BASE-BALL AND ATHLETICS

President Brush Regards the Home Team's Prospects as Encouraging.

The Question of Who Shall Manage Still Unsettled—Rowe and White's Big Bluff—Small Talk About Players.

There is nothing new in base-ball of a local character—that is, nothing of interest to the public—but the management promises to have certain things now under consideration arranged within a short time, and then active preparations for next season will begin. President Brush yesterday received N. E. Young's latest League bulletin, but its hows no contracts beyond those already published, other than that of Barkley, who has signed with Cleveland. Schoeneck is the only Indianapolis player in the list. Mr. Brush anticipates no trouble with any of the men, and expects to receive several contracts soon. The managerial question is still unsettled. In speaking of the matter, President Brush expressed great satisfaction with the new order of things, and said that it was a real pleasure to manage a base-ball club under the present system. He is of the opinion that Indianapolis will do well next season, both in a financial and playing sense, and is firm in the belief that the club, if encouraged, will wind up the season of 1889 with a handsome balance on the right side of the ledger. The organization has been to great expense during the past two years, but next season it will not have to spend anything for improvements or players, barring, possibly, the price of one pitcher, and it is estimated that with the same receipts and the saving in salaries the club ought to clear itself of all incumbrance and still have a comfortable surplus. The coming season promises to be the best that the League has ever had, and the earnings of the team will doubtless be much larger than last year.

The bluff of White and Rowe in buying out the Buffalo club and declaring their intention to manage and play with the team regardless of the consequences, seems to be giving the League officials very little trouble. It is admitted on all sides that any ball-player, whether under reserve or not, has a perfect right to own and manage a ball club, but it is equally true that under no circumstances can he play with the team while reserved by some other club, as is the case with White and Rowe. Expressions from all of the League officials, including President Young, are to the effect that the League will never allow these two men to play with Buffalo. White and Rowe are in a very peculiar position in this matter, inasmuch as the very club which they have bought is a party to an agreement that will, if lived up to, and it must be, preclude the possibility of them playing with it. The International Association, of which Buffalo is a member, is operated under the national agreement, and it is as much or more to the interest of that organization to have that agreement strictly observed as it is to the League. If White and Rowe are allowed to play more than five games with Buffalo the act abrogates the base-ball law under which the association lives, and the result is easily imagined. In view of these facts it does not seem probable that the officials of the International Associationn will consent to place their whole organization in jeopardy simply to aid White and Rowe in their fight against the League. These men talk of resorting to the courts, but it is not likely that they would gain anything by such a move. Leaving out altogether the question touching the justice or injustice of base-ball law it must be admitted that the League has the advantage in this matter, and that fact must be sooner or later recognized. Suppose White and Rowe do go into the courts, whom will they sue?

Base-Ball Briefs.

Columbus wants Hecker.

Radbourne has signed with Boston.

Tip O'Neil wants to get away from St. Louis.

Kansas City threatens to black-list Borchers.

The Washington League club has sold Fuller, the short-stop, to St. Louis.

Ed Tate, with the Bostons last season, has been engaged by Baltimore.

The salary list of the St. Louis American Association team is about $25,000.

Emmett Seery is visiting friends in Elgin, Ill., but will return to this city soon.

Frank Flint, the Chicago catcher, was given a benefit, on Friday night, in Chicago.

Joe Hornung will not go to Cleveland. The Forest City people do not want the old man.

Jno. M. Ward is reputed to be worth about $50,000. The figure is rather high, however.

The Athletic club officials deny the report that they have signed Baldwin, the old Detroit pitcher.

Washington has signed a new catcher named Owen Clarke. He is credited with being a great thrower.

Paul Radford, recently released by the Brooklyns, has been engaged by Cleveland to play right field.

Maculler, the old Cincinnati and Baltimore short-stop, will manage the Des Moines club next season.

Baltimore is the only club in the Association that will not play on Sunday, on its own grounds, next season.

It is said that Pfeffer, Chicago's second baseman, will marry a San Francisco lady when he returns from Australia.

The St. Louis club has signed Manager-captain Cudworth, late of the Lowell club, to take Lyons's place in center field.

Washington did not reserve Tug Arundel, and that amiable, sweet-tempered back-stop is still out in the cold, cold world.

Ed Andrews, the Philadelphia center-fielder, would like to go to Cleveland, but will hardly be released by the Quaker management.

It is probable that Myers will not be Boyle's regular catcher next season. It is thought a change would benefit both of the men.

Manager Watkins thinks blue uniforms are a hoodoo, and next year the Kansas Citys will be attired in black shirts and gray pantaloons.

Robert Ferguson and John J. Holland have been engaged as umpires, by the American Association, for next season. Furguson was on last season's staff, but Holland is a new man.

Paul Hines has written to a friend in this city, that he is in fine condition. He intimated that he would be in class "A," and seemed satisfied with the new order of things.

Charles M. Lord, a young man well known in this city, being a resident here for many years, will manage the St. Joseph base-ball team, of the Western Association, next season.

An effort is being made to reorganize the Southern League, but with small hope of success. A salary limit of $1,200 has been proposed and this may carry the scheme through.

The Western Association has admitted Denver, and the circuit, now complete, includes St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Sioux City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Denver.

Kilroy and Smith pitched according to the new rules at the in-door game, at Philadelphia, last Tuesday, and showed remarkable command of the ball. Kilroy sent the only man to base on balls.

Dickey Burns, who pitched for the Cincinnati Unions in 1884, was the player who fatally spiked Simmons, Newark's second baseman. The latter died from the effects of the injury two weeks since.

The Southern League has been reorganized, with J. W. Hearn, of New Orleans, as president. Memphis, Birmingham, Mobile and New Orleans were represented. Four more cities are wanted. The salary limit was fixed at $1,200.

Larry McKeon would like to play first base, and manage the Evansville club, next season. He has signed with Detroit, but his contract is conditional, and it is probable that if he could go to Evansville the Detroit people would release him.

A St. Louis crank actually advocates a base-ball infield of only three men. He wants the short-stop taken out, his aim being to increase the batting. The asylums are small in Missouri, and that may account for this young man being at large.

Tom Brown, who was not reserved by Boston, is spoken of in connection with the new Columbus team, probably in the capacity of right-fielder and captain. Brown made his reputation and did his best ball-playing in that city while a member of the Ohio Capital Association Club, in 1884.

Old Juice Latham, once a great first-baseman, has about reached the bottom rung on the base-ball ladder. He finished the season without a cent in his pocket, and is now driving a street-car in Louisville, his old home, the charity of friends enabling him to get back to that city a few days ago.

Mike Kelly has joined the Hoyt and Thomas theatrical company. He will play Dusty Bob in the "Rag Baby." The engagement is for two weeks only, and the famous ball-player is to receive $1,000, according to the company's press agent. Of course the latter wouldn't deviate from the truth. Press agents never do.

Columbus would like to engage Charles Collins, who played with the Syracuse club last season, and who made a brilliant record with the Indianapolis team in 1884 and 1885. He was a member of the club when it was sold out to Detroit. He is a great fielder at second base or at short field, and is a fine base runner, but is weak at the bat.

Dalrymple, only a few years ago one of the greatest fielders, batters and base-runners in the country, has dropped to a minor league, having signed with Milwaukee. While with Chicago he led the league as a batter two seasons and was a remarkable fielder, but gradually failed, and is now regarded as a back number. Such is the life of a ball-player.

Tim Keefe, New York's great pitcher, who was violently opposed to the classification and graded-salary system when it was first adopted by the League, has changed his mind, and is now strongly in favor of it. Keefe is the secretary of the Ball-players' Brotherhood, and semi-officially announces that no action antagonistic to the new scheme will be taken by that organization.

Donnelly, O'Brien and Widner, of the Washington club, have been offered for sale. O'Brien and Donnelly will probably go to the Columbus Association team. St. Louis may take Widner. Carney, a Southern League player, will replace O'Brien at first base, but it is not yet known who will take Donnelly's place at third. Schoeneck, who has seen Carney play, says he will be a failure in the League.

John Morrill has become quite an expert clothing salesmen, and likes the business. He says: "I shall stay where I am for a month or so, and shall then begin for the next season's work. I don't care where I shall play in the field, or with what club I am connected. I shall play ball for all I am worth, no matter where I go. If the Boston directors want me to play short-stop, I will play for all I am worth."

Gaffney says that under no circumstances will he act as an umpire in 1889 should his salary be placed on a par with the others. He says if each man represented on the committee at St. Louis would umpire just one National League or Association game he would at once reconsider the action he had taken in voting that the umpire's salary be reduced. If he umpires at all, it will probably be in the League, for which overtures are now being made to him.—Boston Herald.

Wallace Fessenden, who officiated as umpire in the Western League last season, is a candidate for a place on the League staff, and is spoken of as a competent and reliable man. He gave good satisfaction in the Western League. John Brennan, of this city, is another candidate, but the latter would accept an appointment as substitute. He claims to have kept pace with the game, and is quite confident that he would be successful if given a chance. It can be said for Brennan that he is, at least, a sober, industrious and honest young man.

It seems quite evident that the Ball-players Brotherhood will make no effort to sustain White and Rowe in their threatened fight against the League, and a prominent official of the Brotherhood is quoted as saying, in a recent interview: "I am very anxious to see just the amount of weight this reserve rule will have in a court of law. I will say, too, at the outset, that I can't see just what White is going to gain by the peculiar process that he has determined to enter upon. He is a player who has been receiving a very large salary, and if he is going to take hold of the Buffalo team along with Rowe, he will be unable to make as much money as he made at his profession."

Paul Hines, in speaking the other day of the many stories going the rounds about Ward, told a Washington Capital reporter that he was the man who introduced Ward into the League. He first met Ward in 1876. The Chicago club went to Janesville, Wis., to play an exhibition game. Ward and Bushong were the battery for the local club. McVey, the first batter for Chicago, caught one of Ward's curves on the end of his bat and sent it sailing over the fence for a home run. The Chicago men at once concluded that they would anihilate the young pitcher, and McVey declared that his delivery was a "pudding." Ward, however, proved a puzzle to the sluggers, and McVey struck out every time he came to bat after the first inning. The Janesville club won the game. From that game Hines concluded that Ward was the coming pitcher. In 1878 the Providence club, of which Hines was a member, joined the League, and while on a trip, about July, was losing games with disgusting regularity. When the team reached Cincinnati, Hines, picking up the Enquirer, learned that the Binghamton (N. Y.) club, with which Ward was playing that year, had disbanded. He immediately urged Manager Bob Morrow, now manager of the Providence Opera-house, to telegraph Ward for his terms, which he did. Ward's reply was $200 a month. Manager Morrow though this entirely too high, but finally yielded to Hines's persuasions, and engaged Ward, who pitched his first game at Cincinnati. Lew Brown started in to catch, but could not handle his delivery a little bit, and had to give way to another. But Providence won the game. From Cincinnati Providence went to Indianapolis, and whitewashed the latter club three straight games on Ward's pitching. Paul says this was Ward's first work in the League, and that but for his entreaties with Manager Morrow, Ward would not have had a chance to pitch Providence into third place in 1878, and into the championship in 1879.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Topics to Be Treated at Various Houses of Worship To-Day.

Services appropriate to the last Sunday of the year will be held in the Second Presbyterian Church to-day. The Lord's supper will be administered on next Sunday. Services preparatory thereto will be held on Friday evening of this week.

"The Inspiration of the Bible" will be Elder W. C. Wales's theme at the Seventh-day Adventists' Church, 175 Central avenue, this evening. This is the first of a series of sermons to be delivered on Sunday evenings.

There will be no services at First English Lutheran church to-day.

The Mission Assembly, on Malott avenue, will commence a series of meetings New Year's eve. A watch service will be held on that evening.

Rev. E. P. Whallon will preach a temperance sermon to his congregation this evening on "The Best Fellow in the World."

At the United Presbyterian Church, this evening, gospel temperance services will be held. Colonel Ritter and other temperance workers will speak. The meeting will be conducted by the Meridian W. C. T. U.

Dr. Jeffery will deliver his farewell sermon this morning. He expects to leave some time next week for Brooklyn, where he will visit his son.

Rev. G. G. Mitchell, pastor of the Fifth Presbyterian Church, will deliver a New Year's sermon in the morning. In the evening his discourse will be on "A Clean Life."

This evening's service at First Presbyterian Church will be devoted to a consideration of the topic: "The Old Year and the New," by the pastor.

This morning D. R. Lucas, pastor of the Central Christian Church, will deliver a sermon on "The Distinguished Dead of 1888." In the evening his subject will be "Cause and Cure of Infidelity."

At Sixth Presbyterian Church a reception of members will take place this evening. Music appropriate for the New Year has been arranged for the occasion.

Rev. Henry Date, president of the Young People's Methodist Alliance for the United States, will occupy the pulpit of Roberts Park Church this morning and evening. Mr. Date has done great good in the evangelistic field. At 6:30 P. M. Jessie Underwood, the boy singer, will conduct a song service.

Dr. Cleveland's subject this morning is "Standing Again by the Garden Gate When Our Life was Young." His remarks in the evening will be devoted to the young men and the Murphy Club. Music has been arranged by the choir for both services.

Harrison Home Club.

The Harrison Home Club met last night in the Criminal Court room, and elected officers to serve until the next regular annual meeting, which was appointed for the 14th of May next, the anniversary of the organization of the club. Hugh H. Hanna was continued as president and the following were chosen to fill the other offices: First vice-president, W. D. Wiles; second vice-president, Harrison T. Tincher; secretary, Frank Bowers; assistant secretary, Charles Thornton; treasurer, Jos. T. Elliott; sergeant-at-arms, Ed J. Conway. The club will meet again at the same place next Saturday evening, when an executive committee will be selected and arrangements perfected for the trip to Washington. A full attendance is urgently requested.

The club now numbers considerably over 300 members, the articles of association being signed by 310, and a good many names being added at last night's meeting. The entrance fee has been placed at $3 and the annual dues at $4, making the expense moderate enough to constitute no bar to anyone who desires to join its ranks. It is proposed to secure permanent quarters suited to the membership, and a committee has been appointed to report plans for such quarters.

Articles of Incorporation.

Articles of incorporation were filed with Secretary of State Griffin, yesterday, by the Lapel Natural-gas and Oil Company, of Lapel, Madison county, Indiana, with a capital stock of $10,000, and the Sun Building, Loan and Savings Association, of Evansville, with a capital stock of $500,000.

THE CITY'S TAXABLE PROPERTY.

A Comparison of the Assessments for the Years 1887 and 1888.

Deputy Assessor Charles Tyler has completed a very comprehensive statement giving a correct idea of the wealth of Indianapolis and suburbs, so far as real and personal property are concerned. The statement includes the years 1887 and 1888. The following comparative statement shows the assessed value of the lands and improvements, lots and improvements, and personal property in Indianapolis, Center township outside of Indianapolis, Brightwood, Woodruff Place, and West Indianapolis, for the years 1887 and 1888:

CITY OF INDIANAPOLIS.

	1887.	1888.
Lots	$19,838,855	$19,763,820
Improvements	15,927,000	16,657,170
Personal	14,719,765	15,223,450
Total	$50,485,620	$51,654,435

CENTER TOWNSHIP OUTSIDE OF INDIANAPOLIS.

	1887.	1888.
Lands	$1,249,945	$1,207,435
Improvements	249,315	313,005
Lots	815,165	869,885
Improvements	1,042,160	1,161,935
Personal	341,960	369,095
Total	$3,798,545	$3,921,355

BRIGHTWOOD.

	1887.	1888.
Lands	$5,750	$5,750
Improvements	75,730	75,730
Lots	88,705	88,800
Improvements	172,090	104,590
Total	$440,780	$382,190

WOODRUFF PLACE.

	1887.	1888.
Lots	$146,100	$149,900
Improvements	36,750	48,700
Personal	8,760	27,238
Total	$191,610	223,838

WEST INDIANAPOLIS.

	1887.	1888.
Lands	$187,835	$178,660
Improvements	122,565	182,750
Lots	73,405	99,595
Improvements	161,850	155,040
Personal	579,145	645,245
Total	$1,124,800	$1,261,290

TOTAL VALUATION IN CENTER TOWNSHIP.

	1887.	1888.
Lands	$1,443,530	$1,391,845
Improvements	447,610	571,485
Lots	20,962,230	20,969,000
Improvements	16,566,065	17,337,325
Personal	16,521,920	17,173,450
Grand total	$55,941,355	$57,443,100

The statement shows a decrease in the valuation of city lots. This, the assessor says, is accounted for by the vacation of the lots now covered by the new Union Station and railroad tracks west of Tennessee street. The improvements in the city show an increase of $730,170. There is also an increase of $513,885 in the personal property in the city, making a total net increase in all kinds of property in the city of $1,688,815. The statement shows 18,840 polls in Indianapolis in 1888, against 18,951 in 1887, and 4,555 dogs in 1888, against 4,473 in 1887.

In Center township, outside of Indianapolis, the improvements on lands increased in value $63,690 in 1888; the lots, $154,720, and improvements thereon, $27,135. The personal property increased $119,775, making a total increase of $222,810. This part of the township showed 982 polls for 1888, against 936 for 1887, an increase of 46; 704 dogs were reported in 1888, and 674 in 1887.

Brightwood's lands and improvements thereon remained the same this year as last. Its lots increased in value $95, and the improvements thereon, $8,815. The personal property of the suburb showed a decrease in value of $67,500, making a total decrease in the valuation of the suburb's assessable property of $58,590. This decrease in the valuation of personal property is owing to the fact that the Board of Equalization put a large assessment on the Bee-line railroad in 1887 which the road did not report in 1888. This suburb reported 172 polls for 1888, against 133 for 1887, and 52 dogs for this year against 65 for last.

The valuation of lots in Woodruff Place increased $800 over 1887, and the improvements thereon $11,950. The personal property of the suburb showed an increase of $19,476, making a total increase in valuation of $32,220. Twenty sales were reported this year and 12 last, and 16 dogs this year against 12 last.

In West Indianapolis the value of the improvements on lands increased $60,185; the value of lots $26,190, and the improvements thereon showed a slight decrease owing to the fact that since the assessment of 1887 was made a vast amount of land in the suburb has been subdivided into lots. The personal property shows an increase of $136,498. There were 441 polls in 1888, and 343 in 1887. For this population there are 172 dogs against against 124 in 1887.

The summary shows that the valuation of the improvements of land in the city and suburbs increased $123,875 over 1887; the lots $6,770; improvements thereon, $771,260, and personal property, $651,530, making a total increase in the valuation of assessable property of $1,501,745.

Local News Notes.

There were thirty-one deaths and forty-four births in the city during the last week.

Nancy A. Buchanan has qualified as guardian of the minor heirs of William M. Buchanan.

Marriage licenses were issued yesterday to John Hannon and Maggie J. F. Cestlin, William A. Brooks and Ella B. West, Peter O. Feill and Mary E. McGee.

Four residences on Arsenal avenue, north of Market street, were entered by thieves early last evening while the occupants were away from home. Very little of value was taken.

Ida Long, who made a false affidavit, in order that Elmer Long and Jennie Fopplano might procure a marriage license, has been held to the grand jury by Mayor Denny. Her bond was fixed at $1,000.

Patrick Barnett was discharged from the workhouse yesterday, and was immediately arrested by detective Thornton on the charge of grand larceny. He is accused of stealing an overcoat from Dr. Donahue.

This week the Sisters of St. Vincent's Hospital will commence to move into their new building on the corner of South and Delaware streets. The building is one of the largest and most complete in the city. The officials of the railroads centering here have made arrangements with the Sisters to look after employes who are injured and have no homes to be sent to.

OPEN SESAME.

A Way to Obtain the Best Out of Life, Whatever the Environment.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

For mental culture a normal will must exist; however small our present observation and thought, this is the only essential stimulant to growth. Improve these two powers and a world of delight in nature and art will be yours, that to many people lies unrevealed. Minds have been so governed that after seventy and eighty years of use they are still as responsive as a child's to new interests. Blessedly has mental strength been granted to the great majority who seek it—a matter almost wholly in our control. Resolve, then, to make this power your own, however situated; nothing except religion and sincere human affection, not always granted on earth, will bring you greater reward or truer comfort in lonely hours. Sickness prevents? Nay; there was Dr. Clarke, of Boston, dying a terrible death by cancer, working to the last upon his book of Visions, and finding in it something to still interest him. Poverty prevents? Nay; to these persons the book of nature lies with open pages waiting their inspection, and to these investigating minds is given in fullest measure the rare gift of originality. Pressure of other interests prevents us? Not so of necessity, for George Grote waited twenty years before he could find time from his political duties to write his history of Greece. The first step on this attractive path is to train yourself to observe and keep some record of what you notice.

The pleasure of meeting a familiar face in a foreign city is great; why should there not be a similar pleasure in being well acquainted with the trees we pass so often in this really unknown country? Let me suggest that the next time you take a walk you collect the greatest variety of leaves possible. On your return press them carefully between newspapers, changing them if the papers are damp. Then, on some rainy day, draw them in a scrap-book, or fasten the leaves in by tiny strips of paper glued across the leaf. Write the name of each one carefully under it, with the date and place found. Put each unknown leaf in just the same as the others, until some one tells you the name. Then another day notice the cones on the evergreens. The hemlocks have small, pointed cones that hang from the ends of each branch; the spruce, rounded cones, only pendant from the upper branches; while the firs are distinguished by their large erect cones. After awhile you will find your friends as well as yourself taking an innocent pleasure in many things that the world is benefited by in one sense at least, for the old saying about idle hands applies equally well to idle minds; and the science of botany will begin to assume a new aspect and cease to be a dry study. Or interest yourself in butterflies and moths, the first named have always knobbed antennæ which stand out stiffly from their heads; they are generally seen in the daytime, sometimes drinking from muddiest wayside pools. Moths appear at sunset or night, and all day long hide on dry twigs, greatly resembling the leaves in color as they fold their wings together so as to show only the dull under side. They have the power of folding their antennæ over their backs. Pursue this subject and entomology becomes a pleasant resource. If out-door life interests you, read Emerson's "Trees and Shrubs," Thoreau's writings, and Christopher North's life, then read a few lines daily of Wordsworth's poems, and you will discover one of his great charms, his love for and minute observation of nature. Perhaps, however, you live in a large city. Learn, then, to enjoy the best musical entertainments, art galleries and theaters to which your very city life gives you access. Your aim must be to cultivate and refine your taste in all these pleasures, never allow it to deteriorate. Read "Henschel's Life of Mendelssohn," and "Charles Anchester," which should make one love music because that dear boy so heartily enjoyed it.

To appreciate the theater read Coquelin's articles in the Century, remembering that he has been one of the leading actors at the Theatre Francais. Those by Wallack, in Scribner's, and if you wish to go deeper. Schlegel's Dramatic Art; recall how Talma dared, for the first time, about 1780, to dress in a Roman toga in the play of "Brutus," and the unconscious compliment paid him by one of the actresses, who exclaimed, upon seeing him: "Good God, look at Talma, how ridiculous he is; he has quite the air of an ancient statue," then you will recognize his courage in taking that first step and the advance since made, as you watch with intelligent enjoyment the perfect accessories of each play Henry Irving now puts upon the stage. Perhaps, however, you are shut away from all this diversion in your own room, and kept there by poor health. Now is your time to become acquainted, by means of biographies, with finer men and women than perhaps you would ever be fortunate enough to meet in your ordinary circle of friends; and who would not like to have some knowledge of those people whom we may meet in a future life? Read parts of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay," Dr. Marion Simms's life—which is like a romance in interest, and of the wonderful strength and energy displayed by Sister Dora—all this will be almost sure to keep your from missing too bitterly the outside world, which, in many of its sayings and doings, after reading these books, would seem paltry and unsatisfactory if you were again in the midst of it, as of old.

Do not, however, read anything that seems dull or stupid to you; don't feel discouraged if you do not enjoy the books others recommend to you. Either your taste lies in quite another direction, or you are striving to read Dante or Milton, and wondering that you do not enjoy poetry that the world acknowledges to be fine, when you could read with delight some story in verse like the "Idyls of the King" or Matthew Arnold's "Tristram and Iseult." Never force yourself to read except when you find lack of application is your only difficulty. Then there is only one cure, a systematic course of study which you resolve to follow exactly.

There are untold resources of pleasure awaiting you in the earth, sea and sky, and in the quiet of your own libraries, and if in spite of our desire to accomplish much it is only given us to suffer, let us be among those made perfect through suffering, and so inspire others with a desire for a richer, fuller life. Rest assured in their gratitude will be a blessing, and what they accomplish will be perhaps wholly owing to your own high aims. ELIZA LEON.

FOR SCIENTISTS TO EXPLAIN,

A Transmission of Knowledge by a Method Yet Beyond Common Understanding.

Bessie Benton Fremont, in the Wide Awake.

Edison says he will work at his latest invention "until it registers sounds now lost to our grosser senses."

I would like to tell you of a singular transmission of knowledge between far-distant points, which he may yet be able to explain. For it was akin to the telephone, only sublimated.

It would have been a ghost story pure and simple in older times; but to be in keeping with to-day it is but a beautiful fact, which science may yet reduce to useful practice.

I was so used to his safe returns from every danger that I had become fairly reasonable about Mr. Fremont's journeys, and my wise, loving father took care I should have my mind and time usefully filled. We could not look to hear from Mr. Fremont on the unoccupied line of country he was exploring that winter of 1853-54; he must first reach the close at San Francisco, and our first news must come by the isthmus route of Panama; at the earliest, midsummer. But in midwinter, without any reason, I became possessed by the conviction that he was starving; nor could any effort reason this away. No such impression had ever come to me before, although more than once dreadful suffering, and even deaths from starvation, had befallen his other expeditions.

This time it came upon me as a fact I could not turn from. It fairly haunted me for nearly two weeks, until, young and absolutely healthy as I was, it made a physical effect on me. Sleep and appetite were broken up, and in spite of my father's and my own efforts to dissipate it by reasoning, by added open air life, nothing dulled my sense of increasing suffering from hunger to Mr. Fremont and his party.

This weight of fear was lifted from me as suddenly as it had come.

My house was near that of my father's, and the younger part of his family when returning from parties often came to me for the remainder of the night that the elders might not have their sleep broken. In this way one of my sisters and a cousin came to me after a wedding ball at General Jessup's. The drive home was long and over rough frozen streets, and it was nearly 1 o'clock when they came in—glad enough of the bright room and big wood fire awaiting them. As girls do, they took off their ball dresses and made themselves comfortable with loose woolen gowns and letting down their hair, while I, only too pleased just then to have an excuse for staying up with others, made them tea as we talked over the evening and the bride.

The fire was getting low and I went into the adjoining dressing-room to bring in more wood. It was an old-fashioned big fireplace and the sticks were too large to grasp with the hand; so I half-knelt, balancing the long sticks on my left arm, a hand rested lightly on by left shoulder, and Mr. Fremont's voice, pleased and laughing, whispered my name. There was no sound beyond the quick-whispered name—no presence, only the touch—that was all. But I knew (as one knows in dreams) that it was Mr. Fremont, gay, and intending to startle my sister, whose ready scream always freshly amused him.

Silently I went back into the girls' room with the wood, but before I could speak, my sister, looking up to take a stick from me, gave a great cry, and fell in a heap on the rug.

"What have you seen?" called out our cousin, Mary Benton, the most steady-nerved, even-natured of women, then as now.

I had not yet spoken; this was all in a flash together. When I said it was Mr. Fremont—that he touched my shoulder for me to "keep still and let him scare Susy"—then the poor child screamed again and again. We crushed her ball dress over her head to keep the sound from the neighbors, but it was difficult to quiet her.

The girls had been distressed by my fixed idea of danger to Mr. Fremont, and knew how out of condition it had made me. Their first thought now was that my mind had broken down. They soon realized this was not so as we discussed the strange fact of my knowing—knowing—and so surely that peace came back to me—that whatever he had had to bear was over; that he was now safe and light of heart, and that in some way he himself had told me so.

We talked long, and the girls were too excited for sleep, though the unreliable little French clock chimed 3. But a blessed rest had fallen on me, and I went off to a "sleep that sank into my soul," deep and dreamless, from which I did not wake until 10 the next day, when my eyes opened to see my father sitting by my bedside. He had been guarding my sleep a long time—in fact, the whole household were protecting it as the crisis of a fever.

The girls had watched near me until morning, when they went over and told my father, who had in our family physician, Dr. Lindsley, to look at me. But both recognized it to be healthy, refreshing sleep; my color had returned and the strained anxious expression was gone—more than any words this told to practiced eyes that some electric change had restored "the peaceful currents of the blood."

With sleep and appetite strength soon returned, but the true "good-medicine" was my absolute certainty of safety for Mr. Fremont.

My father's first two words to me had been, "Child, you have seen a vision!" and lawyer-like he questioned and cross-questioned me thoroughly (as he had already the two girls). This vision, as he named it, interested him deeply. He knew me to be soundly healthy; he had seen the sudden genuine fear holding and altering me as an illness would, and now, as suddenly and completely as a northwest wind clears the air and leaves it fresh, cool and life-giving, this "vision" had swept away all clouds of fear and brought me new life.

We all talked it over with friends, often. There was no way to verify what Mr. Fremont's part had been during those two weeks. We must wait until his journey is over, by summer, at the earliest, he should reach San Francisco, and then the only mail was nearly a month, via the isthmus.

But in early April there came to Washington, overland, a Mormon elder, named Babitt, from the settlement of Parowan in (now) south Utah. Mr. Babitt brought us letters from Mr. Fremont written at Parawan, and added many details of personal intelligence.

The winter had been very harsh, and much snow falling drove off the game. Mr. Fremont had in his party but few of his old companions—men whose experience and nerve gave them resource and staying power in emergencies. The new men became nearly demoralized under the trying ordeal of cold and hunger, and were almost given out, when, after forty days of increasing want, they reached this small Mormon settlement. There they were taken care of with a true hospitality and kindness which none of our family ever forgot. One good man—Fuller—had died the day before, but they brought him in fastened on a horse, and Christian burial was given him, while men and women, with true Christian kindness, patiently nursed back to life those nearly exhausted.

Most of the party were unwilling to go further, and remained there, for whites and Indians agreed that no one had ever been heard of again who had tried to cross into California on that line.

As Mr. Fremont persevered, Mr. Babbitt aided him in all ways to refit, and cashed his personal draft on a San Francisco bank, a trust never before shown a gentile by a Mormon.

Now the fact was verified that there had been a starving time; that it had lasted through January into the next month; that the last fortnight had been desperately, almost fatally exhausting—quite so to poor Fuller.

This fortnight was the period during which I knew of their starving.

The relief came to them when they got into Parowan—the evening of the 6th of February—when I was made to know that also, that same night. Every family took in some of the men, putting them into warm rooms and clean, comfortable beds, and kind-faced women gave them reviving food and pitying words. Mr. Fremont's letters could not say enough of the gentle, patient care of these kind women. And of his own "great relief of mind."

After this we heard no more until the 25th of May, when he telegraphed from New York as his steamer got in from Aspinwall, and by set of sun he was again at home.

Soon he was told by my father of what I have been telling you here. His lawyer-habit of mind had made him minutely verify what we three women had to tell, but there was a point beyond on which the geographer-astronomer-mind fastened—the point of time.

As nearly as we could settle it, 2 A. M. was the hour I had the flash of information that all was well again.

The girls had stayed out later than usual as it was an assembly of family friends for a marriage festivity, and the long, rough drive over frozen mud of the old Washington streets was necessarily slow. Our old coachman objected to being out after 12, and we saw with a little quake that it was nearly 1 when they came in.

After that came the undressing, the leisurely hair-brushing, the long gossip over the evening as they took their tea; and this brought it to about 2 o'clock. Time did not enter much into our former easy-going Southern lives, and we were three young women, amused, comfortable—and what did it matter, an hour more or less?

After the shock we were too deeply moved to do other than feel. Properly, we should have looked at the clock, made a minute of the facts, signed it and put it on record. But we did not know about all that, those days.

We only knew it was "nearing 1" when the girls came home, "about 2" when the fire grew low, and "quite 3" when overpowering sleep sent me off to bed.

Next morning, when the baggage came, the journal of that time was taken out, and we read the entry for the night of their arrival at Parowan, the bringing up of the journal to the latest waking hour being a fixed habit. We read:

"Parowan, February 6th, 11h. 30m., P. M.," and the brief record of the arrival, their safety and comfort, and the goodness of every one to them. He had been around to each of his party for a thankful good-night, and had seen them each in warm beds; he wrote of the contrast to the bad days just past and of his own quiet room, with its fire of logs and "the big white bed" waiting him, to which he must go now, for he was "fatigued" and it was near midnight.

Then there followed the wish that I could know of this comfort and of his mind at ease.

And, at that moment, I did know.

For the difference of longitude makes Washington two hours and twenty-three minutes later than Parowan, so that 11h. 30m. P. M. there, would be, in Washington, 1h. 53m. A. M.—"about" 2 o'clock!

A Death Song in a Mother's Ears.

Kansas City Times.

Mrs. Jacob Greenup, of Bonne Terre, Mo., thought she heard her eldest son, a man of twenty-seven, singing a favorite song in his bed-room. She knew he must be at work at a saw-mill, and, feeling nervous, started out to see him. As she stepped through the front door men were carrying the lifeless remains of the son into the yard. He had been killed by the bursting of a saw.

EVERY NIGHT I SCRATCHED

Until the Skin was raw. Body covered with scales like spots of mortar. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

I am going to tell you of the extraordinary change your Cuticura Remedies performed on me. About the 1st of April last I noticed some red pimples like coming out all over my body, but thought nothing of it until some time later on, when it began to look like spots of mortar spotted on, and which came off in layers, accompanied with itching. I would scratch every night until I was raw, then the next night the scales, being formed meanwhile, were scratched off again. In vain did I consult all the doctors in the country, but without aid. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I happened to see an advertisement in the newspaper about your Cuticura Remedies, and purchased them from my druggist, and obtained almost immediate relief. I began to notice that the scaly eruptions gradually dropped off and disappeared one by one, and have been fully cured. I had the disease thirteen months before I began taking the Cuticura Remedies, and in four or five weeks was entirely cured. My disease was eczema and psoriasis. I recommended the Cuticura Remedies to all in my vicinity, and I know of a great many who have taken them, and thank me for the knowledge of them, especially mothers who have babes with scaly eruptions on their heads and bodies. I cannot express in words the thanks to you for what the Cuticura Remedies have been to me. My body was covered with scales, and I was an awful spectacle to behold. Now my skin is as nice and clear as a baby's.

GEO. COTEY, Merrill, Wis.

Sept. 21, 1887.

Feb. 7, 1888.—Not a trace whatsoever of the disease from which I suffered has shown itself since my cure. GEO. COTEY.

We cannot do justice to the esteem in which Cuticura, the great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

I CAN'T BREATHE.

Chest pains, soreness, weakness backing cough, asthma, pleurisy, and inflammation relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Nothing like it for Weak Lungs.

Catarrhal Dangers.

To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while lying down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste and hearing; to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a blessing beyond all other human enjoyments. To purchase immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have tried many remedies and physicians despair of relief or cure.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never-failing.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1.00.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES!

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney and Uterine Pains, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Neuralgic, Sharp and Shooting Pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain-killing plaster. A perfect, instantaneous, never-failing antidote to pain, inflammation and weakness. Especially adapted to relieve female pains and weaknesses. At all druggists, 25 cents; or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

Holiday Excursion Rates on the Monon Route.

The Monon Route (L., N. A. & C. Ry.) will sell excursion tickets between all stations on its lines at one and one-third rate for the round trip. Good going Dec. 24, 25, 31, 1888, and Jan. 1, 1889, and good returning until Jan. 3, inclusive. The above includes Chicago.

For tickets and information call at 26 S. Illinois st., Union Station or Massachusetts ave.

Gasper's Place.

55 North Pennsylvania street.

Summer Land.

First-class round-trip and second-