EASTER AMONG MASONS.

AREIOPAGUS CHAPTER ROSE CROIX NO. 2 CELEBRATES THE DAY.

Dr. W. Frost Bishop Delivers a Strong and Eloquent Sermon to a Distinguished Audience—The Cathedral Handsomely Decorated.

Impressive and appropriate Easter services were held in the cathedral of Areiopagus, Chapter Rose Croix No. 2, Scottish Rite Masons, in the Ridge building yesterday afternoon, beginning at 3:30 o'clock. The services were the fitting close of the ceremonies which are always observed by the Scottish Rite Masons during Easter week. The services consisted of a musical programme, by the vested choir of St. George Pro-cathedral, and a sermon by Rev. William Frost Bishop, D. D. The room was handsomely decorated with potted plants—among which the lily predominated—and cut flowers on the platform. The room was well filled and the services enjoyed by all.


DR. W. FROST BISHOP.

The musical programme embraced an Easter anthem, "Christ Our Passover," by Schilling; Van Boskerck's Te Deum; "The Palms" and Schilling's jubilate in F. The choir sang also a processional and recessional hymn, marching in and out while chanting, as is the custom of vested choirs. The voices harmonized well together, and the singing evinced careful preparation of the programme, this being especially noticeable in the singing of "The Palms." Dr. Bishop delivered a strong sermon on the text: "Say not thou 'What is the cause that the former days were better than these?' for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

Dr. Bishop said:

Whether fact or fiction we know not, but a recent book describes what are called "the Rocky Mountain Arbors." They consist of fine trees growing in a circle, all the limbs meeting at the top, leaving a circular space within. In them the floor is carpeted with a creeping vine, affording a luxurious couch. The creeper winds around the trunks of the trees for six or eight feet from the ground, rendering the arbor impervious to wind or rain. A sort of vegetable instinct compelled these storm-swept trees to come close together for companionship and mutual protection. Standing alone, they would be uprooted by the winds, but in a cluster braced together at top and bound together at the bottom by interlacing roots, they become an arbor capable of resisting the most formidable storms that sweep the mountains. On first entering your cathedral I could think of nothing else but this sylvan bower in the great Western mountains. This is your retreat from the storms of life. In the very heart of the city, it is quiet wooded nook. Trees come close together for mutual protection, so also do men. I congratulate myself and you that we are met on this ideal and enchanted ground, to rest a brief while on our pilgrimage and ask ourselves the old question, whether former days were better than these.

Some men are always hopeful. They were born with their faces to the East. They keep on looking for the bright, bright skies. They keep on hoping that the sun will rise. They keep on singing when the whole world sighs. They see everything through rose colored glasses. Other men are despondent by temperament. They wear blue spectacles and consequently everything is blue. All is wrong to them in churches, wrong in education, wrong in society. The sunshine is dull, the foliage gloomy, people are heavy and the world dark. Evidently, then, we cannot look to mere natural temperament to settle the question whether the times are better or worse.

Our text hints at a profound fact. This fact is that the hope of the world's progress is based upon the Bible. There must be a plan, even for a house, else it will remain a confused pile of lumber, brick and lime. There must be a plan for a military campaign, in order that all maneuvers may converge on the critical point with irresistible force for victory. According to the Bible, God has a plan for this world. His character and wisdom and power are such as to warrant us in expecting majestic results. A vigorous conviction that the world is growing better springs from the fact that God reigns and that He is able to execute His purpose.

Lord Macaulay said that, in the twentieth century, America would fall either into the hands of a Caesar—a despot—or into the hands of a horde of barbarians. Her ruin as a republic, he thought, was inevitable. Not so John Adams. In 1813 Adams wrote to Jefferson: "Our virtuous republic will last forever, govern the globe and introduce the perfection of man."

"Cease to brag to me of America," said Carlyle, "and its model institutions and constitutions. America, too, will have to strain its energies, crack its sinews, and all but break its heart, as the rest of us have had to do, in thousand-fold wrestle with the pythons and mud demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods."

So we go, see-sawing with extremes, Macaulay says we are going to the bad; Adams, that we are going to the best.

We might appeal to science. Just now science teaches the "survival of the fittest." Pessimism teaches the opposite. The gloomy view is the survival of the unfittest! If men were once apes, but now are Gladstones, the world is mending. Is not Gladstone better than a monkey? The gospel preached to-day by science is optimistic, for which thanks.

Let us reinforce science and the Bible in their verdict by taking the measure of our century:

First—Consider our material advances. A century ago it took six days to go from Boston to New York, 250 miles, cramped in a stage coach. You were called at 3 o'clock in the morning and had to travel till 10 o'clock at night. To-day we go from New York to San Francisco, 3,000 miles, in five days, lounging in a palace car. A [illegible] more than a hundred years ago John Fitch was experimenting with steam on the Delaware. Twenty years later Fulton started his steam craft up the Hudson. To-day we cross the Atlantic, 3,000 miles, in less than a week, in what is emphatically a floating palace. In the last century Franklin flew his kite to catch the lightning. Fifty years later electricity was hardly more than a plaything. To-day we box it, ship it, drive wheels with it, walk in the light of it, send messages under the seas with it, and converse with friends hundreds of miles distant by means of it. Farmers in Washington's time plowed with a wooden plow, sowed their grain with the hand, cut it with a scythe and beat it out on the barn floor with a flail.

Whether we consider the wonders of photography, the facility of labor, the ease of communication, the luxury of travel or the comforts of home, the world now is seen to be better than it was. The whole effort of Bacon's philosophy was to reach such a consummation.

Second—Look at the brutal treatment of criminals a century back. In this country men were made to stand for hours in the pillory; their ears were cropped; their cheeks were branded with red hot irons. For the crime of forgery men were put in the pillory, whipped at the public whipping post and branded in the palm of the hand with burning irons. In some cases, instead of the pillory, they were ordered by the court to sit for hours on the public gallows with a rope about the neck, a degrading spectacle, for theft. In New York in 1767 a negro was put to death for stealing. In December, 1787, one William Clarke was executed for burglary at Northampton. A common mode of punishment was to whip men at the tail of a cart through the public streets. In 1787 one Elizabeth Leathe, of Lynn, Mass., for receiving stolen goods, was "sold for six months." At Boston, in 1791, six persons for stealing were "sold for periods of from six months to four years." Our prisons 100 years ago were not fit for pigs, and yet it was not until the middle of this century that imprisonment for debt was abolished in our land. As late as 1829 thousands and thousands of men and women were imprisoned for debt in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts and in other states.

In England matters were even worse. Criminals were exhibited to the public—made a show of—for so much a ticket. When Blackstone wrote, 160 offenses were punishable with death. Men guilty of treason were, by sentence of court, cut down when half hung and disemboweled, and their bowels burned before their faces. The law authorizing the burning of women was not abolished until 1790. The law providing for the flogging of women at the tail of a cart through the streets was not abolished until 1820. Early in our present century in England men sold their wives in the public market place. A butcher's wife brought £1 1s and a bowl of punch. Another wife was sold for 20 guineas and delivered in a halter. Another wife brought 6d and a quid of tobacco. Such brutal penalties and practices, thank God, are impossible now.

Third—Consider the sports and pastimes of the people a century ago. The Prince of Wales was the open and avowed patron of prize fights. Bull fights were common. At the opening of our century in England hardly a country town was without its bull ring. It was not until 1835 that this brutalizing sport was made unlawful. Cock fighting, gambling and lotteries were ripe in those days. When the king of Denmark visited England in 1768, he was taken to a cock fight as a national amusement. Andrew Jackson used constantly to be seen in the cock pit in Tennessee. At the beginning of this century the English government raised its revenue in part by lotteries. At that time every American city that had a court house had also a lottery wheel. Colleges and even churches were built by lotteries. Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia, Episcopal churches in Rhode Island, Harvard college and Princeton college were built, in large measures, by gambling schemes. The times have changed—for the better.

Fourth—What of intemperance? To-day we spend $900,000,000 for liquor and $5,500,000 for Christian missions. Were matters ever worse? To be sure they were. In 1777 there was not one single temperance society in America. Almost everybody drank. Rum was everywhere. Births, marriages and funerals were all celebrated with rum. In that age total abstinence would have been hooted by politician and preacher alike. In 1812, on election day, the ministers used to walk in procession, smoke pipes and drink. The earliest temperance society in America was organized as late as 1808.

When, seventy-five years ago, Dr. Chambers took charge of his church in Philadelphia, everybody was drunk at the grave except the minister and the sexton, at the first funeral he conducted. In 1835 Dr. Cheever wrote a tract, entitled, "Deacon Giler's Distillery," and went to jail for writing it. In our day it is disreputable for anybody—public man or private citizen—to drink whisky. The times are better and the age is mending.

Fifth—Notice, too, the condition of the laboring classes. Are labor and capital drifting apart? Are the toiling masses better off or worse off than of yore? The answer is at hand. Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, to whom I am indebted for many of the facts cited above, and for many more equally as important, points us to Europe a century back. At that time the laboring peasant was a "thing" that went with the soil, like trees or houses. Serfdom tied a man to the estate, so that the man and the dirt were sold together. Serfdom was not abolished in France until 1779. It was only in the present century that Prussia, Austria, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland and Russia wholly did away with it. Several years into our century slavery and slave trade cursed England's soil and her ships. Queen Elizabeth knighted Hawkins, who sailed the first ship to plunder Africa and transport slaves. All through the last century parliament declared the slave trade highly beneficial to Britain. Within the 100 years prior to 1776 the English government enslaved 3,000,000 human beings. When our American civil war was ended in 1865, Thomas Carlyle said: "That is the foulest chimney that has been burnt out this century." Honest labor of every sort is far better conditioned to-day than ever before. A million laborers are now winning homes to one that ever even dreamed of a home in the former days. America is the laborer's paradise. No man that owns a home is in favor of anarchy or dynamite. The times are evidently on the up grade.

Sixth—A last point of comparison and the brightest of all shall be the work of the church. A century ago the Church of England was asleep to the cause of missions. The first foreign missionary society of America was not founded until the year 1810. Africa knew nothing of God. China was shut in by a wall of prejudice. India was enwrapped with superstition. Japan was a pagan country. The islands of the South seas were cannibal and savage.

To-day there are no hermit nations, shut in from civilization and the cross. The Bible is in almost every tongue. Africa is translucent with Gospel light. Syria is in Christian possession. Japan is civilized, and semi-Christianized at least. Asia is attacked all along its frontier. The nations of the island world are being born in a day.

As to Sabbath schools the church of God was sound asleep a century back. The Robert Raikes' centennial was celebrated but yesterday. The best, absolutely the best, sign of the age is her million Sabbath schools, with a hundred million children learning the blessed Word of God. No child in our land can stumble upon the dark mountains of ignorance. The world is a new world for little children—for man and child alike the skies are brighter. One hundred years ago the church was asleep as to missions, holding slaves, organizing lotteries, and drinking rum.

This is Easter. We stand upon resurrection ground. Christ is risen. He lives. He rules. God is marching on. He has sounded out the bugle that shall never call retreat. Be quick, my soul, to answer Him—be jubilant, my feet, for God is marching on!

The best century of all recorded time is the nineteenth. The best year in that century is 1895. The best month in that year the month of April. The best day in that month Sunday, Easter Sunday, the 14th. And the best hour in that day 4:10 p. m.—the present moment, when we close our sermon and call this vast audience to its feet to sing the Doxology par excellence: "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow." Glory be to God! Amen.

DESPERATELY WOUNDED.

Dennis Sullivan in a Critical Condition and One of the Stabs He Received May Prove Fatal.

Dennis Sullivan, the man who was so fiercely slashed in a saloon row at Twelfth and Hickory streets early yesterday morning, is critically ill at St. Joseph's hospital. The wounds in his back proved to be much more serious than they appeared at first. Dr. Iuen found not one but three wounds. The muscles of the back were slashed across, the knife cutting to the ribs. Below this wound, which was more painful than serious, was a deep stab wound, which penetrates the pelvic cavity and may cause the death of the victim. Then there was another stab wound on the left hip, which will prove troublesome. The cut across the back is apparently the work of a razor. It extends from the right to the left side, the depth on the latter being over an inch. John Creston, who was arrested as the assailant, will be held to await the result of the injuries. It is impossible for the surgeons to determine anything as Sullivan is still suffering from the shock. He was very ill after the operations, cleaning and dressing the wounds were performed. A slight complication would probably result in death, as the sick man lost so much blood that he is seriously weakened.

At 4:30 o'clock yesterday morning, James Cahill, of Kansas City, Kas., engaged in a quarrel with a man named Claus Pepper, in a saloon on West Ninth street near the line. Young Cahill brought the matter to a focus by slashing Pepper across the face with a knife, very nearly inflicting fatal injuries. The carotid artery and jugular vein were missed by less than an eighth of an inch. Pepper was taken to the Central station and his wound dressed. His assailant got across the line.

Mayor's Proclamation.

Kansas City, Mo., April 13, 1895.

A special meeting of the common council of Kansas City, Mo., is hereby called to meet at the council chambers, upper house room and lower house room, in city hall building, at corner of Fourth and Main streets, Kansas City, Mo., on the 15th day of April, at 10:30 a. m. sharp, for reasons then to be made known.

WEBSTER DAVIS, Mayor.

Celebration of the A. P. A.

There was a large gathering of members of the American Protective Association at the council chamber of council No. 62, on the Southwest boulevard, last Friday night. Speeches were made and a general programme was rendered, both musical and literary, after which a supper was served.

ELOQUENT SERMON ON LOVE

EVANGELIST WHARTON PREACHES TO THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE.

He Does Not Want a God Armed With a Sword, but One Armed With Love—Many Men and Women Profess Conversion.

Evangelist H. M. Wharton is to continue his revival services this week. Services will be held every afternoon and evening except Saturday, the afternoon meetings being in the Central Presbyterian church at 3 o'clock, and the evening meetings in the Calvary Baptist church at 7:30 o'clock. The general topic of his afternoon sermons will be "The Home Circle." To-morrow morning at 11 o'clock Rev. Mr. Wharton will address the grain men on 'change, and at noon on Thursday he will address the stockmen.

The crush at Mr. Wharton's meeting in the Calvary Baptist church last night was very great. He was heard by nearly 3,000 people. The floor of the church was crowded to the doors, the Sunday school room was jammed, and up in the gallery those who could find no seats were numbered by the score. A goodly number of the congregation were forced to stand throughout the entire service. Rev. Mr. Wharton preached from the text "God is love." He said:

"God is love is written everywhere. When you talk to me of a God armed with a sword made up of ten thousand curses, a God who is angry with me, and is pursuing me, I'm afraid of a God like that. But if you tell me of a God of love I'm not afraid. I can go into my room, lock myself up in its seclusion, fall upon my knees and pour out my cares and sorrows and trials before such a God. I can well remember finding that text, 'God is love,' and saying to myself, 'I shall always try to do the will of such a God, and serve Him.' So I am here to-night, my friends, to tell you that God is love. This is a broad text, and a deep text, and a high text. It's like the mighty ocean, and yet on its surface you may be borne into eternal life. Look at it a minute. God is. I needn't tell you that there is a God. When I look at the whirling worlds about me, and the earth upon which I live—I, a mere puny creature—I cannot help believing that there is a God. Dr. Tucker, of Mercer university, who was one of the greatest preachers the South ever produced, was walking along the streets of Macon once, when one of those young, brainless upstarts who believe in calling themselves atheists stopped him and asked: 'Dr. Tucker, can you prove there is a God?' 'No,' said Dr. Tucker, 'I can't.' 'Well,' said the young man, 'why can't you prove there is a God, Dr. Tucker; I'd like to know your reason.' 'Because,' said Dr. Tucker, 'I can't prove anything to a fool.' That's it. The Bible says 'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God,' and Dr. Tucker thought it was no use to argue with a fool. But, my friends, what I am going to do to-night is to try to prove to you that God is love. Look into the book of nature. Doesn't that prove that? Are not light and air and water freely and liberally bestowed? Do not roses bloom for the poor as well as the rich? Does not the sunshine gladden the pauper as well as the prince? I see in the book of nature everywhere that God is love. I see it in the book of Providence, too. I ask you, in looking back over your life, has not God's dealing with you showed you that 'God is love?' He has spared you and blessed you, though you have sinned against Him. Why, if we all had our just deserts, my friends, we would be in hell to-night. Why? Because we turned our backs upon His redemption. But God has treated us far better than we deserve.

"Then I find a proof that God is love in the book of grace. If you should ask for this proof I'd take you to Calvary and show you Jesus Christ, with his hands pierced by the cruel nails, and His brow crowned with thorns, and ask you to listen to His prayer: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' I'd like to ask you, my friends, if you do not think that is a proof of God's love?" Mr. Wharton followed this point up with an anecdote of an Irishman who was made to pay a fine because he trespassed upon a lot which bore a sign, "Whosoever walks across this ground must pay a dollar." The story was to illustrate the scope of the Bible use of the word, "whosoever." The speaker continued: "But if this isn't sufficient, you know that if a man or a woman who has started out in the service of the blessed Lord has wandered away and backslidden, turns to Him again, He will forgive him or her. Isn't that love? But isn't it a terrible thing to sin against love? Love is something we can't sin against without hurt to ourselves. Here is God, our Father, against whom we are sinning every day, and some of us don't love Him enough to give up our worldly amusements for His sake." Then Mr. Wharton told a graphic story of a drunken son, who was asked by his father to shoot his mother because he was already killing her, and who, when he had killed her with sorrow, walked over his father, who lay in the doorway to prevent the boy's going back to his crimes. "Yes," continued Mr. Wharton, "you'll go to your infernal barrooms, some of you. And yet, if you were the men you ought to be, you would stop these things. But you step over the body of the crucified Jesus and trample His blood under your feet." The sermon was closed with several stories.

In the course of one of them Mr. Wharton spoke of a tramp who was converted at one of Evangelist's Moody's meetings at Chicago during the world's fair. The man asked Mr. Moody to sing. "But," said Mr. Wharton, "Mr. Moody can't sing. He can't sing any more than a horse. Up there in Chicago once, some one asked me, 'Well, Wharton, what do you think of Moody's singing?' What could I say? I finally managed to say that I had never heard anything like it before."

The after service consisted of testimonies, and a gathering of those who professed conversion about the three ministers, Rev. Mr. Wharton and Drs. Neel and Lowry.

CHURCH DEDICATED.

Services Conducted by President Smith and Other High Churchmen.

The dedicatory services of the new church of the Latter Day Saints, at Twenty-fourth street and Wabash avenue, yesterday, drew out a large congregation that filled the structure. The services were conducted by High Priest J. G. Pitt, of Chicago; Prophet Joseph Smith and Bishop E. L. Kelley, who, with a number of the bishops and high priests, were in attendance from Independence. The latter all occupied seats on one side of the pulpit, while the choir occupied the other side.

On the platform were Bishop Kelley, High Priest Pitt and Prophet Joseph Smith. The service was opened with prayer by High Priest Pitt, after which the choir sang. Prophet Joseph Smith then read the fifteenth Psalm, from which he took his text for the sermon after the singing of a hymn by the congregation. The text was, Psalms, xv:1: "Lord, who shall abide in Thy Holy Hill?" Prophet Smith began by outlining the history of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints, of which this was a branch from the Independence church. The church, he said, had been built some time and occupied, but it had never been dedicated, because he had made it a rule never to dedicate a church until it was clear of debt, and the rule had not been deviated from in this case. He then made a statement of the cost of the church as follows: The ground cost $1,220.50; the building, $506, the furnishings and other expenses bringing the total up to $2,330.13, all of which had been paid. He said although a modest one, this church was to those who worshiped there a temple for the time being. The remainder of his sermon was along the line of the text. Among other things he said substantially as follows:

The Psalmist, writing under inspiration, defines what should be the characteristics of those who are to be entitled to abide in the tabernacle of the Lord, and to dwell in the Holy Hill of Zion—the pure in heart.

The doctrine of Christ should be taught. Those who are of anti-Christ, do not confess that Jesus has come in the flesh. Those who shall abide in the Holy Hill not only confess that Jesus has come in the flesh, but that He will come again.

The principles of the doctrine of Christ are, faith in God, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands, resurrection and eternal judgment, as found stated by Paul in the 6th chapter of Hebrews.

Ministers should be, and are, agents chosen of Christ, if their ministrations are to be effectual to the salvation of man; therefore, the doctrine of Christ should be taught by them. Less or more than this is not authorized of Jesus Christ; nor are any called of Him to misrepresent Him.

The church is 22x40; cost for lot, $1,230.50; lot and building, $2,313.08. No building is dedicated unless paid for; nor is any one offered in dedication against which legal claim for debt exists. When free a building may be dedicated, but not otherwise.

The motto in belief and in practice should be, and is, a free pulpit and an open Bible; the love of God being best shown by love to man.

Salvation comes through obedience to Christ's mandate, and a man must be born again to be able to see the kingdom—must be born of the water and the spirit or he could not enter into the kingdom.

At the close of the sermon the dedicatory prayer was offered by Bishop E. L. Kelley. When the dedication service was over two infant children, who were present in their parents' arms, were blessed by the prophet. They were Joseph Lewis, Jr., and William Newton Stumpe, Jr. Each child was handed by his father to High Priest Pitt, who in turn placed him in the arms of the prophet. The latter took the child and blessed him in the words of the Savior, and then handed him back to the high priest. A collection and a hymn sung by the congregation closed the services.

EASTER SUNDAY SERVICES.

The Cathedral Presented a Magnificent Appearance—Floral Decorations and Music.

The Easter services at the Cathedral yesterday morning were witnessed by a very large congregation. The decorations for the occasion, consisting of Easter lilies, beautiful white and red roses, some of which were brought from Chicago, were unusually profuse and beautiful. Within the chancel and around the altar was one continuous wall of flowers, and being interspersed with numerous burning candles they presented a magnificent scene of beauty. By the time the altar boys, dressed in their purple robes, had taken their places before the chancel railing, every pew and every chair in the spacious Cathedral was occupied and each aisle was crowded to the utmost. As the first notes of the great organ sounded from behind the fragrant lilies, and the voices of the surpliced choir pealed forth the first notes of the "Messe Solennelle," and the fragrant incense of the altar mingled with that of the flowers filling the air with the sweetest perfumery and music, one could better understand the transcendant glory of the risen Lord.

After the choir sang the "Processional" and "Glory in Excelsis," the Very Rev. Father Glennon preached the sermon on "Lessons of the Feast." He showed how lessons of faith and hope might be drawn from the feast, faith because of the miracle of the resurrection, hope because it was the crowning proof of Christ's divinity, and proof of the divine character of the faith which he founded. He showed that the lessons of hope could also be learned from the feast of the day, because Christ's resurrection is but the forerunner of the final resurrection and consequent immortality of all those who believe in Him. Hence the words of the creed, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead," find in this feast their vindication. He also told the other lessons of joy the feast contained, being as it was, the triumphant day of Christ.

High mass was celebrated at 10:30 by the Rev. John Fitzgibbon, assisted by the Very Rev. J. J. Glennon and the Rev. Father Aloysius. Besides the surpliced choir, the regular choir and Lenge's orchestra furnished excellent music. The services were closed by the "Grand Triumphal March" by the orchestra at 1:30 o'clock. During the afternoon a number of baptisms were performed by the Very Rev. J. J. Glennon. Evening services of a superior musical character were also held, beginning at 7:30. Easter vesper psalms were chanted by the surpliced choir and the regular choir alternately. The evening services were closed by the "Grand March," S. A. Legg presiding at the organ.

The services at Grace church were well attended, the new church being filled to the doors. Not a few of those who were there were visitors. The chancel was beautifully decorated with potted lilies placed in tiers, and there were also palms and other plants at the front of the church. There was the customary Easter music. Rev. Cameron Mann preached an appropriate sermon from the text, "Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death; because it was not possible that he should be holden of it." Acts, ii:24.

Closing Services of the Conference.

The conference of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints, which began at Independence last Sunday, is at an end. At the service in the Latter Day Saints' church in that city yesterday forenoon, Rev. W. W. Blair, the second president, preached the sermon. He related his experiences in preaching the doctrines of the church, many of which were of a hazardous and exciting nature. He is one of the oldest men in the church, and was a member of it when it was located at Navoo, Ill. Elder W. H. Kelley, of Kirtland, O., had charge of the service held during the afternoon. At night President Joseph Smith preached. His discourse closed the conference. Seven converts were baptized in the afternoon by Elders R. C. Evans and J. A. Robinson, in a pool near the Missouri Pacific depot, in the presence of a large number of members of the church and others.

Park in a Church.

Yesterday was a red letter day in the history of the First Lutheran church, Rev. J. M. Cromer, pastor. The music and decorations were on a more elaborate order than ever.

The Sunday school children were treated to a great surprise. The carpet had been taken off the pulpit platform and a veritable park was built on it. It was covered with sod, a large mirror in the center served as a lake, graveled walks, mounds, trees and flowers, etc., served to make a most beautiful decoration. Forty-four members were received into fellowship, with a large number to follow very soon.

An offering of over $400 was received. The pastor was assisted by Revs. McAfee, Geiger and Mitchell.

Rev. H. Easson, a returned missionary from Syria, will deliver a lecture in the Reformed Presbyterian church, 1735 Summit street, on Monday evening, April 15, 1895. Subject, "A Missionary Tour in Syria and Egypt," and will include the Presbyterian mission in Syria, the United Presbyterian mission in Egypt, as well as the Reformed Presbyterian mission in Syria, and will be illustrated by costumes and magic lantern views. Admission: Adults, 15 cents; children, 10 cents. All are invited, especially friends of the three missions represented.

PERSONAL.

Marie Jansen is at the Coates.

F. E. Beal, Detroit, is at the Coates.

R. P. Quit, Muncie, Ind., is at the Coates.

S. G. Lewis, San Francisco, is at the Coates.

L. H. Cowles, Auburn N. Y. is at the Coates.

C. L. Cross, Emporia, is at the Coates.

F. E. Alexander, St. Louis, is at the Coates.

G. W. Charbers, Columbus, is at the Coates.

C. W. Lyman, Omaha, is at the Coates.

A. L. Kayser, New York, is at the Coates.

S. H. Pate, of Hastings, Neb., was at the New Albany yesterday.

V. A. Gossett, of Council Grove, Kas., was a guest of the New Albany yesterday.

W. S. Hilbert, of Wichita, is at the New Albany.

Charles Crane, of Fort Madison, Ia., is at the New Albany.

L. A. Mason, of St. Louis, is at the New Albany.

Miss Maud Clark, Monterey, Mex., is at the Hotel Victoria.

Charles Drake, Kingsley, Mo., is at the Hotel Victoria.

Laura Drake, Kingsley, Mo., is at the Hotel Victoria.

Mrs. J. More, New York, is at the Hotel Victoria.

Al More and wife, New York, are at the Hotel Victoria.

J. W. Thomas, Wakefield, Kas., is at the Hotel Victoria.

S. P. Morrisey, New York, is at the Hotel Victoria.

Secretary of State A. A. Lesueur spent yesterday at the Victoria.

J. E. Totten, Chicago, Ill., is at the Hotel Victoria.

Hon. O. M. Petit, of Kenosha, Wis., is in the city stopping at the Coates House. Mr. Petit is a prominent citizen and an ex-mayor of Kenosha.

Captain Charles Morton, of the Third cavalry, U. S. A., en route from Fort Sill to New York to take four years detail as instructor in military science and tactics in New York city, spent yesterday in Kansas City. He served in the war in Colonel Van Horn's regiment. Captain Morton was the guest of Judge H. C. McDougal.

BOYS' CLUB ENTERTAINED.

SONGS AND RECITATIONS AND A GIFT OF HARD BOILED EGGS.

Amusing Result of Dr. Hopkins' Effort to Get a Compliment for the Singers — An Interesting Band of Urchins.

In the general celebration of Easter yesterday, Dr. Henry Hopkins' Boys' Club, for that is the name by which it is best known, was not forgotten. The boys were given an Easter entertainment and Easter gifts by their lady and gentlemen friends. There were songs and recitations, a talk by Dr. Hopkins, and last, but far from least, in the boys' estimation, a hard boiled and a candy egg for each of them.

At 4:30 o'clock the entrance to the boys' hall at 721 Wyandotte street was crowded with boys, all of them pushing and jostling to be first upstairs. Mr. James Harrington, who, with the assistance of his mother, conducts the club, was obliged to force the crowd back and shut the door so that only one boy might squeeze in at a time. But once inside the hall the gamins, some of whom still carried their papers, were as orderly as the members of the staidest church. They were told that there were visitors present to see them, and they must act their best. And they did from start to finish, much to the surprise of the visitors, who expected to see a menagerie. They could not have been better behaved had they been little Lord Fauntleroys.

The little stage at the front of the hall was prettily decorated with evergreens and lilies for their special benefit. Miss M. Theo Frain played a piano solo, which the boys began to applaud. They were told that no encores would be allowed, whereupon they promptly obeyed orders. Miss Boles read them an original Easter story, and Miss Jennie Schultz sang. Little Annie Harrington, daughter of the matron of the club, gave a reading, after which Maurice Cohen, a small newsboy, who goes by the name of "Jakey," recited a short piece. His associates found it hard work not to stamp, but they remembered their manners and kept quiet. Minnie Heflin, a 7-year-old tot from the Mission Sunday school of the First Congregational church, recited an Easter piece very creditably. Next there was a sort of a dialogue, participated in by three little girls, Annie Harrington, Maud Klein and Lula Kendall, who represented Charity, Faith and Hope, and six of the boys. The latter were Walter Kendall, John Lewis, John Donnelly, Charles Jackson, Barney Donnelly and Clyde Clarkson. The girls went through a little dialogue of their own, and then the boys chimed in. Some of the boys were barefooted and several wore no coats. It must have been a hard task to drill them, but the six acquitted themselves well. They did not even miss step to the music of the piano. The lady visitors laughed heartily at the sturdy tones in which the words, "He is risen," and the like were recited, but not a boy faltered. Mrs. S. A. Voorhees sang, upon which Dr. Hopkins was introduced to the boys. "I'm glad to see you," said the doctor, and the boys shouted in unison, "So am I."

"That makes me feel at home," he replied, and then he continued: "Now, boys, you ought to feel grateful to these ladies who have so kindly come down here to sing to you. Do you think any ladies could have sung more sweetly than they have?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," the boys shouted, which convulsed the singers and visitors. Dr. Hopkins laughed, scratched his head, and said: "Hold on, boys; you don't mean that. I'm trying to get you to compliment these ladies. You mean you never before heard ladies sing so sweetly, don't you?"

But the boys were becoming confused at the laughter in their rear, and they promptly shouted, "No, sir! No, sir!" whereat the laughter was louder than before.

Dr. Hopkins then told them of Christ and the meaning of Easter in as simple a way as he could. Once, when he said that Christ touched a dead man and he came to life on the instant, one of the boys, more skeptical than the rest, gave utterance to a prolonged "Phew!" The boys were formed in line at the close of the services, and were given eggs, with a promise of gifts of potted plants this evening.

A LIVELY CHASE.

Police Raided a Game of Cards on an Open Lot and Captured One Small Boy.

One small boy, who was a member of a crowd who were engaged in shooting craps at Twentieth and Holmes streets yesterday, was caught by police officers, while the rest of the boys made a rapid exit all over the South side. The boys went out to the open lot at the point mentioned and played a game of baseball. Having decided which side had the most prowess and luck, the youngsters settled down to an exchange of pennies by means of the harmful craps.

The players were observed by an officer in uniform, and he reported the facts to Captain Philips. The boys had "pigeons" all around the lot, and it was impossible for a policeman in uniform to get near them. Captain Phillips sent a couple of men out in citizens' clothes, with instructions to get the boys. They got Walker Wegwick because he wore no coat, and had a check shirt, which served as a guide in the chase, the others mixing with the crowd and being lost in the scramble.

The two officers had little luck in getting into the game. There were a couple of lookouts who recognized them before they could lay hands on any of the players, and there was a general stampede, in which the policemen took part. The players decamped in every direction, dodging in and out of the crowd of pedestrians and succeeding in bewildering the officers so they could not identify any but Wegwick, whose garment of many colors was the means of his betrayal. He was locked up on a charge of shooting craps, but the policemen do not know with whom he was playing.

STOCK YARDS MAIL.

It Will Not Be Delivered by the Postoffice of This City—An Order From Washington.

No more mail will be delivered by the Kansas City, Mo., postoffice to the stock yards. Postmaster Reed yesterday sent the following letter to Thomas H. Walker, superintendent of carriers, who will this morning see that its provisions are carried out:

Thomas H. Walker, Superintendent of Carriers.

Sir:—I have received a peremptory unconditional order from the postoffice department to immediately discontinue making delivery within the free delivery limits of Kansas City, Kas. This means that the carriers will not cross the state line to deliver any mail. I desire that you notify the various firms at the stock yards and elsewhere at an early hour to-morrow morning and make such arrangements with Superintendent Records at Station A as will best facilitate the delivery of the mail and put the people over the line to the least possible inconvenience until the two offices and the public are adjusted to the change. Respectfully, HOMER REED,
Postmaster.

Took It Just for a Joke.

Charles Jackson, of 1104 Charlotte, saw and coveted a gold watch belonging to Clay Wright yesterday afternoon. To covet was to steal with Charles and he is now locked up at the Central police station on a charge of grand larceny. Jackson is the uncle by marriage of the man who stole the watch. Wright is porter at Flannigan's saloon at Ninth and the state line. The porter and another man were in the basement together and Jackson saw the chain hanging out of the side of a box where Wright had put his watch. He "lifted" the watch and was on his way up town when Wright missed it and suspecting Jackson, called Officer O'Connor to the rescue. O'Conner asked Jackson for the watch when he overtook him near Bell street, but Jackson denied any knowledge of it until persuaded by rather strong means. He dug the watch out of his pocket and was taken to the Second precinct station.

When Jackson was taken before Captain Burns he denied he had stolen the watch. He just took it for a joke, intending to return it as soon as he got back from a visit on Bell street. He related the family history of his victim and the pleasant relations existing between them, and seemed much chagrined when the authorities and his nephew-in-law refused to accept his explanation as good coin. Wright says he suspected Jackson as soon as he missed the watch and would see that he made his explanation in court.

MINOR MENTION.

Company A, Hibernian Knights, will give its first annual ball to-night in Reinholdt's hall, No. 1208 Main street.

Railway camp No. 76, of the Woodmen of the World, will give its annual ball at the Academy of Music, Twelfth and McGee streets, Thursday night, April 18.

Charles L. Leonard took offense at the request of a second hand store keeper at No. 320 West Fifth street yesterday, to leave his place. He went outside and threw a brick through one of the windows. He was arrested and will explain to Judge Jones this morning.

BEAR CATCHING.

The Way Chuckchee Indians Take Huge Kamchatkan Beasts.

"Landing at Olutorsk, a little trading station on the northwest coast of Siberia, during my last trip to the Arctic," said Captain Avery, of the whaleship Grampus, "some Chuckchee Indians from inland came in bringing reindeer meat and peltries for sale. Among the skins they brought in was a huge bear skin, which I tried to buy, but I could not agree with the owner as to the price. Through an interpreter I learned the curious way in which these Indians kill the bear. The Kamchatkan bear is a huge brown fellow, often weighing over 1,000 pounds, and is very ferocious and hard to kill. Such an animal is invulnerable to the small darts which are the Chuckchee's missile weapons, and it is necessary to cripple him before closing in with spears.

"These bears inhabit ground which is covered with dense thickets, through which they have paths and runways. The latter are impenetrable to man, except he crawl on hands and knees. To circumvent the bear the Chuckchee takes two pieces of board about six inches long and three wide, through which he bores numerous holes. Through the holes in each piece he puts long iron nails with their points sharpened. Then placing the backs of the pieces of wood together he lashes them with thongs, thus leaving the sharp ends of the nails projecting on either side. This curious implement of hunting he lays in the runway where the bear tracks are thickest, lightly covering it from view.

"Presently the bear comes along, his great forepaws covering each nearly a square foot of surface, and lmost to a certainty he plants one forepaw upon the nails, which penetrate and hurt him. Rising upon his hind legs he raises the paw to which the boards are fastened by the nails, looks at it, and, seeing the thing that has hurt him, he strikes at it with his other paw to knock it off, thereby driving the nails from the side he hits into that paw.

"Thoroughly angry, he now hauls off and strikes with the first paw that was pierced, and the nails again penetrate that. So he goes on striking with one paw and the other, driving the nails deeper and deeper into the flesh, until exhausted with pain and rage he sinks to the ground. His paws are now so sore that he cannot travel far, and as far as he goes he leaves a trail of blood behind him. Discovering this the Indians follow him, and with their spears dispatch him."—Exchange.

Will Be Taken to Nebraska.

John A. Clark, a waiter in a restaurant on Fifth street near Wyandotte, is locked up at the Central police station on a warrant of requisition issued by Governor Holcomb, of Nebraska. Clark is charged in the warrant with having removed mortgaged property from the state. Sheriff Fred A. Miller, of Lancaster county, served the warrant, and will take his prisoner to Lincoln to-day.

Elected Officers.

At a meeting of the Irish-American and kindred societies, held yesterday, officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, Edmond Lynch; vice president, Con O'Sullivan; secretary, Martin Cusack; treasurer, James F. O'Rourke; trustees, M. J. Maddick, Matt Lynch, Anthony Dubel, Frank McGuire and James S. Quinn.

Wanted to Die.

Maggie Crowley, a North end woman, took poison at her room, at Third street and Grand avenue, yesterday, with suicidal intent. She was taken to the Central police station, where the application of an electric battery cured her.