

JOSEPH OWNS UP.

Mulhatten, the Famous Pre-variator, Makes a Confession of His Sins.

HIS TRIUMPHS IN FICTION.

As an Amateur He Kept Pittsburgh Reporters on the Move.

TALES THAT ASTONISHED EUROPE.

The Cotton-Picking Monkeys and the Weeding-Flucking Geese.

MEADOWS, CAVES AND FREAKS GALORE.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye, Men will believe because they love the lie.

I cannot remember the first lie I ever told. Since the recent injury to my head by falling from a street car in New Orleans, my memory has been seriously affected. Although my life has been as full as merry as that of the average member of my profession, it has been by no means an easy one. Care and years have left their marks, and I feel that for the meads are almost run. Therefore I am sure the public, to whose amusement I have so long been a humble contributor, will indulge the modest pride I feel in the following imperfect collection of the children of my brain.

My little fictions have always been of a harmless nature. My object has been to amuse the public and also to gratify a taste I have for this kind of literature. I was fortunate in coming into the world in the age of electricity and the telegraph. My innocent creations were read from one side of the country to the other within a few hours after they saw the light, so that it was not necessary for me to write a great novel.

Joseph Mulhatten.

Says He Is a Born Liar.

I think I can say without boasting that I was a born liar. I remember, when a boy at school away back in the hills of Pennsylvania, I wrote up thrilling stage robberies for the Pittsburgh papers. My first great success was a special detailing the alleged robbery of a stage coach between Waynesburg and Jacksonville. I described the locality and the scene minutely, dwelt upon the terror of the passengers, and told how one lady had become a raving maniac. No real names were given, consequently no one was distressed except numerous reporters, who rode 40 miles back in the night from Pittsburgh to get further particulars of the bold crime.

I continued to write about Jacksonville, or "Jacktown," as it was locally called, describing it as a modern Sodona, until the good citizens held a meeting and denounced the anonymous correspondent who concocted his ideas from the non-existent "Orange Blossom." The papers knew me by no other name for three years, when they printed a request that I make myself known, and I did so. We had a merry quarrel over the matter, but I wrote several stories for the papers of a higher and more scientific order. Many of these were telegraphed to other large papers and attracted general attention.

A Joke That Was Taken Seriously.

In 1875 I visited the tombs of Washington and Lincoln, and learning that the remains of both were in an excellent state of preservation, I suggested that they be taken to the Centennial Exposition of 1876 and placed in an annex, where by charging an admission fee of 50 cents enough money could easily be raised to complete the then unfinished Washington monument on a scale grander far beyond the original design. This proposition, which was intended as a burlesque on the tardiness of those who projected the enterprise, was seriously taken by many papers and led to much bitter controversy among them.

Kept the Pittsburgh Reporters Trotting.

I wrote up several thrilling stories and located them in prominent neighborhoods around Pittsburgh, which cost the reporters many vain searches for particulars. One of these stories I wrote to this time had a wonderful wedding for its subject. The bride was laid in Australia, the land of gold; the bride's dress was covered with diamonds of colossal size and blinding glory of luster; the streets of the miles long in the ceremony was performed were carpeted with flowers, and wealth was poured at the bride's feet in an unparalleled profusion of gifts.

Many of these, as will be seen, were what might be called plain lies. It was after I had breathed the air of Kentucky for a while that I entered extensively into the field of ornamental pretentiousness. I left Pittsburgh for Louisville in 1877, where I took the road for a hardware house. I visited some of the wonderful caves of that State in the course of my travels, and was struck by the opportunities they offered. I wrote an account of a wonderful cave said to have been discovered at Glasgow Junction. It was 14 miles long and contained a large, navigable river filled with eels in places. There were niches in the walls in which were found a number of mummies similar to those of the Egyptian pyramids. I stated that a syndicate of wealthy men

had purchased the farm on which the cave was found and that a steambot was to be built to navigate this remarkable stream.

Filled an Order From Frank Leslie. E. H. Mentz, who filled the double position of postmaster and telegraph operator at Glasgow, Ky., over 90 times in the past year, making inquiries about the cave, and the little postoffice had a perfect storm of letters on the same subject. With all the other work he had to do, life was made a burden to him. The late Frank Leslie wrote me for a sketch of the town and pictures of the cave and its wonders. With the assistance of a friend who was quite clever with his pen, I promptly furnished both, together with an article of a highly scientific tone, minutely describing the topography of the surrounding country, all in a few days.

Afterward I wrote stories about numerous other caves. One of these I located near Hopkinsville. It contained an immense hall in which were a number of strange, half-human creatures. Some were said to be mermaids, heretofore supposed to be fabulous, and my dispatch contained an account of the thrilling experience of several persons who had succeeded in entering in capturing one of them. I gave the full name of each of the captors, and added that the unique little creature rapidly faded away being brought from its subterranean home, and only remained in captivity a few days. The great cave at Litchfield, reached by a shaft extending to the level of the sea and containing a dome 2,000 feet high, also attracted much attention. I described the bottom of the cave as almost entirely covered by an immense body of sea water in which were numerous icebergs.

The Detached Sun Spots.

It was at Litchfield also I composed the article on the great meteor which fell near Bedford, Edmonson county, on some wild lands owned by John E. Stone, the county surveyor. John M. Klein, a hardware merchant at Hartford and prominent politician, described the meteor in capturing one of them. I gave the full name of each of the captors, and added that the unique little creature rapidly faded away being brought from its subterranean home, and only remained in captivity a few days. The great cave at Litchfield, reached by a shaft extending to the level of the sea and containing a dome 2,000 feet high, also attracted much attention. I described the bottom of the cave as almost entirely covered by an immense body of sea water in which were numerous icebergs.

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While stopping at the Phoenix Hotel in Lexington, I was struck on the head by a question as to whether the star which guided the wise men to the East can still be seen, and W. H. Polk, a local newspaper man, suggested that I discover it in the interest of science, which he called "Professor" John M. Klein and his Hartford observatory I did so, giving minute details of the extraordinary event. Scientists were greatly interested, and the late Richard A. Proctor did me the honor to devote several learned columns of matter to the subject, in the course of which he pointed out that the constellation which had located the star was on the other side of the earth at night. He also took the liberty of denouncing "Professor" Klein as a humbug, and the whole story as a bold fabrication.

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Hundreds of Letters Were Also Addressed to the postmaster at Fort Worth, who faithfully promised to shoot me on sight. I afterward met him and had the pleasure of dining with him at his elegant home, where I was surrounded by the Fort Worth beaux. This was my first visit after the fall of the meteor and Tom Ochiltree. Threats were made of sending me to Congress in Tom's place on this account, and I had to leave the district in order to avoid what was, at the time, an undesirable commutation. In answer to Mr. Ochiltree I will add that he has no more to do with my account of my triumph, but with characteristic chivalry acknowledged his defeat.

The Trained Monkeys and Labor.

To carry out the hoax my friend W. H. Polk wrote a lengthy communication to the Lexington Press, in which he stoutly protested against the importation of cheap foreign labor as an outrage upon the negro race. This new phase of the labor problem was commented on all over the country by editors, most of whom appreciated the matter. The London Telegraph printed an editorial on the subject a column long, in which, after repeating the story of the dispatch, it observed: "The result of the experiment is, we regret to say, precisely what was to be expected or would have desired. ... This sort of thing will never do. Monkeys are excellent and engaging animals on a small scale, or seen from the right side of stout bars at a zoological garden, but they are not to be allowed to engage in occupations which are too lofty for them. They should be kept in their proper sphere, and whatever temptations to adopt such a course, be permitted to enter into rivalry with human beings."

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In killing over 3,000 snakes on that place within two weeks.

Of this modern St. Patrick I wrote:

Cunningham is rather a small man, with a very dark complexion, with a thick mat of hair. He has keen piercing eyes, and talks with wonderful rapidity. He was born in Ireland, and was sent out by the English Government for department work in that province. It was in the jungles of Madras that Cunningham discovered from the natives the formula for making the deadly loison so fatal to patients for typhoid. Cunningham says he will keep on killing the snakes until there is not one in the State of Kentucky, if the people will only pay him for it. Of course, that would be an impossibility for one man to accomplish, but he says he likes his business and hopes to do good work in the State if his life and health are only spared a few years.

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SHE HELD THE ENEMY.

Heroic Conduct of the Wife of the English Agent at Manipur.

MATRIMONY FOR OFFICE HOLDERS.

Sacrifice of Prince Louis, Which Defeats His Father's Will.

LOUISE MICHEL AND HER DOINGS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

When it comes to deeds of bravery woman takes no secondary place to man. The latest heroine to attract attention is Mrs. E. St. Clair Grimwood, wife of the English agent at Manipur, India, a delicate little refined woman who has signally distinguished herself under circumstances warranted to terrify persons of iron nerve. With the agency, her home, looted and wrecked; the magazine blown up; most of the defenders killed, (among whom was her husband), their heads cut off and bodies otherwise mutilated, she with a few others managed to hold the place until General Graham came to the rescue and drove the enemy off to the diery. How the woman managed to retain her courage is something marvelous.

To Compel State Officials to Marry.

The woman's rights agitators have within recent years developed considerable strength, through the means of which they have been able to accomplish many things, holding the major portion of the offices. They have also secured permission to practice in the law courts. They have even penetrated into State Legislatures, but it has remained for the strong-minded female of Germany to so work upon the feelings of one Wagner, a member of the German Reichstag, that he has introduced a bill in that body, demanding that all State officials have wives or be made to marry forthwith.

Constitution reigns in the circles affected.

No wonder, for the men occupying positions would have an experience in case this bill becomes a law, besides that which a political candidate would have to undergo, with a lot of fat offices in his gift, would be a circumstance. Every official would be immediately the marked property of the women's rights agitators, and there is a strong probability that there will be many claims amicably, the absurd "Bachelor's Sale" so familiar to the school boys of this country, would be actually realized. Already one can almost see in imagination the old well-known picture suggested by the concluding lines of the poem in which

Prince Napoleon Defeated Again.

Prince Louis, the youngest son of the late Prince Napoleon, and the one to whom he left the bulk of his fortune, has determined to divide it with his mother and elder brother, thus defeating the wishes of his father. It is a pleasure to chronicle such true and praiseworthy manhood, whether displayed by Prince or pauper, but especially the former, from which as a class but little generosity emanates, as a rule. An odd feature of the matter appears in that even in the grave, misfortune, so far as it tends to defeat his ambitions, seems to have no effect upon the prince, who is so malicious, desire to ignore his wife as well as disinherit his eldest son, from motives of pure resentment arising originally from the memory of the death of his father, endeavoring to do him wrong by his position as leader of the Bonapartists. Prince Louis is two years younger than Victor, and is said to be of a gentle, retiring disposition. He has thoroughly identified himself with the land of his mother, Italy, and is an officer in the army of that country.

MORFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Makes Delicious Lemonade. A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water and sweetened with sugar, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

FIXE watch repairing, lowest prices at

Hesch's, No. 235 Fifth Avenue. Established 1833. WFS

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that may tend to the success of their Tell monument scheme. They are now offering a series of prizes for the best four plans for the monument. All this in the face of the fact that it has been determined beyond question, by the ablest historians of the time, that William Tell, the alleged hero of Altorf, had no existence in fact.

THE GIVER OF LIFE.

What Is Meant by the Third Member of the Holy Trinity.

NO ADEQUATE DEFINITION OF IT.

Insufficiency of Language From a Theological Standpoint.

IDEAS THROUGH STUDY OF RESULTS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

It is far more important to know what the Holy Ghost does than what the Holy Ghost is. Our Lord, before His crucifixion, and again before His ascension into heaven, said much to His apostles about the Holy Spirit, but what He said concerned the mission and the message of the Holy Spirit. The Comforter will come, He said, and when He comes, thus and thus will He do and speak. And that was the limit of the revelation.

The Famous Red Maid Again.

After a long period of almost deathly silence, Louise Michel, the famous "Red Maid" of the terrible days of the last French Commune, is heard from again. She is now in England and now on English soil. She is still at her old business of instigating Anarchy, although her mission was ostensibly that of a messenger of peace and love to the workmen, who like a great many of our countrymen, have an interesting labor question on their hands at present. An idea of the means chosen by her to ameliorate their condition may be gathered from extracts from her speeches, which are so modest that they merely suggest, in sense, the almost wholesale destruction of all life and property in sight of those who do not exactly coincide with her views. Like many others of the same ilk, she makes the balls, but to roll them, oh, no! That is for the poor fellows of the rank and file to do. While they are displaying their levity to the cause by being themselves, Louise is living on the fat of the land. It seems as if there must be grave errors in the laws of both America and England, for the clapper cannot be put on the mounds of such a Louise Michel, Her Most and others of their kind until they have practically done their mischief.

What ever may be said to the detriment of England's Queen by those who do not favor royalty, it must be admitted that she has always displayed a trait that is most pleasing. Though exacting to the verge of severity at times with her servants, few of the sovereigns of Europe or any other country show such regard or consideration for them.

When famous old John Brown died, her sorrow was almost pathetic, and those not understanding or knowing the facts seized upon the opportunity to ridicule her. Some even carried the matter to the slander point. Since that time, however, opinion has changed materially. It has been observed that her grief at parting from an old servant has not been confined to John Brown; that she has always shown a deep regard for the Queen, and that she has been marked, even in the case of the veriest demoralizer in her employ who had gained her confidence by faithful service. The death of Miss Reynolds at Grassie is the most recent example. There is no adequate definition of it. It is simply that which makes things live. And that is all we know about it. And "the Spirit is life."

This, indeed, is all that we really can know.

"The Spirit is life," St. Paul says, coming as near to a definition as we can. And life, as we all know, can be described only by telling what it does. We are aware of its presence by its results. It is invisible, intangible, absolutely undecipherable. There is no adequate definition of it. It is simply that which makes things live. And that is all we know about it. And "the Spirit is life."

Much more than this is said about the Spirit in the theologians.

We are told, for example, that the Holy Spirit is both divine and personal, and is the third member of the Holy Trinity. And all this is inferred, and rightly inferred, from the statements of the Holy Scripture. When Christ set forth as the sacred name which should be said in baptism—"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"—He gave authority for regarding the Holy Ghost as on a level of personality and of divinity with the Father and the Son. There cannot be any other natural and reasonable inference. But after all, what do we know? How much

nearer are we to a knowledge of what the Holy Spirit is?

The Inadequacy of Words.

For it ought to be understood that all theological definitions must be prefaced with a confession of the inadequacy of language. Useful as words are, and indeed indispensable in this imperfect stage of civilization in which we live, it must not be forgotten that they are both inadequate and misleading. Words are only the picture of ideas. And everybody knows that there are a thousand things even in the world of nature which are quite unpicturable. No skill of pen or brush can depict the fragrance of a flow or the song of a bird. Just as much is left out, and must be never left out, of words. The greater the thought the more halting and infirm the speech to be its messenger.

On Pentecost they spoke with "other tongues."

Perhaps some of us, in some world better than this, we too will speak with other tongues. Till then we must recognize the inadequacy between thoughts and words. The defect in much theology is that it overlooks this inadequacy of language. It takes the counter for the coin. It takes the picture for the unpicturable scene. It takes the words for the things which they mean.

The Mystery of the Trinity.

The Holy Trinity, we are told, is the truth about Deity, as being three persons in one God. The meaning of that statement to a great many good Christian people really amounts to a tritheism, or the belief in three Gods. And so they come, for example, to the statement of the Atonement, and to them it means that one of those three Gods, the Father, sent another of the three, the Son, and compelled Him to suffer in the place of a sinful people. And the Atonement, very naturally, seems to them a very difficult and perhaps a very dreadful doctrine. The difficulty is in the distinction which the misleading words make between the Father and the Son.

As for the Holy Spirit, to the great majority of Christians, I am afraid, the belief in Him is a belief built upon authority and without any basis in reason.

We are not quite in the position of the men of Corinth to whom St. Paul said: "I have received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" and who answered, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." We are a better informed than they were. We have heard that there is a Holy Ghost. His name is often upon our lips in the words of the service, and we declare in the Creed that we believe in Him.

The Trouble Is in the Language.

But what answer can we give to questions? The Holy Ghost is the third person in the Blessed Trinity. Yes. But what does that mean? Let us understand distinctly that there is one God. There is one only God. When we say that the Son is God we do not mean, or ought not to mean, that He is a different God from the Father. Nor is the Holy Spirit a different God from the Father and the Son. There is one God and one God only. Whatever separation seems to be involved in the word "person" is in the word. The difficulty is in the inadequacy of language.

There is that about God which corresponds,

it seems, somehow to that mysterious union in our own personality of heart, and soul, and mind, of which we are vaguely conscious, but which eludes definition. We are not three because of it. Nor is God three. And yet there is some kind of indefinable distinction. And when we formulate the doctrine of the Holy Trinity we put that indefinable distinction into an inadequate and blundering definition. We have no other language. We are ignorant of much of what God is as of what God does. Just as the best way to get an idea of ourselves as heart and soul and mind is to remember that with the heart we love, and with the soul we pray, and with the mind we reason.

Thus when we say of God as supreme,

"What will God the Holy Spirit do for us? That is the Holy Ghost who blesses the child and the other tongue in prayer. It is the ministrations of the Holy Spirit that the bread and wine become the messengers of heavenly blessing. It is by the Holy Spirit that we are built up daily into better living."

His Various Ministrations.

"There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit." Whether it be wisdom to understand the thoughts of deep thinkers, or knowledge to conduct the affairs of daily business, or the gift of healing, or faith, whether it be strength or intelligence or character, all these worketh that one and the self-same spirit."

What will God the Holy Spirit do for us?

That is the Holy Ghost who blesses the child and the other tongue in prayer. It is the ministrations of the Holy Spirit that the bread and wine become the messengers of heavenly blessing. It is by the Holy Spirit that we are built up daily into better living."

Best to Study the Results.

And the best way, as I say, to approach to an understanding of the one God as Father, Son and Holy Ghost is to think not much of what God is as of what God does. Just as the best way to get an idea of ourselves as heart and soul and mind is to remember that with the heart we love, and with the soul we pray, and with the mind we reason.

Thus when we say of God as supreme,

"What will God the Holy Spirit do for us? That is the Holy Ghost who blesses the child and the other tongue in prayer. It is the ministrations of the Holy Spirit that the bread and wine become the messengers of heavenly blessing. It is by the Holy Spirit that we are built up daily into better living."

eternal, infinite and absolute, the energy from which all things proceed, the First Cause, we think of God the Father. When we think of God as manifested among men, as acting in history, as setting us an example for our lives, as revealing, by a sign which makes