THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1890.

HER STRONG APPEAL

Frances Willard's Plea for Temperance in the Sunday School Lesson.

FIFTEEN STATES BACK OF HER.

Teachers Whose Breaths Smell of Wine, Beer or Rye Not Wanted in Sunday School.

FOUR TEMPERANCE TALKS A YEAR

Is All the Memorialists Ask, But They Must be Very Practical.

The proceedings of the International Sunday School Convention yesterday were unusually interesting. When the temperance question was taken up a breezy discussion arose over the time to be allotted to Miss Frances Willard. After a short but sharp tilt it was decided that Miss Willard's address should be delivered in the afternoon. It was the feature of that session, and as the utterances of Miss Willard on this question cannot but command National attention, THE DISPATCH herewith presents her address in its entirety. She said:

DEAR FRIENDS-I am here in a representa tive capacity. Fifteen State Sunday School Conventions have memorialized this vast meeting for four specific temperance lessons a year, They are Ohio, New York, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Colorado, Illinois, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Delaware, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Arkansas, Connecticut, 1500de 1818dd, Arkansas, Oregon. Chicago sends a memorial with 1,500 names, including almost all her pastors and Sunday school superintendents. Boston sends another of equal unanimity;

C. T. U. in its Sunday school department, and the 15 States and two great cities that have set their seal to our memorial. We ask you to adjust this belt to the great driving wheel; to give us specific temperance lessons at least four times a year; to place our temperance books on the shelves of the Sunday school library; distribute the Young Crusuder of the W. C. T. U. and the Temperance Banner, of the National Temperance Society to the scholars once a month; to teach them Anna Good's marching songs; to keep the Roll of Honor with its triple pledge always in sight upon the schoolroom wall; and to retain no officer or teacher whose breath reveals familiarity with the wine cup, the beet mug or the demijohn. We do not ask, as some have said, for a "new Bible." We are abundantly content with the old one. Miss Lucen E. F. Kimball, of Chicago, is at the head of Sunday school work in our National W. C. T. U. A native of Maine, with all the temperance education that honored name implies; a graduate of Mr. Holyoke, where Mary Loons' spirit is genus loci; a successful public school teacher in Chicago, Miss Kimball resigned her position when our municipal authorities threw the Bible out of the public schools. This was in 1874, and since then this indomitable woman has stendily worked on to secure the temperance education of the children in our Sunday schools. It was by her efforts, seconded temperance education of the children in our Sunday schools. It was by her efforts, seconded by her faithful coadjutors in every State and Territory and in our local W. C. T. unions, that the great petition was presented resulting in the present arrangement, through the Lous-ville Sunday School Convention, which called for the quarterly lesson, not as an option but an established rule. Miss Kimball is in this convention as a delegate from fillinois, and her

WHERE REFORM SHOULD LEAD.

My first point is that temperance reform should from it, Just as a "citizens' league" is but a temporary expedient to be set aside when municipal government ceases to be the sham that now disgraces our Republic, so temperance societies will be superfluous in the to see the Church take any step by which the temperance cause becomes more welcome at the sacred altars where it was cradled at the

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union does not come with its petition in any other spirit than one of love and good will. We are not an outside force, but part and parcel of not an ourside force, but part and parcel of yourselves. At our national convention in Chicago last November, with its 465 delegates, when all the Sunday school workers were asked to rise less than half a dozen remained in their seats. We come with our own when we come here. We rejoice in the International Sunday school lessons; they are the first great reciprocity treaty among the nations; they are God's blessed John the Baptist of universal peace. Themselves the coinage of Heaven they predict a common coinage for commerce; themselves jod's standard of moral weights and measures

upon the earthly plane; themselves a universal language of peace on earth, good will to men; they help conduct to the unification of this planet's babel-jargon; themselves the incarnation of God's idea in government, they predict the prohibition of the dram shops and pioneer

"The Parliament of Man. The Federation of the world." They have come in God's good time and come But what shall we who are devoted sons and daughters of the household of faith say to such facts as the following: The Japanese Government sent a commission to Great

t tropical region, debauching whole villages blotting out tribes by the whisty-lighted tof hell f heli re are 7,000,000 young men in America to-f whom over 5,000,000 never darken a h door. That is about 75 out of every 100 church door. That is about 75 out of every 100 of these young mes do not attend church. Ninety-five out of every hundred do not belong to the church, and ginety-seven out of every hundred do nothing to spread Christianity. But on the other hand, sixty-seven out of every one hundred criminals are young men, and young men are the chief patrons of the salcon, the gambling house, the haunt of infamy. It was noticed recently that into a single salcon

was noticed recently that into a single saloon of Cincinnati and within a single hour went 252 men, 238 of whom—or all but 16—were young men. As a result the death rate steadily increases from 14 to 25 years of age. Their evil habits reporting themselves in deteriorated bodies and distempered souls, at the age when they should have attained their manly prime. THE TERRIBLE STATEMENT

is made that three-fourths of the convicts in loved to call "the Crosade State," were once Sunday school scholars, and an equally large proportion of them are in prison because of crimes growing out of their intemperate habits. If this statement is correct, we know that it is not essentially different from the shewing that all our prisons make. Fitty-two Sundays in the year are devoted by the growers of darkness, through their emissaries, the 250,000 legulized saloons of the nation, to the production of lutemperance.

ere us. Sunday is the sal in all our cities children must pass its open door to reach the Sunday school at all. What are we going to do about it? The children of the masses suffer most, for their homes are

closest to the grog shops. The masses think the church cares little for them. How can we prove that our devotion is real and practical?

To-day the Pagan boy who walks the streets of Pekin, be he well or ill born, is safer trom the alcohol temptation than the boy who walks these Pittsburg streets. A boy in Cincinnati is not so sheltered from the drink curse as if he lived in Calcutta or Constantineple; one in lived in Bombay. We are confronted not by a theory but by a condition. Why is the Mohommedar, but by a condition. Why is the

CLIMATE NOT A FACTOR. But you say that I do not take account of climate, race, environment? But these have not prevented the Eastern nations from falling away into drink when it is pressed to their lips by Christians long enough and with sufficient aid, or, per contra, millions of total abstainers have been made among our Anglo-Saxons when they have been specifically trained to let strong drink alone, because to use it was a sin against God and their own na-

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

The floodtide is the flowing torrent of the youthful soul; the determinative period of mind is gelatinous, when an impression once made is made more deeply than it can be again. Silver workers say that when you can see your face in the melted metal that is the time to work. So it is with the heart of childhood, in that malleable state when it reflects your character and teaching, then stamp with a firm, true hand the white cross upon the soul; the the royal habits of personal cleanliness of life, with total abstinence from strong drink as their basis. First of all the pareaus must do this, but society and most of all the Sunday schools is a foster parent to millions who are worse than orphans.

werse than orphans.

The Church stands for prohibitory law, but we shall never fully realize our hope until the oncoming generation individually enacts a prohibitory law.

This must be done in the legislation of each brain, declared constitutional in the Supreme Court of each judgment, and enforced by the energies of each will—that is what we have a right to expect as the outcome of the Sunday

WANT TEMPERANCE TEACHING. In view of facts like these we are not willing to leave these priceless fortifications of the child's character to haphazard builders, but solemnly urge the Master Masons to make

pastors and Sunday school superintegedents. Boston sends another of equal unanimity; Rev. Dr. Noble, of Chicago, personally memorializes the convention in a notable appeal: Dr. Gray, of the Interior; Dr. Gilbert, of the Advance; Dr. Edwards, of the Northwestern Christian Advocate; Dr. Howich Johnson, of everywhere, send urgent pleas. We do not ask for a new Bible, but for an applied power of the old one; we do not ask for fixed dates, but for four Sundays as the minimum, and ware confident the blessed Book will prove itself amply equal to the strain.

WHAT THEY EAENESTLY ASK.

I am also here to represent the National W. C. T. U. in its Sunday school department, and the B States and two great cities that have set their seal to our memorial. We ask you to adjust this belt to the great driving wheel; to give us specific temperance lessons at least four times a year; to place our temperance books on the shelves of the Sunday school library; distribute the Foung Crunder of the Scholman of the National I emperance Bonner, of the National I emperance Bonner, of the National I emperance Society to the scholman of the National I emperance Society to the scholman of the National I emperance Bonner, of the National I emperance Society to the scholman of the National I emperance Bonner, of the National I emperance Bonner, of the Sunday school inverse and the the Roll of Honor in the scholman of the Roll of Honor in the the We want the emperance wheel and set and the temperance society to the scholman of the Roll of Honor in the temperance wheel and set and the

splendid condition; all that is asked is that we shall gear on this temperance wheel and set it spinning all round the world. We women do not believe this teaching should await until the arrest of thought concerning his duty and opportunity has come to every teacher. The temperance lessons will furnish that arrest to thousands of these kindly, but often chaotic minds—I mean chaotic so far as total abstinence is concerned.

Nearly 30 years ago I was a teacher in the Pittsburg Female College and had a class in a Mission Sunday school, where we had to watch as well as pray. But to those wild young Isbmaelites of civilization I never said a word Isbmaelites of civilization I never said a word upon the temperance question—because I had not sense enough to do so of my own accord, and nobody ever told me to. Sixteen years ago, in company with a band of crusading women, I went on the floor of a saloon on Market street, asking God to have mercy on those who drank and solid, and to teach us what to do. To-day I come to you pleading for an advance all along the line of our biessed Sunday school army, and the utmost utilization of the International Lesson Series for the building in of character the of our blessed ballary the International the utmost utilization of the International Lesson Series for the building in of character along the line of least resistance to temptation in boyhood's life, and that line is notoriously in boyhood's life, and that line is notoriously in boyhood's life, and that line is notoriously in the life of the drink habit. The child in the midst is also in the market place, and they are bidding for him, the men of the saloon, How like a requiem in many a mother's hear: rings their "Going-going-gone."

I have argued the case of the boys, whose

I have argued the case of the boys, whose temptations are so emphatic, but the training of the girls, soon to be the mothers of our nation, the trainers of our children, the dispensers of its hospitality, while of less apparent is of greater actual necessity, indeed. Both of these are but parts of one tremendous whole. When we went to the public school educators of the nation's youth some raid: "Any true school is a dispense of the contraction of ance into his teaching; any day in the year if he amount to very little." But now, when, out of 42 States all but II have the law so patiently worked for by the W. C. T. U., under the leadership of Mrs. Hunt, our-educators find that

TEMPERANCE TEACHING

is required, then and not till then normal schools introduce it into their course; teachers become experts on the subject to the advantage of their own personal influence and habits as well as of their teaching; educational journals furnish lesson helps; sidelights are thrown upon the subject and the whole attitude of the public school is changed. Some said: "We are too full already; have notime for extras." But others answered, in effect, as did the Superintendent of Public Schools in a notable New England city: "If there isn't time then shorten up some other exercise, for this temperance teaching shall thrown upon the subject and the whole attitude of the public school is changed. Some said: "We are too full already; have no time for extras." But others answered, in effect, as did the Superintendent of Public Schools in a notable New England city: "If there isn't time then shorten up some other exercise, for this temperance teaching shall have the right of way."

Nowadays the State gives to the child a temperance lesson in a secular way fire time them.

Nowadays the State gives to the child a tem-perance lesson in a secular way five times per week as a result of the urgent demand of church-going people, and I do not believe we are going to refuse a religious reinforce-ment of the same four times a year in Sunday

ment of the same four times a year in Sunday school.

To resolute is well, to evolute is better. Eighteen hundred and eighty-seven witnessed a grand enthusiasm. May 1890 bottle this up for use. Electricity is priceless, but only stored up electricity can 'make the wheels go 'round.' Twelve days hence I speak before the National Educational Association, where it is claimed that 29,000 delegates will be in attendance. Let me carry the glad tidings that temperance teaching is enthroned in the Sunday schools as well as in the public schools of this great land and of our cousins in Canada.

On the week day a boy learns this fact of nature: That the heart of a healthy man exercises an amount of force equal to lifting 125 tons in 24 hours, one foot for each ton, and that if in the meantime he absorbs eight ounces of

tons in 24 hours, one foot for each ton, and that if in the meantime he absorbs eight ounces of alcohol, his heart must do an extra amount of work equal to lifting 25 more tons, one foot each. On Sundayhe should get this clear-cut, "Thus saith nature," clinched by a "Thus saith the Lord:" "He that defileth the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." Thus taught, the boy sees that this destruction is not out of vengeance, but comes as

THE INEVITABLE SEQUENCE

of laws written in our members for our highest prove to the young people that God's Bible laws always confirm and emphasize His natural laws. If it is of great advantage that in the public schools of the nation strong enphasis is laid lic schools of the nation strong eaphasis is laid upon God's natural laws against the use of brain poisons, can it be of less advantage to accentuate and specialize the teaching of His Bible laws in Sunday school? A curious commentary upon the practical value of our Sunday schools it would be, to let the secularists outrus the Sunday schools in ethical value along the line of greatest tempitation and least resistance in the life of the average young American.

The public school must teach him these lessons that forewarn; the Sunday school may; the public school must do this five days in every week; the Sunday school may one day in seven, and that day holy unto the God who can only be worshiped out of the perceptions of a clear brain and the servor of a pure heart. Making these lessons simply optional has not worked well. Like certain other laws wot of, it has been "too local and too optional." Each Sunday school publishers have the review to provide for and anything else coming on that day is mortgaged to deleat. No publisher knows what school will elect the review, what one the mission, or what one the temperance lesson. upon God's natural laws against the use of brain

what school will elect the review, what one the mission, or what one the temperance lesson. We plead for the carrying out of the will ex-pressed so strongly at Louisville in 1884— the clear-cut four Sundays a year as a cer-tainty, and then as much more teaching of the pure life as individual intelligence and devo-tion may suggest. It is in Sunday school that

sonlet us not make it a movable feast which turns out an immovble fast so often through the teacher's total abstinence from it. Those who least desire to give their scholars this instruction are doubtless those who most need to learn about temperance themselves. Then let us make it as easy as possible for them to gravitate toward rather than climb up to the temperance lesson by making it so fixed that all the Sunday school papers shall find it to their interest to furnish first rate lessons.

This lesson regularly taught with the best lesson helps furnished by expert writers, will educate the public sentiment that shall banish the wine cup from society; separate the Government from the liquor crime and give us prohibition with the officer back of the law. It will stir up the church to demand the downfall of rum upon the Congo; colarge its heart and pocket toward the blessed cause of foreign missions and do more to hasten the universal reign of Christ than any other one thing that this convention can ordain.

With the majesty of God's Book and the dignity of the church militant, what a power these lessons will become! They will bring

THE MASSES AND THE CLASSES tearer together. The masses say our churches with the every day sins and sorrows of human-

are not practical; that we are not in touch with the every day sins and sorrows of numarity but we know better and we will prove it by keeping step with the reforms that Christ's church alone makes possible. "But other interests will ask for special Sundays." They may do so but surely will not claim to outrank or measure up to this overmastering issue. The recipe for cooking a hare is here in point: First catch your hare and you must catch your boy with the saloon snatching for him on every hand; you must keep the skylight of his brain free from the cobwebs of alcohol and nicotine or you will seek in vain to keep him within sound of the good lessons of the Sunday school concerning foreign missions, kindness to animals and the unfoldment of "the Christian year." Self-preservation is the first law of nature; if the saloon steals away your boy, where is the Sunday school? First catch your hare.

It is not enough that the lesson is indicated and may be taught. In providing for nothing beyond this; in failing to provide specific applications of Scripture truth, we leave the young and untaught at the mercy of every teacher's whim, or ignorance, or want of training instead of putting upon the teacher himself the panoply not of knowledge alone, but of what is hardly less important—attractive methods of presenting what he knows. ity but we know better and we will prove it by

panoply not of knowledge alone, but of what is hardly less important — attractive methods of presenting what he knows. If you give us four temperace lessons in a year that hinders nobody from bringing in the subject as often as he will. No denomination—if such there be—unfriendly to these lessons, need give them a temperace interpretation. Our forefathers gid not, and surely

NO CHURCH CAN OBJECT

to Scripture passages, and if its Sunday school publishers prefer to furnish a more general commentary on the text they can do so. England need not put the words "Temperance Lessons" at the head of her thirteenth Sunday Lessons" at the head of her thirteenth Sunday selections, but I judge by the temperance news now coming to us, the Mother Country will not be far behind. The United States are ready, Canada is ready—let the Americans head the advance, they are used to the setting of keynotes. Falter who must, follow who dare!

Once the scientific teaching now required in public school would have been worthless, for Dr. Austie, with his dictum, "alcohol a food," was its chief teacher and moderation was its verdict. Now, after an added generation of experiment, Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson is chief, and total abstinence the only safety is the conclusion.

The development of Biblical teaching ha The development of Biblical teaching has been along parallel lines. Fifty years ago the clergy taught that alcoholic drinks were "a good creature of good to be received with thanksgiving," and proved their sincerity at ordination dinners and pastoral visitations. To-day the gospel precept "Be temperate in all things," means to the Church of Christ, be moderate in the use of all things good and totally abstain from all things harmful, of which alcoholic drinks are chief."

Total abstinence is in the Bible. It lives by implication in every letter of the Golden Rule; it stands by explication in the Pauline doctrine that declares "It is good neither to eat meat nor drink wine nor anything whereby thy brother is offended. It is thereby the whole philosophy of the gospel and the whole trend

philosophy of the gospel and the whole trend of the sermon on the mount.

A CHILD'S ANSWER. In one of our work meetings the question was asked by Miss Anna Gordon in her speech "Why are saloons bad for this village?" A hundred little folks were present and many hands were raised. "You may answer," said Miss Gordon, turning to a pale-faced boy of 12,

whereupon he said in a voice full of pathos, "Saloons are bad for our village because they spoil the home." We learned later that he and his mother were kicked out into a snowdrift the night before by his father when drunk.

Two years ago I had to speak before a committee of the United States Senate on behalf of our white ribboners' petition for prohibitory law. Louis Schade, attorney for the Brewers' Congress, spoke also, and based his argument on "vested interests," claiming that the Government was in duty bound to protect these. When my time came to answer I pleaded for the hely motherhood of America, who have gone down into the valley of unutterable pain and in the shadow of death with the dew of eternity upon their foreheads; have passed the sacred but terrible ordeal that gives to America her sons. By as much as the home is better than a distiller's art and the mother's heart more precious than a brewer's cask; by that much is the temperance reform bound to be

witch is the temperance retorm sound to be victorious.

And so I am not thinking wholly of this blessed throng with its kind hearts. These faces fade from view and I behold the children in ten thousand homes; the little soldiers newly mustered in the army of temptation and sin; the boys to whom hard hands hold out mugs of heart or the sold research pages.

WOMAN IN THE VAN.

My comrades in Christ's Holy War, it is woman who have given the costliest hostages to fortune; out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with snares that have been legalized, and set along the streets. Be-yond the arms that have held them long their

been legalized, and set along the streets. Beyond the arms that have held them long their boys have gone forever.

At Pompeii we saw among the moulds of human figures found beneath the ruins a little child that his mother had tried to save, but there he lay just neyond her reach, and for centuries her poor prostrated form had been there with stretched out aims and fingers still showing her agony by their futile curves—for the child was just beyond her power to grasp. How often I see them as I study the pitiful payements of our towns and cities—mothers tender and true, whose sons forevermore are just beyond their reach.

But not beyond yours perhaps; not beyond the united efforts of the Church of Christ. In Edinboro one of those old eight or ten-story houses had fallen, and in the ruins the occupants were buried. When the workmen who had wrought earnestly and long ceased their efforts, believing that all were lost, they heard a feeble voice calling: "Heave away, there; not dead yet!" It is buried under the degredation of centuries; poor old humanity, with its pain and passion, and the infinite pathes of its earthly estate, but, as the Christian worker bends to his heavenly task of rescue, evermore comes the cry from childhood's lips: "Heave away, there; we're not dead!"

Fireworks! Fireworks! All the novelties in this line, consisting in part of a choice selection of salute rockets, easeade rockets, meteor rockets, bomb rockets, screamer rockets, phantom rockets, calliope rockets, electric shower rockets, jewell jet rockets, royal salute rockets, verticle wheels, floral shells, devil among the tailors, dragon nests, whistling jacks, roman candles, balloons, crackers torpedoes, mines, fioral bomb shells, saucis ons, triangles, red fire, torches, etc., etc. etc. Positively no advance in prices with us. JAMES W. GROVE,

LACE curtains - The low prices have greatly reduced the stock in this department. Come at once for a bargain. HUGUS & HACKE.

WE are closing up the remains of several fine cases of fine French dress goods, in stripes—goods that sold at \$1 and \$1 25. Price to close, 50c a yard.

Ludies' Waists and London Shirts. A new line of these popular goods in

CAMPBELL & DICK.

THEY LIKE OUR CITY.

Delegates to the Sunday School Convention Are Unanimous In

Such Hospitality Have They Met Here as They Never Experienced.

THEIR PRAISE OF THE GAS CITY.

PITTSBURG SURPRISED MOST OF THEM

The church people of Pittsburg may well feel proud of their manner of entertaining the 700 and more delegates who came from near and far to attend the great International Sunday School Convention. They opened their houses and their hearts, and gave freely of their bounties to the visitors. What is most grateful to Pittsburg ears is not their own agreement that they have

done well, but the unanimous thanks of the delegates and their one voice that such hospitable treatment they never did receive anywhere else. The visitors speak in the highest words of their welcome, and with surprise of the greatness and enterprise of this city. Many of them say that they had no notion that Pittsburg was so large a place. They thought it was a foundry town, all black and grimy, with the people living mostly in dingy frame houses in long rows all alike.
City Controller Morrow, the Chairman of

the local Executive Committee, said yester-day to a reporter for THE DISPATCH: "Many of the delegates have come to me to thank me for what our people have done for them, and they have taken occasion to ex-press their admiration for Pittsburg and its business activity. This convention will do us good in a business as well as in a religious way. A majority of these delegates are laymen. The ministers are greatly in the

GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

"There are business men here from all parts of the land, men of important interests, who had never visited Pittsburg. It is a good thing for them to come here and see what we are and what we can do. One see what we are and what we can do. One gentleman whom I met is from South Carolina. He has had business relations with Pittsburg for many years, but he never was here. He told me that he was greatly surprised to see what a large and handsome city this is. He thought it was a much smaller town, full of mills but not a great deal more. I met also a delegate from Alabama, who had been in Pittsburg 20 years ago. He said he thought he knew the city. ago. He said he thought he knew the city, but he did not. He could not recognize anything except the rivers, and said that he was greatly astounded at the growth. These are just like other talks that I have had with the visitors, and we are all very much pleased over the good impression we have

It is true that many of the delegates have been so busy with the three sessions a day that they have had no time to see more of the twin cities than what passed before their eyes as they rode or walked from their lodging place after breaklast; but others have seen such hints of interesting sights hereabouts that they have taken the time to go around a little, while still others have made up their minds to linger here awhile, now that the convention is over, and be sight-seers for a few days.

There is not much praise for the weather,

except as it was yesterday, and few of the visitors are able to speak well of the acoustic qualities of Mechanical Hall.

A TRIP TO BESSEMER.

Yesterday quite a large party of visitors went, under the guidance of William F.
Maxon, Secretary of the Local Executive
Committee, to Bessemer, where they made a
trip of inspection through the Edgar Thomson Steel Works. There were in the party,
among others, Judge and Mrs. Bamfield, of Rhode Island; Mr. and Mrs. Hough, of Michigan; E. P. Searle, of Tennessee; A. H. Gleason, Miss Lucy Wheelock, Miss Bertha Vella, Mrs. W. N. Hartshorn, Mr. Dummer, Dr. Dunning and wife, Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Saunderson, of Massachusetts; H. G. Talcott, of Connecticut, and Mr. and Mrs. Mackie, of Louisiana. All members of the party, tired and footsore with the walking over cinders, were delighted with the visit and with the gigantic and wonderful workings they saw.

partly for their representative character and partly at random, have been solicited and are berewith given:

Mr. B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, said: "Pittsburg has exerted herself to give us great pleasure, and has succeeded wonder-fully well. I cannot say that this convention and the manner in which it has been conducted surpassed the one held in Toronto, but there never has been any equal to it in the United States. Chicago is obliged to take off her hat to Pittsburg, but that she is ever ready to do, as she has a great ad-miration for the 'Smoky City.' Indeed, Pittsburg stands higher in the estimation of the Chicago business people than many cities twice its size.

NEVER BETTER REPORTED. "Oh, yes, another thing I wish to say is, that we never have had better press reports than have been given us here. It is a mat-

ter of universal comment among the Ex-centive Committee." With a "Now you smooth this up in writing it," Mr. Jacobs, who without doubt is the best-known man among the Sunday school workers of the United States, was carried off by several who wanted him to visit either the Carnegie Library, the Edgar Thomson Steel Works or the Westinghouse electric building.
William Reynolds, of Peoria, Ill., the

general organizer of the International Union, is, after Mr. Jacobs, the most familiarly known. He is a native of Pennsylvania, having had the good fortune to look at the light and cry for the first time down near Chambersburg, Mr. Reynolds said: "I never knew the delegates so well satisfied. I have been at all the conventions, and never saw such enthusiasm. They are united in praise of their treatment. I have known Pittsburg well for many years, and I worked to bring the convention here, I knew what the people here could do." Rev. Dr. John Potts, of Toronto, Ont., is

a leader from the Dominion. He is a giant in body as well as in mind. He said: "We have been delighted. There is only one feeling among the friends from Canada of the extraordinary kindness of the people n Pittsburg and our reception by the American delegates, and I voice the sentiment of believe that this international Sunday countries in the most friendly relations. I have been around the city somewhat, and have seen your splendid residences. I was not able to look into any of the manufactureity of much greater magnitude than I supposed. It seems to be a city of great wealth."

ABUNDANT HOSPITALITY. A. Henderson, a delegate from Wood-stock, N. B., said: "We could not feel any better over your treatment. I have gone through your city quite a little. Your hospitality has been abundant. We could not ask any more; in fact, we have received probably more than we deserved. You have a busy town. I have been to some of the places of interest, and I wish I only had time to stay here awhile."

Lewis C. Peak, Chairman of the Toronto delegation, said the Canadian delegates were delighted with the way they had been received in Pittsburg, and spoke particu-larly regarding the efforts of the ladies in the cafe, which were so gratifying and pleasing to the members of the convention. He said he could not form much of an idea of the beauties of the city from the path they trod going to the Exposition

building from their places of entertainment.

H. W. Hartshorn, Chairman of the Boston delegation, said: "The business activity and the iron industry of Pittsburg impresses a stranger very forcibly as soon as he arrives in the city. With what I have seen of the city I am more than pleased. The hospitality of the people equals, if not exceeds, anything I have ever seen. The ladies deserve any amount of praise for their part of the entertainment programme, and have made a host of warm friends among the delegates by their kind attentions and the manner in which they provid-

among the delegates by their kind atten-tions and the manner in which they provid-ed for their wants in the Exposition cafe, as well as at their homes. But I am surprised that the city does not possess a hall, comfortable, commodious and well ventilated, with good acoustic properties, wherein a convention could be held with a greater degree of comfort than in this building. Pittsburg is wealthy enough and has numerous philanthrophists. Why is she so negligent regarding a public

There is, as the conjurers say, no decep-

tion about this tale. Jukes by accident

stumbled upon a village that is well known

to exist, though he is the only Englishman

who has been there. A somewhat similar

institution used to flourish on the outskirts

of Calcutta, and there is a story that if you

go into the heart of Bikanir, which is in the

heart of the Great Indian Desert, you shall

come across not a village, but a town, where

the dead who did not die but may not live

And, since it is perfectly true that in the

same desert is a wonderful city where all the

ceived. He wrote this quite straightfor-wardly at first, but he has since touched it

sandy stretch of country, as everyone who has had the misfortune to go there may know. My coolies were neither more nor

less exasperating than other gangs, and my work demanded sufficient attention to keep

me from moping had I been inclined to so

unmanly a weakness.
On the 23d December, 1884, I felt a little

feverish. There was a full moon at the time, and, in consequence, every dog near my tent was baying it. The brutes assembled in twos and threes and drove me frantic. A days previously I had shotone loud mouthed

singer and suspended his carcass in terrorem about 50 yards from my tent door. But his iriends fell upon, fought for and ultimately devoured the body, and, as it seemed to me, sang their hymns of thanksgiving

fever acts differently upon different men. My irritation gave way after a short time to a fixed determination to slaughter one huge

black and white beast who had been fore-most in song and first in flight throughout the evening. Thanks to a shaking and a giddy head I had already missed him twice

giddy head I had already missed him twice with both barrels of my shotgun, when it struck me that the best plan would be to ride him down in the open and finish him off with a hog spear. This, of course, was merely the semi-delirious notion of a fever patient, but I remember that it struck me

at the time as being eminently practical and

I therefore ordered my groom to saddle

Pornic and bring him round quietly to the rear of my tent. When the pony was ready, I stood at his head prepared to mount and

feasible.

afterward with renewed energy. The light headedness which

tions, thus:

established their headquarters.

BEAUTIES OF THE CITY. Of the beauties of Pittsburg Mr. Harts-horn said his wife could speak with more knowledge, at she had improved her oppor-tunities to ascend Mt. Washington, visit tunities to ascend Mt. Washington, visit the East End and enjoy many delightful drives. Mrs. Hartshorn, who is the only child of W. S. Ford, the editor of the Youth's Companion, is a talented, bright, well-educated little woman, and discoursed delightfully upon the natural scenery in which Pittsburg abounded; its picturesque location at the juncture of the rivers, and its beautiful residences with their spacious lawns. The view from Mt. Washington was a pleasant surprise to the lady, who pro-

rich money lenders retreat after they have a pleasant surprise to the lady, who promade their fortunes (fortunes so vast that the owners cannot trust even the strong hand nounced it one of the prettiest she had ever seen, and her travels have been extensive.

Rev. M. R. Drury, associate editor of the Dayton, O., Telescope, said: "Pleased with our reception? I should say I was. Nothing has been left for us to reasonably of the government to protect them, but take refuge in the waterless sands), and drive sumptuous C-spring barouches, and buy beautiful girls and decorate their palaces with gold and ivory and Minton tiles and mother-o'-pearl, I do not see why Juke's tale desire. Of the six conventions we have should not be true.

desire. Of the six conventions we have held, this has been, so far as I can read, the most agreeable."

Mrs. Walter Parker, of Alston, Col., said: "Our reception has been perfect. Pittsburg ladies have all along proved that they can be as hospitable as they are amiable, which is saying a great deal."

Rev. J. G. Brown, of South Fork, Pa., remarked that being a Penusylvanian he would be proud of Pittsburg anyhow but. would be proud of Pittsburg anyhow, but that the reception tendered to the delegates had far surpassed his brightest expectations. "The Ladies' Reception Committee," he re-

marked, "have far exceeded what was necessary in the way of hospitality and politeness. I have talked to far Western and far Eastern delegates, and never heard the shadow of a complaint, but rather the greatest praise of Pittsburg's mode of re-

LOUD IN LAUDATION.

Mr. George W. Jones, of Annaville, Cal., was also loud in laudation of Pitts-burg and its hostesses. He repeated Rev. Mr. Drury's remark that the convention of '90 was the pleasantest so far.

W. A. Wilson, private secretary to Mr. Jacobs, when asked what he thought of Pittsburg ejaculated the one word, "Hot," while he industriously wiped the perspiration from his face; but he continued: are delighted with the way we have been treated by the local people. The arrange-ments for our comfort have been such as to call forth the most complimentary comments from all the delegates. We were thoroughly from all the delegates. We were thoroughly familiar with the city before we arrived here through maps and plans supplied us by the local committee, but there is one thing I never would become accustomed to, and that is the freight trains on Liberty street. They are as bad as being 'bridged' in Chicaga."

in Chicago."

D. R. Wolfe, Chairman of the St. Louis delegation, spoke of the convention as being a large, harmonious and efficient one, and eulogized the people for their hospitality and the kind attentions they bestowed upon the visiting delegates. Of the city, he said: "Pittsburg is a point of which not only Pennsylvania but the whole country can justly be proud. I have had the pleasure of transacting business with many of her leading men for years, and can bear testimony to their correct methods and their un-

tiring energy." DELIGHTED WITH ALL.

William Randolph, of St. Louis, a mem ber of the cotton bag manufacturing firm of H. & L. Chase, said: "I regret exceedingly that I have not had time to see much of the city. I never was here before, and have been delighted with the appearance of things everywhere. The hospitatity shown us has been delightful in its Christian spirit. The ladies have supplied every needed want so openly and so cheerfully. The convention itself has been one of the best I ever attended in its spirit and the character of its

N. D. Thurmond, of Fulton, Mo., said: "The comment made by the Missouri delegation has been universally in the highest praise of Pittsburg hospitality. We do not eel that we could have been treated more

royally anywhere else.
Rev. Isaac B. Self, of Denver, State Organizer for Colorado, said: "I am very well satisfied with the results of the convention. The people of Pittsburg have en-tertained us splendidly. I have had no time yet to see the city, but I will stay until Monday and look around," Rev. Mr. Seli berland Presbyterian Church on Wylie

MR. SEARLE SURPRISED.

"I was intensely surprised when I stepped off the train and saw Pittsburg in all her see. "In our part of the country there is a prevailing opinion that Pittsburg is stuck etween two rivers and turns out some iron. People asked why the Sunday school convention was to be held in that town instead of a big city. But it is safe to say that the delegates would not have changed the place now if they could. I am well satisfied with your city. Numerous expressions of pleasure from many have come to my ears. Pittsburg seems to be everlastingly on the go, and our convention must have caught some of the dash and spirit of the people here, for we have had a most successful meeting. Your natural gas system is grand. It would take me a year to tell all the nice points I like about Pittsburg." THEIR BEST RECEPTION.

Rev. Walter Gay, of the Mt. Verne Rev. Walter Gay, of the Mt. Vernon Colored Baptist Church, of Durham, N. C., said: "This is the best reception I ever had. The colored delegates are highly pleased with their reception. We expected to be treated as we have been in the Squth, put in the kitchen or somewhere like that, but we find things very different. What I have seen of your site is splended. I did have seen of your city is splendid. I did not expect to find as large a city. We believe that this convention will do much to help our people in the South. I was glad to see that resolution concerning a worker among our people passed as it was. We did not want this convention to raise the Of the 13 delegates here from North Caro

Collegiate Institute of Kentucky, said:
"We have been treated most hospitably.
everything has gone smoothly. We have never seen a people who seem to have put themselves to more pains to make us all comfortable. I think I must stay awhile and see the stay. I have seen old Fort Duand see the city. I have seen old Fort Du-quesne and have looked into some of the stores, and am anxious to see some of the works. The city is large and very solid, and there is more elegance than I had sup-

Fifth ave., can show you the largest line of trunks, hand bags, sample cases, traveling sets, dress suit cases, collar and cuff boxes, etc., etc., to be found in the city. Prices al-

FRENCH satines-Koechlins & Schuerer's

HUGUS & HACKE

Rott's best styles and finest qualities, 200

dash out as soon as the dog should again lift up his voice. Fornic, by the way, had not been out of his pickets for a couple of days; the night air was crisp and chilly, and I was armed with a specially long and sharp pair of persuaders with which I had been up his voice. Pornic, by the way, had not rousing a sluggish cob that afternoon. You will easily believe, then, that when he was let go he went quickly.

In one moment, for the brute bolted as straight as a die, the tent was left far behind, and we were flying over the smooth sandy soil at racing speed. In another we had passed the wretched dog, and I had almost forgotten why it was that I had taken horse and hog spear. he badger holes must be. A RUDE RECEPTION. The delirium of fever and the excitement Even in these days, when local self-governof rapid motion through the air must have ment has destroyed the greater part of a native's respect for a Sahib, I have been taken away the remnant of my senses. I have a faint recollection of standing upright ecustomed to a certain amount of civility spear at the great white moon that looked down so calmly on my mad gallop, and of shouting challenges to the army from my inferiors, and on approaching the crowd naturally expected that there would

means what I had looked for. I believe, I swayed forward on Pornic's neck, and literally hung on my spura, as the means what I had looked for.

The ragged crowd actually laughed at me.
Such laughter I hope I may never
hear again. They cackled, yelled,
whistled and howled as I walked into their marks next morning showed. The wretched beast went forward like a thing possessed over what seemed to be a limitless expanse of moonlit sand. Next, I midst, some of them literally throwing themselves down on the ground in convulremember, the ground rose suddenly in front sions of unholy mirth. In a moment I let of us, and as we topped the ascent I saw the waters of the Sutlej shining like a silver bar go Pornic's head, and, irritated beyond expression at the morning's adventure, combelow. Then Pornic blundered heavily on his nose and we rolled together down some menced cuffing those nearest to me with all the force I could. The wretches dropped under my blows

unseen slope.

I must have lost consciousness, for when I recovered I was lying on my stomach in a heap of soft white sand, and the dawn was beginning to break dimly over the edge of the slope down which I had fallen. As the light grew stronger I saw that I was at the ottom of a horseshoe shaped crater of sand. opening on one side directly on to the shoale of the Sutlej. My fever had altogether left me, and, with the exception of a slight dizziess in the head, I felt no bad effects from the fall over night.

bushes as they whizzed past. Once or twice,

IN THE CRATER. Pornic, who was standing a few yards away, was naturally a good deal exhausted, but had not hurt him self in the least. His saddle, a favorite polo one, was much knocked about, and had been twisted under his belly. It took me some time to put him to rights, and in the meantime I had ample opportunities of observing the spot into which I had so foolishly dropped. At the risk of being considered tedious I

must describe it at length, inasmuch as an accurate mental picture of its peculiarities will be of assistance in enabling the reader Imogine, then, as I have said before, a horseshoe-shaped crater of sand with steeply graded walls about 35 feet high. (The

This crater enclosed a level piece of ground about 50 yards long by 30 at its broadest part, with a rude well in the center. Round the bottom of the crater, about three feet from the level of the ground proper, ran a series of 83 semi-circular, ovoid, square and multilateral holes, all about three seet at the mouth. Each hole on inspection showed that it was carefully hored internally with driftwood and bamboos, and over the mouth a wooden drip board projected, like a peak of a jockey's

cap, for two feet.

No sign of life was visible in these tunnels, but a most sickening stench pervaded the entire amphitheater—a stench fouler than any which my wanderings in Indian villages have introduced me to.

Having remounted Pornic, who was as anxious as I to get back to camp, I rode round the base of the horseshoe to find some place whence an exit would be practicable. The inhabitants, whoever they might be, had not thought fit to put in an appearance, so I was left to my own devices.

My first attempt to "rush" Pornic up the ordinary sulphur match, When they were

STRANGE RIDE OF BY RUDYARD KIPLING. steep sandbanks showed me that I had fallen into a trap exactly on the same model as that which the ant lion sets for its prey. At

> strained to turn my attention to the river CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

each step the shifting sand poured down from above in tons, and rattled on the drip boards of the holes like small shot. A couple of ineffectual charges sent us both rolling down to the bottom half choked

with the torrents of sand, and I was con-

Here everything seemed easy enough. The sand hills ran down to the river edge, it is true, but there were plenty of shallows across which I could gallop Pornic and find my way back to terra firms by turning sharp-ly to the right or to the left. As I led Pornie over the sands I was startled by the faint pop of a rifle across the river, and at the same moment a bullet dropped with a sharp "whit" close to Pornic's head.

Steining from the wooden spie and the muly devoured it. Then he continue story, which I give in his own words:

"In epidemics of the cholera you are ried to be burnt almost before you are

and a jet of smoke drifting away from its bows in the still morning air showed me whence the delicate attention had come.

Was ever a respectable gentleman in such an impasse? The treacherous sand slope allowed no escape from a spot which I visited most invaluntarily and a prometade on the most invaluntarily and a prometade on the days. I was Realmin and you are conclusively. If you are rather more alive, and made protestation with anger against the indignities that they day a live alive, and made protestation alive, and made protestatio should not be true.

He is a civil engineer, with a head for plans and distances and things of that kind, and he certainly would not take the trouble to invent imaginary traps. He could earn more by doing his legitimate work. He never varies the tale in the telling, and grows very hot and indignant when he thinks of the disrespectful treatment he received. He wrote this quite straightfor-

Another bullet reminded me that I had In the beginning it all arose from a slight attack of fever. My work necessitated my being in camp for some months between Pakpattan and Mubarakpur—a desolate, ings from the badger holes which I had up till that point supposed to be untenanted. I found myselt in the midst of a crowd of spectators—about 40 men, 20 women and 1 child who could not have been more than 5 bottom, and the other two succeeded, and I years old.

They were all scantily clothed in that salmon colored cloth which one associates with Hindu mendicants, and at first sight

be some recognition of my presence. As a matter of fact there was, but it was by no

like ninepins, and the laughter gave way to

wails for mercy, while those yet untouched clasped me around the knees, imptoring me

in all sorts of uncouth tongues to spare

In the tumult, and just when I was feel-

ing very much ashamed of myself for having thus easily given way to my temper,

a thin, high voice murmured in English from behind my shoulder: "Sahib! Sahib! Do you not know me? Sahib, it is Gunga

I spun around quickly and faced the

Gunga Dass (I have, of course, no hesita-

tion in mentioning the man's real name) I had known four years before as a Deccause Brahmin lent by the Punjab Government to

one of the Khalsia States. He was in charge of a branch telegraph office there, and when I had last met him was a jovial,

with a marvelous capacity for making bad puns in English—a peculiarity which made me remember him long after I had forgotten

his services to me in his official capacity. It is seldom that a Hindu makes English

GUNGA DASS WAS CHANGED.

tuous speech were all gone. I looked at a withered skeleton, turbanless and almost naked, with long matted hair and deep-set codfish eyes. But for a crescent-shaped scar on the left cheek—the result of an accident

for which I was responsible—I should never have known him. But it was indubitably Gunga Dass, and—for this I was thankful

-an English speaking native who might at least tell me the meaning of all that I had

turned toward the miserable figure and ordered him to show me some method of

escaping from the crater. He held a freshly plucked crow in his hand, and in reply to my question climbed slowly on a platform of sand which ran in front of the holes,

and commenced lighting a fire there in

yone through that day.

The crowd retreated to some distance as

Now, however, the man was changed

Dass, the telegraph master."

in a bright glow, and the crow was neatty

in a bright glow, and the crow was neatry spitted in front thereof, Gunga Dass began without a word of preamble:

"There are only two kinds of men, sarthe alive and the dead. When you are dead you are dead, but when you are alive you live." (Here the crow demanded his attention for an instant, as it twirled before the fire in danger of being burned to a cinder.) "If you die at home, and do not die when you come to the ghat to be burned, you come here."

The nature of the recking village was made plain now, and all that I had known or read of the grotesque and the horrible paled before the fact just communicated by the ex-Brahmin. Sixteen years ago, when I first landed in Bombay, I had been told by a wandering Armenian of the existence somewhere in India of a place to which such Hindus as had the misfortune to recover from trance or catalepsy were concover from trance or catalensy were con-veyed and kept, and I recollect laughing heartily at what I was then pleased to consider a traveler's tale.

sider a traveler's tale.

Sitting at the bottom of the sand trap the memory of Watson's Hotel, with its swinging punkahs, white robed attendants and the sallow faced Armenian rose up in my mind as vividly as a photograph and I burst into a loud fit of laughter. The con-

GUNGA DASS' STORY.

trast was too absurd!

Gunga Dass, as he bent over the unclean

bird, watched me curiously. Hindus seldom laugh, and his surroundings were not such as to move Gunga Dass to any undue excess of hilarity. He removed the crow solemnly from the wooden spit and as sol-emnly devoured it. Then he continued his

"In epidemics of the cholera you are car-ried to be burnt almost before you are dead, sharp "whit" close to Pornio's head.

There was no mistaking the nature of the mistle—a regulation Martini-Heari "pick, et." About five hundred yards away a country boat was anchored in midstream,

most involuntarily, and a promenade on the river frontage was the signal for a bombardment from some insane native in a well gnawed breast bone with the first sign boat. I'm afraid that I lost my temper very of emotion that I had seen in him since we met-"crows and other things. They took me from my sheets when they saw that I better save my breath to cool my porridge; and I retreated hastily up the sands and back to the horseshoe, where I saw that the they sent me by rail from my place to Okara soise of the rifle had drawn 65 human be- station, with a man to take care of me, and have been here ever since-two and a half years. Once I was Brahmin and proud man, and now I eat crows."

"There is no way of getting out?"
"None of what kind at all. When I first



THE LEAP INTO THE CRATER.

ome fakirs. The filth and repulsiveness of came I made experiments frequently, and the assembly were beyond all description, all the others also, but we have always suc and I shuddered to think what their life in cumbed to the sand which is precipitated cumbed to the sand which is precipitated

upon our heads."
"But surely," I broke in at this point, "the river front is open, and it is worth while dodging the bullets, while at night-"

MARES HIM LAUGH. I had already matured a rough plan of escape, which a natural instinct of selfishness forbade me sharing with Gunga Dass. He, however, divined my unspoken thought almost as soon as it was formed, and to my in-tense astonishment gave vent to a long, low chuckle of derision-the laughter, he it understood, of a superior or at least of an

"You will not"-he had dropped the sir completely after his opening sentence-make any escape that way. But you can try. I have tried. Once only."

The sensation of nameless terror and ab-ject fear which I had in vain attempted to strive against overmastered me completely. My long fast-it was now close upon 10 o'clock, and I had eaten nothing since tiffin on the previous day-combined with the violent and unnatural agitation of the ride had exhausted me, and I verily believe that for a few minutes I acted as one mad. I hurled myself against the pitiless sand slope. I ran round the base of the crater, blaspheming and praying by turns. I crawled out among the sedges of the river front, only to be driven back each time in an agony of nervous dread by the rifle bullets which cut up the sand round me-for 1 dared not ince the death of a mad dog among that hideous crowd—and finally tell, spent and raving, at the curb of the well. No one had taken the alightest notice of

an exhibition which makes me blush hotly even when I think of it now. Two or three men trod on my panting as they drew water, but they were evidently used to this sort of thing, and had no time to waste upon me. The situation was humiliating. Gunga Dass, indeed, when he had banked the embers of his fire with sand, was at some pains to throw half a cupful of tetid water over my head, an attention for thanked him, but he was laughing all the while in the same mirthless, wheezy key that greeted me on my first attempt to force

tion, I lay till noon.

A WRETCHED MEAL. Then, being only a man after all, I felt hungry, and intimated as much to Gunga Dass, whom I had begun to regard as my natural protector. Following the impulse of the outer world when dealing with natives I put my hand into my pocket and drew out four annas. The absurdity of the gift struck me at once and I was about to replace the money.

Gunga Dass, however, was of a different opinion. "Give me the money," said he; "all you have, or I will get help and we will kill you!" All this as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

A Briton's first impulse, I believe, is to guard the contents of his pockets; but a mo-ment's reflection convinced me of the fu-tility of differing with the one man who had it in his power to make me comfortable, and