

WITH THE SPIRITS.

WONDERFUL MATERIALIZATION AT A SPIRITUAL UNION MEETING LAST NIGHT.

HELD AT REV. CRAPSIE'S.

ATTENDANCE WAS SMALL, BUT THE UNSEEN WERE PRESENT IN NUMBERS.

AN INDIAN MAIDEN'S SPIRIT

Secures Control of a Medium and Surprises the Gather-

That lovely woman resembles an angel is a fact known even to a Platte Indian, but that an angel resembles lovely woman is a proposition not generally understood. No woman, however, was ever so mysterious, certain, coy and hard to please" than the ethereal personages who, having become angels and spirits, were expected to contribute to the success of the spiritual union meeting held last night at the residence of Rev. P. Crapsie, 47 East Eighth street.

At the front door a reporter came upon the sign of a clairvoyant who was not "entering the circle." At the side door was a hand laundry exhaling a perfume of soap rather than the odor of sanctity and the disembodied. But the back door opened upon a steep, narrow, bare wooden stairway, lighted dimly by a smoky little lamp found apparently in the Roman catacombs. This funeral fact showed that the little stairway was a true Jacob's ladder—a sure, though difficult, access to spirits, if not to heaven. The ladder ascended, there appeared to the panting climber two rooms divided by a folding door. Rag carpets softened the pine floor.

In the front room a red covered sofa sat against the wall, a little median on one side, an old-fashioned bed along the opposite wall. Before the central sofa stood a small black table with a red cover, and supporting a red bound album and a smoky lamp whose bashful flame would have been redder if it had not been so yellow. Above the sofa hung a chromo of a red checked maid, whose reddish golden hair was hanging down her back. The glint of a white wing which was tickling her back hair and the look of sanctity with which she was regarding an object which broom upon the wall proved that the portrait was that of an angel attending to business. Below the celestial Marguerite sat upon the red sofa an aged gentleman whose bushy eyebrows, black, deep-set eyes, and ferocious beard, together with his black and long tail coat, might confound him with the well-known "Faint Heart" and looked fierce, while the "circle" gradually assembled, five men with bushy mustaches and one man without a collar, a young woman with a white circular, one pretty girl; two small children; and a white-headed boy and a few others. Each occupied a different sort of chair in an irregular circle about the smoky lamp and the red covered album. The gentleman with the beard suggested that music would harmonize the "circle" and placed the spirits contiguous to the environment of materiality. This seemed a hard thing for music to do, even when assisted by a dark visaged woman with a dark red veil. But she opened the melodeon and began to sing, while one of the men with a mustache held fast to the melodeon and the music before her. Then the spirits began to exert their "control."

A celebrated musician controlled the singer with the dark red veil. Perhaps it was Jenny Lind. No one is sure about it. Jenny Lind's spirit began singing half a tone too high and stopped. She struggled through part of one piece and broke down. She essayed a harmonious reference to "Golden Sands" and sang only the lower notes. By this time the cherubim and seraphim had gathered round the album, and it was announced that the spirits would deliver the address of the evening.

An elderly woman with rallow face, thin lips, and little, black corkerew curls, had been passing her hands softly over her own forehead. She was a clairvoyant, whose daughter was the subject of a thronged sensation last spring. This local Sybil closed her eyes and her lips firmly, dropped her thin hands slowly along the "front breadth" of her black satin dress, and arose feebly from the red sofa. Standing with one hand upon the red album, her eyes always closed, her head thrown back, and her thin hands raised together at occasional points of rhapsody, she spoke for a full hour.

"We," said she, meaning the spirits, "cannot work for to control our instrument, meaning herself. We make us have everything harmonious," and she continued to set forth the duty of all Spiritualists to love all men and adhere to their duty, so that every family might be harmonious and enjoy visits from ancestors who led in China, and from African princes whose acquaintance the family had never made. The Sybil did not directly state this, but directness was not the forte of the spirits by whom she was "controlled." The celestial hand had evidently sat out all night in a rainbow, and had fastened themselves by overexertion at a harp rehearsal; or they wandered in their logic, wavered in their pronunciation, and occasionally in competition to think up a new word. Thus the one pretty girl fell to flirting covertly with the collarless man, and the white-headed boy fell fast asleep. His mouth opened, and he was supposed to have fallen away to drop of completely and roll about on the floor.

When the instrument could keep her eyes closed no longer she opened them and sat down. The man with the beard made an invocation chiefly remarkable for its requests that the spirits might "inspire" the next melodeon "heart with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The medium thus to be agreeably inspired sat at the further end of the sofa. She, like the "instrument" of Jenny Lind, wore a white-colored waist and thin dark curls over a by no means joyous countenance. She also wore a big gold ring on the forefinger of her right hand. The hesitating Jenny then started to sing, "We Shall Meet on That Beautiful Shore." The melodeon with the big ring closed her eyes suddenly, laughed aloud, jumped to her feet, and said "Mashy moza hogya oza icheey chow koo." This plausible remark introduced the spirit of "Weeneora," an Indian maiden. "Weeneora," her eyes alternately shut and open, traversed the circle, talking now a wild jargon about "chiefs," "squaws" and "papposes," and again making felicitous literary quotations about "silver linings" and the brightness which precedes the dawn. Clearly "Weeneora" was a highly educated Indian seemingly under the influence of fire-water, she stopped before a man of mustache, "Chief," said she, "chief, go quick long trail." "Chief" didn't know about it, but, of course, he didn't expect to stay in St. Paul all his life. Another "chief" was informed that

SHUN THE SALOON.

REV. DR. MCKINLEY DISCUSSES IT AS A PUBLIC PERIL.

DENOUNCES IT BITTERLY.

THRESHOLD OF THE PLACE TO WHICH WINE ROOMS ARE TRAP DOORS.

ANTAGONIZES ALL THE LAWS.

One of the Four Perils Which Civil Life is Confronted.

Rev. Dr. McKinley, of the Central Park M. E. church, is preaching on Sunday evenings a series of sermons on the evils which underlie municipal government, and last night took as his theme "The Saloon a Public Peril." By way of introduction, he touched upon the publicity given crime these days by the "argus-eyed press" and open-eyed sensational pulpit, who are driving crime otherwise unheeded into the public gaze. "Evil thus exposed," said Dr. McKinley, "loses half its power, and its danger and strength lie in concealment, hence the preacher and teacher of morality must obey the command of God: 'Cry aloud and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show my people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins.' Goodness is found these days to be much more anxious for peace than purity, and the amiable optimism which thinks the world to be improved with rose water perfume can't win in this war. Great evils can't be renovated without some one getting hurt, but the hurting is not for the sake of hurting, but for the sake of the healing that is to follow, just as the physician hurts the wound to save the patient. The saloon question is a battle which must be fought with valor, with weapons made to hurt. Our aim tonight is not to assail persons, but principles, and so we do not attempt to characterize the rum seller. God alone can judge him.

SUSPICIOUS BLAZE.

Kerosene is Borrowed and a House Burns Up.

Shortly before 11 p. m. a two-story frame dwelling belonging to the National Investment company on Wyoming street, east of Oakdale on the West side, was destroyed by fire under peculiar circumstances. The house was occupied by a woman whose name is unknown to the authorities. With her lived her young daughter. The woman moved into the house only three weeks ago and had associated with no one in the vicinity.

WON BY CRAIGIE.

The Interrupted Foot Race Takes Place at Osseo.

The foot race which was to have taken place at Osseo, Minn., last night between Charles Craigie, of Minneapolis, and Frank Davis, of Ortonville, but for the appearance of Capt. Lowell, was run yesterday afternoon at Osseo. It was witnessed by a large crowd from Minneapolis and a few from St. Paul. The race was 100 yards and for a purse of \$20. There was a good deal of betting on the side. Those who pinned their faith on the Minneapolis man had the pleasure of seeing him cross the tape eight feet ahead of Davis, and while Craigie won by that margin the race was pronounced a good one. The time was caught by one of the timers at 9.45 seconds, and a number of outside watches showed the same. Another of the official timers, however, made it 9.9-10 seconds, so it was split and placed at 9.7-8 seconds.

Red-Headed Racer.

A horse belonging to a man whose name could not be ascertained took flight at St. Peter and Ninth streets, at 4:30 p. m. yesterday and inaugurated an exciting runaway. Attached to a light buggy he sped down Ninth street, and at Wabasha street he left the bit in front of a police patrol box. Running by the side of the buggy was a red-headed man hauling vigorously on the reins and yelling "Whoa." After the buggy collided with the patrol box the man simply yelled a bit louder. He did not let go of the reins, as the horse turned into Wabasha street, but at a block farther the reins themselves parted, and the red-headed man stopped shouting and set down to rest. The horse was caught at Wabasha and Seventh streets.

St. Paul Press Club.

A meeting of the Press club was called for 3 p. m. yesterday at the club rooms in the Washburn block, and at that hour a few of the members dropped into the rooms, but not enough to make a quorum. After discussing informally the subject of another benefit, it was thought best to attempt another meeting next Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock when several matters of importance which were to have been brought up at yesterday's meeting will be considered.

The Debs Club.

The Debs club held its regular meeting last evening. The new members were admitted. Resolutions sympathetic with the A. R. U. were adopted. The statement made by St. Paul weekly paper that the club had given up the celebration of the release of Debs was declared to be untrue.

Two Little Blazes.

Fire at 8:25 p. m. yesterday destroyed a woodshed in the rear of 81 East Fourth street.

STUART IS TRY DISCHARGED.

Proposes to Try El Paso as a Place for the Fight.

DALLAS, Tex., Nov. 2.—Dan Stuart arrived home from Hot Springs and Little Rock tonight. He said: "There is yet a chance for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight to take place. I believe the men will fight if given a chance. The first thing to be done is to find a place for them. I shall go to El Paso tomorrow to look after matters in that locality. It will take some little time to arrange details, but I have hopes of success."

EXODUS OF SPORTS.

Pugilistic Excitement in Arkansas Has Died Out.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 3.—Excitement over the prize fight question has entirely died out and things settled down to a normal condition. Fitzsimmons spent the day with a party of local admirers and in the evening went to the Union station in company with a party of newspaper men, to meet the train for the Hot Springs, on which Corbett was expected to arrive. A large crowd followed him, probably in anticipation of a show here tomorrow night, but Martin Julian was not on the train and had been, trouble would hardly have occurred, as Fitzsimmons was in a most happy mood. Corbett and party left Hot Springs at 8 o'clock this evening and will pass through Little Rock tonight en route to Memphis. Fitzsimmons' movements are uncertain. He will give a show here tomorrow night, but Martin Julian has not decided upon his plans after that. All the special correspondents have left and the town tonight seems deserted.

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RIPANS

The interesting case of Mrs. James Taylor, who resides at 82 Bailey Ave., Kingsbridge, N. Y.

New York, December 14, 1894.

MRS. TAYLOR'S TESTIMONIAL. To the Ripans Chemical Co.:

My age is 65 years. For the past two years I have had liver trouble and indigestion. I always employed a physician, which I did in this case, but obtained no beneficial results. I never had any faith in patent medicines, but having seen Ripans Tabules recommended very highly in the New York "Herald" I concluded to give them a trial. After using them for a short time I found they were just what my case demanded. I have never employed a physician since, which means \$2 a call and \$1 for medicine. One dollar's worth of Ripans Tabules lasts me a month, and I would not be without them if it were my last dollar. They are the only thing that ever gave me any permanent relief. I take great pleasure in recommending them to any one similarly affected.

MRS. J. TAYLOR.

The constant beneficial use of Ripans Tabules in cases like this of Mrs. Taylor may be continued for years with all the advantage and no more possibility of harm than comes from a daily resort to any one of Nature's most beneficent springs of medicinal waters.



Ripans Tabules: Sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York.



IS SINKING FAST.

MRS. JACOB H. STEWART IS IN A VERY CRITICAL CONDITION.

DEATH NOT UNEXPECTED.

SHOCK FROM THE LOSS OF HER YOUNG AND ONLY SON

THE CAUSE OF HER ILLNESS.

Reported Last Night That She Might Not Live Until Morning.

Mrs. Jacob H. Stewart, wife of Dr. Stewart, was reported at the point of death last night at the family residence, 425 Portland avenue. Her temperature had risen to 104 degrees, and she was hardly expected to survive until morning. She is a victim of quick consumption.

IN SOCIAL CIRCLES, POSSESSING AN ADMIRABLE CHARACTER, WHICH JUSTLY DEARED HER TO EVERY FRIEND.

She has since been in falling health, and during the past three days she has been rapidly sinking.

SATOLLI UPHOLDS BONACUM.

The Bishop Acted on Orders From the Delegate.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 3.—The Bee special Washington representative called upon Mr. Satolli in reference to the Bonacum litigation in Nebraska. His report says:

Mr. Satolli, through the private secretary of the bishop, informed me that the bishop had acted on the orders of the delegate. The delegate is a layman, and the bishop is a priest. The delegate is a layman, and the bishop is a priest. The delegate is a layman, and the bishop is a priest.

TO INVOKE THE CIVIL LAW AND DISLODGE HIM, JUST AS I WOULD DO IF A TENANT REFUSED TO PAY RENT FOR MY HOUSE IN WHICH HE LIVED.

Mr. Satolli, when his attention was called to these differences between priests and bishop, informed Bishop Bonacum that he would have to proceed against these recalcitrants under the laws of the council of Baltimore and subject them to a trial for alleged disobedience of church laws. This was done on the convening of the investigation commission, and formal sentence of expulsion from the parishes they now represent. Beyond this he knows nothing, in his authority as the head of the diocese having the right to invoke the civil power to put out an obstreperous priest if he so will.

CHILI-PERU RELATIONS STRAINED.

LIMA, Peru, via Galveston, Tex., Nov. 3.—The Tacoma and Africa question has become very complicated, and it is reported that the Peruvian ministers have followed the use of anti-toxins, even when it failed to save the patient's life.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WANTED—ONE OF THE PROMINENT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES desires a manager for Minnesota. To a party thoroughly conversant with the business, writing and having followed the use of anti-toxins, even when it failed to save the patient's life.

PNEUMONIA AND FOOTBALL.

Of the Two the Latter is the Most Deadly.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—In his annual report of the secretary of the navy, Surgeon General Tryon discusses new medical treatments at length. The favorable opinion entertained of the value of strychnia in the treatment of pneumonia, he says, has been further strengthened by the experience of its use during the year. Forty-six cases of acute lobar pneumonia have been treated in the New York hospital in two years, with three deaths, a mortality of 6.5 per cent.

AMUSEMENTS.

Metropolitan

L. N. SCOTT, Manager.

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Greatest of All Comedies, With the Favorite Comedians.

Donnelly & Girard

THE RAINMAKERS.

SEE the G-est Cyclone, the Rain Storm of Real Water, the Electric ATAY.

HEAR all the Novel Songs and Music.

Next Sunday, EDWIN FOY in LITTLE BUSINESS, CRISIS.

THE GRAND

ALL WEEK, MATINEE WEDNESDAY HANLON BROS. SUPERBA.

Next Week—WARD and VOKES.

THE ULTIMATE AND BEST APPOINTED STUDIO IN THE NORTHWEST.

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DR. JACK'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. Awarded highest honors, World's Fair. MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.