
Modern Miracles of Healing

A true account of the life, works and
wanderings of Francis Schlatter, the healer

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*I come not to bring a sword
but peace to mankind.*

—Schlatter.

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Francis Schlatter

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INTRODUCTION.

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It is now a little over seven years ago since the world was startled by the newspaper reports that an unknown man had appeared at Denver and was healing all manner of disease by the simple laying on of hands. Even the people most familiar with the Bible had regarded the Christ method of dealing with human infirmity as practically obsolete. It may have been done nineteen centuries ago, but things are different now. Faith in the Great Physician had been supplanted by reliance upon those who dispensed plasters, powders and pills; and the unreliability of the modern methods in practice only seemed to make the multitude cling to them all the more tenaciously.

But here comes a simple, unpretentious man, without the training of schools, who, by a sublime faith in the belief that the power of God is ample for every occasion, restores the sight to the blind, makes the deaf to hear, banishes the persistent ache or lingering pain, dissolving the doubt of whether life is really worth the living, thereby bringing the bloom of health to the pallid cheek of the ones who had been suffering. It was a new revelation to the world of the truth that was as old as the race, the efficacy of which seemed to be adequate to every human need.

The lapse of time has not only shown the permanency of the work of Francis Schlatter, but the beautiful spirit of the man as well. It must needs be so, for God only gives a great work to do to a soul of ample capacity for the task in hand, and

the following pages are submitted in response to the public demand for more definite information regarding the man who, in many ways, seems to be emulating the example and practice of the Great Master more nearly, perhaps, than any one else living upon the earth today.

MODERN MIRACLES OF HEALING.

CHAPTER I.

Francis Schlatter was born April 29, 1856, at Alsace, Loraine, France, now a German province. His father was a cloth manufacturer and owned mills at Ebersheim, Canton Schlastadt; he was very wealthy at one time but much of his wealth was spent in travel. Francis was born blind, but was healed by the fervent prayers of his mother when he was three months old. A most peculiar incident occurred before his birth. His mother worked a picture of the Good Shepherd, Christ, carrying a lamb, and it was believed that the child Francis was marked in that way.

When he was two years old his parents moved to London, England, and the child attended school in that city on the East India Road, Paplar, E. C. He had an own sister and brother who died in Ebersheim. His parents came to America in 1860, stopping at Columbia, Tennessee, where his father purchased a plantation on the Pulaski Pike. Being of a roving disposition, he did not remain very long on the plantation, but returned to England. He came to this country again at the close of the civil war, settling on his plantation, where he soon died, and was buried at McCain, seven miles from Columbia, in 1868. His mother married a man by the name of Edward Martin, who was a contractor by occupation, and one son was born to them. He was named Thomas, and, being a bright boy, was educated for

the bar, but later went into politics and was recommended for an Ambassador or Minister Plenipotentiary during Cleveland's administration.

Francis was apprenticed to a shoemaker to learn that trade ; but being of a roaming nature, returned to London, and not being satisfied, came back to America just before the death of his father. At this time he discovered his power to heal. His mother had chronic neuralgia and he healed her by his touch. This was when he was twelve years old. It being known that the boy could do such strange things, the boys in that neighborhood would not have anything to do with him. They thought he was possessed of some mysterious power. This drove him away from home. He went to the old country and traveled about all the time, his parents furnishing him with

money. He was in Europe for thirteen years traveling about and sometimes settling down and working at his trade making shoes. In the meantime he lost all track of his parents as they had ceased to write to him. He thought his mother had died and he was determined to find out if it was true and sailed back to America, landing in New York in May, 1884. He settled at St. James, Long Island, lived with a family by the name of Ryan. In the summer he worked for the Benedictine Bros. on a fishing boat and in the winter he mended shoes in a room at the Ryan house. August, 1891, he left for the west, working at his trade in several places along the route; he could not hold a job as a shoemaker and did not stop long anywhere.

He had a natural tact for carving stone and wood, so he took up with a stone carver and did very well for a time, but he soon tired of that. He went to Lincoln, Nebraska, and engaged as a mining engineer to go to Montana, but he did not like tramping among the mountains and he went to shoe making again. He went to Denver, Colorado, July, 1892, and started a shoe shop on Downing avenue, near Colfax avenue. He did very well for a time but was not contented, feeling that there was something better for him to do.

CHAPTER II.

One bright July morning in 1893 he was sitting on his bench in meditation. The window was lowered a little from the top, when it seemed that a ball of fire came in at the open window and fell at his feet. The Savior arose out of it and said to him: "What are you doing here? Go and do the work I have given you to do." He did not look like the pictures that the artists have painted of him; he had a very dark skin, a fine developed face and form, and was almost nude. He had a covering over him that looked as if it was made of platted grass and woven by hand.

I did not understand the apparition, if it was such. He looked real to me and seemed to be flesh and blood; neither did

I know what it meant, but I was determined to trust him. I did not know what he had for me to do. I shut up my shop and started out with only three dollars and sixty cents in my pocket to do his bidding.

I walked twenty-six miles that day and slept in a barn that night near Golden. I dreamed of people being healed and saw Jesus traveling about healing the sick; then it came to me what I was to do. When I got up the next morning and looked at my small amount of cash, for I knew it would not carry me very far, my heart failed me and I returned to Denver in a hard rain storm. When I got to my shop I could not go in, so I started out toward Trinidad on the Ft. Worth and Denver railroad. When I arrived at Trinidad my money was all gone and I was footsore. I had not met anyone to heal up to that

time. I walked down the track from the city, as I did not care to be seen, and I met a lot of tramps, one of whom was sick with the chills. I told him as the Father had told me—to go and heal in his name. He was well the next morning. They fed me for what I had done. I traveled with them for several days and made companions of them. They seemed to think there was something uncanny about me and left me as soon as we got into Texas. I traveled on alone, healing one person along the road toward Throck Morton. My shoes were nearly off my feet and I did not have much of anything to eat. Twice on the road section men gave me something out of their dinner pails. When I landed at Throck Morton a policeman accosted me and wanted to know my business. I told him of my mission but he would not believe

me. He called me a tramp and arrested me; put me in jail, charging me with being a vagrant. I was sentenced to ten days' work on the stone pile, but was let go in three days, they concluding that I was a harmless lunatic. But I was rested from my soreness and was able to continue my journey in good spirits, the three days' feeding up made me feel good again. I was treated well all along the road until I got into Ft. Worth, then I was given two hours to leave the city, as they wanted no tramps there. Some days I fared well for food and others I went without, sleeping in sheds, cotton-seed houses, and during the cool nights of November sleeping out in the open air, the earth for my mattress. the sky my counterpane. I finally landed in Texarkana. It was cold that night and I went to a saw mill where they were burn-

ing some slabs of logs and slept. I burned my shoes so badly that I could not wear them and I lost my hat. So I started out hatless and shoeless over the Iron Mountain railroad to Malvern, Arkansas, then over the Hot Springs railroad to Hot Springs. Here I heard of a Sergeant Major who was in the U. S. Hospital that could not walk. I went to see Col. Little about it and he allowed me to go and see him, and I took care of him for several days and I went to a boarding house and healed him. They told me they could not keep me any longer so I was obliged to sleep by a camp fire that cold December night. The next night I heard of a place in town where they let people who had no money stop in a room by the stove. Gunther was the man's name who kept it. There were a lot of poor fellows standing outside

to get in. They were all sick and had come to the springs for treatment. As we were gathered together the city marshal and one of the police came down the street with a long rope and corralled us all, I being the only one they took out of the bunch. I was tried for insanity. I was beginning to think I was insane, going about with no shoes or hat. This was the latter part of December, 1893. They tried me and sent me to jail to await results. When they put me in the prisoners held what they called a Kangaroo court. This was done for the purpose of getting money for tobacco. I had no money but I had a little watch that was my father's which I thought a great deal of and they wanted it. I could not part with it in that way, so they beat me with a piece of hose until I was bruised.

The deputy sheriff took me out of the jail and put me in the kitchen to wash dishes and do odd jobs about the house. I soon made friends with the deputy and his noble wife and was trusted everywhere. One day in March, 1894, the deputy went away and I saw a chance to escape, so I went as soon as I knew he had gone. I lay all that day upon the mountain behind a log, until night; then I went over the Ozark mountains towards Sulphur Springs. The first day out I met a companion by the name of James Galagher. We made a fire of pine stumps and the blaze went up so high that we attracted some moonshiners. They thought we were United States marshals and were going to shoot us, but we finally convinced them that we were all right and they let us go. They asked us to go to their house and get some breakfast

and when we left they gave us a note to some farmers along our line of march. We were treated well all the way to Sulphur Springs. From there we went to Neosho, Missouri; then to Webb City, where we slept in a lime kiln. We obtained a job filling barrels with lime. It took us two days and we had five dollars between us; we started on again, coming to Joplin, Missouri. While in this place I healed a Mr. Lee of dropsy. We stopped here for several days and then we went to Pittsburg, Kansas; then to Ft. Scott; healed some there and did a little work for a man by the name of Moody, who kept a stone yard. We went to Junction City, Kansas, and went into a Latter Day Saints' church prayer meeting. I healed several there; was offered money for the healing but I would not take it. We traveled on, going

through Eldorado, Kansas; Osage Mission, and then into the Indian Territory.

We were on our way to Tahlequah when I lost the use of my left leg and was taken in and used very kindly by a family of Creek Indians. At this juncture my companion left me. I rested for three days and my leg recovered and I was able to go on again. While at the Indian's home, several Indians were healed. They told it to others and I was treated kindly by all whom I met.

I journeyed on until I arrived at South McAllister, then I took the Choctaw railroad and started toward Wister, the junction of the Frisco railroad, near a place called Fanshaw, when I encountered a large black bear on a trestle. I looked at the bear and the bear looked at me. After his bearship came to the conclusion

that I did not intend to hurt him he walked leisurely into the woods and left me. When I arrived at Wister I took the Frisco line toward Texas, at a place called Bengal in the Choctaw Nation. I was obliged to sleep out on the prairie, so I took up my abode for the night beside Salt Creek, and when I awoke in the morning I was surrounded by a lot of cotton-mouth moccasins. I could not get out; they were running all about me and over me but did not harm me. I believe they knew that I was their friend. I did not feel afraid for the Father was with me. My money had given out, but the Indians were very kind to me, sharing their small store with me. The Indians understood me. They said that I was sent to them by the Great Spirit. I would go into their houses at all times at night, get a blanket and lie down until

morning. They would merely look at me and let me sleep and when I got up they would prepare me such food as they had; sometimes they would give me some meal to take along with me to last for the day. I learned to love them—they were indeed friends. They are not savages as some people suppose, they possess the warmest of hearts. If you love them they will love you. Every instinct of their nature is divine. They are really true Christians. I became one of them and was entertained at several of their feasts. I learned a great deal about the divine plan in watching them in their true simplicity and I noticed that they were the real children of nature. Every action was an inspiration. I cannot say enough in their praise. I went my way on to Arthur City, Texas, on the line of the Red river. I had no money. The ferry-

man would not take me across so I was obliged to make a raft of some driftwood and I went across safely. I was treated very kindly by a Mr. Foley, and was asked to stop at his house and rest. I was very tired from my long tramp and accepted the invitation. The Father showered a blessing on him by taking me there to heal his only child that had been an invalid from birth. I healed her on the third day. I felt that my mission was finished when the Father gave me victory in healing his child. I went forth with the prayers and blessing of the father and mother. They said: "I knew that my prayers would be answered. God sent an instrument in the shape of a stranger, ragged and footsore to my gate." Other people of the little town heard of the news. They followed me and met me at Cross Roads with their sick. I gave

the blessing to several. From there I went to Paris, Texas, but did not stop. I continued on through the Pan Handle country until I got into New Mexico at Red River Springs.

Nothing of importance occurred until I got on to the Staked Plains. In this barren waste I suffered intensely from hunger and thirst, there not being a house for fifty miles. I was obliged to suffer from hunger, thirst and cold. A norther came up and lasted for three days. My clothing was very thin and worn. All I had was an old pair of jean pants, very much the worse for wear, no underclothes and a blue jumper. I had thrown my shoes away and had my feet tied up in rags. The cold at night was almost unbearable. I could not lie down only for a short time and then I would nearly shake to pieces from being so cold.

Then I would have to get up and walk again. I would pray: "How much longer, Father, how much longer? This is more than I can bear. Take me and warm me. Guide me to a spring, where I can quench my thirst." I would fancy at times that I could see beautiful springs in the distance and when I got there it was only the sun shining on the waste. I was doomed to disappointment and I would sit down again. Then an inspiration would come to me to "be brave, the Father is with thee. All will be well in time." At this most severe time in thirst I came to the Pecos river. But now I could not get to the water as it was impossible to descend the bluff. I wandered down the river for several miles and I thought I could not stand it any longer. I thought I would have to jump over the bluff into the river,

as my tongue had become parched and black from thirst. At last I came to where the trees were close together. I got down on the limbs, lowering myself from branch to branch, and had I broken any of them I would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks fifty feet below. This was a very perilous descent, but the water at that time was between me and death, so I made every attempt to quench my thirst. At last I reached the river and I was tempted to drink my fill; still I knew that it would not be safe for I knew it would cause me a great deal of agony; so I dipped up a little in my hand and moistened my lips and tongue. Then I drank a little occasionally until I was all right. If any of my readers have ever been there, they know what I am writing about. It is easier imagined than described. At many places along the

banks of the river as I could not walk along I had to swim—in places where the water came up close to the bluff. I was obliged to lie down at night in my wet clothing. I had a little corn meal with me and I wet it up and made a raw mush. I managed to live on this until I arrived at Lincoln, New Mexico. There I was sick for several days from exposure. The people of that place took kindly to me and all my wants were supplied. After I recovered, I went to White Oaks, New Mexico. There I administered the healing blessing to several people and they were healed. They gave me ten dollars and some food for my journey. I came across a fellow traveler. I thought from his looks that he was either a tramp or a prospector and that he was in the same condition as myself. That night we slept beside a fire on the mountain.

While I was asleep he took the ten dollars out of my trousers pocket and made off with it. Then I was alone and without money again. I went over the Osurro range of mountains into Arizona. These mountains are infested with all kinds of wild animals and venomous reptiles. I lay down at night and they came close to me but they did not harm me.

Nothing of importance occurred on this journey, only sore feet and a weary body. I came to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad at Billings. From here I went to Flagstaff, Arizona, and landed there very tired and broken up from my long journey. I heard of a gentleman that wanted a man to herd sheep. I went to him and asked him for the place. He looked at me, up and down, and I do not believe that he formed a very good opinion

of me as I was a very tough looking customer. He thought I looked too bad to employ; but, however, I persuaded him to try me for a while because I knew that I could fill the bill. I remained with him a little over three months and saved a few dollars and started on my journey again toward San Diego, California, and took a steamer for San Francisco. I remained in that city but a short time. I next went to Puento, California, and treated about thirty people. This was the first time that I had treated so many at one time. They were all sitting on the benches of a private lawn. From there I went to Santa Barbará, then into Lower California, then back into Arizona, following the line of the Southern Pacific railroad. The towns are all a very long distance apart and while walking on the

Southern Pacific, walking on the ties and hot sand made my feet very sore and I sat down to rest. I thought that I could never go to the next town, as it was about fifty miles. I sat down on the end of a tie and asked the Father to heal my feet so that I could continue my journey and I happened to look around and espied a shoe box. I went over to it and found it was full of food. I was very hungry and suffering for something to eat. This seemed to be a blessing bestowed on me from the Father. I sat down and ate the food and then I continued on my journey and my feet were as well as they had ever been. I consider this a direct answer to prayer.

CHAPTER III.

This is the way I account for the box of food. A train had passed me an hour before and they had seen me walking along the track and knowing it was a long way between towns thought I might want something to eat, threw the box off the car, knowing that I should pass that way and pick it up. I continued on into the Huma desert and was without food and drink for several days until I found the cactus. I lived on its fruit for food and drank its juice to quench my thirst; but I came to a bare place where the cactus had been destroyed for miles and could find nothing to quench my thirst. The sand was so hot that it scorched my feet. This was a terrible journey, as the cactus thorns were

thick and I had got them into my feet. My water had run out that I had supplied in my canteen and I could not get any more. I was at this time without water three days and three nights. The suffering that I went through with was more than tongue could tell. I wandered about several days in this condition and at last I was discovered from the United States signal box. The men in the service came to my rescue just in time, as I had lain down and had given up all hope. It was at this period that I learned that money was valueless; that if the wealth of the universe had been mine, I would freely have given it for a drink of water. When I arrived at the signal box, I found that I had contracted what they called the salt famine. They were obliged to tie me up to keep me away from the water. I was almost a maniac,

and all they dared to do was to moisten my tongue with a sponge. While in the desert some very wonderful things occurred to me. I had a vision of the twelve disciples. Their faces appeared as if they were real, and the character of each one, as we read in the Scriptures, was reflected in their countenances. I learned a great deal from this. I saw the face of Thomas, the doubter. I could see the sneer on his face. Next came St. John, the beloved disciple, with his soft, dreamy eyes and clear cut features, with a look of benevolence and love. Trust was displayed in every feature. Next came Peter, with his lack of faith, and Judas, the deceitful one. These were all shown to me in their true character. After I had recovered sufficiently, the signal men took me to a railroad station and sent me to Phoenix, Arizona. I started out from

there to Albuquerque, New Mexico. I had a hard time after leaving Phoenix. My provisions ran out, hence the beginning of the fast of forty-one days. I only partook of a few glasses of milk.

In coming into Albuquerque, I went into a Mexican adobe house and asked for a drink of water. While the Mexican woman went to the spring I noticed a child lying on a shake-down in the corner. I went and took up the child in my arms. I did not know that it could not walk. When the mother came in I put the child down and it ran over to its mother. The woman dropped the bucket of water from her hand and ran out of the house shouting that the Messiah had come. My hair and beard had grown very long. I was very thin and careworn from travel and hunger. I looked more like a phantom than a man.

The news of the child's healing spread like wild-fire and when I arrived in "old town" Albuquerque, which is the Mexican part of the city, the Mayor, Juan Garcia, had me treat several Mexicans and Indians that had heard of the healing of the child. There were about two hundred or more. This was my first public meeting. I was afraid to treat so many for fear the power would not stand by me but they forced me into it. With fear and trembling, I went to work, feeling that the Father was always with me in my time of need. A great many of them were healed. Then the white people came. I had a few short notices in the paper up to that time. Finally, Fitz Mac of the Rocky Mountain News came to see me and found me at J. A. Summer's home, where I ate the hearty

supper which ended the forty-one days' fast.

This was about the middle of August, 1895. Mr. Fitz Mac thought the meal would kill me after having fasted so long. I left the next day for Denver accompanied by Mr. Ed Fox, an ex-alderman of that city, to gaze once more upon the place that I had left two years previous.

CHAPTER IV.

On the train from Albuquerque to Denver I slept nearly all the way. At Las Vegas, New Mexico, and other towns along the way, there were large crowds of people at the railroad stations to see the healer. I arrived at Denver and stopped at the National Hotel. The people found me out and I had to leave there and went up to Mr. Hauenstein's home, a blind builder in Fairmont Avenue, and there I rested for two weeks. From there I went to Ed L. Fox's home on Witter street, North Denver, and on the 13th day of September, 1895, I began the public ministry that the Fátter had given me to do. I stood on a low platform that had been placed there to raise me above the people.

I treated all the way from one thousand to four thousand daily. I also blessed handkerchiefs that were handed to me and those that came through the mails.

The wife of Mr. E. Dickinson, general manager of the U. P. R. R., was healed of deafness; for this healing he chartered a special train to go over the road to bring in all the sick of the employes. The crowds were very great every day. The people waited for days to get in line. The city built me a fence three blocks long and a narrow sidewalk to keep them in line. Places were sold in the line for fifty dollars. Some people, rather than to wait, would buy one another's places. They would form in line as early as 5 o'clock in the morning. I worked very steady and would sit up until very late at night blessing handkerchiefs. My mail was brought

in a wagon and when I left there were over fifty thousand letters remaining unanswered. The Fox family were very good to me. I could not have been used better. They got me everything in the shape of eatables and the best of wine was always on the desk. I should not have left so soon, but there were some men that were selling the blessed handkerchiefs. I had heard that they had been arrested and they wanted me for a witness. I did not believe in lawsuits. I did not know but what some of my friends might be implicated, so I thought that it would be best to leave there.

There was a special car on the track ready to take me to Chicago, Ill. I did not want that to do the Father's work with, so at 4 o'clock in the morning, November 13, 1895, I walked through the crowd and

took by-roads until I got back to Albuquerque, New Mexico. I only entertained three people while at Mr. Fox's house. Myron Reed was one; Judge Kerr, of Santa Fe, was another, and Mrs. Col. Fisk. Several others tried to come in, but I refused. When I left I pinned a note to the pillow, addressed to Mr. Fox. When I arrived at Albuquerque, a friend gave me the white pony that I called Butte, for he was a beauty, and just as sensible as a human being.

Butte and I were inseparable friends and he was my only companion. I used to talk to him as if he were a person. I believe he understood me. We ate and slept together; when they could not accommodate me in the house I would lie in the stall with Butte; before he would lie down he would look for me, then he would lie down

at the other end of the stall. I often lay close up to his back to keep warm. The poor little fellow never got tired of his task. He carried me thirty and forty miles a day until we got down to Dattil, New Mexico. In looking for a place to stop we saw a light in the window, that being the only house for miles. The night was very cold. We went to the house, which turned out to be the Hermosillo ranch. Mrs. Ada Morley Jarrett came to the door and let me in. As soon as I got inside she knew me and said: "This is the healer from Denver." She had seen me there. This was in January, 1896. I stopped there three months and was well entertained by these people. Mrs. Jarrett and I talked together a great deal, as all I had to do was to play with little Carl Gardner, one of the ranchmen's boy. Butte enjoyed himself im-

mensely and got quite saucy and fat. He got too proud to have anything to do with me. He thought I had found another companion in little Carl. While at this place I dictated a book of my life to Mrs. Jarrett. Afterwards she asked me if she could publish it. It was called "The Life of the Harp in the Hands of the Harper," but in some respects it was not right. It stated that I begged, but I never did. When I was asked to eat, I ate; and when not I did without. I left Mrs. Jarrett's in March. The morning I left she said to me: "I expect this is the last breakfast we shall eat together." I had Butte saddled and waiting, but did not get started until about 4 o'clock that afternoon. Mrs. Jarrett offered me some money but I would not take it and she urged me to wait until the next morning, but I declined. I told her that

the Father would look after me and bid her good-bye. A short way up the trail and I was out of sight in a few minutes. About four days after, my pony drank some alkali water through the night and died. This was more than I could stand. I did not know what I would do without Butte. I knelt down beside his dead body and prayed to the Father to give Butte back to me. I could not realize that he was dead. My only friend had gone when I lost my pony. He was my honest friend. Ah! how I wept. I never felt before so much alone. All my suffering was not so great as this. I thought how we had walked together in the wilds; how I had shared my lunches with him; how he had carried me over the mountains and thro' valleys and never tired of his task. I wept by his side until I found that he was really

dead, so I had to continue my journey alone again. I walked to the nearest railroad station and the conductor gave me a ride and I got back to El Paso. I kept riding and walking until I got to Wheeling, West Virginia; touching Kansas City, St. Louis and Cincinnati on the way. I wanted to get east, so I did not stop to heal on this trip.

When I got to Wheeling I met with an accident, being hurt in a railway wreck just outside of Parkersburg, the train running into an open switch. I was unconscious for several hours but experienced no pain, although my left hip was badly broken. My hip being so badly smashed I remained in a hospital at Wheeling for three months. I remained there comfortably until they discovered who I was; then they turned me out. I made my way down the

river towards Portsmouth, O., selling little notions to make a living, I having to walk with crutches. At Portsmouth there had been a church building blown up and I was arrested as a suspect and placed in prison and was kept there for several days. I was taken into the mayor's office and questioned, but finding nothing against me they let me go. Being thus released they sent me across the river, for fear I would tell some of the citizens about the way I was treated while in their hands. I went from there to Cincinnati, O., and was put in the "Good Samaritan" hospital. I healed some of the people there and was turned out. Sister Mary Michael, one of the nurses, was very kind to me. She and one of the patients gave me one dollar. So I now went to Paducah, Ky. Here I went to a brick yard, lay down to sleep and to

get warm. I was arrested and got thirty days, being taken for a vagrant, and put to work on the street. One of the newspaper men got me out of jail. My leg at this time was getting stronger and I walked to Fulton, Ky. Here I healed some bricklayers that were working there. From here I went to Jackson, Tenn., and gave a week to healing meetings and hundreds were healed. This was my first public demonstration after leaving Denver. This was in the fall of 1896. The following December I went to Helena, Ark., and while there I got in with a man that had a sail boat and he was going to Cuba. The name of the boat was "Clara." I went with him and we held meetings in all the little towns down the Mississippi river until we came to Greenville, Miss., when we tied up to the banks and in the morning we were high

and dry and fifty feet from the water, the floods having receded. I met another young man and we held meetings in Greenville. I left there, walking across the country toward Memphis, Tenn. The water was very deep in some places. While wandering thro' the country we came to a saw mill in the forest. We stopped there for the night, continuing on our journey the next morning. While here in the forest a deer ran out of the woods, came up to me, lapped my hand and then ran his way.

Our travel through the forest was not very pleasant. We saw large bears and wild cats, but they did not seem to mind us in any way. We arrived in Memphis hungry and footsore. This was during the Mardi Gras, March 1897, and there were thousands of people in the city. Not caring to attract any attention we took a walk out

into the country, going to the outskirts of the city we found a beautiful spring to get a drink, but there was no cup.

I went to a cottage near by and asked a lady to lend me a cup. As she opened the door I saw a man lying on a bed. We went to the spring to quench our thirst. We returned the cup to the lady. I asked her what was the matter with the man. She told me that he had been sick for two years with chronic dysentery and was very low. I told the lady that I could heal him with the power the Father had given me. She invited me into the house and I went to the sick man and asked him to give me his hands and I would treat him. When I said this he looked up into my face and said: "Is this Mr. Schlatter?" I said, yes. He arose up in his bed and looked upon me with an expression that was divine. Then

he said to me: "What is the matter? Have you come down from the clouds?" I said no, not that I knew of. Then he told me of a gentleman who had just left that was telling about me and that I had healed two of his sisters in Denver; and if he could see me he knew he would be healed. He had been an old veteran of the Confederate army, losing one of his limbs while in battle. The next morning this man was well and went to Mr. W. M. Akins's residence, at 33 Exchange street, to see me. One would never dreamed that it was the same man of the evening before. While we were in Memphis the floods came and the river overflowed its banks, making it very wide. It was estimated to be seventy miles wide. White people and negroes were coming into the city, as Memphis was the highest place along the river. I gave

a public meeting on the square, near a little park. There were many people healed and the excitement grew to fever heat; the negroes blocked in about me so that the white people could not get to me. The negroes thought the world was coming to an end. They shouted and gave praises to God and said "that Christ had come as he had said he would in the clouds." One old colored woman said: "I know that is Him; He does not look like other white folks. He done come sure as you live." There were such immense crowds of people that it stopped the business traffic of the city. The mayor rented the Auditorium for me to hold my meeting in. The first healing that occurred here was a child 9 years old that had not spoken since he was two years old. He was healed instantly and spoke. When he spoke

the people arose in their seats and came forward to the stage to see and talk with the child. People in the gallery were so excited that they slid down the supporting posts. A Mrs. King, who was leader of the Christian Scientists, came forward and presented me with an elegant bouquet of flowers. I did not remain much longer in Memphis, as I had found my mother's whereabouts and wanted to see her, as we had been separated for more than twenty-five years. I found her living four miles from Nashville at a place called Bordeaux, in Tennessee. You can imagine the meeting between my mother and me after so long a separation. My mother had been anxiously waiting all these years and had a feeling that I would return to her some day. The meeting with my mother was more than I could bear. I was so overjoyed

that I could not speak; to think that I should meet my mother again that I had mourned as dead. The Centennial Exposition was going on at this time in Nashville.

The promoters wanted me to go inside upon the grounds and hold meetings, but this I refused. They offered me large sums of money to induce me, but I did not feel this way inclined. I continued meetings in the city and the crowds were so great that the police were obliged to keep me moving to different points. For this purpose I was given a fine carriage by a Mr. Boning, a friend of my mother. My half-brother, T. W. Martin, acted as driver. We did not remain here long as I felt an inspiration to go again.

CHAPTER V.

A physician from Memphis by the name of Benno A. Hollenburg came for me to go with him to Cleveland, Ohio. I was stopping with him for a short time and one morning at the breakfast table some gentlemen read in the paper of Francis Schlatter's polished bones being found in the foot hills of the Sierra Madras of Mexico.

Dr. Hollenberg said: "Indeed, I was of the opinion that Mr. Schlatter is very much alive. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Schlatter." That day all the reporters of the daily papers came down to interview me and the story was contradicted in the Associated Press. There were some of the reporters on the papers that were sent to Denver to report

the work there; that they were well acquainted with me. They traced out the story and got all the particulars concerning it. There was a party of engineers found some bones of a man in the foothills of the mountains. As they had not heard of me and did not know where I was they thought I was dead. As they do not get papers very often in that country, they thought this was a fine opportunity to make money. "We will take the bones with a saddle and a little bible into El Paso and tell George W. Stanley of the "El Paso Times" and will make a fortune out of it." **They thought they could use these bones as they used the relic of St. Ann's.** It first came out in the El Paso Times.

I never carried a bible; my saddle was not a new one and I never wore underclothing. Well, from Cleveland I went to

Canton, O., the home of Ex-President McKinley, where the wonderful healing of Senator T. C. Snyder took place, whose right hip was injured fourteen years before, the right leg having withered and was useless. He was fully restored by one treatment. I held meetings at Canton and the crowds were very great.

I treated about two thousand people every day; and during the twenty-eight days I was there I blessed fifty thousand people. While in Canton I fasted eighteen days. This was the last fast I have taken, as I do not think now that it is necessary to spiritual development. While in Canton I was invited to go to Brady's Lake on Sunday. It was there that Mrs. Margaret Ferris, the widow of the inventor of the famous Ferris wheel, was healed. Mrs.

Ferris was the first lady that I had met, up to this time, that I thought anything especially of. It so happened that we were together a great deal. It was after the death of her husband and she was troubled in grief. So, I would take her out when I got through with my afternoon meetings. We seemed to become attached to each other and finally we were engaged. I procured a license to marry her and made all the arrangements at Massillon, O., but after thinking it over, knowing it would create too great a sensation at this time, we concluded to postpone the wedding until a more quiet time. Mrs. Ferris went to visit some friends. I accidentally went to Pittsburg, Penn., and went to the Victoria hotel and when I went to register I saw Mrs. Ferris' name on the book. I sent up my card, but she had gone out. I saw her the

next day and we talked the matter over again and we decided to be married now. I went to get Rev. Frank Talmage but could not find him; so I went to see Dr. Sproles of Allegheny, Pa. He came to the hotel, but he would not perform the ceremony on account of the prominence of the parties. The newspapers had published a story of an elopement of the healer and Mrs. Ferris. This incident created so much notoriety that we were obliged to postpone it again.

The Press Association gave me a banquet and there were one hundred and fifty newspaper men present from all parts of the east to write up the story of the wedding, as they supposed it would be a grand affair, and Mrs. Ferris was worth her millions. We did not attend the banquet but kept in seclusion. Some of the reporters were ambitious enough to seek us. One

found my room and climbed through the transom. I admired his courage and gave him an interview. He was a young Englishman and had not been in this country long. He was educated for a clergyman in the Church of England. I told him that I wanted a companion and asked him if he would go with me. He told me that he would as soon as the month was up and he could get some one to fill his position. This gave me faith in him. I could see that he was true to his calling, whatever it might be. While I was in Pittsburg the crowds were growing larger every day at Canton waiting for me to come back. On going to Canton there were thousands of people waiting to see me. There was not a room available at the hotels or boarding houses. The papers began to publish so much about the heal-

ing and the supposed elopement that I concluded to leave. In the meantime I had promised to go to Chicago as I had intended to hold meetings there. I had made this promise two years previous. To get away from the newspaper men we went to Chicago by boat. At our first meeting we met the gentleman that was instrumental in bringing us there. His name was G. C. McAllister. He was the first one healed. He had Locomotor Ataxia. We opened at Manhattan Beach, Seventy-second street and Bond avenue; and on Sunday, August 29, 1897, it was said that we had forty-five thousand people at the meeting. It was said that if we had them in line they would reach from Manhattan Beach to the City Hall, a distance of nine miles. Through the courtesy of Chief Kepley we were given

twenty-three police to take care of the people and prevent crowding.

The press representatives had a table in front of the platform to watch the proceedings and every case of healing was recorded. The most wonderful case of healing was that of J. H. Farley, a wholesale merchant of the city, who had been paralyzed for seven years, not being able to walk or talk. He was instantly healed. The next day I was summoned to appear in court for practicing medicine without a license. I was not practicing medicine. They did this to keep the crowd away. The city prosecuting attorney, Hon. H. S. Taylor, and several prominent lawyers of the city, volunteered to defend me from the charges, made by the Board of Health, so the case was dismissed.

CHAPTER VI.

We went to Aurora, Ill., for a few days; then from there to Bowling Green, O., and remained a few days. Then we went to Canton for a rest that I very much needed. I had laid hands on nearly one hundred thousand people from the 28th of July to November 1st, 1897. I left Canton for New Castle, Penn.; from there to Zanesville, O., where the wonderful healing of Laura Dickson, a little girl nine years old, who had been born blind, took place.

When I went there the people seemed to be against me, but healing the blind child created a furore and everyone was my friend. The blind child instantly received her eyesight. There was a large crowd on the street, the day being very cold, and it was snowing hard. The mother succeeded

to get to me with the child. I laid my hands on her eyes and she could see. The people tried her in every way, pointing out the houses and what ever was in sight. Of course, the child did not know what to call them, so she named them anything that came into her mind.

Some very amusing incidents were always taking place. There was a representative of the local paper present and he was unfortunate enough to be red-headed. One of the reporters asked her what color his hair was. She said it was green. Another amusing incident that occurred. A lady came edging through the crowd. A gentleman asked her what she wanted; that she looked healthy enough. She told him that she was not sick, but that she was going up to Schlatter to get a new disposition. Thousands of handkerchiefs were

sent to me from all parts of the world as the healing was heralded everywhere through the press. I was obliged to stop at Columbus, O., to bless and mail the handkerchiefs. It took me one month's steady work. I now went to Springfield, O. At my first meeting the weather was very cold. It was snowing and blowing terribly. I sat on my platform without an overcoat or hat. As I did not speak a word it took me sometime to gather a crowd, but the people passing by were interested in what would happen. Soon a little boy came along and stood on the corner; looking into a gentleman's face, he asked what I was doing. He replied by saying: "I guess he is trying to make summer come." This is where the wonderful healing of Mr. J. H. Waldron took place. He had lost the use of one limb, but was instantaneously

healed. He was a state representative of the Rand, McNally map publishers. He lived at Bellefontaine, O. I now went to Piqua, O., for a few days. I was now making haste to go to Atlantic City, N. J. In passing through on the B. & O. R. R. we were requested to stop off at Cumberland, Md. This is where W. S. Gilbert joined me, that I spoke of in a previous chapter, being the newspaper man that climbed through the transom. I remained in Cumberland for one week. It rained in torrents all the time, but it did not prevent the people from coming to my meetings. For blocks the street was a solid mass of umbrellas. I treated about five thousand people in the rain and I would be wet completely through. We then proceeded to Baltimore, Md., and started a meeting for one week at Gwinn Oak Park. We then

went to Atlantic City, where I treated several notables, among whom was Prince Albert of Belgium. We remained here for forty-one days, holding our meeting by the seashore, on Ocean Pier. This was in May, during the Spanish and American war and they expected to see a fleet of Spanish warships come up at any moment. It came out in a Philadelphia paper that if they came in sight all they would have to do would be to send Schlatter and he would heal them of any disposition to do harm.

After we had been there about ten days the crowds began to gather immensely. On the 3rd of July I treated nine thousand and six people according to actual count. This was the hardest day's work I ever did. I was kept at it from nine in the morning until ten at night without any inter-

mission or anything to eat. This was the only time in my life that I was tired after a healing demonstration. After a few minutes rest a party of gentlemen who had attended a banquet at a summer house on the pier, came to me to be treated.

They came to be healed of desire of holding office, as there were senators and congressmen among them. One of the party said that all the political aspirations were knocked out of him and he would never run for office again. After a very successful season at this delightful seashore, I had a leading to go west again. I arrived in Philadelphia on the evening of the 6th of August and went to the Bingham hotel. I was weary from my work and did not rest very much that night. I had a presentment that something was going to happen. Mr. Gilbert was not with me. He stopped

on the way to attend to some business and intended to come the next day. The next morning I was going down to the Pennsylvania railroad station to meet some friends. Just as I got to the Public building on Broad and Market street I saw a very large crowd collected. I went to see what was going on, and they had a poor fellow hemmed in whom they had accused of being a Spaniard. I could not stand it to see him misused, so I spoke in his behalf and addressed the crowd in these words: "My friends, do you know that there is one that is above us that marks even the sparrow's fall? He is the God of the Spaniard as well as of the American. We are all a people of one God and we should not be prejudiced against a foreigner. If any of you had been born in Spain you would have been a

Spaniard; to oppose any man we put a barrier before us that is a stumbling block to our civilization." At this juncture a large Irish policeman came up to me and said: "You are a Spaniard are ye. I'll take care of ye and put ye where ye won't 'ave anything to do with any more Spaniards. It's meself that knows the loikes of ye's." He took me up to the court and charged me with being a Spanish spy and they were going to try me for that offense. So they bound me over to court. When the trial came off one of the most prominent attorneys of the city volunteered his services to defend me; during the progress of the trial the building was struck by lightning seven times and there was a fire in the basement. My attorney arose and made a short speech to the judge and they asked me why I had made a

speech in defense of a nation that we were at war with. I told them that I thought it was a good opportunity to say a word about the one thing that is and always has been a barrier to civilization, prejudice. I was honorably discharged. The manager of Bradenburg's Museum now offered my manager one thousand dollars a day to appear at their museum. This made me feel indignant that any one should make such a proposition to me and I left him. We now went to Reading, Penn., for a few days and held our meetings at Carsonia Park. The weather was so hot and rainy that we only remained four days, going west again, stopping at Newark, O., three days. From here we went to Mansfield, O. Here a lady was healed instantly who had not walked for 22 years. I treated her about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and

that evening she walked up stairs to bed. The next day she came down to the meeting. The next day I was called to see a young man that they told me was dying. I went to his home and treated him. I raised him. He was well the next day, being fully recovered to health. Owing to these healings the excitement was very great, for they were very prominent people in their city. The people came so fast that it was impossible for me to attend to them and we left, as I was anxious to go south for the winter, for I had a leading to hold meetings in some of the southern cities.

CHAPTER VII.

Our first stop was at Evansville, Ind., where we received a grand welcome from Mayor Akin. The board of aldermen told my manager, Mr. Gilbert, that we could hold our meetings in any part of the city, so we chose the corner of Main street. The news of the work I had done in Atlantic City and Mansfield had reached there ahead of us, and as soon as I took my place upon the box on the corner in one half hour we were greeted by thousands of people. Curiosity seemed to reign and but few came for the blessing, but the next day we were met by a host of people that were seeking health, knowing that man's extremity is God's opportunity. The most remarkable healings that I had achieved

up to this time were three blind men, all following each other in line, came up to me for the blessing and they were all instantly healed. They all received their sight. We learned the names of two of them, C. L. Hollis and Fred Munser. Both of them were stone blind for several years. I placed my fingers on Mr. Hollis' eyes and when I removed them he was overjoyed in receiving his sight. "Why, my sight is almost perfect," he said. "I can read the sign on the store there. I never saw better." He went away rejoicing and singing the praises of the man who had given him his sight. This incident and others that followed created very great excitement and caused a regular furore on the street. The streets were blockaded for blocks away. People were crowding through for blocks away to get up to the platform to receive

the blessing. I blessed from nine hundred to fifteen hundred daily and nearly all of them were instantly healed. Several of the leading business men of the city assisted my manager in getting the people in line. After two weeks of the most extremely successful meetings I ever held I returned to Nashville, Tenn., to rest for a short time. When leaving a party of friends accompanied us to Chattanooga, where we remained two weeks. We were very much amused at the remarks of the negroes.

One old negro in the crowd came up to me on crutches, but he did not have faith enough to take a treatment. A colored woman went to him and said: "Why don't you go up to dat dar doctah. He is a hoodoo doctah and will cure you of that misery." "I can't gather my courage,

sistah. I wish I could, caus I'se suffered powerful." The woman said: "Do go; you know what the Scriptures say about de man dat cured de sick; dat man, sure enough, looks like one of dem dat followed Christ and I believe he is one of dem dat followed, and just to think you have had good religious struction all yo' life. Is you gwine to be like Petah? That is the wurst of yo' foolish niggahs, yo' haint got no faith." After a great deal of persuasion on the part of the old negress, he came up to be blessed, and he being healed it surprised the old negress so much that she started to preach all over the city and sent all who would come to be healed. We left Chattanooga with the blessings of the white and colored people for our success in Atlanta, Ga., which was to be our next stop. The people of that city seemed to be

somewhat skeptical, and we did not have much of a crowd at any of our meetings. Only two healings of any note took place. One was a man by the name of McAfee, who had lost one of his limbs during the civil war and had lost the use of the other one. He was healed standing upon the limb that had been powerless. I gave him a pair of crutches that I had taken from a cripple whom I had healed. He was a well known character about the city, as he used to crawl about on his knees and sell articles to make his living. The other one was Mr. Manley, chief of police, who was healed from a severe case of cancer of the stomach. This was the only city up to this time where I had any trouble with rowdies. One came up and abused us in a shocking manner and said: "If you are divine throw this brick up into the air and cause it to

stay there." This was a very uncommon thing, as we generally have perfect stillness at the demonstration, not even the noise of the horse's feet. The little children that gathered around the platform and the dogs that came with them came up and sat at my feet. We were there during the Jubilee after the Spanish war in December, 1898. We were healing at the time the procession passed the president's carriage. President McKinley was accompanied by Judge Day, Clark Howell, the managing editor of the Atlanta Constitution, and Secretary Cortelyou. The most of these gentlemen were in the carriages and raised their hats as they passed by the healing meeting. We soon went to Marietta, Ga., arriving there on Christmas day, when a very funny incident occurred. My manager, Mr. Gilbert, happened to be red-

headed. The school boys dressed up in red wigs and mustaches to impersonate him and one boy had on a brown wig of long hair and a long beard. They marched around us with tin horns and stood next to us and the boys that were with them formed in line and they went through the motions the same as I. Some of the people that were strangers did not know which was Schlatter, the healer, and his companions, or the boys, the make-up was so perfect. From here we went to Anniston, Ala., and remained several days. There were several U. S. troops stationed in Anniston and I healed nearly all the soldiers that were sick at that time. I was now thinking about going north again, but my manager thought we ought to go to Birmingham, as they were expecting us and he did not think it was prudent to

disappoint them, so I concluded to go, as there had been a message sent in the day before stating that we were coming. We were met by a large crowd at the depot. We went right from the station and healed a lady suffering with rheumatism before we opened the meeting on the street. We opened our meeting at 3 o'clock that afternoon and were greeted by a very large crowd of people and in half an hour the streets were packed. I laid hands on five hundred people at this meeting and the next morning at 10 o'clock I treated over eight hundred, there being many negroes among them. By the time of the afternoon meeting the crowd had increased to immense proportions. Many sick people came in on the trains from all points in the south. The blessings of God were showered upon us abundantly. The people were

very wonderfully healed. The following day we were met by over twenty thousand people. It was impossible for me to treat all that came to be healed. There were many who did not have the courage to come up to me on the street for the blessing and they would follow me to the hotel and try to get into my room. In order to get the rest that was absolutely necessary we were obliged to bar the door with a board nailed across. The bolts and locks would not keep the people out, regardless of a large placard placed on the door stating that the healer could not be seen only at the public meetings. After the close of every meeting the carriages were standing in a row for me to go and see those who were too sick to leave their homes. On the fourth day of our stay the city was swarmed with people, street

venders of all kinds coming in having heard of the crowds that had assembled. The city authorities, knowing that I had been the cause of bringing the crowds into the city, concluded to get me off the streets, so they sent the deputy sheriff to tell me to close my demonstrations. My companion told him that he could do nothing. "When Schlatter has a leading to heal in a city he would not stop until the Father called him away to another city or town. Mr. Schlatter does nothing but good to all. He does not disobey the laws of the country, but respects them, for he knows that justice rules the universe and that justice misplaced is breaking the law. Our mission in your city is to heal the sick and bring prosperity to your citizens as you can see. The railroads are reaping a harvest; the hotels and boarding houses are

full. There are several thousand strangers in your city every day. The sick people that the city was obliged to support are being healed and being made self-supporting and then you request me to move on. You can arrest Mr. Schlatter but that will not stop him. He is here to do the bidding of the power over which he has no control." They sent the police to arrest me but they would not do it. They said that they would throw up their jobs first before they would arrest me. Then they concluded to pass an ordinance against the street venders to prevent them selling their wares, Schlatter included. The ordinance was passed and brought the healer under its bans and they requested me to stop my meetings, but I kept on. The mayor sent for my manager to come up to his office. He went and answered his

questions. He was asked if it was so that we had letters from many prominent men and women in this country. Mr. Gilbert produced some of the letters and he telegraphed these people and he received a hearty indorsement. The mayor said that this was all good but there had been passed the ordinance prohibiting anything of this nature to go on the street. Mr. Gilbert left him and passed a petition which was signed by the most respected people in the city, among whom was Mr. Woodward, president of the Woodward Coal, Iron and Coke Co., Mr. Schloss of the Schloss Coal and Iron Furnace Co., the presidents of the First and Second National banks, Ex-Gov. Cobb, the ambassador to Sweden, and many gentlemen of note, and many leading citizens. This was taken to the mayor and he did not know what to think, and he con-

cluded to come to the meeting. In the meantime I had been taken to Alderman McKnight's house, his wife having been an invalid for two years and could not move in bed. When her husband came home she met him at the door and sat down and ate supper with him for the first time in two years. He immediately went down to the city and called a meeting of the aldermen and told them about the healing of his wife and the ordinance was repealed. The mayor was deaf and he came to have his deafness healed. When he got there Ex-Gov. Cobb had been treated and healed of his rheumatism. The mayor came to my room to be treated and was healed. Now he wanted me to go and heal his sick wife, which I did. After that we could get anything in the city; the churches and theatres were opened to us. The

negroes came in hundreds and it was necessary to form a separate line for them. An old black mammy (as they call them in the south) of real African type came up on crutches with a very bad case of inflammatory rheumatism. She was healed when she left my hands. She stood in the crowd looking at us in all reverence, trying her limbs that heretofore had been useless so long. The swelling had all gone. She broke forth with a voice peculiar to the southern darkey: "White folks, I don tole yo dat I was gwine to be healed, 'cause the good Lawd done said so and he said dat if we come to him in faith, believing, that anything we ask pertaining to his kingdom should be granted. It was the faith in de Lawd dat healed my crippleness and I is as good as you all. Now de bressed Lawd done made me whole dis minute." With

this she went dancing the pigeon wing down the street, shouting, "Jerusalem! Birmingham got her furnaces, she got her coal mine and her fine buildings and electric railways, and now, bless God, she got a Jesus." All the negroes joined in to help her praise God for his loving kindness. It was just an old-fashioned negro camp-meeting. Everyone that was at the meeting that day received a blessing and left the meeting full of life and religious fervor. The people said that it was the greatest spiritual awakening that had ever occurred in that part of the country. Many were brought into the knowledge of the truth by seeing the actual demonstration of what Christ taught when he said: "Greater things than these shall ye do for I go unto the Father."

CHAPTER VIII.

We next found ourselves in Warrior, Alabama, to spend Sunday with the postmaster, who came to Birmingham to be healed. The physicians had given him up and had told him that he could not live long. He had given up all hopes until his two daughters came to our meeting and they told their father what they had seen. Both of them took lessons of Mrs. L. V. Comer, who is now my wife. We were greeted at the station with a large gathering waiting for me to come, as the work was so widely known. We took dinner with the postmaster. The house was surrounded by thousands of afflicted people. Some were blind, some deaf, some came in rolling chairs and some in carriages. It was a

very beautiful place, situated in a valley surrounded by mountains and hills that were covered with evergreens. Some very remarkable healings occurred while here. As we had only come down for a few hours we did not have much time. We were due back in Birmingham in two hours and a half, as there were crowds of people waiting for me to return. I treated people all the way while going to the station and on the platform at the station a most pathetic scene occurred. I was standing on the platform of the train and the train started, when a mother came up with a baby in her arms, pleading for me to shower the blessing of the Father on her child. She came up to the moving train. I took hold of the baby's hands, the mother running to keep up with me. The engineer saw it and stopped the train. I took the

child in my arms and discovered that the child was blind. I placed my hands on its eyes; the little one smiled and I gave it back to its mother and what I saw in her face was more than tongue could tell. The train started and I knew that God was all power and that he would not forsake the faithful. When we returned to Birmingham we were greeted by a multitude at the depot. They followed us to our place of meeting and many were healed. The next day there were twenty thousand at the meeting. The next day following we went to Nashville, Tenn., which was to be the happiest day of my life.

The Holy Writ says that God created man and woman after his own image, the woman a helpmeet for the man. There is always one woman for every man and that one his affinity who was made for him by

the divine command. I had looked in vain for my other half but I had not met the one who would understand me. The weaving of circumstances plays a great part in all human life, hence all the ambition of man and woman is to meet that one and share their lot together. While holding meetings in Birmingham, Ala., a lady by the name of Mrs. L. V. Comer came to the hotel accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Henry Berry, and a niece. They asked my manager if they could see the healer. In order to protect myself from the multitude I had told Mr. Gilbert not to allow anyone to come in; but when the ladies came I told him to let them in. Mrs. Comer introduced herself to me and showed me the book of her work; then I knew that this was the woman that the Father had sent me to be the joy of my life. The minute I saw her

I was transformed. I could see in her the inspiration of my life. It was then that I knew that God moved in a mysterious way to bring about the meeting of souls that were mated in heaven. After she left something seemed to tell me that she was the one to be my wife. I tried to forget it but her presence haunted me and I determined to forget her and banish that idea from my mind, but I could not. I saw her in every face I looked at. I concluded to give in, the Father knew best. I sent for her to come to me as I had something of importance to communicate. When she arrived I was getting ready for my ten o'clock meeting. I told Mr. Gilbert to go and put out the platform and I would be there in a few minutes as I wanted to talk to Mrs. Comer. When he left I did not know what to say

or how to ask her to become my wife. I was afraid to ask her in the old way for fear she would refuse, so I just said to her: "I am going to make you Mrs. Schlatter; take this and go to the station and buy a ticket and I will meet you at the depot at twelve a. m. Get on another car so the people will not suspect anything, as this is too sacred to me to be written up in the papers." We met at the station and boarded the train, each in a different part of the car. We were married at Culman, Ala., Jan. 31st, 1899, by the Probate Judge; then we proceeded on to Nashville, Tenn. We did not hold any meetings for a few weeks as the weather was very cold. We were in each other's company and never being separated during our honeymoon, which lasted for over a month. We selected for this purpose an ideal spot in a house that

was in the center of a beautiful park that had been once a lovely place when the South was in its bloom and the people lived in luxury. There were relics of anti-bellum days, being the real old typical plantation, such as we see in traveling through the South. It was situated on the banks of the Cumberland river. The park had long since gone to ruin but you could see the old gravel roadways, the trimmed cedars that were symmetrical in form, which went to show that at some day there was peace and plenty; but now it had taken on a different form and the flower beds that had been once cultivated and beautiful were evolved into a new condition and different plants had taken the place of the old ones. The old folks had passed away; the darkies were no longer singing their melodies in the cotton fields. This was indeed a repeti-

tion of what it speaks of in the Bible: "Old things shall pass away and all things become as new." Nature in its course of regeneration had left the mark upon that once happy Southern home, away down in Tennessee.

The people discovered our resting place and forced us to go into the city to do the Father's work. The hay-market was given to us to hold our meetings and all manner of afflictions were healed, but the most notable case was that of Jehu Ayers of Cheatham, Tenn. This was the most remarkable healing that occurred in that city, he having been paralyzed for seventeen years and could not move or talk. His daughter came to our meeting as we were distributing the blessed handkerchiefs. She handed me a handkerchief to bless. I gave it to her and told her to put it on the old

man's spine at the base of the brain. She did so and immediately after placing the handkerchief her father spoke and said: "Take me to the man that blessed the handkerchief." The next day they brought him to me on a bed of straw in the bottom of a wagon. His son-in-law was with him and his dear old faithful wife. We called some men to help him out of the wagon. The poor old man's legs were so weak that they dragged behind him. They had to carry him to the platform. The men held him until I took hold of his hands. Then I told them to let go of him and the old man immediately stood up on his feet. My wife was surprised and began to cry for fear the old man would fall. His faithful wife was in the wagon praying earnestly to God for Jehu to walk again. Her prayers were answered. God heard her

pitiful appeal and the old man walked to the wagon, a distance of about fifty feet and stood up before thousands of people and preached the most pathetic sermon that was ever given, thanking God and the instrument for his wonderful restoration to health. He came again in three days and walked a distance of five blocks and was perfectly well. We remained in Nashville for three months blessing handkerchiefs to send to all parts of the world for the healing of the sick. We left Nashville on the 24th day of June, 1899, and went to Evansville, Ind., where we had held meetings the September previous, but only stopped there a short time, and then proceeded to Terre Haute, where the people flocked by thousands. This is where Mr. Joseph A. Gurley, who lives at 1625 Oak street, was practically raised

from the dead. A lady that was visiting the family came down in haste to our boarding house and told us that Mr. Gurley was dying and wanted us to go at once. We rode about a mile in a street car and then had to run for five blocks. It was a very hot July day, the mercury registering 105 in the shade. His wife had gone to the undertaker to make arrangements for his burial, as they could not afford to have him embalmed. When we got to the house he was breathing his last. My wife said: "Don't touch him, Frank, let him die in peace;" but I would not listen to her as I had a presentment to go to the bedside and raise him. I went in and touched him and in five minutes he opened his eyes and the first words he spoke were: "Mr. Schlatter, I want you to go across the street and heal my friend that

has got the rheumatism. When his wife returned he was sitting out on the porch. Smiles now took the place of tears in the once grief-stricken home.

The next healing was that of Mrs. Ann Shephard of Mulberry street. She was brought to us at our street meeting on a bed in a wagon. She had not walked for twenty years. She was lifted out of the wagon and carried up to us and she was healed instantly and walked back to the wagon. A few days after that her husband announced from our platform that his wife had cooked his supper that night for the first time in twenty long years.

From Terre Haute we went to Brazil, Ind., and had a very large demonstration; thousands of people gathered and blocked the streets for two blocks each way. We

called at LaFayette and were the guests of Mr. Lawrence Holmes, and from there we went to Indianapolis for a short time; thence to Ft. Wayne and then to Chicago for a rest.

We held some meetings on State street in September, 1899, but the multitude was so great that we stopped the street cars in ten minutes' time. They assigned us to Washington and State streets, opposite Marshall Field's store. There were hundreds healed. This was my second visit to Chicago.

CHAPTER IX.

We now went to Kokomo, Ind., and settled for the winter, stopping at the home of George Deffenbaugh, and during this time we went to Marion and sent to the Detroit Free Press and stopped Dr. Charles McClean from using my name. He was going about taking my name, calling himself Schlatter, the healer, to draw a crowd. While we remained in Kokomo the crowds kept coming and I was busy day and night. The 2nd of April, 1900, we went to Parkersburg, W. Va. As I could not stop any longer (I wanted to be about my Father's business) we returned to Kokomo, Ind. My half-brother, T. W. Martin, joined me for the summer. We visited Frankfort, Ind., and Sandusky, O.,

and gave our demonstration at Rye Beach. We enjoyed ourselves here, living in a tent for a time, and then we went to Chicago and rested for a month. We started out again, going to Youngstown, O., Pittsburg and Johnstown, Pa., and then to Washington, D. C., and Williamsport, Pa., and from there to New York City, where I started an Institute for healing at 807 Lexington avenue, with the same Dr. Benno A. Hallenburg that was with me in Cleveland, O. This was in February, 1901, and later we were located at 335 West Central Park, where we treated nearly all of the Fifth avenue millionaires. We tried to get Central Park for our open air meetings, but were not allowed the privilege. I became restless again and sold out my beautiful home, which nearly broke my wife's heart, but the Father did not want

me to settled down. He had something else for me to do. I went to Baltimore, Md., and my wife went to Washington, where my step-son was attending school. She remained here as she could not go with me, as I had another leading to walk through the country again and heal wherever I was led. This journey lasted for fourteen months, but I was treated well by everyone I came in contact with and I healed many. I walked through the states of Maryland and Virginia, and while at Troy, Va., I blessed a handkerchief that was sent to King Edward. I went to Staunton and followed the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad to Huntington, W. Va. From there I went a part of the way by boat to St. Louis, stayed three days, then went to Till City, Ind., to treat a lady who could not come to me as

she was bedridden. Her husband heard that I was at St. Louis and came after me. He begged me so hard that I had a leading to go. A gentleman by the name of Robert Clum, who had seen me in Kokomo, lived at Hawesville, Ky., just across the river, came for me to go and see a lady that had not walked for many years. She had told him that if she could see me she knew that she could walk again. It was her only hope. I went to see her. I had not treated her yet, but was going in the door when she arose from her chair that she had sat in for twenty-five years, and walked over to me and shook hands with me. It says in the Bible that in that day you shall look upon them and they shall be healed. This was a manifestation of that prophesy; that day had come. In the meantime my wife had gone to California and I was on the way to

meet her, but I received a telegram from her that she was in Denver, at Mrs. Fox's house, where I had been a guest while giving my demonstrations in that city. She went there to tell my friends that I was coming back and to find out the feeling against me, as there was a summons out for me to appear in court as a witness against the men who were selling the handkerchiefs they said had been blessed by me. This was the real cause of my leaving Denver November 13th, 1895. I told them I should be there for sixty days and my time would have been up the next day. My wife learned that the case had been settled and now we are going back again. I shall have a wife by my side. We have been invited back to the home of my former hostess, Mrs. Ed. L. Fox.

After my wife returned, she met me in Greenville, O. I had cut my hair and shaved my beard. She did not know me, as it changed me so much. After spending a short time together at Miamisburg, my wife went to Chicago, being called there by a telegram to attend a very sick family, and I joined her a week later and we were the guests of C. H. Besly of Edison Park, Ill. From there my wife went to Kalamazoo, Mich., where I joined her in about ten days. This was the first place that I had ever been led to speak. I delivered two lectures at the Auditorium, one of them on Sunday, Dec. 21st, and the other on the following Sunday, Dec. 28th, 1902 were on Evolution. When I left Denver I told them that the next time I came I would talk. From Kalamazoo we went to Dowagiac and remained about a month,

doing a great work in healing. It was while in Dowagiac that I was induced to write this book. I sincerely hope my poor attempt at writing and any errors that should occur, you must consider that the writer is not a classical scholar, but has been willing to follow the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene. Whither he goeth I will follow.

Yours in truth,

FRANCIS SCHLATTER.

Letter from Senator T. C. Snyder.

Canton, Ohio., September 10, 1897.

Francis Schlatter,

Windsor Park, Ill.

Dear Sir and Friend:—Yours of 9th inst., by your secretary, received. Accept my sincere congratulations on your acquittal. It should, and I believe will, prevent such arrests in the future, so far as you are concerned. I approve of laws to protect the people against “quacks” but deprecate interference with the practice of a healer whose treatment is always harmless and free, particularly by one who cures so many and benefits others. The powers with which you are endowed should in fairness be acknowledged by all, and scouted by none. That such powers can not be understood does not disprove their exist-

ence. The facts of your success you are entitled to, whether others can understand or not. It is ungenerous and irrational to disbelieve, much more to deny, for the only reason that we cannot understand.

Hoping for your success and happiness,

Sincerely yours,

T. C. SNYDER,

Senator, and President Canton Steel
Roofing Co.

P. S.—From a conversation I had on Monday last with President McKinley, I am convinced that he believes in your power. He is too honest to doubt after the evidence he hears. He was much pleased and interested in my statement.

NOTE.—The arrest and acquittal alluded to in Senator Snyder's letter above grew out of an attempted prosecution of

Mr. Schlatter, by the Chicago Medical Board, for practicing medicine without a license.

This, in brief, is the history of the man whom as high as 5,000 people in a single day have crowded to see and be touched by in Denver, and other cities throughout this country. How miserable and contemptible a history it will seem to thousands who think the history of John the Baptist, living on locusts and wild honey, with but a mean girdle about his loins, glorious.

Let us remember that it is we who think Saint John's life of self-surrender glorious. The greater part of his contemporaries— all the prosperous and proud who were interested in preserving the status quo, thought him a contemptible and vicious

lunatic and they cut his head off to stop the wagging of his trenchant tongue.

I consider the candor, the interest and the sympathy with which this poor, simple Alsatian has been received in Denver, where his history is known as one of the most remarkable and thought compelling events I have ever witnessed. The Rev. Myron Reed, the most noted pulpit orator of the west, preached a strong and sympathetic sermon on the man's character and mission recently in which he said: "We have in our midst today a man whose credentials are as good as those possessed by Jesus of Nazareth before, and when he marched to the Jordan to be baptized by John."

"He has helped me morally."

"He is doing good here, he is calling our attention to the fact that the center and

source of all life is God. Not a God who a long time ago filled a cistern and then went away, but God a free flowing spring, a present help in every time of need.”



Mrs. Comer-Schlatter

THE STORY AS TOLD BY MRS.
COMER-SCHLATTER.

It was at Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va., that I was awakened to the Spirit of God. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, July 18th, 1892. I was there for my health, as it was my last resort. I had traveled over the best part of the United States and had been under the care of some of the best physicians. The doctor that I was under at the time, having exhausted all his knowledge, discovered that his work and medicine had no effect on my condition and he said to me: "I have no hope; I do not think that you can live much longer; not over two or three hours at best."

It was in this condition that I gave up all hope to receive any help from the physical

side of life. After the physician left the room I offered up a prayer: "O Lord, have mercy on my soul." Just then I felt a consciousness; there was something higher and purer than man had yet discovered; a thrill of tender love passed through me and gave me strength to rise from my bed and I dressed myself in a loose gown and walked down the long back veranda and sat down under a beautiful locust tree. Then I began to pray to know if there was a God and if there was ever such a man lived as Jesus Christ, and if he lived today; if so, where is he and what is he? While offering up this prayer, I found myself in a few moments enveloped in perfect darkness, and a feeling as though I were being smothered and could not breathe. Then a thought passed through my mind: "This is death." The suffering increased and the

pain grew intense. While in this painful state of consciousness, I was awakened to the Spirit of God and the pains were instantly transformed into a state of exalted love. I was perfectly thrilled with the consciousness of life; my soul began to rise and rise until I was perfectly conscious of a beautiful illuminated sun. I could see the rays penetrating through creation and giving life to every being. While in this illuminated state my physical body became perfectly relaxed. I remained in this exalted state until I could understand that the Spirit of God was perfect harmony and that it filled every atom of my body. I felt the presence of a man and turned to look, thinking it was the doctor, and that he had returned to my room and found me away. I looked and saw no man, but heard a voice

say at my right side: "Act as if I am the Christ."

I passed then into a state of consciousness that could never be spoken in words or written by pen. Just then I arose to return to my room, when I felt that I was being carried by a host of angels. When I arrived at my room I looked into the mirror and saw that my cheeks looked as if they had been painted. My eyes were bright and full of light. I discovered that my body had reflected all that my soul had become conscious of while under the tree. I dressed myself and went into the dining room feeling perfectly well and so happy. I could see the beautiful soul in all the people. All looked so tender and kind, while I was watching the Spirit of God work. The doctor's wife came in. She rushed to my side and asked me what had

happened. The doctor came and felt of my pulse and wanted to know what had taken place. I said: "Nothing; I have only had a little talk with God." The doctor's wife spoke and said: "He made a good job of it; there is nothing in your face but sunshine and happiness."

After supper I walked over to the office with the doctor and told him I would take no more electricity. "Why not?" said the doctor. I answered him by saying that I had found the real within. "What you are using is the imitation." I felt that the doctor doubted me and that seemed to make me stronger. I then spoke by saying, "The day will come when the paralytic will be healed by the touch, be made to rise and walk instantaneously, in the name of Jesus Christ." "Ah," said the doctor, "the millennium will be here then." I said: "The

millennium is here now to those who know God." It was one year and a half from that day that the prophesy took place at the Grand Hotel, at Cincinnati, Ohio. It was Mr. Clarence McIlvain who was given up by Dr. Pendergrass, the disease being Locomotor Ataxia. They had a consultation of four physicians and they all agreed the case was incurable. Afterwards I had a talk with the doctor and he decided to turn the case over to me. I had him walking in twenty minutes. He was restored to perfect health and took his position again as a clerk at the Hotel. This took place in 1894. The next case was a young man of Chicago who had been blind for two years. The very best physicians had pronounced his case hopeless, when his eyesight was restored August, 1895. It was then that the crowds gathered at Dr. C. I.

Thatcher's home on Aberdeen street, Chicago, Ill. It was then that I became perfectly conscious that I had been born with the gift of healing. It was while I was the guest of Dr. Thatcher that I heard of Mr. Schlatter in Denver, Colo. A lady of Chicago was in Denver at the time he was a guest of Mrs. E. L. Fox, for her health. She tried to get to Mr. Schlatter at the time but the crowd was so great it was impossible to reach him.

She returned to Chicago and read in the paper of the work I was doing. She came to me and was healed of asthma instantaneously. She returned next morning to thank me and brought Mr. Schlatter's photo, which she had bought in Denver. The crowd grew so large at Dr. Thatcher's home that I was compelled to get a place with more room, so I went and secured a large

hall in the Masonic temple, where the people could be seated. I also had an office, No. 1225, where the people could consult me. It was there that I read so much about Mr. Schlatter. It was in 1896 that I had a leading to go to Washington, D. C. By that time Mr. Schlatter had left Denver. The "Washington Post" in writing up my work, wrote me up as a female rival of Schlatter. It was at one of my meetings that I prophesied that Schlatter would come to the front again and do greater works than he had ever done before. It was in June, 1897, that I became president of the non-sectarian and non-partisan convention. In August I returned to Chicago and discovered that Mr. Schlatter was at the Manhattan Beach Hotel, where there were over forty-five thousand people gathered to see him. On the following

Sunday I called to see him, to congratulate him in his good work, but he had gone. I felt consciously that when the time came, I would meet him. In 1898 I was called south. Mr. Schlatter was then in Birmingham. I had been reading all the time from 1895 to 1898 about his work and he had been reading about mine. It was in January that I was invited to go with a company, when I became better acquainted with Mr. Schlatter. It was on Tuesday, the 31st, 1899, that we were married at Culman, Ala. Then we began work together. It was true that my prophesy came to pass that he was to do greater works than he had done in Denver. I saw him raise the dead in Terre Haute, Ind. It was Geo. A. Gurley, 538 Oak street. It was in Brazil, Ind., that I lectured to over five

thousand people. We continued our work through the country and thousands of people were healed.

Just a few words more. I wish to say that I believe in prayer and the spoken word. My favorite chapters in the Bible are the first, fourteenth and seventeenth chapters of St. John. I think that if we read those in sincerity and faith, believing, we will come into the spirit of it and then we will see and understand that all is now fulfilled and present for us to enjoy if we will accept.

Remember this: If you are not healed the fault does not lie in the healer or in God; for God is too pure to behold iniquity and he would not have called the healer to be an instrument unless he had known he

could have used it. It is something in us that we must give up. Jesus Christ, speaking of this, said: "Deny thyself and come to the Father," meaning to give up all thoughts and ideas and turn to the Spirit. This I know is a truth for I experienced it when I was healed under the tree at Buffalo Lithia. Our idea of God is not God, for God is greater than any human or mortal idea.

Paul, speaking of our ideas, called them filthy rags, sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

So let us give up our ideas and turn to the true Spirit where we will have one God, one Lord Jesus Christ and one brotherhood of man, and that one God is Infinite Love.

The book that I am writing will soon be ready for the press and there I will give the deep, spiritual meaning of the Scriptures as it was given to me in my revelation.

MRS. COMER-SCHLATTER.



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