A MASTER OF MILLIONS

Here's a Man Who Can Give Jay Gould Pointers.

SHREWDNESS OF AN "APOSTLE."

How Dr. Cyrus Teed, Chief of the Koreshans, Got Control of the Vast Fortune Accumulated by the Economites—Gigantic Plans.

TEED, Cyrus Teed! That is the name of a man who has accomplished more at one coup than any Rothschild, Gould or Vanderbilt has achieved in a lifetime of shrewd financial scheming. He has got his hands on $150,000,000 of accumulated wealth, and he proposes to put it into circulation. He plans to establish co-operative stores, to build a six-track railway across the United States and in various ways to cheapen communication and to lessen the cost of life's necessaries.

Who is Dr. Cyrus Teed? Well, he is a remarkable man—a man who has founded a celibate society known as the "Koreshans," a man who claims to be immortal and who arrogates to himself powers usually associated with divinity alone. He has had a varied career since he was born in a New York village fifty-two years ago—a career that according to common report has been open to criticism.

After separating from his wife, who had just given birth to a boy, Teed branched out (the date being 1870) on a western experience that is without parallel in the history of creeds or credulity. Buddha never claimed greater purity, Confucius never spoke more authoritatively, Mohammed never laid down the spiritual law with greater earnestness, and Brigham Young never had such "revelations" as this man Teed. His Chicago "College of Life" became the center from which the Koreshan doctrine spread. Branches were established at various points in the United States, the San Francisco colony being the most notable because of the earthly scandals that have of late attracted to it public attention.

DR. CYRUS TEED.

Teed's initial revelation disclosed the fact that the world is hollow, that mankind lives on the inside and that the sun is the center of the globe. As to his personal experiences they are thus recounted by an enthusiastic disciple.

"When he was baptized the Holy Spirit descended on him as a dove, and he heard a voice calling to him. Nobody heard the voice or saw the dove but himself. Subsequently he was caught up into heaven and lived for a time among the angels. Wonderful revelations were made to him. He learned that God became incarnate once in each era of the world's history. God or divinity became incarnate first in Adam, and subsequently in Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Jesus and others. Each meridian covered a period of 2,000 years. Christ came in under the sign of Aries, the Ram or Lamb. After the era of the Lamb came the era of the Fishes. The Christian era has been under the constellation of Aquarius. Christ understood this when he chose fishermen for his disciples.

"Each dispensation overlaps the other. The beginning of the last lap was when Christ was born; the middle or meridian line was the day he was crucified; the end of the lap was the date of the destruction of Jerusalem. A similar overlapping of the constellations is now going on. The beginning of the lap was in 1870, when Dr. Teed was caught up into heaven; the

JOHN DUSS.

meridian line will be in 1891, when Teed will be translated and disseminated; the end of the lap will be the date when the new order of things is perfected—when the golden age is fairly inaugurated under the rule of the sexless sons of God—or about 2010."

Celibacy, by the way, is to result in the production of 144,000 sexless immortals who are to rule the earth for 75,000 years. As for Cyrus, although he has to hurry if he intends to be "translated" during the year 1891, he has of late been attending to secular affairs with a vigor already spoken of as phenomenal.

Nearly every one knows something of the record of the colony which owed its origin to the mystic teachings of George Rapp. He came to America in 1805 with a band of 600 German adherents. They founded the town of Harmony in Pennsylvania, and a decade later removed to Posey county, Ind., where they established another community of the same name. Malaria drove them from their second home, and in 1825 the remnant of the band returned to Pennsylvania, where they formed what is still known as the village of Economy.

Soon after reaching America the doctrine of celibacy had been promulgated and accepted by Rapp's followers, and it is in force today. One by one the immigrants died off, but a few of their places were filled with converts. In a material way the society prospered more than any other association of a religious nature the world has ever seen. Whatever the Economites undertook brought them financial profit. A veritable shower of gold seemed to rain on the little hamlet where wants were few and fleshly desires were curbed. Now a score or so of aged men and women are by survival the rightful owners of real estate, oil and gas wells, coal mines, securities, bank stocks and ready cash thought to aggregate in value at least $150,000,000.

John Henrici, the chief trustee, is eighty-eight years old and bedridden. Associated with him, however, as manager of this immense estate, is John Duss, a Cincinnati man, who has had a checkered career, and who was admitted to membership in 1889. Duss only recently passed life's thirtieth milestone, yet despite that and brief acquaintance he has the confidence of his ancient brothers and sisters. All checks are signed and all business is done by Henrici & Duss, in which firm is legally vested the entire possessions of the Economites.

A GLIMPSE OF ECONOMY.

So far the tale is a plain one. Now comes the complication. It seems that long since Cyrus Teed became cognizant of the methods and beliefs of the Pennsylvania community and started his Koreshan scheme along the same lines of celibacy and revelation. He adhered to Rapp's plan with such fidelity and secured such a following that when he visited Economy the other day, aired his pretensions and declared his mission, he was hailed as the immortal who was to continue and complete the task of establishing a sexless race on earth.

He has arranged to merge the rich Harmonists with the poor Koreshans, and to inaugurate a vast commercial and industrial enterprise, of which he is to be the chief. "Henrici & Duss" will disappear as a financial potency, and in their place Dr. Cyrus Teed will blossom out as the controller and manipulator of millions. Just how this tremendous earthly undertaking will harmonize with the imminent translation of the doctor to a celestial sphere has not yet developed. Perhaps, in view of his good luck, the chief of the Koreshans may be induced to postpone for awhile his contemplated departure to the realms of beatitude. He indicates such a course himself in a recent statement, from which this extract is made:

"I will in the near future establish a store in Pittsburg on my system of equitable commerce. I will establish a big central house in Chicago and expect my co-operative system to come into general vogue in ten years. Eleven years ago I prophesied that I would come to Economy in 1901.

"The Economite institution has been placed here for my especial use. They will do for me whatever I wish. Their resources are at my disposal. Of course I shall go slowly and cannot tell very much that is definite. However, I did not come here for their money. I want their moral support and credit.

"Through their influence I expect to bring closer to me the other five celibate societies in this country. There are about 10,000 celibates in the country outside of the Roman Catholic church. The new order of things is approaching rapidly and will come in time. I am not going to die."

Perhaps the people who regard Dr. Teed and his plans with the most distavor are the tramps. They say that he is "out for the stuff," and that when he gets the reins in hand his first move will be to abolish the Economy "palace." This palace is a big structure near the village hotel, where all wanderers are welcomed, fed, lodged and lodged. Three thousand vagrants partook of the society's hospitality last year. If Dr. Teed does away with this charity he is liable to secure the enmity of a rather useless but extremely dangerous class of men. Indeed they may put his claim of immortality to a decidedly disagreeable test.

FRED C. DAYTON.

Some Excellent Work Done.

The department of agriculture first introduced the Russian apple, which has had such great success in the north and west. It introduced the Japan persimmon, which is largely cultivated in Florida and California. The celebrated Washington navel orange of California was propagated from a tree grown in the hothouse of this department. Good judges have said that the introduction of this one tree was worth more than the entire cost of Uncle Sam's work in the agricultural field. The original plant came from Brazil. Three years passed before success was obtained, and then the result was but a single tree. From the progeny of this one tree have come crops worth millions yearly.

A Coon Hunt That Failed.

It is said that the claim that women are the equals of men in all sorts of occupations should occasionally be disproved. But perhaps hunting doesn't count. The story, at any rate, is a good one. A party of young women of Fulton, Mo., got up a coon hunting party a few days ago. The boys were rigorously excluded. The party started out with four dogs, two guns, two axes and a big basket of lunch. Early next morning the whole neighborhood sallied forth to hunt the hunters, and found them deep in the woods, all sitting in a row on a log, crying like silly. They admitted that they got hopelessly lost within a couple of hours after the start.

Well Paid for Mourning.

A rich Englishman had 400 acquaintances whom he deemed friends. When he died all were bidden to the funeral, but only twenty nine went. Eight days afterward the lawyer of the deceased [illegible] that, according to the will, each person who had attended was entitled to a bequest—£750 to each woman and £200 to each man. There are several delightful things about the affair—the cynicism of the testator, who probably knew what "friendship" generally means, the delight of the mourners and the sorrow of those who did not grieve at the proper time.

Paper Made of Corn Husks.

Corn husks boiled in caustic soda are being utilized for the manufacture of paper. The cooking process results in the formation of a spongy, glutinous paste, which is subjected to heavy pressure so as to eliminate the gluten, the fiber remaining being made into paper in the ordinary way.—Yankee Blade.

The custom of throwing obstacles in the pathway of the bridegroom as a prelude to the marriage ceremony is of very ancient origin. Mythology has its tales of suitors whose courage and skill were tested before they were allowed to take their brides; in certain remote districts, even in civilized lands, some form of such usages still exists.

In some sections of this country there is a superstition that when a death occurs in a house the mirrors in the different rooms must be carefully covered until after the funeral, lest the face of the corpse be photographed in the glass.

South Carolina produced more than one-third of the entire amount of phosphate rock mined in the world in 1890, the output being 600,000 tons.

Above all, study, study, study! All the genius in the world will not help you along with any art unless you become a hard student.

PRAISING EUGENIE.

THE EMPRESS' RIGHTFUL PLACE IN HISTORY DESCRIBED.

Extracts of a Story in a Paris Paper That Puts the Banished Queen in the Light of a Much Abused Woman—Her Opinions on the Franco-Prussian War.

An anonymous writer in the Paris Figaro has created a sensation by the publication of documents which throw a new light on the conduct and character of Empress Eugenie. His story reads like a novel. The writer says:

"It is not a defense that I am undertaking; the empress would forgive me friend for that; it is not a biography, for a whole book would hardly suffice to tell the story of a life so full of bewildering contrasts. I wish simply by facts to destroy an iniquitous legend which tends to distort our history and rests solely upon falsehood and dishonesty.

"During the past few years there has been published almost everywhere a series of books, pamphlets and articles calculated to mislead the public opinion. People have discussed even the most trivial acts of a sovereign whose misfortunes should be a barrier against injustice. They have scrutinized her life, her projects, her thoughts, and even her inconsolable grief. And they have invented and linked with her name vulgar fables which have been adopted alike by persons who have involuntarily forgotten the past and by those who have never known anything of it.

"It is for the friends of old, to whom she was so kind and generous in happier days, to protest against this overflow of insults. I therefore ask permission to raise my feeble voice to establish some impartial truths. The empress herself may perhaps be inclined to blame me for exercising the past that is buried for her and dear ones gone forever, but I am certain to have with me all those who remember her, including the thousands of mothers whose children in the days of splendor wore the emblems of the sovereign lady who was once beloved and applauded by all France.

THE MARRIAGE.

"I will not recall the different visits to Paris of the Countess de Teba with her mother, the Countess de Montijo, but I must refer to a detail imperfectly understood and often exploited against her. Certainly the Countess de Teba was highly flattered, honored and happy the day when the emperor asked her to share his destiny; but, superstitious and timid, she was frightened at the very excess of her good fortune. She considered the difficulties and the burden of her exhibited situation, the loss of that independency which up to that moment was assured to her by her rank, her birth and her fortune, and, filled with gratitude, loyalty and honesty sought to dissuade the emperor from his project.

"But the emperor firmly persisted in his resolution. As he declared to the corps legislatif when he announced his marriage, he expected to find in her a wife pious, gracious and good, who would be an ornament to the throne and its most courageous supporter in the days of danger. By the nobleness of her attitude, by her tact and the great purity of her life, Eugenie won the sympathy and the respect of all Europe."

After detailing some of the numerous acts of charity of the empress, her secret visits incognito to the slums of Paris where more than 500 families received assistance from her generous hand in utter ignorance of the name of their benefactress, the writer comes down to the same terrible

IT WAS NOT HER WAR.

"The phrase 'this is my war,' attributed to the empress, has been repeatedly and widely published everywhere. Nothing could be more false. The empress desired peace. The emperor and his government endeavored sincerely to avoid a conflagration, but since 1866 the opposition represented France as humiliated by Prussia and conquered at Sadowa, and the public opinion was in favor of France taking up the gauntlet. The cry was for war, and it was uttered with a tumultuousness that nobody forgets. If the promoters of this movement have since our reverses declined all responsibility for their attitude in order to throw the blame upon the empress, history will have no such partiality.

"Moreover, the newspapers of all shades published in 1870 and the official reports of the debates in the corps legislatif establish beyond contradiction the fact that the population of Paris wanted war. The feverish exaltation in the midst of which our regiments left the capital was such that when the emperor decided to go with his army, he avoided passing through Paris. A historian, who has certainly never been overindulgent to the empire, M. Rothan, admits that if the empress was the victim of those warlike passions, she never showed them.

"She anxiously asked M. de Parieu what he thought of the resolution taken. 'I think, madam,' said the president of the state council, 'that if tomorrow England could find a formula that would permit us to avoid this war, she would do a great service to France.' The empress replied, 'That is precisely my opinion.'

"THOSE OF THE ARMY."

"But what was the attitude of the empress regent when the news came of our first disaster? A man known for his attachment to other princes, General Chabaud-Latour, gives this testimony: 'On the night of the 7th to the 8th of August we had just heard of Forbach and Reichoffen. I was called to the empress with the ministers. Nothing could be more noble or dignified than her language at that hour: "We are now looking after the preservation of the empire," she said, "we must see to the safety of France." Here is Trochu's testimony: "The empress has displayed coolness, character and courage, sentiments far more French than imperialistic. I wish to do her this justice."'

"When it was proposed to reenforce the army of the nation should [illegible] the empress was told that the 25,000 men under General Vinoy constituted the guard of Paris, and that if they were to leave the capital might be at the mercy of demagogues. Her reply, faithfully reported by M. Henri Chevreau, was as follows: 'Let me entreat you now, once and for all, not to think of me. Think of the army, think of France. I will hear no discussion of the question. Don't lose a moment. Let General Vinoy leave this very day!'"

The rest of the story is like some romance, with Eugenie as its unfortunate heroine. It portrays a singularly beautiful character, and every assertion appears to be well fortified. Eugenie's last days at the Tuileries are described with dramatic power, and all her griefs are referred to with touching effect.

Tale of a Pawnbroker.

One of the hardest things to realize on is a violin. I never make much of an advance on such an instrument. Not long ago a man brought in one and asked me what I would give him on it, and I told him five dollars. He turned white. He asked me if I knew what that violin was worth. I told him I did. I knew it was worth about $300. But I told him that it did not look any better than a violin that was worth ten dollars. No one but a musician would ever know the difference. I told him I never could make any one but an old musician believe it was worth any more than a poor violin.

I had rather advance a man ten dollars on a fifteen-dollar overcoat than five dollars on a $100 violin, unless I happened to know where I could get a purchaser for the violin. I might sell the overcoat for what I advance on it, but I never could get the money or anything near it on the violin. A violin in a pawnbroker's shop is a hoodoo.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

WIND SWEPT HEADS.

A Physician's Scheme for Detecting the Presence of Insanity.

Dr. Peter McCahey, of Philadelphia, has found that by placing a stethoscope to a person's head he can distinctly hear the sound of an air current within, and by the character of the sound can tell whether a person is sane or insane, and he positively avers that in the cranium of a big headed pilot this wind current can be distinctly heard loudly whistling.

The doctor is convinced that the brain breathes as well as the lungs. For many years he has been investigating air as a mechanical agent in the human body, and about a year ago conceived the novel idea of a rubber tip to the ordinary stethoscope, whereby the instrument can be fitted so exactly to the subject's head that the sound of this brain respiration cannot escape, but may be undeniably heard. That it differs in sane and insane persons the doctor is convinced, and by means of the stethoscope he feels sure that he can distinguish, as a rule, between healthy brained people and those who are insane or idiots.

The little rubber tip, which is Dr. McCahey's discovery, is a novelty, and its story was unfolded by Dr. McCahey himself.

"My general theory," declared Dr. McCahey, "is that the great mechanical agent employed by all the animate world, animal or vegetable, to permit of growth against the continual resistance of the atmosphere is heated air. Within the interstices of the tissue of the body is air, and this air, becoming heated by the process of life, exercises a greater expansive force than the outer atmosphere, and thereby enables the animal to grow against it. You can squeeze this air out of tomato and pepper under water and see it come up in large bubbles. In the [illegible] and hollow organs of men this air is [illegible] the direct mechanical function of [illegible] force in spitting, [illegible] supply of air to the brain is just as necessary as a free supply to the lungs, and any interference with this brain respiration will cause serious disturbance of the cerebral functions, even insanity. Insanity may be caused by a tumor or by a congestive blow, but post mortems almost invariably disclose no resident cause of insanity. That people become insane and are permanently restored and that there is a recurrent insanity points to a functional derangement.

"This disturbed function I claim to be the cranial respiration. Air taken into the lungs passes to and from the brain through minute pores at the base of the skull. The normal circulation of blood through the brain depends upon this normal air current. If from any cause these tiny pores become closed or stopped to an abnormal degree, the current is impeded or destroyed. The air that is shut in becomes overheated and congests the brain."

By means of the doctor's rubber tipped stethoscope wonderful things come to light. In the head of a healthy person two distinct sounds can be heard, coincident with the inhalation and exhalation of air by the lungs. These sounds are practically of the same tone in all healthy heads, but are altered or absent in all classes of insane or idiots. The sounds of the heart and veins in these mentally weak and deranged unfortunates are also different from those in sane persons. As these are grades of insanity so there are degrees of sound.

As a rule the noise of the wind current of an insane or idiotic brain is more markedly perceptible than that of a sane organ, and in big headed idiots it whistles loudly. The major portion of insanity is caused by derangement of the cranial and apparatus. Where it is not due to a tumor, a blow or some kindred direct injury to the brain or its covering, insanity is traceable to this "all wind," and the rubber tipped stethoscope may yet become the champion insane expert in the world.—Newark Journal.

Greek Stories.

The controversy on "Compulsory Greek" in the universities has received a characteristic contribution from Mr. Labouchere, who says: "Once the late Mr. Peter Rylands boarded a long Latin quotation in the house. I got up after him, when I said, 'My honorable friend evidently knows dead languages. I will therefore reply to his arguments in Greek—a language, no doubt, familiar to him.' Then I recited about the only line in the 'Iliad' that I knew. No one (Mr. Gladstone was absent) liked to admit that he did not understand his Greek, and consequently accepted the fact that I had replied conclusively to Mr. Rylands' arguments. So much for the knowledge of the dead languages possessed by the members of the august assembly at Westminster.

Mr. Labouchere was about as audacious and unscrupulous as that Welsh preacher who settled down among a congregation in a small town in the western states. A stranger dropping in to the meeting house one Sunday heard this ingenious preacher giving string after string of "the original Greek" of the pure passages bearing on his subject, all in pure and sonorous Welsh. The stranger, being a Welshman, was visibly amused, whereupon the preacher addressed him directly in Welsh, saying, "Don't give me away. They think it's Greek, and its just as good for them."—Yorkshire Post.

The Silk Threads Not Always Sure.

It is a mistake to suppose that the presence of two threads in paper money is absolute evidence of genuineness, for while it is practically impossible for counterfeiters to get hold of paper with the threads running through it, it is quite common for them to split open paper, insert threads and then join the sections together again. An expert can easily find traces of this process, but it is done so neatly that the average eye is easily deceived. An experienced bank teller can feel the difference between paper which has been split and rejoined, and he can also detect a little roughness at the edges. For all that a split note is occasionally passed among others, and a man not accustomed to handling much [illegible] will take it without question.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hard to Fit.

New Girl—Please, mum, while you're down town, would ye be so kind as to order me a pair o' shoes?

Mrs. De Style—I—er—do not know your size.

New Girl—Nor I, mum; but I think if ye get them about the size of yours they'll do.

Mrs. De Style (hesitatingly)—Do you think you could wear them?

New Girl—Oh, yes, mum. After new shoes is wet they shrinks.—New York Weekly.

When One Club Dines.

At a dinner of the London Thirteen club every visitor was told that they "must conform to the rules of the club, and, if requested, must walk under the club ladder, spill salt, cross their knives and forks, shake hands across, wear a peacock's feather, open an umbrella in the dining hall, and do other things deemed unlucky and of evil omen."

Carbonic Acid Gas in Liquid Form.

At the Guinness brewery in Dublin an attempt is being made to utilize the carbonic acid gas liberated during the process of fermentation. As some 25,000,000,000 gallons of this gas are produced annually in the breweries of the United Kingdom, a great saving will be effected if the new enterprise proves a success in a commercial way. The gas is to be condensed into the liquid form, in which form it sells at eight cents per pound. The makers of soda water, mineral waters, wines "with a pop" and other like drinks will rejoice in the prospects of cheap carbonic acid gas in a convenient form.—New York Telegram.

A Purchase for Mother.

Mother—Are you going out, my dear?

Daughter—Yes, ma; the Physical Improvement society meets this afternoon.

Mother—Well, I wish you would stop in somewhere and buy me a broom.—New York Weekly.

A Poor Place for Watermelons.

Between the Ural and the Okhotsk seas there is a spot half as large as the state of Michigan which is frozen ground to the depth of ninety-four feet. That is, it has never thawed out since the world was created, and probably never will, and even if it should nobody would have any use for it.—Detroit Free Press.

How He Understood It.

My three little boys—Henry, Jean and Charlie—age 6, 4 and 2 1-2 years, were talking of cremation. (They are all in favor of cremation, because their parents are.) Henry and Jean said they were going to be cremated. Charlie turned to me and said: "Mamma, when are we going to be eated with cream?"—Babyhood.

Life History in Hair.

A single hair is a sort of history of the physical condition of an individual during the time it has been growing, if one could read closely enough. Take a hair from the beard or from the head and scrutinize it and you will see that it shows some attenuated places, indicating that at some period of its growth the blood supply was deficient from overwork, anxiety or underfeeding.—National Barber.

The Cab Was Ready.

Small girl on showing younger brothers "Pilgrim's Progress" comes to a picture of Faithful at the stake, and, in the corner, chariot and horses are depicted. The little ones express their anxiety as to Faithful and the fate awaiting him. Small girl replies, "Oh, he's all right, they've sent a fly for him."—London Truth.

Sunday belongs to every one. That is, no unnecessary labor should be required on Sunday. This is pretty well understood in America and in some parts of Europe. Of late the subject has had unusual attention in France, Germany and Spain.

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