannot find release year after year, that a law governs our time to go hence, as invincible as the law that sets the time almost to a day for the spirit child to be born into the physical body.

When I returned home I found an efficient woman installed as housekeeper. I was glad, for I fully agreed with my husband that I could not serve two masters. While I loved my home and much preferred domestic life, I had come to feel it was my duty to use the rare gift given me.

My husband and Manning urged me to obtain ordination papers. Many friends who knew the good work we were doing, the philosophy Manning preached, and Tim's ability to give convincing tests, presented me with a paper guaranteeing five thousand dollars with which to establish a Spiritualist Church, as soon as I was qualified to become its pastor.

One man, an earnest Spiritualist, converted from materialism through Tim's good work, who proved to him that his wife and three children waited for him over there, offered to give me free, a ninety-nine year lease on a centrally located corner on which to build the church.

All this was very gratifying to me, but it did not change my determination never to go into public work.

I was willing to heal the sick. I was willing to give comfort to the bereaved, by proving to them that the loved ones they mourned were not lost, only gone on to wait for them until their earth work was finished.

Under Manning's protection I took up the work of relieving the many weak people I constantly met in all walks of life, and all grades of society, who were obsessed by spirits, either in or out of the physical body.

The class of unfortunates who particularly appealed to me were the undeveloped mediums who were used by selfish habit-ridden spirits.

Hundreds of this class came to me for help to develop their mediumship. They believed a great work was waiting for them, and in their egotism, the urge of unwise friends, the promise of great success some public medium saw for them for the dollar she charged, and the obsessing spirit, a veritable leach, they were ready to give up good trades, money-making positions, yes, even home, the love of husband or wife, to abandon their duty to their children, for the public praise, easy money, or the affinity waiting for them just around the corner.

Sixty per cent of this class that has come to me the past twenty-five years we have saved to useful, happy lives.

We have been blessed in being able to help the truly gifted ones to reach solid ground, where together we have brought about perfect mediumship, giving to the world different phases that would bear the light of severe criticism.

The few we could not reach, that I watched for years on their downward course, a disgrace to our beautiful truth, both in the lives they lived, and the public work that class of mediums always find a platform to display their wares upon, broke my heart.

Those derelicts were my brothers and sisters. Inherited tendencies, prenatal conditions, and early environments; the three forces no child has the power to control or get from under, had thrown them on the sea of life, quite as helpless as the driftwood the incoming tide plays with, only to leave still on the barren beach when it recedes.

I could not bear the failures we have made to rescue these perishing ones, if it had not been proven to me that the life beyond gives another chance for even the most unfortunate to reform; that no matter how long one lives in darkness, when the desire for light comes, ministering spirits are ever ready to help and to teach the way to perfect peace.

The many spirits I have talked with all agree on one point; that the first step towards spiritual growth begins when one truly regrets their past life of sinful-selfishness.

I like the words joined, making the keynote in the lives of the human family; as I have seen through clairvoyant vision the inner lives of friends and neighbors, also of many men and women of note and prominence in the world.

Spirits in the body call this desire for light, a change of heart, or conversion to religion.

Thousands of men and women who have received this illumination have become reformers, benefactors, yes, saviors of men, whose names shall endure forever.

Spirit teachers tell me that the same law—change of heart, conversion, or illumination,—that reveals one's own sinful-selfishness, that man in the body turns from when he becomes converted and lives the Christ life among his fellow men, comes to spirits out of the body in just the same way, and works as marked a change in their lives and their service to humanity.

Spiritualism, as I understand it, did not come to the knowledge of man to establish a new religion, as a worker of miracles, or as a money maker for mediums (meaning the people so sensitized that they can demonstrate spirit return) but to prove that the change called death is but the labor pains that release the spirit ego from the earth body or womb.

A door that swings both ways separates the two states of existence.

Spiritualism proves by direct object lessons the necessity of the first grade, the earth experience, preparing the scholars to pass out through the swinging door with credit marks sufficient to make it unnecessary for them to come back in through the swinging door, except to give help or knowledge.

This cannot be done until better babies are born. Now that we have a hundred per cent hog to our credit, I look next for a strict examination of all applicants for marriage licenses, spiritual, mental and physical.

People who pass this test will not only bear normal children but they will raise them properly, will teach them to think right which will insure right living.

When such spirits are freed from their earth bodies they will not stay earth bound by regrets, revenge, craving appetites, selfish love for family or earthly possessions; they will immediately enter the higher grades in the spiritual school.

This will eliminate all obsessing spirits, the principal factor in the annals of crime.

Criminal records show that there are many weak, easily influenced people, who are not wicked, but do wicked deeds under the influence of strong wills, social wrongs, pangs of hunger, or defiance against what they feel to be unjust laws.

The force or power, call it what you will, behind the weak subject who breaks the law usually goes unpunished or unknown, while he who did the wrong, no matter how irresponsible he was, must suffer the hurt or punishment of the transgression.

Today, thinking people admit the influence one person has over another for good or evil.

Spiritualism goes a step further, and has proved, time and again, that spirits out of the physical body have helped spirits in the physical body to redeem themselves, and have many more times helped spirits in the physical body to fall from grace.

Spirits have kept sinful, selfish men in paths of evil during their whole physical lifetime by attaching themselves to the unfortunate man, who, either from hereditary tendencies or poor training in childhood, had developed character soil in which the evilly disposed spirit found congenial element to sow his seed, producing a crop of tares.

The blessed words of Jesus, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," always mean to me big boys and girls who in their unawakened state make such sad mistakes in this life.

These are the children our Elder Brother meant. They are the ones he will shelter when he teaches them how to become unselfish and helpful to others.

Did He not say, "He without sin cast the first stone"? and then after a pause, "Nor do I condemn thee."

I know little children are tenderly cared for in the spirit playgrounds. I have visited the kindergarten, heard their songs and laughter.

Mothers, do not grieve for your babies who leave you. Rejoice that they are arisen, untainted by earth conditions, to take up the language of the spirit spheres.

I am taught that man takes up his life in the spirit world just where he left it off here. The change called death does not make him a better or worse man. A really good man finds the same field to work in that he blessed by his labor when on the earth plane.

A scholar or investigator finds a larger field for study or investigation, he is not limited by distance, closed doors, or lack of mechanical devices as aids to pursue any line of work or knowledge.

The unscrupulous sharper finds his dupes, and so on.

This explains to me why so few educated spirits come back to the earth plane through mediums. They went to spirit life fitted to enter higher grades, where there is no limit to man's achievement. The selfishness inherent in the human race leads each one to his goal: consequently such a spirit is not earth bound and does not avail himself of the opportunity to communicate with earth people.

It also explains to me why the spirits manifesting most often through our public mediums in large gatherings are those who have gone out of their earth body with their work unfinished. They are anxious about loved ones they have failed to provide for. Others long for forgiveness from people they have wronged. The small gossip; the know-it-all people, from the soap box orator, the uneducated debater, to the silly rhymster: each in turn claiming to be Ingersoll, Lincoln, or Tennyson.

Yes, the vampire still gets in her work. If one can come back, all can come back, and when they find congenial

environment, people in their vibration, they obsess them to an extent that increases the subject's natural or educated tendencies until he perfects an invention, writes a master symphony, inaugurates a world war, or wrecks an excursion train.

The more crude and earth bound a spirit is by the life he lived when in his earth body, the easier he can demonstrate through the undeveloped mediums and the different devices used too often by investigators and curious people to gain information from spirit life.

The proven fact that ancient spirits, great scholars, and real saviors, whose names appear in Sacred History, have come back to the earth plane, proving their individuality, shows me once again that my teachers have told me the truth.

That when such spirits were freed from their physical bodies they craved knowledge above all else and at once began seeking for it, indifferent to the needs of earth-bound spirits, as they were to their own flesh and blood, when on the earth plane they sought only their own advancement, showing that the change called death does not destroy selfishness.

When these spirits reached their goal and acquired the great knowledge they sought, they found no happiness, for they had neglected the higher ethics that treat of the principles of human morality and duty. When they realized that the greatest study for man is the study of man, they returned to the earth plane and began the labor of love. Themselves the greatest gainers, for he who loses himself in the service to others shall find he is master over man's greatest sin, selfishness.

My clairvoyant vision shows me multitudes of spirits waiting to gratify their appetites, lusts, or cravings for revenge by mingling with spirits in the body, who are in the same vibration, just as spirits in the body are drawn to their own class.

Dear reader, don't think I am drawing on my imagination. Under my father's protection I have visited hundreds of his clients and as many criminals in their narrow prison cells, and two-thirds of all I ever talked with, outside of degenerates, were obsessed by spirits, either in or out of the physical body.

My mediumship, which my father made use of for many years to help him to better understand his clients and their responsibility in breaking the laws of the land, revealed many strange complications and wheels within wheels, which always helped my father to place the blame where it belonged.

But even when he knew the culprit was more sinned against than sinner, he could not let him go free; each person must bear the penalty of his mistake.

If the person arrested in the act, was the entity least responsible for the mistake he made under an obsessing spirit, urged on by a chum in the body, or even inherited tendencies, his better nature unable to overcome, it showed he possessed the character soil for evil vibrations to play upon to produce discord or he would not have done the deed, consequently he needed the punishment, or education, (I like that word better) to rouse him to a knowledge of his danger.

This course has strengthened weak natures, and taught them how to avoid falling a second time a dupe to a menacing evil.

The degenerate, poor irresponsible entity, should be comfortably taken care of by the state where he is born; never allowed to swell the birth list or mingle with normal busy people; or he should be put out of his physical house of clay by a painless method, in order to give his spirit its opportunity in the higher life. I conform to the latter plan.

I am sure the day is not far distant when a physician who allows a deformed or organically defective child to live will be punished by imprisonment and fine. He should receive the same punishment for trying to keep the spirit in the useless body, when he knows, as the profession must know, when cancer, tumor, or what-not is eating the vitals, that it cannot be cured.

Oh! the inhumanity of man to man! A just law says you must shoot your family horse or pet dog when he is injured beyond recovery. You must not allow him to suffer.

How about our brothers and sisters lying helpless on beds in poor houses and institutions where such unfortunates are housed?

My dear reader, bear with me while I take up the case of the couple who could not pass the examination and receive the coveted license. We believe they should be

given one, but not until they had been so treated as to make it impossible for them to reproduce their kind.

Science has proved that this can be done without injury to the health, or lessening the mating instinct, without which no four walls, though picture-hung and gilded, can ever be a real home to any married couple.

Such couples with warm father and mother hearts need not be desolate in this world where there are so many orphans waiting to be taken into motherly arms. And a man becomes a superman who works for and raises another man's child to honor him as father.

The great multitude of people born defective have love natures, passion, need of a loving mate, and as strong desires for home and garden spot as normal people; and only another element for evil would be set in action by a law that would deny such people the opportunity to enjoy home life, which would put them on their honor to live up to the great responsibility they have assumed.

"Home, sweet home" must not go out of fashion if a high moral standard is to prevail.

By sitting with the person obsessed, I found I could attract the obsessing spirit to me which brought him into Brave's wigwam and under Manning's instructions.

In almost every case we released the subject, who then became a useful member of society, healed the obsessing spirit and sent him on to the higher life rejoicing.

In trying to help spirits in the body to resist the will power or thought waves of spirits in the body, we never found a case among the many applying to us for help, where A did not know B and his intention to harm him. As soon as we could help A to overcome his fear of B and say "Get thee behind me, Satan," B was powerless to harm A.

The telephone and wireless systems both prove that one must take down the receiver, or cut in on the line before they can get the message being sent.

My neighbor's young daughter suddenly went insane, while I could see the obsessing spirit and described him so my neighbor recognized him as the man her husband killed in self defense when the daughter was two years old. We could not attract him to me.

The girl grew so violent that she was taken to the asylum where I went twice with her mother to see her.

On both visits I went among the worst patients, under the protection of the head physician (who was a friend of my husband) and described to him spirits I saw, and told him I felt sure we could cure one-half of his patients if we had the chance.

The doctor was so much impressed that the following week we were given conditions, and we released the ob-sessing spirits from two patients, taking them home to Brave's wigwam with us.

After a few weeks care in the hospital to restore their physical health, the two happy men were released from the asylum cured, to return to their families.

I kept in touch with them for ten years and they never suffered a relapse of the frenzy.

I was eager to take up this line of work and we were making plans for me to do so when my mother had a relapse. Brave said that she would never recover, but he was sure she would not go out of her earth body for five years.

I went east and brought my mother home with me. I was blessed in being able to care for her for five years and five days before she passed on to join her waiting family.

The spiritual demonstrations that took place in the room where that patient sufferer lay, ministered to by angel visitors when human hands and medical skill failed to relieve her pain, are too sacred for even these pages.

A few weeks before my mother left us the following poem was written especially for her:

Rejoice, O patient mortal!
That angels loose the bands
That give thee home and welcome,
In the "house not made with hands."

Though years of pain and suffering,
It has been thine to bear,
Eternity with peace untold
Awaits you "over there."

The hands whose gentle clasping
Fell from thine own away
Are waiting for thee at the portal,
To guide thee into day.

Fear not, O never fear thee,
But look with faith untold
For angel hands shall bear thee
Beyond the gates of gold.

Above the shining entrance,
Within where dwell the blest,
Is seen the joyous greeting,
The peaceful world of rest.

Rest from the pain and sorrow,
That filled the hours below.
Yet not a life of idleness
In the land to which you go.

But ministering angels,
Are they who enter there,
Often they go and come to us
To make our lives more fair.

A work of love and kindness,
Fills all the happy time,
And there is rest, not idleness,
Within that peaceful clime.

On earth for more than three score years,
You've trod the path of life,
Seen joy and sorrow, hope, despair,
For earth with such is rife.

And as the journey shortens,
Look forth with trustful eye,
For sight of those who love you,
For love can never die.

And wait the change that's glorious,
The change you may not see,
That in the twinkling of an eye,
Gives immortality.

My fiftieth birthday found me alone, my husband having gone to join his spirit wife and their children.

That which my loving father had always feared, had come upon me. Even among the many true friends who gathered about me, I was alone.

When the last sad rites were over, I went into Brave's wigwam, leaving it many hours later, resigned, strong to do the work that was yet before me.

Believing, as I always have, in fate, I did not doubt that even my destiny could be glorified by willing submission and forgetting of self, in the remaining years left me for usefulness on the earth plane.

With the constant presence of my loved ones in spirit form, the faithful Band, Manning, Brave, Tim and Biddy, who had always proven such a power of strength when I most needed them, I began the home stretch with the Dutch patience and courage that had carried my dear father through a long and useful life.

My determination never to become a professional medium, made it easy for me to refuse the many flattering offers I received at this time.

I remained quietly in my home; Brave continued to treat the sick and we gave comfort where we could.

For the first time in my life I realized that one hundred cents make a dollar.

When my husband went to spirit life he had not recovered from the heavy losses sustained during the depression of the year 1893, I paid all debts and obligations and my home and a small margin, quite sufficient for my simple needs, remained to me.

The monthly allowance of Brave and Tim I cut in half, and life went on as usual, except that I could not give to the needy with the free hand as of old. And for the first time I realized how generous my husband had always been to me.

I faced the future without any fear for I trusted Manning to control my mediumship which I had grown to value highly.

For eight years I lived a very contented, useful life.

I turned my music room into a studio and began teaching piano, making a specialty of beginners, which brought children to me under whose sunny influence, no adult heart can become cold and desolate.

Tim continued to lead me to girls and boys who needed loving hands to rescue them from the haunts of crime and vice.

We brought many such unfortunates to our home, where they began the hard fight to overcome appetite and habit, which they could master only when surrounded by creature comforts and the shelter of a loving home.

One poor girl in her seventeenth year proved incorrigible and after our third attempt to help her to overcome her oversexed condition, she ran away and took morphine.

Two days later a friend went with me to the little chapel near the morgue where the young girl had lain three days unclaimed by kith or kin.

The sweet, girlish face surrounded by auburn curls was devoid of passion or fear, and seemed a poor target, indeed, for the awful words of vituperation the preacher hurled at her and the small group of girls from the underworld, who stood near the coffin, weeping for her and for their own wasted lives.

The very Bible he held in his hand, which was the passport to the sacred office he filled, holds countless expressions of pity and love for the transgressor, and the very words, "Judge not, lest ye be judged," showed how little he followed the teachings of Jesus.

When the preacher finished and set his cruel jaws together even as he had pictured to his few hearers the closing of the hatchway to Dante's Inferno, where he had consigned the poor girl in his pious fervor; I was impelled to walk to the coffin head, where I pointed alternately to the calm figure in the coffin, to the preacher, and then to myself, as I heard Manning's calm voice speak through my lips the following words:

"Not only she, but you and I, must meet with the change called death. Are we ready to meet our God, with a clean and undefiled breast, so that when he looks at us, as only God can, with eyes that look deep in our souls, will he smile as he welcomes us back to his fold? To our place as a part of the whole?"

This was the first time Manning ever spoke through me when I was conscious, eyes open, quite normal, only that I could not stop talking.

I shall never forget that scene. As my voice stopped, a ray of sunlight shone through a window and fell full on the coffin, just as a Salvation Army band struck up the song "O, Think of the Home Over There," as they stopped on the opposite corner.

The preacher rushed out of the door. The funeral director approached the coffin to close it, wiping his eyes.

I bade the weeping girls good-bye and gave them my card and urged them to come and see me. Then I went home with my friend. Three of the five girls at that funeral reformed, married good men, were mothers of children that grew up to be noble men and women.

The preacher went back to the chapel and inquired my name and address, both were known there for my husband and I had been there many times to such funerals.

The next week the preacher went past my house three times before he rang my bell.

Don't imagine, dear reader, that he came to admit that my few words had given him a new light. No, indeed! He had run me down, as he said, and found I was a child of Satan. He had come to snatch me from the burning.

The poor man was honest. He believed all he said.

I never blame men who believe the sinner is lost, for trying to save him. I should do the same in the same place.

I only wonder how they can ever take a vacation, smile, or enjoy any social life, if they feel sure relatives and friends, and strangers all about them are doomed to perdition. And when they believe they are charged to go into all lands and preach the gospel, their responsibility is increased.

When the preacher found I would not own I was a sinner, repent and let him save me, he washed his hands of all responsibility, saying he would leave me to be judged of God, took his hat and stepped on to the porch as I opened the door for him, in time to face two Salvation Lassies.

The younger of the two threw her arms around him and cried "Father." He pushed her to one side and ran down the steps.

We carried the weeping girl into the house where she told her story.

Her father had refused some six months before to let her attend a party, she disobeyed him for the first time, and slipped out of the house and went. Her father was at the door at midnight when she came home, and told her she could not come in. She walked the streets in an agony of fear until a Salvation Army Lassie saw her and took her to shelter.

The young girl remained two years with the Army, married a gentleman, had a family of beautiful children.

Her father forgave her after a few years, but he never forgave the disobedience.

Such Puritanical men are born that way, they are a product of the education of their day. I have always pitied them.

They remind me of some lines written through my hand to express the void in the lives of people who have not developed the love of humanity Jesus demonstrated. They follow:

A rose without its fragrance,
 A leaf without its hue,
 A morning without its sunrise,
 A night without its dew,
 A waterfall without its roar,
 A creek without its murmur,
 A beach without its pebbly strand,
 A field without its clover.

My sister and her husband moved west the third year after I brought our mother home with me, and they stayed with us until an attack of asthma convinced my brother-in-law that he must change climates; he went to a city one hundred miles north, soon regained his health, my sister joined him and they located permanently there.

The year of 1908 my sister went into a decline, they sent for me and I went to her at once. I saw she would need Brave and a sister's loving care while she remained in her earth body.

I came home when she was safe to leave, with my mind made up to sell my home, and return to her as soon as possible.

The next morning after I reached home, I asked Tim if he could sell the home place; "I'll try," he said. He immediately went to the street car track one-half block from my home, where he stood patiently until noon. I saw him now and then, as I looked from my window.

I was sweeping the porch, as the noon whistles blew and looked to see if Tim was still there, just as a car stopped. Four people got off, Tim at once attached himself to them. They seemed undecided which way to go.

After a few moments they came to my gate and the young woman said.

"Please excuse me, we have lost the list of houses the agent gave us, but we were impressed to get off at this beautiful street. Do you know of any houses for sale in this neighborhood?"

I answered that my place was for sale, they looked it over, paid a big deposit, and left promising to come back next day, and pay cash down, if my price was right.

I could not name my price so off hand, and explained why I was making such a sudden change.

The sale was made. They paid the cash, taking furniture and all, as it stood, except a few choice things which I reserved.

In less than a week I was back at my sister's bedside.

There was nothing mysterious in the part Tim played in selling my property. Tim had the advantage over the real estate agent, in being able to catch the thought wave of the people as they left the street car, and knew they wanted to buy a home. He attached himself to them, just as an agent would, only with more concentrated mind, for his mind was not divided on making a sharp deal or the size of his commission. A perfectly natural law brought about natural results.

Manning has taught me that there is no law in the spiritual world that is not an extension of the natural law.

I recommend all people to read the book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," by Henry Drummond.

My sister's health improved under Brave's treatments; and, but for occasional periods when she was confined to her bed, she was a very comfortable invalid.

The spring of 1914 she fell into a sweet sleep from which she awoke in the spirit world, and was greeted by the loved ones gone before.

Once more I was alone, but not desolate for I knew my loved ones were safe and happy. I was in good health, had made many pleasant acquaintances and liked the new city, where I decided to remain.

I bought a home, opened a studio, set up Brave's wigwam and the family altar, adjusted my harness for any tasks or load that might need a lift from us and was happy and contented.

May I go back six months before the killing of Franz Ferdinand, in 1914, believed to be the beginning of the

great world war which followed, and say at that time I began seeing, every night, as the sun went down, lines and lines of marching spirit foreigners pass our house, some carried children, many helped the aged and feeble, others led live stock, or carried household effects.

One has only to take up any of the photographic histories of the European war, to see the same pictures of homeless foreigners, battlefields, trenches, ruined cities, and horrible death-dealing agencies, never known before in any other war, that I saw as a moving panorama of the war, which was not looked for at that time.

I told my sister and brother what I saw. They then showed me many pages of prophecy written through my hand when I was in trance describing quite accurately, as time proved, the leading actors in bringing about the war, nations involved, the awful slaughter of the youth who sprang to arms, under the different flags of the world, to save their fatherland.

My hand drew pictures of the submarine, Zeppelins, Dirigibles, British Tank and Armored Car; we kept the pictures which compared favorably with the pictures of the same, which appeared daily in the newspapers.

By this time Tim had developed into a noble character, as had hundreds of spirits, whom we had given a loving welcome to, when they came to us in their pitiful conditions.

Manning had proven to be a wise teacher. He was the Big Brother to the group of spirit boys he encouraged to go out into the world as missionaries.

Manning sent Tim overseas to get the facts about the war which he knew was coming.

Tim was eager to go. The information which he brought back, which my sister wrote down, dated and numbered, tallied with the telegraphic and newspaper reports of the inception of the war.

Tim continued to bring reliable information to us weeks ahead of newspaper reports of the same.

Had my husband been in the physical body at that time, he would have been able to give valuable information to our government, as he knew leading politicians who had availed themselves of useful hints given through my mediumship, who would have paid close attention to his information.

Tim was one of the leaders of the Spirit Red Cross Band, who were on every battlefield, in the hospitals, and

wherever newly released spirits needed aid and succor; until he was released from active service to become one of the three boys who went as bodyguard to our President when he sailed for France.

Tim remained in that capacity until the President returned to America, not leaving him until our President gave up his speech-making tour and returned to Washington a wreck of his once vigorous self.

Then Tim came home, knowing he was not needed. He told us of the President's real condition, months passed before the public had the same inside information of his affliction.

During the time Tim was recruiting the Spirit Red Cross workers, he found the spirit of the Englishman I once saw passing under the name of 'Van Horn.'

Van Horn told Tim he had repented of his past misdeeds and accepted Christ long before a fever carried him out of his physical body.

Van Horn joined Tim in the movement to succor the unprepared spirits rushed by the tens of thousands across the Great Divide into the Spirit Realm during the World War and they became very warm friends.

May I say here, that during the fall of 1915 an English lady called at my studio, looking for a piano teacher; she was satisfied with my price and began her lessons that day.

After she left the studio, Tim said she had the same blood in her veins as the Englishman who killed him when he was a lad in London.

It took less than three months to get the lady's family history.

I soon discovered that she did not come to me to study music, but to study a Spiritualist medium at close range, as she was interested in the "ism" and had heard that I was a trance medium, but would not give readings.

It was an easy matter to get her to talk of her family, as it always is with people who want it known they come from aristocratic or wealthy forbears.

Her father's name was the same Judge Black gave us as the Englishman's real name. She claimed her father's uncle was the only black sheep in the family. That he was disowned, when it was proven that he was a professional crook, operating in the slums of London.

Dear reader, as you read this book, keep in mind that from the beginning of my dear father's investigation of spirit return and information given, all down through my sixty-nine years, we have run down to a certainty, so far as possible, every statement made to us, never just taking things for granted.

A strange coincidence is, that usually the opportunity is given us, sooner or later, to prove our informant was correct.

In the year 1918 my brother-in-law joined his wife in the spirit world. He had been a kind brother to me for forty-five years.

His passing on, left me really "all alone in a far western city," just as the strange voice which spoke through me when I was a little girl playing with my dolls on the shaded porch of my grandmother's farm house, declared to her I would be, when I was an old woman.

As that voice prophesied, I was never blessed with motherhood. I have nursed and cared for all of my family until their earth work was done, except my brother, who is still in the physical body, happy with the wife of his choice, and all creature comforts, many miles from my western home.

If he ever needs me, I shall go to him. I am in close touch with him through his loving letters and the wireless, still in operation in my home, which the loved ones in spirit life use as of old, and by which they can always acquaint me with news of his health and needs.

Each crisis in my life proves the devotion of the Band of loving spirits, who under Manning's wise stewardship have never harmed me; never failed to use my strength and dollars when and where most needed; have never made me insolvent; or grafted upon a gullible public to provide the extravagant, luxurious life, which is so out of keeping with one ordained to a life of usefulness among the sick and suffering in both worlds, who make up the poor, our Elder Brother said would always be with us.

I have many pleasant acquaintances; I am less a mixer than when young. I have never had a chum or confidant.

I never knew any person I did not find some trait in to admire, or some trait to deplore; but I know each does the best he knows how, from his viewpoint, or environment.

We all need the Big Brother or Sister to attain to our best.

The temptations in this life are many and we all lack resisting power and need a restraining hand.

I enjoy life, the great outdoors is always calling to me. Good books are my daily companions; I still love clean love stories and fairy tales. The movies, barring the problem type of plays, fascinate me. Concerts, lectures, the open forum, community singing all have the same interest for me as when in my middle years.

I have a large correspondence, many seekers after knowledge write me for advice and help on various subjects.

September 3rd, 1920, just past, I celebrated my sixty-ninth birthday, by opening my studio, after the summer vacation, with twenty names of talented children enrolled.

Yes, I am old, but not elderly. I owe no one a dollar. My simple wants are provided for. I have sufficient for the few years yet left to me in the earth body. My arrangements are all completed for my exit from my physical body. The executor of my will is to have my body cremated without any service, and the ashes are to be placed at the roots of a white lilac tree, my favorite flower.

Brave and the Band will minister to me when I begin the journey.

I hope I will not pass a friend, or meet an enemy, between that moment and the one when God will smile when he welcomes me back to his fold, to my place as a part of the whole, as I am taught He does all of his children.

Brave is always with me. We still minister to those who need us.

Manning will continue to use my mediumship, that we have never commercialized or prevaricated, until the time comes for me to go out of this body.

I am trying to make my small corner of the earth a better place, and to live such a life among my neighbors that they will have respect for spiritual mediums.

We are preparing for a great day, some time in November next, for Brave's papoose is coming home.

He has been five years in the halls of learning in spirit life. Brave and his squaw are looking forward as eagerly to seeing their only son, as parents in the physical body would after five years' separation.

I have not written this story of my life to convert any one to Spiritualism; to antagonize any society or medium who differs from me; or to set myself up as an authority;

but to show the real life of one spiritual medium; how sacred the gift should be considered; also to plead for the world's pity and charity for the mediums thrown on their own resources, so helpless to protect themselves from the influences and controls from spirits in and out of the physical body.

All of which I freely admit, would have cast me with the human driftwood, but for the hereditary influences from an honorable life of usefulness, that came to me from my noble parents; the tender, loving care that guarded my youth; the great wisdom that led me to my kind husband's home; our earnest prayer sent to the only source from which we knew we could find help, in my great need, that brought the spirit Manning to me, who has taken the place left vacant as each earthly support naturally went from me.

These environments have made it possible for me to look back upon sixty-nine years of life, during which time I have never broken faith with my higher self, wantonly wronged or injured any one.

I have never turned a deaf ear to the cry of any brother or sister in distress.

My many faults and mistakes have been the result of overtaxed nerves, or an overworked physical body, two causes of people's wrongdoing.

I am taught that a normal adult does right; that a healthy child plays, eats and sleeps and never pouts.

Each sacrifice demanded of me, from which I have often shrunk, and asked that it pass me by, proved to be just what I needed to help me overcome self, and to be more tender to the one forced to bend beneath a heavier load.

My beloved reader, thank God for the cross you are forced to carry up your Calvary for truth's sake. The radiance of the rising sun can only quicken such spirits to instant atonement with the glories of heaven.

The skeptic, if he chance to read this book, will not sense the lesson I have tried to convey between the lines.

The general reader will only find entertainment, if he has grown to study and try to understand the lives of the people about him.

I do not fear the criticism of godly people, they always have a mantle of charity to cover what they believe to be the mistakes of those outside the fold.

I am used to the persecution of the church members and the preacher, who have always made me a target for their loaded arrows.

The converted spiritualist will accept and reject parts of my book, according to his knowledge of mediumship.

The great mass of people who are not under any religious bias, but are mourning for their loved ones, who are to them dead, wanting to be convinced of the future life, who have paid dollars to mediums for news of their loved ones and received no satisfactory proof, to you I say hold in loving thought the one you want to hear from for days, attune your mind to spiritual harmony, forget self and material perplexities, go alone into your closet filled with the calm and quiet of a sanctuary, where God or Good only is, and I know you will be blessed with the knowledge that will come to you, when you make such conditions for your loved ones to reach you in response to the cry of your heart.

Oh, how shall I span the distance,
Between the two worlds? I ask,
The world at this end of the journey,
That at last leads into that,
Where those with clairvoyant vision
See the spirit forms so fair,
Of our loved ones gone before us
Into that mysterious, strange somewhere.

How shall I span the distance
Between the two worlds? and know,
That the loved ones long gone from my
Sight and touch, remember me here below.
How shall I open my blinded eyes,
That their faces I may once more behold,
How unbind my ears, that have grown so deaf,
That their voices I may hear as of old.

How shall I steady my trembling hands,
As they reach out into space?
And know that the loved form I hold so close
Is the same I embraced when on earth.
The answer comes quickly,
Just trust and believe,
Ask not these questions with lips alone,
But open the door of your soul
Doubt not, wait, and be still.