FRANKENSTEIN

THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.

THE WEIRDEST STORY EVER WRITTEN.

"FRANKENSTEIN" is universally admitted to be the most weird, thrilling story in existence.

It was written over eighty years ago by Mary Woollestencraft Shelley, wife of the poet, in a competition to decide which of four friends could turn out the most gruesome Tale of the Supernatural. The other three competitors were Lord Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelley and Doldori, the Italian litterateur.

Mrs. Shelley's effort alone of the four has survived and become an immortal classic. The very name of the book has passed into common use in the English language.

Assistant District-Attorney Osborne, in opening his case against Molineux, said to the jury: "If you will follow me in the evidence, you will each one of you become a judicial Frankenstein, and little by little you will be able to construct the man who murdered this woman."

Any reader, following the narrative of Frankenstein, will quickly see the striking meaning of Mr. Osborne's words.

THE EVENING WORLD here reprints this wonderful story; so old yet ever new, so famous yet possessing to-day the same weird hold on the reader that signalized the novel when its presence electrified the reading world, nearly a century ago.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Victor Frankenstein, a Swiss medical student, discovers the secret of existence and endows with life a monster he has made out of bones and dissecting-room rubbish. This monster escapes from his keeping and Frankenstein becomes ill with brain fever.

"LET ME GO!" HE CRIED, "MONSTER! UGLY WRETCH!"

CHAPTER II.

Haunted!

ON my recovery I made ready to join my father and Elizabeth for a brief sojourn in the country, near Geneva, where they were spending the Summer. My little brother, William, a sunny-tempered, beautiful child, was with them. He was always a great favorite of mine and I was glad of the chance to see him again.

But I longed especially to meet Elizabeth.

As I was setting out I received a letter from my father which came near to causing a relapse.

It told of the death of William.

The child had been found strangled near our home. A miniature of my mother which he wore about his neck had also been stolen.

Besides the natural shock and grief his mysterious death caused me, I was seized by a strange feeling of horror for which I could not account.

I neared my old home at nightfall and was checked near the village of Copet by a terrible thunderstorm. I strolled out into the woods to enjoy the full beauty of the spectacle. I chanced to be near the very spot where my dear little brother had been murdered.

While I watched the tempest, so beautiful yet terrific, I wandered on with a hasty step.

This noble war in the sky elevated my spirits.

I clasped my hands and exclaimed aloud:

"William, dear angel! this is thy funeral, this thy dirge!"

As I said these words I perceived in the gloom a figure which stole from behind a clump of trees near me.

I stood fixed, gazing intently.

I could not be mistaken.

A flash of lightning illuminated the object and discovered its shape plainly to me.

Its gigantic stature, and the deformity of its aspect, more hideous than belongs to humanity, instantly informed me that it was the wretch, the filthy demon, to whom I had given life.

What did he there?

Could he be (I shivered at the conception) the murderer of my brother?

No sooner did that idea cross my imagination, than I became convinced of its truth; my teeth chattered, and I was forced to lean against a tree for support.

The figure passed me quickly, and I lost it in the gloom.

Nothing in human shape could have destroyed that fair child.

He was the murderer! I could not doubt it.

The mere presence of the idea was an irresistible proof of the fact.

I thought of pursuing the devil, but it would have been in vain, for another flash discovered him to me hanging among the rocks of the nearly perpendicular ascent of Mont Saleve, a hill that bounds Plainpalais on the south.

He soon reached the summit and disappeared.

I remained motionless. The thunder ceased, but the rain still continued, and the scene was enveloped in an impenetrable darkness. I revolved in my mind the events which I had until now sought to forget—the whole train of my progress toward the creation, the appearance of the work of my own hands, alive at my bedside, its departure. Was this his first crime? Alas! I had turned loose into the world a depraved wretch whose delight was in carnage and misery. Had he not murdered my brother?

Yet what could I do? Who would believe my story? I would be derided as a madman.

Besides, the strange nature of the animal would elude all pursuit, even if I were so far credited as to persuade my relatives to commence it.

And then of what use would be pursuit? Who could arrest a creature capable of scaling the overhanging sides of Mont Saleve.

I reached my father's house next day and was warmly greeted. But a new shock awaited me. I learned that the nursemaid who had had charge of William the day he was lost had been tried for murder, had been convicted and executed.

She was thus indirectly another victim to my monster.

I passed a peaceful month with my family, my love for Elizabeth growing in depth and intensity, day by day. Under her sweet influence my monster was half forgotten.

At the end of a few weeks I went on a short walking tour among the mountains that surround Geneva.

I had climbed a high hill near the base of Mont Blanc one day, and stood resting from my exertions when I suddenly beheld the figure of a man, at some distance, advancing toward me with superhuman speed.

He bounded over the crevices in the ice, among which I had walked with caution; his stature, also, as he approached, seemed to exceed that of man.

I was troubled; a mist came over my eyes, and I felt a faintness seize me; but I was quickly restored by the cold gale of the mountains.

I perceived, as the shape came nearer (sight tremendous and abhorred!) that it was the wretch whom I had created.

I trembled with rage and horror, resolving to wait his approach, and then close with him in mortal combat.

He approached; his countenance bespoke bitter anguish, combined with disdain and malignity, while its unearthly ugliness rendered it almost too horrible for human eyes.

But I scarcely observed this; rage and hatred had at first deprived me of utterance, and I recovered only to overwhelm him with words expressive of furious detestation and contempt.

"Devil," I exclaimed, "do you dare approach me, and do you not fear the fierce vengeance of my arm wrecked on your miserable head? Begone, vile insect, or rather stay, that I may trample you to dust! And oh! that I could, with the extinction of your miserable existence, restore those victims whom you have so diabolically murdered!"

"I expected this reception," said the demon. "All men hate the wretched. How, then, must I be hated, who am miserable beyond all living things! Yet you, my creator, detest and spurn me, thy creature, to whom thou art bound by ties only dissoluble by the annihilation of one of us. You purpose to kill me. How dare you sport thus with life? Do your duty toward me and I will do mine toward you and the rest of mankind. If you will comply with my conditions I will leave them and you at peace, but if you refuse I will glut the maw of death until it be satiated with the blood of your remaining friends."

My rage was without bounds. I sprang on him, impelled by all the feelings which can arm one being against the existence of another.

He easily eluded me and said:

"Be calm! I entreat you to hear me before you give vent to your hatred on my devoted head. Have I not suffered enough, that you seek to increase my misery?

"You are my creator, whom I love and revere as men worship their God. I am by nature gentle and benevolent. Misery and the horror I inspire in all whom I meet have made me what I am. The first day of my life I came upon a group of children playing. My heart went out in love and happiness toward their beauty and innocence. I approached them with outstretched arms, but they ran away shrieking. It is so with all I meet. Even you, my creator, loathe me. Do you wonder that my love for mankind has turned to hate? You accuse me of murder. Yet it is even now in your heart to murder me—me, whom you created. With you it rests whether I leave forever the haunts of men and lead a harmless, happy life, or become the scourge of all humanity and your own ruin."

"I will make no terms with you," I broke in, but he did not heed me.

"I am very lonely," he said, "and I long unspeakably for companionship and sympathy. Each day of loneliness turns my love for you into deepest hatred. One day I found a little boy playing alone among the foothills. He seemed so young, so innocent, that I thought he would not fear me. I went up to him, speaking gently and offering him a bunch of wild flowers.

"As soon as he beheld my form he placed his hands before his eyes and uttered a shrill scream.

"I drew his hands forcibly from his face and said:

"'Child, what is the meaning of this? I do not intend to hurt you; listen to me.' "He struggled violently.

"'Let me go,' he cried; 'monster! Ugly wretch! You wish to eat me, and tear me to pieces—you are an ogre—let me go, or I will tell my papa.'

"'Boy, you will never see your father again; you must come with me.'

"'Hideous monster! let me go. My papa is a Syndic—he is M. Frankenstein—he will punish you. You dare not keep me.'

"'Frankenstein! you belong then to my enemy—to him toward whom I have sworn eternal revenge; you shall be my first victim.'

"The child struggled, and loaded me with epithets which carried despair to my heart; I grasped his throat to silence him and in a moment he lay dead at my feet.

"I gazed on my victim, and my heart swelled with exultation and hellish triumph; clapping my hands I exclaimed:

"'I, too, can create desolation. My enemy is not invulnerable. This death will carry despair to him, and a thousand other miseries shall torment and destroy him.'"

"Why do you tell me all this?" I gasped. "Why torture me so remorselessly? What would you have me do?"

His reply came slowly. It made me reel backward in horror.

(To Be Continued.)

SOCIALIST MAYORS TALK TO WORKMEN

Chase, of Haverhill, and Coulter, of Brockton, Mass., Will Speak To-Night in Manhattan Lyceum.

MAYOR OF HAVERHILL, MASS.

Fiery oratory is expected to signalize the demonstration in the Manhattan Lyceum, on East Fourth street, to-night in honor of the two Massachusetts Socialist Mayors, John C. Chase, of Haverhill, and Charles H. Coulter, of Brockton. All the Socialists of the city have been invited and a big attendance is assured.

Both Mayors have been in the city for two days. They appeared at the meeting of the Central Federated Union yesterday, when they indulged in some plain talk.

Mayor Chase told the meeting that when he last spoke to the Federated Union there was only one Socialist Mayor, but there were two now, and he hoped the number would keep on increasing.

Action Needed, Not Talk.

"I may say some things you don't like," said the Mayor, "and I don't care a — if I do. You may call me an idiot, a crank, or anything you like, but I intend to go right on propagating the doctrines of the Social Democracy.

"Political action is needed as well as trade unionism. Imagine the Boers fighting with toy pistols against Gatling guns. And that is what you are doing when you pass resolutions instead of going to the polls and electing your own men.

The Socialists of Haverhill fought that way for ten years, but their wages kept going down. Then they went to the polls and wages went up.

Crime Before Starvation.

"Labor should get the full product of its toil, and if the capitalist gets any of it, he is a thief and a robber. There is only one thing for an unemployed man to do, and that is to commit a crime and get locked up if he does not want to starve.

"Until the workmen of New York seat one of themselves in Mayor Van Wyck's chair they have no right to hold up their heads. Not one of you is sure of being three days from the poorhouse now.

I voted once for Grover Cleveland myself," concluded the speaker, "and if God will forgive me for that I'll die easy."

Mayor Coulter spoke in the same vein. He said he would devote his life to his fellow-workman, concluding with these words:

"May God blight Mayor Chase and myself if we throw down organized labor."

HOPES TO BE PRESIDENT.

Job Harriman is in town.

This is important news. Mr. Harriman expects to be President of the United States. He is the candidate of the Socialist Labor party. He was nominated in Rochester a month ago, and yesterday opened his campaign in this city by talking to the Windsor Theatreful of Socialists. They applauded him vociferously.

Job has been a Baptist preacher and a lawyer. He says that he likes agitation best. He wears a semi-clerical garb and a bicycle cap. The subject of his discourse to the poor east-side tailors was the agricultural conditions of the West.

ONLY A SUGGESTION,

But It Has Proven of Interest and Value to Thousands.

Common sense would suggest that if one wishes to become fleshy and plump it can only result from the food we eat and digest, and that food should be albuminous or flesh-forming food, like eggs, beefsteak and cereals; in other words, the kinds of food that make flesh are the foods which form the greater part of our daily bills of fare.

But the trouble is that, while we eat enough and generally too much, the stomach, from abuse and overwork, does not properly digest and assimilate it, which is the reason so many people remain thin and under weight; the digestive organs do not completely digest the flesh-forming beefsteak and eggs and similar wholesome food.

There are thousands of such who are really confirmed dyspeptics, although they may have no particular pain or inconvenience from their stomachs.

If such persons would lay their prejudices aside and make a regular practice of taking after each meal one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets the food would be quickly and thoroughly digested, because these tablets contain the natural pepsines and diastase which every weak stomach lacks, and by supplying this want the stomach is soon enabled to regain its natural tone and vigor.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets digest every form of flesh-forming food, meat, eggs, bread and potatoes, and this is the reason they so quickly build up strengthen and invigorate thin, dyspeptic men, women and children.

Invalids and children, even the most delicate, use them with marked benefit, as they contain no strong, irritating drugs, no cathartic nor any harmful ingredient.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the most successful and most widely known of any remedy for stomach troubles because it is the most reasonable and scientific of modern medicines.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by every druggist in the United States and Canada, as well as in Great Britain, at 50 cents for complete treatment.

Nothing further is required to cure any stomach trouble or to make thin, nervous, dyspeptic people strong, plump and well.

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You Need New Life in the Spring.

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Mother Earth cleanses and purifies herself and garbs herself anew in dainty freshness, and in rich, new life and beauty in the spring.

Thus should man and woman be.

Thus will Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy make them. It invigorates the nerves and purifies the blood—throws back the shoulders, gives new life and energies, and vitalizes and revivifies the health. It gives to woman vigorous and queenly bearing and to man that power and strength which emanate only from sturdy health. If humanity in general would keep its health intact by the use of this precious discovery, the life of the race would be indefinitely prolonged.

Dr. Greene's Nervura cures nervous exhaustion, spring debility, dyspepsia, weakness, despondency, kidney and liver complaints, insomnia, and all of the various ills arising from weak nerves and impure blood. It makes weak people strong, and sick and run-down people well.

Mrs. G. S. Conn, 334 Smith St., Providence, R. I., says:—

"For five years I had been troubled with indigestion, kidney and liver trouble, severe nervous headaches and neuralgia. There was a terrible pain and pressure in my stomach. Sometimes for three weeks at a time I could take no nourishment but lime water and milk. I lost forty pounds. In fact, I was completely prostrated. I commenced using Dr Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and the change which took place was wonderful. The terrible, racking pains through my head and shoulders left me. Where I could eat nothing but the lightest kinds of food, I can now eat anything without the slightest distress of any kind. The kidney and liver trouble has left me, and, in fact, my friends are surprised at my wonderful cure."

Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York City, is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He has remedies for all forms of disease, and offers to give free consultation and advice, personally or by letter. You can tell or write your troubles to Dr. Greene, for all communications are confidential, and letters are answered in plain, sealed envelopes.

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*1.00 P.M. ....Southwestern Limited....	*5.30
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JOHN SWINTON ON THE WAY THINGS GO.

The Men Who Drawl and Dawdle at Albany When Labor Comes Up—A Strong Man Needed—Strong Men Wanted.

It is time to ask again, "What about the labor bills in the Legislature of this State?"

The Legislature will adjourn before long, and, if anything is to be done about them, there ought not to be any useless delay in doing it.

I spoke of a lot of these bills a few days ago, but there are others that should pass.

I suppose that the drug clerks' shorter hours bill will become law, and may prove of some advantage to the men in that business. It isn't much of a thing, for it merely provides that "no drug clerk shall be required to work more than seventy hours per week, and each shall have one full day off in two weeks." I say this isn't much, but it is a beginning and the securing of it has cost time and labor. When I first knew about it, Mr. Edward Thimme, the Secretary of the "Druggists' League for Shorter Hours," was doing the best kind of work in its behalf. It was, as I know, splendid service that Mr. Thimme rendered to the league.

The bill in the interest of the street-cleaning industry doesn't offer much, only the eight-hour system and a few lesser things. If you think their work isn't hard in winter and in summer, and in every month of the year, try it for a week.

The Legislature ought to make proper provision for the enforcement of the factory laws, which are wholly ignored in hundreds of manufacturing establishments, to the disgrace of the State and the discredit of its fussy Governor.

For such other of the labor bills as I have heretofore said a good word I can speak no better now.

Though it is not strictly speaking a labor measure, the bill empowering the city to set up a municipal gas plant in the interest of workers and other people.

So is the bill authorizing the voters of any city to take action in behalf of the municipal ownership of any public utility.

But I suppose that both of these last-mentioned bills will be buried at the expense of private corporations.

By the way, it is reported that there are a few workingmen in the Legislature, including a bricklayer, a plasterer, a plumber, a printer and four or five more of other trades.

Now what are these men about in the Legislature? Does any of them show up large? Is there no man of eloquence, energy or power among them? Cannot some one of them do good work in pushing along the labor bills that have been here spoken of time and again? Isn't there a champion in the lot?

There is not much use in electing horny-handed "friends of labor" to the Legislature unless they render practical service to labor.

If an earnest and successful advocate of the rights of man were to appear in the Legislature he would have a chance of overmastering the forty-four lawyers who constitute a majority of the members of the Assembly this year.

Labor needs a Strong Man. It needs strong men as its representatives in every one of our law making bodies. I believe that it has them in its ranks and among its millions.

In the British Parliament it has the solid John Burns and others; among the French Deputies it has the brilliant M. Jaures and others; in the German Reichstag it has Bebel and Liebknecht and others. But where at Washington or Albany shall we look for the compeers of these men? JOHN SWINTON.

Why Glucose Trust Moves.

CHICAGO, Feb. 25.—The Glucose Trust will leave Chicago for New York because the Illinois Supreme Court has decided that it is doing business in violation of the State Anti-Trust law. The lease was made by George F. Harding, a stockholder. Another reason is that New York is the centre of an area where a large part of the trust's property is distributed.

LABOR NEWS.

The University Settlement Hall on Rivington street in which the Central Federated Union held its meeting was well filled yesterday afternoon. The cause of the unusually big gathering was the announcement that the only two Socialist Mayors of the United States, Messrs. Chase, of Haverhill, and Coulter, of Brockton, Mass., were to speak. After telling of the benefits of their party, they left for a meeting in Newark.

The complaint which was made to Secretary of the Navy Long against Contractor Cramp being awarded an extension of time in the building of war vessels assigned to him for construction has been answered. The C. F. U. received the letter and they were informed by the Secretary that Mr. Cramp's contract makes allowances for trouble that might be incurred by labor. The C. F. U. has asked Mr. Long to send them a copy of the contract.

The Workingmen's State Federation is now endeavoring to have the School Boards of the various cities throughout the State dispense with purchasing furniture produced by convict labor and to use the product of labor of the State. Such a measure is to be proposed in the Legislature. Owing to the practice of the institutions of the State using the convict product, the carpenters claim that they have been in a measure crippled by it.

Despite the various rumors that the men now on strike in Cramp's shipbuilding yards in Philadelphia have gone back to work at the old scale of hours, George Warner says that the strike is still on and that no intention on the part of the strikers is being considered unless they can go back on the concession of their demands.

General Secretary P. J. McGuire, of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, and Vice-President of the A. F. of L., is in favor of the issuance of a separate charter to the National Paperhangers' Protective and Beneficial Association, as it does not look as if they will ever agree with the Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators of America.

The Cigarmakers' Blue Label Committee, of Chicago, states in a communication to the New York association that it has been successful in having the proprietor of the Chicago ball grounds sell only union cigars, and this move has set the committee of this city to work to endeavor to have the Polo Grounds' proprietor sell only union cigars during the coming season.

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W. H. BOARDMAN, Pres.

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