

THE NEW MAHATMA.

THEOSOPHISTS SAY HE IS W. Q. JUDGE'S SUCCESSOR.

Who is to be the Invisible Thought Waves... Would Kill Him Were He Known—He's a Real Smart One, Though, and Knows a Thing or Two.

The theosophists have got a new mahatma, or initiate or adept, or leader. Furthermore, it has been discovered that he is right here in New York.

It may seem to the world at large an odd thing for the theosophists to have an invisible leader after they have had two leaders so much in evidence as Mme. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge.

When a reporter went to Mr. Claude Falls Wright to ask for further information about the prospects of the Theosophical society and about their new leader, Mr. Wright was not inclined to give very many particulars.

"The announcement made in this morning's paper," he said, "is substantially correct, wherever you got it, but there is not very much as to detail that I can give you."

"Do you know the new leader?" Mr. Wright was asked.

"I have knowledge of him," he replied.

"Is he here?"

"That I cannot say."

"Is he a native or a foreigner?"

"He is a foreigner."

"Man, woman or child?"

"I refuse to answer."

"Is he to be at the convention?"

"No, for that would involve his being known, and that must not be yet."

The convention is to be held in the Madison Square Garden concert hall on Sunday, April 26. Although Mr. Wright did not like to acknowledge that the place of meeting of the convention had been changed from Chicago to this city at the dictation of the new leader, he admitted that it was done at the leader's suggestion.

The reason ascribed for the year of incognito of the new leader is a curious one. Mr. Wright said: "If he were known, the tremendous thought waves that would come at him from all over the world would in his sensitive condition kill him, just as they killed the late Mr. Judge and Mme. Blavatsky."

On the other hand, if knowledge of his identity is deferred for awhile there will be less curiosity and the thought waves will have become settled. Moreover, he will have time to form psychic connections with many pupils and thus enable himself to work with freedom."

Of his power to make these connections Mr. Wright had no doubt. "I know him to be of great power and attainment," he said. "I know that at this present moment he can tell the character of every person in the society, although they are all unknown to him, and that he can tell whether any one is for or against him as a leader. He can tell also their status and their mental, psychic and spiritual condition. I have had a very strong personal demonstration of these powers in the new adept."

The society is fortunate in having in this new leader one of better health than his predecessors, for notwithstanding the great powers of mind worshiped and developed by the theosophists Mr. Wright admits that health is essential to great leadership. Mr. Wright added: "He has more vigor and opportunity than Mme. Blavatsky had or more than Mr. Judge had in his last years. By more opportunity I mean that the time is coming soon when the world will have a striking demonstration of the new era and of the fact that the society has a special work to do. I don't see just why we have been laughed at so much, but laughter does no harm and I suppose it will continue for a time in spite of Roentgen's demonstration of things unknown. To those who are at all able to stand it the demonstration will be clear. And it will come soon."

"And what about the rest of the people?" the reporter asked.

"For the others they will have to get out," said Mr. Wright. "Of course to students it will be the clearer."

"Can you speak of the character of this coming demonstration, Mr. Wright?"

"It will be a demonstration of the existence of the soul," he answered, "and, secondly, of the fact that matter as we now know it is not all that it seems; thirdly, of the fact that man possesses higher powers than ordinary mentality; fourthly and finally, that there are human beings, living men, possessing developments and ability far beyond the average mortal man, and, further, that development to such a point of perfection is possible to all."

Mr. Wright said that while perhaps not all that had been written about Judge was true, yet he, Mr. Wright, believed that Judge had unquestionably the power of a high adept; that he was in communication with the initiates—the theosophists like that word better than mahatmas—said that he possessed powers of mind far beyond those of ordinary mortals.—New York Sun.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

Senator Brice Coins an Apt Campaign Phrase.

Senator Brice has coined a new phrase, and a very apt one it is. A day or two ago he was talking with a New England senator who is so earnestly in favor of the nomination of either Reed or Allison that he is half the time in a state of angry excitement. This senator, who is noted for his love of speculation in Wall street, his penchant for bluffing at poker and the stiff hand which he generally plays in politics and legislation, said to Mr. Brice:

"We will tie up 100 or 150 southern votes in contests. We will take possession of the national committee, the committee on credentials, the temporary organization of the convention, and we will knock McKinley out in the first round."

"That is, you say you will," replied Mr. Brice, "but I'll venture the prediction you do nothing of the sort. At St. Louis there will be 20,000 McKinley men howling for fair play, and you fellows will weaken. You will never dare play your game out."

"Don't you think I have nerve, Brice?"

"Yes, you have, but it is all preliminary nerve."—Walter Wellman in Chicago Times-Herald.

The Champion Mean Trick.

The champion mean man sat in an up town cafe yesterday. To him entered a small Italian newsboy with afternoon journals.

"I can't read," evasively said the mean man.

"There pictures in some of 'em," blandly insinuated the lad.

"No, I don't want any newspapers," replied the mean man, "but I'll give you a dime if you'll say, 'Hurrah for Abyssinia!'"

"For 'Byssinia!' repeated the youthful guinea.

"Now, another dime if you'll say, 'Long live King Menelek,'" continued the mean man.

The boy repeated the words with enthusiasm and got his money.

"Now, my dago friend with the fatal gift of beauty," said the mean man, "don't you know that you have fore sworn your country? No? I thought not. You don't read your own papers. Then what business have you to recommend them to me?"

But the betrayer of his native land had already fled to the nearest crap game.—John Smith in Buffalo Express.

The X Ray and the Sage.

The X ray, wandering about space, looking for something it could not penetrate, met a sage who had spent many years in the same quest. The X ray asked the bald philosopher how he was getting along.

"As you see," said the sage, who instantly felt the X ray piercing his skull. "I see that you do not try to deceive me," said the X ray, "but I also see that you are not making any progress whatever in your efforts to find something you can't see through, so your polite reply does not after all convey the exact truth."

Astonished at such cleverness, the sage confessed to the X ray in strict confidence that the universe had grown very dull to him. "I long," he declared, "for the good old days of mystery and wonder. It is impossible to keep up one's interest in things when one has lost the chance of being deceived or eluded upon any point. Life's illusions are its greatest blessings."

"You speak my inmost thoughts," exclaimed the X ray. "I am young and you are old; but, like you, I am nearly bored to death. Nothing is hidden from me, nothing is softened or beautified by the mists and veils which ordinarily have wrapped existence in their charming and elusive folds. I am beginning to wish that I had never been discovered."—Ada C. Sweet in Chicago Times-Herald.

Riley to Crouch.

The following, from the pen of James Whitcomb Riley, is certainly as sweet as the famous song it paraphrases. And yet it is not a paraphrase, for we forget all save the tenderness and love it breathes in every line:

Kathleen Mavourneen, the song is still ringing As fresh and as clear as the trill of the bird; In world weary hearts it is sobbing and singing In paths too sweet for the tenderest word.

Oh, have we forgotten the one who first breathed it? And have we forgotten his rapturous art, Our need to the master whose genius bequeathed it? Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, thy lover still lingers! The long night is waning, the stars pale and few; Thy sad surrender with tremulous fingers Is bound with his tears as the lily with dew.

The old harp strings quaver, the old voice is shaking; In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain; The old vision dims, and the old heart is breaking— Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!

Several years ago James Whitcomb Riley wrote to the writer of this column, "The author of 'Kathleen Mavourneen' is ill and in poverty," and inclosed a copy of his own beautiful verses, quoted above, and at that time Riley rendered the aged and famous song writer substantial aid. We repeat that, in the loving tribute quoted, Riley has almost surpassed the original.—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Kentucky Man Hears the News.

James Lacy, an old gentleman of prominence and high standing in Hazel Green, Ky., received by mail last week a copy, sound and apparently new, of the New York Herald, containing an account of the assassination and death of President Abraham Lincoln, dated April 15, 1865, which was mailed to him a few days after the date it bears, nearly 31 years ago. It was taken from the office of Simons & Co., who in 1864 were in the city, the paper being mailed two years before her death.—Chicago Times-Herald.

BANISHED FOR LIFE.

THE OUTCAST OF CHURCH ISLAND IN GREAT SALT LAKE.

He Has For Years Lived the Life of a Wild Man and Rarely Sees a Human Being Branded For Robbing the Dead by Order of Governor Brigham Young.

In the center of the Great Salt Lake in Utah is a large body of land known as Church island. This land consists of mountains and valleys, with trees and vegetation, and has always been used as a herding ground for cattle belonging to the Mormon church. Several years ago the water on the east side of the island was shallow and cattle could be driven across easily, but now the water is deep and everything must be conveyed to and from the land in boats. A distance of about five miles covered with salt water must be gone over by canoes to get to or from the island. On this famous spot, amid millions of pelicans, sea gulls and other fowls, wanders a lonely old man, without clothing and devoid of language or any of the instincts of humanity. He was banished years ago by the Mormon church on the charge of robbing the dead.

Jean Baptiste was a Frenchman who came to Salt Lake City a young man nearly 40 years ago. He grew up among the saints, and, after marrying, was made sexton of the small cemetery. His duties were light and his remuneration correspondingly small. He resided in a little cabin on the mountain side overlooking the city, and spent his time, when not employed in the cemetery, in collecting junk and trading and trafficking with a few Jewish secondhand clothes dealers who had the hardihood to engage in business among the Mormons. A regiment of United States troops was then camped near the city, and the gentiles engaged in business were assured protection.

The little Frenchman was an avaricious man and was noticeable because of his picking up every cast away article and carrying it to his home. Old dry goods boxes, barrels, tin cans and other packing articles cast away by the soldiers were especially well cared for by Jean Baptiste, the sexton. He dressed as a scavenger and resembled the modern saloon loafer, who is always searching the slums for barrels and boxes of garbage and cast off garments. The actions of the sexton created some comment, and not a little enmity was aroused among people who had occasion to visit his residence on the mountain side, over the city.

One day Jean appeared on the streets dressed in an elegant suit of broadcloth. A few days before a wealthy stranger had died and was buried in the cemetery. The suit in which the body was dressed resembled that worn by the sexton. An examination was ordered, and the corpse was found to have been robbed of its clothing. A committee waited upon the sexton and made a most startling discovery. The graveclothes of over 200 persons were found in his baskets and boxes stowed away in his ghastly cabin. Excitement ran high in Salt Lake City. The boxes of clothing were emptied and the contents taken to the city hall, where many a fond mother identified the burial robes of her child. Elegant silk dresses, at that time a luxury even to the rich, were found in the various bundles. The man was arrested and cast into jail, pursued by a mob who sought his life.

Brigham Young, then governor and general dictator in Utah, ordered the man to be branded with a hot iron and banished to Church island. During the quiet hour of midnight Jean Baptiste was taken from the jail, and his whole foreleg was seared with the following inscription: "Branded For Robbing the Dead." Two men escorted the quivering, naked form from the city of vengeance. A canoe was entered near the city, and the doomed prisoner was taken in chains to the island which in future was to be his home. Without clothing or food he was landed upon the shore, the boat returned to the mainland, and the ghoul remained a hopeless exile. He could not leave the island, because instant death would follow should he be seen by any of the inhabitants of the Mormon land of Zion. He was forced to seek food and shelter amid wild animals, the birds and reptiles.

The island was soon known as the land of banishment. People shunned its shores as they would a haunted house. Many persons were lost upon the lake while rowing in canoes against heavy winds. The general supposition of all was that those unfortunates drifted to the island and were devoured by the wild man. Even the fearless cowboy has ever refused to intrude upon the home land of the exile. Wild horses roam over its acres of broken canyons, rugged cliffs and grassy meadows. The sea gulls and other birds find a home undisturbed on the deserted shores. All the natives, including Indians, warn newcomers of the fate of scores of pleasure seekers who have been drifted upon the shores of the fate island. The crags, bluffs, dark caverns and lonely canyons warn every boatman nearing the shore to keep away from the hidden dangers.

In a dark cave about half a mile from the shore lives the wild man. His home is strewn with the wrecks of boats, bones of victims and other cannibalistic indications. Away back in the deep darkness of the cavern is his sleeping place, made of clothing snatched from unfortunate victims shipwrecked on the fatal shore. A collection of leaves, grasses and branches from the trees of the island forms the foundation for the bed, in which this human monster spends most of his time. Several hunters and explorers have recently viewed the man. He is described as old, gaoping, destitute of clothing, incapable of speech and equipped with long hair. Upon the appearance of any human form he wild, wild shriek and dashes to the cavern, from which he cannot be induced or forced to return.—San Francisco Examiner.

ANTHONY HOPE ENGAGED.

His Romance Evelyn Millard, Who Plays In His "Prisoner of Zenda."

A dispatch from London states that Anthony Hope (Hawkins), the author, is engaged to Evelyn Millard, the young English actress who is at present playing the Princess Flavia in Mr. Hope's play, "The Prisoner of Zenda," at the St. James theater. The report was confirmed in New York by friends of the novelist. Miss Millard is described as an extremely pretty and accomplished actress. She made her debut three years ago in George Alexander's revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in the title role. Since that time Miss Millard has had important roles in Mr. Alexander's productions. When he secured the English rights for "The Prisoner of Zenda," Edward Rose and Mr. Hope superintended the dramatization of it. At Mr. Hope's request Miss Millard was selected to take the leading role. She made a hit, and Mr. Hope fell in love with her.



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Notice to Creditors. STATE OF NEBRASKA, Webster County. Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims and demands against Isaac Cowley, late of Webster county, deceased, that the time fixed for filing claims against said estate is six months from the 15th day of May, 1896. All such persons are required to present their claims, with their vouchers, to the County Judge of said county, at his office therein, on or before the 16th day of November, 1896, and all claims so filed will be heard before the said judge on the 17th day of November, 1896, at two o'clock p. m. Dated this 15th day of April, 1896. JAMES DUFFY, County Judge.

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