Book Devoted to Spook Lore.

TELEGRAPHING FROM THE SKIES.

The Realms of Ghosts are Real and There

OF COURSE THE SEVENTH IS THE BEST

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

The knocks and tippings in the old house

of the Fox family, not many years ago,

were the ushers of the new faith of spirit-

ualism. As the story goes, these raps and

the upsetting of tables, and knocking about

of things "are produced by spirits through

a medium" who utters only what the "con-

trol" dictates. The revelation of the spirit

world by means of spirits, 18, as presented

in a late book, something that will tax

the credulity of even Spiritualists. It

makes claim to such knowledge of the here-

after as will make the world turn up its

eyes and stand agog.

How this revelation came down from

heaven is a story as marvelous as the find-

ing of the golden plates of Mormonism. The

author of the book claims to have been in

daily communication for eight years with

two really-good-and-true Indian spirits.

These have exclusive control of a medium

named Kenney, whom he pronounces "a

truthful, honest man, and a reliable and

gifted medium." In addition to the Indian

spirits, the author also had communications

daily from his deceased father, and from

Robert Dale Owen and other spirit friends

oncerning the spirit world and its affairs.

The author assures his readers that he has

tested these parties on many occasions as to

their identity, and with always satisfactory

Comes From Katie King's Victim.

Just before passing the boundaries of an-

other world Owen had promised the author

that he would communicate with him as soon

as possible through his medium, and that he

rould assist him in his labors by his knowl-

edge of matters and things on the other side. From this it may be inferred that "The Spirit World: Its Inhabitants, Nature

and Philosophy" is a work mainly inspired by the spirit of Robert Dale Owen, who

some years ago was so egregiously imposed upon by that wicked little fraud, Katie

The seances where the writer got all his

information he describes thus: "My spirit friends being present and seated in chairs so that I shall face them, the principal

Indian controller takes possession of the medium; then the second Indian psycholizes the first, and thus insures a state of insensibility and passivity. Thus the chan-

mel of communication between the two worlds is kept open, and the spirits can talk all they want to by, as it were, a spiritual telephone."

To outsiders it would seem somewhat

strange and perhaps suspicious that since Mr. Owen had begun to come as a spirit no

Owen assured the author of the book was

by imperative order from the higher powers

Spirits Fly Through Windows,

gh he gave no reason for such strict

earthly friend was permitted to be I at any of those remarkable seances.

results.

Are 18 or More of Them.

sional Game. COLLEGE CONTESTS AND BOXING.

Become a Great Profes-

Latest Features of the Baseball Situation and the Probabilities of Peace.

SULLIVAN'S LATE COSTLY SPREE.

Local Billiard and Pool Centests-General Pogilistic Frents of the Week.

Now that the game of football has become so popular in this country the question suggests itself: What about its future? Will the game be taken up and carried on by professionals? This question has often been asked during the last few days and because of its importance I propose to discuss the matter at some length to-day. But whatever answer may be given to the question it cannot be other than speculative, as an answer will be merely a matter of opinion. In my way of thinking I cannot avoid the conviction that football playing in this country will be carried on by paid players; that is, by bona fide professionals. Whether or not that is a confirmation devoutly to be wished I do not say at present, but every thing tends to prove that football will just be as much identified with professionalism

as almost any other sport.

Why do I think so? Why simply because the of money there is in it. Just as sure as the public fancy takes hold of football and public money in vast sums is paid to see it just, as sure will capital be invested in the game and speculators will hire players to satisfy that public whim, faucy or whatever it may be. This is as sure to hap-pen as darkness follows daylight. Experdence proves it to us beyond a doubt, and no other proof need be given than the history of baseball. Of course this professionalism may not come for some time, but if football continues to grow in popularity and if the public want to see plenty of it depend upon t paid teams will come into existence simply muse amateurs will not have the time at command nor as read mateurs have the money either to fellil the public requirements. The development of football in England goes to prove what I am saying. In that country the game has grown, or degenerated, which you will, from a sport of the particle of the country kind of proposition into on of the greatest branches of professionalism im the country. Football players are there signed and receive salaries on the same principle as do baseball players here. It has been found that there is money in it and it has

Well, then, the foregoing suggests another question, viz., will it be to the advantage of

Will It Injure the Game?

football if it gets into the hands of professionals? I fail to see why it will not, None of us can truthfully say that baseball has not been immensely benefited by its professional features. Why the truth is that almost all that is now good in baseball has been put there by professionals, and by the latter I mean players and capitalists. ly professional game there is no reason why we should not have bester tesms by far the country than either Yale, Harvard Princeton, and on this point I am sanguine enough to predict that if ever footin this country becomes a professional game there will be professional teams just as much superior to the college teams as he baseball college teams of to-day. Were it necessary to state them, there are any amount of good reasons for this prediction, and one strong one is the fact that the therefore has more good players, or matherefore, safe to say that if football playing becomes a game for professionals the quality of the playing will be improved.

aware of the very large number of people who are continually trying to jump on professionalism. It is blumed for almost all the robberies and frauds that are committed ing but degradation in professional sport.
It is quite true that there is an alarming state of rottenness in professional sports of to-day all over the civilized world, but this is true we must not forget the tart that wherever a sport or pastime is popular or anything like national, and there there are vast sums of money invested in it, the great object of those interested is te make that sport as purely moral and honest as possible. True, there are frauds, and many of them, in horse racing, but everything is being done that can be done to prevent them, just as efforts are contin-ually being made to prevent frauds and swindles in amateur athletic sports. Who can say that the morality of baseball has not been put on a higher plane by its profes-sional development? If this were not so baseball would collapse in a season as a sport. And so it will be with footthe public demand for it, that very fact will operate to its moral advantage, because the mblic would instantly drop it were it being emeralized; therefore, self-interest would make those who had money invested in it see that everything was carried on in the most honest and fair-dealing manner.

Another Good Advantage.

We are talking longer about football than I expected, but there is one more feature that I must discuss and that is the very rough nature of football. Were professional teams to play the game I am fully persuaded that almost all of the very rough features would disappear; not because profestionals would have less pluck to get into a scrimmare and nummel each other, but because of the penalties that would be imposed on the paid players who insisted in acting as and rough and tumble fighters. Professionals are just as ready in a contest to face probable injuries as the most enthus-insticamateurs. We have seen this in baseball but it is easier to enforce discipline and systematic play among salaried players than among players who are in the game for

pastime or fancy.

There may be a little digression in what I'm going to say, but I want to point out that there is a glaring inconsistency among many people who are ardent patrons of what we know as college football. During the season in almost every game there are hand-to-hand contests and collisions that brutal, and the work is cheered by ladies and gentlemen. But these same people rail and clamor against a four-round boxing contest between two men with six or seven-ounce gloves. This is one of the strangest things that has come to my notice in all my 25 years' experience in sporting matters. The inconsistency is the most absurd on record. On Thanksriving Day I witnessed a game in which Brown, of the Media team, had his face and head covered with a mass of bandages. He was cut and bruised and had a more battered head than many He was cut and bruised men who have fought for an hour in a prize ring. Under the disadvantage his heroism was remarkable, and he was cheered. In another game I saw a player get an awful gash in his scalp, and another get something

ated and even cheered and a harmless glove contest between two boxers be vetoed? Two nen with big gloves cannot by any means njure, mame and batter each other as do ootball players before thousands of people. Reasons Why Football Is Likely to If the public want the rough element, all right, but what I contend is this: Let us be fair and throw off this veil of hypocrisy.

About the National Game. Baseball reformers, agitators and peace-makers continue to plod their weary way and there are to all intents and purposes as busy to-day as they ever were. Everything is in just as topsy-turvey condition as ever and those who, as outsiders, take an interest in these matters are just as bewildered as ever. During the week we have had statements and counter-statements. President Byrne has told us that the 12-club scheme is a sure go: Mr. Abell has told us it is not; Von der Ahe has declared that the Association will have eight clubs and President Phelps has just as emphatically stated that it will have ten. Now where are we? If anybody can divine a solution from the above statements let us have it.

But there is a great amount of bluff in these public utterances of the magnates; and after we wade through this bluff we'll find much to find much to convince us that there is a strong probability of a 12-club League, or rather a 12-club monopoly. One by one the leading magnates are declaring themselves on the subject, and among the League magnates particularly there is a feeling favor-able to a consolidation, that is a 12-club League. But I will never believe there will be a 12-club League until we have it. The scheme has many plausible features connected with it, but many serious objections. For a season, if it could hold together that long, it would be exceedingly profitable because of its povelty, and this makes one wonder why it is not adopted without delay.

But if there is no consolidation, what then? Why, the merry war will go on and the National League, as usual, will come out ahead. Really in the absence of conlidation there is no reason why should not be a settlement arrived at. Why not allow the Association to have teams in Chicago and Boston and have a national agreement adopted? The League can certainly stand all this if the Association can. Depend upon it, these self-same magnates are ruining the prospects of the game, and the longer they continue flourishing their daggers at each other the more disgusted will the public become.

News of the League Clubs

So far the various clubs in the National League are doing or have done very satisfactory work preparatory for next season. Chicago may probably be excepted, and it is because of this exception that I think the baseball trouble will soon be ended. We must not forget that when it was war to the knife between the League and the late P. L., Anson was not out with his fighting clothes on at the first sound of the tocsin. In this instance he is taking matters extremely easy, notwithstanding the state-ments of the enemy that they are capturing his best men. The fact of Anson's passive

ness is very significant indeed.

But the New York club has done well, extraordinarily well, considering the diffi-culties the club has had to cope with since last season. While I fail to see how Powers is the equal of Mutric as a moneymaker, it must be admitted that the former has done exceedingly well in getting new and good players for the club. It is quite safe to predict that in King and Boyle New York will have one of the finest batteres that will be before the world next season. The truth is that the chances are in favor of the Now York team next year being fa shead of the New York team of this year in all respects. And when this fact is demon strated then will such players as Rusie

Richardson, Connor and Glasscock tumble to the fact of their having a big mistake. From what I hear John M. Ward is getting together an excellent team. He has the latter I mean players and capitalists.
Then why should not the same results be attained in football? There is no reason why. If football were to become a thorshort and Pinckney at third. Of course Griffin will be in the outfield. The Cleveland team is getting along in first class style and not saying a word. Boston is all right and so is Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

Affairs of the Local Ciub.

It is, indeed, a great pity that the local club did not secure Boyle. He might have been caught, but now that he is lost it is useless to say that this man or that man was to blame. There is one thing about the matter, that is, if the local efforts to get Boyle that have been made during the last few days had been made weeks ago, Boyla would have at present been signed by the Pittsburg club. Most certainly the club needs another eatcher as Murphy, according to reports, is no use at all. Why not try Now let us say a few words as to the to reports, is no use at all. Why not try moral features or probabilities. I am quite and get Donahoe? If another good catcher was secured it is not likely that any more hustling for more players will take place,

On Tuesday the stockholders' meeting will be held at Jersey City. I dare say there within its circles, and hence it is natural to will not be much of importance done, expect that those who so blame it see noth-although I would not be surprised at anything. Certainly few people will be sur-prised if a new manager is appointed. The probability is that Mr. Kerr will be made President of the club and that Mr. Temple will be made a director. They are worth gentlemen, and Mr. Temple is heart and soul in the business. He has lots of enthusinsm, and as a director he will doubtless do

A Boom in Billiard Playing.

Local billiard players are coming to the front scain, and to-morrow a tournament among what may be termed the local novices will be commenced at Davis' rooms on Fifth avenue. It is pleasing to see such a fine and admirable game as billiards make progress, and without hesitation I say that pobody has done more to popularize game in Pittsburg than Harry Davis, and his efforts have been of the purest and most honorable kind. In this instance he has placed his costly and spacious rooms at the disposal of the local players until their tourney is ended. That the tourney will be successful is almost a certainty, and it may be that it will introduce to the public a future champion. At any rate the tournam is worthly of encouragement, as its object is not for financial gain, but simply to compare the merits of the local players. Each contestant, I think, posts up a certain amount as a guarantee, which is a very good arrange-

And while I am speaking of billiards le me say a word or two about the big pool contest that is to take place in the East End Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings Iwo such players as Powers and Clearwater ought to attract good audiences. It is to be hoped that both contestants will play to win, and if they do, there will certainly be

some remarkable pool playing. The Trotting Track Frauds.

It is pleasing to note that the gentlemen whose duty it is to hear and pronounce on charges of fraud among trotting horse owners and drivers are bent on punishing the guilty. During the week the Board of Review have made an example of the owner and driver of the famous horse Temple Bar. It will be remembered that the horse last summer was heavily backed by the public to win a race at Cleveland. He lost the first three heats in a way that aroused suspicion and the judges took down Driver Spears and put up another man. Then Temple Bar went away and won the Temple Bar went away and three heats. The Cleveland track au-three heats. The Cleveland track authorities there and then expelled Savles, the owner of the horse, and Spears his driver. The former appealed, but the expulsion stands. The expulsion stands. The public generally will bail with delight all efforts that are being made to purge the trotting track for dis honesty. Trotting is making remarkable strides in this country, but it will cease to do so if the public contests are to be tainted

with fraud and dishonesty. John L. Sullivan's Last Break.

If all reports are true John L. Sullivan is no longer an actor. Dispatches from San Francisco tell us that John has once more "broken his pledge" and imbibed the rosy like a broken nose, and another an awful to a very great extent. In short, the cut in the eye. Now, what I want to know pugilist actor has been on another drunk, is this: Why can all this brutality be toler-

temple of Thespis, as it were, and he is once more a pugilist ouly. Reports from the West have told us all this, but I would not be surprised if the case has been very much exaggerated

But if it is true that the famous pugilist has been cast adrift by his theatrical pais there is probably more reasons than the one assigned. A mere drunk would not have caused his discharge, because he has had many of them since he joined "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands." It is likely that the rublic has become weary of such that the public has become weary of suc absurdities as worthless plays, trash in fact, being boomed from city to city because of prizefighters and such like being connected with it. Well, whatever may have been the cause of the tumble, it is to be regretted that Sullivan has once more resorted to the rum bottle. It only makes a battle between rum bottle. It only makes a battle between himself and Slavin all the more impossible, and even if they were to fight it will make the contest all the more uninteresting be-cause it will generally be considered that Sullivan cannot be in good con-dition. If he is to fight Slavin he must be in the best possible condition to win. There is no doubt on this point, and if he is not at his best he will be defeated. But I say this, and I say it with regret, that John I. Sullivan may never fight again, and it may be that in a short time he will be penniless be that in a short time he will be penniless and deserted by all his alleged friends. Men more famous in the prize ring than Sullivan, and just as robust and as affinent, have suddenly collapsed in money, in credit and in physique. Old Bacchus has knocked them, and he is smiling just as alluringly to-day as he did when he floored such men as Cribb and Belcher. Every year will now tell sadly on Sullivan. He will get heavier and have less energy to reduce himself in weight. Time and drink are now self in weight. Time and drink are now his greatest opponents, and they will knock him clean out just as sure as sunrise. About Plimmer and Kelly.

There has really been little doing during the week among the pugilists, and talking has been the chief feature. The propose battle between Plimmer and "Spider Kelly is off, and that is to be regretted. Kelly has, on account of sickness, declined to go on with the fight. I am ready to be-

lieve that Kelly is sick, but it is certain that had Plimmer declined to fight because of a similar cause almost every Eastern sporting writer would have been saying that Plimmer was afraid. It is a pity the contest is off, as many people were desirous to see what the little Englishman could do. That he is a good one is certain, because of the way in which the Kelly party estimate him. Plimmer has challenged the world at 110 pounds and he may be accommodated. Of Pugilism in General.

The latest information from England is that Fred Johnson is coming here to fight Dixon. I am not surprised at that, because last year Johnson told me that he was ready at any time to come to America if it was made "worth his while." He is a gentlemanly little fellow, but I cannot help thinking be is coming to meet defeat. Whether he wins or loses against Dixon, I think he will do well in this country, because he is a from one trapeze to another, and it pro-

A definite offer has been made for a battle between Corbett and Maher, Corbett and Jackson, and Corbett and Mitchell. Now I ask where is Corbett? Surely if he wants to show the world that he is a first-rater he has plenty of opportunity.

Next week Woods and Choynski meet,

and both men are training well. They are in good condition, and at present the man with the Polish name is favorite. He will have to fight to win.

A STRANGE RACE TYPE

Girls of Negro and Chinese Parentage i New York's Chinatown.

The strange race types which result from the intermingling of the Chinese and Cau- Judic came over here. The resemblance becasians are numerous. Perhaps the most curious and interesting is the Afro-Chinese, of which the type is well shown in the illus tration. These young girls of Chinese and African parentage are numerous in the Chiiese quarters of New York. "Nigger chinks," they are called in the simple language of the slums. The color of the type



Mongolian and African

s something like that of an Indian, with a strangely transparent vellowtinge. The in-fluence of the Chinese blood is seen especially in the bair which is straight and is the slauting eyes. The negro characteris-ties survive in the mouth and nose. The type is on the whole a rather pleasing one and might afford an interesting race study to some student like Recus, the Frenchma

The picture of Mr. Dana, the famous editor of the New York Sun, which is printed with this will give some idea of how he looks now to those who have hitherto relied upon



Charles A. Dana

humorous artists for their conception of his personality. The sketch is especially in-eresting from the fact that it is made from Mr. Dana's latest and best photograph, and one which was taken by his son Paul.

Napoleon Ives Back From Elba. A picturesque figure which is gradually oming once more into prominence in this town is that of Eugene S. Ives, late Napoleon of finance. Like his namesake, Mr. Ives apparently has no idea of remaining in banishment. He is seen again in hausoms in the Murray Hill Cafe and elsewhere. He has been written about lately as one much infatuated with a certain opera singer, although that is a very old story indeed, and soon his quick young eyes behind the old-fashioned gold spectacles will be as

is too busy to remember little details Long Distance Telephones

Electricity.]

familiar a sight as in olden times. Mr. Ives

proves the theory that the American public

It is expected that telephonic communica tion between Berlin, Dantzie and Konigsberg will be established in the early part of next year. At present the longest telephone lines in Germany are those from Berlin to Breslau, 225 miles, and Berlin to Hamburg 180 miles, but when completed, the above mentioned line will have a total length of 377 miles, the distance from Berlin to Dantzic being 265 miles and from Dantzic to Konigsberg 102 miles.

Sarah Bernhardt's Latest Style of

THE SONGS M. PAULUS SINGS.

Keeling Over Is Her Best.

Financial Results of Dabbing With Brush and Oil on Canvas.

BI-CULORIDE OF GOLD AMONG JOKERS

COBRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH, NEW YORK, Dec. 5.-Bernhardt, the reat, who pays more attention to details han an average person with a reputation vet to be made, has honored this town by inventing a new fall to amuse it. Falls are very important things to tragic actresses One woman here won some smiles by rolling all the way down a flight of steps, but no actress has equaled Barnhardt's marvelous methods of keeling over. This new fall, of which the cut gives but a faint idea, eclipses all of her previous efforts. Hitherto the great actress, like others, has been obliged to fall in such a way as to make it possible for her to go on living and acting immediately afterward, and that was found to take out some of the reality. In "Camille" she avoids that necessity

and when in the last act she falls over dead



Bernhardt's Latest Fall,

everyone believes that she will strike the back of her head with full force and receive serious injury. The actor who plays the part of Armand, however, is trained to catch her outstretched hand at the critical moment and save her head. The thing as duced much the same effect on the spectators. Should the actor fail to catch her hand the great Bernhardt would probably have to go to bed for some time. Also, as anyone will believe who knows the great woman's temper, it is safe to say that the actor making the mistake would not feel exactly up to his work for some time either.

Monsieur Paulus in Town. This M. Paulus, who has come from Paris, will interest New York for some time. He himself is an interesting creature, and if he succeeds in making a genuine American success, it will prove that we have grown to be more cosmopolitan than we were when tween the methods of Judie and Paulus is genuine, for both depend for their success, not on what they say or sing, but on their way of saying it. Judic has a fine horror of America, which she considers a bad place for talent to go to.

The Boulanger march, by which Paulus is

chiefly known to Americans and which he called "Coming back from the Revue" was only one of a number of his half pathetic, half comic songs, until Boulanger's popu-larity gave him the idea of inserting in one place the words "Le brave General Boulan



Those words damaged such meter as there was to the composition, but they made Paulus known all over the world, and caused him to be honored by a request from the Government to stop his song. The Boulanger march and others of his songs are spoken of as the actual compositions of Paulus, but it is probable that somewhere in the background there is a tame composer

who does the work for him.

Boulanger's failure and death hurt
Paulus, although he has long since ceased
to sing the Boulanger March. While the ambitious General was someone with a future, Paulus was spoken of as the man who was destined to overthrow a republic with song. That was flattering and it drew.

American Artists Are Unhappy.

The exhibition of pictures has stirred up art and art talk. Artists in America, especially the struggling ones, have very much to say about the doleful state of affairs. One young artist who some day will be rich and who then will think art is on a very fine footing, related this week with much bitterness the sad tale of Emile Franzen. Mr. Franzen, catled by his humorous fellow students Sweeney The Sweed, when he lived in the little Hotel de la Tourelle in the Latin Quarter, worked hard for three years and turned out many pictures. They were sufficiently modern, realistic and dir-ferent from old masters to please almost anybody. Mr. Franzen had an offer of \$8,000 for the lot of several hundred, but he said no, he would auction off those pictures in their fine frames and get \$10,000 or \$12, 000. He auctioned them off and got \$4,000 for all. That left him about \$400 to the bad, as the frames cost him that amoun more than was realized by the auction. The rising artist who told this harrowing tale of unappreciated art declared that he would strive in his next great work to strike the morbid fancy of some prosperous saloon

American artists believe that Americans would not be so very anxious to get French names on their walls if they knew how many French painters look upon American

"Oh, don't look at those things," says the Paris artist when you enter his studio. "My picture is in the other room; I'm doing those to sell to Americans." The Paris artist of a certain stamp, like the intelli-gent Japanese, turns out such trash as he gent Japanese, turns out such trash as thinks will appeal to barbarous America.

The French Buy Whistler's Mother. An interesting piece of art news is the purchase by the French Government of James McNeil Whistler's famous portrait of his mother. It is probable that the interesting little American-Londoner, who has

offered to thrash so many of England's tall men, will now feel bigger than ever. The picture of his mother is the wonderful creation the marvelously flat picture, with some things out of drawing to make it flatter, which has been more talked about and done more to advertise the artist than anything except his famous peacock room. The story as it comes from London says that the paint-ing has been bought for the Louvre, but that is a mistake, as artists do not see their pictures in the Louvre. They are put there uly when the artists are dead. The dumpy little vellow-haired woman who manager the cafe in the Rue Gragnon and who has a picture of herself by Sargent, hangs on to the painting in the face of liberal offers because she hopes to see herself hanging up in the Louvre when Sargent is dead. Mr. Whistler's mother will probably hang in the Luxembourg for the present.

A Very Remarkable Actress.

The Strand Magazine has recently printed good pictures of the celebrated Mrs. Keeley. Two of them are given here, one presenting the remarkable actress, as she is now, aged



\$4, and one showing her at 16 years of age. These pictures should interest everyone, but they are printed more particularly for the benefit of Senator Farwell, of Chicago, and his brother. It was from Senator Farwell that Mrs. Keeley got, quite recently, her first lesson in poker playing. She saw the beauties of that noble game, for in spite of her years she is very young and appre-ciative. Mr. Farwell's brother, who, like everyone else, was much impressed with Mrs. Keeley's wit and vivacity, confided to her his belief that she ought to have gone on the stage. This was considered good in view of the

fact that Mrs. Keeley was acting in 1825 and is as well known in England as Ellen Terry.



Mrs. Keeley, 68 Years Ago It will interest Mr. Farwell to see how Mrs. Keeley looked at 16, when she anticipated his advice about going on the stage,

working this side of the street myself.'

The beggar made an irrelevant remark to

Anthony three times in the chest then

turned and ran. Realizing that it was more

important to have his chest fixed up than to

scenrate kick at the howers and went to his

rooms. He called in Dr. Higgins, of East

Seventeenth street, who sewed up a cut three inches wide, just over his heart, which might have demanded a funeral, and

took care of two smaller cuts also well aimed for the heart. Next day found Mr.

Anthony gay and festive at his work with

never a thought of bothering the police.

and rather proud than otherwise of having

A Real Live Prince in Town.

New York just at present enjoys the pleas

ing sensation of having a Prince in her

midst. His name is Iturbide, pronounced

"Itterbiddy," for reasons doubtless satis-

factory to the pronouncers. As seen in

Delmonico's cafe, this young man, who has

languished in Mexican dungeons for polit-

ical reasons, looks rather more a Francais L.

sort of a person than the modern prince

idea.

He is remarkably big, which is not ex-

pected of princes, has a yellow beard, broad shoulders, and, in fact, might, if occasion

arose, even make a good Broadway polic man. Like all princes and great men ge

Delmonico's Has a Place in Politics.

It is curious, and wise men with time to

spare have commented on the part which

Delmonico seems to play in politics. The

rule seems to be that men who went to Del-

monico's before they entered politics stop

going there as soon as they become states

men with a vague idea that such a course

will appeal to their constituents, while

those who did not go to the one fashionable

eating place before, take up the habit when political success has proved their greatness.

Mr. Bourke Cochran, for instance, with his bushy head so closely imitating the

American bison, may be seen there at any time. Another face which goes in and out

of Delmonico's constantly just now is that of Senator Brice, of Ohio. This week, and for weeks past, his curly hair has been a

feature of both rooms. Those who recognize seem interested in him and wonder why he

Bi-Chlori le Has the Call.

Football the National Game,

he wears frock coats and double

erally.

breasted waistcoats.

a stitched up chest to show to callers.

some 60 years before they met. According then, to this knowledge brought down from heaven by the spirits, "Death is the birth of the spirit. The entire spiritual An Artist Does Not Mind a Stabbing. Here's a short tale which shows that some artists really are different from ordin-

erson emerges from the head of the body when the great change comes. The moment a spirit has left the body a window should be opened to facilitate its departure."

Upon this point Mr. Owen gave the opin-ion that new born spirits cannot as a rule, even when considers immediately. ary men, even in these days: Mr. R. O. Anthony, who has a good picture called "The Spanish Desert" in the Academy, was walking along Thirteenth street, near Third avenue, late one night of this week, when a beggar asked him for money. With a view to taking the edge off his refusal Mr. The taking the convey them to their spirit friends convey them to their spirit homes. He urges that in all cases a window should be walking along Thirteenth street, near Third

and arbitrary rule.

Anthony remarked, in friendly tones: "I'm opened.

The spirit, as we are told, is born naked. but ministering spirits-save in cases of sudden death, are always present provided the effect that some men would not give 2 cents to their own mothers, stabbed Mr. with garments for the emancipated spirits. sudden death occurs, there

spirits especially assigned, who immediately provide what orthodoxy believes to be 'robes of virgin white.' The question as to "shall we know each other there" is answered in this book by the statement that at the first meeting in the New Jerusalem, the spirit friends and relatives have power at will to show themselves as they appeared upon earth, so that they shall be recognized, but soon after they resume their proper spiritual appearance. This means that if a man had a wooden leg, or a humped back, upon earth, or a woman and a waist pinched in by a corset, or had lost the proportions of a Venus by any de-formity, they could at will for a short time resume such appearance to friends newly

Devotion to the Dead

Another piece of information may come handy for some people, which is that spirits are gratified with every mark of love and affection on the part of their earth friends, and many times feel wounded and hurt when such sentiments are not manifested. But only weak, vain, frivolous spirits approve of lavish expenditure upon tombs or monu-ments to their memory, and sensible spirits rieve when the friends they left behind show themselves to be silly and extrava-A wife, for instance, in the spirit will feel grieved when her husband weighs his hat down with crape and figura ively exists in a state of sack cloth and ashes for a while, and then goes courting inside three months. If these tales of the spirits be true, then mothers in the "great beyond" then mothers in the "great beyond" will sorrow over the griefs of their children

rhen subjected to the cold mercies of a stepmother; parents will be grieved over the es of their children, and sweet angelic spirts will mourn over the hard-heartedness and stubborn-mindedness of their earthly friends in not accepting rappings, slate-writings, materialized such mysteries as proofs of their immortality and the truth of Spiritualism, In this book-founded upon information from the spirits-the location of the spirit world has been definitely ascertained by the author. "It is a series of heavens—one above the other—encircling the earth—par-

Even the Seventh Heaven Located.

latter.

allel to the equator, and in width extending

about 600 or 700 north and south of the

The first heaven is distant from the earth 550 miles. The second is distant from the first 100 miles. Above that—certainly as Bi-chloride of gold continues to make high as the eighteenth heaven-the distance many minds happy by the opportunities between each is 50 miles. The seventh heaven which everyone knows is a "mighty nice place," is therefore within 1,000 miles of this wicked world. Robert which it offers for pure high wit. It is altogether customary now for the brilliant roung man who is asked what he will have Dale Owen when on earth was a capable answer "Bi-chloride." A young man of ewspaper man, so it is doubtless owing to this town, whose disposition and occupation his investigations that the author is inare even more than serious has made the bi-chloride hit of the week. For each man at a dinner which he gave he had a bottle of resulted, after careful observations by the resulted, after careful observations by the apirit reporters, in the final statement that it was "mild and delightful," after a spirit that peculiar, almost transparent liqueur which has particles of gold floating through it and on each bottle a bi-chloride of gold journey through polar regions.

The spiritual reporters were positive and emphatic in the declaration that the world they now live in was a real one, and its in The football talk which has filled up the habitants are those who have left this earth-ly sphere, with all their instincts, affections, ime since the great game, and the tremenpassions, vices and virtues. There they congregate in heavenly cities, or dwell lous interest taken in the contest outside of college circles, makes it plain that football apart in the blessed country as they for-merly did here. None of them are worse has been definitely adopted by the public at large. Those directly interested in the than many of them existing in this transi-tory life, but the majority are better and game are especially impressed and gratified by the change in tone on the part of newsare constantly progressing to higher heavens. In the spirit world the people who have "passed on" live real and active lives, dwell in bona fide houses and work papers. Conscientious and accurate reporters still describe all rough play, but denumciation of the game has been almost entirely confined this year to police weeklies, grieved that football should be so much with brains and skill and tools for use and beauty. By this it will be seen that-con-trary to orthodox teachings-the angels are trary to orthodox teachings—the angels are not doomed to play upon golden harps formore leniently treated than prize fighting
ARTHUR BRISBANE

ever more, or to sing hosannas so everlast-ingly as has hitherto been supposed. THE SPIRIT HEAVENS.

Pleasures for Scenery Lovers It is something to know that in the spirit Not Such a Bad Place as the Comic Marvelous Things Told in a New world there are all the diversities of rocks and rivers, mountains and rivers, towns and Papers Try to Make It Out. cities, forests, mineral deposits, precious stones and all the work which they im-

as on earth. The qualities of matter-at-traction, repulsion, gravity-operate as usual, but there are no impurities, nor offen-

sive gases, nor foul odors. In short, the heavens, above the third, are pretty much like the old earth, save that all things are

more beautiful, nearer perfection, and bet-ter adapted for happiness by reason of hav-

ing the bores and nuisances, and thorns and

It will be mystisying to many, after what has been told, that the spirit world envelops the earth, and that it forms, the sphere of degraded, disembodied spirits who continue

the paths of progression, and get above their degradation. Some of these

deprayed and debased spirits dwell in the lowest sphere for generations and sometimes centuries. These mean spirits, says the author, "infest our public convevances,

they frequent low dance houses, liquor saloons, gambling houses and 'the slums.

They subsist on the emanations from earthly

food and particularly enjoy those found in dirty restaurants and unclean kitchens. They hang around a gluttonous person, and if he has medial powers they impel him to eat for two—himself and the invisible spirit beside him, who thus gets a meal without paying for it. Barrooms are full of had

paying for it. Barrooms are full of bad

spirits loafing around, waiting for an oppor-tunity to 'obsess' men who drink, and urge

them to indulge more and more until both

Bad Spirits and Matrimony.

These degraded spirits, who hang around the "earth sphere," because not good enough to go to the first heaven, also take a

fiendish delight in marring marriages. They

are at the bottom of the mistakes that un-happy men and unfortunate woman make in

selecting their partners for life. They in-fluence people into evil courses and cause

them to commit the most wicked deeds.

Orthodoxy holds that this is the work of the

devil, but the new revelation is to the effect

that earth-bound spirits, who havn't got

enough "get-up" about them to reach the third heaven, keep themselves busy by such

'goings on."
It is a comfort to know that the spirits in

the higher heavens exercise a restraining and corrective authority over these villain-

ous low-down ghosts and that they will,

coner or later, succeed in elevating them to

higher moral and intellectual planes.
"Progression is the grand law of the spirit world." The first step higher may

not be taken for ages, but, we are assured, it is done eventually. In connection with

this piece of news, it is something of a solace

to hear that missionaries from the upper

er spheres to convert the naughty and de-graded spirits, just as earthly missionaries go to Asia, or Africa, or the Cannibal Isl-

ands. The sufferings of the less guilty-these are the great majority, we are told— are rather negative than positive, and they are generally advanced to the third heaven

The Assassin of Lincoln.

John Wilkes Booth, as relates Robert

Dale Owen, is now advanced into the higher

heavens because, as it was clearly under-stood, he was "obsessed" by a malignant se-

reason to blush for it. Mr. Owen, who fre-quently meets Lincoln and Booth in the

neavens, does not tell whether they speak

as they pass by.

This book would be more interesting if
the author would let the world know some-

thing about Horace Greeley at present— whether he edits a paper up there, and what

are his views upon silver, and upon the tariff and free trade. It would be pleasant

to know that Andrew Jackson and his be-

loved Rachel were happily keeping house above the stars, and that he and Henry Clay

had settled their difference, and had little

However, succeeding chapters of the rev-

any rate we are to learn in what section of

the heavens the bigoted sectarians live.

More Trouble.

"Since you think yourself so smart,"

said the exchange editor, glancing back-

ward over his shoulder, "perhaps you can

tell why the letter 't' is like Lord Byron.

"because it gives to immorality immortal

Force of Habit.

Injured wife-"I wept, sir. I wept copi-

Reporter (busily jotting it down)-"Yes.

About how copiously, madam, did you

A BUNDLE OF WISE SAYINGS.

IAN ACROSTICAL

Patience is the key of content

Living well is the best revenge.

Common sense is the gift of heaven.

Oblivion: a remedy for human misery

Utter no thought that demands regret.

Reprove not a scorner lest he hate thee

Every man's life is a plan of God.

A penny saved is a penny earned.

Refinement is superior to beauty.

Time is generally the best doctor.

Industry is Fortune's right hand.

Soft words scald not the tengue.

Industry conquers all enemies.

To be over polite is to be rude.

He serves all who dares be true

Prosperity's the very bond of love.

Idleness is the nurse of naughtiness.

Thought is the lightning of the soul.

The less men think, the more they talk.

Suspect suspicion, and doubt only doubt.

Be slow to promise and quick to perform.

Unblemished let me live or die unknown.

Rule the appetite and temper the tongue.

scandal ever improves by opposition.

Aspiring beggary is wretche

Deep rivers run with silent majesty.

He that gets out of debt grows rich.

Indolence is often taken for patience.

small and steady gains give competency.

Passionate expressions are no arguments A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. The power of gentleness is irresistible.

onstant occupation prevents temptation

Good words are worth much and cost little

Under God's protection men stand secure. Nothing is impossible to a willing mind.

Deserve success and you shall command i

Your sayer of smart things has a bad heart

Idleness is the parent of many vices.

No man is proud who knows himself,

Nothing excellent is wrought suddenly

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb

Evil communications corrupt good manners

Depend on conduct, not on fortune. Vanity ruins more women than love

Every man is some kind of a coward.

All noble thoughts are prayers

Youth is the seed time of life.

the exchange editor, raising his

enough for one time.

cial editor belligerently.

Chicago Tribune.]

Chigago Tribune.]

weep?"

ssion spirit when he murdered Lincoln,

in a short time.

and shining heavens come down to the

the men and the spirits become helpless.

nornets nests subtracted.

ply. Fleas, mosquitos, alligators, snakes and all of the hateful things that infest our PARROT IN AN EXPLOSION. Edens are not represented, but the higher forms of animals are found there the same

The Irreverent Small Poy Explains Daniel's

WILDER IN BOSTON.

Escape From the Lions. LONG AND SHORT OF IT IN LONDON

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

I've been sojourning in Boston for about a week and I enjoyed myself so much that I wanted to buy the town. Boston people aren't a bit like the, stories that are about them; they're always looking for to hang around for various periods of chances to spend money instead of saving time, but who will eventually enter it. They don't offer a guest baked beans, nor ask him to climb Bunker Hill monument with them, and on Sunday they stay home from church as easily as if they had been born and brought up in New York-as a good many of them were.

As for Boston girls and women, they can't be beat, in which respect they are very much like their sex all over our glorious country. From what I had read in some of the funny papers I supposed that all of the Boston girls wore glasses, carried big books under their arms, and wore blue stockings, with all that the word implies, but you may see more eyeglasses in the neighborhood of a female seminary in New York than in a dozen candy shops full of Boston girls; most of the books they carry are paper covered novels, and I didn't see a single blue stocking on a Boston clothesline, though I was in the city on washday.

Why One Man Wouldn't Reform. Boston people are different from all other

Americans in one respect: they are so satisfied with their city that they never want to leave home. They tell over there of a hoaryheaded sinner-for there are such beings even in Boston, who expressed a sincere desire to turn from the error of his ways, but didn't do any turning. A good old minister, who had much experience in such cases, studied the sinner for a while and then went to him and said:

"My friend, I hear that you wish to lead a new life, but don't seem to begin. What's the trouble?"
"Oh, Dominie," was the reply, "there's

something awful on my mind." "My poor brother. It's your fear of the bottomless pit, I suppose?" "Not a bit of it. I was brought up a Uni-"Indeed? Then what is the cause of your

trouble? Remorse over some great sin of your early life, I suppose,"
"Tisn't that, either; I never injured any-

bedy but myself. The fact is, Dominie, if I reform I'll have to go to heaven when I die, but if I stick to my old ways and die I can stay right on Boston soil to the end of eter-nity, and that's just what I want to do." A Tale From the Navy.

Among the best fellows with whom I swap stories are the officers of our army and navy. They are a splendid set of fellows who never talk about the mselves, and always speak well of other people, and they move from place to place so much that they hear all the good stories that are going. One of worked into the heads of some of the people has the privilege of changing it when he has the privilege of changing it when he-reaches the third beaven, but Booth holds and spoil the show by telling each other, on to his, which shows he thinks he has no loud enough for everybody to hear, that they wonder what is coming next. The story was that two Yankee sailors strolled into a show in Guatemala where a prestidigitateur was entertaining the audience. A parret perched on the back of the bench where they car. After every surprising itateur was entertaining the aud feat one sailor would turn to the other with

"That was pretty good. I wonder what This was repeated until it made the parrot tired. Presently one of the sailors threw a burning match with which he had lighted his pipe; it fell through a crack in the floor and into the powder magazine. Biff went the whole building, people and all, and nothing was left but a hole in the ground

elations may give us knowledge of these and other things that most people desire to know concerning the "great beyond." At and the parrot, who was uninjured though badly shaken up. The bird pulled itself together, straightened out its feathers, flapped its way to a heap of ruins, and croaked: something about the Irish heavens, the American heavens, and so on-but this is Ruling Passion of the Banker. "That was pretty good. I wonder what

When I got back from Boston I went to see one of my bankers. Some men can get along with a single banker, but the less money a man has the more people he is likely to worry about it. I found a good man suffering with a slight cold, and he was so depressed by it that he said he feared he had not long to live.
"Pahaw," said I. "Brace up, old man

Why, you're only 60 years old, and I'll bet you'll live to be a hundred."
"Ah, no," he sighed. "You don't take a business view of such things. Do you sup-"I don't believe it is." retorted the finan-"The letter 't' is tike Lord Byron," said ose the Lord is going to wait and take me at a hundred when he knows he can get me

And the other man, with a hunted look in now at 60?"

One of the greatest comforts in telling stories is in the different ways in which his eye, raised the window and stuck his head out to get fresh air. some people take them. One evening at a London party where I had been reciting, Oscar Wilde chanced to stand alone and I went over to speak to him. Oscar is about Reporter-"He struck you, madam? What

the tallest thing in all England, next to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, and I am so short that I can scarcely reach the lowest button of his swallow-tailed coat—he wears one now.
"Say," drawled a British wit who stood in a group near us, "What's the difference between Oscar and the little tellow who has been entertaining us this evening?"

Everybody gave it up.
"Why." said the wit, "one is Wilde, and the other is just a little Wilder. When the laugh ended, a grave old chap grunted "Umph! I should say the difference was

just about four feet.' Why Daniel Wasn't Eaten.

It takes the children, though, to get unexpected points out of stories. A religious mother was telling her only son the story of Daniel, and how that good young man was thrown into a den full of lions, yet came out in the morning entirely unburt, al-though the lions are a lot of bad men who were thrown in immediately afterward. "Now, my dear," said the mother in conclusion, as she put on her most earnest face, "I'll tell you why the lions didn't eat

"I know already," said the young hopeful. "Precious boy," murmured the mother.
"Why was it?" 'Twas because Daniel would have made only a mouthful apiece for such a crowd, but when a lot of fellers was chucked in

they get their hungry on. Merrily yours,

MARSHALL P. WILDER Mary Anderson and Lord Lytton. Among those who will mourn Lord Lytton's death most sincerely is Mrs. Mary Anderson-Navarro, Lord Lytton admired her greatly and when in London often

ch men as Gladstone, Prof. Max Muller, Alma Tadema and others to keep him company. Mrs. Navarro visited Lord Lytton at the embassy in Paris shortly before her





figured at Miss Anderson's receptions with