

IN DARKEST CHICAGO.

WORKING IN THE SLUMS OF SOUTH CLARK STREET.

Two Tireless Women Who Have Dared to Fight Satan on His Own Battleground—Making New Men and Women.



EVERY street has its peculiar characteristics, but there is one quality lower Clark street, Chicago, possesses which seems to cover up every other distinguishing feature. The most striking thing about this locality is the dirt. Everything is filthy. The street, houses and people all need renovating. The only thing half way clean, it would seem, is the piece of sky one catches a glimpse of overhead, and even this is often soiled and blotted by the miserable chimneys which laden the atmosphere with their burden of smoke. But there is one bright spot in all this gloom. Below Van Buren street, near Harrison, there is a house which shows clear windows, with neatly painted casings, and the pavement in front looks snow white compared with the adjoining stores.

The building is a one-story structure, and the announcement in the window reads that it is the "Central Baptist Church." Inside the house shows a large audience-room, cheerful and well-lighted, with two hundred chairs or more, which afford ample seating capacity for its congregation. In the rear are three cozily furnished parlors, which are used for social gatherings. The church is three years old, and from a dozen members it now numbers nearly a hundred. Considering the locality in which it is situated, this is decidedly encouraging. Rev. T. L. Smith, the pastor, is a man particularly adapted to this work. His sermons are not ornate, but they find their way to the hearts of his hearers. His congregation is a very poor one, and the majority must be helped in various ways, but the maintenance of the church is made possible through the generosity of J. B. Earle, the owner of the ground upon which it stands and who, himself, built the church. He gives the use of it free, and also heats and lights it gratuitously.

The Central Baptist Church is more than an ordinary church. It is the center for extensive missionary operations which are carried on in this district. It is the fountain-head from which much goodness flows into the dark byways of this ill-favored neighborhood. Prominent in this missionary work are Mrs. Elvira B. Swift and Mrs. N. S. Bliss, tireless workers in the slums of Chicago, who have been identified with the organization since its beginning. Meetings are conducted by them every day in the week and classes are taught where girls and women learn to sew. While ministering to the spiritual welfare they do not neglect the material needs, and every form of distress appeals to them. They visit the sick and find employment for those needing work, and in a hundred different ways they help these sufferers.

Of course, every case that presents itself has a great big moral attached to it. They come to grief and want because they break a law, but that does not make their distress any easier for



MRS. ELVIRA B. SWIFT. carried on from a nonsectarian standpoint and every sect is welcome. At the Sunday meetings there is a motley gathering. Nearly every nationality is represented, and two Chinamen have deserted the worship of their Joss, which is carried on across the street, to be regular attendants at the Christian church. Wednesdays are held, perhaps, the most interesting of all the meetings. It is then the women come together—the women of the neighborhood, with their sad, tired faces and their general air of utter hopelessness.

They all bring their troubles just as people take their lunches to picnics. If they forget them they go back after them. It is a dismal little company, and each face tells plainer than words of the bitter past. After the usual prayer and song those who have been saved give their testimony.

"The Lord is good enough for me," declares one. "Now I've found Him I'm going to stick to Him."

An old negro raises her voice and says, "Dear Lord, I've been a propper," and then she tells the story of her search for light.

One of the few happy faces was that of an Irish woman who had been converted and who brought a sinning friend with her. For some reason this woman viewed the proceedings very stolidly. She was asked to give her experience, but replied with great dignity:

"I'm not used to speakin' in public, but I guess my feelings is just as good

as some people's who do a sight more talkin'."

This was a decided slap at her nearest neighbor, who had been a steady speaker from the start. This woman was not to be put down so easily, and she turned with righteous indignation and literally shot a quotation from the Bible at the unwilling one to the effect that no one should be ashamed to add their evidence in the good cause. Having administered this rebuke she shut her lips with a snap and glared over her spectacles as much as to say, "Now will you be good!" and the offender was duly crushed.

An old negro mammy heartily agreed with these last-spoken sentiments, and leaning across from her place said:

"Yes, indeed, that's so, honey. If the Lord ain't ashamed of you 'tain't your place to deny Him."

The services are only a part of the work done by these earnest Christians. They go from house to house holding cottage prayer meetings in the humblest and vilest places, asking no questions about the years that have been lived, but praying only for the coming ones, which are as yet undefiled. Here and there some one is recovered, some one repents, which gives them encouragement to work on.

"One of the first and best signs we



notice in a person wishing to reform," said Mrs. Swift, "is that they move out of this neighborhood immediately. Honesty and purity and Clark street don't jibe, I'm afraid."

Speaking of the way they were regarded by the people, Mrs. Swift was glad to say that never in her experience had she received anything but the most courteous treatment. "We have yet to find a person so depraved as to receive us insultingly when we go to their homes," she declared. "It is a great field down here in darkest Chicago, and there is work enough for many more than are represented by our feeble little band."

"Yes, we often meet with ingratitude," Mrs. Bliss acknowledged, "but that is a part in a missionary's life which it is best not to dwell upon. The repentant ones make up for any disappointment we may suffer and the hopeful letters we receive from the men and women who have left their evil ways and are leading upright lives more than repay us for our labor."

Mrs. Swift and Mrs. Bliss work constantly together, devoting all their time to the mission, and their sweet, calm faces are well known to the denizens of this district and they carry everywhere with them assurances of help and comfort. Moody's Institute lends its aid, while the Baptist Young People's Union also gives much-needed assistance to this little church. And though the good done may seem infinitesimal, who will say that to those who listen and heed these missions, small and obscure as they may appear, will not prove veritable wells in the desert.

INFANT MURDERESS.

New Zealand Woman Dies on the Scaffold.

Minnie Dean, condemned to death for the murder of infants intrusted to her care, has been executed in Auckland, New Zealand. She protested her innocence up to the last.

Clemency was asked on account of the murderess being a woman, but the proof against her was so overwhelming that no mercy was shown. On the scaffold she was hysterical and had to be almost carried to the drop. Just before the black cap shut out the world from view she became more resigned, but piteously exclaimed: "Oh, God, let me not suffer!" The drop fell and death was instantaneous. The woman prayed incessantly toward the last, but stoutly maintained that she had no murder on her soul and had no doubt that she would go to heaven.

Minnie Dean's crimes were the sensation of last year in New Zealand. In her prosperity she was patronized by well-to-do scoundrels, who paid her handsomely to become responsible for their children. A mother's love, however, induced an erring woman to seek her child, who had been delivered to the woman's care.

Minnie Dean had reported it dead from natural causes, but the mother's suspicions were aroused and detectives were employed, when the remains of a number of children were found of ages ranging from a few months to several years, buried in every conceivable place about the premises. The woman was arrested and after a sensational trial, was condemned to death on the evidence of the guilty fathers, who were compelled by the authorities to appear in court to assist the crown. Minnie Dean's defense was that all the children died from natural causes.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

A MAN THOUGHT TO BE DEAD, TURNS UP.

His Aunt Died Recently in Denmark, Leaving Him Property Worth Over One Million—Would Bring Most Anybody Back to Life.

THROUGH THE efforts of J. N. Wallen, royal vice-consul for Denmark at Philadelphia, Sophus Linhard, now lying ill in the Burnett house, Stroudsburg, has been made aware of the fact that he is the heir of an estate estimated at \$1,000,000 near Elsinore, Denmark. Linhard, who is an intelligent man, came to this country over 20 years ago and engaged in farming not far from Philadelphia. His letters to his relatives in Denmark were few and soon they lost sight of him entirely. Some time ago he was taken seriously ill and went to the Burnett house in Stroudsburg, where he had friends. It was while he was a patient here that one day a copy



of a newspaper was handed him. It was the first paper he had seen for some time and there he learned for the first time that the Danish vice-consul at Philadelphia was advertising to ascertain the whereabouts of Sophus Linhard.

He well knew when he left Denmark years ago that he had an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Pontoppidan, who were very wealthy, but the last thing that entered his mind was the thought that they were after him. At first he was inclined not to pay any attention to the advertisement and he let the matter go by for a day or so. Finally he determined to write to Consul Wallen, and in reply received a copy of a letter which had been sent to the vice-consul on June 2. It was from Elizabeth Sophia Pontoppidan, of Portland, Ore., and among other things said:

"By advice of M. Larsen, Danish consul of Portland, Ore., I appeal to you for information of my brother-in-law, Sophus Linhard, of Hinge, or Aarhus, Denmark, of whom we have not heard for 20 years. At that time he had a

farm near Philadelphia. He has fallen heir to the estate of his aunt, Elisa Sophia Lindhardt Pontoppidan. She died Jan. 15, 1895. He also had three children. I have lately become a widow and it is, therefore, of the greatest interest to me that the missing heir is found or proof of his death be secured, because the laws of Denmark permit of no division of the estate till such is done. Also, the authorities of Helmsigen requested me to find him, if possible, or his children. If you insert an advertisement for him in the papers it may find him."

It will be some time before he will be able to do anything himself toward securing the money. His illness is of such a character that it will be several weeks before he can leave the hotel. Just what is the present worth of his aunt's estate he does not know, although he knows it is large. Her husband, at the time of his death, had large shipping interests and was the largest individual ship owner in North Europe. In addition he had large landed interests. The expectant heir to all this property is in very moderate circumstances.

Wealthy, but Hard-Worked. One of the most conspicuous business men of New York, who is the extensive head of a company with many millions of assets, said recently that he had not taken a vacation in ten years. He is a

HERE'S REALISM FOR YOU.

The Exceedingly Remarkable Performance of a Skilled Chinese Ventriloquist.

A man who witnessed the performance gives the following description of what a ventriloquist in China said: The ventriloquist was seated behind a screen, where there were only a chair, a table, a fan and a ruler. With the ruler he rapped on the table to enforce the silence, and when everybody had ceased speaking there was suddenly heard the barking of a dog. Then we heard the movements of a woman. She had been awakened by the dog, and was shaking her husband, and was just expecting to hear the man and wife talking together, when a child began to cry. To pacify it the mother gave it food; we could hear it drinking and crying at the same time. The mother spoke to it soothingly, and then rose to change its clothes. Meanwhile another child had been awakened and was beginning to make a noise. The father scolded it, while the baby continued crying. By and by the whole family went back to bed and fell asleep. The patter of a mouse was heard. It climbed up some vase and upset it. We heard the clatter of the vase as it fell. The woman coughed in her sleep. Then cries of "Fire! fire!" were heard. The mouse had upset the lamp; the bed curtains were on fire. The husband

HIRAM H. KINGSBURY.

HE IS THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN FLAG LAW.

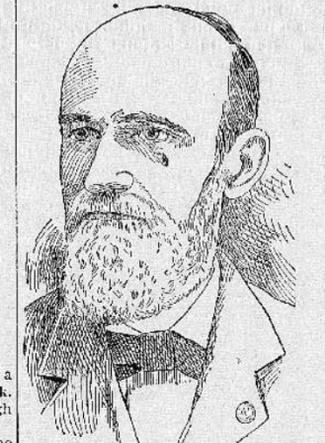
Introduced the Bill Compelling the Parochial Schools in Illinois to Display Old Glory During School Hours—Believes He Is Right.

HIRAM H. KINGSBURY of the Illinois State Senate has lately come into the public eye as author of a bill compelling all denominational schools to float the American flag from 9 a. m. until 4 p. m., except on Saturdays and Sundays. Senator Kingsbury was born in Meigs county, Ohio, April 3, 1840. In 1846 his father immigrated to Illinois and located at Mount Carmel, where soon after his mother died, and Hiram went to live with an uncle near Friendsville, Wabash county, Illinois. In 1848 his father married Mary Ann Henisee, widowed daughter of Rev. John Dollen, who lived five miles north of Lawrenceville, Lawrence county, Illinois, and settled at Frairleton, in the eastern border of Richland county, where Senator Kingsbury grew up to manhood, working in his father's store and on the farm until he was of age. His education was obtained in the old log schoolhouses common in the country at that time, and he was compelled to walk three miles each day to and from school. Oct. 10, 1864, Mr. Kingsbury married Miss Josephine McGiffin at Olney and has been a resident at that place ever since, with the exception of seven years' residence at Flora, Ill., during which time he claimed Olney as his home. Mr. Kingsbury enlisted at the outbreak of the war in Company D, Eighth Illinois infantry, the first company to leave the county, in the three months' service. At the end of his enlistment, his health being broken down, he returned home and was confined to his bed for nearly three years.

He has held a number of important positions of trust, among which are: Express agent, three years; city treasurer, six years—being re-elected three consecutive terms; police magistrate, four years, and a member of the board of supervisors one term. His duties were always discharged with honor to himself and to the entire satisfaction of his constituents. He is an honorable, upright Christian gentleman, and would scorn to do a mean or unkind act. During his residence at Flora he was elected city clerk one term and also alderman one term.

Mr. Kingsbury's family consists of

his estimable wife, three sons and three daughters. One son, the oldest of the children, is dead. One of his sons is now studying law in Olney, and another is filling a position in the Western Union Telegraph Company's office in Olney.



SENATOR KINGSBURY.

Mr. Kingsbury is an earnest and active member of the Presbyterian church, and always makes it his duty to "practice what he preaches." He has been a republican all his life, and while he is not a politician, he is in sympathy with the common people and does his duty as he thinks best for the whole people. Mr. Kingsbury accepted the nomination for state senator after several leading republican politicians of the district had refused, they thinking it would be a hopeless race in a democratic district, and one that had always sent a democrat to the senate. Nevertheless, Mr. Kingsbury accepted the nomination in good faith and made a thorough canvass of the four counties comprising the district—Crawford, Jasper, Lawrence and Richland—and was elected by 732 majority, while the rest of the ticket was elected by the democrats by 775 majority.

Senator Kingsbury is a firm believer in the constitutionality of his "flag law," and thinks as the years pass by the majority of the people will take sides with him and defend "old glory" as she floats over every schoolhouse and public building in the state of Illinois.

"Little Traveler in America." Carl Seemen, 6 years old, passed through Chicago last Monday on his way to Monterey, Cal., from Mocklenburg-Sterlitz, Germany. He was alone and could speak no English. He was dressed in blue flannel, carried a neat little cane and wore an up-to-date straw hat. The child was ticketed very much as a case of dry goods would be. On the right arm is sewed a piece of canvas, on which is written his name and destination. He had through tickets to Monterey and \$25 in his purse.



(Brighton, Ill., Correspondence.)

This place is noted for the beauty of its women as well as for the chivalry of its men. The town is full of them, and her surrounding hills and valleys, and her smiling prairies, bloom and blossom with young womanhood that is the pride of the Prairie State.

Miss Josie Lash is the daughter of Mr. Geo. W. Lash, one of the old-time grain buyers of Brighton. Miss Josie lives a quiet home life with her parents in South Brighton. She was educated at the Brighton High School, and is an accomplished and genial young lady.

Miss Meda Morrill is one of the leading society girls here, and in all entertainments her presence is sought for. She is the daughter of W. C. Morrill, of the firm of Merrill & Chase, and our present postmaster, a graduate of the High School and at Jacksonville, Ill. She is well educated and accomplished.

Miss Marcella Glenn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Holly Glenn, the first editor of the Brighton News, and widely known for his newspaper work in this section. Miss Glenn is the soprano singer in the M. E. choir, and a general favorite in Brighton society. She is also a graduate of Brighton High

School, and takes quite an interest in musical culture.

Miss Jessie Dain is an alumna of the High School, and adds to the entertainment in social functions. She is the eldest daughter of Capt. E. T. Dain, a veteran Indiana soldier, who fought through the war. Miss Jessie is an interesting conversationalist and entertains her friends generally.

Miss Mabel Martin is the daughter of the late Dr. Frank Martin, who died upon the threshold of a brilliant career in medical science. Miss Mabel inherits the magnetic qualities of her father and is loved by her many friends and admired by all.

Miss Addie Robertson is the daughter of the late Daniel Robertson. She resides with her sister, Mrs. Marshall Dickerson, and is a prominent character in social functions. She is cultured and genial, and her amiability and happy disposition draw about her many friends.

Miss Hattie Robings resides with her parents in their beautiful home on North Main street, her father, Mr. A. Robings, being an old citizen and veteran who fought as a private through the war. Miss Hattie is accomplished,

genial and well educated, and takes a great interest in Sunday-school work. She is also a product of the High School and a splendid scholar.

Miss Eva Short is a graduate of the High School, and the only daughter of the late Capt. Robert Short, who went into the army as a private, and was mustered out at its close as a captain. Miss Eva is a bright, fascinating, cultured young lady, and makes hosts of friends in social life. She is connected with many of the principal old families of Macoupin and Greene counties.

Misses Edith and Clarabel Potter are sisters who have been prominent in social circles here, since their graduation at the High School. They are daughters of Mr. Asa Potter, who was postmaster for three terms. They are popular entertainers and have a host of friends. The above list of young ladies have grown and developed into womanhood here in Brighton. They are fitted, like their many friends unmentioned, to adorn society and embellish the home.

Wealth could not add to their qualities of true womanhood. They may be said to be a fair type of the American cultured woman, who is co-extensive with our country.

and wife waked up, shouted and screamed, the children cried, thousands of people came running and shouting. Children cried, dogs barked, the walls came crashing down, squibs and crackers exploded. The fire brigade came racing up. Water was pumped up in torrents and hissed in the flames. The representation was so true to life that every one arose to his feet and was starting away, when a second blow of the ruler on the table commanded silence. We rushed behind the screen, but there was nothing there except the ventriloquist, his table, his chair and his ruler.

Sisters Raid a Saloon. Five daughters of John Granger, of East St. Louis, Ill., made a raid on a saloon where their father got drunk and smashed up things considerably. They left word that the dose would be repeated if more whisky was sold to their father.

A new fifteen-story building is to be erected by the San Francisco Call.

millionaire, and his statement indicates the high pressure under which men who manage the affairs of big companies sometimes work. During the summer his family live in their cottage on the Jersey coast. "I am able to get away from my office at 3:30 in the afternoon," he said, "by making use of my time on the trip down to my cottage. I go by boat and I take my stenographer with me. In this way I am able to clear up my correspondence on the way down. My stenographer returns at once to New York, and when I reach my office I find the letters that I have dictated the night before ready for my signature. That saves me about an hour a day. Vacation? No, I don't take a vacation. My clerks and assistants do that, but I find that it is impossible for me to get away. There are many little details that I have to attend to personally, and I can't turn them over to any other man."

There are probably few clerks in New York who work harder than this millionaire, even though their hours may be longer.—New York Sun.

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