

"SPIRITUALISM'S DOWNFALL.

Mrs. Kane, its Founder, Publicly Confesses it to be a Fraud—Her Big Top Did It—All the Fox Sisters Undo the Infamous Work of Many Years.

New York Herald, Oct. 22.

By throwing life and enthusiasm into her big top Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane produced local spirit rappings in the Academy of Music last night and dealt a death blow to spiritualism.

The great building was crowded and the wild excitement prevailed at times. Hundreds of Spiritualists had come to see the originators of their faith destroyed at one stroke.

There stood a black-robed, sharp-faced widow working her big top and solemnly declaring that it was in this way she created the excitement that has driven so many persons to suicide.

Mrs. Kane's confession. "That I have been mainly instrumental in perpetrating the fraud of Spiritualism upon a too confiding public many of you already know."

Dr. O. M. Richmond, who is managing the expose, invited doctors to come on the stage. Three doctors knelt down and held of Mrs. Kane's big top, and announced a grave ailment.

There was a dead silence. Everybody in the great audience knew that they were looking upon the woman who is principally responsible for Spiritualism, its founder, its chief priestess and demonstrator.

Upon these rappings Spiritualism sprang into life, and here was the same top rapping it once existed. Mrs. Kane began to cry and cried "It's a fraud! Spiritualism is a fraud from beginning to end! It's all trick! There's no truth in it!"

A whirlwind of applause followed. Then Mrs. Kane went down into the audience and, placing her foot on the foot of a well-known gentleman, gave him a series of sharp tiny raps that he felt and acknowledged.

EXPOSING THE TRICKS OF MEDIUMS. Before Mrs. Kane appeared Dr. Richmond took the audience through the high exposed of the slates and the various and painting tricks of Slade, Dies, D. Barr and other impostors.

Dr. Richmond produced on a slate messages from the late Emperor Frederick William and a message to Jake Hess. There was a committee of sixteen gentlemen on the stage to write on a slip of paper the name of some distinguished person who is dead.

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shun the short waist, or Josephine bodice, as she would the plague. She should never yield to the seductions of a belt or girdle. She should never wear a basque or any garment that makes a break at the waist at all the way round.

THE GIRL I FIND BEFORE ME.

By Eugene Davis.

Let others carol of the past In pensive grief and sorrow; Although to-day be overcast, There's sunshine in to-morrow;

Fair maid behind may frow and pine And try vainly to bore me, I only wish that she was mine— The girl I find before me!

Before me—before me— The colleen dubh I fain would woo— The girl I find before me!

She's beautiful as the summer time— This winsome Irish daisy; Her voice is as a whistling rime That sets my senses dizzy.

My future lies within these eyes That dream and ogle o'er me; Of all Earth's maids I only prize The girl I find before me!

Before me—before me— The proudest lass That walks on grass— The girl I find before me!

So speak no more of other dames Within the men's dwelling— The story of our olden times Never forget the telling; I'd roll stone o'er fanes dead— And all the love they bore me; If I could win and I could wed The girl I find before me—

The fairest fair From Cork to Clare— The girl I find before me!

AROUND THE HOUSE.

New iron work by gradually heated at first. After it has become used to heat it is not likely to crack.

A good disinfectant is made by dissolving half a drachm of nitrate of iron in a pint of boiling water, then dissolve two drachms of common salt in eight or ten quarts of water.

If before grinding the morning's coffee the berries are heated for four or five minutes, or until they take on a darker shade of brown, the flavor of the coffee will be much improved.

Scissors should also be kept in good order. It is a mistake to use the old scissor which has become nicked at the edge for trimming lamp wicks. This is frequently the cause of uneven wicks, which smoke the chimney and give a very uncertain light.

A sponge is excellent for washing windows, and newspapers will polish them without leaving dust and streaks. Use a soft pine stick to clean the accumulations of dust from the corners of the sash. Ammonia will give the glass a clearer look than soap.

IMPORTANT TO WORKINGMEN.

Artizans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as painful cures, stiff joints and lameness. To all thus troubled we would recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil, the handy and reliable pain cure for outward or internal use.

RECIPIES.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—One quart of sweet milk, four eggs well beaten, three teaspoons of baking powder, one half teaspoon of salt; flour enough to make a batter.

LYONNAIS POTATOES.—One quart of cold potatoes cut in dice, three tablespoonfuls butter, one tablespoonful of chopped onions, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of pepper. Fry the onions in butter, and when they turn yellow add the potatoes, stir with a fork, being careful not to break them. When hot add the parsley and cook ten minutes longer; serve immediately on a hot dish.

EGG OMELET.—A good way to prepare eggs for breakfast is to make a baked omelet. Take six eggs, three even spoonfuls flour, a little salt, and beat them well together; the more it is beaten the lighter it will be; then add one pint of hot milk and keep on cooking. Have a hot dish with some melted butter the size of an egg, and put into the oven. Bake 20 minutes and eat when it comes from oven, for it will fall soon.

THE TRIUMPHANT THREE.

"During three years' suffering with dyspepsia I tried almost every known remedy, but kept getting worse until I tried B.B.B. I had only used it three days when I felt better; three bottles completely cured me." W. Nichols, of Kenadul, Ont.

A LITTLE TALK WITH OUR BOYS.

Parents are midway in the temple of life, and certainly ought to know better than those who are standing on the threshold. Home discipline may be hard to bear, but in it are the germs of all successes. It is always profitable to listen to the voices of wisdom and affection. The boy who knows more than his parents and teachers sooner or later comes to grief.

Success depends on industry, obedience, economy and purity. The earthquake never breaks the ground so as to leave the gold at our feet. Brown hands, clean tongues and pure hearts are in demand everywhere.

Boys whose noble and manly eyes are the guiding impulse of their pastors, when writing letters of commendation, receive the most cordial commendation from merchants. There is a dearth of boys who feel that God is watching them, and who are true to their employers because of their Heavenly Master. The demand for them is always greater than the supply.—The Catholic.

FOR FROST BITES.

There is no better remedy for frost bites, chilblains and similar troubles, than Hagar's Yellow Oil. It also cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, stiffness and lameness and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally.

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary. Is he not?" "No, sir." "What makes him stop, then?" "Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say, 'Whoa,' and he shan't bear it."

THE BLIND ARTIST'S STORY.

By Agnes Durr.

(Continued.)

"Oh goodness," I hear some of my readers exclaim, "she was too perfect." Well, perhaps, she was above the standard of the day, who prefer to society bells of the present day, who prefer to society bells of the present day, who prefer to society bells of the present day.

But, above all, she was a truly Christian woman, endeavoring faithfully to perform the work assigned to her in this life. As for the children of her present day, they loved her in all things without a question. She conducted their studies with the quiet dignity of a professor, smoothing the rugged, difficult road to knowledge by encouraging gentleness of word and example.

It was a rich, intellectual trust during their childhood illustrating the different styles of eloquence, passages from Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Cowper and the writers of modern days.

On my expressing the pleasure it gave me to be allowed the hearing of these recitations, Marion exclaimed, "Oh, you mean, if these recitations give you pleasure, you will like our musical evenings. Harp, piano and organ, with aubade taking the voice or solo parts in Mozart's white Mass, and Zauber Flute. That's what I call charming. Promise you will come."

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recurring heart-pain that Dolores Hamelton's unknown fate brought.

"And, amongst the many faces I transferred to canvas, I searched in vain for one that might recall the friend I had lost.

"I was busy with a half-length picture of an Irish lady, a descendant of De Lorrierc-Lorraine, who had cast his fate in the 'New France' of Cartier's discovery, along with many others of the French nobles who had come over with Champlain. She had a fine face, a noble presence and, although the snows of seventy winters crossed her, they took nothing from the dignity that hung around her like a mantle of royalty.

"My work in this instance pleased me exceedingly, and as I gave it the last few finishing touches, said half aloud, 'I wonder for whom is this picture intended.' I heard the rustle of silken skirts, and a deep, mellow voice answered my solicitude.—'It is a present for my only grandchild, Mademoiselle, pardon me, but the picture is not for her; it is for you; you were so occupied you must not have heard us enter.'

"It was the original of the picture that spoke, Madame Louvain, and truly she was a grandmother to be proud of; one to whom a little child might run with its juvenile woes, or a young girl find refuge from her sorrows.

"I hope my little Maria will be pleased with Le Grand Mere for her birthday gift. And now, Mademoiselle, I have to request you to accompany me to my cousin's residence, Roselands. This only child, a lovely girl of seventeen, is surely and quickly passing away from him. There is no picture of her since her childhood, and were she mine I would wish to have something that would recall my lost treasure.

"If agreeable to you we would like the work commenced soon, as from the crimson that burns on her cheek, I fear her father's heart will soon be desolate.

"As Madame's carriage stood in waiting, the few seconds of a first sitting were quickly passed, and an hour and a half's drive took us to San Colomb's home.

"At me if I wish, luxury and refinement could keep death from despoiling the home we entered, one might be pardoned, or justified, I should say, in endeavoring to possess the means whereby to bar the pest destroyer's entrance.

"But, in the plain of the future, all must die, the young as well as the old, rich as well as the poor.

"The house stood in the centre of a magnificent garden, roses of the rarest species seemed fairly to monopolize and cover every available nook and corner, clambering around the pillars of the verandas, and nodding their perfumed heads and blossoms through the half closed windows of the lately erected stables by its present owner Rose Lands. And surely it rejoiced in a beautiful and suitable name.

"Inside the softest of velvet carpets, into which the foot sank, crumpled clusters and groups of roses that mocked the eye with their perfect imitation of nature's beauty, ferns, warts and windows, statues of exquisite and priceless workmanship gleamed here and there in their marble whiteness, through the shadowy, dim light that softly fell through the stained glass; while pictures from the old Flemish and Spanish masters smiled at me from their massive frames.

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"Senor Colenso received us with the courtesy of a Spanish grandee, saying: 'My Hortense seems much better this morning than I have seen her for some months, and feels quite pleased to sit to a lady artist for her picture.' As he spoke, the soft rustle of drapery was heard, and a sweet voice chimed, 'I hope Mademoiselle will be as taken with me as I am with her; no need of a ceremonious introduction, I love you already.' And a little hand took my own in the earnest grasping that kindred natures so quickly understand.

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tires. I have no idea to wear either of us out with a long narrative; you will have it doled out in the style that some of your daily papers affect, the Star, for instance, in giving a reprint of Miss Braddon's latest sensational novel, stop, stop abruptly. Very few of them were beautiful, according to the painter's or sculptor's rule, but the soul's beauty looked out from the eye that all unconsciously told that manner of person, man or woman, sat there.

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