



TIME TABLE Falls City, Neb.

Table with 2 columns: Lincoln Omaha Chicago St. Joseph Kansas City St. Louis and all points east and south; Denver Helena Butte Salt Lake City Portland San Francisco and all points west.

TRAINS LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Table listing train numbers (No. 42, 13, 44, 14, 17, 15, 43, 16, 18, 41, 115) and destinations (Portland St. Louis, Vestibuled express, Vestibuled Express, Vestibuled express, Local express, Vestibuled express, Vestibuled express, Local express, Vestibuled express, Local accommodation, Local express).

Missouri Pacific Railway Time Table, Falls City, Neb.

Table listing train numbers (No. 135, 105, 103, 127, 191, 104, 106, 108, 138, 192) and destinations (Omaha local, Omaha and Lincoln Express, From Kansas City, Local Freight, Kansas City local, Kansas City and St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Louis and Denver, From Omaha, Local, Atchison).

What a Great Convenience is a Fountain Pen!

Any person who will secure six new subscribers for The Kansas City Weekly Journal at the rate of 25 cents per year each, making a total of \$1.50, and send the amount to us, together with the names, will be mailed, as a present, a beautiful fountain pen: fine rubber handle, 14-karet gold point, fully warranted. Address the Kansas City Journal, Kansas City, Mo. This offer expires Oct 1, 1906.

The Pain Family

You know them; they are numerous, and make their presence felt everywhere. The names of the family are Headache, Toothache, Earache, Backache, Stomach ache, Neuralgia, etc. They are sentinels that warn you of any derangement of your system. When the brain nerves become exhausted or irritated, Headache makes you miserable; if the stomach nerves are weak, indigestion results, and you double up with pain, and if the more prominent nerves are affected, Neuralgia simply makes life unendurable. The way to stop pain is to soothe and strengthen the nerves. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills do this. The whole Pain family yield to their influence. Harmless if taken as directed.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 cents, 50 cents. Never sold in bulk. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

ABOUT THE OHIO MEDIUM.

BY DAVID ABBOTT in the OMAHA WORLD-HERALD.

A most remarkable narrative of what may be of startling importance is the story told on this page by David Abbott, a magician of Omaha, who has a national reputation in psychic circles and is himself an enthusiastic member of the American Society for Psychological Research.

Mr. Abbott has made a life study of the tricks of the professional medium. He thinks there are none which could fool him with clever performances. He is baffled completely by an invalid woman of obscure origin and surroundings.

In company with Prof. Hyslop, secretary of the American society, and Mr. George Clawson of Kansas City, he made for himself and for the readers of the World-Herald a thorough investigation of this remarkable woman's work.

It is the story of the wife of an humble farmer, a woman who has been the devoted mother of fifteen children, who has never been twenty miles from her own home more than once or twice in her life, who lives in an obscure little village called Braderick, O., a village so remote from the beaten track that the only mode of access is by a rowboat ferry across the river from Huntington, W. Va. It is the story of Mrs. E. Blake, who has been a wonder and a mystery to her friends for fifty years.

A good, kind old lady is Mrs. Blake, just such as our grandmothers used to be. A woman of no great amount of education, but with a woman of powerful intelligence.

For many years this wonderful woman remained hidden in her little home, visited by thousands of persons. Yet among the hundreds who visited her not one of them ever gave her case to the world.

It remained for a magician to discover and test her wonderful powers. A magician who frankly acknowledged that his tricks were but tricks, and a man who had investigated and exposed many frauds in the way of mediums in his day. This magician was Mr. E. A. Parsons of New Haven, Conn., with whom I have corresponded for some time. Mr. Parsons was so impressed by a chance account of this wonderful woman that he made a journey of 500 miles to see her and to discover her trick, if trick it was.

When Mr. Parsons went to see Mrs. Blake, he thought merely to obtain a new trick. What he saw amazed him. It impressed him so strongly that he wrote me of the occurrence, describing a state of affairs which promised to be one of the wonders of the age, if true. And a magician has a keen eye and is not likely to be deceived, relying so largely, as he does, upon his eyes and his hands for his tricks. He concluded a long account of his own actual experiences with this woman as follows:

"Now, Mr. Abbott, I believe I have discovered a real medium, more wonderful than Home, and the spirit communion has been proven, or that I have found a lady greater in skill than any scientist. The thing may be a trick, but with over forty years experience in the study of magic and the acquaintance of all the great magicians, my wits were not sharp enough to see how this could be done by trickery.

"Briefly her very marvelous power is this: She hands you a tin trumpet so made that it consists of two small trumpets with the bells fastened together. The trumpet is thirty inches long and tapers from two inches in diameter at the center to one-half inch at the small ends. On these small ends are saucer shaped pieces that fit the ears.

You place one end of this trumpet to your ear, and Mrs. Blake places the other end to her ear. Immediately voices in the trumpet address you. These voices are usually whispers, and claim to be the voices of your dead friends and relatives.

Mrs. Blake will, instead of holding the trumpet to her ear, hold it in her palm, or allow one end placed against her back. In any case you hear the voices just the same. Her lips are tightly closed and there is no movement of the muscles of the throat or lips. A third party can listen at her throat and lips, while the voices are in the trumpet. I have heard them just as plainly in a glass lamp chimney, or the sound-hole of a guitar that was laying on the table.

This is done anywhere, in broad daylight, even out of doors, and the information and names given by the voices is always correct. One of the strangest things was that an old music teach-

er of my boyhood days announced himself, and said he would like to play for me. Immediately I heard passages of piano playing in the trumpet, and my friends in the room also heard it. I had not thought of this gentleman for ten years, and I live five hundred miles from Mrs. Blake. She had no means to even know my name, yet the voices told me correctly many things of my own private life.

"Now, my dear Mr. Abbott, this is not hysterical 'gush.' I assure you I have in no way exaggerated or padded the facts. I have seen these things. Sincerely yours, E. A. Parsons."

Weighty Testimony.

Had I received the above from any ordinary source I should have given little credence to such a report. But to receive such a letter from a professional magician and a man of the standing of E. A. Parsons in the world of magic, was a different thing entirely. He is a man who is an expert in the performance of all kinds of tricks and especially used by professional mediums, so-called.

I determined to look into the matter and learn for myself if on the globe there really existed a being who possessed powers out of the ordinary. I succeeded in establishing a correspondence with a man in Huntington, W. Va., who was thoroughly informed on the case. A man whose integrity is beyond question. What I learned from him completely verified the statements I had previously received and interested me greatly.

"The voices," said my friend, whom I will call Mr. X., "can be heard out of doors as well as indoors. I have myself heard them while riding with her in a public road in a carriage. Her lips are closed and there is no perceptible motion of the throat or lips."

Resolves to Investigate.

After receiving several letters containing wonderful personal experiences, I became firmly convinced that this must surely be a case entirely out of the ordinary, and I resolved to see and investigate it. I wrote Prof. James H. Hyslop, secretary of the American Society for Psychological Research, and gave him an outline of the case. I found him deeply interested and anxious for an investigation. Meanwhile I did not reveal to him the name of the lady or the location.

I determined to make this investigation at once and to conduct it on such lines as would entirely remove the possibility of any kind of trickery being employed. I will say for such readers as may not know, that I am a performer of the tricks used by the hundreds of professional spirit mediums that travel over the land. I am thoroughly familiar with the various "systems" by which they gain the information that they give their subjects, and I determined to entirely remove the possibility of anything of the kind being used in this case.

I was unknown to anyone in that part of the country, with the exception of "Mr. X.," who merely knew my name and residence. He knew nothing of any relatives or of the towns where they reside. I was entirely satisfied that this gentleman was of too high a character to attempt to learn anything of my history by correspondence, and reveal it to this lady, besides I found gathering information about persons at a distance of 1,000 miles a very "up-hill" business. Nevertheless to make assurance doubly sure, I determined to take this gentleman with me entirely unknown and to take him under an assumed name.

Selects a Companion.

The gentleman I selected was Mr. George W. Clawson of Kansas City, Mo., who, like myself, is a member of the American Society of Psychological Research. I did not reveal to him where he was to go (with the exception that it was to be within 100 miles of Cincinnati) until two days before starting. I then merely wrote him that we would go to Huntington, but gave no names. I did not tell him the lady's name or town until we arrived in Huntington and had started for her village. Just before starting from Omaha I wired Prof. Hyslop in New York when and where to meet me in Huntington. I went by way of Kansas City and joined Mr. Clawson there. I asked him to choose a name to travel under and he did so. The name was C. E. Wilson.

Mr. Clawson registered at the Florence hotel under the name of C. E. Wilson and I introduced him to "Mr. X." under that name. It was the first time that I had met "Mr. X." and as he had only known of me since April, I was certain that even he was in the dark as to my history. I had carefully instructed Mr. Clawson in the method of asking questions so as to reveal no information between lines. As he was an attorney he proved an apt pupil, and I was soon certain I need have no fears on that score. I was present at all of the sittings and heard every word, so that any information the voices gave, I knew must be obtained by some means out of the ordinary

Meets the Woman.

At 10 o'clock on Monday, the morning of our arrival, we drove to the Ohio river and crossed in a row boat to the opposite shore. Mr. Blake was on the porch turning people away who were begging for an audience. He informed us that Mrs. Blake was unable to give any sittings, was just recovering from a six weeks' spell of sickness, and had only been out of bed two days. We finally induced him by great persuasion to at least permit us to see her.

We found her sitting by her window in a willow rocker with her crutches by her side. She explained to us that she did not refuse on account of any weakening effects that the work had on her, but simply because at times when her physical condition was run down, that her "voices" were so inarticulate as to make it next to impossible to understand the words; that unless she could give satisfaction she preferred to give nothing.

Before describing what followed I will state that we had in all four sittings with Mrs. Blake. This one, which lasted only twenty minutes, one given in the evening after the arrival of Prof. Hyslop, one the following morning at 10 o'clock, and one in the same afternoon at 3 o'clock. The first three were held in Mrs. Blake's home and the last one was given across the river at the office of "Mr. X.," where we had taken Mrs. Blake to have a photograph taken.

The first day the results were poor, simply owing to our inability to understand the words, they being very weak and inarticulate, owing to Mrs. Blake's weakness. On the second day she was much stronger and results were far more wonderful. The sitting given in the afternoon when she was exhilarated by the carriage ride was very remarkable. In this the voices could frequently have been heard 100 feet away. The information received was most marvelous and we received in all nineteen correct names, while we received none that were wrong. At the first sitting, however, we obtained very little, merely three correct names. There was much conversation that we could not understand, but what we did understand was correct.

Talks With the Departed.

Mrs. Blake placed the trumpet with one end on her palm and the other end on the palm of Mr. Clawson (Wilson). In a moment Mr. Clawson said, "How heavy that is getting." Then it began moving upward and Mrs. Blake said, "Some one desires to speak to you, place that end to your ear." Mr. Clawson did so and Mrs. Blake placed the other end to her ear. Her lips were tightly closed, but I at once heard a whisper in the trumpet addressing Mr. Clawson.

Mr. Clawson then said, "Who are you?" I could not understand the reply, but I heard Mr. Clawson say, "You say you are my brother? You say you are my brother Eddy?" I supposed at the time that this was an error for I did not know that Mr. Clawson had ever had such a brother, but afterwards when we were crossing the river Mr. Clawson told me that the voice said plainly that "This was his brother Eddy," and that he had a brother Edward, who had died at the age of two years.

After the voice gave this information, it made some further remarks which Mr. Clawson could not understand, so he said to me, "You take this end of the trumpet and see if you can understand what they say." I was sitting directly in front of him and I did as he directed. A voice addressed something to me, but I could not understand the articulation. Finally I understood the words, "Can't you hear?" I replied, "Yes, who are you?" The voice said, "I am your brother and I want to talk to mother. Tell her—"

The balance of the sentence was inarticulate, and I asked, "What shall I tell her?" The voice then spoke plainly, "Tell her that I love her." I then asked the voice to give its name, but could not understand the reply. I gave the trumpet to Mr. Clawson to see if he could understand. The voice kept saying to Mr. Clawson, "I want to talk to my brother." He gave the trumpet back to me and I asked, "Who do you want to talk to?"

The voice pronounced a name that I could not understand, but kept repeating it until I heard the name "Brother Davie, Brother Davie," repeated two times and finally the following: "Brother Davie Abbott." "Abbott," was then repeated a time or two. These names were plain and I was certain that it was my name that was pronounced. I said, "Yes, you seem to be repeating my name all right." I did not repeat the name myself or in any way mention it.

Mr. Clawson now took the trumpet and a voice addressed him and said: "I am your brother." Mr. Clawson said, "Who else is there," and the voice answered, "Your mother." He again asked, "Who else?" and the voice said, "Your baby." He then asked for the baby to talk and give its name, but could not understand what was said in reply. Finally a voice (seemingly a girl's), addressed Mr. Clawson. He thought he understood the name "Edna." Now, Mr. Clawson had a dead

daughter with whom he was extremely anxious to communicate. Her name was Georgia Chastine, and she died a few years ago just after graduating from a school of dramatic art.

Remarkable Answers.

Mr. Clawson was very anxious to communicate with his daughter and seemed to think the voice was hers, so disregarding the name which he took to be "Edna," he said: "What was your pet name for me?" The voice replied, "I always called you 'Daddie.'" This was the name that Georgia had always used in addressing her father. He then said, "What was your pet name for your mother?" and the voice replied "Muz and Muzzie." This was also correct, as I have frequently heard her use these names myself. Mr. Clawson then asked for the voice to give his name, but the reply could not be understood. I will say in explanation that the mother and a baby of Mr. Clawson's were both dead, but he attempted to carry on no further conversation with them at this time. Just at this point another voice said, "I am grandma." Mr. Clawson said, "Grandma who?" I could not understand the words in the trumpet, but Mr. Clawson, who was listening, remarked: "You say Grandma Daily? That's pretty good," and turning to me he said, "The voice says Grandma Daily is here." Just at this point Mrs. Blake's strength failed her and we had to give up the sitting.

Mr. Clawson told me when crossing the river that the last voice said, "Dave's grandma is here," but as he and I are cousins he first supposed this was our grandmother, and asked, "Grandma who?" The facts are that I had a Grandmother Daily on my mother's side.

Mrs. Blake did not keep the trumpet to her ear all of the time, but at times let it rest in her hand and placed her palm against the end of it. There was no cessation of the voices at such times and her lips remained tightly closed. When the trumpet lay in her hand the voices seemed to me to originate in her hand, but when it was to her ear they seemed to me to originate at her ear.

She told me that she had heard the voices in her ears when she was a little girl, and that some thirty years ago a gentleman had a thin trumpet made for her to try. She then discovered that any closed receptacle confined the voices and made the sounds louder and more distinct. Afterwards she tried using the double trumpet. We returned to Huntington where we met Prof. Hyslop on his arrival, and in the evening we again crossed the river to Mrs. Blake's home.

Medium's Dead Son.

When we arrived at Mrs. Blake's cottage no names were given to her, and we sat in her room. We sat for a very long time with no results, and had about abandoned all hope of anything occurring when suddenly the deep-toned voice of a man appeared about a foot below and behind Mrs. Blake's head. The voice was melodious, soft and low in pitch and very distinct. This is the voice that is claimed to be that of her dead son, Abe. There was a note of sadness, and it spoke these words: "My friends, I am sorry to say that owing to my mother's weak condition it will be impossible for us to give any manifestations this evening that are worth anything. We deeply regret this, but it is beyond our power to give you anything of value, as she is very weak."

It is hardly necessary to state that we refused to take this statement as a dismissal, but continued to remain. In a short time we heard the voice of a man of a different tone entirely, which Mr. X. recognized as that of his grandfather. The tone was the same as that of the voices of real old men. The conversation was commonplace, and then a much more robust voice, with a far deeper tone, spoke and said: "Lew, we will give way to the others." This Mr. X. recognized as the voice of his father.

These voices were open; that is, they were in no trumpet. I reached down to the floor and picked up the trumpet which I had brought with me, and soon a voice addressed me. The voice could be heard issuing from the trumpet by the others present. I said: "Who is this?" and I thought the voice replied: "Grandma Daily." I said to Mrs. Blake: "Who do you understand this to be?" She replied: "It sounds like Grandma Daily."

I then said: "Well grandma, what do you want to say?" She replied, "Davie, I love you and I am all right. It's all right, Davie. It's all right. And I want you to tell your mother, and tell her that I am all right and happy, and Pap is, too."

I may here remark that my grandmother Daily always called me "Davie," and she called my grandfather "Pap." I will also state that I have a sister Ada, but no one in that part of the country could have known of this, and I was in no way thinking of her at the time. This sister my grandmother and us children always called "Ade." The voice immediately continued as follows:

"I want you to tell your mother, and tell your father, Davie, that I have talked to you, and I want you to tell

C. H. MARION AUCTIONEER.

Sales conducted in scientific and businesslike manner

C. H. MARION Falls City, Nebraska

IN THE LAND OF THE BIG HOMESTEAD.

RANCHES FOR SALE. Large or small buyers can locate on adjoining GOVERNMENT LAND

For information write M. D. CRAVATH, Luella, Neb.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Having secured the exclusive agency in Falls City for Sycamore Springs Mineral Water, we are prepared to furnish customers with the same. Price 60 cents per five gallon cask. Call phone 189 or phone 39.

FRANK GIST C. F. REAVIS JR.

D. S. McCarthy DRAY AND TRANSFER

Prompt attention given to the removal of household goods. PHONE NO. 211

W. H. Maddox Real Estate Agency FALLS CITY NEBRASKA

See me before your purchase. I am selling city property, loaning money at lowest rates, selling farms and making farm loans. See me if you wish to buy, sell or make a loan. I am here for business. Write W. H. Maddox, Falls City

SHIP YOUR LIVE STOCK TO CLAY ROBINSON & CO. Stock Yards, Kansas City, Mo. Expert Salesmen, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep. Careful and intelligent yard boys. Perfect office methods. Correct market information furnished. Houses at Kansas City, Omaha, Sioux City, Denver, St. Joseph, St. Paul, Chicago, Buffalo

E. R. HAYS, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Dr. A. E. Wolfe OSTEOPATH Treats successfully without DRUGS, all curable diseases. Office over Lyford's store.

Lincoln Business College logo and text: THOROUGH COURSE IN BUSINESS, SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, TELEGRAPHY AND PREPARATORY. Experienced teachers. Fine Equipment. Gymnasium work. Assistance in securing positions. Work to earn board. Individual instruction. Enter any time. Lessons by mail. Advantages of a capital city. Write for Catalogue No. 11 Lincoln Business College LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Dr. R. P. Roberts, dentist over King's Pharmacy

(Concluded on page 7.)