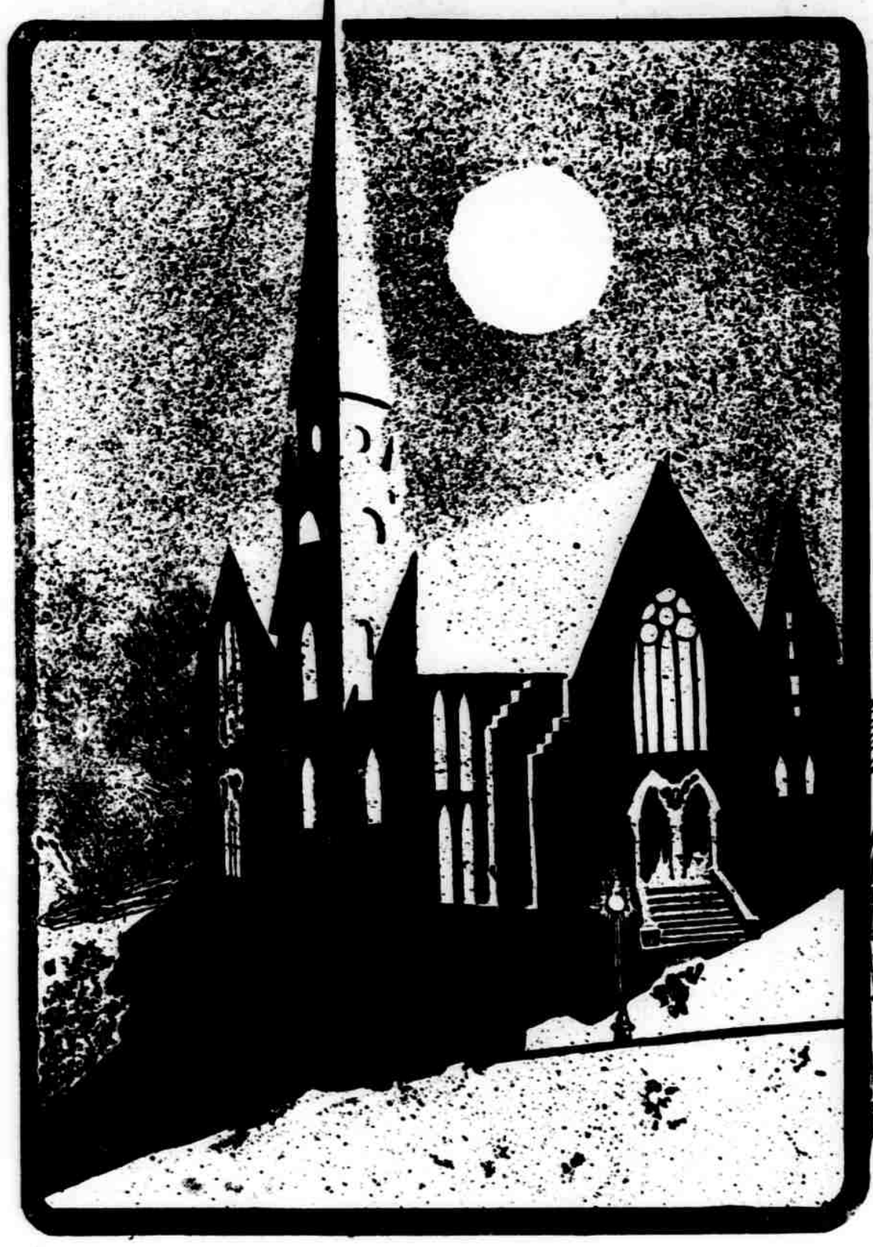
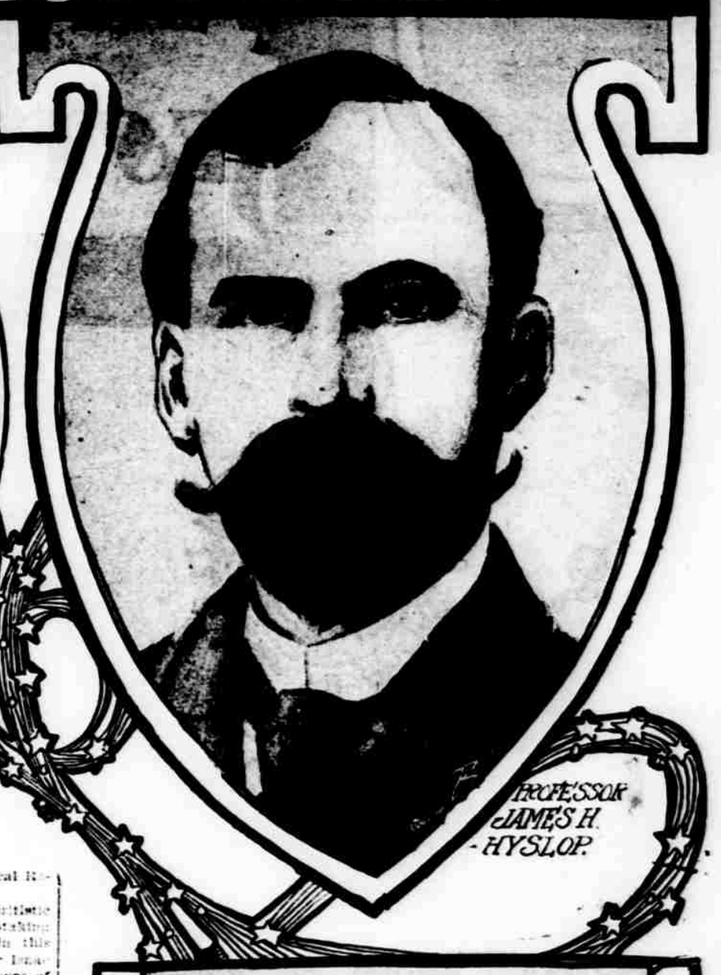
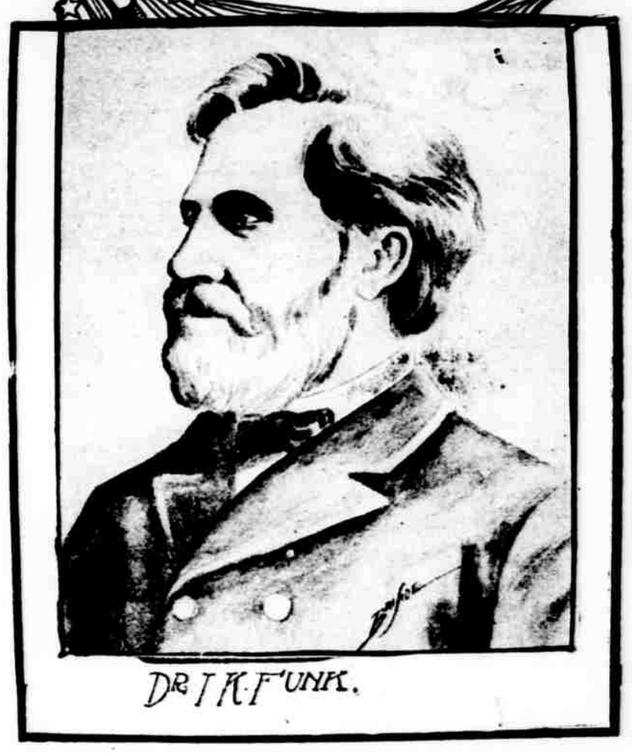
THE LATEST SECRETS OF GHOSTLAND.



MRS MAY S. PEPPER



PROFESSOR JAMES H. HYSLOP.



DR. I. K. FUNK.

I've told my lie.
All men truth follow, marvels none of mine:
All was a fabulous, sir, I'm positive!
I think I knock it I move your hand sometimes
When the spontaneous writing speeds so far,
I may know lifts the table all that height,
When the foreign light fall off the desk a-tilt,
Why the accordion plays a prettier waltz
Than I am in control on the signature,
Why I speak so much more than I intend,
Have these so many things I never saw,
Feel what I do in one sense I believe
Nothing at all that everywhere can,
Will and does clear, but in another sense
I'm ready to believe my very self—
That every chord is touched and every lie
Quick with a germ of truth.

Mr. Stiggs the Medium.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Republic.

New York, Jan. 20. It is more than forty years since the poet Browning put these prophetic lines into the blasphemous mouth of the scoundrel Sludge, that sharpie in the mind of the [illegible] as the very apologist of the alleged Spirit world's problems. In the four decades intervening there have been many [illegible] and has their sex been restricted to the masculine permission. The experts of the spirit world seek to arrange [illegible] Mr. Sludge prophesied better than he knew, for, after pouring out his [illegible] professors, when driven to lay [illegible] the precious rascal, still [illegible] "germs of truth" which [illegible] tricksters.

[illegible] of the country have [illegible] Spiritualist "churches" of [illegible] importance, presided over by their respective Spiritualist [illegible] of varying degrees of trust [illegible] and ability in mediumistic [illegible]

[illegible] most important of these churches [illegible] of Spiritualism and which [illegible] sufficiently large to afford [illegible] that successful of other [illegible] The Fifth [illegible] dedicated a few weeks [illegible] the Brooklyn edifice in that city of beautiful churches, and its more than 500 members are recruited from the best Brooklyn families.

Sunday nights find the capacity of the auditorium of this church filled to overflowing with a congregation eager to see the wonders which the pastor, the celebrated Mrs. Pepper, works at the conclusion of her twenty minutes' sermon. And if these 500 laymen go to the seating capacity of the church, if these 500 laymen depart marvelling at the things they have seen and heard, it can scarcely be a matter of surprise to the incredulous sceptic when he ponderingly that such noted investigators as Doctor I. K. Funk, Professor Hyslop and Doctor Hiram Nelson are equally at pains to endorse for Mrs. Pepper's wonderful powers.

Mrs. Pepper's experiments are so simple in their mode of conduct that they seem so startling in consequence. Having divested her person of all metallic articles, she enters the pulpit with her hand in a small slate, from one of the great composers. As the tones of the singer's voice and the trembling of the mighty organ die away in the recesses of the high arched roof, Mrs. Pepper rises slowly and again stands behind the pulpit.

A GHOST'S POCKETBOOK.

On a memorable night some weeks ago Mrs. Pepper began her "reading" in the startling announcement that the spirit to whom the slate in her hand was addressed appeared before her with a pocketbook in the hand.

"This spirit says to tell" she mused slowly "it is no mistake about its being a pocketbook. This letter is addressed with the initials E. W. W. Now will the writer of it please tell me if this spirit had not anything to do with a pocketbook."

There being no response to the inquiry, the medium then asked that the writer of the letter signify his identity by rising or holding up his hand, such being the custom when the medium has established communication with the desired spirit. After a moment's hesitation a frightened-looking young woman in the rear of the audience raised her hand.

"Ah! thank you," replied Mrs. Pepper. "Now, Ida, this spirit had something to do with a pocketbook."

"Oh, no, madam; I'm sure you are mistaken," insisted the young woman, shaking her head.

"Oh, no, I am not mistaken," returned the medium, with a knowing smile. "Now, tell me, wasn't this spirit's name Walter?"

"Yes!" gasped the astonished young woman, dropping back in her chair as one completely overcome.

"Well, didn't I tell you she had something to do with a pocketbook," argued the medium. "And," she continued, "I hear the name of Katherine. That was her name, wasn't it—Katherine Wallet?"

"Yes! Yes!" faintly replied the young woman. "That was her name."

Personal identity thus established, the spirit of Katherine Wallet proceeded to hold a five-minute conversation with her sister upon various subjects of personal and family interest, at the conclusion of which Mrs. Pepper murmured a polite "thank you," presumably to the accommodating spirit of Katherine Wallet, and picked up another sealed letter from the overflowing pulpit.

VOICE OF A SUICIDE.

No sooner had the medium touched the envelope than she turned to one of the deacons sitting at the side of the pulpit and asked him if there was gas escaping. "I smell a strong odor of gas," she declared, drawing a deep breath through her nostrils, "and if it is not material gas escaping from one of the jets in the church it must be connected with this spirit. The initial on this envelope is 'P.' and I hear and see the name of Parshall. Who in the audience addressed a letter to Parshall? Will the person please answer promptly?"

A handsome matron of 35 or 40 years, in deep mourning, after exchanging glances with an elderly gentleman and a man of about her own age, both of whom had evidently accompanied her, at last raised a black gloved hand.

Mrs. Pepper raised herself upon tiptoe to get a glimpse of the face of the woman to whom she was about to recall tragic memories, and, moving close to the edge of the rostrum, she spoke direct to her in a voice now perceptibly tender and sympathetic.

"Ah, this is the spirit of one who went out through inhaling gas and she says she took it herself."

"Yes, yes," whispered the woman, with a dry sob in her throat, while the men accompanying her, their faces deadly white, looked across her bowed figure and exchanged glances that meant volumes.

"Well, Irene says," continued the medium, "that was her name—Irene Parshall, she tells me."

"Yes, yes, that was her name," sobbed the woman.

"Irene says to tell Nellie—who's Nellie?"

"That's me," came an agonized voice.

"Irene says to tell Nellie that she couldn't help doing what she did. She says to tell her that life was too hard and her sorrow was too great for her to bear. But she says that she knows now that it was wrong for her to do what she did, and that were it possible to live the life of the flesh over again she would bear her trouble. She didn't think it would have caused so much suffering as it did. She didn't think anyone would care so much. She didn't think Charlie—who's Charlie?"

"Her—her husband," again sobbed the woman.

"Ah, yes. Well, Irene says she didn't think Charlie would have cared so much, and she says that Charlie knows more about it than any of you suspect."

This interesting bit of information had the effect of making the trembling woman look up and not affirmatively first to the old gentleman and then to the other.

There were on the pulpit this particular night nearly 400 letters addressed to those in the spirit land, only ten of which Mrs. Pepper had time to send thither. In each and every case she not only established personal identity between the living and the dead communicators to the complete satisfaction of the former, and evidently also to the latter, but she also spelled the first and last names of both.

Just what Mrs. Pepper's strange power essentially is and how to explain that power so as to exclude the common theories of telepathy, secondary personality and subliminal consciousness are questions which are puzzling several scientific men to-day, just as the celebrated case of that other wonderful medium, Mrs. Piper, puzzled the Society for Psycheal Research a few years ago.

The scientific investigation of spiritistic phenomena has had no more painstaking or conscientious devotee, either in this country or in England than Doctor Isaac K. Funk, head of the publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls. In his book entitled "The Widow's Mite, and other Psychic Phenomena," Doctor Funk has embodied succinctly the experiences of many years of patient inquiry into the claims of so-called "Spiritualism," claims in the consideration of which he displays an attitude of mind that must impress the skeptical as thoroughly sane, sound and conservative.

"There is but one way in which we could approach this question," said Doctor Funk, "and that is in the spirit of a young and old-fashioned gentleman—the spirit which prompts a man to say 'I do not know.' Professor Huxley urged a similar attitude upon his students when he told them that in order to attain the truth in any scientific inquiry into any subject they must become as little children. The phrase is a particularly happy one, and it is significant that it was used by Huxley years together two years before the discovery of evolution.

"As to my own personal experiences with 'mediums' they have been of various degrees of interest. Very often, I must confess, they have been unsatisfactory. In many, many cases the phenomena produced were palpably fraudulent. I have, however, had the good fortune to investigate the claims of a number of mediums whose possession of supernatural powers I was forced to acknowledge in the light of the remarkable phenomena I witnessed.

"Among such I might mention Mrs. Margaret Gaule of this city, and Mrs. Pepper of Brooklyn. I have made a number of tests of Mrs. Pepper's powers, eliminating every opportunity for fraud as well as for chance, for subnormal consciousness, and for secondary personality, yet phenomena took place which seemed to indicate the presence of disincarnate spirits. And in these tests Mrs. Pepper has proved to me that she possesses very rare supernormal gifts, which are worthy of more careful study.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE.

"One of these tests gave what claimed to be the spirit of my mother, long ago dead. The test was given in Mrs. Pepper's church, after the sermon, it being one of a dozen or more given that evening. I inclosed a letter to my mother in an envelope, addressed on the outside with an initial and on the inside with the word mother, and had it put on the desk after Mrs. Pepper was in the pulpit. My mother died forty years ago in the West, and it is very unlikely that outside of my family anyone in Brooklyn knew her name or what caused her death. There was only one chance in some hundreds that she would happen to seize upon my letter. Picking it up, she immediately spoke my mother's first name, described her by a number of trifling but none the less important details of appearance; she said that, curiously, she seemed to walk as if she was using but one foot. This she said was evidently for a test. Mrs. Pepper then inquired if I knew why she walked in this way, and I asked: 'Can' she tell me?' In a moment Mrs. Pepper said that my mother asked if I did not remember 'that needle.' The fact was, when I was a young man my mother stepped off a chair and ran a needle into her foot. The needle had been sticking in the floor, point downward, so that the eye end of it had penetrated her thin slipper and run so far into the foot that in order to remove it I used a pair of pinchers. Particulars of the fact and limb followed and in a week she was dead. The question in my sealed letter was 'Will mother tell me what caused her death?' Mind reading might explain an incident of this kind, but evidence of the same possession, even of that power, is exceedingly interesting.

"The next interesting statement Mrs. Pepper made was that my mother was not alone, that she had by her side a boy child, whom she called Chester, and said it was her grandchild. I did not remember any grandchild by the name of Chester, either dead or alive, and I went away from the church that night firmly convinced that this alleged child Chester was merely one of the unaccountable vagaries which very frequently obtrude themselves into otherwise accurate phenomena. But I was mistaken. Making inquiry among members of my family, I learned that my mother did have a grandchild named Chester who had died in infancy about twenty years ago in the West, which accounted for the fact that his identity was not recognized by me.

"Regarding this particular phenomenon I offer no certain explanation. I do not know whether it was the spirit of my mother or not. What I do know is that such a phenomenon did take place and that, from the nature of the details, deception is not a reasonable hypothesis."

FLOWERS FINISH NEW COIFFURES FOR EVENING

Rose Tucked in Front or Behind the Ear—Wreaths and Circlets Pretty.

[illegible]

[illegible] the maid with uncertain features and she may best conceal herself with a loose pompadour.

Simple as the myrtle wreath appears in the hair of the stately girl with chiseled profile, it is anything but simple when [illegible] the brow of a less favored sister whose face permits of an unfortunate [illegible] allows no compromise for bella donna [illegible] the coiffure.

To the plain girl, the best bit of general advice which can be given is to find the style which will soften the features most and having adopted it stick to it, with as [illegible] variation as possible [illegible] the coiffure.

With the aid of a hand mirror [illegible] study of the head from all view, and to decide whether it is expedient to [illegible] hair "low" or "high," whether it is permitted one to coil braids closely to the head or "puff" the hair in bale fashion so widely about the face as is possible. When this has been decided the question of hair ornaments may be considered with judgment.

A veritable really, the one hair ornament that may always safely be used. It dates back to that big change in the profile it effected by its use. Any other embellishment in the form of "aigrettes" or bows of such a circle flower or graceful spray of bells must be attached with regard to its effect upon the entire coiffure. The apparently careless arrangement of a rose in the hair must be as deftly carried out as is the adjustment of a tiara.

This is demonstrated by the way a rose is worn by Miss Regina MacAvoy in "Fantana." The flower is in front of the ear, as though carelessly thrust there, but the contour of the face and coiffure is not broken by it.

WHEN LINE IS DISREGARDED.

Who has not seen the chubby teenager in whose carefully waved pompadour there nodded aggressively an ornament with her every movement? And even the sprays of rosebuds to her daughter's hair will fail of its intent to beautify if several of the flowers stand out at right angles to her pretty features.

OLD-TIME FAVORITE.

Indeed, the classic myrtle wreath has been for some time a very popular hair ornament, made of artificial waxen leaves part sometimes wrought in enamel upon gold.

This is a drying ornament, however, for [illegible]

HINTS FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY SEEKERS

BY MARION MARTINEAU.

Miss F.—Is there anything new for the removal of furrows in the forehead? I think I have tried everything, but, though they go away for a time, they come right back.

There is nothing that will remove them permanently. You must work on them every day of your life. Massage them nightly with soft cold cream.

Homely Girl—All my life I have been pimpled and sallow. Do you know of anything in the world that will cure such a skin when it seems natural for it to be that way?

You will have to treat yourself with doses of treacle, or you can take port wine and sulphur. Then you must give up fried foods and must not take ice water nor strong coffee for a while. This will, I think, cure your skin.

Georgia—How often ought I to massage my face with the skin food you gave me? Would three times a week be too much?

Use it daily. You could use it twice a day if you had time.

Chapped Face—For a long time I have been troubled with a chapped skin. Do you think I use too much soap? It is my custom to wash my face with soap every day of my life.

No, you do not use too much soap. But perhaps you use it at the wrong time. Wash your face with soap before going to bed at night. Use a good soap and wash it off thoroughly. Then cover your face with cold cream. By morning your skin will be hard enough to stand the weather.

Subscriber—You have treated so many with success that I feel like writing to you. Do you know of any method by which I can make my hands nice? They look like the hands of a laboring woman. I have done everything with them, but to no avail. I sleep in gloves, but it does little good. I wash them often. And it may be that this is the cause of their roughness.

Gloria S.—I am one of the short girls, but I have heard that short girls can be made tall. Now tell me what I can do and what are the stretching exercises I can take.

You can stand with your heels together and try to touch a nail high up in the wall, first with one hand and then with the other. The idea is that you are round-shouldered and would be taller if you were straight. If you are as straight already as you can be, you can make yourself a little taller by strengthening the muscles of the neck and back. This will enable them to support the body better.

Aunt Mary—I do a great deal of housework and my hands get very rough. There is no way to make them smooth that I known of. I often rub vaseline on them and thought perhaps you could help me out in making them soft and smooth.

Sleep in gloves lined with a good glove paste. During the day put on gloves while you are busy with your work. That is about the best way to make the hands smooth and nice. Of course, you must not wash your hands for at least an hour before going out in the cold.

D.—What is the best soap for the face?

Unfortunately I cannot recommend proprietary articles. Shaving soaps are pretty sure to be pure. But there are many others that are good.

H. D.—Do you consider a woman of 200 pounds too fat to reduce? I weigh 200 and have about given it up in despair. The more I diet the fatter I get.

Try this. Drink nothing at all with your meals. When you are thirsty between meals take an orange. Go out to your meals so as to have the walk. If this is not practicable take a brisk walk five minutes before the dinner bell rings. After dinner walk slowly about a mile. Do not eat a sufficient amount at any one meal to make you logy.

John G.—"Though a man, I read your beauty column. I am troubled with indigestion, and my wife feels sure you can cure me. I am careful in my diet. Yet I get worse all the time. There is scarcely anything I can eat. She does not know what a cook."

The fault may be with your teeth. Have them corrected and missing teeth replaced. Eat toasted bread and stewed fruit. Take soup, not too hot and plenty of vegetables. Before eating, drink a cup of warm, not hot, water. Drink nothing at all with your meals.

Miss H.—"For years I have been in the habit of drinking a cup of boiling water before breakfast. It has done me good, but I am afraid it is the cause of making me thin. What is your opinion?"

My opinion is that nobody should drink boiling water. It will scald the lining of the stomach, waste the tissues, give you indigestion and all sorts of intestinal troubles. Never drink anything hotter than you can hold comfortably in the mouth. You can easily blister your stomach without knowing it.

H. H.—"I found your dietery most satisfactory. I like to eat what the family eat. It is very inconvenient to cook separate meals. What can I do to get thin and still eat the regular food?"

You can easily get thin on the regular food. But do not eat too much of it. One small slice of beef, one slice of bread and all the vegetables you want ought to suffice you. Do not eat pastry. And eat nothing whatever between meals. Drink nothing with your dinner.

Miss H.—"I would like you to recommend a very cheap cream for my hands. I want to rub it into them every night, and I cannot afford the expensive cold creams."

Get a 10-cent bottle of white vaseline. Melt it in a kettle set in hot water. Add an ounce of almond oil to it. Into this heat one drop of perfume—just sufficient to make a pleasant odor. Take off the stove and beat with a fork as it is cooling. This will make a very nice cream for the hands.

G. K.—I want a shampoo with a little ammonia in it, as for ammonia makes my hair red, and I like red hair.

Here it is, but I do not recommend it. Be careful, for ammonia injures the roots of the hair. Make a heavy lather of kitchen soap with a few drops of ammonia added to the water. Five drops ought to be enough. But do not get it in the eyes. Rub into the hair and wash off in a great many waters. Dry in the sun.

DAINTY STOCKINGS HAND EMBROIDERED

Flowers and Butterflies Woven Over Hose of a Diaphanous Texture.

In all the shops dainty hosiery is being displayed in new patterns of widest variety. Never have silk stockings been woven in finer mesh, or embroideries and insertions been designed more attractively. A very charming design is that of a flight of tiny pink butterflies over the instep on black silk hose of diaphanous texture.

Another new and pretty pattern is the single rose, full blown and of a vivid red, placed just over the instep. Black silk, always the most popular stocking, offers the only suitable foundation for embroidery in color. Other shades of hosiery are embroidered in self-color or with only a slight change for contrast.

An exquisite pair for evening wear are of gold colored silk, with instep insertion of delicate cream-colored lace.

Bronze-colored hose, not brown, but genuine bronze of shimmering silk, may be had with a loop pattern of fine open work. These are suitable only for wear with bronze slippers. They cost $1.25.

Rather smart for wear with black lace gowns are the black silk with wide insertions of daintiest black lace. These may be had from $2.50 to $5.

A pretty pattern to be worn with dancing slippers comes in all shades to match one's gowns and has an open work "boot." So very flimy are these that one might drawn both stockings at the same time through a finger ring. Favorite designs on black silk hosiery are the sprays of rosebuds in pink and red, or blue forget-me-nots with tiny green leaves. Empire wreaths and bowknots are also very much used.

Charming and dainty are these designs in self-colored embroidery on very sheer silken hose.

Each season seems to bring a thinner quantity of silk or lisle to the foot. The finest gauze, which was formerly used only in summer or for dress occasions, does dainty duty for the young woman whose purse will stand the strain that her hosiery refuses to bear.

In quite the worst possible taste are the stockings with embroidered initials, and, of course, the two-toned hosiery is never worn by smart people.

Some girls who are clever with the needle have learned to refoot silk stockings, an accomplishment that is of really practical value, but only the seamstress who is deft of finger dare attempt such a delicate task. She whom generous nature has endowed with a too ample supply of feet should eschew white hosiery whenever possible. Even with dancing frocks of white it were better for her to cover up the pedal extremities with a slipper of black patent leather or black suede, wearing stockings of the same tempering hue.

CUNNING BABY CRADLE FROM A CLOTHES BASKET

A most "cunning" contrivance for a baby cradle is nothing more expensive than the ordinary clothes basket, transformed with a very little expenditure and taste into a lovely and comfortable bed. The basket must be well wadded and lined and decorated with as much muslin and lace as fancy dictates. A large down pillow forms the mattress, and a smaller one the head pillow.

You can have no idea how useful this novel bed will be found, says Woman's Life. It can easily be removed to or from the fire, it can be put completely out of the way by being lifted on the bed, it can be carried up and down stairs without disturbing baby's sleep, and when its occupant gets a little older and wants to sit up he or she is quite safe from drafts and dangers of falling, and when it has fulfilled its mission as a cradle for six months of its occupant's life, it can be stripped of its adornments and sent to the kitchen, where, if any home washing is done, its practical value will be as much appreciated as when it played the part of a cradle in the nursery. Far better does a sensible clothes basket look daintily decorated by a mother's loving fingers in a home where strict economy reigns than the gimcrack creations of gilt and enamel—alluringly cheap, their only merit being their designation of "the latest style."