

JOE STILES. MEDIUM

PHENOMENA WHICH MAKE NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALISTS MARVEL.

Gabriel's Trump Anticipated—Hundreds of the Departed Recognized—The Theories of Skeptics.

W. E. S., in St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Gabriel won't find much to do down this way," a hard-headed old Yankee spiritualist said. After a brief pause he added: "Joe Stiles has raised half of the folks out of the graveyards from here to Cape Cod already."

That for which women were prayerfully hanged in old Salem is practiced under encouraging conditions at Onset. The witches of colonial days were mediums. Spiritualism then was of the evil one and was repressed. To-day it flourishes nowhere in so many and such vigorous forms as in New England. Its mediums are of Puritan stock. Its upholders are descendants of the Pilgrims. From Jonathan Edwards to James Freeman Clarke was a long step. The "progression" to Minot J. Savage is almost as great. A psychical research, self-appointed committee of theologians and professors and wise men generally has just declared:

"We find slate writing a fact. "We find materialization a fact. "Whether produced by spirits, so-called, we are not prepared to say."

This committee took a medium from her home in a carriage to the house of one of the members. As soon as she reached the door the medium was conducted to a room by wives of members of the committee. She was tripped—that is the word. Not one of the garments she wore into the room went out with her. She was dressed in black throughout. She was placed in a cabinet constructed by the committee. Two white forms appeared. This is what the spiritualists at Onset tell.

"Then Chester Granger and Deacon Asa Hayes and Charles Chandler are in the same group. Next comes William Williams, Dennis. From the same place is Luke Hanson Churchhill. "The medium hesitated, but only long enough for some one to shout, 'I knew Churchhill.' "Then, why didn't you say so quicker," asked the medium in pretended petulance. And before the quiet laugh had passed on she was rattling on with:

"William Hamlin, Uncle Reub Sherman, Ansel Ward; you remember Josiah Atwood, who was in the army?" "Yes." "And his wife Hannah?" "Yes, she was in the army." "You don't remember her? Well, she was one of the McFarlands." "Oh, yes, now I do." "I thought you would. And Uncle Ben Hammond?" "Yes." "And Elijah Shaw?" "Yes."

"Of course you do, here's Aunt Abbie Cole." "I remember her." "Well, you've got a good memory." "The big crowd chuckled while the medium caught his breath, and shifting half way in his chair, faced in a different direction and went on as rapidly as before with an entirely different graveyard.

"I see Luther, last name Turner. He was a doctor. After long absence and absence is pleased to return again. After him comes Dr. Anthony Collamore. "Hallelujah voices proclaimed recognition. And here is one who passed out into the spirit world through an injury. It is Aivy Joslin—he fell from a tree. There stands before me a good spirit, Isaac Jennings; he died a few dollars in his pocket because he was always giving."

"Yes, it's all true, some one said, so easily that the quiet Yankee laugh rilled up over the auditorium. "Deacon Charles Barstow," continued the medium, "is making very fast. 'He says he sees things better than he used to, and with him is his wife Sarah, who says she has been taught a good deal. Spencer and Captain Barstow, Aston Mills, Lewis Hamlin, Uncle Joe Hamlin." "The names came after each name, but when the medium said 'Deacon Thomas Holmes' there was a halt, and doubtful "Yes."

"Dr. Charles H. Walter is here." "Yes, I know him," she replied. "There is another doctor comes to see you—Dr. David H.—his last name is pronounced Crocker, and next is Dr. Todd." "Heard of him," said a voice. "I guess you have," retorted the medium. "And here is a woman, Mrs. Nancy Ruffin, his wife's name was Nancy. William E. Ford—his wife was Sallie H. Heath, and she died in New England. Next is Mrs. Mason. Then come Silas, Peter and George Wendell. They had an uncle, named Gardner, who passed away a long time ago." "Knew 'em all," came from the auditorium.

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limit on Joe Stiles's power. They say he can go to California and give the names of the dead there just as if he were there. Old Mr. Willis, who possesses a good deal of power of a different kind, and who believes everything, says he has been trying a long time to find out how Joe Stiles does it. "I have heard him twenty-five or thirty times," Mr. Willis said. "He has a fresh lot of names every time. Occasionally he will repeat a few names that he has given before, but in the main the list is a new one. I have heard him call all the way from half a dozen to several hundred names, and I never knew him to be mistaken when he said a certain person died at a certain place. The names are not always identical at the time, but when I came from town in all parts of New England. Some folks say he goes round and gets the names of the gravestones. He must travel a lot to do that and have a pretty good memory for the tens of people who died forty years ago, as well as those who passed out within a few months."

BREAKING ALL RECORDS. Toward the close of the summer season at Onset Joe Stiles broke all former records. The audience which greeted him filled the seats to the top of the hill. People had come down from Boston, up from Newmarket, and in from Fall River. Dr. Storer, the moderator of the spiritualist convention, presided and introduced Joe Stiles. It was in the afternoon. The smoke from distant forest fires cast a haze over all. A breeze blew up from Buzzard's Bay strong enough to drive the pesky little Cape Cod mosquito back to his lair in the pine glades beyond the camp. The temperature was delicious. Joe Stiles wore a racy of carnations on his coat lapel and was at his best. He recited a long poem, in which he worked in pleasant comes to the visitors from different localities, when drawing a chair close to him and raising in front of the platform he waved his arm and said:

"Before the lady who rendered the solo about 'Sweet Spirits' had finished the last line Joe Stiles, who had been sitting with drooped eyelids, began: "If I haven't broken from the influence of the time before me is Chester Granger—no, hold on, Chester Kellogg." "Yes, sir," came from the audience, "I knew Chester Granger and Deacon Asa Hayes and Charles Chandler are in the same group. Next comes William Williams, Dennis. From the same place is Luke Hanson Churchhill. "The medium hesitated, but only long enough for some one to shout, 'I knew Churchhill.' "Then, why didn't you say so quicker," asked the medium in pretended petulance. And before the quiet laugh had passed on she was rattling on with:

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"Of course you do, here's Aunt Abbie Cole." "I remember her." "Well, you've got a good memory." "The big crowd chuckled while the medium caught his breath, and shifting half way in his chair, faced in a different direction and went on as rapidly as before with an entirely different graveyard.

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be a blacksmith. Here are Zachariah and Uriah Hillman—anybody know the Hillman name? "Yes, all of 'em." "Of course, you do, Anthony Bullen—said he was a blacksmith. He trades, says he doesn't believe any one was better than he was, Uncle David Sylvester; George, his name is Sylvester; Solomon Cummings—recognize any of them?" "Every one of 'em." "Yes, did he pass away suddenly in his chair?" "Yes." "Enter Basset, Aunt Catherine, Aunt Rebecca. Following them closely is Wallace B. Hastings, Uncle Nathan Wing, of the South, and a large number of names. Then came Reuben Dillingham, Benjamin Brackett, William Mack. There is a beautiful list of names below: Fred Macy; Joshua Gibbs, Posey Gibson. These were Franklin folks."

REPORTING HIS VITALITY. So Joe Stiles went on. He varied the roll call enough to keep it from becoming monotonous. He was so breezy that he kept all who were following him fascinated by his new game of spirit recognition. It is difficult to convey on paper an adequate conception of the scene. The audience was composed of well-dressed, intelligent-looking New England people. They gave to Joe Stiles that close attention with which any public speaker might feel flattered. At the close of the hour the voice of the medium began to weaken. His manner showed weariness. Breaking off at once, he exclaimed: "I am obliged to catch my vitality."

"A woman on the platform started to leave," said the medium, "the man in the audience set up 'Summertime, Fair Summertime.' "The man stopped; the man went ahead. Stiles joined in the singing as soon as he could. He was going to win. One stanza was enough. "I want to ask who knows Clark Manchester," he called out, "the winter precursor could start the tune again." "I do," said a stranger.

"Charles Barry," he said, "I know him. He was a blacksmith. He trades, says he doesn't believe any one was better than he was, Uncle David Sylvester; George, his name is Sylvester; Solomon Cummings—recognize any of them?" "Every one of 'em." "Yes, did he pass away suddenly in his chair?" "Yes." "Enter Basset, Aunt Catherine, Aunt Rebecca. Following them closely is Wallace B. Hastings, Uncle Nathan Wing, of the South, and a large number of names. Then came Reuben Dillingham, Benjamin Brackett, William Mack. There is a beautiful list of names below: Fred Macy; Joshua Gibbs, Posey Gibson. These were Franklin folks."

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The Sheep Has Been Shorn And the Clothes to Be Worn

Are the choicest that money can buy. This is our special announcement for the present week.

NEW SUITS, HATS, AND OVERCOATS

BLACK CHEVIOTS, in single and double-breasted Sacks, at EIGHT DOLLARS. These are actually \$10 Suits. No house in Indianapolis can duplicate them at \$10. If this statement is untrue we stand ready to refund the money on return of the suit.

OUR \$15 OVERCOATS

Are actually \$15 Suits. They stand on the same basis as the above named. —Perhaps it is on account of the new tariff—we never before were able to give such excellent qualities at such moderate prices. Come and see what we offer at \$15 and upwards.

IN OUR CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

An immense variety. See our Combination Suits, strictly all wool, including two pairs of Pants and a Cap, only \$4.50. IT IS A CORKER

OUR FALL STYLES OF HATS

Are in. They are up to date, and at the lowest prices ever known.

Prigling Legs

5 and 7 West Washington Street. HAT DEPARTMENT, 16 SOUTH MERIDIAN STREET.

TO SECURE PURE MILK.

The New York System Includes Education of Dairymen.

New York Evening Post. The system by which the milk supply furnished to this city is regulated and inspected by the health department is now a most important branch of sanitary work, and is the result of the experience of a number of years, during which the department officials have continually become better able to meet the necessities caused by the expansion of the dairy farm business. The method under which the supply is guarded has now been extended to the farms themselves, so that the milk supply is really under inspection in three different States, and in every hamlet and dairy district which sends milk to the New York market. In this work the local health board receives the assistance of the State board, which has inspectors in all the various counties where milk is produced. The education of the farmer is now justly regarded as the first essential to a pure milk supply. To this end the farmers are instructed in the most approved methods of constructing barns, of mixing and varying the foods, and of keeping the surroundings of the cattle up to the latest sanitary standards. This has been a long and tedious course of education, the officials say, which have proverbially avers that they call "new-fangled notions." If slow, it has, nevertheless, in many cases been successful. There is, of course, much to be done, but the higher prices paid by large dealers to those dairymen who operate their farms in accordance with the instructions of the health board have shown the ordinary farmer that he would do well to follow their teaching.

THE TYPHOON.

The Dreaded Storm That Blows in the Region of the China Seas.

New York Evening Sun. "The worst storms," said the captain of a tramp steamer the other day, "are the typhoon storms. They sweep over a large area, are uncertain in their movements and follow each other quickly. The typhoon season is just now. It is a storm that one reason the Japanese and Chinese war fleets are anxious to stay at home is their dread of the typhoon. The first signs of the storm are light, cirrus clouds coming from the east, with a light breeze and gradually a strong rise in the barometer. This fine weather lasts for several days. There are usually halos to be seen round the sun, and the phosphorescence of the sea becomes suddenly increased, the sunsets are crimson, gold and amber, and the twilight rays are beautiful beyond description. "When at a distance of about five hundred miles from the center of activity of the typhoon, heavy swells begin to heave the surface of the ocean. A heavy swell in the China sea is a certain indication of a distant typhoon. Then the cirrus clouds begin to be replaced by heavy masses of cumulus, and where the blue sky is visible between it is seen to be streaked by the early hours of the morning a slight haze is noticed and the sky presents a vaporous appearance. "At the close of a typhoon the growth of the animal world, including human beings, is seen to be strangely retarded. "Numerous writers have graphically described the ominous terror of some animals and the overpowering sense in the human mind of foreboding, presentiment and coming danger are in many cases little short of a terror.

Whose Ring Is It?

Kate Field's Paper.

Who is the legal owner of an engagement ring? The conventionally supposed answer is that all men are too chivalrous and all women too unmercenary to think of the matter. There is no thunder with a typhoon, though the sound of the wind may be often mistaken for it. The air is heavy and the clouds are black, and sudden, short and terrific squalls, lasting perhaps six to ten minutes. The sky is black and threatening and has a peculiar, ominous appearance. "Among the rigging of a ship caught in a typhoon the sea birds, as well as butterflies, bees and insects from the land may be seen. The surface of the sea presents the appearance of boiling water, and the air which is caught and imprisoned by the seething foam and the crests of the huge waves is lashed into fury by the force of the wind."

Is Your Watch Running?

If not, take it to J. C. SINE, Room 4, Old Sentinel Building, and he will put it in first-class order, no matter what is wrong with it, and guarantee for one year for \$2. Diamonds reset while you wait.

TO SECURE PURE MILK.

The New York System Includes Education of Dairymen.

New York Evening Post. The system by which the milk supply furnished to this city is regulated and inspected by the health department is now a most important branch of sanitary work, and is the result of the experience of a number of years, during which the department officials have continually become better able to meet the necessities caused by the expansion of the dairy farm business. The method under which the supply is guarded has now been extended to the farms themselves, so that the milk supply is really under inspection in three different States, and in every hamlet and dairy district which sends milk to the New York market. In this work the local health board receives the assistance of the State board, which has inspectors in all the various counties where milk is produced. The education of the farmer is now justly regarded as the first essential to a pure milk supply. To this end the farmers are instructed in the most approved methods of constructing barns, of mixing and varying the foods, and of keeping the surroundings of the cattle up to the latest sanitary standards. This has been a long and tedious course of education, the officials say, which have proverbially avers that they call "new-fangled notions." If slow, it has, nevertheless, in many cases been successful. There is, of course, much to be done, but the higher prices paid by large dealers to those dairymen who operate their farms in accordance with the instructions of the health board have shown the ordinary farmer that he would do well to follow their teaching.

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tion of the President's habits, he had no right to get up at a public meeting and make a statement which he could not prove. Cleveland has never set up for a model of morality, but since he has been President he has certainly never appeared in public when he was not in perfect possession of his senses. Hence this asking for prayers is a relic of offensive religious and temperance cant which is out of date. What this overzealous brother could have asked for with perfect assurance that his prayer would be echoed throughout the country is