

PEPPER MESSAGES FROM SPIRIT LAND.

Woman Who Has Been Doing Wonderful Spiritualistic Work in New England Begins in Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—Rev. May S. Pepper, pastor of the First Spiritual Church of Brooklyn, Madison street and Bedford avenue, gave a demonstration the other night. Pastor Pepper only recently came to Brooklyn. Her home is in Providence, R. I., but that doesn't necessarily mean that the medium has ever received any communications from spirits for Richard A. Cantwell. According to the stories told by her friends the medium has been doing very wonderful stunts in New England for the last six years.

The church was literally packed from platform to vestibule. An admission fee of 25 cents was charged, but no collection was taken up. The services opened with prayer, hymns and the reading of the Scriptures, after which Pastor Pepper preached a sermon, and it was a very good one.

At its conclusion she said she would try to convey messages from the spirit world to members of the congregation. The inquisitive ones sent to the platform by others slips of paper on which they wrote anything they pleased, so long as it conveyed the notion that one dear to them was dead, and from whom they desired to have a word.

The less that was written on these slips of paper the better Mrs. Pepper seemed to like it. It was sufficient for the one desiring the message simply to write his or her initials or the initials the spirit had had.

The little white slips were all gathered up and placed on the reading desk by the medium. There may have been 100 of them. Pastor Pepper transmitted perhaps 25 messages. There was no turning down of lights, no rappings, no cabinet and no slate writings. To all appearances, she simply sat there and waited for the spirits to call.

Picking up one slip of paper and glancing at it, the medium said: "A gentleman has come along here who seems to be a jolly sort of an old gentleman, and he tells me to say to an old friend of his, Captain Joe, is here. Now is there anybody in the room to whom that conveys any meaning?"

A man sitting a dozen seats from the platform and looking as if it would take a good deal to convince him that spirit friends wanted to talk to him, remarked, after a moment or two of silence, that he once knew a Captain Joe.

"Well," inquired Pastor Pepper, "why didn't you speak up and say so? Here's your friend waiting to talk to you, and just by way of a little pleasantry he wanted me to tell you it was Captain Joe, instead of saying that it was Captain Joe Edwards."

"That was a slip through the congregation when the medium announced the names of the famous old skipper of the famous ship commanded by the captain, Puritan and Mayflower."

"Well," said Pastor Pepper, "the slip wants to say to you that there are some things that are bothering you now that don't need to worry you a bit. He says they're all right and to rest easy. He says he's glad he wonders if you remember that trip to Washington that you and he took together? Do you remember any such trip?"

"The man nodded.

"Well," he says he's glad that old fellow was put out of the department, and that all shipping matters are going better because of his removal. And now, he says, since everything is all right, he wants you to get out of that Japan business."

Picking up another slip which may or may not have glanced at, the name Rebecca conveys any meaning?"

"Is there any one in the room to whom the name Rebecca conveys any meaning?"

A young woman in the south gallery admitted that it did, and Mrs. Pepper continued:

"The spirit says that you can't see, I don't mean that you can't see me or that you can't see the church, but that the future seems dark and uncertain before you, and you can't see ahead. Is there anything in that that fits your case?"

"The young woman said there was."

"Well," said Pastor Pepper, "your friend wants you to believe that it's all right, and that pretty soon the clouds will break and that there will be a great happiness for you. And now, these are two old gentlemen who seem to be coming along together. The name of one of them sounds to me something like Robinson, and the other one is Samuel Green. Is there anybody in the congregation who recognizes them?"

A young man away up in front said Mr. Robinson and Mr. Green were his grandfathers.

"That's it," said Pastor Pepper. "Now, these two old gentlemen have got something to say to you. Old Mr. Green wants to know how his little granddaughter is. Is there a granddaughter? (There was). Well, the old gentleman is very fond of that granddaughter, and he wants you to be very careful of her, because if you don't you're going to lose her. She'll go to join her grandfather. There is something the matter with her heart, the old gentleman says, and he wants you to see to it that the child doesn't get love-cold, and he wants you to care for her very tenderly."

"Then, after the eyes of the young man on the medium looked and when she asked him if that meant anything to him, he simply bowed his head in his handkerchief. He appeared to be utterly overcome."

A BARGAINER.

(Washington Post.)

Postmaster-General Payne was endeavoring to reduce the foreign mail rate from five to two cents. He dismissed the matter with some reporters recently.

"I suppose, sir," said one of the reporters, "that you have to use a great deal of ingenuity and discretion in compassing an international postal-measure."

"Well," said the Postmaster-General, "I shan't obtain the reduction we desire by the method that an Ashfield boy employed to get a reduction in school rates."

"This boy and I were neighbors, and he entered a 'ool on the same day."

"How much is the charge?" the lad asked the teacher.

"It is twenty dollars the first quarter, and ten the second," the teacher answered.

"Then, by sorry," said the boy, "I'll begin the second quarter now."

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A TRIP TO THE MOON. How would you like to take a trip to the moon? It would be a long journey, taking more than six months if you went with the speed of an express train; or if you travelled with the swiftness of a ball from a modern cannon it would take about as long as a trip across the Atlantic on a fast steamer. Under average atmospheric conditions a large telescope gives us a view of the moon as it would be without the telescope at a distance of 50 miles from it. The necessary outfit for the journey must be much more extensive than for any trip on the earth, even the trip to the North Pole, there will be no chance "to live off the country." In addition to warm clothing and food, you must carry with you all you need to drink, and the problem of keeping it from freezing or thawing it out if frozen will not be an easy one to solve. There is practically no air on the moon, and you must take along a supply for breathing. If you expect to make a fire and cook your dinner you must take in addition to fuel, an additional supply of air to keep your fire going. But suppose that in some way you are landed on the moon with a supply of things necessary for sustaining life. If you are on a part of the moon on which the sun is shining you will marvel, perhaps, first of all, at the dazzling brilliancy of the sunlight. The houses back of the windows, everything in the shade will be in almost total darkness, as there is no air filled with little dust particles to scatter out of the direct path of its rays. And what a sense of desolation will present itself to your view! The Desert of Sahara would look like a luxuriant park in comparison with the lunar landscape. Not a blade of grass, not a tree or brook or lake—nothing but a vast, stony, silent desert. There are plains, not quite as level as our western prairies, and great numbers of mountains, most of them much steeper than those on the earth, they are not grouped in long ranges, as our terrestrial mountains generally are, but are scattered all over the surface, singly and in irregular groups. Most of them are shaded more or less like our terrestrial volcanoes, and they probably were volcanic ages ago, before the moon cooled off. If you happen to land on a part of the moon where it is early morning you will have plenty of time for exploration before night comes on. The sun rises and sets as it does on the earth, but the time between sunrise and sunset is nearly 15 of our days. Then during the long lunar night our earth will not be like the moon's surface which is turned toward it. Only there will be this curious difference—it will not rise and set, but will remain nearly stationary in the same region of the sky. From the side of the moon which is always turned away from us the earth, of course, can never be seen at all.



RUSSIAN ARTILLERY CROSSING THE TAI-ISE-RIVER IN RETREAT TOWARD MUKDEN.

USING FINGER PRINTS.

New System for Detection of Criminals Is a Great Success.

The interesting statement is made in the official review of last year's crime, issued yesterday, that at the close of 1903 there were 60,000 sets of finger-prints registered with the police at New Scotland Yard.

Since the official report was closed some thousands of additional records have been obtained, and an Express representative ascertained yesterday that the register is now increased to the average of 350 weekly.

The commissioner of police states that as a system of crime detection it is showing excellent results. The system is thoroughly established throughout England and Wales, has just been introduced into Ireland, and many police officers have come to London from the colonies to study how it is worked at Scotland Yard.

A wing of the Scotland Yard building at Westminster is specially set apart for this finger-print museum—it is officially designated the convict super-division office. In the quietude of this block of offices, inspectors and their staff are daily classifying, pigeonholing and re-examining their prints of the finger-prints of the habitual criminals of the United Kingdom.

The record room is pigeonholed elaborately, as a chemist puts away fatal drugs, every criminal in his own little receptacle; all criminals whose finger-prints show corresponding characteristics brought together, until about 1,024 pigeonholes have exhausted all the subdivisions of finger characteristics which the scientific examining of human fingers has been able to discover.

Soon this system may yield a complete index to all our professional criminals—An index almost infallible, owing to two established facts: First—Each individual's finger differs materially from the fingers of all other persons. Second—The thin capillary ridges on the tips of the fingers undergo no natural change of characteristics from the cradle to the grave.

Identifications are increasing annually. Last year 3,342 recognitions of criminals were obtained, of whom 2,000 were in London; in 1904 there were 1,722.

Last year the police tried the system for recourses twice. A special detective was sent to Epsom for derby week, and also to Ascot. Finger-prints were taken of all persons arrested on these courses. The impressions were delivered at Scotland Yard the same night, and in the morning the police were able to inform the magistrate that they had recognised 27 of the men captured at Epsom as thieves, and nine at Ascot.

Scotland Yard is so pleased with this achievement that finger-print detection will be continued annually at the chief race meetings. The most remarkable criminal case for the finger-print system will be tried at the next Old Bailey sessions, and it will be followed by all experts—legal and scientific—with interest.

The police will for the first time endeavor to convict a man of burglary on the sole evidence of his finger-prints. The facts are:—A house in St. Peter's Square, Hammermith, was burglariously entered last August by a man who, after collecting his booty, poured himself out a glass of wine. He is believed to have held the glass with his left fingers while filling it, and to have transferred it to his right hand for drinking purposes.

Inspector Collins had all the fingerprints on the glass photographed, and also took impressions of the finger tips of a laboring man who now stands committed for trial on comparison of the two sets of records.—London Express.

QUITE SPEEDY ON THE KEYS.

Trenton Lady Breaks World's Record for Typewriting.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 23.—The world's typewriting record has been broken by Mrs. Margaret Cunningham, nee Feltz, stenographer in the supreme court here. It was only recently that Miss Olive R. Cameron, of Tennessee, employed by the Patent Office in Washington, broke all records by rattling off 23,000 words in one day of seven and a half hours.

The laurel did not last long with Miss Cameron, for Mrs. Cunningham in six and one-half hours wrote 21,000 words without making a single error or omission. Had Mrs. Cunningham worked the same time as Miss Cameron she would have written 24,222 words in the same time that Miss Cameron wrote 23,000. Miss Cameron wrote at the rate of 3,000 words per hour.

Mrs. Cunningham was handicapped by having to make eight manifold copies, whereas Miss Cameron was working on a single sheet. The manifold necessitated the handling of 930 sheets, for which the fair allowance of one and one-quarter hours was made. In the same time that Mrs. Cunningham worked the same time as Miss Cameron she struck the keyboard more than 150,000, or 266 times a minute.

A JOCKEY'S INCOME.

For the past two years George Odum, the leading jockey of America has been under contract with Capt. J. S. Brown, the Pittsburg millionaire who pays him an annual retainer of \$15,000. Then he sells what is known as the turf as "second call" to John Mahan, for an amount approaching half of the first contract price. When neither owner is starting a horse Odum has the privilege of accepting outside mounts. From this source a rider of his skill accumulates as much money as he receives from regular contracts. In gifts and prizes in special races he received an additional amount. Odum cannot give the exact figures of his income this season until the end of a year, he has summed up his outside amounts and perquisites. Surely he may count on \$20,000 as the figure, which he may credit for one year of wearing the silks and eating and riding American race horses to splendid and sometimes unexpected victory.—Everybody's Magazine.