NELLIE BLY IN JAIL.

Chat with Eugene Victor Debs, the Imprisoned Labor Leader.

HOW HE AND COMRADES PASS TIME.

They Lead Rather a Jolly Life Telling Stories, Reading and Enjoying Good Meals.

DEBS GLAD THAT HE IS NOT RICH.

He Would Rather Be an Orator than to Be a Millionaire, for He Thinks the Wealthy Are Objects of Pity.

(Special to The World.)

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 19.—Eugene Victor Debs says he makes only one sacrifice by being in jail. That is the absence from his family circle in their Sunday evening reunions.

It has been the invariable custom of the Debs family to spend their Sunday evenings together. As children it was the unbroken rule and as the sons and daughters grew up and got homes of their own, they still came back on Sunday evenings with husbands or wives and children to their parents' fireside.

"All days are alike to one in jail," Mr. Debs said to me. "I forget whether it's Monday or Wednesday, but intuitively and without effort I know when it's Sunday. I suppose one would say it was due to some occult influence, for then the family are together and my chair is vacant."

While I attended the strikes at Pullman last summer I did not meet Mr. Debs, who, as the leader of the A. R. U., became so widely known through them. So I was rather glad to take the tiresome trip to Woodstock, Ill., to see Mr. Debs.

Woodstock is a small country town. The jail is a very small affair in the rear of the Sheriff's house, and adjoining the court-house.

The reason Mr. Debs and his seven fellow-sufferers are in Woodstock is because the jail in Chicago is overflowing with prisoners, guilty and innocent, and, unlike the street cars, it cannot squeeze in another one. They have at present four men in every small cell, and the entire place is crawling with vermin and deep in filth. So Mr. Debs and his companions have good reasons for congratulating themselves that there was no room for more.

There are no signs of a jail about the front of the Sheriff's house. It is a plain brick, with unbarred windows. I rang the bell, and was admitted by a young girl, who stared at me wonderingly.

"I would like to see Mr. Debs. Can I do so?" I asked.

"I guess so," she said, and then added, hesitatingly, "the Sheriff's in court and won't be out till 12, so I guess I'd better ask mother."

She disappeared after telling me to be seated, and presently a woman came in and I made known to her my wishes.

"Are you his wife?" she asked, curiously.

"No," I replied, "merely a friend."

"I guess you can see him. Come this way," she said.

I followed her through the dining-room to a hall in the rear and along this hall to where iron bars, newly painted white, shut off the jail from the house.

Glancing through the bars I could see a number of men sitting in a sun-lit corridor. They all sat in perfect silence, deeply interested in the books they were reading.

"Here's a friend of yours, Mr. Debs," the woman called, and Mr. Debs came close to the gate.

I did not want everybody to know who I was, so I whispered through the bars, "I am Nellie Bly, Mr. Debs, and I would like to have a talk with you."

"I am glad to see you, Miss Bly," was the quiet reply, and then he addressed the woman.

"Can you let me come out for a little while, Mrs. Eckert?" he said.

"I'll let you out alone," she replied, and taking a huge key from her pocket endeavored to unlock the door.

The lock stuck.

"Push on the door, Mr. Debs," she ordered, and Mr. Debs lent his aid to undo the stubborn bolt.

HIS OWN JAILER.

"The other night I had to lock myself in," Mr. Debs observed.

In another moment the bolt shot back, the door swung open and Eugene Victor Debs stood in the corridor before me.

For an instant we looked at each other, his tall figure towering up before me, and then simultaneously we stretched out our arms.

"I am glad to meet you," said Mr. Debs.

"And I am glad to meet you," I replied.

Side by side we walked through the corridor, through the dining-room and to the sitting-room which I had first entered.

There we sat down facing each other.

"They don't seem much afraid of your getting away," I observed.

"They know we are on our honor here, and they can trust us," Mr. Debs replied. "The day we were brought here I was to appear in court at 10 o'clock. I had been in St. Paul, and when I arrived in Chicago it was almost 10 o'clock, so I ran all the way to court and arrived there just one minute to 10. I was on my honor, and I would not have been a minute late for anything in the world. Several persons said to me that I was the first man they ever saw run to get into jail."

"Did you find your imprisonment very hard to bear?" I asked.

"Why, no, not particularly. I miss the separation from my family. It has always been the custom of our family to have a reunion Sunday nights, and to miss them is the only cross I have to bear. My father and mother are old, my father being seventy-five, and it is hard to miss even one night that I could be with them."

The Debs family is a very happy and lucky one. There are four daughters and two sons, and there has never been a death. The daughters married and the sons married, and it only increased the family circle. Even the very slightest of family quarrels or strife has never come among the Debses.

Eugene Victor Debs says the most perfect harmony and affection have always existed in his home, even with those who have married into his family.

He has been married ten years, and he has never had even one cross word with his wife. She is a daughter, fond and loving, to his parents, and she is in the family circle these Sunday evenings that he spends in jail.

Until within a short time the family all lived in Terre Haute, Ind., but now one married sister lives in New York and another is on a visit to Paris, while Mr. Debs in is jail, making a break in the home that the parents feel deeply.

"Don't you think it is rather hard to be in jail on the silly charge of contempt of court, when Carnegie is at liberty?" I asked.

Mr. Debs smiled.

"Everybody understands what makes the difference," he answered. "You know," he added, "they declared me guilty under the bill known as the Inter-State Commerce law. This bill was supposedly enacted for the protection of small farmers and producers. Before the law was passed the small farmers were crushed to the wall by combines and large companies, who could get low rates because of the quantity they shipped, and consequently were always able to undersell the small farmer.

Since the Sante Fe Railroad has been in the hands of receivers, Expert Little, who made an examination of the company's books, finds that J. W. Reinhardt, President of the company, paid out, within a year, $8,000,000 in rebates to favored shippers, the very thing the Interstate Commerce law was designed to put a stop to. No one was ever prosecuted. Mr. Reinhardt was permitted to resign his position, and the matter ended there. Notwithstanding the Sante Fe Company was in the hands of a receiver, therefore in the custody of the Court, the Court took no judicial knowledge of the crime, and nothing has been said of it from that day to this. Had it been a labor leader guilty of this crime, the press would have insisted on his being prosecuted and punished by fine and imprisonment, and there would have been no end until this was done.

COMPARED WITH MILLIONAIRES.

I looked at Mr. Debs as he sat before me and compared him with two millionaires—Pullman and Carnegie.

Mr. Debs is unusually tall—an inch or two over six feet I should judge. He is well built, slender, but not thin. His shoulders are broad and there is a look of strength about him.

His face is rather long, beardless and smooth cut. He has the strong, large nose of a successful man. His mouth is small and pleasantly shaped, and he smiles frequently, a fleeting, but pretty smile that shows two rows of strong white teeth.

His eyes are blue, and at present have slightly reddish rings about them, as though from too much reading. Gold-rimmed glasses that run behind the ears he wears constantly.

Mr. Debs's forehead was originally high and broad, and much thought has placed four lines across it, with a short one above the right eye. There evidences that in a short time Mr. Debs's forehead will be still higher. His hair is very thin on top.

There was no sign of the prisoner about Mr. Debs's clothes. He wore a well-made suit of gray tweed, the coat being a cutaway, and a white starched shirt with a standing collar and a small black and white scarf tied in a bow-knot.

There was a plain gold button in his shirt front, a gold chain crossing from buttonhole to vest pocket and an agate ring upon the third finger of his left hand.

"You don't seem very fond of jewelry," I observed.

"No; I've had a great deal given to me, but I do not like it. I only wear this ring, and I've worn it for fifteen years, for one reason. You can see why."

He took off the ring and handed it to me, and I saw inscribed on the inside—"Mother to Eugene."

Eugene Victor Debs's parents were born in France, but all their children were born in America. Mr. Debs, sr., was a grocer in Terre Haute. His son, Eugene, was born Nov. 5, 1855, and attended the public schools until he was fourteen years old, when he went to work in the Vandalia Railroad paint shops.

For a year and a half he earned 50 cents a day, until ill-health forced him to stop. Afterwards he "fired" on a locomotive for the same company for three years and a half. He was passionately fond of railroading, and might have been working at it yet had not a wreck occurred in which two of his comrades, the engineer and fireman, were killed. This affected his mother so strongly that she insisted upon his leaving the business.

So Eugene Debs left railroading for the grocery business. There is a wholesale grocery house in Terre Haute that is considered the most complete in America. In this the young man worked for five years, and held one of the most responsible positions in the house, when he became ambitious politically. He was successful in his first campaign, and in 1880 became City Clerk. Five years later he was elected to the Legislature.

This, he says, settled all his political aspirations. He saw that if he expected to accomplish anything he must adapt himself to the existing methods, and this he could not do and retain his self-respect.

Since 1876 Mr. Debs had been a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and when, some four years later, the secretary was found to be a defaulter, the order being bankrupted and demoralized in consequence, Mr. Debs was called upon to fill the unexpired term.

REFUSED A TIP.

This he did with great success, and in a short time had succeeded in paying off the debt of $3,000. After that he was appointed editor of the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, and held that position until 1892. He resigned them, though unanimously re-elected, with the privilege of fixing his own salary. The order also voted him $3,000 and a six-months' vacation, but Mr. Debs refused to take the money, and it still remains in the treasury of the Brotherhood.

Mr. Debs's reason for quitting the paper was that he might lend his aid to the order in other ways. He thought he had a mission to perform, and he set out to do it. He had recognized the fact that all the railroads were secretly coming together, and that they meant to reduce wages, not everywhere at once, but gradually, first one place and then another, until a wholesale reduction would result.

This is what Eugene Victor Debs wanted to work against. And he succeeded as anything I don't know of.

S. KELIER. M. J. ELLIOTT. W. E. BURNS. G. W. HOWARD. JAS. HOGAN. E. V. DEBS. R. M. GOODWIN. L. M. ROGERS.

EUGENE V. DEBS AND HIS COMPANIONS IN JAIL.

any man who would make a better leader for any class of people. Eugene Debs has been in labor organizations for twenty years.

While success invariably creates enemies, and the most malicious of all enemies, failure also produces enemies, but Eugene Debs has never had a candidate named against him nor a vote cast against him in all these twenty years.

That says a great deal for the man.

In addition to this, it was plain to everybody that his motive must be an honest one, since he never tried to make money from his position, but on the contrary at every convention has always asked to have his salary reduced from one to two thousand dollars.

He gave up a yearly salary of $3,000 to work for the Railroad Union at $75 per month, and when the trouble broke out the convention voted to raise his salary to $3,500, but he decided the order needed the money, and he stopped his salary and has not received any since.

"How have you managed to live?" I asked, impertinently perhaps, but curiously.

"Through my family," he replied. "Whatever one has is for all. There is not a discord in our entire connection, and whatever the others have is at the command of any who may need it."

"Are you worth any money?" I asked.

"The extent of my worldly possessions is a house and lot," he answered. "I owe no man a dollar and no man owes me. You might say that I am square with the world."

"Have you no ambition to get rich?"

"Not the least. If I had to take my choice between being extremely rich or extremely poor, I would choose the latter. I think the very rich deserve pity instead of censure, just as Oscar Wilde says in his latest essay we ought not to be severe with the very rich, they for as well as the poor are entitled to our commiseration. Money-getting is a disease as much as paresis, and as much to be pitied."

"What is your highest ambition?"

"All my life, from my earliest recollection, my highest ambition has been to be an orator," he answered, his earnest blue eyes looking steadily at me. "I have always thought the personality or power to move people was the greatest on earth. If I had my choice of the gifts that come to men, I would choose that. If a woman, I would want to be the most beautiful singer."

When Mr. Debs was "firing" he worked all night, slept in the forenoon and attended school in the afternoon. He has heard all the orators with any pretensions to greatness and power.

FOND OF MUSIC.

Mr. Debs is passionately fond of music. His wife and her sisters and his own are all musical. The piano, banjo, mandolin and guitar are all played in his house.

Mr. Debs understands French and speaks German. He doesn't care much for novels, except for those of Hugo, Sue and Dumas. Lately he reads only economic works.

He smokes, is temperate, but enjoys a good dinner and is fond of pets. He has two—Fay, an Irish setter, and a canary named "Sweetie."

He is passionately fond of children, and one can readily believe him when he says all the children at home know him.

He told me a little incident that happened just before he left his home this last time, and which strengthened his heart to endure the trial before him.

On the morning of the day he left there came a timid knock upon his door, and, opening it, he saw two little tots, a boy and a girl, on the step. Each carried a little red savings bank.

The little boy was spokesman.

"I got $13," he said, "and sister's got two in her bank, and we're going to give it to you to pay those men so they won't take you off to jail."

They had evidently heard their parents discussing Mr. Debs's fate and had made up their baby minds to save their favorite.

Mr. Debs has no children of his own.

There is much of a poetic nature in Eugene Debs. He has a soft, pleasing voice, a voice that is soothing and caressing. His manner is most mild and gentle. For some reason which I cannot explain he reminds me of James Whitcomb Riley. He and Riley are warm personal friends.

"Riley says every man lives his life in a circle," he said to me during our conversation. "A man starts here (drawing an imaginary circle upon his knee), a farm lad. He drifts out to a city to make wealth, but after a while he tires of his money and the hurry and bustle of the world, and he buys a farm, and after a while his friends go out to see him and find him happy at work among his cattle, just where he began as a boy. So he completes his circle."

"I know how my life is to be," he continued, in a dreamy fashion, his blue eyes gazing out through the window, where everything glistened with snow. "I am going to die in perfect quiet on a farm. I know just what that farm is like, though I have never seen it. A winding creek cuts through it and there is an immense orchard."

He stopped suddenly as if he thought he was too confidential, and he smiled. "You see," he explained, "I want a little poetry in it. I always considered a farmer's life should be the freest and best in the world. If any man knows liberty, it should be the farmer. If any man is wise it should be the farmer. It is the ideal life. I never pass a farm-house that I do not envy its inmates. In the country one does as one likes; in the city one does as others like. The country is the only place a man can be true to himself."

In the lapel of his coat Mr. Debs wore a very brilliant pink. He evidently thought I noticed it.

"I suppose people might think this seems out of place—a carnation on a convict!" he chuckled with a merry smile, "and that I should wear weping willow or something like that. It was among a box of flowers which the wife of one of my comrades sent all the way from Ogden, Utah. They came in a beautiful condition; just as fresh as if newly cut."

Mr. Debs is a close student of Shakespeare, and always carries a volume with him. He can repeat Romeo and Juliet and Julius Caesar almost entire.

He is getting pretty well used to the newspapers now, but once found unfruitful stories hard to bear. Now he plays to be philosophical and believes that "good will come of it." He says everybody in Terre Haute knows him, infirmities and all, and he is sure old and young, black and white, rich and poor, can say nothing against him.

"A man hasn't anything, after all, but his reputation," he observed, "and if he won't defend that it's because it isn't worth defending."

"Don't you think you could do labor some good by lecturing through the country?" I asked.

"There are two things I won't do," he replied promptly. "I won't write a book or lecture for money. I think it would be disreputable to thus take advantage of the notoriety I gained through workingmen's trouble. If I can survive all the talk, then I think I can do some good. If it's temporary notoriety then I shall, as a New York paper suggested, go into that obscurity from which I emerged.

"If I ever get time," Mr. Debs said, earnestly, "I want to devote some study to prisoners. During the heat of the excitement over the last strike I was arrested and spent eight days in the Chicago Jail. I would not give up that experience for any consideration. There were fifty women and five hundred men in that jail and it was marvellous to see the bond of comradeship that existed among them. All the time I was there I was deluged with food and flowers. I distributed them among the other prisoners, and if I gave a man a cigar he would cut it in two or three and divide with friends. There was more fellowship among them than I have ever seen elsewhere in my life. Poor fellows! They are confined four to a small cell, and they are in that cell twenty-two out of the twenty-four hours. It is horrible.

"I became very friendly with all the men," he continued, "and I am willing to believe that if I had put them on their honor and let them out for so many hours every one of them would have returned at the appointed time."

"I had a funny letter from one of the prisoners after my conviction," Mr. Debs said, smiling. "He began 'Dear Brother—I am glad to hear you got six months,' he wrote, 'and that you're coming back to us. You'll be welcomed with open arms.'"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

In a little while I changed the subject by asking the convicted labor leader what he thought of woman's rights.

"Woman's suffrage is one of my hobbies," he said enthusiastically. "I believe in women having all the rights men have. Until they do, I do not think we are civilized. I firmly believe every social condition will be improved if women have the right to vote. Women have more integrity, more honor than men. A woman's vote couldn't be bought with a drink of whiskey. If I have done any good I owe it entirely to the influence of my mother, my wife and my sisters.

"Marriage is another hobby of mine," he added, earnestly. "I think it is brutal for a woman to take a husband merely for the sake of getting married or being supported. I think this alleged reproach for a woman staying single, or being an old maid, is a wrong. All honor to a woman, I say, who stays single because she does not find a congenial mate and is courageous enough to refuse anything else. I call it brave and deserving credit instead of reproach.

"My brother and I always declared our sisters should never marry unless they were single and by so doing, possibly force them to consider marrying for the sake of a home. And we didn't. My three sisters were married and the fourth engaged when I became engaged."

THE DEBS PARTY AT DINNER.

"Are you religious?" I asked. "I think I have heard you called an infidel."

"I don't subscribe to any creed," he replied gravely, "nor do I profess any religion. I am not an unbeliever. I accept the Christ standard as the highest standard of morality. I believe in the religion of the golden rule. I wouldn't if I could disturb the religion of any human creature. Whatever a man's creed may be, if he sincerely believes it, it is the right creed. As for another world, I haven't time to think about it. I am interested in doing all the good I can in this."

"But don't you think it comforting to believe we'll meet those we love in another life?" I asked.

"It would be horrible not to think so," he answered, quickly. "I hate death; I never allow myself to think about it. I cannot! It is enough to set one crazy. We've never had a death in our family. If I believed as Christians profess I would look on death as a benediction. I go to the extent of hoping, if I cannot believe, in an after life.

One of Mr. Debs's unbroken rules is not to receive presents or banquets. He says he does not think it right to let men give him what they can't afford to have for themselves, and that when he reads of managers and presidents of corporations receiving gifts as testimonials of esteem, he knows it is more a testimonial of slavery.

HIS GREATEST COMPLIMENT.

"The greatest compliment I ever had in my life was after we had a strike on the Great Northern for the section men. We got their wages raised from 80 cents a day to $1.25. The men wanted afterwards to give me a banquet, but I didn't think it right to look as if rejoicing over our victory. I would have no public demonstration. As my train drew out of the station the conductor asked me to come out on the platform, and there, lining either side of the railroad, were the section men, bent and worn from exposure, each man leaning on his shovel with his hat in his hand. It touched me deeply."

"Do you ever get blue?"

"Sometimes; but I was never discouraged an instant in my life."

"How do you feel about the future for labor?" I asked.

"Very cheerful," he answered. "Government ownership of railroads is looming up in the distance. That will mean nationalism. I don't think we will ever have another great railroad strike, though there will be other strikes in other departments of industry.

"It would be foolish," he added, seriously, "to strike again. We know inevitably what the results will be. Courts will enjoin, authorities repress by force. With all the organized forces of society against them, as well as the powers of government, failure is inevitable."

I asked Mr. Debs if I might stay and share his prison dinner, and he said he would be delighted to have me, for which I wanted to have extra fare provided for me. I could scarcely make him understand that it was his fare I wanted to share.

Sheriff Eckert came in at 12.30 and Mr. Debs introduced me and explained my mission. The Sheriff is a pleasant man and seems to think his prisoners are a well-behaved lot. We told him I wanted a photographer and he kindly offered to send for one.

It is a country jail and town and things are not conducted just as they might be in cities. Three prisoners at a time are an event in Woodstock, so it is easy to understand the commotion raised by eight.

The only other thing that has ever happened in Woodstock was a hanging. A man killed an Alderman in Chicago some years ago, and the man was taken to Woodstock and hanged. A pump now stands where the gallows stood, about fifteen feet from the jail window.

There are two prisoners in jail besides the labor leaders. One is a simple fellow, who could not get the wages due him from a miserly old farmer, and so threatened to burn down his barn. The other is a German boy who stole silverware from his uncle.

At 1 o'clock Mrs. Eckert told us dinner was served and Mr. Debs and I went into the dining-room, where I was introduced to his seven comrades—William Burns, Sylvester Keliher, G. W. Howard, L. W. Rogers, R. M. Goodwin, James Hogan and M. J. Elliott.

The table was neatly spread and a bowl of soup stood at every plate. After the soup we had roast beef and boiled potatoes, Mr. Debs carving, and after that lemon pie for dessert. Everybody had a large cup of coffee.

The hour spent at dinner was most enjoyable. Everybody was in a good humor and everybody had a healthy appetite.

Then we went out into the sunlit corridor of the jail, where these men, if not admitted to bail, will spend the most of their six months.

The corridor is long and narrow, with iron bars on one side and three large barred windows on the other. There were two tables strewed with books and papers, a shelf around the windows, also covered with books, and eight chairs, one of which was a barber's chair.

On the table was a small bunch of flowers, to which the men proudly called my attention. Above the table was the picture of a bunch of violets.

THE PRISON RULES.

Upon the wall were pinned the rules these men made and live up to. They rise at 6.30, have breakfast at 7.30. Breakfast consists of meat, potatoes, bread and coffee.

From 8 until 12 the men sit in the corridor in absolute silence, reading and studying. They have been active men, and stillness was a trial, so they impose a fine of 10 cents on every man who forgets and speaks aloud. This fine is given to the good, for as Mr. Debs says, if wrong-doing be punished, follows that goodness shall be rewarded.

So far four men have been fined, and Mr. Goodwin had the best record for goodness, so he won the reward—40 cents.

But that spoiled him, and amid much laughter they told me that Mr. Goodwin had since then been fined twice.

Mr. Goodwin, by the way, is a relative of Nat Goodwin, the comedian, and the resemblance, except that Mr. Goodwin is more youthful, is very strong.

Promptly to the minute they have what they call indifferently "make ready" and a "dress parade." At one they leave dinner. At 2 o'clock they go into session again, and for the rest of the afternoon a good deal of reading goes on.

From 5.30 until 6 they have supper, and afterwards they devote an hour to discussion, or as Mr. Debs says, "to good fellowship."

Some one proposes a subject, and they discuss it or what they have read during the day.

"We did tell stories at first," Mr. Debs said with his quick smile; "but we find after we've been in jail a week or so that we begin to repeat the same story four or five times. Then it isn't so funny."

At 9.30 sharp the solitary lamp, a hanging one, is put out, and everybody goes into his cell, and the good Sheriff locks his prisoners up for the night.

The cells are small, with two cots to a cell, and two men are in each cell. There are only two tiers, comprising ten cells in all.

Each man makes his own bed. It is an iron cot fastened to the wall, and has a mattress, sheet, blanket and pillow.

Sometimes the men forget to make their beds, and then they are fined. One man had forgotten the day I was there, and he rushed into his cell hoping to escape notice until his work was done. But some one saw him, and amid great laughing he was pulled forth and made to pay his fine, which he did, blushing like a schoolboy.

The men have basins to wash in, three towels are provided the ten prisoners, and they have to last for two days.

Four men smoke and four do not. They may smoke when they wish.

I took a glance at their books. There was not a light work of fiction among them. The books were brought by the men from their homes.

"Intellectual Development of Europe," by Draper; "Social Problems," by Henry George; "Harvey's Coin Financial School," "Civilization Civilized," by Stephen Maybell; "Holy Bible," "Text-Book of Rhetoric," "Our Destiny," by Gronlund; "Better Days," by Fitch; "The Co-operative Commonwealth," by Gronlund, and volumes of Hawthorne and Shakespeare.

That is only a small list, but it gives some idea of the style of reading enjoyed by these men who are fighting for workingmen's rights.

NELLIE BLY.

David Swing's Successor.

At last the Central Church of Chicago has called a pastor to the pulpit made vacant by the death of Prof. Swing. He is the Rev. N. D. Hillis, D. D., of Evanston, Ill. Dr. Hillis is still a young man, being but thirty-six years of age, and is well fitted for that peculiar work. He is broad-minded and liberal, and of a noble character, always devoted to his duty. He belongs to the most liberal branch of the Presbyterian Church, and, being a Western man, has the advantage of knowing the people among whom he will live and toil. His vivid and picturesque oratory will doubtless draw to him large congregations. Dr. Hillis has no idea of leading the Central Church back to the Presbyterian fold, but will continue in the independence inherited from David Swing.

Missions a Failure.

A most spirited and bitter discussion appears in the December Forum, voicing the sentiments of two missionaries in India. The one is Purushotam Rao Telang, a Brahmin, who writes contemptuously on Christian missions. His antagonist is Bishop J. M. Thoburn, the leader of Methodist missions in India, who takes up his cudgel and gives as good as he gives. The point of controversy is the claim of the world's missionary cause. The first writer declares that the missionaries, with his one a month salary from equal to a Rajah, become in this country. He keeps his horses, five or six servants, and enjoys a life of luxury and indolence. The Bishop says that the six servants there cannot do the work of one American domestic. Mr. Telang insinuates that the missionary's work consists of loafing in the morning, idling in the afternoon and lounging in the evening, with an hour or so spent in street preaching at a neighboring town.

The Bishop replies by saying that this picture is a mere caricature, "not intended—we must suppose—to be taken seriously." As to work, a missionary must care for "a score, a hundred, or perhaps five hundred families," besides his own.

MONTE CARLO'S PATRONS.

The Ladies Are the Most Profitable Customers at the Gaming Tables There.

(From the London Telegraph.)

The English, the Americans and the French are probably the most remunerative patrons of Monte Carlo; and it is to Switzerland, and not to the frontier of Italy, that the vast majority of pleasure-seekers repair in summer. Again, at the very period when the Casino people wish to allure English visitors to the Riviera the London season is at its height, and the Parliamentary session has as yet shown no sign of waning. The Atlantic steamships are bringing to Europe every week shoals of American tourists; but our transatlantic visitors usually pass the summer in London or Paris, or at English or French watering-places, and await cooler weather before they journey down South.

Another suggestion made to the perplexed administration is that a club for the use of gentlemen visitors should be established in connection with the Casino, it being proposed to utilize for the purpose the premises of the Hotel Monte Carlo; but it is difficult to see that the financial prosperity of the Casino Company would be increased by supplementing the existing tripot with a club. Visitors who really belong to cosmopolitan clubland can easily become members of the Cercle de la Mediterranee, at Nice; and, after all, it is not the serious players, the scientific operators at rouge et noir, who despise the merry but frivolous game of roulette, that are the most lucrative customers at the Casino. At trente-et-quarante it is really possible to win very large sums of money, not, indeed, to break the bank—since Napoleon's dictum of the big battalions eventually winning still holds and always will hold good—but enough to cause the administration to close a particular table in a few hours. At roulette, however, for one winner of any considerable amount there are possibly a hundred who, sooner or later, will be utterly and hopelessly decaves, or "cleaned out."

Moreover, in modern times it has been the lady punters who, in the aggregate, bring the greatest amount of grist to the mill of the Casino Company. It is not that the ladies often go to the maximum of stakes to be realized—they are in general no Cimarosas for that; but they play recklessly, and they will continue to play until they have lost their last five-franc piece on the tapis vert, and a club from which ladies were excluded would be bereft of the contributions of the sex who are as gamesters, not less adventurous and perhaps a little more incorrigible than men.

THE CURE GOES DEEP.

Paine's Celery Compound Better Than All Else---Makes People Well.

"The most miserable man," says the eminent Dr. Weir Mitchell; "is the one who is all the time anxious about his health and fearful of a relapse to some old disorder."

The cure of kidney disease must go deep. It is no superficial disorder. Pure, healthy blood, loaded with the richest possible supply of reconstructive material, must be sent through the innermost parts of the suffering organs.

For all kidney troubles there is an infallible remedy in Paine's celery compound. Its unfailing power to check at once the progress of disease, makes the effects perceptible at once.

Mr. G. U. Stoddard, of Coventry Mills, N. Y., whose picture is given above, is a well-known citizen. His sworn testimony in favor of Paine's celery compound, the only medicine that could cure him, is vouched for by many of his townspeople. He says:

"I have been troubled with my kidneys since I was nine years old, and have never been strong and healthy until the past few years. Early this summer my trouble came back again, and my blood was out of fix. The doctor said that I had black jaundice and ordered sarsaparilla; I tried it, but did not see any improvement.

"I had heard a great deal about Paine's celery compound and got a bottle, and now that it is nearly all gone I feel better and look better, and weigh ten pounds more than I did when I started, while in the spring I only weighed 150 pounds. I can truly say that one bottle of Paine's celery compound is worth ten of sarsaparilla."

Why not try it?

In every drug store in the country you can obtain Paine's celery compound.

Its use by thousands of people in every State and county and city in the land tells something of what it is accomplishing.

Every year it adds a ring of increase, taking in larger and larger territory, like the annual growth of a big solid oak. It overshadows today the weak imitations, the ordinary sarsaparillas, iodides and potashes as the tall forest tree does the thin scrub bushes. Paine's celery compound is not like them. It is the great discovery of a great scientist and philanthropist, Prof. Phelps, of Dartmouth College.

Paine's celery compound is the tried discovery of the greatest physician America has produced. It cures nervous prostration, heart palpitation, general lack of strength and all forms of weakness, and rests and restores the jaded brain and nerves, because it provides for the abnormal waste by a prompt supply of appropriate nerve-food.

VAGARIES OF THE MEMORY.

People Have Entirely Forgotten Who They Were.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

The French scientist Ribot, in his work on "Diseases of the Memory," describes some peculiar and interesting cases that have come under his notice during the years of his experiments and researches. Among others he tells of a man, thirty years of age, of considerable learning and acquirements, who was found, at the termination of a severe illness, to have lost the recollection of everything, even the names of the most common objects.

As soon as his health was restored he began to reacquire knowledge like a child. After learning the names of objects, he was taught to read, and, after this, began to learn Latin. He made considerable progress, when, one day, in reading his lesson with his brother, who was his teacher, he suddenly stopped and put his hand to his head.

"What is the matter? Don't you feel well?" asked his brother.

"I have a peculiar sensation in my head," he replied, and then it seems to me that I knew all this before."

Strange to say, from that time he rapidly recovered his faculties, and could never understand how it had been necessary to teach him reading and writing when he was thirty years of age and a proficient in both.

A young woman wedded to a man she loved passionately was seized in the course of a severe illness with a long syncope, at the termination of which it was found that she had lost all memory of the time after and including her marriage. All the rest of her life down to that time she remembered perfectly. At first she repelled her husband. She was never able to regain the memory of that period of her life nor of the events belonging to it. Her relatives and friends succeeded, by reasoning with her and by the force of their combined testimony, in persuading her that she had been married. She credited them, preferring to believe that she had lost the memory of a year rather than hold them all to be liars and impostors. But her own convictions, her own innermost consciousness, had no part in this. She saw before her her alleged husband, but could not imagine how she had won him.

A friend of the scientist was driving his wife and child in a phaeton when the horse ran away and dashed violently against a wall. He was thrown out and sustained a severe concussion of the brain. In recovering he found that he had completely forgotten the immediate antecedents of the accident. The last thing he remembered was that he had met an acquaintance on the road about two miles from the scene of it. Of the efforts he had made to stop the horse and of the terror of his wife and child he has not to this day any recollection whatever.

Tinne, towards the close of his life, took pleasure in reading his works, and would exclaim as he read, forgetting that he himself was the author: "Beautiful! I wish I had written that."

The poet Rogers when ninety years of age was out driving with a woman. She inquired of him about another woman whom he could not recollect. He pulled the check-string and inquired of his servant:

"Do I know Lady M——?"

The reply was:

"Yes, sir."

This was a painful moment to them both. Taking his companion by the hand he said: "Never mind, my dear; I am not compelled to stop the carriage to ask if I know myself."

A man seized with an epileptic fit in a shop fell to the floor, got up again and went away, leaving his hat and note-book behind.

"I was found," he said, "half a mile away. I inquired for my hat in all the shops, but I was unconscious of what I was doing, and did not come to myself till fifteen minutes later, when I reached the railroad."

Dr. MacNish, in his book on "The Philosophy of Sleep," gives the following remarkable instance of lost memory:

"A young American woman on awakening from a protracted sleep lost memory of all she had before learned. Her memory was capacious and was stored with a copious stock of ideas. Unexpectedly and without any warning she fell into a profound sleep which continued several hours beyond the ordinary term. On waking she was discovered to have lost every trace of acquired knowledge. Her memory was a clean-washed slate, all vestiges both of words and things were obliterated and gone. It was found necessary for her to learn everything again. She even acquired by new efforts the arts of spelling, reading, writing and calculating, and gradually became acquainted with the persons and objects around, like a being for the first time brought into the world. In these exercises she made considerable proficiency. But after a few months another fit of somnolency invaded her. On rousing from it she found herself restored to the state she was in before the first paroxysm, but was wholly ignorant of every event and occurrence that had befallen her afterwards."

THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

Wild and Lonesome Life of the Signal Service Men There.

(Correspondence of the Chicago Record.)

The railway trains run daily to the top of Pike's Peak four months in the year—from June 1 to the last of September; sometimes a few days longer if there is patronage enough to pay expenses. During the rest of the year, eight long months, the signal-service men stay there alone—two of them—and see nothing of the rest of mankind until the snow melts in the spring, although they are in constant communication by telegraph. Sometimes they come down on snowshoes to repair the wires if the storms shake them apart, and in an emergency they have been as far as Manitou or Colorado Springs.

The railway grade has made these journeys much easier than they used to be when there was only the mule trail to follow, but it is a long seven miles and a very steep climb to return to their aerie. The snow begins to fall early in October; last year the ground was covered six feet deep by Oct. 11, and the stone huts on the mountain top are buried under the drifts until the sun begins to melt them, the last of April or the first of May. The men have books and cards and backgammon, and when they need exercise they can shovel the snow from the doorway. But it is a long and dismal imprisonment, and a countryman who went up on the cars with us expressed the universal opinion when, after hearing the story, he exclaimed: "Gosh! I'd rather spend the winter in a good warm jail."

There is a report that the station is to be abandoned this fall, as its utility to the Weather Bureau is doubtful, and the observers will not be sorry if it turns out to be true.

THE SWINGING-ROOM ILLUSION.

People Deceived by This Popular Amusement Are Often Made Seasick.

The swinging room is a form of popular amusement which has been exhibited in New York and during the summer at Asbury Park and other seaside resorts and which has now reached London. It is largely an optical illusion, and it frequently has the effect of making people seasick.

You enter a room furnished with tables, chairs, &c., in the centre of which a large swing capable of holding half a dozen people hangs from a steel shaft that runs from one wall to another. After taking your seat in the swing an attendant gives it a push and it begins to oscillate, constantly gaining momentum. The swing is moved after it is once started by a steam engine.

Suddenly the swing seems to take on a violent motion and to rise to the ceiling. You grasp the sides to prevent falling out as you realize that you are upside down, but are surprised to find the attraction of gravitation absent. Although the swing has reached the ceiling you couldn't fall out if you tried. The reason for this is that the swing, as a matter of fact, is practically stationary, while it is the room that revolves.

The whole room, with all of the furniture in its place, where it is securely fastened, revolves around the big steel axle and produces the impression upon the people in the swing that they are describing circles while the room is stationary.

Self-Glory vs. God Glory.

Three great ecclesiastical lights of America appeared like a morning star and have gone down like a falling meteor. The Christian Inquirer is right in binding that they furnish a significant object lesson. In 1840 Theodore Parker was an obscure Unitarian minister. Five years later he was the brightest light in the entire constellation. Because he denied the Bible, denied Christ, denied everything and preached freely. To-day not the faintest vestige of his colossal structure can be found. In 1846 David Swing went to a Presbyterian church in Chicago. He was soon after tried for heresy, was acquitted, but left the denomination and went to Central Music Hall, where he drew immense crowds for years. Prof. Swing is dead. His church has been called. But it remains to be seen whether his work can be permanent. Over twenty-five years ago Talmage went to Brooklyn. His magnificent Tabernacle is crumbling to ruin and reclaimed sand, not four hundred of its membership of 5,000 can be found.

ONLY ONE BROMO-CAFFEINE.

Keasby & Mattison Suing Many Imitators of the Headache Cure.

Keasby & Mattison, manufacturers of "Bromo-Caffeine," have filed bills of complaint in the United States Court against numerous makers of other "Bromo" preparations, alleging that the use of the word "Bromo" is an infringement of the Keasby & Mattison trademark.

They say they have expended large sums in establishing the superiority of "Bromo-Caffeine" as a headache cure, and that unscrupulous manufacturers have placed cheaper and inferior articles upon the market, taking advantage of the reputation of "Bromo-Caffeine" to deceive the public.

It is alleged the spurious articles have been made to imitate as closely as possible the appearance of "Bromo-Caffeine," which has been indorsed by physicians as a specific. The suit Keasby & Mattison bring may be a test trade-mark case, but to protect the public by