

# The Easley Messenger.

*Truth, like a torch, the more it's shook, it shines.*

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## A WONDERFUL GIRL.

### Is it Magnetism, Spiritualism—or What is It?

Near Cedartown, Georgia, lives a girl named Lula Hurst, fifteen years old, who is the greatest wonder of the age. The Georgia newspapers for several weeks past have contained accounts of her marvelous feats, and hundreds of people have gone many miles to witness her performances. The Atlanta "Constitution" sent a member of its staff to investigate and make a full report and from this report, published in the "Constitution" of the 7th instant, we take the following extracts:

This is what Miss Lula told me at the beginning of the mystery:

"One night, about two months ago, I was sleeping with my mother in my room. We had retired about nine and were just getting off to sleep, when suddenly the bed set up a cracking and popping, the like of which I never heard before. The cracking was in all parts of the bed—all over it. My mother scolded me for making a noise, but I was innocent. I knew nothing of it. The noise, however, ceased, and we went to sleep.

"The next night I was sleeping in the same bed with my cousin, Miss Wimberly, when the same noises were repeated with even greater force. My cousin called my mother into the room and we took the bed clothes and bedding off the bed. We examined them carefully and found nothing the matter although we noticed that the pieces that I took off continued to crack as I was handling them. My mother said the noises were caused by electricity, but I of course knew nothing of that. Immediately my father and the family all decided that some odd powers were at work in me. Mother said, 'Lula put your hands on this chair. I did so and the chair began to move around. It amazed the little children and I kept up for half an hour. My father thought it was a joke we were playing on him, and took hold of the chair, but he could not hold it down, although I simply had the weight of my fingers on it. My father then began

to experiment and soon decided that there was no limit to it, as five men could not hold a chair upon which I simply laid my hands.'

The following story is told by the family and Mr. Hurst, and is vouched for by people who are ready to make the most iron bound affidavits as to its truth:

Miss Lula found that by simply placing her hand on the foot of the bed it would roll around the room. One night she was sleeping with Miss Wimberly when the bed began to crack and rap, and Miss Wimberly said:

"Lula, you can make this pop anywhere you want to. Command it to pop at the headboard."

The command was given and 'rap' went the headboard. A similar order was given for the foot board and the rapping was renewed there. Then in other parts of the bed, and even on Miss Wimberly's feet.

Then Miss Wimberly said:

"Lula you can move this bed. Tell it to move."

"Move, bed!" said Miss Lula; and the bed moved across the room.

And now let Mr. Hurst tell the next thing. He is an intelligent planter, a deacon in the Baptist church, and stands among the best citizens of his county. Said he:

"The next morning I was taken into the room and shown how the bed was moved the night before while Lula was on it. That night I went into the room to see it done. After being in bed awhile Lula commanded the bed to move and it obeyed her command and moved across the floor. I then made her desist. The bed moved two or three feet. I pledge you my word and honor that what I have said is true."

It was at Rome that I saw Miss Lula. I turned up at her hotel at Rome to-day at noon, and in company with brother Ponder, of the Courier, had a private seance for my own benefit.

There was no deception in what she did for me. I watched her with my eagle eye.

Her father and mother and Mr. Ponder and myself were in the room at the time with the young lady.

Mr. Hurst laid an ordinary chair upon the floor on its back. 'Lula put your hand on it,' said he.

The young lady stooped down, put the tips of two of her fingers to the back of the chair and immediately the piece of furniture began to back around the room at a lively rate as if slid along by some unseen power.

The chair was then stood up and Mr. Ponder and I were asked to hold it on the floor. Ponder took one side and I took the other. We put our whole force to work to keep it still. Miss Hurst placed the palms of her hands on the back of the chair, and it was soon flying around the room, overpowering both of us, creating a big stir nearly knocking us down.

Miss Hurst then took the chair and placed her hands under the perforated bottom with her palms uppermost. She took no hold of it, but simply let it rest on her hands as a servant might have carried a waiter of flowers. Thus the legs of the chair were about three feet from the floor and the seat about four and a half. Ponder and I attempted to put it on the floor, using all our might and strength to do so, but the chair would not down. It continued to rise in the air with the newspaper men swinging on at each side. Mr. Hurst, a man weighing near 200 pounds, then got up into the chair and sat there as calm as if he were a boy sitting on a gate post. Thus Miss Hurst supported the combined weight of the three. The total weight which she thus supported on the palms of her hands was nearly 500 pound or much more than the weight of two barrels of flour. It was indeed astonishing, especially in view of the fact that not a muscle twitched and the slightest flush did not mantle her cheeks. She was as calm and unconcerned as if she had been twirling a summer hat by its string.

"Does it not tire you?" I asked. "Not at all," she replied.

"Do you feel any peculiar sensation?"

"None whatever."

"Doesn't it strain you?"

"Indeed, if this were a cane bottom chair you would not see the

slightest strain on the delicate canes.'

"What do you think of it?"

"I don't know anything about it."

I took a heavy hickory walking stick and caught it near one end. J. N. Brown, of Chattanooga, caught beside me; J. W. Hinton, of Social Circle, and B. M. Cornell, of Goshun, Indiana, took the other side. Each couple faced the other. We held on with both hands, the stick firmly pressed against each man's chest. To my left the end of the stick projected a foot. Miss Hurst stepped up to it, raised both hands and touched the tips of her fingers to the end of stick. In a moment it moved to one side. Then to the other, then up then down, across, around, and the next instant that young girl by simply touching the end of the stick and keeping her hands there had four men floundering furiously around the room, and several times I was ten inches off the floor. How is that?

Five men caught a chair and held it to the floor. She put her hands on it and as the men held it securely the chair was completely shattered in trying to get away from them. Another and stouter chair shared a like fate. A heavy bedstead was made to run across the room twice simply by the laying on of her hands.

I sat in a chair. She touched it, and dumped me onto the floor six feet away.

All these tricks were repeated several times and fully convinced me that she possessed some remarkable power that I leave for the scientists to explain—if they can.

I did not have time to see her attempt to move a bed by getting on it and simply commanding it, as that required an hour or two more time than I had at my disposal. Neither did she attempt any spirit rapping. There is no doubt of one thing, and I mention it briefly for the benefit of those who may choose to study the matter, and that is this: Whatever inanimate object she touched appeared to be charged with a force that impelled it to move and that too most vigorously, and always from her, and with an irresistible force. Her touch has no effect on animal objects.

Some local wiseacres discredit her with animal magnetism, others electricity, and still others the "odde influence" developed. For my own part I have not made up my verdict yet.

—Agreeable advice is seldom useful advice.