THE RELIGION OF LINCOLN.

WAS IT THAT OF VOLTAIRE AND PAINE, AS COL. INGERSOLL MAINTAINS?

Gen. Charles H. T. Collis Takes Issue With the Colonel's Public Statement, and an Interesting Correspondence Follows.

The religion of Abraham Lincoln is mentioned by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in his lecture on Abraham Lincoln, and it has led to a discussion between the lecturer and Gen. Charles H. T. Collis as will be seen by correspondence printed herewith:

THE OPENING GUN.

DEAR COL. INGERSOLL: I have just returned home from listening to your most entertaining lecture upon the life of Abraham Lincoln. I thank you sincerely for all that was good in it, and that entitles me to be frank in condemning what I consider was bad. You say that Lincoln's religion was the religion of Voltaire and Tom Paine. I know not where you get your authority for this, but if the statement be true Lincoln himself was untrue, for no man invoked "the gracious favor of Almighty God" in every effort of his life with more apparent fervor than did he, and this God was not the Deists' God, but the God whom he worshipped under the forms of the Christian Church of which he was a member.

I do not write this in defence of his religion or as objecting to yours, but I think it were better for the truth of history that you should blame him for what he was than commend him for what he was not. Sincerely yours.

CHARLES H. T. COLLIS.
1,055 FIFTH AVENUE, Feb. 12, 1893.

COL. INGERSOLL REPLIES.

Gen. Charles H. T. Collis.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just received your letter in which you criticise a statement made by me to the effect that Lincoln's religion was the religion of Voltaire and Thomas Paine, and you add, "I know not where you get your authority for this, but if the statement be true Lincoln himself was untrue, for no man ever invoked the gracious favor of Almighty God in every effort of his life with more apparent fervor than did he."

You seem to be laboring under the impression that Voltaire was not a believer in God, and that he could not have invoked the gracious favor of Almighty God. The truth is that Voltaire was not only a believer in God, but even in special Providence. I know that the clergy have always denounced Voltaire as an atheist, but this can be accounted for in two ways: First, by the ignorance of the clergy and, secondly, by their contempt of truth. Thomas Paine was also a believer in God, and wrote his creed as follows: "I believe in one God and no more, and hope for immortality." The ministers have also denounced Paine as an atheist.

You will, therefore, see that your first statement is without the slightest foundation in fact. Lincoln could be perfectly true to himself if he agreed with the religious sentiments of Voltaire and Paine, and yet invoke the gracious favor of Almighty God.

You also say, "This God" (meaning the God whose favor Lincoln invoked), "was not the Deists' God."

The Deists believe in an infinite being, who created and preserves the universe. The Christians believe no more.

Deists and Christians believe in the same God, but they differ as to what this God has done, and as to what this God will do.

Voltaire never say that "Lincoln worshipped his God under the forms of the Christian Church, of which he was a member."

Again you are mistaken. Lincoln was never a member of any church. Mrs. Lincoln stated a few years ago that Mr. Lincoln was not a Christian. Hundreds of his acquaintances have said the same thing. Not only so, but many of them have testified that he was a free thinker; that he denied the inspiration of the Scriptures and that he always insisted that Christ was not the Son of God, and that the dogma of the atonement was and is an absurdity.

I will very gladly pay you $1,000 for your trouble to show that one statement in your letter is correct—even one. And now, to quote you, "Do you not think it were better for the truth of history that you should state the facts about Lincoln, and that you should commend him for what he was rather than for what he was not?" Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.
Feb. 15, 1893.

A BROADSIDE FROM GEN. COLLIS.

DEAR COL. INGERSOLL: I trust that you and I can assert our respective views of Abraham Lincoln's religion without requiring the stimulus of a $1,000 prize.

You have publicly made the broad statement that his religion was that of Voltaire and Thomas Paine. This you do not deny. Upon that, and that alone, I take issue with you, and I want to discuss it without wandering outside the record.

I do not care whether you select Voltaire's Voltaire, or Ingersoll's Voltaire, or Carlyle's, or Voltaire as mankind has accepted him. Lincoln's religion bore no resemblance to either. Voltaire called himself a "master Deist." Your Voltaire led a crusade against superstition and religious persecution; Carlyle's fought the Christian Church. The world generally regards him as a mocker and a scoffer.

I am not "laboring under the impression that Voltaire was not a believer in God;" you will agree with me I presume that he was a Deist. I say that Mr. Lincoln was not a Deist. That is the issue as I understand it.

Had you said if Mr. Lincoln lived in the time of Louis XV. he would have been a disciple of Voltaire, I would have respected your opinion, though I could not subscribe to it; but what Mr. Lincoln really was is a substantial fact, easily established, and not dependent upon mere conjecture and speculation. You proselyte him because you say "Mrs. Lincoln stated he was not a Christian;" because "hundreds of his acquaintances have said the same thing;" because "many of them have testified he was a free thinker and denied the inspiration of the Scriptures, &c." As a lawyer you accepted such secondary evidence as this, when Lincoln's own testimony to the contrary was in existence and abundant.

If I find that Mr. Lincoln professed Christianity, worshipped at a Christian church, admitted his belief in the Divinity of Christ, and boldly asserted the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures, I am compelled to deny that "his religion was the religion of Voltaire and Tom Paine," or to confess that he was an impostor. There is no middle course.

That Mr. Lincoln regularly attended a Christian church in Washington is an historical fact. Though not a "member," as we technically understand it, he was a constant attendant of Dr. Gurley's Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Fourteenth street and New York avenue. Dr. Gurley was his pastor, and was present at his deathbed. He also frequently attended Dr. Sutherland's church.

That he was a Christian at heart as well as in form, and believed in the efficacy of the prayers and support of Christian denominations let extracts from his addresses verify.

Leaving his home at Springfield with a full—a sorrowful—appreciation of the awful responsibility devolving upon him, surrounded by a Christian community with whom he had lived a quarter of a century, he thus addressed them: "I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

To the Presbyterians he said: "It has been my happiness to receive testimonies of a similar nature from, I believe, all denominations of Christians. This to me is most gratifying, because from the beginning I saw that the issues of the great struggle depended on the Divine interposition and favor. Relying as I do upon the Almighty power and encouraged as I am by these resolutions which you have just read, with support which I receive from Christian men, I shall not hesitate to use all the means to secure the termination of the rebellion, and will hope for success."

To the Methodists he said: "Nobly sustained as the Government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is, by its greater numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault of others that the Methodist Church sends me more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any other. God bless the Methodist Church. Bless all the churches and bless be God, who in this our great trial giveth us the churches."

To Mrs. Gurney, the wife of an eminent Quaker preacher, he wrote: "I am much indebted to the Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to no one of them more than yourself."

When requested to preside at a meeting of the "Christian Commission" held in Washington on Feb. 22, 1863, he replied: "The birthday of Washington and the Christian Sabbath coinciding this year, and suggesting together the highest interests of this life and of that to come, it is most propitious for the meeting proposed."

He even went so far as to differ with those Christians who believe Sunday to have been instituted for the "ease of creation;" Lincoln believed it was also "the Lord's Day."

On Nov. 16, 1862, he promulgated the following military order: "The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperilled by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High."

If on Sept. 4, 1864, you had served him with notice that thirty years later you would claim him as a Voltairian because he disbelieved in the inspiration of the Bible and the divinity of Christ, he could not more emphatically have repudiated the honor than he did when he then said to the colored men of Baltimore who presented him with a Bible: "In regard to the Great Book I have only to say that it is the best gift which *God has given to man.* All the good from the *Saviour of the world* is communicated in this book." What an exquisite epitome of the inspiration of the Scriptures and the atonement! And six months later, in his second inaugural address, do you remember how he borrowed the words of the Son to illustrate the justice of the Father: "Woe unto the world because of offences," &c.

You must not proclaim Lincoln's honesty in one sentence and ask us in another to believe that his real faith soared no higher than that of the man who wrote: "Nobody thinks of giving an immortal soul to a flea; why should you give one to an elephant or a monkey, or my champagne valet, or a village steward, who has a trifle more instinct than my valet?" Nor must you expect us to couple the man who in guileless love exclaims "God bless the churches!" with him whose shibboleth of malignant hate was "Ecrasez l'infame."

Let me say to you, in all kindness, that if your cause is imperilled for lack of recruits, you neither strengthen your own nor weaken that of Christianity by resorting to conscriptions of this character, for you can no more easily make Lincoln a Deist than I can make Voltaire a Christian. Mankind will estimate the life of Abraham Lincoln for what it was and not for what you or I would have it. Sincerely yours, CHAS. H. T. COLLIS.
FEB. 21, 1893. 1,055 Fifth avenue.

THE COLONEL'S FINAL SHOT.

MY DEAR MR. COLLIS: You are getting away from the issue.

You wrote me that Lincoln belonged to a church.

Do you still insist that he did? Do you admit that you were wrong?

You insisted that Lincoln was a Christian. Have you any evidence to show that he was a believer in any orthodox creed?

Did he believe in the divinity of Christ, in the atonement, in the inspiration of the Bible? You must stick to your original charges.

All that you say about Voltaire is as far from the facts as what you said about Lincoln—"but no matter."

I again call for the evidence of your two statements.

First—That Lincoln was a Christian, and

Second—That he was a member of a church.

Stick to your charges. Do not wander.

Yours, truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.
FEB. 23, 1893.

THE GENERAL'S RESPONSE.

DEAR COL. INGERSOLL: Your note of yesterday, just received, is a great disappointment. I had expected something in the way of defence of your statement in regard to Mr. Lincoln's religion, instead of which you avail yourself of an opening for escape because I said he was a "member" of a church. This is a crawl. You were the man who delivered the lecture on the life of Abraham Lincoln, not I. You were the man who asserted that his religion was the religion of Tom Paine and Voltaire, not I. And this charge neither you nor any man, now or to come, can substantiate by a scintilla of evidence.

You might as well say that Citizen John Burns, who fought for his home at Gettysburg, did not espouse the Union cause because he was not mustered into the service of the United States as to tell me Lincoln was not a Christian because he was not a "member" of a church. From Springfield, Ill., to Ford's Theatre in Washington give me ten words he ever uttered upon which you can base the flimsy charge you have made. I defy you.

"The divinity of Christ! Did he go for four years to Dr. Gurley's Presbyterian Church for appearances?

The atonement! What did he mean by the expression, "The Saviour of the world"?

"The inspiration of the Bible! Was he fooling the members of Baltimore when he called the Great Book "God's best gift to man"?

Abraham Lincoln holds too big a place in the history of the world to be affected by your accusations or helped by my defence; yet ephemeral as is what you say of him, you have no right to take a liberty with his character simply because his illustrious example would be useful to you in making converts. The memory of the dead may be libelled just as grossly as the reputation of the living.

You cannot make mankind believe that Abraham Lincoln was a hypocrite, and unless you do your assertion that "his religion was the religion of Voltaire and Tom Paine" is of no importance. Very truly yours,

CHARLES H. T. COLLIS, 1,055 Fifth avenue.
FEB. 24, 1893.

SUPPRESSING A SNORER.

How a Clever Traveller Brought Relief to a Car of Afflicted Passengers.

Of all the trains from New York to Washington during inauguration travel none was more crowded than the one that pulled out of the B. and O. station a few minutes after midnight Friday. The passengers were fretful and uneasy, and sleep hard to woo. By 2:30 A. M., however, the cars grew quiet. On board the sleeper "Norway" the commotion had subsided into a stillness which prevailed until of a sudden it was broken by a loud snore, which echoed through the coach. It increased in volume and regularity until remonstrances began to be howled from nearly every berth.

"Give the baby some syrup!" "Hit him with a club!" "Give us a chance to sleep!" "Call the porter, d—n it!" were among the objurgations heaped upon the sleeper, who snored unmindful through it all. There were no signs of the porter, and it seemed that desperate measures were about to be undertaken. Several heads protruding from berths joined in the statement that the snore came from upper 12. The angriest fellow of all, the one in lower 10, was getting ready to clamber out and by forcible means try to suppress the annoying disturber of the car's peace when a voice was heard in upper 8:

"Watch me stop that snore."

Then there came three sharp raps on the side of the car. The snorer gave a groan, was heard to roll over, and after that he became silent. Muffled applause was heard up and down the coach.

Once more during the night the snore began, but when several passengers called out, "Shut him off again," the three raps again were given and the snorer subsided.

In the morning everybody was smiling. The peace giver who had been wakened the night before, a young Gothamite, quiet of dress and manner, was discovered. He was asked to explain his power over the snorer.

"It is no power," he explained. "It's a trick I discovered by accident in a Brooklyn boarding house several years ago."

"Let me have it, please," said a long-bearded traveller, who had been telling his fellow passengers what a snorer his wife was.

"Well, it's very simple," went on Upper Eight. "In a neighboring bedroom was an awful snorer, who nearly drove me frantic. One night I made a peculiar, rap-like noise. To my surprise the noise ceased. Then I got a long stick and put it by my bed. Every time the snore came I would strike three sharp raps. Ther never failed to bring silence. Last night was the first time I ever tried it outside. Was it a success, gentlemen?"

"It was," was the unanimous verdict, as half a dozen flask-shaped tokens of appreciation were simultaneously handed to him.

DR. ECCLES WINS HIS SUIT.

William Radam Mulcted in $6,000 for Calling Him a Quack.

A jury in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, yesterday gave Dr. Robert G. Eccles a verdict for $6,000 in his suit against William Radam for libel. More than three years ago Dr. Eccles wrote a paper for a medical journal, in which he spoke of Mr. Radam's "microbe killer" as injurious and poisonous, and said that it could be manufactured for five cents a gallon, although it was sold at the rate of $3. Mr. Radam retorted by denouncing Dr. Eccles as a "quack." The trial lasted three days, and half a dozen lawyers, including Col. Ingersoll, were engaged.

The Murder Mystery Near Chicago.

CHICAGO, March 7.—The inquest was begun to-day in the case of Mary Montgomery, the servant girl supposed to have been murdered by a burglar in Pullman yesterday. William Davidson, the girl's lover, is in custody, but there is little or no evidence against him. John and James Montgomery, brothers of the murdered woman; Dr. Andrew C. Rankin, and Dr. McLain testified. Dr. Rankin said that if Miss Montgomery had lived she would have become a mother, and Dr. McLain testified that the girl had called on him and asked for medicine to get her out of trouble. Subsequent to her visit a young man came and asked if she had received the medicine, and on being answered in the negative said: "Then I'd better skip the town."

Sweeny's Hotel for Sale.

E. H. Ludlow announces the sale on March 29, at public auction, in the Broadway salesrooms of the Real Estate Exchange, of Sweeny's Hotel, 104 and 106 Park row and 23 Duane street. The sale has been ordered by C. D. Sweeny and J. J. O'Connor, executors of the will of Daniel Sweeny.

CORN CORNERED S. V. WHITE.

HE LET NO LACKAWANNA GO DURING THE BARING DROP.

Neither Did the Banks Sell His Collateral Round the World. No!—He's a Beacon Only by Brevet, but He's a Real Lawyer.

Stephen V. White had his inning before Justice Andrews of the Supreme Court yesterday in the action of Alfred M. Parker, a money broker, to recover damages for his arrest at the instance of White in October, 1890, on a complaint that he had circulated a report that Lackawanna stock would tumble and White would break.

Joseph H. Choate, in his opening for White, said that the suit suggested speculation and had been brought to mend the broken fortunes of Parker. He contended that the city and not White was responsible for any ill treatment Parker might have suffered during his four days' confinement in the Tombs.

James B. Houston, Vice-President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, remembered that early in October, 1890, Parker told him that Lackawanna would drop and White would go under. Parker said he was short of the stock at the time.

Herman de Selding said that while he was connected with the firm of Worden & Co. in October, 1890, Parker had offered to bet $150 to $450 that White would fail in sixty days. De Selding went to Brooklyn and told White, who thereupon caused the arrest of Parker. Parker had told De Selding that he had advice of counsel that he was at liberty to offer a bet on anybody's probable failure.

Interest increased when Mr. White took the stand. He was asked if he was really a deacon, as some folks call him. He said that he was not, but that he had been a member of Plymouth Church since 1863. Afterward he referred to himself as a brevet deacon. He was admitted to the bar in St. Louis in 1856, and after practising there a short time went to Des Moines, where he remained until December, 1864. He has since been here as banker, broker, and stock operator.

He had accepted loans secured by Parker up to within six weeks of Parker's arrest. He learned from different sources of the stories that Parker had set afloat, and he consulted his own counsel and John W. Goff, then assistant District Attorney, about Parker's arrest. Mr. Goff said it was more proper to punish a man who might cause the loss of millions through a false report than to punish a poor devil who picked a pocket of $25. He said, however, that the office was busy and Mr. White had better proceed in the Police Court.

"I had him arrested," said Mr. White, "in order to bring a criminal to justice."

Mr. White denied that the reports of Parker were injuring him. He could hold his Lackawanna. But small holders had lost tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars. He could not name any one loser, but he made the statement from his long experience with the market.

"Are you capable now of practising law?" he was asked on cross-examination, and replied:

"I am."

He had been in Congress, he said, from 1887 to 1889. He had failed three times—in 1868, 1871, and in 1891. In the difficulties that arose over the embarrassment of Baring Bros. he had dropped between $750,000 and $1,000,000.

"Were you trying to corner corn prior to your failure in 1891?" he was asked.

"You might term it so," he said.

He said that in June, July, August, and September, 1891, he had thought, as he believed, more corn than was in sight or could get in sight. He had early in the scheme put up $400,000 to cover $4,000,000 of contracts. He had bought the corn from people who were trying to put down the price. He had, however, found that there was a leak somewhere, and corn came in more than was in sight. Then he decided to make an assignment.

"If I had had $400,000,000 I could not have done any better," he said.

"During the Baring Bros.' difficulty," he was asked, "did you sell Lackawanna yourself or did the banks do it without your order?"

"Not since the world began," he replied.

"No bank sold it."

"That seems to cover the ground," said counsel.

"That's what it was meant to do," retorted Mr. White.

The case will be resumed to-day.

A SLAVE MARKET ON THE ZAMBESI.

Pitiful Scenes at a Sale in Which Arab Slavers Had No Hand.

On the upper Zambesi River lives the powerful King Lewanika, the head of the great Barotse tribe which Livingstone was the first to describe. Mr. Coillard, a French Protestant missionary, who has long lived at Lealuyi, the chief town of the King, has written a description of a recent slave sale which is interesting because the Arab slave dealers have never penetrated there, and the incident illustrates the fact that without the initiative of the Arabs the natives themselves often inflict the most poignant suffering upon the victims of their slave raids. Mr. Coillard writes to the *Journal des Missions Evangéliques* of Paris:

"In April last Lewanika sent an army of 3,000 men to punish the Balubale tribe, whose incessant attacks upon their neighbors compromised the public security. I witnessed the return of his victorious army to Lealuyi. The prisoners of war, all Balubale women and children, were put into camp near my house. They had probably never seen a white man.

"For four days Lewanika was busy from morning to night distributing the booty. It was impossible to look upon the spectacle unmoved. I had never before witnessed the scenes in a slave market. Picture to yourselves thousands of the Barotse seated in a great circle around the King and his chiefs. In the centre were huddled about a hundred of the unfortunate prisoners at a time. Not a man was among them. Not a man had been taken prisoner, for all who fell into the hands of the victors had been killed. Neither were there any old women in the groups of prisoners. All were young women in great numbers, and a multitude of children of both sexes, from one to twelve years of age. Many of the women carried an infant on their backs.

"Half of six or seven they were taken from the crowd and made to advance to the King and his chiefs, who subjected them to minute inspection, while thousands of eyes were riveted upon them in shameless cupidity. The women, greatly emaciated, for they had had very poor food supplies for weeks, were greatly frightened, and stood trembling, with bowed heads. The Barotse wear considerable clothing, but these women were naked, and the fact provoked obscene remarks and the laughter of the multitude. Then there was a consultation under the royal pavilion, and one of the chiefs advanced to carry out the pleasure of the king.

"Nursing children were so fortunate as to be left, for a time at least, at the breasts of their mothers. All the children, however, who could walk were distributed right and left, like so many animals. They were no more to have father or mother in this world!

"A child of three years was with difficulty torn from the arms of its young mother. It cried and struggled, and finally, squirming out of the hands of the man who held it, ran back into the crowd, crying for its mother, who had already been led away.

"'Put it to sleep. Kill it,' yelled the laughing Barotse to the child's new master.

"The man, however, had no intention of destroying a piece of property that would some day be valuable. He recovered the child and carried it away.

"'Let go of that child,' was the order given to another young woman. The child was apparently her first born. Forgetful of her situation she clasped it tighter in her arms. Her eyes flashed and a torrent of words poured from her lips. Tears streamed down her cheeks. She begged that her child be left with her. She said she had rather die than be separated from it.

"They were about to take the child violently from the woman, when Lewanika commanded that it be left with her. The man to whom the child had been assigned took both mother and son. These things I saw in the half hour that I was present. I could not remain to witness such scenes, which continued for days."

Says He is a Son of the Late Karl XV.

CHICAGO, March 9.—Konrad St. Jernfeldt and Miss Kathinka Petersen were married last night at the Methodist Church, Maplewood. Interest centred in the groom, who claims to be the son of Karl XV. of Sweden. St. Jernfeldt, as the young man calls himself, says that at his birth King Karl settled a liberal annuity upon him, and, as he showed a talent for music, had him thoroughly educated for an operatic singer. He was of a religious turn of mind, however, and decided to enter the ministry. Coming to this country he engaged in revival work, and finally entered the Northwestern Theological Seminary, where he is now a student. In working at the Maplewood avenue Norwegian Church he met Miss Petersen and fell in love. His affection was reciprocated, and the wedding followed.

Stewart Arrested.

Leonora Aldis, who recently recovered before Chief Judge Sedgwick of the Superior Court a verdict of $5,000 against George Stewart, son of a well-to-do coal dealer, has not yet collected her money. Yesterday the Sheriff took Stewart into custody, to be held until the judgment is paid.

Stewart gave bail, and is at liberty within the city limits.

MRS. FOX-KANE'S MIRACLES.

Worked with Her Toe Joints, She Said, but Spiritualists Didn't Believe It.

The so-called spirit manifestations produced by the Fox sisters, of which an account was given in Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane's obituary yesterday, while they could not be accounted for by even the most suspicious investigators, were confessed to be trickery by Mrs. Kane herself about four years ago. Her confession, with various corroborating supplementary statements, was embodied by R. B. Davenport in a book called "The Death Blow to Spiritualism." The confession was public, and was made in the Academy of Music in this city on Oct. 21, 1888. There in presence of a large audience Mrs. Fox-Kane declared herself an impostor, and showed how she had produced the rappings. A low table resting upon four short legs, and having the properties of a sounding board, was put in front of her. She removed her shoe and placed her right foot upon it. Instantly short, sharp raps were heard. A committee of three physicians, who examined her foot while the raps were being heard, found that the sounds were made by the first joint of the right toe.

Mrs. Catharine Fox Jencken, Mrs. Kane's younger sister, was present and joined with her in her confession, but took no active part. Mrs. Underhill, the eldest sister, whom Mrs. Kane declared to have been the originator of the imposture, maintained it to the last.

In a newspaper interview, published about the same time, Mrs. Kane told how she and her younger sister, when children in Hydesville, learned to make noises by cracking the joints of their fingers and toes, and at first mystified people through a spirit of mischief. It was the eldest sister who thought of turning the trickery to pecuniary account. As she was older and her joints were less pliable she never became so expert as the other two, and more than once she was near being detected.

An investigating committee in Buffalo, of which Dr. Austin Flint was one, very nearly exposed the imposture in 1850, when it was still young. It concluded that the rappings were made by the articulations of the knee joint. That the noises were made by the toe joints did not become known, although perhaps suspected, until Mrs. Kane made her public confession nearly forty years afterward.

Mrs. Kane said that Dr. Kane tried to make her give up the imposition, and succeeded for a time. After his death poverty drove her back to it.

Some of the Spiritualists declared that she was under the influence of drugs when she appeared in the Academy, and they finally induced her to repudiate her confession privately if not publicly. Her repudiation certainly took a public as well as practical form when she gave séances, as she did occasionally up to her final illness. Her final séance, of which the old-time rappings were a feature, was held on Christmas Day last.

Mrs. Kane became intemperate in later life. Her friends said she was not responsible for this, as she was dominated by the evil influence of her father, who was intemperate.

The funeral services in Bradbury Hall in Raymond street, Brooklyn, this evening will be opened by Mrs. M. G. Gridley. The Rev. Charles Hicks and Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham will also take part. J. G. Watson will play on his Ole Bull violin.

THOSE BIG SNAKES.

They Do Have Powerful Voracious Appetites for Small Boys.

From the St. Paul Daily Globe.

BARABOO, Wis., March 1.—The snake house connected with Ringling Bros.' circus winter quarters at Baraboo, Wis., is a centre of attraction for the small boys of the village. What there is about snakes so peculiarly attractive to boys is something no fellow can tell. If I were ever fascinated by these "insects" in my youthful days, I have forgotten it. The orders to attendants are very strict on the subject of boys in relation to the snake house, and this, of course, only renders the vicinity the more interesting to the venturesome youth of the town. Up to the present time the attendants have succeeded in keeping the kids at a safe distance, and it was only because he was such a diminutive little fellow that a tow-headed urchin succeeded in running the guards last Friday, when the snake cages were being removed to the new and larger quarters recently provided for the huge reptiles.

How it happened no one is able to explain. The men were removing the pythons and boa constrictors from their old cages into the new ones. The door of "Ben Ahmid's" cage—R. A. being a monster boa thirty-two feet long—was temporarily left open while the men went out into the yard to get his new cage. In these few moments a little tot of a Norwegian boy, who had come into town with his father, who was busy with the Ringlings negotiating a sale of oats, slipped across the yard and into the rear door of the snake house. What he saw there probably paralyzed him with wonder or fear. Whatever it was, he had but little time to reflect on the wonders of natural history; for the boa no sooner saw the little fellow than his mind, or instinct, or whatever he calls his think works, reverted to some long past appetizing scenes in his native India, and he sprang from his maize with distended jaws and gobbled the youngster.

When the attendants returned with Ben's new cage they were horrified to descry a fast-disappearing pair of legs sticking out through the monster's jaws. The great serpent's eyes were ablaze with fear, excitement, and in another second or two the poor little Norwegian boy would have disappeared from view forever. It happened that Henry Ringling, a giant in strength and stature, was present. He is a man of quick impulses, and, without counting the cost or foreseeing the danger, he grasped the serpent around the neck and commenced shaking it. With one swipe of its muscular tail it sent Mr. Ringling scurrying heels over head across the floor.

Al Ringling happened in. He took in the situation at a glance. Grasping a long chain lying on the floor, he passed it around the serpent's body at a point about six inches below where he thought the child's head would be. Directing several attendants to grasp either end of the chain and pull with all their strength, he was gratified to notice a relaxation of the snake's efforts to crush the child. Tail to this chain was made fast. The snake's tail was fastened around a post, and the whole body drawn to its greatest tension. This rendered his majesty inert and powerless. He still continued to gulp. But his game was up. Two men backed a wagon jack between his jaws, and by degrees they were pried open and the boy pulled out. His head and body were covered with a thick saliva of a peculiarly offensive odor. The boy gasped for breath and then burst into tears. Then he looked around in a wondering way and ran out of the house and across the snow to his father's wagon.

Two hours afterward he was in a drug store munching almond candy and drinking soda. But his hair, which his father said was of that peculiar light shade so noticeable in Norwegians, had turned three shades lighter. His experience was a direful one, but was happily attended with no ill effects.

Chief Justice Fuller Writes a Love Letter.

From the Washington Post.

A fewdays ago having occasion to consult his physician, Chief Justice Fuller concluded, instead of sending for him, to enjoy the short walk to his residence, and, perhaps, a social little chat as well in the latter's library. The door was opened for him by a new man, who, after informing him that the doctor was out, but left word he would shortly return, asked the Chief Justice into the library to wait.

Wholly unaware of the exalted position in legal circles held by the quiet gentleman with a kindly gleam in his eyes, the man soon presented several sheets of ruled paper, a stamped envelope, pen, and inkstand to the Chief Justice. The Chief Justice looked up inquiringly at the man, who, in evident embarrassment, stood before him holding the literary tools. Bashfully tripping his words over each other as he stated the case, the man proffered the request that the visitor, while waiting for the doctor's return, employ himself in writing a love letter, as though ardently desiring to communicate with his sweetheart, the poor fellow being deterred from doing so by his lack of knowledge in the art of penmanship.

Without hesitation, as though that was the one business of his life, the Chief Justice at once acquiesced and settled down to the composition of what was undoubtedly the most unique love letter ever penned by his hand.

A Lamb's Ride on a Cowcatcher.

From the Brunswick Times.

A rather singular incident occurred on the Savannah, Florida and Western Railway the other day. It was about forty miles from Waycross on a through train to Chattahoochee. On the track just in front of the train the engineer, Mr. Dullose, saw a sheep with a young lamb. It was too late to stop the engine, and the train passed on, having mutton in its wake. Arrived at Waycross, the engineer descended from his engine and saw the lamb alive and unhurt on the cowcatcher. It had been carried forty miles without a scratch.

His Posthumous Fortification.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

LEXINGTON, KY., March 2.—Stephen Langford, a wealthy farmer of Madison county, has just had completed for him here a stone coffin. It weighs about 1,500 pounds, and is made of Kentucky limestone quarried from Langford's farm. He is 80 years old, but is apparently in the best of health. Mr. Langford says that the country around his home is overrun with polecats, minks, and groundhogs, and he believes the only way to keep them from devouring his body is to have it buried in a stone coffin.

Wear and Tear.

From Puck.

Mrs. Byers—I've been through every store in town this afternoon, and I'm nearly dead.

Mr. Byers—You look a trifle shopworn.

THE BABY'S PARENTS FOUND.

MISS RIPPON RELIEVED OF HER TROUBLESOME CHARGE.

The Police Arrest the Woman Who Foisted the Keleher's Cross-eyed Youngster Upon the Charitably Disposed Brooklyn Girl.

The cross-eyed baby of Expressman John Keleher, who was foisted upon Miss Blanche Rippon of 741 Hancock street, Brooklyn, on Tuesday afternoon by its alleged mother, continued to be a source of trouble nearly all day yesterday. Policeman O'Hara took the child from Police Headquarters to the Harlem Court in the morning, and Miss Rippon had to come over from Brooklyn and explain to Justice Simms how she came to take the baby.

She told of meeting a woman with the little one in a Third avenue elevated railway car, and of being attracted by the pretty face of the child. Then she noticed that the crook in the child's eyes marred its good looks, and told the supposed mother that she ought to take it to an oculist. The woman replied that she was too poor to care for it, and wanted to find a home for the little one. In the kindness of Miss Rippon's young heart she volunteered to take the child and try to get a home for it, the woman promising to call the next day and take it back if Miss Rippon's efforts should prove unsuccessful.

"When I got home," said the girl, "papa did not know what to do with the baby, and the next day, when the woman did not come after it, he said the child must not remain in the house another night. Then I brought the baby to New York and tried to find its mother."

Miss Rippon found the address the supposed mother had given her, but was informed there that the Keleher had moved to 350 East 110th street. She went there. The woman refused to take the baby from her, and the girl brought her charge to the 126th street police station. When the police went to the Keleher's rooms neither the man nor the woman could be found, though they watched the place all night. When these facts were reported to Justice Simms yesterday he committed the infant to the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, and Miss Rippon went to Randall's Island with the court officer and saw the youngster safely housed in the Foundling Asylum.

At noon Policeman O'Hara caught the woman who had given the child over to Miss Rippon. She was not the child's mother, but Mary Brown, a woman who had been living with Keleher for seven months. The policeman arrested Keleher too. He is a small man, cross-eyed, like the baby. He formerly had an express business, but took to playing the races and lost it, along with all his money. He married a young woman whose acquaintance he made in Astoria about a year ago. It was a forced marriage, and when the cross-eyed baby was born Mrs. Keleher became an invalid. She went to Bellevue Hospital for a treatment. When she recovered she found Mary Brown established in the house. The women indulged in mutual recriminations, and the wife departed. She secured work as a servant at 320 West Eighteenth street, and still lives there.

She came to court yesterday and had the pleasure of seeing her rival locked up.

The Brown woman said that her brother used to work for Keleher, and that Keleher had asked him to find some one to take care of his baby. She accepted the situation, thinking that his wife was dead. She knew nothing to the contrary until his wife visited her. She denied that she had abandoned the child. "Miss Rippon wanted the baby," she said, "and I only let her take it for a day or two, until we could make other arrangements."

Justice Simms held the prisoner in $1,000 bail for examination on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Keleher declined to make a complaint against her husband, and he was not detained.

THE WHISKERS AND THE MAN.

How the Hair on His Face Dominates the Wearer's Character.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Among the men I meet at intervals on the road is a very intelligent fellow from Boston," said a drummer. "He is about 35, and with a capacity for raising hair on his face beyond that of any person I ever met. He has fun with it, too, and he has his whiskers in different shape every time I meet him. Now and then I don't know him, but he always comes up smiling, and I catch on to the new man without much difficulty.

"It's queer about whiskers," said he the last time I saw him. 'Don't you know they change the character of the man?'

"I didn't know it, and said so.

"They do, however," he continued, "whether you know it or not. Now, I have been hairy for twenty years nearly, and in that time I have been all sorts of men. For instance, when I wear large, flowing sidewhiskers with a moustache, I grow gradually as they do, and become quite dignified and self-important. I can't help it, you know. Its whiskers oblige, as we say in French, and when I catch a look at myself in a glass as I walk along I unconsciously swell out and strut. I'm bound to do it to match those whiskers. Then when I cut off the moustache and run the sidewhiskers alone I never see that mouth and chin back there but that it makes me feel pious, and I begin to assume the demeanor of a minister of the Gospel. Can't help it, either, to save my life. Sometimes I go smooth-faced, and my character oscillates between priest and actor, according to the feeling I'm in. I even get boyish sometimes and frisky when I see my smooth, round face.

"Once, for the fun of it, I cut my moustache a la prize fighter, short and stubby, and, do you know, before a week I was a veritable tough, with my hat cocked over my left eye and my general manner provoking a slugging match at every turn. I was anxious for a fight all the time, and only saved myself by shaving. When I wear a full, neatly trimmed beard I feel exactly like a banker or a successful professional man, and my manner after a little while will fall into that mold. I look it, they tell me, and I can't help but be it. If I wear a moustache alone, long and silky, I feel like a gay Lothario, and want to smile at and ogle every woman I see. I want to be one of the boys, too, and whoop it up all along the line. When I add an imperial to the moustache I throw my shoulders back, brace my muscles, and assume a military air. In one or two of my towns I am known as Colonel, for I have always worn my imperial while there.

"If I run my beard down to a point in the French style, I feel very diplomatic, and can be as slick as the politest of them. I feel my shoulders shrug on the slightest provocation, and to all intents and purposes I am a foreigner. If I part my whiskers in the middle and brush them out to either side, I am a German nobleman or a Chicago land owner according to the surroundings. It gives me a hale and hearty, middle-aged feeling that shows at once in my manner. If the whiskers are let grow very long, I feel like a patriarchal farmer, and become quite elderly and innocent in my deportment. And so it goes through all the phases.

"I fancy that the style of a man's whiskers is in consonance with the man's character, and that as a man is so will his whiskers be. In my case I have reversed the operation, but I feel as I grow older and become more settled, that I shall adopt one style of whiskers and keep to that. Even now I am getting around to it, and have been wearing this close-cut full beard for almost six months and I don't feel like changing it."

Not Labelled.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

It was the morning of Mr. McSwat's birthday. As he came down to breakfast Mrs. McSwat waylaid him in the family sitting room, led him to the door of a closet, opened it, and pointed to two gorgeous garments hanging from the hooks inside.

"I made them myself, Billiger," she said, "as a little surprise for you. One of them is a dressing gown and the other is a night shirt. How do you like them?"

"They are simply magnificent, Lobelia," replied Mr. McSwat, gazing at them in mingled admiration and awe. "Made them yourself?"

"Every stitch. Glad you like them, Billiger."

"Like them?" he echoed. "They overwhelm me. Would you mind telling me, Lobelia, which—hum—which is the dressing gown and which is the night shirt?"

A Farmer's Disagreeable Ride.

From the Nebraska State Journal.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., March 1.—A farmer living east of Grand Island had a narrow escape last night. While going home his horses became unmanageable and threw him and his son out. The boy fell at the side of the road. The man's leg was caught in one of the hind wheels of the wagon. He held on to the spokes with his hands and with head downward slid the wheel for over a mile, when the horses were stopped by running through a barb-wire fence. Floyd Sprague, a neighbor, saw the accident, and when the team stopped helped the plucky farmer out. He is reported as getting along n