LUTHER R. MARSH ENMESHED AGAIN.

Spook Priests and Priestesses at Middletown, N. Y., Feasting and Growing Rich, Perhaps, on His Bounty.

PITIABLE THE PLIGHT OF THAT GOOD OLD MAN.

Victim of the Professor Archers and the Huylers and Wasting Life in Supposed Talks with Bible Prophets and Bunion-Curing Dead Indians.

HAS THE DISS DEBAR AN INTEREST?

I always did think Orange county was some pumpkins.

Ever since I was knee high to the cricket on the hearth I have heard about the wonderful manufactories of cow juice and butter and nine-year-old applejack, which this famous county could produce on call, but if recent events keep up and keep on keeping up at the rate of the past six weeks it will soon be the banner county of anywhere for the manufacture of spooks, goblins and wraiths, ancient and modern, fresh, high flavored or musty; custom wrought or ready made.

A county which at the throb of a toe can turn out the mighty spirit of Osceola the Seminole, bearing a message from the spirit of Tahwarneecutt that in the back yard is a wonderful spring whose waters are warranted to cure corns and bunions on the feet of the imbiber, is certainly entitled to wear a blue ribbon as a manufactory of fresh and original ghosts.

Orange county can do it and not turn a hair. And yet—strange to say—there are good and worthy citizens of Orange county who turn up the nose of scorn and disbelief at the spirit of Tahwarneecutt, and who class his spring in the same category with the celebrated eye water of the late Colonel Mulberry Sellers.

Verily, a spook is not without profit save in his own county.

VANITY, VANITY.

You could toss a stone from an Erie train as it rolls into the Main street station at Middletown and hit the theatre of one of the sorriest little spectacles of the day.

It is a garish, brazen, defiant looking house. The body is of brick, painted almost white in token of the innocence which dwells within. This was the original house when poverty compelled a severe simplicity of architecture. But round about the original cube has recently been built a lot of architectural gewgaws and furbelows, cheap, vulgar and pretentious as the fluttering streamers on a circus tent. There is a glass minaret on top, and balconies and mansard roof, and gaping windows, and various protuberances and angled things of wood, painted red and blue and yellow, and all manner of horrible colors. Pains (I intended to say panes, but let it go) of colored glass

HUYLER BARS THE WAY.

give a jaundiced look to some of the windows and, in fine, we have what surely must be a mansion; it would not do to let it pass as a simple house.

A bronzed iron Indian (the original Tahwarneecutt, I presume) and a bronzed iron image of a dog stand in the front yard. A real electric bell answers the touch of the visitor at the gay front door, and a sallow little man who looks enough like a certain "Little Wizard" to be his younger brother answers the sound of the bell.

One day, I suppose, when the spirits get a little better trained, the ghost of some dead lackey will perform this service; but at present the dear departed are a little particular whom they meet, and refuse to associate with any who have not been properly introduced. I may add that the almighty dollar duly paid over to the mistress of the house is one of the chief ingredients of eligibility.

AN OLD FRIEND.

A noble soul is prisoned in this motley pile—prisoned and does not know it. For there are other forms of incarceration than bolts and bars and shackles of steel.

The silver sands of his aged life are slowly, tranquilly running out. He is serene and happy, though his feet are almost treading on the skirts of his eightieth year. He dwells amid the ghosts of patriarchs and prophets, and his heart rejoices, because he believes that with the aid of men and women of no particular reputation and less character he is actually manufacturing transcendant proofs of the truth of Holy Writ!

Stages on their way to the Middletown Insane Asylum almost pass the door. But they do not stop there. The old man is not mad. He himself will tell you so. He has simply found the clew which connects this life with the life that is after death,

THIS IS FREEDOM.

and he clutches it with an almost boyish eagerness, and drinks in whatever is told to him by the mercenary creatures who surround him and live upon his bounty, whether it be the rhapsodies of Adam and Eve, and Cain and Solomon, and all the long line of Biblical personages or the childish nonsense of the spirit of "Peggy" the negress, or the aqueous bunion cure of the ghost of the late Tahwarneecutt.

Tut! tie, for shame!

As sweet and gentle a man as ever the world looked upon; a man of almost womanly susceptibilities; a simple, honest, lovable man, who has reached the Christmastide of life without encountering its bleak November; a man so generous and kindly that his very nature ought to ward off all low and despicable characters. Yet here he is, the prey and plaything of professional spirit mediums, the former friends and associates of one Ann O'Delia Diss Debar, illustrious malefactress and ex-convict.

He is in their grip as fast as ever he was in hers. Their wills are his law as absolutely as if they held him in the magnetic gyres of the hypnotist. The history of that old conspiracy which sent the fat sorceress and her "General" to Blackwell's Island is repeating itself among the beautiful hills of Orange county; and the victim—alas, that I should be compelled to name him!—is the same, Luther R. Marsh, the noble but unfortunate Roman who is ending a fine and useful life as the prey of the cheapest sort of spiritualistic swindlers.

NOT THE ONLY VICTIM.

Yes, the poor old man is in the toils again. The spiders have spun an intricate web about him, and while they tickle his palate with sugar and honey five of them are fattening upon him.

He says he likes it, and that it is nobody's business but his. He resents the intrusion of outsiders, and says that they are interlopers and busybodies.

If Luther R. Marsh were the only sufferer perhaps he would be right. Pray, may not a man play the gudgeon if he likes? But in this case the aged lawyer, all unconsciously, is aiding and abetting proceedings which not only insult the dead but injure the living of Middletown, and this is why good citizens of that charming city are fast reaching the state of mind to make it their business, and with the business end of a barrel of tar and a bolsterful of feathers.

If ever there were a good substantial excuse for White Caps—which of course there is not—Middletown has it at the present time.

Things were getting very desperate in the family of Clarissa J. Huyler when she first cast a loving and covetous eye upon the generous Mr. Marsh. It was, so I am told, in his own parlors on Madison avenue, at a time when the Diss Debars had a firm grip on him and his fortune, and the great Temple of Spiritualism loomed in the mind's eye of its high priestess like the Tower of Babel.

The Huylers were in desperate straits. Clarissa's maiden name was Overton. She was the daughter of shrewd and well to do farming people down on the county line of Essex county, and from them had inherited a plain brick house in Middletown, the nucleus of Mr. Marsh's present asylum, and a little sum in cash. But Huyler, her husband, was one of the sort who do not seem to fit anywhere in this world. He had tried all sorts of business from photographing to real estate, and made a failure in them all. It is believed that he used up about all of his wife's patrimony as well as his own credit in his several enterprises.

And here the family were, at the end of their rope, or very near it, with three mouths to feed, for there is not only a John Huyler but a John Huyler, Jr., and nothing to put into them. Something, in the language of Mr. Huyler, who is classical, had to be did.

STILL FIRM IN THE FAITH.

Well, something was did. The strong hand of the law got hold of the Diss Debars, and the strong hand of the Huylers got hold of the fat and succulent picking that was to be had from the credulous Marsh.

It will be remembered that the revelations of the criminal courts did not shake the faith of the old lawyer in Ann O'Delia's supernatural powers, though he did come to the conclusion that she was a very wicked woman on her own behalf. The daubs which she and the General's paintbrush had assisted him to get from the post-mortem genius of the old masters he still held in the highest esteem as spirit paintings. He was clearly meat for another medium. All that was wanted was one with the necessary tact to humor his pet theories and color his dreams, and with will power sufficient to keep him under her control completely. And she must be thin. In the Diss Debar he had sickened of fatness, and several of our most eminent mediums, who are prone to embonpoint wooed him sedulously, but wooed in vain.

But Clarissa was thin—not to say scrawny—and foxy. She had done some little business in the trance line in Middletown, but it had been in a very quiet way—a sort of pot boiling mediumship and nothing more. But she was ambitious to make money and shine if possible in Middletown society,

"ONE AT A TIME, PLEASE!"

and she studied Mr. Marsh very closely and found that he was badly stuck on Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel, and other ladies and gentlemen who have been "a long time dead."

He loved to pore over the Scriptures and dream about the patriarchs and matriarchs in whose memory balls are held at Delmonico's, and to try and peace out the untold links of their strange history. If Cain did not marry his sister where did he find a wife? How did Noah feed the animals which he had for forty days or more in the ark? These and a hundred other problems which have troubled the minds of sceptics troubled his. If he could get the spirits of these forefathers and mothers to speak for themselves he would not only prove the stories of the Old Testament to be true, but make for himself an everlasting name.

WITH THE FIRST FAMILIES.

Now, you don't have to drive an idea into Clarissa J. with a spike. She can take a hint without the use of dynamite as quickly as anybody. She took.

"On the 12th of February last" (1889)—to quote from the language of Mr. Marsh—"at a private seance with Clarissa J. Huyler, it was suggested from the spirit world"—(it was from no less a personage than old King Solomon himself)—"that the patriarchs and prophets would return through medial power and confirm the sacred narrative."

If that was not a good fat worm with which to bait a hook for Luther R. Marsh then I don't know of one. It beat spirit pictures all to pieces.

He went up to the Huylers' in February, 1889, to spend three days. He has not been out of their clutches since then. He shook the dust of New York, with its abhorrent and prying newspaper press (the best friend that Luther R. Marsh has in the world to-day), from his feet, intending to retire to his handsome farm on the shores of Lake Erie and end his days there. Instead he has taken root in the brick house of the Huylers, he and his hoard of ghostly daubs, and is now immersed to his eyes in authorship, with the help of Mrs. Huyler, medium, and Miss Emma Law, amanuensis. They have already produced one book which has not started the world to rolling the other way, and another is now in press. By careful nursing of those chapters of Genesis and Exodus which are chiefly composed of the information that somebody begat somebody else, it is believed that the list of patriarchs can be made to last as long as Mr. Marsh. What provision for the continuation of the great work has been made after his death is known only to the principals, but

KISSING THE WRAITH OF NILSSON.

I give the Huylers credit for getting all that they can out of him before his property becomes a subject for Surrogates' decisions. Surrogates are mighty inquisitive and "unsartin critters."

HE PAID THE BILLS.

Of course the old brick house was not large enough nor handsome enough for a rich man like Mr. Marsh.

Any spirit with half an eye could see that. And, as he was going to invite distinguished company—Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and people accustomed to Oriental luxury—members of the first families indeed—he was easily persuaded to make things more grand.

Carpenters and painters and furnishers were called in. The two story and basement brick house was changed to a two story and basement with mansard roof and tower. Porticos and folderols of the so-called modern school were stuck on ad libitum. The third floor was finished throughout in varnished yellow pine and turned into a huge art gallery.

Here on the walls and on a perfect regiment of easels are those priceless canvases which the spirits painted for Mr. Marsh. New furniture went into the other floors. A new barn was built, and the home of carping care and pinched economy became a painted and gilded mansion of luxurious ease, with flowers in the windows, and chickens in the barnyard, and such a grand collection of variegated spirits as surely no other man ever enjoyed on earth for love or money.

There were good natured family ghosts as well as high priced and rhapsodical antiquities.

One day, for instance, Mr. Marsh was suffering dreadfully from corns. With great good nature Mrs. Huyler went off into a trance and was visited by the spirit of Osceola the Seminole. In real life Osceola was not conspicuous for his good nature, but he seems to have found a change of heart in the other world. He professed to feel deep anguish over Mr. Marsh's

A SOVEREIGN CURE FOR CORNS.

bunions, and said that his friend Tahwarneecutt had told him in confidence that in the back yard of Mrs. Huyler existed a spring with medicinal waters of strange potency. In short, they were a sure cure for corns and bunions.

The Huylers were astounded at this information. Long as they had lived there they had never dreamed of the existence of a spring, they said. They went and looked. Behold! it was there—a very cool one, with quite a taste to the water.

Mr. Marsh drank of the water and declared that his corns felt much better. So the spring was fenced about and a big sign put up in the back yard where those who run may read it to this day:—

TAHWARNEECUTT SPRING.

Just like the springs at Saratoga!

There is a fortune in Tahwarneecutt. There are sixty millions of people in the United States who have corns, at least two corns apiece. That makes a hundred and twenty million corns. But you know the old Colonel Sellers way of figuring. There's millions in it!

THEY DID NOT TELL HIM THIS.

But what a magnificent proof this was of the existence of spirits and their manifestations through human mediums.

It is true that the neighbors had been getting water

PRINCESS NO. 2—THE MOUTHPIECE OF PATRIARCHS.

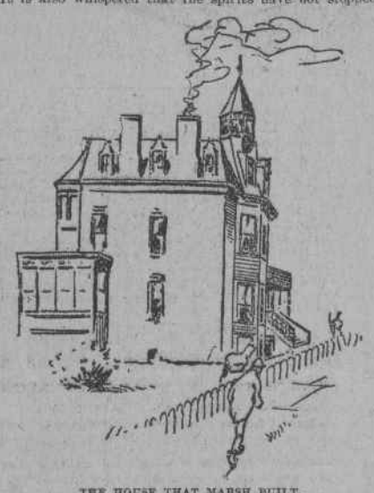
from that spring for years previous to its "discovery" by Mrs. Huyler, and yet they had corns just like other folks. But Mr. Marsh did not know it, and to this day he believes that it was discovered through spiritual agency. And he paid the freight as usual for this information.

And so two years have been spent to the pleasure of Mr. Marsh and the profit of the Huylers, who, since his advent, have had no further fretting or wrestling with unkindly fortune. The masculine members of the family, John and John, Jr., the latter a raw and unpleasant youth with reddish hair and radish manners, have had no visible means of support for a long time, their chief occupation being the manipulation of lights for the "dark seances" and a generally suspicious watching of everybody in general and each other in particular—for it is one of the penalties of this sort of business that you distrust your own flesh and blood.

The position of Miss Law in the family is anomalous. Middletown believes that she is an intimate friend of the Diss Debar, and that that eminent adventuress is still pulling the strings with an ultimate design of again getting a clutch on the Marsh fortune. Where Emma came from nobody knows. She is a tall, angular creature who looks as if she was cut out of cardboard from the model of a stage ideal of the "Yankee old maid."

She is, or pretends to be, a stenographer, and when Mrs. Huyler goes into one of her trances and summons the old patriarchs to answer Mr. Marsh's questions she industriously takes notes which are transcribed at leisure and placed before his wondering eyes. If the two ladies do as our Congressmen do and touch up the Record a bit, what of it? As Mrs. Huyler was a former schoolmistress and knows how to cram up on her studies at a tremendous rate, it would be singular indeed if she could not make Shem, Ham and Japhet tell delightful stories of the voyage of the ark.

But it is also whispered abroad that Miss Law is a handler of the brush and palette; that she used to be so when she knew the Diss Debar, and that she still does a little art work in the secrecy of her boudoir. It is also whispered that the spirits have not stopped



THE HOUSE THAT MARSH BUILT.

painting pictures for the old lawyer, and that his collection is growing portentous in size.

About six weeks ago Mr. Marsh took one of the leading citizens of Middletown through his art gallery, and with the pride of a peacock whose wife has hatched out a brood of young turkeys showed him the display of this chamber of horrors and described the wonderful process of their painting, familiar to readers of the Herald.

And what do you think?" he cried, rubbing his hands with almost childish delight. "The other night the spirits came when I slept and varnished the whole collection!"

By a singular coincidence one of the leading local photographers had a job at the Huyler's about that time which kept him employed to a late hour of the night.

A rival photographer heard of this and began to gossip, and now, strange to say, he has received an order to "take" the whole tribe at Tahwarneecuttville.

ENTER THE ARCHERS.

But now a new act in the tragedy begins.

About six weeks ago Professor Archer and wife arrived from Brooklyn and took up their abode in the house of Huyler. I will not go so far as to say that they were welcome—indeed, I am inclined to think that they were not—but they had some sort of a hold on the Huylers, and they made the most of it. The latter took them in, and they have shown no signs of getting out again. A good many people believe that they came from the Diss Debar herself, who has been "doing" Brooklyn lately, until certain agencies, as readers of the Herald know, made it rather warm for her over there.

Professor Archer brought a black and curling mustache with him. He has since shaved it off, whether or not to further the ends of spiritualism I cannot tell.

He is a man of somewhat Sullivan physique, topping six feet in height, and he takes good care to let believers and unbelievers alike understand that he is acquainted with scrapping and is, on the whole, rather a dangerous customer to thwart. His wife, who is as thin as either Mrs. Huyler or dear, short haired Emma Law, which is saying a good deal, is a great hand at plunking the banjo and otherwise assisting in manifestations of spiritualistic power, and as for the Professor, if you will but believe him, he is one of the most eminent and successful materializing mediums in the country.

With the Archers came an end of the piping times of peace. Literary and patriarchal spirits had to

MARSH INTERVIEWS THE GHOSTS.

take back seats and give more modern ghosts a show. There was good money in Middletown, as well as that of the aged lawyer. Why not make hay while the sun shone?

Mr. Marsh hailed the novelty with delight. The Huylers ground their teeth in secret, but showed them in broad gauge smiles in public as they went round looking for audiences whom it would be safe to have in the house.

The local press was not invited, but there was no trouble in drumming up audiences that were willing to invest a dollar a head for the sake of seeing what it all amounted to. There have been plenty of comers to the almost nightly seances since then, and the dollars are coming in at a rate livelier I believe than Professor Archer ever saw them come before.

John Huyler gathered in the first audience.

"If you want to see something very wonderful," he said, "come to our house this evening. You must be there by eight o'clock sharp, for at that hour the doors and windows will be bolted fast, as the spirits will not come if there is any disturbance from without. Come to the basement door."

SOME FUN FOR A DOLLAR.

The guests entered by the basement door and were ushered into the front room, where chairs arranged in semi-circular rows had been made ready for the sitting. There were fully fifty present, including the believers and unbelievers, and they were told to prepare for wonderful manifestations.

Heavy carpets barred the windows on the front and side, so that the ungodly without might not see what was going on within. The light for the seance was furnished by a solitary lamp beside the entrance door, with a red and brown screen in front of it and Mr. Huyler at the wick to see that no one suddenly turned it up and disclosed the real character of the particular ghost that might at the moment be entertaining the crowd.

In the opposite corner, suspiciously close to the folding doors, was a circular brass rod to which were suspended a pair of curtains. Mrs. Archer, with her banjo, Mr. Marsh and a couple of strange women sat on one side of this curtain and Mrs. Huyler and a couple of believers at the other, with John, Jr., hovering about as a sort of body guard to the medium and the spirits. The rest of the congregation were placed on the rows of seats, but none but the faithful were permitted to occupy the front row.

It was not till the lights had been turned low and Professor Archer had taken his place behind the curtain of this improvised cabinet that Mrs. Archer came in through the folding doors and took her place beside the curtain.

With a quick movement she threw a bundle under the curtain, and one spectator, who was beginning to feel like a fool because the whole business was so transparent, had the effrontery to suggest aloud that this bundle contained the costumery for the various ghosts who were subsequently to appear, at which everybody cried, "Psh-sh-sh!"

After some hymns had been sung and the banjo had plunk-plunked its little self hoarse, the first ghost made its appearance. It was not a successful ghost, and when it had retired the spirit of the old negress "Peggy," who used to be the nurse of Professor Archer, so he says, and through whom that genius "works," was heard to say that Mr. Marsh must change his seat or the proceedings would not be successful. The old man obediently arose and got in the lee of Mrs. Archer, a somewhat unfortunate change, as was proved later on.

The poor old man was forced to act the part of master of ceremonies to the bogy show that followed. What a fall for Luther R. Marsh, once the partner of Daniel Webster! He rose to his feet and made a little speech, explaining the phenomena that were promised, and giving his word of honor—poor old man!—that it all was genuine. "Mme. Anna Bishop" and "Christine Nilsson" had promised to be present, he said, and there was no knowing what other wonders would come to them.

IDA WAS NOT THERE.

After some grumbling by "Peggy" that the spirit of unbelief was very strongly influencing the proceedings (and it must be confessed that the Professor gave a very bad imitation of the voice and dialect of a negro woman), the curtains parted and a ghost peered out, all white and phosphorescent and shimmery, and whispered a request for Ida.

"Is there an Ida in the room?" asked Mrs. Huyler. No response.

This was embarrassing.

"There is a spirit here with a message for Ida," said Mrs. Huyler.

"It must be a lost spirit," said the unbeliever in tones so audible that the ghost suddenly drew back through the curtains, while all the believers cried "Sh-sh-h!" in accents of horror.

Ida was a bad guess, but better ones were made,

"THE SPIRITS GLAZED THEM WHILE I SLEPT."

and soon every one was enjoying spooks big and spooks little to the top of Professor Archer's bent. It was the old, old performance, described so many times that I will not sicken you with the details. Suffice it to say that Professor Archer was not a particularly brilliant artist, and only those who were bound to be deceived were able to get up an illusion as to the personality of the ghosts.

After the ghost of Nilsson had come out and permitted Mr. Marsh to kiss its eminent face—ah, there Luther! is that what makes Spiritualism so pleasant a thing to study?—it was announced that Mme. Anna Bishop would appear and sing through a horn. Why through a horn?

And then it was that Mr. Marsh put his foot, or rather his elbow, in it.

When the curtains parted and Mme. Anna's ghostly but somewhat amplitudinous form appeared, the sharp eyed unbeliever distinctly saw her place the mouthpiece of a long tin horn in the mouth of Mrs. Archer, who sat thrumming the banjo beside the curtain, and that good lady immediately began to do the singing through the horn. Mr. Marsh, who did not see this little byplay, was in an ecstacy, and flinging up his hands unintentionally knocked the horn out of Mrs. Archer's mouth.

AND HIS WONDER GREW.

"Oh," he cried with delight, "I actually hit that horn with my hand! I wonder how it could be so low!"

Professor Archer and wife were too demoralized to offer any explanation, but Mrs. Huyler quickly came to the rescue.

"The spirit of Mme. Anna Bishop," she said in a loud and defiant voice, "always sings out of her stomach. That is what made the horn so low."

And the believers cried, "Wonderful, wonderful!"

When the spirits had furnished a dollar's worth of fun to the assembly the voice of Professor Archer was heard calling for water. Mrs. Huyler took a glassful into the cabinet. "He is in a dreadful way," she said when she came out. "I am afraid we will never get him out of the trance. You will all have to go out of the room for a few minutes. Go up stairs and see Mr. Marsh's wonderful collection of spirit pictures. After we get the Professor out you can return and examine the cabinet."

So the visitors were shooed up stairs and the tokens of the fray cleared away while the aged lawyer showed his priceless pictures so recently "glazed" at midnight by the spirits.

In a few minutes Miss Law appeared.

"You kin kem down now," said that literary lady.

The party kem and found nothing there but Professor Archer safely out of his trance, the curtain, and nothing else—not even a shadow of a Shade.

This was the beginning of the Professor's revival

THE WONDERFUL "PROFESSOR."

of Spiritualism, and it was harmless enough tomfoolery, but some of the seances that followed it were not so innocuous.

Women began to attend the meetings and neglected their household duties to follow after these strange gods, and some showed signs of being mentally touched by the manifestations produced by these arrant rogues. One young mother who lost her only babe went into hysterics one night when Archer persuaded her that one of his "materializations" was the spirit of her child. The poor woman has not been herself since then and it may be necessary even yet to send her to the asylum. Her relatives are very indignant and more than once have threatened violence. Archer, who is as arrant a coward as ever measured six feet high, has given out that he is a terrible fighter and that he is armed to boot, and this has served to quell the ardor of those who are inclined to give him a taste of the medicine he so well deserves.

Another thing that makes the blood of Middletowners boil with anger is the way the spirits of respected and beloved men and women dead have been paraded by this miserable colony of tricksters. The Rev. Alexander Capron, formerly rector of Grace Church, is one of the victims of this sacrilegious mummery, and many of his old time friends and former parishioners are seriously discussing the feasibility of resenting this insult to his memory.

SIR INJUN, JOHN.

The spook of old John Brower is a frequent visitor at the Archer circus. A great old character was John. He was a carpenter by trade, and a good one when he was—well, sober. He was a great old chap for collecting Indian relics and other trophies, and on

HUYLER CASTLE—BEFORE THE WINDFALL.

gala days like the Fourth of July you could always be sure of seeing John at the front of the procession, arrayed like an impossible Indian, with strings of coins around his neck and body and plenty of fire water aboard.

Long before John went to the happy hunting ground the old man, who had long been separated from his wife and family, went over to Hillside Cemetery, and picked out a big rock for his place of burial. He had his name carved on it, and planted flowers upon it, and when he died his body was buried beside it.

There had always been a little feeling of doubt in Middletown concerning old John's destination when he started on his last journey, but his spirit, via Professor Archer, says that he is having a splendid time in a place where it is Fourth of July all the year round.

If any one were to set fire to the cotton whiskers that adorn the face of this jolly ghost the face of Professor Archer would get badly scorched.

But where is this business going to end? Is there no friend or relative of Luther R. Marsh who will step in and balk the plans of this illustrious five, or are they to be permitted to go on to the end of the chapter—an end that means perhaps throwing him back into the hands of the spook princess, who is believed with something more than an empty surmise to be closely affiliated with the Huylers and Archers? Who is Professor Archer, anyway, and why has he shaved off his mustache? He has settled down on the Huylers, or rather Professor Mr. Marsh, as if he meant to stay. If Tahwarneecuttville is to be

"WHY, I HIT THE HORN! WONDERFUL!"

turned into an asylum for all the needy mediums of New York and Brooklyn, there will have to be some more mansard roofs and considerably more architectural gingerbread stuck on to it.

In order to solve these various problems and give our good old friend Marsh a chance to speak for himself, I called at the mansion a day or two ago and touched the electric bell.

"ALL D——D HUMBUG."

The bearded creature that came to the door was such a little weazened thing and looked so much like an eminent financier that I was tempted to call him "Jay."

He opened the door on an eight inch crack and looked on me with apprehension and distrust, as if he feared that I was a sheriff's officer. He did not invite me within.

"Mrs. Huyler in?" I asked, with a careless smile.

"Yes," he said.

I handed him a card and said I would like to see her.

"I will see if she is in," he said, contradicting his first assertion. He took the card up stairs and came back with the assertion that Mrs. Huyler had gone up town. This was strange, for a moment before I had seen that worthy woman flattening her nasal organ against a window pane up stairs.

Mr. Huyler essayed to close the door, but my foot accidentally got in the way, and the door did not shut.

"I have been informed by a clergyman of this town," I said as pleasantly as I could, "that Mrs. Huyler and you have got an old friend, Mr. Luther R. Marsh, an unwilling prisoner in your house. The New York Herald wants me to find out if that is true."

CHRISTIANS HATE THEM.

The little sallow man's voice trembled a little as he replied to a question I had not asked him.

"We are Spiritualists," he said, "and the preachers and Christians all hate us. We don't have nothin'

MME. ARCHER, OF BROOKLYN.

to do with anybody, and don't want to."

I gently reminded Mr. Huyler that he had not answered my question. As I was speaking his son, a mottle-faced, carrot-headed chap, who looked as if he had stepped out of the pages of "Oliver Twist," came up behind his daddy and listened suspiciously to the conversation.

The elder Huyler revolved the matter in his mind.

"It's all damned humbug," he said. "Mr. Marsh kin come an' go as he pleases. He ain't no prisoner here."

"Couldn't I see him a moment?" I asked with an engaging smile.

"Naw, you couldn't," he replied.

"Ah, indeed. It would make your case better if I had a denial from his own lips."

"I don't care a d—— how the case is. People kin say what they want."

"Yes, I presume that they can," I said. "They can say that you refuse to let a caller see your prisoner. It is all right, you know. It makes no difference to me personally. So Marsh has written a book, has he?"

"Yes, an' he'll probably write other books."

"Well, good day," said I. "Pleased to have met you."

DIDN'T WANT TO SEE REPORTERS.

"Hold on a minute," said Huyler, who had been wondering what his son was tugging at his coat tails for. "You say you represent the New York Herald, you two?"

"Yes," said I.

"Well, I'll go and ask Mr. Marsh if he wants to see you." He went up stairs and came back in a few minutes saying "Mr. Marsh says he don't want to see no reporters. He's been pretty badly treated by reporters in the past, and he don't like em—boh! He don't care what the newspapers say about him, so you kin say what you please."

As we passed out of the gate, the artist and I, and bade goodby to the bronzed iron images of dog and Indian, we suddenly looked up and saw three noses, belonging respectively to Archer and wife and Mme. Huyler, pressed against the pane of curiosity. They were quickly removed, but not quite quickly enough.

I trust that they all sleep well and with easy con-

HERE LIES JOHN BROWER.

sciences. But why did Archer shave off that handsome, curly black mustache?

A few days ago a company of the young men of Middletown attended a seance of Professor Archer's intending to show up the thing completely. But the ghost of Peggy warned them at the beginning that the Professor was used to scrapping and they did not quite get up their courage to the fighting point.

MARSH STANDS BY HIS GUNS.

Mr. Marsh, who is certainly wedded to his one mania by indissoluble ties, though in all other respects he seems to be a healthy and well preserved gentleman of seventy-eight, with all the graces of his refined and educated nature, has recently written a long letter to show how happy he is in his work and what faith he has in it.

"Believe me," he writes, "that these spiritual phenomena are absolute and irrefragible truth. Though I speak of myself, you will pardon me for saying that I am a man yet clear in intellectual perception, of a large experience in investigating truth and, as I know, honest in intent and without the slightest motive pecuniary or otherwise to mislead any mortal man. But I know whereof I speak, and I affirm with all solemnity the verity of these things.

"For the past three years I have been misrepresented, derided, caricatured the country over and the world around by the secular press; the sport of reporters, pictured as a deluded, credulous, broken down old fanatic and lunatic—to all of which I have made no reply—and all this for merely accepting a belief commended to my judgment on demonstrated facts, and having the courage to stand up to it in the face of all people."

EATING TO NO PURPOSE.

"I'm going to give up taking my luncheons at Del's!"

"Why so?"

"I sit down hungry and get up faint—at sight of the check!"

BISHOP NEWMAN'S GOSPEL OF WEALTH.

Accumulation of Property a Divine Gift for Divine Ends.

MEN'S RIGHT TO BE RICH.

Poverty, Says the Distinguished Methodist, Has No Monopoly of All the Cardinal Virtues.

I believe in accumulated wealth. The acquisition of property is a divine gift. Industry and frugality are the laws of thrift. To amass great fortunes is a special endowment.

As poets, philosophers and orators are born such, so the financier has a genius for wealth. By intuition he is familiar with the laws of supply and demand. He seems gifted with the vision of a seer of the coming changes in the market. He knows when to buy and when to sell and when to hold fast. He anticipates the flow of population and its effect upon real estate.

As the poet must sing because the muse is in him so the financier must make money. He cannot help it.

The endowment of this gift is announced in Scripture, "The Lord thy God giveth thee power to get wealth." And all such promises are illustrated in the present financial condition of Christian nations, who control the finances of the world.

WEALTH'S HIGH MISSION.

Wealth has the noblest of missions. It is not given to hoard, nor to gratify, nor for the show of pomp and power.

The rich are the almoners of the Almighty. They are His disbursing agents. They are the guardians of the poor.

They are to inaugurate those great enterprises which will bring thrift to the masses; not the largest dividends, but the largest prosperity.

Capital makes it possible for the laborer to enjoy a happiness that waits upon honest industry.

It is for the rich to improve the homes of the poor, but many a rich man's stable is a palace compared to the abode of the honest and intelligent mechanic's. When the wealthy are the patrons of those social reforms that elevate society, then they will receive the benedictions of the poor. It is for them to give direction to the legislation essential for the protection of all the rights and interests of a community. When they build libraries of learning, museums of art and temples of piety they will be esteemed the benefactors of their kind.

When the wealth of capital joins hands with the wealth of intellect, the wealth of muscle and the wealth of goodness for the common good, then labor and capital will be esteemed the equal factors in giving every man life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

DIVINE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

In all well regulated society every man is accorded the right to possess that which he has made and the power of control over the same. He has not only the right to a piece of gold by discovery or purchase or labor, but, when he fashions the same into a work of art, his right is increased by virtue of his skill. Around this sacred right divine and human laws throw their awful sanctions.

"Thou shalt not steal" is the command of high Heaven.

The Creator treats this right as a self-evident fact, directs His mandates against every act violative of the same and against the temper of mind from which such violations proceed. In harmony therewith human governments among their first acts protect this individual right and treat the offender thereof as guilty of a wrong and punish him accordingly.

Upon the recognition of this right depend the existence and progress of society. Ignore this right, and no one would labor more than is sufficient for his individual subsistence, as he would have no more right than any other person to the surplus; and there would therefore be no accumulation, no provision for the future, no means by which improvements could be made; there would be no noble cities, no elegant homes, no invented means of travel, no advanced civilization.

WEALTH MEANS CULTIVATION.

The question involves the distinction between the savagery of the barbarian and the refinements and comforts of civilized life. A nation of thieves would be a nation of barbarians.

There is no prejudice against honorable and benevolent wealth. The war of to-day against capital is against the aristocracy of riches and where wealth is hoarded and appropriated for personal gratification and grandeur, or held for the love of the power that issues therefrom.

It is this selfishness of the affluent that awakens the wrath of the poor of the laboring classes. Nor is there violent opposition to fortunes speedily acquired, but public displeasure is aroused against the man of wealth who manipulates the market for his own benefit and is indifferent to the bankruptcy of hundreds and thousands whose acquired fortunes are sacrificed by his heartless stock gambling.

WEALTH NEED NOT HARDEN.

It is not true that the rich are necessarily misanthropic.

Large possessions in land and money do not sour the milk of human kindness that flows through the veins of humanity. To whom are we indebted for those houses of charity whose gates of mercy stand open day and night? Who are the founders of those libraries which spread their ample feast before mankind? Who open to the indigent student of our land those scientific and professional schools whereby the humblest may rise to the highest? The universities and colleges of our country are the monuments of the rich.

The most popular institute in New York, where any woman may learn to be an artist and any man an artisan, whose very name has filled Christendom with delight, is the honorable work of a man who left $2,000,000 to his two children. He is not despised.

The National Temperance Publishing Society, whose life-giving literature is to-day blessing our nation, is largely the work of another citizen of America's great metropolis, who bequeathed to his widow and seven sons more than $1,500,000. He is not reprobated.

Every State in the South is to-day the beneficiary of the wealth of a merchant prince who died worth millions, and the memorials of his princely giving are in London, in Baltimore and in his native Massachusetts. He is not damned.

POVERTY DOES NOT MONOPOLIZE VIRTUE.

Poverty, competence and affluence are the three financial conditions of man, in each of which there may be sainthood.

Poverty may be as vicious upon the morals of character and life as wealth. The rich are not the criminal classes of society; they represent the average virtue of Christian lands. The reign of terror against wealth is itself a crime. It is without reason, without justification, without excuse, and those who aid and abet it are chief offenders. Society has the right to demand of the rich to regard their wealth as a talent of usefulness to multiply the comforts of the laboring classes, to diffuse knowledge, to alleviate suffering and to equalize, as far as possible, the social condition of their fellow men. JOHN P. NEWMAN.

ASTOUNDED BY FREE SPEECH.

HOW A THREATENED INTERNATIONAL DIFFICULTY WAS SATISFACTORILY ADJUSTED.

"What line do you handle?" said a New York dry goods commission salesman to an English commercial traveller whom he met in the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, last fall.

The Englishman handed over a card emblazoned with the royal arms and containing among other things, "By special appointment. Hosiers to the Queen and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales."

"Does that mean," said the American, "that the firm you represent manufactures hosiery for Queen Victoria?"

"That is what it means," replied the other. "Doesn't it say so?"

"Yes, it says so, but do you know it to be so?" queried the American.

The Englishman remained silent, nor did he attempt to conceal the disgust that the question inspired.

"Did you ever know the Queen to buy her stockings from your firm, or did you ever see her wearing them?" continued the first speaker.

"Do you know you are speaking disrespectfully of the Queen of Great Britain?" snapped the foreigner, savagely.

"Now, hold on, my friend," said the other. "I'm speaking of the Queen I know, but not disrespectfully. She's a nice old lady, and they say she is fond of Scotch whiskey. There are plenty of nice old ladies in this country every bit as good as she is and fond of a wee nip themselves. They are sovereigns, too, each and every one of them.

"You need not get angry when I speak of the Queen wearing stockings. She does wear them, doesn't she?"

The foreigner stood aghast at hearing the Queen spoken of as a nice old lady who loved Scotch whiskey, and about whose stockings a man dared to insinuate a doubt as to whether she wore any or not.

The situation was becoming strained when the American, seeing that he had carried his assumed ignorance as far as it should go, burst out into a laugh, made the proper explanations and apologies and settled the matter with liberal libations in true American style.