ELBERSON WENT INTO POLITICS

The Grocery Business Suffered While the Candidate Hustled for Votes.

AND THE BOYS THREW HIM DOWN

The Mournful Tale of the Fate of a Philanthrophic Citizen Who Sought to Purify Politics in His District and Found, Too Late, That Ward Workers Are Deceivers, All.

For the Saturday Tribune.

No man in that part of town was more thoroughly respected by his neighbors than Chris Elberson.

He was a good example of the modestly successful business man. His cottage was a cleanly and well kept establishment. Mrs. Elberson was a large, beaming woman of happy disposition, and the children were red cheeked and well dressed.

His store was but three blocks distant from his home and was near the corner where the horse cars were boarded for the

GETTING OUT AMONG THE PEOPLE.

ride down town. A model grocery, it might have been termed. The shelf goods seemed always spick and span, the show cases were shiny, and the outdoor display of vegetables and fruits under the cool awning was a constant delight. But a necessary part of the picture was Chris, portly, good natured and incased in a white apron. He wore an admirable patch of chin whiskers, and on his blue necktie was a gold badge of the Foresters. This is the description of Chris given by the Chicago Record man.

Presumably he was contented. He owned the store and house, his family relations were pleasant, and he had enough trade to keep his varnished delivery wagon on the go most of the time. In the summer the family attended a few picnics, and in the winter he and his wife patronized the dances given by neighborhood lodges. Chris was a Knight of Pythias as well as a Forester.

The first indication of his desire to enter politics was his joining the Masons. Shortly after that he sent in his name to a singing society, although he could not sing. Then he was chosen delegate to the county convention.

These early symptoms were hardly noticed by the neighbors and customers. It was when he joined the Cook County Democratic Marching club that his friends began to say, "Chris is mixing in politics."

He went with the club to open the state campaign at Springfield. When he came back, he was hoarse and seemed to have lost sleep. Some of his best friends began to remonstrate with him. Straub, the feed store man, dropped into the grocery and asked him in so many words, "Chris, what's your object in getting into politics?"

"Can I trust you, Felix?" asked Chris, leading the way back to the desk, so the clerk couldn't overhear anything. "The reason I'm going to tell you this is that I know you're a friend of mine. Now, I've been talking on the quiet to some of the biggest Democrats in this district, and they want me to be a candidate for representative."

"There's nothing in that for you. If you're elected, you'll have to neglect your business. I shouldn't think you'd want it."

"I don't want it, but a lot of my friends are after me to take it. Some one must go in and smash that McClintock gang. It's been running this district too long."

"That's all right. Let some one else do it."

"The boys say I can do it, and I've promised to stick. Don't you know it's an outrage for this district to be represented in the legislature by such a man as McClintock? Say, you'd be surprised if I told you the names of some of the people that are with me in this thing. Do you think you can swing any of the Germans in your precinct?"

Mr. Straub saw it was of no use to argue, and so he said he would do all he could.

Chris Elberson was in politics, sure enough, with all the symptoms plainly showing. He began smoking cigars all his waking hours, and the back end of his

THE BILLBOARD OF ALL NATIONS.

store buzzed, buzzed, buzzed all day as his "friends" came in and whispered their cheering reports and then received their whispered instructions.

Mystery, deep mystery—back rooms—mumbling close to the ear—figuring in small books taken from inside pockets—handing over cigars—casting up figures—these are the morbid pleasures of politics.

Chris Elberson, a member in good standing of the Lutheran church, held daily consultations with Bite Johnson, colored, keeper of a doggery over by the river; Bull McKenzie, who had lately "done time," but was supposed to own the "boost" on the other side of the tracks; Fat Tom Williams, who always had a three story lodging house stored with "bums" for election day, and many other influential men of the district. As nearly as he could gather, there was an overwhelming sentiment in his favor, but in order to steady it and hold it intact against the corrupting influence of McClintock certain sums of money would have to be judiciously expended for beer. He had been assured that he would not have to attend to the details. Bull McKenzie had explained that.

"Gi'me a pinch o' dough," said Mr. McKenzie, "an I can pipe off th' push; gi'me a jolly, an you'll have a lead pipe. Savey?"

Chris began to see that his campaign would need lubricating. But he was more than ever determined to win, not only to make a triumph for the taxpayers, but to humiliate McClintock, who had been reported by Butch Magnus as saying that he would "give the goat a kibosh an t'row the boots into 'im." The application of "goat" naturally inflamed Chris, as there was an implied reference to the chin whiskers.

Before the campaign was many weeks old Chris ascertained that it would be necessary to "fight the devil with fire," as he put it. He felt sure that along any residence street he could get ten votes to McClintock's one, but in the dark end of the district McClintock had an all powerful "drag." The legislator owned a saloon with back room attachment for ladies, he was an honorary member of the "social" and "pleasure" clubs and had rescued so many prisoners from the Bridewell and police stations that a large proportion of voters were under heavy obligations to him.

McClintock had his enemies, however, and Bull McKenzie was one of them. It was the latter who escorted Chris through the dark end of the district while the saloon canvass was being made. Chris wore all his badges and came home at night reeking with ginger ale and loaded down with cigars.

The front of the grocery was plastered with announcements of German concerts, Swedish dances, Irish demonstrations, colored people's cake walks. Chris bought tickets for everything that came along. He ordered union label cigars and gave stick candy to the Irish children, in order to soften any possible prejudice against his name. He sat up at night to calculate the strength of the secret society vote and paid $15 to get his picture into a paper that he had never heard of before.

On the morning of primary day he was seen to jump into his buggy, lash the poor sorrel and dash wildly away. Mrs. Elberson came running to the front gate and watched the rattling buggy swing around the corner.

That evening she went to the Maxwells, crying over an evening paper which said that Chris Elberson, leader of the anti-McClintock crowd, had challenged the vote of Buck Flanders, a colored stevedore, and had been attacked and chased through a laundry.

Mr. Maxwell went to look for Chris and found him in Metzger's saloon, pounding the bar with his hat and declaring that the cause of good government would "get there, and don't you forget it." For the first time in his life Chris was under the influence of liquor.

At the convention next day McClintock, the people's choice, was renominated by

"THEY THREW ME DOWN."

acclamation and was vociferously cheered by the active managers of the Elberson campaign.

Chris stood in the doorway and saw it all. A man next to him grinned and said, "They give you the double cross."

He reached his store in a trance. The clerk looked at him and said nothing. Felix Straub came in.

"Have you got enough, Chris?" he asked gently.

"They threw me down," shouted Chris. "All the voting was done by his gang. They wouldn't let my men inside. The police stood in with them, too, and would not arrest that nigger when he struck me."

"I told you to keep out of it."

"Several people have been after me to run independent."

"Don't do it. For heaven's sake, don't. Keep out of politics."

After dressing his eye and thinking it over Chris concluded that he would keep out.

One Wise Man on the Jury.

"I saw a man saved from life imprisonment or hanging once by the one wise man on a jury, who stood out against 11 fools," said T. J. Stephens of Baltimore to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "The man was found standing over a dead body in a field with a knife in his hand and blood smeared over his clothes. He swore he had found the man lying dead and had drawn the knife from the wound, where the murderer had left it sticking. It was shown that the men were enemies and that the accused had even threatened repeatedly to kill him. On this and other circumstantial evidence 11 of the jury were for conviction. The foreman alone stood out and so steadfastly that at length, one by one, the others joined him, and the prisoner was acquitted. Many thought the man guilty, and he finally left the country because of the cold shoulder he got from old friends. Years afterward, when the foreman of the jury was dying, he acknowledged that he killed the man himself.

Asleep on the Bottom of the River.

A strange incident in connection with the work of clearing away the debris of the recently wrecked bridge at Louisville is related of a submarine diver. One day he remained beneath the surface for more than an hour. There was no response when signals were made, and there was uneasiness felt. At length the diver who goes on as a relief reported for duty, and he was at once sent down to ascertain what was wrong. In a few minutes both men came up. The first diver was found seated on a pile of iron fast asleep.

An Interesting Photograph Gallery.

Scotland Yard has the photographs of some 115,000 criminals taken during the last 30 years. Of these 70,000 are recent.

Taking Treasure from the Sea.

A scientist of Christiania proposes to immortalize himself by proving the feasibility of reclaiming the gold and silver in sea water by electrolytic action. He suggests that a channel about sixty meters wide should be selected for experiment. The place should be well sheltered from sea and wind, and there should be a current of about four meters per minute.

Across this channel sixty plates of galvanized iron, each two meters by three meters, should be fixed at an angle of 30 degs. with the stream, and an electric current be sent through the series to precipitate the precious metals. Herr Munster, to whom the credit of this conception is due, has hit on a very fascinating idea.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Makes Some Difference.

Boutton—I didn't meet Jack Goodheart at the restaurant today.

Upton—No; Jack is a married man now, and it's three days since pay day.—New York Weekly.

HOWGATE MADE THE WEATHER

His Fickleness, Therefore, Should Not Surprise Any Person.

A MAN OF MAGNIFICENT SCHEMES

The Romantic Story of His Descent from the Head of the Signal Service to a Prison Cell—For Twelve Years a Fugitive — Caught After a Long Chase.

For the Saturday Tribune.

From the head of the signal service to a prison cell; from the first circles of Washington society, with an unsullied name and a brilliant army record, to the felon's dock; traveling in every part of the country with alleged "shrewd detectives" after him for 12 years; six years in business in New York city and actually serving on a jury while a fugitive from justice! Such are the salient points in the career of Captain Henry W. Howgate since 1881.

Nor is this all. He was a veteran of the Army of the Cumberland, an officer in the regular army and a scientist of some standing and withal the projector of a scheme for reaching the north pole which met with such approval that it came very near being adopted by congress, and all this ended in his defrauding the government of about $375,000 and fleeing from Washington with a woman whose beauty was long a popular toast in that city.

Henry W. Howgate was born in England, and his first enrollment in public service was as a volunteer in 1862 in the Twenty-second Michigan infantry. Almost exactly 32 years later he was enrolled as a prisoner in Washington city—but this is anticipating. He had some military knowledge and was elected second lieutenant, was promoted to brevet major for special gallantry at Chickamauga and came out a captain, after which he secured a lieutenantcy in the regular army. In 1868 General Albert J. Myer was organizing the weather bureau and found great difficulty in securing assistants with the scientific knowledge and special aptitudes desirable. In Captain Howgate he believed he had secured a treasure, and the latter's promotion was rapid.

In 1876 he projected a scheme for reaching the north pole which made scientific explorers laugh, but congressmen were so impressed that a bill to carry out his plan was introduced and favorably reported by the house committee on naval affairs. His plan was to go to a convenient point in the far north and establish a post and base of supplies. The next summer posts were to be established farther north at intervals of 50 miles, and thus on till the pole was reached. Congress having rejected his scheme, he astonished the world by announcing that he would carry it out at his own expense, and soon the little steamship Gulnare was anchored in the Potomac and fitted out for the voyage. She started and was abandoned in the far north, the navigators in charge declaring that she was totally unfit for such work and would have been crushed to splinters in the first ice pack encountered.

Everybody wondered where Captain Howgate got the money for such work. The answer was soon forthcoming—he was stealing it from the government.

He had become chief of the signal service and disbursing officer of the bureau, lived in tiptop style with his wife and an unmarried daughter, maintained a mistress in luxury, was socially prominent and owned Washington real estate valued at $125,000. All at once "irregularities"

CAPTAIN HENRY W. HOWGATE.

were discovered in his accounts, and he resigned with a great show of innocence and indignation. Then the investigators went to work, and Aug. 15, 1881, he was arrested on a specific charge of embezzling $40,000. It was a nine days' wonder, yet this was only the beginning. Fraud after fraud was unearthed till the aggregate reached $370,000 or more, and yet he had influence enough to secure bail and postpone action. Finally his bondsmen surrendered him, and he became a prisoner in fact. It was on April 13, 1882, that he made his sensational escape.

Many stories have been told about this, but the admitted facts are these: In charge of Deputy Marshal Dewing he was permitted to go to his own house to take a bath and secure a change of linen. His daughter entertained the officer while Captain Howgate retired to the bathroom. An hour passed. The officer wanted his prisoner, but he was not to be found. Twelve years and a half were to pass before Marshal Dewing saw him again. It now appears that he slipped through a rear window to an alley little used, and ten minutes after leaving the officer was going down the Potomac on a fast steamer. It further appears that the whole scheme was cleverly arranged by Nettie Burrill.

Twelve years and more had passed away when Captain A. L. Drummond of the United States secret service got information which led him to suspect that Captain Howgate was in New York. A clerk who knew the fugitive well went to that city, but it was not easy to see in the bowed and decrepit man of 60 the stalwart and handsome soldier of 1881-2. The two became confidential, however, and then the clerk could swear to him. One fine morning the old book dealer (that had been his business for five years) stepped out of his dusty shop at 80 Fourth avenue. A little way up the street Captain Drummond took him by the arm and said:

"Captain Howgate, I want you. I have a warrant for your arrest."

For one instant the man stood as if dazed. Then, recovering himself, he said, with a laugh:

"All right. I'll go with you. I know when I am beat."

Later he admitted that he had been expecting arrest for years and was satisfied with it, was tired of being a fugitive. His travels and adventures in the 12 years would suffice for a three volume novel, and altogether his story is sufficient for a Zolaesque romance. JEROME JACQUIN

A Lottery to Build a Church.

Among the ancient documents recently deposited with the Westerly (R. I.) Library association is a copy of the Connecticut Gazette, published at New London and dated Feb. 18, 1794. In this paper is an advertisement of a lottery to raise the funds needed to build a meeting house at Stonington.

A WONDERFUL CAT.

She Rode 72 Miles on an Axle Making 780 Revolutions a Minute.

Cats have shown wonderful powers of coming unscathed out of perilous positions if half the stories which have been told are true, and the latest cat story, which comes from England via the New York World, proves no exception to the rule. The cat in this case lived in London, but for some reason it perched itself upon an axle of one of the cars composing an express train on the Midland railway. The train is a fast one and did not stop until it reached Kettering, 72 miles from the starting point. There the trainmen, making their rounds of inspection, found pussy still perched upon the axle, somewhat dizzy and much rumpled as to fur, but still ready for more adventures.

The railroad men were puzzled to know how the cat could have retained her hold upon a piece of iron revolving hundreds of times every minute, and the more they discussed it the greater was their astonish-

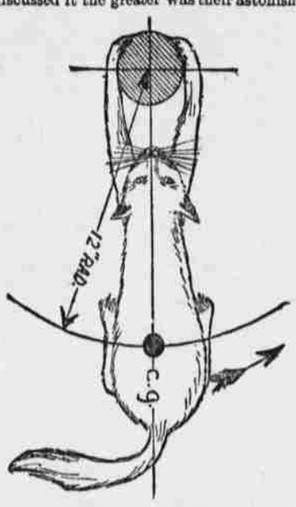

DIAGRAM SHOWING CENTER OF GRAVITY OF THE CAT.

ment. Finally a Manchester engineer determined to figure out just what that cat's endurance amounted to. He consulted the time table to find the speed of the train and got the dimensions of the car wheels from the company's officials. Then he started his figuring.

Supposing the wheels to be 3 feet 6 inches in diameter and the distance from the terminus at St. Pancras to Kettering to be 72 miles, he found that the pussy cat must have performed 34,560 revolutions in 1 hour and 27 minutes, which is a jot that only a very big, powerful and exceptionally determined ten pound cat could hope to tackle with any hope of success.

Then the engineer had recourse to a diagram of the cat slung to the axle to aid him in his further calculations. Pussy's center of gravity, he figured, would fall about 12 inches from the center of the axle, and at a speed of 60 miles an hour it would reel off the mere bagatelle of 480 revolutions a minute, the velocity of her center of gravity meanwhile being 50 feet per second. He then found that there had been something like 700 pounds weight thrown upon the leading claws when traveling at full speed.

The engineer then made a personal examination of the cat, taking exact measurements of her toe nails, and as a result of more calculations of a very fine nature he found that pussy's resistance to centrifugal force was equal to 17 tons per square inch of claw section. There were other factors to be considered in a really exact solution of the matter, such as wind resistance when passing through the top centers. But the engineer thought he had gone about far enough.

EVER CATCH A PORCUPINE?

Just Cut His Tail Off Short When You See One.

One morning recently Jack Lansdow of Dyer county, Tenn., picked up a hatchet and started out to the wood pile to cut some kindling. As he stepped from the kitchen door he was surprised to see a large hemlock porcupine climbing a tree about ten feet from the door. Lansdow had often heard that if a porcupine's tail is cut off while in the act of climbing it will stop and refuse to climb higher or descend. As the prickly little animal was only about four feet from the ground, Jack had no difficulty in springing forward and with a quick blow of the hatchet severing the tail of the porcupine in twain. Sure enough, the animal stopped its ascent and has remained in the same position since.

A porcupine is rarely ever seen in that part of the country and is therefore quite a curiosity to Tennesseeans. Jack's neighbors soon heard of the porcupine and began coming to see it. Lansdow could see no reason why he should not make some money out of the thing, so he placed a 12 foot board peep tight fence around it and began charging 10 cents admission. He made several dollars a day with his prize and one Sunday collected $4.10.

SHORTENING THE TAIL.

The animal has become perfectly used to the crowd and readily eats and drinks from its master's hands. Lansdow says he would cut off a section of the tree with the porcupine on it and carry the animal around and exhibit it but for the fact that it is on a valuable shade tree, and that the porcupine may not be able to hold on much longer. At present, though, according to a veracious correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, it looks as chipper as it did before it lost its caudal appendage.

Casimir-Perier's Relic of Satan.

According to a legend current in the country around Grenoble, the ancient wall surrounding the park of M. Casimir-Perier's superb Chateau de Vizille, in that district, was built by the devil.

Peach Dumpling.

Into a quart of sifted flour rub a tablespoonful of lard, add 2 teaspoonfuls of salt and milk enough to make a soft dough; roll out the dough and cut into rounds, and in the middle of each of these place a peach, pared, but not stoned. Put the dumplings on a plate, steam them for a little less than three-quarters of an hour and serve hot with cream sauce.

Bank holidays were first established by statute passed in the year 1871. The holidays were at first only intended to relieve banks, but were subsequently extended to customs, inland revenue offices, etc.

PREPARED HIS OWN SEPULCHER

The Nocturnal Amusement of a Recluse Who Was Disappointed in Love.

A MISANTHROPE'S OCCUPATION

Allanson de Witt, Who Lives Near Battle Ground, is an Ardent Supporter of the Suicide Theory—He Has Completed His Own Grave and Has Ordered a Monument Containing a Suitable Inscription in Inspired Verse—The Days of His Youth Was Crossed in Love.

For the Saturday Tribune.

Any night the last week as the moon rose through the tops of the tall and lonely woods about that historic spot known as Battle Ground the uncanny spectacle of an aged and bearded figure, spading sol-

DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE.

emnly away at the turf beneath the pines, might have been witnessed by the adventurous visitor, writes a Logansport correspondent of the Chicago Times. It was a weird scene, rendered all the more unnatural by the fact that the solitary workman was digging at his own grave.

For several years Allanson de Witt has lived near Battle Ground in a rude log cabin, unloving and unloved, and has spent his hours of leisure at his desk and books. Rumor has it that in his younger days he was crossed in love and retired to the solitude of his forest home to brood over his misfortunes and live a life of melancholy contemplation. His appearance as the years passed by has become that of the hermit and the recluse, but his reading has embraced all the latest literature. Constant brooding over his earlier disappointment, however, had its inevitable effect. He became a misanthrope, a pessimist and of late an ardent supporter of the New York World's views regarding suicide. In the light of this his actions are regarded with no little concern. Not only has he completed the digging of his own grave, but he has ordered his own monument, which is now being finished at one of the shops in Logansport. It will be a plain, unassuming granite shaft, and the only feature worthy of note will be its epitaph, which he himself composed. It reads as follows, his instructions to the carver being that there should be no capital letters in the verse other than that in "God:"

A bachelor lies beneath this sod
Who disobeyed the laws of God.
Advice to others thus I give,
Don't live a "bach" as I did live—regret.

When completed, the monument dealer has orders to erect the stone at the head of the newly excavated grave, and what the next chapter in this unnatural tale may be time alone can tell.

A SOCIETY MAN'S DOWNFALL.

He Sought to Cover Up Forgery and Other Crimes by Arson.

The recent indictment and arrest at Memphis of E. M. Weems, a local society leader, clubman, prominent church worker and all around good fellow, created a tremendous sensation in that conservative city. Weems was first arrested for forgery and has now been indited for conspiracy to commit arson. His purpose was by burning his large cotton shed to destroy evidence of his stealings.

No one had a better social position than Weems. He was cultured, clever, his wife was beautiful, he was fond of society, and his domestic relations were happy. Though he was regarded as a worker in the cause of religion, Weems had a weakness for club, poker and horses. At the spring meeting of the jockey club he backed horses with phenomenally bad luck. Being in the cotton business, he sought to recoup through other cotton dealers. He operated an extensive cotton warehouse, and going to the firm of J. T. Farguson & Co. he represented that he had several hundred bales of cotton stored in his shed and got an advance on it. He made similar representations to Chism, Churchill & Co. and got from them an advance of $4,000. Goodman & Co. were also prevailed on to make an advance to him. He exhibited samples of cotton and letters from a planter indicating that the cotton had been consigned to him. Investigation showed, however, that Weems did not have the cotton, and the firms set about to recover the money he had obtained from them. Weems fled and was arrested later at Lake Charles, La.

Weems had two negro men in his employ—Charley King and Ed White. He told them he would give them $400 each and a two years' position at $15 a week if they would burn his shed. This offer was made the day before he left. The men partly assented. Weems instructed them to truck all of the cotton into one shed, throw the bales on the side, cut the hoops and place lighted candles on two bales, then lock the shed and leave. They were to go to another part of the city so as to prove an alibi, for the candles would not burn down for an hour or more. Weems said that he would leave the night before the fire for New Orleans. The negroes weakened when the time came and finally betrayed their employer.

In view of the fact that the recent lynchings grew out of wholesale arson, Weems will have a hard time, it is thought, in getting out of this trouble. Insurance men are interested because he ordered the negroes to place old cotton hoops in the shed, in the hope that he could prove that he had the number of bales of cotton he had represented that he had, in order to recoup himself and cover up all shortages.

Gambled For the Bible.

"While we have been away this summer," relates a woman, "my little girls, 11 and 13 respectively, learned for the first time that by reading three chapters every weekday and five on Sunday the Bible could be finished in a year. They forthwith resolved to begin, and all would have been well except that there was only one Bible between them. This fact created difficulty every day, for, with the perversity of children, they invariably selected the same time to do their reading. The climax was reached the other day when I found them deep in their favorite game of cribbage and was warned not to interrupt them, 'because Annie and I are playing a game of cribbage to see which of us can have the Bible first,' which was an intermingling of gambling and religious instruction which I thought best to check."

Long Hair and Genius.

Long hair was in vogue among musicians and artists long after it ceased to be worn by the rest of mankind. The long haired artist, with his velvet coat, his sombrero and his mysterious cloak, has altogether disappeared, and lengthy locks only linger nowadays, with a few exceptions, on the head of the musician. Indeed this luxuriant thatch would appear to exercise a potent influence on audiences, for it is said that, in the agreement of a notable pianist about to go on a foreign tour, there is a special clause that he shall not have his hair cut. This possibly is an invention, but it is an extraordinary thing that musicians are well nigh the only people left who give but limited employment to the shears of the barber. It is also a fact that their hair flourishes better than most people.

I have recently heard a theory that the great prevalence of baldness in the present day is entirely due to the constant close cropping which has existed for the last five and twenty years. If you look at the portraits of celebrities of thirty or forty years ago, you will be perfectly astonished at the carefully arranged coiffure which meandered over their coat collars, and you feel inclined to begin singing, "Get yer 'air cut," without further delay. You will also be amazed to learn that most of them retained this extraordinary growth to the end of their days.—London Graphic.

The Intense Coldness of Space.

We rarely realize, I think, how easily the earth parts with its heat, and how cold space is through which the earth sweeps in its orbit. Nor do we commonly appreciate how relentlessly space sucks away the heat which the earth has garnered from the sunbeams out into its illimitable depths. Away out in space is a cold so intense that we fairly fail to grasp its meaning. Perhaps 300 or 400 degs. below the freezing point of water, some philosophers think, are the dark recesses beyond our atmosphere. And night and day, summer and winter, this insatiate space is robbing us of our heat and fighting with demoniac power to reduce our globe to its own bitter chill.

So, after all, our summer and winter temperatures are only maintained by the residue of the sun's heat which we have been able to store up and keep hold of in spite of the pitiless demands of space. Our margin sometimes gets so reduced on nights in winter that we can readily believe the astronomers and physicists when they tell us that a reduction of the sun's heat by 7 per cent. and a slight increase in the number of winter days would suffice to bring again to our hemisphere a new age of ice, with its inevitable desolation. The balance is really a nice one between the heat we daily gather from the sun and the share of it which we lose in space.—T. Mitchell Prudden in Harper's.

HE CHAMPIONS THE BALLET.

An English Clergyman Who Finds Inspiration In Stage Dances.

A preacher as a champion of the corps de ballet, of the dancers and the dancing, certainly presents an interesting subject for reflection. This is the position occupied by Rev. Stewart Headlam of London. Rev. Headlam is a curate in the English Episcopal church and has made the ballet girl, her profession and her mode of living a matter of earnest study for a number of years. He has since its organization been secretary of the Church and Stage guild, which was founded some time ago.

This organization, as he explained its purpose to the representative of a London paper, "is rather directed to the art than the lives of the players and dancers. So far as they are simple human beings, we should have founded no society in relation to them, but it is because the art that they represent is, through ignorance, despised by many good folk, and because, consequently, the artists suffer with some folk in esteem, that we exist. We wish to make the clergy and those who accept their

REV. STEWART HEADLAM.

views understand the true nature of the stage and of ballet dancing, and so cause them to lose the gross prejudice under which they now labor.

"The society is a success. We have now some 250 members. Some of the clergy who joined us have gone away from us on account of the episcopal attacks upon us, for they feared to lose their power for good in other directions if they openly adhered to the society. We have monthly meetings of the guild, when members of it and of the stage are brought into contact, and also in summer picnics, dances and—when we can—lectures and discussions. I believe we are succeeding and that a broader, truer view is being taken of the once despised dancer."

On the subject of ballet dancing itself Rev. Headlam is a connoisseur. "Until the people recognize stage dancing as a legitimate branch of the fine arts," he says, "its full development cannot be reached. The unenlightened conscience is really a great prejudice to the community. To me a dance executed by a real dancer is full not only of beauty, but of dignity."

Raffling Bibles on the Communion Table.

A communion table is, one would imagine, the very last place to carry out a raffle on. Clergymen, though they constantly lend their support to this naughty form of gambling, draw the line at the church door. Yet a raffle for Bibles recently took place on the communion table of the parish church of St. Ives, in London. The custom is an annual one, and the money for the Bibles is obtained under an old charity known as Wylde's charity, which provides six Bibles, to be won by three boys and three girls who shall score the highest number of points while raffling on the holy table.

Horse Races in King Solomon's Time.

King Solomon was a sportsman, but not a Nimrod. He was the first king in Israel who introduced in his country "horse races." Dr. Jellinek some years ago published an ancient booklet of the Talmudical era, wherein a full account of "Solomon's races" is given. The Bible says that King Solomon was the owner of 40,000 stables. A respectable number—more even than the sport loving lords of England possess. As the country was divided into twelve military provinces corresponding to the settlement of the twelve tribes, each governed by a nazib (governor), who had to provide for the king's wants and needs a month in the year, so it may be probable that the races were also arranged; that each month a race took place in the province under the patronage of that governor whose monthly service was on the list, while the Derby once a year was run under the control of King Solomon himself.—Boston Transcript.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF N. J.

LEHIGH AND SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1894.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.15, 11.30 a. m., 12.50, 2.03, 3.30, 5.00, 7.25, 11.05 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m.

For Atlantic City, 8.20 a. m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) a. m., 12.50 (express with Buffet parlor car), 3.30 (express) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For MAUCH CHUNK, ALLENTOWN, BETHLEHEM, EASTON and PHILADELPHIA, 8.20 a. m., 12.50, 3.30, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For LONG BRANCH, OCEAN GROVE, etc., at 8.20 a. m., 12.50 p. m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a. m., 12.50, 5.00, p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For Pottsville, 8.20 a. m., 12.50 p. m.

Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 9.40 (express) a. m., 1.10, 1.30, 4.30 (express with Buffet parlor car) p. m. Sunday, 4.30 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a. m., 3.00 and 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 6.27 a. m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station.

H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

MAY 13, 1894.

Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38 and 11.38 p. m. via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., and 1.30 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.50, 6.07, 8.50 p. m.

Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and all points on the Beaver Meadow and Pottsville branches, via E. & W. V., 6.40 a.m., via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.10 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05 and 11.38 p. m., via D. L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.15, 11.38 p. m., via D. L. & W. R. R. and Pittston Junction, 8.08 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 p. m., via E. & W. R.R., 3.41 p. m.

For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p. m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 and 6.07 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or L. V. chair cars on all trains between L. & B. Junction or Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt.

CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Phila., Pa.

A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't Gen. Pass. Ag't, South Bethlehem, Pa.

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p. m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p. m.

Washington and way stations, 8.55 p. m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p. m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.10, 2.15 a. m. and 1.24 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a. m.

Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p. m.

Nicholson accommodation, at 4 p. m. and 6.10 p. m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 p. m.

Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego, Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.15 a. m. and 1.24 p. m.

Ithaca, 2.15 and Bath 9 a. m. and 1.24 p. m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a. m. and 1.30 and 6.07 p. m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.08 and 11.20 a. m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 8.50 and 8.57 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, configure Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

"The D. & H." DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, July 30, all trains will arrive and depart from the new Lackawanna avenue station as follows:

Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m.

For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 1.20, 2.38, 4.00, 5.10, 6.05, 9.15 and 11.38 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton Station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.05, 1.17, 2.34, 3.40, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 3.39, 5.10, 6.08, 7.29, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect June 24th, 1894.

North Bound.					South Bound.		
205 Local Pass	203 NY Day Exp	201 Local Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday.)		202 Local Pass	204 Ont'o Day Ex.	206 Local Pass
	P. M		Arrive	Leave		A. M	
....	7 25	....	N. Y. Franklin St.		....	7 45	....
....	7 10	....	West 42nd street		....	7 55	....
....	7 00	....	Weehawken		....	8 10	....
P. M	P. M		Arrive	Leave	A. M	P. M	
8 20	1 15	....	Hancock Junction		6 00	2 05	....
8 10	1 09	....	Hancock		6 06	2 11	....
7 58	12 56	....	Starlight		6 18	2 22	....
7 51	12 46	....	Preston Park		6 25	2 31	....
7 45	12 40	A. M	Como		6 32	2 41	P. M
7 28	12 25	10 10	Poyntelle		6 45	2 50	4 50
7 23	12 18	10 04	Belmont		6 45	2 58	4 55
7 22	12 03	9 52	Pleasant Mt.		6 55	3 08	5 05
7 19	f12 50	9 48	Uniondale		f6 58	3 09	5 08
7 08	11 49	9 38	Forest City		7 10	3 19	5 18
6 51	11 31	9 15	Carbondale		7 14	3 34	5 34
6 48	f11 30	9 12	White Bridge		7 27	f3 38	5 37
f6 43	....	f9 03	Mayfield		f7 32	f3 43	f5 42
6 41	11 23	9 03	Jermyn		7 34	3 45	5 45
6 33	11 18	8 57	Archbald		7 40