

SHE SEES THE UNSEEN

WIDOW WADE AND HER PECULIAR POWER.

Said to Have Second Sight—Residents of Her Town Tell of the Cases in Which She Has Demonstrated Her Ability.



In most places when persons lose things they try to get them back either by looking for them or by advertising. In the town of Castile, N. Y., it is different. There, if anything of value is lost, the loser consults the Widow Wade. The local stories of the Widow Wade's achievements at finding lost articles would be incredible if there were not many trustworthy witnesses to vouch for every one of them. Castile is a small town in a fine farming country and one would think that the residents of the place would look upon the Widow Wade as the one lion in the neighborhood, but they don't. A stranger visiting the village is taken first of all to see the water cure, as the big sanitarium which stands on a hill near by is called, and then to look over many trivial features of town architecture and landscape. He would not be likely to hear of the widow at all unless he were to inquire for her. She has lived in Castile all her life and has been seeing things, hidden from others, for so many years that the natives have come to regard her extraordinary power as a matter of course. The reporter asked a man who sat in front of the postoffice smoking:

"Is it true that there is a woman here who can find things without knowing when or where they were lost?"
"Huh?" said the man, looking up in surprise; "you mean the Widow Wade."



WIDOW WADE.

Of course she does; and he put his pipe back into his mouth with a chuckle at the idea that anybody should question the widow's powers. So it is all through the town, and the surrounding towns, too. There are many highly educated persons in Castile. Some of them are quite ready to avow their faith in the Widow Wade's gift of "second sight." Others do not wish to be quoted on the subject, but all have given evidence of their belief in her power. She makes no boast of her ability, and exercises it only when requested to do so. Another peculiar characteristic, which distinguishes her from the professional quack, is that she will not accept money for her services, though often urged to do so.
"Since the Lord has sent this gift," she said to the reporter, "He certainly intends me to use it for the benefit of my fellow creatures." The Widow Wade is a sincerely pious woman, and this is her way of looking at the matter.

Mrs. Wade is past 60, and for forty years she has been finding things for her Wyoming county neighbors. Their feelings toward her were well expressed by an old farmer named Willets on the outskirts of Castile. A lot of his grain had been stolen, he said, and when he appealed to the Widow Wade she told him where it had been concealed. He went to the spot, and sure enough, he found the bags of grain, bearing his name.

"But do you really believe it possible that this woman can possess such power?" he was asked.
"I don't," said the old man, scratching his head in perplexity. "I don't understand how it is, but she found my oats."

The Widow Wade owns a little house and a small patch of ground in the village, but, having no family ties, she passes much of her time in "visiting round" among her relatives in Castile and Pike. She is a pleasant-faced old lady, and is always willing to receive visitors and to talk to them, but she is not fond of speaking of her power of clairvoyance. She is cheerful, sometimes even jolly. Her way of finding lost articles is very simple. Take, for instance, the case of Farmer Willets and his stolen grain. When he had told his story to Mrs. Wade she took out a small glass which looks like an ordinary glass; it is her only "medium." She gazed fixedly into it for some time. Then she said:

"I see two men carrying bags of grain from your barn to a wagon which stands by the road. Now they drive to the west." Then she described their trip along the road which ran past the farmer's house and on for three or four miles. "Here they turned to the right and went up a hill," and so on. She went carefully over the route, which afterward was found to be the one the thieves had taken, and ended her statement by telling the farmer that in the haymow of a certain barn several miles away he would find his grain; and he did.

Two years ago the glass that the widow had long used was dropped ac-

Now she has a glass like the former one, but she complains that she cannot see so clearly in it as in the old one.

Dr. W. A. McFarlane, a local physician of reputation, who had been acquainted with Mrs. Wade's career for many years, told the reporter:
"I do not, of course, pretend to understand how Mrs. Wade is able to do these things, but that she has done all that you have heard, and more, there can be no question. I sometimes believe that there are some persons who possess powers which are undeveloped in the ordinary individual. Perhaps Mrs. Wade is one of the favored few. Her sincerity I cannot doubt. It is impossible to suspect such a woman of duplicity, and besides, duplicity is not in any way an explanation."

Miss Martyn's Scheme.

Miss Katherine P. Martyn, an enterprising English woman, is making a pronounced success of her business of supplying food and delicacies for the sick, which she conducts in connection with her "English Tea Rooms" on Fifth avenue, near the Waldorf. Miss Martyn has qualified herself thoroughly for her work, and not only furnishes the standard invalid dishes, such as gruels, broths, beef tea, jellies, etc., but also popularized foods of all kinds. Although this work keeps her constantly busy it is not allowed to interfere with her management of the tea rooms, which are cozy and home like to a degree seldom seen outside a private house. The large front room is extremely English in all its appointments, even to the big silver teapots, sugar basins, and cream jugs and the crumpets, which are made by Miss Martyn herself, are a revelation to those who have only tasted the American article sold under that name. These rooms are always in demand for breakfast and luncheon parties, and Miss Martyn and her trim white-capped, white-aproned serving maid have their hands almost too full at times.

Worse Than Wooden Nutmegs.

It has recently been discovered that there is in Birmingham, in the very center of Christian England, a factory where idols are made for heathen nations! Many attempts have been made to obtain admission to the factory, but a strict watch is kept upon outsiders anxious to pry into the secret chambers where the heathen gods are made, and journalists especially are prevented from entering the works. A few facts were, however, to be gleaned concerning this extraordinary industry. Idols of all kinds are turned out, representing the gods of all heathen nations, from Tokio to Timbuctoo. The export trade to heathen countries is a fairly large one, although more gods are sent out to foreign dealers in curios in the bazaars of Cairo, Damascus, Colombo, etc., for sale to unsuspecting travelers anxious to take home some mementoes of their stay abroad.

A Persecutor Converted.

Once when Mr. Whitefield was preaching at Exeter, says Dr. Thomas, a man was present who had loaded his pockets with stones in order to throw them at him. The man heard the preacher's prayer, however, with patience, but no sooner had the text been named than he pulled out a stone and held it in his hand, waiting for a fair opportunity to throw it. But God sent a word to his heart and the stone dropped from his hand. After the sermon he went to Mr. Whitefield and said: "I came to hear you this day, intending to break your head, but the spirit of God, through your words, has broken my heart." The man proved to be a sound convert, and lived an ornament to the gospel.

Japan's Empress.

The Empress of Japan writes poetry and keeps a diary which was recently



EMPERESS OF JAPAN

published, with some of her verses. She is greatly interested in the woman question.

Royal Women Smokers.

Six women wearing European crowns are habitual smokers. The Empress of Austria's allowance is for thirty to forty cigarettes a day; the dowager Czarina of Russia smokes a good deal, but only in her private apartments; the other smokers are Queen Margherita of Italy, and Queen Amelie of Portugal.

The Leighton Memorial.

The Leighton memorial in St. Paul's cathedral is to be a monument on the wall of the nave, designed by Mr. W. T. Richmond, and it will cost about

THEATRICAL LETTER.

CURRENT SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF STAGE FOLK.

Hilda Thomas and Her Ventures—The Holland Brothers Do Not Appear to Advantage in the Same Play—What Bad Acting Can Do.

(New York Correspondence.)



HILDA THOMAS

HILDA THOMAS, who has become prominent in legitimate role circles, was first introduced to New York audiences by Tony Pastor, to whom she gratefully acknowledges she owes much of her success. She always refers with pride to the great success made by her in his theater through her rendering of the song, "Sally in Our Alley," she having sung it almost constantly at that house for a period of two years. After leaving Mr. Pastor's company she appeared successfully in H. Grattan Donnelly's "Fashion," Halten & Hart's "Later On," Frank Daniels' "Little Puck," and also in the English production of "Faust Up to Date," in which she filled the title role. She also acquired considerable reputation as a comic opera prima donna with the Thompson Opera company. She was selected to play Gabriel, in Rice's "Evangeline," when a big production of that work was given at the Boston theater, in 1891, and met with great success in the part, having won the favor of both press and public. For the past two years Miss Thomas has been playing the first-class vaudeville theaters in conjunction with Frank Barry, and their act has been received with much favor. On May 19, 1895, Miss Thomas introduced at Hopkins' State Street theater, Chicago, Ill., an entirely original character, being an imitation of a Bowery soubrette making her first appearance on an amateur night, singing off the key and doing a sand jig. Miss Thomas is am-



MARION CULLEN.

bitious and conscientious, and has the reputation of striving to constantly present to the public something new.

A Late Addition.

Marion G. Cullen is a recent debutante upon the dramatic stage who has given evidence of fitness for her chosen calling, and whose future is bright with promise. She was born in Boston, Mass., nineteen years ago, and prior to the beginning of her professional career had won a local reputation as an amateur reader and actress. She is now filling her first professional engagement in "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," in which she has the principal role, Nellie McNally. She is of pleasing appearance and of modest demeanor; of good stature and of easy, graceful carriage. Her acting is marked by intelligence and refinement, and although she has thus far had but little opportunity for achievement, she has everywhere made a good impression, and, by furnishing proof of merit, has fairly won a welcome to the stage.

Fault of the Actor.

In the first-night presentation of "New York" at the American theater there were no less than two illustrations of the way in which scenes that ought to be effective may go wrong through entirely unforeseen conditions. In the first act the principal woman in the piece, who had murdered her seducer, was supposed to be lying in the hospital. After her ostensible demise had been duly recorded, one of the physicians who had fallen desperately in love with his patient, came in, and, discovering signs of life, started to resuscitate the woman. It was a thrilling moment, but when the actor playing the doctor tore off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and began to run about the stage, the audience laughed instead of applauding. The fault in this instance was distinctly with the actor.

Later on in the same piece there was a scene in a garret, where three ruffians proposed to murder a detective who had made trouble for them. The

scene lamp. At the moment when the scene had reached its climax, the detective, with a piece of board, smashed the lamp, and every light in the house—on the stage as well as in the auditorium was turned out. The floor of the stage had been sanded, with the intention of producing the effect of scuffling feet in the dark, the idea being to uphold the tension, the audience depending exclusively upon the sense of hearing to convey what was going on upon the stage. As soon as the lights were turned down on the opening night, the occupants of the gallery, who had been worked into a condition of great excitement, burst into cheers and applause so wildly enthusiastic that nothing else could be heard. So, of course, the shuffling of feet on the sanded floor was lost, and a scene that gave every advance indication of great strength fell dead.

The Holland Brothers.

Edward M. Holland and his brother Joseph seem to be making a great mistake in starring together. The work of one appears to counteract that of the other. Both are clever men, but their methods are so utterly dissimilar that it is hard work to secure a good play that will give each a stellar role. E. M. Holland is the better artist of the two, but this delightfully subtle little gentleman is what we call a character actor, and his charm vanishes as soon as the stary glare is focused upon it. Joseph, the long, dark brother, has no subtlety, but he owns all the characteristics of the successful leading man, and, to succeed, he should either be a leading member of a stock company or a star all by himself. I'm very much interested in the Hollands. They are a brace of capital fellows, and it is a pity to see them angling discouragingly in such unprofitable waters. They need the advice of some highly experienced manager. No highly experienced manager would have permitted them to set forth in such a play as "Dr. Claudius," for instance, proved to be. The brothers themselves are simple, guileless children, or they would never have embarked upon such an enterprise. The Hollands should separate as soon as possible. In these

A UNIFORM QUESTION.

BEING ACITATED BY U. S. ARMY OFFICERS.

When Soldiers Go Into Society They Cannot Afford to Dress Like Millionaires but Some Think Uniforms Too Conspicuous.



A SERIOUS question has been agitating the minds of army officers for many years. Every once in a while it comes to the surface with a pronounced bias for or against and its latest development has been reached at Fort Adams, near Newport, says the New York Herald. The question is the apparently simple one: "Shall we wear our uniforms when away from the fort?" But officers alone, perhaps, realize the difficulties in the way of its solution. At present the efforts to solve it are being made by those who favor an affirmative decision. The younger officers see before them the alluring vision of a Newport summer, already heralded by the recent swag-ging functions of the Newport reading room, that very exclusive club.

They argue that socially an army officer is the equal of any one in the country, but Newport harbors incomes that make the compensation which Uncle Sam deems sufficient for his defenders seem positively silly. Consequently the favorite sons of Pluto can afford to don as many suits of clothes as there are hours in the day, and, more to the point still, can go to the best of tailors for them. Mars' sons, however, are always at a loss in civilian's clothes. They have forgotten "the hang" of them, or their tailors take advantage of them, or perhaps no man once seen in a uniform can ever compare with himself again out of uniform. The slender young lieutenants whose figures are their fortunes are perfectly aware of the immense advantage they possess over every other man when in government blue and gold.

But it is not wholly a question of pecuniary convenience, nor yet of vanity, which actuates the majority of those who would make the wearing of the uniform a customary thing. Many officers take pride in their badge of government service. They point to the proudest armies in the world and show how their officers are compelled by regulation to wear their uniforms. The great enthusiasm over the army aroused by regular troops at the recent Madison square tournament has encouraged many men who would gladly see the United States army known and loved by the people at large.

Very few inconveniences ever have come to those who did not wear their uniforms. Indeed, as one man said, some officers made a much more ridiculous figure in inappropriate or old-fashioned civilian's clothes than they ever could in full regimentals. Practice is pretty evenly divided at posts near small towns, and one officer who habitually wore his uniform remembered once being asked by some small boys where was "de band," while hundreds of times it was a friendly recognition of his uniform or a sort of pride in it that lighted the eyes which met his.

Others who prefer their ordinary garb to the stranger civilian's clothes testify that the uniform has actually been a help to them. Laughingly, an officer told of how he but recently graduated from West Point, and consequently, unaccustomed to pockets, lost or forgot his money and was unhesitatingly given credit because of his uniform. And all Newport is full of the adventure of another young officer, who escaped being accused of theft by an irate woman because he wore "army blue."

"You wear the dress of a gentleman," said she. "I don't believe you stole the money."

All officers agree that while on protracted leave it is a good plan to dress as other men, but many protest against the absurdity of going in the government livery or ambulance to a dance at another post, or even on civilian invitation, and being, as it were, ashamed to wear the colors of the government they serve.

"But it makes us conspicuous," is the plea of the opposing party, horrified at the mere suggestion of appearing outside of their respective forts in military attire. These men go to church in civilian clothes, wear them while visiting, or, if they have to run in to town for even half an hour, lay aside the "blue" for such conventional garb as it may have suited them to purchase, like a light suit and small black derby, as he noted. They quote the well-known aversion of many prominent men to wearing uniform, and tell with relish Gen. Grant's adventure just after his graduation from West Point. It will be remembered that immediately on receipt of his uniform the general was very anxious to don it.

"I was impatient to get on my uniform and see how it looked," he says in his "Memoirs," "and probably wanted my old schoolmates, particularly the girls, to see me in it. The conceit was knocked out of me by two little circumstances that happened soon after the arrival of the clothes, which gave me a distaste for military uniforms that I never recovered from. Soon after the arrival of the suit, I donned it and put off for Cincinnati on horseback. While I was riding along a street of that city, imagining that every one was looking at me with a feeling akin to mine when I first saw Gen. Scott, a little urchin, bare-headed, barefooted, with dirty and rag-

ged pants held up by a single gallow— that's what suspenders were called then—and a shirt that had not seen a wash-tub for weeks, turned to me and cried: 'Soldier, will you work? No, air-ee; I'll sell my shirt first!'

"The other circumstance occurred at home. Opposite our house, in Bethel, stood the old stage tavern, where 'man and beast' found accommodation. The stableman was rather dissipated, but possessed of some humor. On my return, I found him parading the streets and attending in the stable, barefooted, but in a pair of sky-blue nankeen pantaloons—just the color of my uniform trousers—with a strip of white cotton sheeting down the outside seams in imitation of mine. The joke was a huge one in the minds of many of the people and was much enjoyed by them, but I did not appreciate it so highly."

MOVING A MOUNTAIN.

This Stupendous Task Was Done in a California Town.

A good section of the mountain at San Diego overhanging Morena dam on one side was torn off the other day by 100,000 pounds of powder, lifted several feet straight up, and then pushed bodily forward 40 or 50 feet, trembling over the mighty gorge below the dam, and then falling with an awful roar 125 feet, to remain hereafter for all time as the bulwark of the great dam being built to impound water for the city. The dam is 43 miles east of the city. For two months or more preparations had been made for the monster blast, in common with another blast that is nearly ready. The plan is to cut tunnels into the side of the mountain at various points about the bed of the creek, and to place in these tunnels, first, great stores of black powder, which ignites slower than giant powder, and therefore, has more pushing power and less shattering effect. On the surface and in places through the mountain side were placed big deposits of giant powder for the purpose of shattering the mass and lifting it up. According to plans, the black powder, when it exploded, would hurl the mass straight forward, making a bridge of granite across the gorge and blocking the stream. The plans were carried out with the greatest care. Danger was constantly feared from the great mines of powder, but all went well, and the blast was finally ready. At lot of insulated electric wires, connecting with each deposit of powder, and attached to exploders, were gathered into one circuit in a tunnel across the gorge and above the blast, where the foreman, John Duggan, stationed himself to press the button.

At 2:45 o'clock the signal was passed along that all was ready. The workmen had posted themselves at a safe distance and eagerly watched to see the stupendous break in the hillside. Foreman Duggan closed the switch, and a wonderful scene instantly followed. The side of the opposite hill, composed of great boulders and masses of granite in dikes, quivered, rose from its bed of centuries, and shot out thousands of little squirming tongues of dust, that gave the whole hill a peculiar fuzzy appearance. This was for a fraction of a second. A growl, like the angry diapason of the ocean, sounded deep down in the hill, and before the spectators recovered their equilibrium after the earthquake the mass was falling. An incessant rattle of rocks filled the air like a regiment of musketry. Dust arose in billows and hung over the wrecked hill for an hour. The falling of small rock continued for almost as long. When the dust cleared away it was found that the blast had dislodged a mass of rock 400 feet up and down stream, and an average of 60 feet in height, completely bridging the canyon. The engineers estimated that the amount dislodged weighed 150,000 tons. The rock was thrown exactly as the engineers had planned.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Charity.

The conditions in which thousands of our fellows live and die challenges society to put away for awhile frivolity and gaiety. Our present duty is to consider soberly how we can help the cause of the poor. Philanthropy alone will not suffice.—Rev. G. R. Gebaur.

Wealth.

Wealth is an opportunity for doing good. I would not destroy wealth, but I would unlock and employ it for humanity. The sacred mission of wealth is to uplift the fallen and to extend the friendly hand in sympathy of man with man.—Rev. M. C. Peters.

MISSING LINKS.

The United States sent 103,000,000 pounds of ham to Great Britain last year.

In Sweden women vote for all elective officers except representatives; also, indirectly, for members of the house of lords.

China imported 13,000,000 square feet of American lumber last year, most of it from the states of Oregon and Washington.

Japan now possesses one hundred iron and steel steamships registered for foreign trade, with a gross tonnage of 231,139 tons.

Miss Minnie F. Clay has been appointed captain of a steamer on Lake Sebago, Maine. She passed the examination for pilot and navigator.

W. A. Johnston, who is now associate justice of the Kansas supreme court, serving his third term, once was an amateur base-ball pitcher, and a good one, too.
Twenty cases of diphtheria have occurred in the Spotts school district, Union-county, Pennsylvania, from the use of the single drinking cup and old-time drinking pail.