THE MORMONS' SIDE OF IT.

PRESIDENT WOODRUFF SPEAKS IN BEHALF OF HIS CHURCH.

He Says the Mormons Are Not Hostile to Our Government—Denying the Statements of Persons He Calls Apostates.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—In response to a telegram from the Associated Press asking for his statement concerning the investigation now in progress in Salt Lake City, Wilford Woodruff, President of the Mormon Church, sends the following dispatch:

"SALT LAKE, Nov. 23.—This is the periodical anti-Mormon sensation which we are accustomed to expect in November. Congress meets in December and it is presumed that the usual efforts will be made to secure legislation against the Mormons. Of course this cannot be accomplished unless the public mind is prepared for it. In addition to this I might explain that we are on the eve of an important municipal election here, in which the anti-Mormon party, by preventing the naturalization of Mormons and in other improper ways, hope to be successful.

"I can truthfully say that there is absolutely nothing in the Mormon religion that is not consistent with the most patriotic devotion to the Government of the United States. The revelations and commandments of the church require that the Constitution and laws of the land shall be upheld. It is also a part of our belief that a time will come when this country will be distracted by departures from the spirit and letter of the Constitution and when general lawlessness will prevail, and when that condition shall arrive the Mormon people will step forward and take an active part in rescuing the nation from ruin. As a people the Mormons have the highest veneration for the institutions of the republic. There are among our community quite a number of descendants from the revolutionary fathers, who fought and bled to establish our popular Government.

"In regard to the claim that the priesthood or chief authorities of the church assert or usurp the right to control the Mormon people in all their temporal, including political, affairs, I would say I am the present head of the church, and I do not make any such claim. It would be impossible to exercise it if I did. The Mormon people would not tolerate any such absolutism. The charge of undue interference is absurd. Elections are conducted under a strictly secret ballot system, so that no man knows how his neighbor votes. All the management of elections down to the smallest details is in the hands of the officers of the United States Government and their appointees.

"True the Mormons are to a considerable degree united in their political affairs. This is largely due to their being constantly and vindictively assailed by a small minority in Utah who have sought to wrest the control of public affairs from the hands of the majority. They have thus been driven together by a common interest, and compelled to distinguish their friends from their enemies.

"A good deal is being made of a form of prayer based on two verses in the sixth chapter of the Revelations of St. John as contained in the New Testament. It relates to praying that God might avenge the blood of the prophets. An attempt has since been made to connect this with avenging the death of Joseph and Hiram Smith and to have reference to this nation. It can have no such application as the endowments were given long before the death of Joseph and Hiram Smith and have not been changed. This nation or Government has never been charged by the Mormon people with assassination of Joseph and Hiram Smith, as it is well known the murder was the act of a local mob disguised.

"Concerning the cry about blood atonement, well there is this: The foundation of our religious faith is belief in the atoning blood of Christ, through which the resurrection will be brought about. We believe in the scripture doctrine, 'Who so sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed;' but we also believe that all executions for murder should be under the law of the land and by its officers only.

"Statements made by two or three apostate Mormon witnesses to the effect that the endowment ceremonies involved the death penalty upon those who leave the Church and disobey the priesthood, are simply untrue. There is no accounting for the bitterness and untruthfulness of some men who have been connected with an organization, especially religious, and have turned against it. The Catholic and other chur hes have had much to contend with in that line. The Mormons on the stand decline to disclose the formula of the endowments because secret religious rites and ceremonies are the property of the individual citizen, and do not belong to the State. You might as well ask why a Mason, if he were placed on the witness stand, should refuse to reveal the grips and signs of that order. I myself am a Master Mason and have been informed that many Masons, as well as people not connected with the fraternity, have been indignant at the attempt that has been made during the last few days to extort personal information from Mormon members. Other benevolent societies can see that their rights and organizations would be endangered should such proceedings carry. While Mormons have refused to divulge the rite to the Court they have uniformly sworn that there is nothing in the endowment ceremonies inconsistent with good citizenship. Several prominent ex-Mormons testified to the same effect.

"The cause of the present agitation is purely political. There are two local parties. The people's party is composed largely of our people, although a number of non-Mormons sympathize with it. The self-styled liberal party is composed almost entirely of anti-Mormons, and they are but a small minority in the territory. There will be a municipal election next February. The present proceedings have been instituted by the anti-Mormons, as a means to enable them to carry that election. Doubtless the agitators have also in view the approaching session of Congress."

A CATSKILL VETERAN DEAD.

He Properly Resented the Presumption of Upstarts who Stole an Honest Name.

People who enjoy an outing in the Catskills will miss hereafter one of the most ancient features of the range. J. L. Schutt, the rheumatic and aged proprietor of the Laurel House, situated just above the beautiful Kaaterskill Falls, is dead. His father was one of the pioneers, after Hendrick Hudson, of the mountains, and was the first to open a hotel for visitors there. The son spent substantially all his life in the region, and could tell many an interesting yarn of bears and wildcats. Even in recent years a sympathetic listener could count on reports of bears' tracks freshly seen, and wildcats' howls lately heard in the woods about. Mr. Schutt had lived so long in the mountains that he felt a kind of proprietary interest in the range, and was exceedingly sensitive to the claims of the various communities that had grown up during his lifetime as rivals in the summer tourist business. Early last spring, before the trout had been fished out of the brooks, and long before the great hotels were opened, the writer dropped in at the Laurel House, surprised to find anybody on the premises. Landlord Schutt was there, too much entangled with rheumatism to rise from his chair. The visitor incautiously remarked that he had just come up from Hunter, about ten miles distant.

"Humph!" growled Mr. Schutt. "Hunter wasn't anywhere when I came here. You don't get such scenery there as you do here, do you? And yet they persuade some people to go there every summer."

There was so much scorn of the visitor's taste implied in the landlord's tones that he felt bound to assert that the mountains about Hunter were somewhat picturesque.

"Yes, I suppose so," responded Mr. Schutt, "and I suppose they call 'em the Catskills, don't they? Of course they do, it's just like 'em. And I suppose they persuade unfortunate guests who don't know any better that they are in the Catskills. That's the way with these new places and new mountains. The fact is that this is the Catskills. It's an old-established mountain, and the Hunter folks haven't any right to claim the name. Why, this mountain had been established years before Hunter was born!"

A Young Business Man Missing.

MIDDLETOWN, Nov. 23.—Frederick L. Boyden, a leading young business man of Marathon, has been missing since Tuesday, and a number of his creditors are looking in vain for his assets. Boyden was engaged in the furniture trade and two or three other branches of business, besides which he was Treasurer of the village Fire Department, an official of the Odd Fellows and Red Men orders, and a political boss. He was trusted to the extent that no bonds were exacted of him as custodian of the funds of the Fire Department. It is alleged that before his flight he sold most of his property for cash or transferred it to favored creditors. The Fire Department fund happened to be low, and the loss there will not be large. Other creditors will lose quite heavily. It is surmised that he has skipped to Colorado, where friends are living.

An Arch Fund Subscription List for Women.

To help swell the Washington Arch Fund Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, and others have headed a subscription list that is to be circulated among the women of New York. The subscriptions are limited to $1 each.

The fund is now $80,608.05.

ESSIE COHEN IS BETROTHED

To the Only Original Jacob, Husband of Her Late Aunt.

Baxter street was aglow with excitement yesterday, and for hours the old clothes and old shoe business in "the Bay" were at a standstill. "The Bay" is the sweep from Park row to Canal street, north of Pearl street, and south of Mulberry street. Even the pullers-in stopped pulling in and talked.

"I tell you 'tis so," Tubal Cohn said. "Don't I know? Didn't I hear all about it?"

"What! that little Essie Cohen marry with her uncle," Mrs. Silverstone said. "You are out of your head, Tubal."

"Tubal knows what he is talking about, I guess," said young Ezra Cohen. "You can't tell him anything about what is going on here in the Bay. He's been watching this for some time."

"Essie told me herself that she was to marry Jacob," Tubal said, positively. "You people better look out for yourselves. Harris Cohen's big store on the corner of White and Baxter streets and Jacob Cohen's at Walker and Baxter streets will sweep all the other clothing establishments out of sight. See if they don't."

"Gracious heavens!" little Harris Cohen of 21 Baxter street said. "Business is bad enough now. I thought that there was some mischief brewing. I never saw such luck."

The merchants, male and female, talked it all out on the sidewalk, and then returned to drive business. Customers were pulled and dragged about with greater recklessness than ever. The clerks and pullers-in were making up for lost time.

Essie Cohen was gazed at longingly by a number of young men with olive faces, dark eyes, and cherry red lips through the open door of her father's, Harris Cohen's store. She was standing behind his chair, while he watched his clerks flying around and putting coats on customers. Presently a message came from her mother, who was up stairs, to say that she wanted her to get ready to go to the theatre, and the daughter went away.

"Yes, Essie is going to marry Jacob Cohen," Harris Cohen said. "Yes, he was my brother-in-law. He married my sister and is Essie's uncle. My sister, Jacob's wife, has been dead now seven months. Jacob Cohen is a good man. There he goes. He owns the clothing business at Walker and Baxter streets and pretty much every other corner around here except mine. He put up that new building at Baxter and Franklin streets. There are no flies on Jacob, I tell you. He's the richest man in Baxter street—some folks call him a millionaire. They didn't tell you that I have given up trotting horses. Well, I have. All I have is a team for my own pleasure. Jacob has a team, too. As I said before, there are no flies on Jacob. I'd rather Jacob should have my Essie than some of the young fellows as are going now. Essie likes Jacob better than the young fellows. There was one young fellow that was after Essie that she thought some of, but he was no good, I thought."

Jacob Cohen advertises himself as the only original Jacob Cohen of Baxter street. He carries a big watch chain and a big watch at the end of it. He has a houseful of children, some of whom are older than Essie. Essie will be 19 July 4 next.

COL. O'BYRNE IS AROUND.

He Comes Down Town to be Subpœnaed and to Free His Mind.

Col. John O'Byrne came down to his office in the Stewart building yesterday in a state of great indignation because some of the newspapers on Friday had printed stories intimating that the Colonel was trying to avoid the subpœna of the Commissioners of Accounts in the dock investigation. The Commissioners want to know what Col. O'Byrne did with the $13,000 which the oystermen paid him as counsel fees in their efforts to have a North River pier and bulkhead set aside for their exclusive use. Some of the newspapers said on Friday that Lake, the subpœna server of the Corporation Counsel's office, had been denied admittance to the Colonel by the Colonel's son Robert.

"I don't believe that Lake ever came near my house," roared the Colonel at his office yesterday. "Any way, that story of my son's denying him admittance is totally untrue. Now the fact is this: This man Redmond came there with a subpœna, and I was suffering from a severe attack of sciatica. My pains were so acute that my doctor had prescribed for me a hypodermic injection of morphine. I had just gone to sleep under the influence of the morphine when the subpœna server called. My wife would not let me be disturbed. I came down here to-day, though I am a sick man and I should not stir from my house. I immediately sent this letter to the office of the Corporation Counsel:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 23, 1889.

"*To the Hon. Wm. H. Clark, Counsel to the Corporation:*

"I am now in my office and shall be there up to 12 o'clock. If you desire to serve a subpœna you can do so, but in view of the low state of my health Tuesday, if convenient, would be a safer day than Monday for an examination. Yours, JOHN O'BYRNE.

"Corporation Counsel Clark got my letter at once evidently," said Col. O'Byrne, "for his subpœna server, Lake, came over here directly and served upon me a subpœna to appear before the Commissioners of Accounts on Monday morning. I shall be there and tell 'em all they want to know. I got $13,000, I admit it. But the money was paid to me for regular professional services, honestly rendered. I got the money regularly and I am going to keep it, too. You may be sure of that. Why, what do they talk so about it for? There was Judge Russell (Col. O'Byrne pointed in the direction of Judge Russell's office, which is in the Stewart building) got $25,000 in a certain case and never stirred out of his chair. If these men 'd had Joe Choate he'd have charged them $100,000. I'll tell the Commissioners all about it if they want to know."

Apart from the O'Byrne incident dock investigation matters were very quiet yesterday, Corporation Counsel Clark said that there had been no confessions or arrests.

WHIPPED THE WRONG MAN.

He Was Hired to "Do Up" Officer Arnold and Attacked Capt. Leach.

HARTFORD, Nov. 23.—In the early part of this week Capt. Leach of Putnam was assaulted by Frank Merrill. Leach was coming out of a store when Merrill fell upon him and beat him almost into insensibility. Behind the assault lies a very unique story.

Some months ago Officer Arnold of Putnam was called upon to arrest a tramp who was going through Putnam begging from house to house. He appeared against him in court, and the fellow was sent to jail. It subsequently turned out that the "tramp" was a respectable citizen of Newark, N. J., who, in some way not explained, happened to be in temporarily destitute circumstances in Putnam. He and his friends felt indignant at the treatment he had received, and seemed to consider Officer Arnold the cause of it. They accordingly hired Frank Merrill, a professional prize fighter, well known in Newark, to go to Putnam and "do up" Arnold when he found a favorable opportunity. Merrill went to Putnam and entered the employ of the New York and New England Railroad. He waited some time before he found the chance to make the attack.

Some one of whom he inquired told him that Officer Arnold was in a certain saloon. Merrill went to the saloon and found a man just coming out. He asked him if Arnold was inside. It so happened that Officer Arnold was not inside but Capt. Leach, whose first name is Arnold, was. The stranger thought that Merrill referred to Leach and said: "Yes, here he comes now." Merrill, supposing he was Arnold, began to beat him, and abused him fearfully before the amazed bystanders interfered. Merrill was arrested and is now in jail. Capt. Leach is confined to his house.

Service Pensions in 1915.

Nearly 300 officers of the regular army and of the Grand Army of the Republic listened to a paper on pensions which Major-Gen. O. O. Howard read in the museum hall of the Military Service Institution on Governor's Island yesterday afternoon. Among other things, Gen. Howard said:

"As to the injustices which exist in the present legislation on this subject, they shall be and can be remedied. A special commission should be appointed of seven or more members of the wisest and best legal and judiciary experience, with instructions to revise all pension laws and regulations. Perhaps the complaints which are the most numerous and best founded come from the delays in granting claims which are the most worthy and undisputed. Either the force of the department is too small or the system on which the work is carried on is radically wrong."

Gen. Howard suggested that fifty years after the close of the rebellion, in 1915, a general service pension be established and that the semi-centennary of the cessation of hostilities between the North and the South be celebrated by a jubilee.

Rearrested, This Time for Forgery.

Joseph Busson, the young Austrian who was arrested here some time ago on a charge of embezzlement committed in his native land and was discharged, was rearrested yesterday by United States Marshal Bernard on a complaint for forgery sworn out by Baron Fallischek, Austrian Consul at this port. It is alleged that Busson was Postmaster at a city in Hungary, and raised money orders until he had defrauded the Government out of some $20,000. The raised money orders were sent over after his release from his first arrest.

Wanted in Canada for Forgery.

United States Marshal Bernard arrested David Campbell yesterday at United States Commissioner Osborn's office on Broadway. Campbell is a young Canadian whose wife lives in Brooklyn. He was in the employ of the Merchant's Bank of Montreal, and it is alleged that he obtained $825 from the bank by forgery on April 22 last. He was run down by a private detective in the employ of the bank, who very cleverly enticed him to Commissioner Osborn's office, where he was introduced to Marshal Bernard and committed to Ludlow street jail before he knew what had happened.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Whatever brilliancy may attach to the more or less important musical performances occurring in early November, these must be regarded as skirmishes only, prefatory to the great event of the winter, the opening night of the season of opera at the Metropolitan. That noteworthy occasion is set down for Wednesday evening next, and it may be prophesied that on that night Director Stanton will look down from his eyrie upon a concourse of such representative quality and proportions as has not been beheld since last winter. The series of representations to begin on Nov. 27 and to end just before the April showers set in will be entered upon with a performance of "The Flying Dutchman," in which Herr Theodor Reichmann and Fräulein Huhn and Wiesner will have their first hearing in America. "The Queen of Sheba," to be resuscitated on Friday evening, will introduce Herr Edward Schloesmann, a basso, whose work in the Liederkranz concert, a few nights ago, awakened agreeable anticipations as to his usefulness on the operatic stage, and, in more important rôles, will renew the public's acquaintance with Signor Perotti and Frau Lehmann-Kalisch. "The Flying Dutchman" is to be the opera at the Saturday matinée, and the announcements for the second week promise performances of "The Queen of Sheba," "Don Giovanni," and "Il Trovatore." The subscription for the current season is considerably larger than in past years, and everything points to four months of uninterrupted satisfaction for the public and the stockholders.

What is technically described as a double bill will be offered at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of Dec. 18, when Peter Cornelius's two-act "Barber of Bagdad" and the ballet, "Die Puppenfee," will be given. "The Barber of Bagdad" is a two-act comic opera, composed by Peter Cornelius, a Wagnerite among Wagnerites, who, on foolscap and music paper, fought through his relatively brief life for the doctrines of the German reformer. Liszt was a believer in Cornelius, and had, in truth, a hand in the instrumentation of "The Barber," and it was because of the unfavorable reception of the work by the public of Weimar that he finally laid down his baton as conductor of the opera and left the town. Only the overture is known on this side of the Atlantic; it was played at one of last winter's Seidl concerts at Steinway Hall, and, we believe, once or twice at Brighton Beach. The plot—if the two or three mirth-provoking incidents that are brought before an audience can be dignified by that name—reminds one somewhat of the story of Grisar's "Bon soir, Monsieur Pantalon," Americanized as "The Doctor of Alcantara." The leading rôle, that of a garrulous barber, will be sustained by Herr Fischer. As for the "Puppenfee," it will introduce all sorts of amazing episodes, and will show off, presumably, the beauty and grace of Fräulein Urbanska, the new *première*. The plot of the "Puppenfee" has kinship to that of "Coppelia" and sundry other productions, of which one of Hoffmann's tales has supplied the basic element.

Herr Eugen D'Albert's appearance in private life is as singular and as unprepossessing as his talent is great and attractive. He is a very small man, with a shock of dark and disorderly hair, two very small and deep sunken eyes, and a reddish moustache nurtured into bristly coarseness—presumably by a premature and frequent use of the razor—and cut in scrubbing-brush fashion. His attire, to put it mildly, is *negligé*, and he is wont to perambulate the town in a broad-brimmed soft felt hat, and a "Jäger" frock coat, *i. e.*, an impossible garment, buttoning upon the extreme left with a view to protecting the wearer against draughts. Herr D'Albert is only 27, and much younger in appearance. When his wife bore her first child the pianist waited upon the Registrar at Eisenach to have its birth recorded. He began, after the usual hyphenated prelude incidental to an address to a German official living in opulence on a salary of say $75 a year: "I have to declare the birth to Eugen D'Albert and wife——" "That won't do," interposed the Registrar; "you must bring the father."

There is wailing and gnashing of teeth among the orchestral performers at the Metropolitan Opera House over the sinking of their quarters for the winter season. It is believed that the spectators will be able to feast their eyes upon the spectacle of Herr Seidl's head, hair, and torso, and that the faces of Messrs. Toubert, Clifford, Schmidt, and a few others may be behind fr ne notes points of view, but Herr Samuel Bernstein, who beat the tympani in Palmo's Opera House, and whose activity through a Wagnerian opera requiring four or five dozen changes of key is an enlivening element of the representation, will be quite lost to sight. Tested in an empty auditorium the experiment proved completely successful.

The prospect of orchestral concerts in New York this winter waxes dimmer as the days grow shorter. The project of having Seidl concerts has been practically given up, and there is no likelihood that any Thomas concerts will occur at Steinway Hall or elsewhere. The Boston Symphony Orchestra had reserved four dates for its use, but two of these have now been cancelled, and only two concerts are announced—one in January and the other in March. As the Musical Mutual Protective Union is likely to succeed in securing the proscription of the street bands, while the organ grinder will be permitted to flourish, it can scarcely be proclaimed that peripatetic competition has had anything to do with the death of orchestral performances this season.

Otto Hegner has departed for California. It is generally understood among persons that are qualified to speak on the subject, and that dare insinuate, that in musical matters, as in jewelry shops, all that glitters is not gold; that the financial outcome of the clever lad's performances has not been as large as was confidently anticipated.

The third of the Sarasate-D'Albert concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House occurs to-morrow evening. Señor Sarasate will play works by Saint-Saëns and Raff, and Herr D'Albert is to interpret a Rubenstein concerto and other numbers. The final concerts to be given—for the time being—by these interesting performers will take place at the Broadway Theatre.

The New York Philharmonic Club will give its first concert this season at Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening of this week. Mrs. Charles Tyler Dutton, Miss Mary E. Smith, flautist, and Mr. Richard Hoffman, pianist, are to be the soloists, and the programme embraces the numbers following: 1. Trio, Opus 101, Johannes Brahms; 2. Songs; 3. Sonata, Opus 47 ("Kreutzer"), Beethoven; 4. Songs; 5. Concerto No. 4, J. S. Bach.

The Carri Brothers, two young musicians whom the unremunerativeness and generally thankless results of concert giving appear powerless to silence, will enter upon the eleventh season of their activity, as the Germans put it, on Saturday evening next, at Chickering Hall. They will have the assistance of Miss Unni Lund, soprano; Mr. Frans Remmertz, baritone; Mr. Hugo Rialla, organist, and Mr. Max Liebling, accompanist.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Mikado," equipped with a French libretto, is to follow "Excelsior," when that ballet is shelved, at the Eden Theatre in Paris.

Maestro Luigi Arditi's son, Luigi Arditi, Jr., has developed into a full-fledged pianist, and has started on a concert tour through the British provinces with Mme. Valleria. His mother is an American lady, and a Southerner by birth. She has not been in the United States since the outbreak of the civil war.

Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" is to be brought out at La Scala in January next.

The Italian newspapers are filled with flattering accounts of Signor Sofia Scalchi's performance in Gluck's "Orfeo," an opera practically unknown to Italian audiences of the period.

Giulietta Dionesi, the "Josef Hofmann" of the violin, is giving concerts in South America, whither the arm of the S. P. C. C. T. C. reaches not.

Forty-nine theatres are now delighting Italian audiences with operatic performances.

The *Fremdenblatt* newspaper is authority for the news that "The Prophet" has been translated into Volapük, and sung in that somewhat inharmonious tongue in the opera house at Brisbane, in Queensland.

The first concert of the second regular season of the Mason & Hamlin matinée will take place next Tuesday at the rooms of the company in Union square. Among the artists to take part are Miss Margaret H. Elliot, Mme. Pupin, and F. Q. Dulcken, pianists; Nahan Franko, violinist, and George W. Morgan, organist.

The Leeward Isles for Health and Business Opportunities.

Of late years many opportunities have been offered to people who dread the changeable winters of New York and the neighboring States to spend the cold season in a suitable climate at a reasonable cost. The West India Isles, lying to leeward in the Caribbean Sea and known as the Leeward Isles, possess all the advantages of a winter resort. They are within an easy distance of New York by steamer, in a temperature never exceeding 84°, nor lower than 78°. The scenery is bold and beautiful, and the society is formed of families centuries old, whose least charm is unbounded hospitality to all visitors, no matter what their nationality.

The Leeward Isles include Antigua, the seat of government, St. Kitts, Dominica, and Nevis, and are rapidly advancing to high commercial importance. Already a subsidy, or guaranteed percentage on capital invested, has been passed through the Council for the erection of hotels to be run on the American plan. A small Government steamer will also ply between any isle where such a hotel may be erected and Nevis, celebrated for its sulphur baths and spa. Another inducement to New York capitalists is the wonderful fertility of these isles. A canvass of the New York fruit and vegetable commission merchants shows that big trade in potatoes, onions, tomatoes, pines, and bananas can be opened up. F. Buhlman of 261 Washington street said:

"When the Leeward Isles are capable of producing such fine vegetables and fruit and can have them in the New York markets three weeks earlier than either Bermuda or Havana, there must be a certainty of rapid and profitable sale. Early red Havana potatoes last season brought as high as $12 a barrel."

Froman & Pace of Warren street are also convinced that trade with the Leeward Isles will be successful.

Several hotel managers have expressed the opinion that the hotel business ought to succeed there, and they have no doubt that a New York syndicate may take the matter in hand if sufficient encouragement is offered.

MME. RUPPERT RETURNS

NEW YORK'S LEADING COMPLEXION SPECIALIST HOME AGAIN AFTER A SUCCESSFUL LECTURE TOUR IN THE WEST—CAN BE SEEN IN PERSON.

Mme. A. Ruppert, the leading complexion specialist, has just returned from one of the most successful lecture tours possible. At Louisville, Macauley's Theatre was crowded to its capacity. At Chicago, Central Music Hall was filled from top to bottom, and many hundreds were turned away. Everywhere the expressions of the press endorsed this eminent authority on all imperfections of the skin. Mme. Ruppert in her lecture rarely, if ever, refers to her world-renowned Face Bleach, as it is not entirely for the sake of advertising that she appears in public, but principally on account of her love to tell to others what she has gained by long years of study and practical experience that her sisters may have the benefit. She speaks from the stage in exactly the same manner that she would to a caller at her office.

There is no affectation, all perfectly plain and natural. During the coming week callers at her office can consult the Madam in person, if they will be brief, as almost every moment of the lady's time is taken up. She has now under her personal supervision thirty-two offices in the United States, Canada, and Europe. A complete description of her world-renowned Face Bleach is hardly necessary, as the reading public have it almost by heart, but for the benefit of the few we might say Face Bleach without doubt is the greatest discovery of the age where the beauty of complexion is considered. It is not a cosmetic, but a tonic for the skin and the greatest cleanser possible. It has the same effect on the face as wearing apparel by friction has on the rest of the body, thus removing the callous surface of the cuticle and clearing the skin of all discolorations or impurities. Its merits have been publicly proven by ladies on exhibition at office while using it. Seen by thousands of New York's best people. There is no stronger proof than ocular demonstration. Ladies or gentlemen can be assured, if they have any imperfection of the skin, such as pimples, freckles, moth, liver spots, acne, or any discoloration or impurity, that Mme. A. Ruppert's world-renowned Face Bleach will remove them. Only be sure you get the genuine, with name and address of originator, Madame A. Ruppert, blown in bottle, labelled with a fac-simile of her signature and photograph. It is never sold in bulk or in any other style bottle or label. One bottle, $2; three bottles (usually a cure), $5. Sent to any address, securely packed, plain wrapper, on receipt of price. Call in or send 4c. postage for catalogue giving complete particulars. Madame A. Ruppert, complexion specialist, 30 East 14th st., New York, or 13 West 42d st., New York; also at 479 Fulton st., Brooklyn.

SUIT OVER A CONVICT'S NOTES.

The Scheme of a Prison Keeper to Get Possession of a Life Prisoner's Property.

LYONS, Nov. 23.—A case which has attracted unusual attention in Wayne and Monroe counties was concluded in the Wayne Circuit Court to-day. It was the case of Albert G. Graham of Clyde against George D. Richardson of Rochester, executor of the estate of Edward Mahar, deceased. Mahr was sentenced to Auburn prison for life from Monroe county for the murder of his wife. About a year ago he died, leaving a will which devised nearly all his property, which amounted to some $8,000, to charitable institutions in and near Rochester. When the estate came to be settled, two notes signed by Mahar were presented to the executors for payment. One note was for $8,000, and the other for $1,000. The executor refused to pay the notes, and the suit was the result.

The plaintiff tried to prove that the notes were genuine, and called as his principal witness J. M. De Vore, a keeper in Auburn prison. De Vore's testimony was to the effect that on May 2, 1888, Mahar and one Johnson, a fellow convict, came to him and asked him to write two notes, one for $8,000 and the other for $1,000, payable to bearer and due one year from date. This De Vore did, and Mahar signed them and gave them to Johnson. This man Johnson was discharged soon afterward, and is now said to be dead. The notes passed from Johnson to De Vore's father of Fort Byron, then to Wm. Graham of the same place, and finally to A. G. Graham of Clyde, nephew of William Graham.

The defence endeavored to show, and with success, that the notes were forged. The testimony of John Scanlan, an inmate of the Monroe county penitentiary, was very convincing. Scanlan has been in prison in Auburn, Rochester, and Oswego, although he is but 26 years old. His brother was killed in Rochester last spring by a railroad detective while stealing brass from a car. He testified that on May 2, 1888, Keeper De Vore told him that he wanted to get some notes out of the "old man," meaning Mahar, and that he gave him two sheets of blank paper, to the bottom of each of which he was to get Mahar's signature. The papers were represented to be blank petitions for Mahar's release, which would be filled in with names afterward. The scheme worked, and Mahar signed the papers, which Scanlan handed to De Vore, who pocketed them and remarked: "There, that fixes him."

The jury was out five hours, and then returned a verdict for the defendant, deciding that the plaintiff had no cause of action.

Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.

The ladies of the New York Collegiate Alumnæ held their annual meeting yesterday afternoon at 6 East Fifty-third street. There were present graduates from Vassar, Smith College, Wellesley, Cornell, and Ann Arbor. A paper upon the "Ideal" was read by Mrs. Guild of Boston, and Mrs. Backus of Brooklyn made a short address. The ladies were entertained after the meeting by Mrs. Reed, whose guests they were.

To Commemorate the "Manchester Martyrs."

The Innisfail Club will commemorate the "Manchester Martyrs," Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, at the Grand Opera House Hall this evening. Judge-elect Fitzgerald will preside and Dr. W. B. Wallace will make an address.

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