

THE SIXTH SENSE.

THE POWER OF WHAT WE CALL CLAIRVOYANCE POSSIBLE FOR ALL.

"Julia" Gives Assurance Through William T. Stead That Anybody Who Pleases Can Do the Occult—A Few of the Simple Instructions Easily Understood.

William T. Stead, author, journalist, theologian and general student of all that is odd, now announces that he has received by the means of automatic writing from a very well known spirit the information that every living person has what is called the sixth sense. In other words, we are all mediums, contrary to the general supposition, even among the advanced disciples of spiritualism.

The message or communication is given to the world through Editor Stead, who for the time being is under the guidance of this feminine control, the real author of the statements being known as Julia. Her messages have been coming at intervals for five years and among the students of the occult are regarded as absolutely true. That is why Mr. Stead lays so much importance upon them. It is for this reason he holds that the communication between the inhabitants of the world and those who have passed away can be much more free if only people will have it that way.

"What I have to tell you is that all those who really wish to have the sixth sense, or whatever you may choose to term it, so developed that they can at will become sensibly or to their senses cognizant of the reality of the existence of the beings who encompass them about can acquire the gift or faculty if they will but adapt themselves to the laws of the region into which they wish to penetrate. It is a potentiality of the universal human race. Nor is it only human. Many animals have the open eye. They see when their owners are blind. But you can see if you choose. It rests with yourselves.

"There is no short cut to the sixth sense. There may be something like it in mesmerism and hypnosis, but that is not at all what I mean. What is possible is for every child of man to become what you call normally clairvoyant—that is, for any one to possess himself of the power of seeing and hearing, as plainly as he sees and hears material things, the invisible forms and voices that surround him.

"The power is one that ought to be under control. There will be only harm done if you do not shut at will the clairvoyant eye. Imagine the mischief that would happen if when life and death hung on the absolute concentration of all faculties on the subject immediately before you, if at the supreme moment you were to see the whole phantasmagoria of borderland pass between you and the point of exclusive interest. If you cannot control your sixth sense, you had better not acquire it. It is much better to do without it than to be controlled by it.

"You should have the sense at command when you need it, as you have your microscope or your telescope, but better have neither if you are to be compulsorily doomed to other will than yours to interrupt the work of life or the infinitely remote. Man should always be master of his senses, especially of the sixth sense, as it is called."

In her further statements to Mr. Stead Julia goes on to say that the investigator must always be simple and not to be constantly thinking of himself. In other words, self-consciousness must be avoided, or it will play havoc with the chances of success. All one's mental faculties are needed. Everything must be examined and tested without prejudice and without partiality. Nothing can be achieved without time and patience.

The first thing to be done to see the invisible ones, Julia says, is to be very still and to wait. When quite still and passive, close your eyes and think of the one whom you wish to see. If it is a friend still alive in the body, it will help you if at the same time, although that is not essential, he or she be also passive and alone. When you have two spirits in accord, both seeking the same thing, the difficulties are less, but you must be agreed in heart and soul. If you could keep the concentrated quiet attention for a longer period than five minutes without becoming tired, then you had better do so. At no time, however, force yourself, for a strain means failure.

If in this way, Julia declares, one succeeds in acquiring success, it is acquired forever. There will be no more parting between the one who has gained his object and the spirit world. The greatest danger is that the sixth sense may control the individual instead of being in itself controlled.—New York Herald.

Warwickshire's Ducking Stools. Warwickshire boasts the possession of a larger number of ducking stools than any other English county, and two of the oldest have just been brought into public notice. The Warwick town council have carefully repaired the curious instrument of punishment which visitors to the crypt of the famous Beauchamp church there are familiar with. Kenilworth also possesses a well preserved ducking stool which is said to have been in use as a means of bringing scolds to a reasonable frame of mind so long ago as the period when Elizabeth granted Earl Leicester's castle with her presence and before the Amy Robsart legend became in any way associated with the building.—Westminster Gazette.

Spitful. Mabel—Mr. Sweetser tells me I am the only woman in the world he cares anything about. Edith—I suppose he doesn't class May Golding among women. I know he always calls her an angel.—Boston Transcript.

THE LOBSTER TANK.

An Aquarium Exhibit That Many View With Lively Interest.

There are few tanks at the aquarium more interesting than that containing the lobsters. The lobsters there now are not great, like some of the monsters that have been exhibited, but they are lively and in good condition, and the display of their characteristics as they move about or pause to eat is almost startling to one unfamiliar with the lobster in life.

Whoever has picked up a live lobster in a market and found the big claws drooping, as they will if the lobster hasn't much life left in him, is sure to be interested when he sees the lobster here walking off briskly on his slender legs, carrying his big claws in front of him clear of the ground and his heavy tail clear likewise. His ordinary manner of progression is forward, and when he turns he swings his heavily weighted projecting end with facility, but if he meets an obstruction or an enemy his usual way is to dart backward and perhaps diagonally upward through the water, which the lobster can do with great suddenness.

The lobster's feeding apparatus is wonderful. About the mouth there are lots of little attachments, all the time in motion when the lobster is feeding, which slice the food off in little shreds as the lobster holds it up to his mouth. If another lobster should come up, this lobster would know it, even though the other came up behind or at the side, and would turn to defend himself or to fight or to flee or to warn the other away.

The lobster's long feelers he can project one in one direction and the other in another, and with these, as he moves forward, back or sideways, he guards against danger.

There are perhaps a dozen lobsters in the tank. In the center of the tank there is a little rock. There is likely to be seen upon this rock a little lobster, not a dull, old lobster lying down, but an alert young lobster standing up and supporting easily his big claws and his powerful tail—a young lobster ready to eat, to fight or to run away.—New York Sun.

ZULU JINRIKISHA MEN.

Head Decorations That Are as Grotesque as They Are Ingenious.

The Zulu jinrikisha men are compelled by the English authorities to wear a uniform—a white linen tunic and loose white trousers cut off above the knee. They were like children playing at horse in the nursery, and they uttered continuous native gurglings, partly like turtles and partly like the hallelujah ejaculations at one of our African Methodist camp meetings. They all appeared very happy during this performance, which continued so long that I calculated the amount of energy expended to represent about ten miles of unpaid travel. Though the body dress was uniform, there was magnificent diversity regarding head decoration. One would wear a common straw hat hung around the brim with tassels suggestive of a pagoda, and the chief delight of the wearer was in shaking the tassels. Another had fastened a pair of cow horns on either side of his head immediately above the ears, and he grinned at me so effusively that I concluded he must have taken great pains with the construction of this hideous headpiece. The kinky top of a third had been interlaced with an enormous profusion of long strings of wool, to which small fluffy balls were attached at short intervals.

The head of a negro so decorated looked like a huge black mop or one of those Skye terrier dogs about whom one is never safe in saying which is the other end. In repose it is uncanny, but when your jinrikisha Zulu springs about in the shafts and throws his head up and down like a colt impatient of the bit the effect upon the newly arrived is akin to what I once experienced when a long black log of wood upon which I proposed to rest myself turned out to be a huge black snake rising from his gastronomic exercises.—Pontney Bigelow in Harper's Magazine.

Off the Malay Coast. Sailing up the coast in a native craft, you may almost fancy yourself one of the early explorers skirting the lovely shores of some undiscovered country. As you sprawl on the bamboo decking under the shadow of the immense palm leaf sail—which is so ingeniously rigged that, if taken aback, the boat must turn turtle, unless, by the blessing of the gods, the mast parts asunder—you look out through half closed eyelids at a very beautiful coast. The waves dance and glimmer and shine in the sunlight, the long stretch of sand is as yellow as a buttercup, and the fringes of graceful casuarina trees quiver like aspens in the breeze and shimmer in the heat haze. The wash of the waves against the boat's side and the ripple of the bow make music in your drowsy ears, and as you glide through cluster after cluster of thickly wooded islands you lie in that delightful comatose state in which you have all the pleasure of existence, with none of the labor of living.—"In Court and Kampong," by Hugh Clifford.

Precepts of Experience. "He," sobbed the verdant bride, "does not love me any more." "You are lucky," said the seasoned matron, "if he does not love you any less."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Beer does just as little work as will help keep himself and his family alive, and most of that he gets done by Kafir servants, who, in the more out of the way districts, at any rate, are practically slaves.

In some of the cities of Europe the cost of putting out a fire is made a charge upon the property of the person for whose benefit the fire department is called out.

TRAPPING CROWS.

It Is Not an Easy Matter to Net the Willy Birds.

Crows are trapped and sold to sportsmen for shooting matches, usually bringing \$10 per 100, but, like other things, when scarce they bring more.

It is no simple matter to trap crows, for the crow is a wily bird, and to catch him in a net set for that purpose requires skill, and patience as well, but the hunger of the crow is always the trapper's greatest aid. One man alone would make but little headway catching crows and would probably sit all day in his little bough house ready to spring his net, but the crows would give him a wide berth because they would know that he was there.

After placing the carcass of some animal on a field the net is set close to it by bending poles of saplings, on which the net is hung flat to the ground, where they are held down by triggerlike pegs, and a line run 50 yards or more to a house built of boughs, where the trapper is seated.

Another carcass is usually laid some hundreds of yards distant on the same or another field, where there is no net set. The trappers, usually two in number, go into the bough house together before daylight, and when the crows begin to assemble on the field one of them goes out and walks away. The crows, seeing him leave, grow a little bolder and approach the bait in ones and twos, but stop only long enough to get a beakful of the flesh and fly off again. The carcass where there is no net set is of course the best patronized, but the trapper on the outside makes it his business to walk near enough to that to keep the crows from settling on it in numbers and thus satisfying their hunger without going to the one where the net is.

After while their hunger gets the better of their judgment or their fear, and they gather on the carcass where the net is. This is the opportunity of the man in the bough house, who, with a vigorous pull on the line, springs the net over them. Quick work must be done then by the trappers, who rush up to the net, to keep the trapped crows from crawling out at the ends and the front, where it is not staked fast to the ground. With their hands covered with stout buckskin gloves, to keep the crows from biting and scratching them, the captured birds are put in bags ready to be carried off the field. From 40 to 60 are frequently caught at one pull, but it is a rare thing to get more than two springs of the net in one day.—Philadelphia Record.

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Can't Keep Up With the Rush. The increased commercial failures for the United States in 1897 over the number for 1896 are said by the gold standard press to indicate advancing prosperity. These unfortunate firms are simply unable to keep up with the madly increasing rush.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.

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March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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